

Inn's Unconventional Crown



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Inn, looking like a human boy with long, curly brown hair, leaned against a mossy stone wall, observing the bustling village square. A faint, almost imperceptible smirk played on their lips as they watched a clumsy merchant trip over a stray chicken, muttering, "Humans, always so... predictable in their chaos."



Later, hidden away in a dusty corner of the royal library, Inn hunched over an ancient, leather-bound tome. Their nimble fingers meticulously sketched a grotesque, yet strangely beautiful, demonic flower, its petals unfurling in impossible ways. "Another one for the collection," they mused, a glint of satisfaction in their eyes.



Deep within a secluded grove, Inn poked a pulsating, bioluminescent mushroom with a stick, its eerie glow casting strange shadows on their face. "Fascinating," they muttered, jotting down notes in their personal journal. "It appears to be mildly sentient and incredibly dramatic, much like certain family members."



Suddenly, a burst of energetic laughter echoed through the trees as Ashy, Inn's younger brother, tumbled into the clearing. "Inn! What marvel have you unearthed today?" he exclaimed, his eyes wide with innocent curiosity. Inn simply rolled their eyes, a fond smile quickly replacing their usual deadpan expression.



With a mischievous wink, Inn conjured a tiny, harmless wisp of shadow that zipped around Ashy's head, making him shriek with delighted surprise. The two siblings dissolved into a fit of giggles, their secret shared adventures a stark contrast to the noble expectations awaiting Inn.



As twilight painted the sky in hues of deep violet and gold, Inn drifted off to sleep, their human form dissolving into shimmering motes of light. The dreamscape unfurled around them, a swirling vortex of vibrant, impossible colors and floating islands, a realm far beyond mortal comprehension.



There, amidst the ethereal glow, Vesperon awaited, his form shifting like mist. Inn and their dream-friend exchanged a silent, understanding glance, a shared weariness in their eyes. "Another day, another near-catastrophe averted," Inn thought, a dry amusement coloring their dream-voice.



Waking with a soft sigh, Inn stretched, the lingering magic of the dream world still clinging to their senses. The weight of their dual existence settled back upon them, a familiar, heavy cloak. "Time to pretend I'm just a normal, demigod-adopted royal," they mumbled, pushing aside a stray curl.



Inn found themselves in the grand throne room, its ornate decorations feeling suffocatingly heavy. They gazed at the empty, gilded throne, a flicker of something akin to disdain or perhaps just profound boredom crossing their face. "All this fuss for a chair," they thought, a cynical chuckle escaping their lips.



Finally, Inn stood alone on a balcony, overlooking the sprawling kingdom below, the setting sun painting the clouds in fiery hues. A knowing, slightly mischievous smile played on their lips as they embraced their unique, complex identity, a demon child with a demigod's destiny and a very particular sense of humor.