

## Spell Bound

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# Spell Bound

by [RileyWritesStories](#)

## Summary

Ayda's spell book was well kept, Fig had noticed.

Some wizards spell books looked like they were fit to burst with how many paper clips holding small notes, loose pages, and added compartments, but not Ayda's. Hers was a robust, leather bound tomb, the leather had an inlaid pattern that was meant to resemble a map leading to lost treasure. Inside the pages were neatly filled with spells, their effects, and the components required.

The whole thing was hand written, much to Fig's surprise. She would have bet that the pages were printed out if she hadn't watched Ayda fill in Ayda's Comprehend Subtext, thus was the quality of her handwriting.

So Fig was surprised when, while ideally flipping through Ayda's spell book while the two were hanging out in Mordred Manor, she stumbled across a page that wasn't all neat rows of spell descriptions. Instead the page was filled, edge to edge, with elegant cursive handwriting

(Fig finds out Ayda writes her name when she is stressed, and decides to try it too.)

## Notes

Longer than a Random Encounter, still on the shorter side though, sorry.

As always, none of the other stories in this series are not necessary pre-reading, but please do check them out if you like this one.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

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So Fig was surprised when, while ideally flipping through Ayda's spell book while the two were hanging out in Mordred Manor, she stumbled across a page that wasn't all neat rows of spell descriptions. Instead the page was filled, edge to edge, with elegant cursive handwriting featuring the same two words over and over again in various sizes and angles. Those two words were 'Figuroth Faeth'

Fig's name spelled out over and over again, sometimes shortened to just Fig, sometimes Fig Faeth, sometimes the whole name. Each seemed to be written with such care, the lines were crisp and flowed naturally. There were also doodles written on the page. Hearts next to some instances of her name, small little pictures of a face with two horns jutting up, a stylized version of Fig. It was not at all what Fig was expecting when she had started absentmindedly flipping through her girlfriends spell book.

"Hey Ayda, what's up with this? Is this part of some sort of spell?" She asked carefully. Ayda looked over from where she was perched. She had been sitting on Fig's bed looking through a crystal they had all pitched in to buy her.

"Ah, that is... It's embarrassing to say out loud, but I find writing your name to be soothing. While we were apart when I was studying Plane Shift, I filled that page while trying to concentrate." Ayda's response was punctuated by her hair flaring up a bit.

"Aww. That's really sweet. And before you ask, it's not weird." Fig cut her girlfriend off before she got to the pass. "As I understand it, a lot of girls like to write their crush's name when they are doodling."

"Well. You aren't just my crush, you are my extremely cool girlfriend." Ayda interjected, giving her peck on the cheek.

Fig herself had never actually doodled a crush's name. She was thinking about it, and not even Dr Asha had stirred the need to just put it on paper before. But now, here she was a few days later, listening as the Bard teacher went on and on about stuff she already knew. She highly doubted this man had *ever* given someone inspiration. Where she should be taking notes she instead found herself staring at a blank page. And almost absentmindedly, she started writing.

The first 'A' in Ayda eased her boredom immediately. Seeing her name even in the shaky cursive that was nowhere near as neat and tidy as Ayda's made Fig's heart speed up. Butterflies in her stomach as she wrote it again. And again. And Again. Soon she found herself doodling other things as well. A small fish in a bubble that she labeled GAF, a cartoony sketch of Ayda's spell book. A detailed drawing of her feather. At the bottom she wrote out the words 'I love this bird.'

Her page wasn't as pretty as Ayda's was, her handwriting wasn't as neat, her drawing not as skilled, but seeing it made her happy. It felt like love, knowing that even the sight of her girlfriends name was enough to ease her. She honestly never thought she'd feel this secure in anything since her horns came in.

For the next week, Fig had brought that journal with her everywhere. Whenever asked why she had her Bard Class notebook, she'd lie and say that she needed to look over some notes. But Instead, whenever she was feeling a little upset, or angry, or tired, she'd look at that page and simply read Ayda's name over and over again. She wondered if Ayda ever did the same. Sometimes she'd add doodles to the page. One day she even put FF+AA in a little heart. It was dorky, she knew that, and cliché, but it made her feel happy.

At the end of that week, Fig was looking at her notebook at Basrar's. She'd gotten a little brazen with it at this point, not getting caught yet had made her put her guard down. So she jumped almost out of her skin when Adine Leaned over her shoulder and asked a simple question.

"Watcha lookin' at"

The notebook slammed closed and Fig blushed a deep red. "Nothing. It's nothing." She said. Adaine took her spot across from fig in the booth, placing their milkshakes on the table.

"Fig, were you looking at something naughty?" She said with a little eyebrow raise.

"What? No" Fig responded, her heart pounding. '*Why am I so nervous? She knows about me and Ayda,*' she thought. But something in her was embarrassed to be seen doing something so... traditionally girl-in-love.

"Well I'm going to tell everyone it was something naughty unless you show me, then." Adaine retorted. Fig was mad at that, but a little impressed by the blackmail.

"Fine." She relented. "I'll show you, but you can't tell anyone. Well, you can tell Ayda because she already knows, but NO ONE ELSE!" Fig punctuated her statement with a point.

"Oooh, is it song lyrics for a secret new song?" Adaine hazarded a guess. Fig blushed a bit.

"No, it's... I have a page in my journal that I use for... Well this." She opened the journal back up to the page full of Ayda's name. Adaine smiled seeing it.

"*Youuu'reee innnn looooooveee*" Adaine teased in a pseudo sing-songy way. Fig punched her in the arm.

“Shut up. I like her name. It’s... It’s a good name. Shut up.” Fig felt that embarrassment welling inside of her again.

“I think it’s very sweet. She makes you feel, like, sitcom romance happy. That’s awesome.” Adaine said. “But you might want to put that away before Fabian and the others get here.” She advised. Fig heeded the words and put the journal away.

After that, though, Fig became more open with it. Less worried that her friends were going to mock her for being so cliché. They were all happy that Ayda made her happy. Once the page was full, she even ripped it, carefully, out of the journal, using the dotted line meant for removing pages that may need to be turned in. She had it framed and hung it up in her room, where she could appreciate it every day when she woke up.

Ayda cried fire when she saw it, which made Fig smile. Knowing that such a simple gesture had touched her girlfriend so deeply.

## End Notes

Thanks for readding. Hope you enjoyed, Kudos are welcome, as are comments and suggestions and requests.

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