

**Ariel T.**

**Source: Attack on Titan**

**\*\*HOST'S CHOICE WINNER\*\***

### **Colossal Hearts**

Bertholdt's short black hair, his glistening eyes, his tall slim figure. But I know he only sees me as his friend; Reiner. Tonight we are camping outside the walls for Zeke's plan tomorrow. On top of the walls, we sip tea and talk about our plan. I watch him as his soft lips grace the side of his cup. My thoughts are interrupted as I see Annie walking over to the fire and sits down next to him. I hate the way he looks at her. Soon our mission will be over, and my chances with him will be gone. It is tonight or never. Bertholdt gets up to go to bed; "Goodnight Reiner." he says. I can't help but smile when he says my name. ~ <3

"Annie, I have to talk to you about tomorrow." She follows me to the side of the wall. "I'm sorry Annie." I push her off the edge. Now he is mine. I go to Bertholdt's tent. Bertholdt, I have been in love with you since my first time meeting you. All I want is to be with you. I want you to crush me in those colossal thighs of yours. Tears form in my eyes as I wait for his response. He leans in and my lips are met with his. Bertholdt-senpai and his steaming hot body is mine forever.

Liz E.

Source: Beastars

**\*STAFF'S CHOICE WINNER\***

**Red Fur**

*Haru's POV*

“Ever since I’ve known Legoshi nothing really felt the same...” Looking at the flower pots in front of me I noticed some didn’t have much strength. So I sprinkled a bit of water. Today was the day of graduation, meaning I won’t ever see him again. I sighed and heard some footsteps behind me. “Hey Haru!”

“Louie? What are you doing here?” I asked, walking near him, looking more closely at his body, I noticed he was tense. “What’s wrong?” Louie quickly grabbed my hand and took me in the room that’s in the middle of the garden. “Louie! Stop it! What’s going on!” “You need to stay hidden till after the graduation ceremony” Growling was heard outside of the room. “Not again...” I blatantly started at Louie. “It's Legoshi isn't it?” “Yeah but - “ “I’ve told you many times if he has an episode like that just make him get me. He won’t hurt anyone. Just needs lots of attention.” I grumbled walking near the entrance and when I saw him... his fur was covered in red. “Haru. Look what you made me do!” Screaming was heard behind him. I froze.

**Tayla Woodsman**

**Source: Haikyuu!!!**

**Maybe I Should Keep YOU**

Hinata Shoyo was very concerned, he was on his way to the bathroom as always. However, he always meets the scariest of people in the bathroom. He approached the door cautiously, leaning from side to side to gauge the danger of the situation. Seeing no one else, he sighed in relief and went in.

Once he had finished his business, he opened the stall door to wash his hands. No sign of Oikawa. Ever since the first match with Aoba Josai, Hinata had spotted Oikawa everywhere he went. The grocery store, practice matches, Kegeyama's house. He always saw him when he was in the bathroom. Shoyo was brought out of his thoughts by a loud click. He looked over to see that the door had been locked, but he didn't see anyone come in.

"You know, you are in a lot of trouble come match time." a very familiar voice calls out, sending shivers down Shoyo's spine. "Maybe I should just get rid of you now." The lights were cut and Shoyo could hear footsteps approaching. Suddenly, hands shoved into Shoyo's shoulders, sending him into the wall.

"Or." Oikawa whispered. "Maybe I should just keep you!"

**William W.**

**Source: Danganronpa**

### **Rat Race**

Nagito could not see Yasuke walking with that girl who couldn't even remember her own name, Ryoko Ohanashi, ever again. With being the Ultimate Lucky Student one would figure that Nagato would have the world in his hands. He just as well may be the most unfortunate student here since he had no clue Yasuke helped Ryoko out of necessity. So badly he wished he could be the one up against Yasuke's crinkled white sleeve being close enough to smell his blue-black hair. Yasuke saw all the times Nagato stood in the corners of doors looking at him; he was irritated that Nagito was so elusive. While Nagito was watching, so was Yuto Kamishiro, the Ultimate Spy. Yuto Kamishiro could see how Nagito's heart sank to his stomach every time he saw Ryoko, he also was getting inside tons to the real nature of Hope's Peak. Nagito was approached with an offer he just couldn't pass up, it's not like he could change his sorry situation another way.

When Yasuke came into his lab for Ryoko's treatment, next week, he saw a broken Ryoko having down in front of Nagito Komaeda their laughter a neverending echo, broken and sacred. She had discovered her true identity and Yasuke knew why. "I have to admit you're bold for someone too scared to talk to me." Yasuke said. "I can't let you leave, however, you'll have to be the new rat" Nagito felt his heart sink deeper than he could imagine.

**Peachy Kate.****Source: Unknown****Let Them Eat Cake**

“Dear Reader, By the time you’re reading this, I might be dead.”

The last written words of Mrs. Kakakomi Panelsmith contained the letter in your hands. Quickly, you read through the rest of the page. According to Mrs. Panelsmith, the past few weeks have been wrought with terror. Her job at the local maid cafe has been plagued with accidents. One of the girls even went missing after closing for the day. The only consolation has been the new recruit stationed at the cafe, named Ryuzaki. You pause. From the station records, there was no recruit named Ryuzaki.

Chills ran down your spine. You grab the phone to dial the detective you’ve been working with. After three rings, the detective picks up. Luckily, he agrees to take you to the crime scene. The next day, you stand over the &^(\*\$ tape on the floor.

The awkward detective stands next to you, dressed only in a white shirt and loose jeans as usual. He has a horrendous case of bed head and dark eyebags. You ask the shop owner to bring you a piece of cake. The detective takes it from her hands. You glare at him and ask for another slice. But each time, the cake goes down the detective’s gullet before you can react.

You are getting frustrated.

The last slice, you snatch out of the detective’s hands, and he watches you blankly. This cake was important evidence. Mrs. Panelsmith was killed the night she made it, you wonder if it contains a secret of some kind. You go into the bathroom to examine it further, but before you can even sit down, you feel something slam into the back of your head, sending you to the floor.

Yelping in surprise, you look up past the spots of black in your vision to see the detective. “Why...?” You mouth as you lose consciousness. His eyes flash with a frantic sight. “Strawberry shortcake is my favorite.”

**Kayleigh A.**

**Source: Saiki**

### **Good Grief**

You may be wondering how I got myself into this situation: stopping Kokomi's attempts on the life of any girl who dared talk to me. It had started with coffee jelly: My "friends" had dragged me along to some new cafe with the promise of sweet treats. To anyone not blind with jealousy (or with telepathy) it was obvious that the waitress wasn't flirting with me. Judging by Kokomi's inner monologue calling the poor girl a "hussy", it wasn't obvious to her. She had stalked the poor girl after the rest of us left the cafe. If Kokomi thought it was unusual how many people flocked to say hello to her, she didn't show it to the rest of the world. And that's how it was every time. Something (my psychic abilities) got in her way every time. It seemed as though God's love for her had dwindled. Her imperfect behavior drove away his favor and allowed me to actually thwart her convoluted plans. Still, even though she was finally stalking someone other than me, I could not leave her alone. She finally got what she wanted. And I don't even like girls or anyone.

Good Grief.

**Maya D.**

**Source: Love Live Sunshine (You x Chika)**

**Ashes, Ashes, We All Burn Down**

Riko's eyes were a sunrise, her hair a blazing flame. For all the fire within her, only a gentle smile played upon her face. Gentle, yes - but a weapon nonetheless. You saw right through it. A means to distract, to calm, to lure You's dearest Chika away. Of course, Chika would fall for that quiet passion. Seek to set it free. Freedom. A luxury You would never have. No escape from the sick feelings that haunted her since youth, desires even then to trap her light, her world, her Chika. To lock her away from the cruelty of reality and protect her forever.

When Riko stepped into that classroom and into their lives, You knew that the cruelty she feared had arrived to ruin all she had built, the future she'd planned for the pair. You wouldn't let that happen. Wouldn't let Chika set Riko's flame alight. Wouldn't let Riko take what belonged to her, what had always belonged to her. If Riko was a flame sent to burn everything down, You would become a wildfire and turn her to ash.

She would protect Chika - no matter who's light she had to snuff out.

**Dara D.**

**Source: Ouran Highschool Host Club (Renge x Kyoya)**

**Mine or No One**

At the beginning it seemed simple. Renge was innocent; some might even say sweet, if a bit delusional. Kyoya figured he'd explain the situation - he wasn't her fiance. Maybe allow her a managerial position to keep her occupied - crisis averted.

The almost possessive gleam in her eye seemed a bit overdramatic, but it was fire, even easily ignored. Her "losing" the invites for the most profitable recurring guests of his however, was not. He thought it could be easily remedied with a conversation with her. It was...but then things started going missing. First from school - his favorite pen, a clipboard, the chopsticks he used at lunch... all hardly missed, easily replaced.

But then there were the things from his house. The coffee mug he left on the side of the sink, a sock... a pillow case.

Now, laying in bed he can hear a rustle in his bathroom. The click of his door opening. And that grating laugh.

"Oh, ho, ho, ho. Kyoya-Senpai. My fiance - I'm home."

**Its.Sme.Shay**

**Source: My Hero Academia**

**Love Me Not**

He's looking at her again. She's smiling. Cheeks raised, eyes narrowed as she focuses on one thing. Him.

Is she my replacement? Does she have something that I've never managed to obtain? Sure, she has a quirk but Kacchan I can't help this ache in my chest. Can't help this deep inner calling, that you belong to me and only me. Childhood friends to enemies to lovers. His written in the stars for us to be together. When you held my hand at the tender age of five and called us "heroes for life." I knew we'd never grow apart. We'd never grow apart. Right?

We grew apart from Katsuki. I wrote your name in the margins of my notes. Studied your quirk until there was nothing left to know. You call me weird, obsessive, a DEKU. I'm only here to help you. Be with you.

LOVE YOU!!

Why won't you let me appreciate your talent? Has she kissed you the way I've dreamed of? Tell me Katsuki.

TELL ME!?

The room pans over to a tied figure, eyes glistening with tears. Midoriya reaches for the cloth clenched between pointed teeth.

Won't you let me love you, Katsuki Bakugo?

**Brandon F.**

**Source: Pokemon**

### Pantomime

Ash's mom handled the separation well. She picked up new hobbies, met new people, and still kept up with her son's adventure to be the best. Her rock throughout it all was her companion, Mr. Mime. He was there when she needed him; to talk to, to lean on, and a shoulder to cry on. She started to catch feelings for his little idiosyncrasies. Pretending to be in a box, fumbling a task for a laugh, and the way his husky voice said, "Mime, Mime, Mime!" Tonight she would confess to him how she needed him in her life. She cooked a romantic meal for the two. Candles lit and the table set, she wore her best dress tucked away ages ago before Ash was ever a thought in this world.

"Mime, Mime?"

The Pokemon asked as it closed the front door coming in. There he stood, his pink bald head glinted from the candle light. Ash's mom walked over and was about to finally confess her feelings. Until the door blasted open. Mr. Mime shielded Ms. Ketchum with his body. There stood Ash, Pikachu glowing next to win.

"Mr. Mime!" Ash yelled.

"I'm gonna fucking kill you!"

**Adrian J.**

**Source: Persona 5**

**Your Final Moments (Belong to Me)**

Ren's head pulsed and buzzed, the feeling washing over him and nearly overpowering him, nausea spiking nastily. The sooner someone can get him out of here, the better, lest he make use of the bucket in the corner.

The door cracked open, the fresh air almost as relieving as the prospect of freedom, until he lifted his head and his eyes met wine red across the room. "I'm here to say to you," said his prince charming. If Goro Akechi was here, that meant he failed. He was going to die here. "I know what you're here for, Akechi." A loud shot rang through the room and Ren couldn't hold back his flinch. The smell of death filled his nose. It seems the security guard in the room wasn't included in the secret. "You don't know me as well as you think you do." "Tell me something I don't know then, if I know you're here to kill me." The word despite everything almost slipped from his lips. "That I'm not killing you out of malice," His gun pressed cold against his forehead." But rather, love.

"No one else will get to see you like this..." Akechi smiled.

Bastard.

BANG!

**Erin C.**

**Source: Mob Psycho 100**

### Yandere Dad

How do you be a normal middle schooler when you've never been allowed to be a kid, let alone a normal one, your whole life? Getting picked up by your super villain dad didn't seem a good place to start. Suzuki Sho sighed dramatically the moment he saw the familiar suited figure waiting for him outside the school steps. Dad's hair was still cropped short from his brief stint as a government test subject, after that whole trying-to-take-over-the-world thing and the subsequent thwarting.

"Bake Sale?" Suzuki Toichiro was saying, with an otherworldly intensity trained on the port by mom before him.

"Yes! A bunch of the parents are chipping in. Do you bake, Suzuki-san?" Dad's face went completely blank. "...Yes. In fact I am the best at it."

"That's lovely!"

"The best." Dad's icy eyes went downright murderous, "Would you say you're my main competition, Ayako-San?"

"Uh...well..."

Sho grabbed his idiot father's arm and dragged him away, swearing him out under his breath. Sho wasn't good yet at being a middle schooler and Dad wasn't good yet at loving his son. But they were trying, red as both their faces might get.

**Lily E.**

**Source: Maximum Ride**

**Untitled**

He took his last breath before falling face first into the air. Two hundred feet of wiggle room and Gray extends his wings. Hands at his side, his feet dangle like a cat being picked up by the back of its neck. "Gray." said Max. "Next time, wait for the rest of us. You know what'll happen if they catch us." Gray gives a big sigh, "I know but we're far away enough that they aren't gonna find us." Max puts her hand on her forehead in frustration.

The rest of them land in the forest with their heavy wings batting at random.