

Roulx Oneshots.

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Roulx Oneshots.

by [lazicepie](#)

Summary

A few canon Roulx snippets. Most are for before kitc lore.

Right and Wrong

Chapter Summary

This one happens like a week after when Roulx officially moved away from kir mother.
CWs: slight intrusive thoughts?
word count: 511.

The light filtered through the yellow stained glass window. Dust particles linger in the air, but keep on moving as gravity leads.

Roulx sits alone in the empty bedroom, oh how the days flow into the age. But they're only fifteen. But only the bruise on their joints and sourness in their tendons. They lean forwards, tending to their muscles, by a massage with their thumbs and knuckles.

Perhaps the hours could pass by only as minutes. But the night doesn't wait.

There were knockings on the doors, a church bell ringing eight times for the evening. The gap between their bedroom door and floors of the corridors, gives a way for letters to be delivered to units like him.

But the chatter rises outside of their doors. Leading Roulx to carefully open the doors, peering at the handful of people moving past. Few faces that ki recognises, none which ki can recall the names of. Ki would blame it to be the social anxiety. Too many new faces. But at least they'd leave kime alone.

Roulx denies the promise of a dinner, turning away, quietly closing its door. Perhaps it will head down for some leftovers later, after the crowd has,, dispersed a little.
No one good remains too late. However, everyone who does remain, would mostly like to mind their own business as well.

Do you think it's good?

A voice echos from nowhere. That is how thoughts worked afterall.

You abandoned her.

It knows what he's talking about. The faint silhouette that remains everytime it comes back home. Nearly everytime, exhausted with no sense to communicate with kime. Only a desperate, but empty gaze.

You. Abandoned her.

He wouldn't dare to speak of her like this.

No. But he is right. Roulx did abandon her, leaving her without a trace of its own just few nights ago. When one the rare time. No this never happened before.. At least not during the very first few times it'd sneaked out of her home. She wasn't there when it came home. So, it took the chance. Wrapping away its declining number of belongings, leaving its room as pristine. As if no one ever hid sticks and rocks, stolen books and tooks beneath the empty floor boards.

Roulx doesn't want to go back. No, not in this lifetime.

Take it easy, they lean back on their chair. Their hand taps rhythmically onto the table. Four books are stacked neatly to the right hand side, closer to the head of their bed. All from their personal collection.

Ki wonders if mother would've liked to read.

She likes to leave the curtains closed. A way that makes her bedroom dark at all hours of the morning; a way that the intricate patterns of golden threads embroidered within the curtain fabrics glow through the light. Dithering the gold under the rich emerald green. How she would sometimes read short pamphlets under a candle light.

"Can I read that after you're done?"

"You can have it right now. I've already read it."

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

mess of words. gets slightly poetic at the end. no dialogue.

CWs: light depictions of harm. also to child roulx specifically, many parts of these memories are like teen-child roulx. also mommy issues??

word count: 646

Roulx walked the empty streets that lined the back of its soul. The dark stony paths, blue skies and mossy castle walls, the chatter of everyone else somehow dimmer than it had ever been. Dimmer than the bright blue that circled above, cirrus clouds, wispy in the troposphere, casting as white shadows behind the birds that flew by carelessly.

It enjoyed the solitude. Ever since it was young, it'd sought that solitude like a moth to the sun. Sneaking out in the dead of night, to peer through the windows of the darkened bookshops on the roads. With only the moon to guide, it couldn't know how lonesome were the else that wandered the same. But so were, there the cold winds that caressed softly against its warm skin and gentle heart.

Like a gentle hand, it would dance outside the windows of the ballroom. It pulled up the legs of his trousers, pretending they were just as luxurious as the ball gowns; just as fancy, shimmering with layers of lace and embroidery. They were the stained work trousers his mother had sewn.

Green, brown and red. The darker stains on the knees and shins, ones that it didn't have the time to wash out. Ones that Nickle had taught her to care for, to dab and wash with warmer water to make them less visible. Smears of cuts from its hands, still soaking the sleeves which it rubs them on. Cuts from the pieces of bricks that makes them so hard to cling to, too hard to be hit against.

...

It had learnt to hide knives in its sleeves. It learnt to be afraid of the ones that roamed high and mighty, along with the human-like that roamed with glares and sharpened teeth. Where a small boy, had grown to one that's the child of the streets.

But she knows. The maiden of the house still knows.

When it'd come back home, bruised with a wince upon seeing her in black dressing, her white corset, her black heels. She would come down so cautiously, hands outstretched with a helplessness in her scabbed hands, with little scars just like its'. She'd run her hands over the

cuts on its palms, whispering blessings as her blonde braids knelt lower than the boy's height.

It all seems almost warm. Almost alive if it weren't just memories.

Where her murmurs grew clearer. Was when it was younger.

She'd told kime inexplicable things about time. How it only flowed slower when ki was near her. And how she carried kime during warm springs to walk down to the market. Where inexplicable gazes would linger on kime, but not the very lady that is carrying her child.

...

Oh Ms Rhymer, awaiting longingly...

What was the inexplicable, that made the stars align at just the right time to bring it to her. Were the strums of the harp strings echoing through the octagonal parable. Embroidered in gold, sculptures of those she remembers, frozen in their marble appearance.

A beautifully patterned floor. Glazed with what appears to be a layer of the clearest glass, reflecting the distance between one's shoes and the flowers chiselled underneath...

She had liked roses the most. But no, not the red ones.

Blue ones.

Blue ones and green ones. Ones only possible through the works of fiction, ones only possible through the words of myths and mere rumours. Where in far away lands and hills. Ladies in train dragged dresses as long as snakes, had no knives in their teeth and tongue. Only ones like them, would have the gracefulness, kindness, for the delicate roses to take root in.

Where beneath the floorings, hummed layers and layers of grace.

Where the gentleness of blue, sung its time.

Where each the thorns, jabbed blunt to the others.

Where each the white petals, are as soft as clouds.

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