

The Peregrine-Versi Babies

- [July 13, 2024](#)
- [August 14, 2024](#)
- [Baby Appearances, 7 Months Old](#)
- [Babies First Starlight](#)
- [While Mama's Away...](#)
- [????](#)
- [After Starlight](#)
- [Ther Peregrine-Versi Children](#)
- [A War of Stuffing and Spirit](#)

July 13, 2024

My dearest children, I write this journal for you as a means to know what your mother and I have learned over the course of our lives, and yours. You three are so, so very special. Each of you carrying part of us within you, to some degree or another. We love you three with all our hearts, and every day you're in our lives, is a day worth having.

You were born on April 9th, 2024. The anniversary of when Gabriella and I met, which is a small detail that makes your birth all the more special to us. I still remember the time of your birth vividly... it was so late at night... your mother was in so much pain...

We had arrived at Nana's house about 2 days prior. Gabriella had felt the time was getting close, she'd started feeling pains and discomfort, which told her it was time to make the trip. She'd planned on giving birth to you three at Nana's home since the very beginning. Nana was and is to be your nest mother. Your unbiased teacher and parental figure once you're older - a tradition we're carrying from the time of the Versi tribe. She will teach you three well in all the ways she can, and any areas she can't, I'll be there to help.

So, we'd arrived by carriage, Plume and Muirne leading us all to our home with our guardians waiting for us. Nana sacrificed her sewing room to give Gabriella and I a private space to rest, and for Gabriella to recover. Arnor helped us bring out luggage in. An entire carriage full of baby supplies and clothes made by yours truly, as well as everything we felt we would need with us.

We were there for nearly three days until the fateful night. The night you three chose to bless our star with your presence. It was nearing midnight on the 8th that Gabriella's water had officially broken, where we had to bring her to the stone tub. The bottom of the tub was filled with warm water, and it was a big rush to gather the towels, and diapers and tools we'd need for the birth. Gabriella was in so much pain... screaming, crying... I'm surprised her grip didn't crack the side of the tub... It was around 1am on April 9th that the first of you, my dear son, Damir, was born.

You were surprisingly quiet, my son. Barely a sound out of you as you were pulled from the tub, Nana handing you to me, before she took the scissors to snip your umbilical cord. It took everything in me to not cry seeing you for the first time. You had such thin, dark hair atop your head, your eyes glowing bright red like mine, you scales white like your mothers. You hadn't grown horns yet, and we're still waiting to see how they grow. You were so small in my arms, and you didn't start crying until I had cleaned the mess from you, wrapped you tightly in your blanket, and set you into your tiny little basket. I had to hurry... as much as I wanted to spend every last second with you, your first sister was making her way into the world.

Mina, my sweetheart, you were the second one born into our world, my beautiful little baby girl. You cried as soon as the air reached your lungs, loud enough to almost drown out your mother's pain. You were so warm when I held you in my arms. Just like your brother, I held you as Nana snipped your umbilical, and I got the chance to cradle you against my chest for the very first time. My daughter, you had the thinnest, reddest hair on your head, your eyes red like mine and Damir's,

only... dimmer. The glow not as prominent as ours. Your scales were black as mine, tail forked and long. Gods, you were thin as well, weighing so little. As I held you against my chest, feeling you breathe and slowly calm, your mother began to scream louder, and Nana demanded I hurry and get you settled, as complications were arising with your sister. I had to quickly wipe you down, wrap you up and set you in your basket as I was ordered to help bring Kiara into our world. Arnor spent some time with you and Damir as we worked to bring the final baby out.

Kiara, our beautiful little pup. Your arrival was not as easy as we would have expected. I never got the details, however Nana had to hurry to get you out. Gabriella was growing weaker and weaker, her voice hoarse and quiet as she tried her best to let you out... I swear, the woman looked as though she was preparing to shake hands with death. I made her promise, do you know that? I needed her to stay with me in this world, to help me raise you three.

Nana asked for a scalpel, fear and urgency in her voice. I had to hurry, handing her every tool she needed, as she cut you from your mother. Kiara, you were silent when you came into this world... silent and still. I didn't realize it, between watching Gabriella, the pressure of handling Damir and Mina, and everything going on...

You'd died...

And yet, Mere moments later, you drew breath. It was the scariest moment of my life, watching as you gained strength, the strength from your mother leaving rapidly. Gabriella lay slumped in the tub, her blood and everything else staining the water around her. Nana held you, my daughter, before getting me to cut your cord, then handing you over to me to clean and wrap. To hear your silent cooing and whimpers, it made my heart skip beats. After cleaning you off, wrapping you in your blanket, your mother, through all her weakness, managed to give me the necklace she'd been wearing for nearly a year.

She bade me wrap it around you, and it wasn't until much later that I'd learn what that necklace was for. The glowing white stone of the necklace was something your grandmother had worn, something your mother had collected in the summer before your birth, and something she'd worn for a long time. She needed you to have it, and as I've learned, it is important for you and your future. I did as I was told that necklace wrapped around you as you were swaddled in your soft blanket and set into your basket. Gabriella had lost a lot of blood, barely enough energy to speak. Nana needed me to help tend to her, so from there, I needed Arnor to take you three from the bathroom, out into the living room where they looked after you.

Nana had cut Gabriella open inside to be able to remove Kiara. As such, your mother needed to be stitched back together. We used my blood to help heal your mother. My vampiric blood has healing properties, and while dangerous at high doses, just dipping the needle into a small bowl helped just enough that Gabriella was able to survive. She kept her promise to us, and she has been with us ever since. It took her weeks, if not months to heal from the wounds, and we have spent every day feeding, learning about you, and watching you all grow.

As your mother healed, I found us a piece of land about one hours walk from Nana's home. A little clearing along the edge of the lake. This was where I built us your first home, our cottage hidden away from the world. I spent months building the cottage, creating our own private, quiet space away from the world, for you three to grow safely, near where Nana and Arnor can see and raise you.

As of right now, you're three months old. And every day we get with you is another gift.

August 14, 2024

I've been thinking about it for some time now, but I should write down as much as I know about myself and what I am capable of, to use as a benchmark for what we may be able to expect of you, my children. As you all grow, and develop, we learn more and more about you every day. Kiara, with your shapeshifting, to Mina with your empathic abilities. Damir, you've always been so strong, your grip on Gabriella tight as stone as you'd feed. It's even still a challenge to get your bottle from you, despite it being empty and your face going pink from sucking on it so hard...

We've learned so much about you, my children, and yet there is still so much we don't know, or even what to expect. So, with this entry, I will go over everything I can do as a full-blooded vampire. My abilities, strengths, weaknesses – all of it. There isn't a lot in accurate vampire and Dhampir documentation around, understandably, so my hopes are we can use this to learn about us all. It's a miracle in its own right we could have you three to begin with, after all.

Where do I start...

Well, so, my bloodline comes from the Void itself. My "father" was a powerful Voidsent known as Diabolos. I was once a mortal girl, who drank the blood of Diabolos to become what I am now. I was not born of the void, but I am more of a creature from there now, than I am a normal woman.

I do not age in the normal sense, and my body regenerates from most wounds easily. A small cut vanishes in seconds. Slices and gashes heal in a matter of minutes. I can remove limbs and reattach them with ease, and can even cut my chest open, and pull out my black heart.

My hair still grows, as do my nails. I dye my hair now, though naturally it is red, like how some of your hair is turning. Mina, I think you will have hair like mine. We can already see the crimson shine in the light as it grows.

My canines are longer, and sharp, as you'd see in any storybook vampire. They don't disappear, or change, or hide; they're always visible. You three will likely be teething soon, and I am so excited to see if any of you get fangs, or how they look. It's such a silly thing, but I'm looking forward to it.

My eyes glow a bright red, and I have really good night vision. All of my senses are rather strong. I can see very well at night, or in the dark, though not as well during the day, when we're outside. My sense of hearing is powerful. When we're at the cottage, I can hear across the lake, and even the animals at Nana's house. I can hear each of you sleep, you tiny breaths helping me rest. Heh, Damir, you snore, my son. It's the cutest thing to me, too. Kiara, you breath so rapidly... and Mina, you're so quiet.

My sense of smell is also very, very strong... unfortunately. Makes for a really rough diaper change time... but outside of that, everything smells so strong, and I can follow trails left behind. It's also

what lead me to your mother while she was away on Tural... her scent left behind in all the places she'd been.

Speaking of senses, Damir and Mina, I don't know if you can feel it yet, or perhaps you do, but don't fully understand it, but I can sense your exact location at any given moment – part of our shared blood bond. You two have a bit more of me in you than Kiara does, and through that, we have our connection. I hope that one day, you two may be able to use that as guidance, to never feel alone, and to always be able to find home. Sweet Kiara, that doesn't make you any less special, however. You're so much like Gabriella... and your scent is just as unique. While I cannot sense you like the other two, I can always follow your trail, and know where to find you.

I also have a bond with my childe. Though they are called Childe, that doesn't make him my son, or child, it's just the term used for siring a vampire. I have only ever turned one person into a vampire. Your uncle, Star. I offered him power, and through that, turned him into a vampire. Because of that, we have a similar bond as I do with you, Damir and Mina. I can sense him, and to an extent, even command him. Something I have only ever done once... cause I was mad...

Outside of my senses, my physical abilities are slightly enhanced. I am a little stronger than average, and faster than the average person. I can break into a cloud of bats when I sprint, and sprout bat-like wings from my back to protect myself. I have a greater reserve of stamina compared to most people as well, capable of fighting and casting magic for far longer than most people.

When I was a mortal girl, my aether was naturally powerful. I was a skilled mage in my youth, and my corruption only enhanced that. With the void corruption of my soul and aether, my magics changed as well. Much of my healing magics became blood magics, using my vitae to mend the wounds of my allies.

Reading this all back, it's all a lot of what I can do, and almost seems like I can do anything... I'm strong, but I'm not invincible, much as I'd like to think I am.

While I don't know what exactly can kill me, I do know what can hurt. Damage to my heart is currently the thing I know to be the most painful. I can pull my heart out which stings some, but any damage to it, inside or outside of my body is intense pain. During my turning process, after I had drunk the blood, the cultists stabbed me with a ritual knife through my heart, effectively killing the mortal me.

My heart still has the scar on it from the wound. Only part of me that has a scar.

Oh, sunlight!

The old stories mention how our kind would burn in the sunlight. Well, that is untrue. Sunlight does not cause us to combust, however it can harm me without the right protection.

Someone once said the eyes were the gateway to the soul, and that seems to remain true. When I step outside, direct sunlight in my eyes causes a stinging feeling at first. If I don't cover my eyes, after a few hours, it can lead to blindness. After that, my eyes burn, and I haven't tested beyond that. I can imagine if I stand uncovered in the sunlight for long enough, my eyes may burn, and could cause permanent damage, however I am not willing to try that, nor is it correctly documented anywhere.

I mentioned my wings earlier, and an obvious question would be "Can I fly?"

Sadly, I cannot, at least not with those wings. They are merely for defense and intimidation and offer me no flight capabilities. That said, it's not impossible for another being to be able to fly with their wings, I however, just cannot. I have been able to shapeshift, however. I have a bond with a bat, a clever little one who joins my body and allows me to take his form. By becoming a bat, I can fly around freely.

My greatest weakness of all is my hunger. As the stories go, vampires are monsters who need to feed on the life essence of the living. Essence of the living is a vague statement, however. For me, it's blood, and aether. Which in this case, are one and the same. The blood contains the aether I need to sustain myself. If I go too long without, I can feel myself becoming physically weaker, and more tired. My magics aren't as strong, my physical abilities are weaker, my stamina is nearly entirely gone.

If I go long enough without feeding, I feel myself getting sleepier, and sleepier until eventually, I imagine my body would give out, and I'd fall into a deep sleep. The only thing that would wake me from that state, would be fresh blood.

That... is everything I can think of right now. This is all so disorganized, and hard to fully understand, I'm sure. I had to write everything I could think of, and that I know about. I hope that we can use all of this to learn about you three, what powers and abilities you all gain, and I can't wait to see you grow.

Baby Appearances, 7 Months Old

Damir

Damir has grown into quite the handsome little devil. The little hair coming in that he has is light, almost white in colour, similar to Gabriella's. His scales share the same dark red-black fade as Rowan's, but his horns have yet to fully come in, so they remain small nubs on the sides of his head, the same colour as his scales. His face carries a close pointed shape similar to Rowan's, being almost heart shaped, though leaning more toward a triangular shape, and he has two little dimples on his cheeks when he smiles, which he has been doing more recently since we've been calling him "Damie". His tail is shorter than his two siblings, and thick. It hits hard like a bat when he swings it. His eyes are the brightest of the three, glowing a deep red, just like Rowan's, with his black limbal rings adding depth to the glow. Teeth have just been coming in, with his two baby fangs being the first ones to break through. They're more blunt than sharp, little points just for show.

His grip continues to grow in strength, but he's started to learn to control it some, at least when it comes to feeding. He was startled the first time he popped the head off his bottle because he was holding onto it too tightly. He eats a lot, though without enough blood in the meal, he tends to look thin and sleeps a lot. But when he's had a lot to eat, his belly gets chubby (just don't point it out, it'll upset him).

Short form: White, wispy hair, red to black fade scales, Bright red, glowing eyes, and tiny fangs. Tail is similar to a croc tail. Horns not yet formed.

Mina

Sweet little Mina has dark red hair with black highlights, similar to Rowan's, and thin curls. Her scales are white, like Gabriella's, though if the sunlight hits them, they shimmer with a film of pearlescent red, giving her almost a glow around her body. As like Damir, her horns have not yet grown, though the nubs on the sides of her head aren't as big. Her tail is long and thin, with an arrow-like point at the end.

Her face is oval shaped, with her lips already being thin. She has Gabriella's nose, and cheekbones, and her eyes are red, with a faint glow. Her limbal rings haven't come in. Her limbs are thin, and almost give her a doll-like appearance. She's dainty, quiet, and looks almost "fragile". But she is anything but.

Just like her brother, she has 2 small fangs, pointy, yet blunt and unable to break skin. Other teeth have started to come in, her gums showing the sign that they're about to break.

Short form: Red and black curly hair, white scales that shimmer red, red eyes with a faint glow, and a thin, pointed tail. No horns yet.

Kiara/Diss

In her person form, Kiara is the splitting image of Gabriella. White hair, white scales, and one eye white, the other black, in opposite arrangement of her mothers. Her hair is thin and straight, but soft. Her limb rings have come in, and are a faint red, the tiniest drop of Rowan in her blood. Her tail is medium length, with a point similar to Mina's, and the nubs on the sides of her head are small as well.

Her teeth came in while she was in her wolf form, and it would seem she has more teeth than her older siblings. Her canines came in, looking more person-like than her siblings' fangs, and she has her two front teeth. She is the visibly happiest of the triplets, always smiling, and when she smiles, she has the cutest little dimple on her right cheek. Her limbs are thin, despite how much she eats. She's always been the smallest in her person form, compared to the older two siblings.

When she is in her wolf pup form, Diss has the same snow-white hair, and her eyes remain the same black/white. Her fur is thick, head to toe, and requires brushing with a thick brush to keep her from matting. While she is still a baby, she is the largest out of the triplets in this form. She stands roughly 68 cm tall at the shoulder, with her tail being about half her body length, and bushy. Her ears stand tall when she's alert, though the tips flop over when she's relaxed. She's muscular, always active and running around.

Kiara tends to spend most of her time as Diss. Being able to move and be independent has been something she's enjoyed a fair bit, and it seems Diss has been protecting her from the pains of being a baby. In that regard, we see Diss more often than we see Kiara.

Short form: Thin white hair, white scales. Right eye is white, left eye is black. Tail is long, thin and pointy, and she doesn't have horns yet. As a wolf, fur is snow-white, her eyes remain the same. She's 68 cm tall, and has a long, bushy tail. Her ears stand up straight, but the tips flop down when she's relaxed.

Babies First Starlight

I write this after all the festivities of the day have happened. The three of you have long since been in bed, as well as your mother, and I sit here on my own in front of the fireplace. Our glowing starlight sentinel standing tall in the corner, it's lights shining in the window as snow twinkles from the stars.

I have to record this day, the first Starlight Celebration the three of you have officially experienced. I say officially, as this time last year, your mother sat atop a mountain on her own, guiding the dead, while the three of you grew inside her. Now here we are, a year later, and you three are 9 months old.

Our day started mid-morning. I had to get you three up, startling you all awake with my cheers of "Happy Starlight!" as I came into your rooms in my bright red jammies. Damie, the glare you gave me, followed by the look of confusion as I picked you up, bringing you out to the living room, into your highchair. Mina, you whimpered at me as I pulled you from bed, snuggling tight against my chest as I brought you out to sit in your chair beside your brother. Kiara, you were the most startled, giving me a look I've seen from your mother when I've done something silly, a mix of fear and being unimpressed. You too, came out to the living room to sit beside your siblings.

All your eyes sparkled as I lit the tree, the boxes wrapped in different colours bound with bows piled beneath it. You're all still too young to understand what's going on, what any of this fuss was about. You just wanted to sleep, and here I was bursting into your rooms, waking you up, being all happy and cheerful before dragging you outta bed.

Gabriella came down soon after, the three of you giving her looks asking if I was okay, her just shrugging before going to make some cocoa in the kitchen behind you. We got you all fed, as I sipped a coffee before Arnor and Nana knocked at the door, showing up with a bag. We got them all settled in and warming by the fireplace, warm drinks in hand before we started with the gifts.

Again... I know you're all still too young to understand, too young to even be able to open gifts, let alone enjoy them really, but I still think the three of you had some fun as the hours went by.

Damir, I've never seen you cling harder to a blanket, or a stuffie. Nana had knit the three of you each a new wool blanket, nice and thick and soft, perfect for these cold winter's nights. She'd also made some little hats for you three to wear when we leave the house. You also got a soft, stuffed dragon, white, like your sister's form. You were all snuggled up with the blanket on you and your toy, sitting on the couch, soother in your mouth.

Mina, little angel, with the mound of stuffies for your collection. You love your plushies, and it makes it so easy to know what to get or make for you. You lay on your pile beside the coffee table, giggling out of overwhelmedness, unsure what to do with yourself. If we'd have left you there, I imagine you'd still be right next to me as I write this, sound asleep on your pile.

Kiara, and Diss, you gave us all the biggest laugh we've had. Kiara, you spent more time enjoying the others than you did with your own gifts. You still spent some time with the blanket Nana made you, and the little pixie plushie we got you stayed by your side, at least while you were in your person form. When Diss came out, we had a gift for her, and I swear, we have never seen someone more excited.

Gabriella didn't appreciate us playing fetch with her socks in the house, so I promised her I'd make you some wool balls we could use instead. So when I poured a big bag of 40 or so stuff, crochet balls on you, and you tried catching them, chasing them, and throwing them around as your siblings watched, I knew Gabriella wouldn't have to worry about her socks any more. We spent some time each tossing a ball around the cottage for you as you chased after it. Damir giggled as you'd come bounding back, growling as we'd try to take it from you. So, we'd toss another one, and off you'd go. We each took turns doing it until you wore yourself out, hoarding them all up, and curling around them next to the fire.

By the time evening came, I had dinner made and ready, and we all sat around the table. The three of you in your highchairs as Gabriella and I fed you all special purees I made to go with our dinner. Nana cut the dodo for us, as we enjoyed the meal around the table. Arnor made us all a special tea, before the two of them made their way home in the snow.

We offered for them to spend the night, but they wanted to get back home before more snow came.

So, we got you three ready for bed, your mama reading stories from some of the new books we got you. You were all tucked in, new blankets keeping you warm. Gabriella went to bed soon after, and here I sit, one last mug of mulled juice, as I write next to the fire.

This was the first of many Starlight Celebrations, and I can't wait for the rest to come. It'll become more and more exciting as you all grow bigger and older.

Soon, Uncle Star will also come to visit and meet you three for the first time. At least, whenever he decides to make the trip here...

While Mama's Away...

Mommy and Babies will play!

It's been a couple weeks since Gabriella left on her trip, along with a pair of stowaways. Novalynn and Diss went with her, like I knew they would.

So, I am home, with Mina and Damir.

“ Our Goals?

1. Get those wingies put away.
2. Learn to walk.
3. Make sure Damir doesn't get into his Mama's snack stash (Make sure to close the closet door.)

Day 1

Got the kids up and eat breakfast. Mina kept glancing at the door, knowingly. Damir was babbling to me. He realized he hadn't seen Mama yet, and I told him that she was the boy that Mama had to go on her trip - a boy that he had all night snuggled with her. Poo



r boy... didn't even want to drink from his

sippy cup.

After breakfast, I got the two of them dressed, and we played in the living room. Mina practiced her magic, animating little butterfly lights to flutter around the room, while I tried to distract Damir with his dragon plushie. At one point, Mina went and gave Damir a hug, saying "It o-ay, Da-ie." Sweet girl helping her brother feel better. Damir was a little better after that, but clung to me, and has clung to me since.

By the afternoon, I had the pair down for their naps. They were in the sit-crib, using the dragon as a pillow.

Day 2

There's a heatwave going on right now, it's rough trying to go outside. I've had the twins covered up in their hats and sunglasses, sitting in the shade while I tend to the garden. Arnor came by, checking on the beasts, letting me know in the next couple weeks, the females will be giving birth. I don't know anything about helping with that, so when the time comes, I'll need Arnor helping and showing me the ropes. Busy times ahead...

After Arnor left, I decided the kids needed to take a dip in the lake. I brought them over to the water's edge, and sat them in my lap, letting the water wash over their legs. They'd kick and giggle when it got them. I think Mina enjoys the feeling of wet sand and water between her toes. We're going to start working on Damir's wings soon. Every day, I've been massaging his back, trying to create the space between his shoulder blades, where the wings fold and hide.

Day 3

Today, I decided we're getting those wingies put away. Damir has been reacting well to the back massages, relaxing and folding his wings. I had him on his stomach, hanging across my forearm, and was rubbing his back. Mina sat nearby, watching and babbling and playing. I rubbed Damie's back, and carefully folded his wing, relaxing him and slowly tucking. It's amazing, tiny little guy, but those wings of his are big enough to wrap around and then some.

After a little while of slowly folding, I managed to get him to lift a shoulder blade and tucked the wing underneath. He was... off-put by it. He didn't enjoy the sensation of the space being filled and whimpered a little at it. I had to snuggle him to make him feel better, and he refused to let me get the other one. I sent Gabriella a picture of our little one-winged angel.

Damir fell asleep early that night, and I was up later with Mina, practicing magic with her. Little one has such an affinity for it... Before Gabriella left for her trip, I'd joked it almost seemed like little Bean could teleport. Found out recently that... she can, apparently. Seems the young one has tricks up her sleeves even I don't know about. When I asked her about it, she just grins, and

giggles, but doesn't show me.



Day 4

Worked on the other wing today, first thing. Figured I'd catch him while he was sleepy, so after breakfast, I had Damir hanging off me again, and did more massaging, and folding. Eventually, he let me get the other wing tucked away, and I sent a picture to his Mama. He likes it when she says she's proud of him. He needs positive reinforcement, it seems.

I took the twins to the market today. Had them in a stroller, bundled up with their hats and sunglasses, and they helped me pick out things for dinner that we didn't actively have in the garden. Arnor was by the cottage while we were out, checking on the animals. I invited them and Nana for dinner, and we all enjoyed the nice meal with some fruit sorbets for dessert.



Met someone... someone who knows about Gabriella, and Star. Apparently, she interacted with them when they went away a couple summers ago... This woman seems to have a connection to the void and can sense some sort of spirits. Diss had apparently eaten one of said spirits, while on the ship with Gabriella and Novalynn. Damir was scaring some back home, and they got him to get his wings out... Mina, with her little tricks, managed to freeze a pair of the spirits.

Gotta keep an eye on this woman. She seems to know my whole family pretty well, and I'm not sure how comfortable I am knowing she can keep tabs on everyone at any moment... and these bizarre "welps" as she calls them. Apparently, they're like the spirits, but it's hard to tell if they're... friendly or not. Given Damir was scaring them, and Mina and Diss both... took some out, I'll assume they're not very bright creatures, regardless of alignment.

Day 7

It's been a week since Gabriella left on her research trip. Every day, I work with Damir to control his wings better. He's slowly managing to tuck them away himself, and I think he feels a little less self-conscious now that he knows he can tuck them away. Gabriella and the kids made ground and are supposed to make contact with someone over there. Haven't heard much since, just that she's supposed to meet an "Evenstein" or something.

The mysterious girl, her name is Fiona. Still don't know a lot about her, but she's been sticking around. Eats a ton, poor Star... I've been cooking extra and bringing it by the beach house, just in case they need the food.

Fiona has a means of getting Gabriella and the kids home. A werewolf, apparently, who owns an airship. I've made sure to let Gabriella know, once her work over there is done. I've had a bad feeling about this whole trip, still unsure how things will turn out, especially with Nova and Diss there.

????

~1-23-2026

G

After Starlight

"Where Mama doe?"

Those were the first words Damir said to me the morning after you left. The babies are still just a little too young to fully understand the responsibility you have. Well, at least, Damir is. And maybe Mina... though I think she's always just a little more aware, given the connection between you two. Kiara, being just like you, knows what's going on. I imagine she might even already know what's going to happen this year.

"She had to do her ritual, Damie. She'll be back soon enough." How can I explain it to him in a way he'd really understand? I just kiss the top of his head, getting him out of his bed and changed for the day.

Mina wakes up, looking out the window almost knowingly. When I greet her for the first time in the day, she just looks up at me. *"Mama go."* Then she holds her rock up, the one you made for her that lets her talk to you. I held up the stone, feeling the little aether reservoir you put into it sitting empty. I close my hands around it, and charge it with my own aether, knowing soon enough that I'll have to teach our Bean how to do this herself.

Eventually, the little ones won't need me anymore.

Just like with Damir, I kiss Mina on her head, handing her back her stone. I get her changed, and she store the stone in the front pocket of her overalls, so it sits right in front of her heart. I think she thinks it means you'll hear her heartbeat and know she's listening for you.

Entering Kiara's room, I don't know whether to expect her, Diss, or the room to be empty. These little ones do have a habit of disappearing, especially when you leave. Fortunately, not today. In her little bed, Kiara is already awake. I think our princess knew you were leaving, since her experience last year, she knew today was coming. Was even ready in her baby form, just in case.

"Mama's already gone for the ritual, sweetie. You didn't have to go this time." Kiara looked almost disappointed for a moment but smiles at me. *"It okie, Ma. I stay here an help."* She lifted her arms, wanting up, and, like her siblings, I get her ready for her day.

The house was quiet, as it is every time you go. The triplets sat in their highchairs, eating their cereal, drinking their juice. I knocked on Novalynn's door, letting her know breakfast was ready if she wanted to get up. It's... crazy how it's been almost a year since she joined our family. My biggest guilt, but also my greatest retribution. *"I'll be out soon, Ma."* She calls back, her voice groggy. I leave her be, knowing that teenagers do need their sleep, and with how helpful the girl is, she's more than welcome to rest as much as she needs. She joins us at the table eventually, her own bowl of cereal ready, a pot of tea steeping on the counter.

"I still wish she could have brought me with her." Novalynn mused between mouthfuls of cereal.

"I don't even fully understand what happens during the rituals, kiddo. Gabriella is always slightly different when she comes back though. I remember her saying, the first time she had to go away, that part of the ritual means she dies, to guide the dead. Which means last year, this little one also died too." I kiss Kiara's head, the little girl grinning up at me, almost with knowing pride.

"We still don't fully know what you are, Nova. Gabriella said that your aether is like Kiara's; that that bracelet reacted to you like it does her. Whether than means you're an Other, or a fragment of Kiki, or something else entirely, we don't know. It also means we don't know what might happen if you tried to join the ritual."

Novalynn mused over it as she finished her cereal, getting a cup of tea before wandering up to the library.

"Leave the door open, we all like hearing you play that piano."

Ther Peregrine-Versi Children

Triplets: 1 year, 9 months

Birthdate: April 9th

Damir

(Damir, Damie)

At almost 2 years old, Damir stands just over 2 feet tall, and weighs in at 28 lb. His hair has grown out to be a similar white to Gabriella's, with his red eyes bright, with a glow in the dark that mirrors Rowan's. His limbal rings also glow a deep, blood red. He has control enough over his wings to be able to retract and release them at will, with enough motor skills to move them independently, though he still cannot fly just yet. His teeth have almost all grown in, with his fangs still being blunt, but most prominent. His horns are still growing but are starting to take their shape into points going both forward and back along the sides of his head. His scales are like Rowan's, red and black. His tail is still shorter than his sisters, but thick still. It's a wonder he can carry it around.

He's still got his baby weight but hates when it's pointed out. He's speaking in incomplete but clear enough sentences, and can walk, and run around the house and yard. He's even stronger now, but with more control over his grip strength. Though when his temper gets the better of him (which can happen frequently) he loses some of his control and has hit relatively hard when mad. So far, he doesn't display as much magical potential as his sister, but his physical abilities appear like they'll exceed even mine, potentially.

At the start of winter, he hated the snow, but after Gabriella brought him and Melody to meet her winter wolf, he seems to be okay with the cold, even so far as to enjoy the snow some.

Mina

(Mina, Minabean, Bean)

Mina stands at just under 2 feet tall, and weighs in around 21 pounds. Her hair is bright red like Rowan's and curls, though we try to keep those curls under control. Her scales are white Gabriella's, though they sparkle red under the sunlight. Her eyes are still more dim than Damir's, and glow faintly in the dark. Her limbal rings have come in, though remain dim and the glow an off-white colour. Her teeth are also all mostly in, with her fangs being smaller than Damir's and still

blunt as well. Her horns have started curling forward, and her tail is similar to Gabriella's, though thinner.

Mina speaks in more full sentences than Damir, and has a strong affinity for magic, though her physical capabilities are not as developed. The little one has been learning beginner spells and skills, conjuring lights, and animating pictures. She is even capable of short-range teleportation. At least, we think it's short range, like a blink. She never developed wings like her brother, though we can feel where they'd started to grow. We believe that the lack of wings are what enabled her to blink.

Mina is indifferent to the weather, and most things. She keeps to herself, enjoys her magic, and shares a deep, special bond with Gabriella.

Kiara

(Kiara, Kiki)

As she grows older, Kiara is still the splitting image of Gabriella. Her hair is stark white, her scales also white. Her horns have come in shaped more closely to her aunt Aolani's, like little fins. She has one white eye, and one black. She still has her limbal rings, which continue to shine red. She has all her teeth, though I've noticed her fangs have grown to be just slightly similar to her siblings and mine, if a little more canine. She weighs in at just over 19 pounds, and stands 32.9 inches tall, the smallest of the triplets. Her tail is thin, long and pointed.

Kiara is able to speak the best out of her siblings. She's always cheerful, and perhaps a little too independent for her own sake, seeming to want us to worry more about the other two than her. She can walk and run and seems to enjoy drawing and music. She's the most tomboy of the girls and likes to run around outside barefoot. She doesn't seem to mind the cold but has seemed to stay around the fireplace since the winter started.

Diss

Diss has grown to be a very large wolf. He takes up nearly the whole couch when he jumps up, and forgets the size of his tail at time, often swatting at all of us when he's excited. His fur is still white as snow, and his eyes mirror Kiara's when he's out. His tail is thick and bushy, and he stands nearly 35 inches tall, and is roughly 6 feet long, from snout to tail. He's still young and wild, and full of personality.

Growing up alongside the babies, he is always ready to protect us and his siblings and has even shown a desire to protect other wolves, having helped me save the wolfess whom we adopted, named Melody.

Novalynn

(Novalynn, Nova)

Birthdate: June 6th

Novalynn is our adopted, teenage daughter who appeared with me after my time in the deep void, after Kiki and Melody went supernova. Not a lot is understood about her origins, however she appears to be connected to Kiara in some way, sharing some of her aether. She seems to be around 16 years old, though we don't know for sure.

Novalynn has long, blonde hair, though she dyed it recently. Her eyes shine golden, and she's been developing into a beautiful young woman. She seems to love helping us out around the house, especially with the triplets, and has been taking things in stride will struggling with her own existence.

Nova seems to love creating. She enjoys drawing, writing, playing music, and learning. She's become a bit of a skill-monkey at the homestead, learning and helping with everything.

Melody

(Melody, Mel, Dee)

A young wolf Diss and I rescued. Gabriella and Diss heard howling one night, early December, and he and I went out to see what was happening. We came across a large Fischer in the middle of trying to kill the young wolf. I sent Diss after the beast while I took the wolf, using my magics to heal her as best as I could. Diss came back with minor wounds after scaring the beast off for the night, and we managed to bring the girl inside. After many days of recovery and many applications of my blood and healing magics, she has mostly recovered, having lost one of her eyes, gained many scars, and still has a limp in one of her legs.

Gabriella discovered the wolf had a collar one day, with a tag on it naming her Melody. She thought I'd placed it there as some kind of bad joke. I hadn't noticed it when I rescued her, but I believe it's fate that brough Gabriella's first daughter back to our family.

Right from day one, Melody and Damir have had a close bond. The moment he saw her, he wanted to touch and pet her, be near her. We were hesitant at first, this being what we believed to be a wild wolf, but with Diss around, and with the wolfess' slow approval, we allowed the two to meet, and they have been nearly inseparable since.

One day, Gabriella brought Damir and Melody into a clearing in the woods to introduce them to her wolf form, Arktaris. I don't know what happened there, what was said or done, but ever since, both Melody and Damir have been different, and closer than ever, as though they were truly siblings. If this is truly Melody back with us, I welcome her to our family, proud to raise Gabriella's first daughter.

A War of Stuffing and Spirit

"Onwards, we march, my minions!" The girl adjusts her pointed hat, a gift from her mother, as she points forward, animated creatures of her own making marching in file through the wintry forest. *"We march on the Golden Princess!"*

Beside her, a boy and a wolf, both emanating a cold aura, stand ready. In the distance, a castle, shimmering in gold, spirits swirling around, preparing to defend.

"She's amassing her army, sister. But her spirits will be no match for us, and your creations." The boy says, adjusting his grip on his sword, the wolfess huffing in agreement.

"Don't underestimate our sister and her spirits, Damir. They're formidable in their own right. Especially Diss."

~~~~~

On the other side, a girl wearing a glimmering, shining crown is surrounded by spirit creatures, a giant spectral wolf curled around her. A Dragon, a Meerkat, and a Fox all sit in front of her. *"The army of creations marches on us, Princess. They will be here within the day."*

*"So, my siblings are making their move now, are they? Rally all the spirits, prepare them for battle. If Mina wants war, we'll give her war."* Kiara nods to the spirits, as Diss sits up, stretching behind her. Miyako shakes, and scurries off to scout, while Nieve and Jojo prepare for the main assault.

~~~~~

"Your army is ready, Mina. We are at your command." Damir readies himself, wings out and flapping. Melody shakes her body, standing tall between the siblings. *"Sound the attack. Take down the Golden Princess, leave no spirits standing."*

Damir nods, raises his sword. ***"Chaaaaarge!"*** He calls out, running forward, followed by an army of animated servants of different sizes and shapes. On the flip side, spirits charge forth to defend their golden kingdom, meeting the army head on. Damir swings his sword, as Melody pounces and chews. Spirit and Automata clash, casualties on both sides. Spirits rip soldiers apart, leaving stuffing and limbs in their wake. Soldiers cut spirits in two or more pieces, the battle a massacre on both sides.

Melody and Diss collide in a ball of snarl and growl, teeth and claw as they fight for top wolf. Mina and Kiara meet face to face, one girl calling her magics: lights and winds swirling around her. The other brings her sword, glowing golden, ready to fight. One sister swings, batting away colours spheres of light as they're fired toward her. The other dips and dodges beneath the golden blade, blowing a gust of wind that knocks the attacker back. *"You're good, Kiara, but you're not going to*

win.” Mina gloats, her spheres circling around her as she readies another barrage.

“You’ve always been too confident and too smart for your own good, Mina. My army will fight back your ‘toys.’” She readies her sword once again, rushing the witch, swing down, across, catching the girl in the arm, as a green orb collides with her chest, sending both girls to their backs, breathing hard.

Damir watches on the sidelines as his sister’s battle, Melody and Diss on either side of him, as they all look among each other, grinning.

~~~~~

“Kids, lunch is ready.” A womanly voice calls from the kitchen. Three babies, two wolves, a fox, a dragon and a meerkat all look up, surrounded by stuffies and spirits. Mina stands, waddling over to her sister, helping the smaller girl to her feet. “A dwah,” she declares. “Dis time.” Kiara nods, as the spirits vanish, and animated toys fall lifeless once more.

“What were you three doing in there? It sounded like a war!” Rowan laughs as Damir comes out of his sister’s room, his wings folding away, toy sword abandoned in the hall on the way to the dining table, followed by the two girls, one wearing a golden tiara, the other in a pointed hat. They all get seated in high chairs, grinning and giggling as their imaginary world is forgotten for the time being...

