**ROSCA VS ZUARR**

**Summary/TL;DR:** Ahio was Kidnapped by Zuarr which made Rosca search throughout Guildereim (the golden tether) to find her. Once he does find her, he finds out that Zuarr has kidnapped her.Rosca fights Zuarr to save Ahio, but Zuarr impregnated her via r\*pe before hand. Rosca stops being a bard and goes back to dirty pirate fighting tactics and removes Zuarr’s left eye. After saving Ahio, Rosca argues with her and they both then need to take time away from each other.

### PRE-FIGHT

**Zuarr** was angry. Oh, very angry. His plans were ruined faster than he'd thought. All his careful planning down the drain because that stupid little slave he'd rented went and blabbered. That mucked up everything. Guards had overheard and the men he'd hired were arrested.

Word got around quickly and they were coming for him. He didn't have enough time to wear her down. As it was, her strong spirit, something he both admired and hated in her, was still too resilient for him to force her to marry him. All of her slaves had been hiding well and her body guard, that insufferable manticore, was nowhere to be found. He'd wanted to kill that one himself.

He was running out of time. He was trying to get her caged so he could find a better hiding place but already the lock on the door was rattling. No doubt that scrawny pirate was there, thinking he could mount a daring rescue. He'd have another thing coming, that was for sure.

He glanced to her naked, unconscious body chained to the wall, pants tightening but he beat his twisted arousal down to prepare himself for the intruders ready to try and end his plans. He was ready.

**Rosca Santigria** looked over to see Ahio's body. He wasn't supposed to see her like this. He wasn't supposed to be in such turmoil as of now. But that's exactly what was happening. All of this suffering....everything... he hated it*.*

*"Hey Princess!"* he yelled out while walking towards Zuarr.

The older lion had everything on him. Height, weight, and experience. But luckily Rosca had some things on his side as well.

*"Ah didn't get to give her the fucking caramel chocolates!"* he said irritated. The lion had a pair of expired chocolates that he had won for Ahio. Besides the broken guitar, the near death of someone he loved, and the pain he mentally experienced, he was ready to fight.

**Zuarr** rolls his shoulders, surprised it was only the younger, smaller lion there to challenge him. He gave a snort, shrugging out of his jacket, taking off his cravat, removing his shirt to reveal that creamy, broad and sculpted chest. The Prince was nothing to sneeze at. He worked hard to build that body and knew just how to use it.

Acidic gaze narrowed, knuckles cracked on big paws. Big frame set into a fighting stance, he stared down at the pirate. *"I hope you have all your affairs in order. You will not be leaving this room alive,"* he said calmly, tufted tail whipping behind him as he braced for the fight to begin.

### FIGHT

**Rosca Santigria** looked into his pocket for his scimitar. But this wasn't just him taking out his men. This fight was personal.

*"There's only one Princess that will walk out alive",* he said in referring the Ahio and removed his shirt.

Rosca was smaller than him by at least 25 pounds, but his body was also well fit.Instead of Zuarr's general muscle, Rosca had more of a lean gynmast feel from all of the ship jumpings and his growing up.

Deciding to go honorably, he dropped his scimitar and sped towards him, his first inclination was to use his legs to reach the older lion's face and close the gap in between them.

**Zuarr** snorted.

*"She is a Queen you fool.* ***My Queen****. And once you and the others are out of the way, she will have no one left but me and no choice but to submit. Once she bears my cubs, I will keep her as a plaything or perhaps give her to my men,"* he sneered, though he was mildly surprised by the smaller male's speed.

He stepped back ready for him. He swung at the pirate, large fist going for a body blow aimed to break ribs and knock him down flat.

**Rosca Santigria** had heard his words while rushing towards him. He roared even louder, making himself even more enraged. But this was to a fault, Rosca was now hit by Zuarr's surprising body blow.

The older guy knew how to fight...and damn did he counter his speed very fast. Rosca wanted to at least give the man some respect and give him an honorable fight, but it seemed that Zuarr was definitely getting the otherhand.

*"Fuck...you. You ant. You're not even a king. You're a ant.* ***Princess Ant of Guildereim*** *I shall name you!"* he said after getting that blow to his ribs, sheesh that hit hurt! Holding onto his rib cage, attempted to do a backflip kick to provide some space between them and give him more time to strategize this fight.

**Zuarr** grinned with satisfaction as his blow landed. He was ranking general for his country's military as well as its Crown Prince. He trained a long time to make himself as deadly physically as he was mentally. The younger lion didn't have a chance in a fair fight and the larger male certainly wasn't going to play fair, not if he could help it.

He advanced on the limber male, intending to continue his onslaught of heavy blows.

The taunting didn't bother or phase him. He'd been called worse and he certainly didn't care what the smaller lion thought of him. He was out for blood and nothing would satisfy him more than taking his skull and crushing it between his paws.

### 

**Rosca Santigria** had taken a beaten. Zuarr was very good at technical fighting, while he was good at fighting for show. Flashy moves, taunts, and flips wouldn't work well against him. This is what he hated about fighting taller opponents.

Feeling Zuarr's fist hit his chest 4 times, his chest felt like a rumbling drum that leaked blood each time it wrang out.

*"I have to keep...going"* he saw the injured chocolioness on the ground. He had to do something, Zuarr had already done his damage on a slave and damaged his reputation. A scimitar and his broken guitar were on the ground...and it seemed like the smaller lion would have to fight just as dirty sooner or later if he wanted to get out alive.

His last attempt to get distance failed, but he would use his beaten on the ground state to try to catch him off guard. The lion gave a quick smirk and attempted to land a uppercut to Zuarr's jaw, hoping his fist could rearrange that older lion's jaw.

**Zuarr** was pummeling the smaller lion into the ground, each punch heavy and hopefully crunching some bones. He was so focused on beating him down, he wasn't expecting the male to retaliate so he punch to his jaw was unexpected.

He grunted, reeling back in surprise. Because he hadn't expected it, it did hurt more than he'd thought. He stumbled back off him and gripped his jaw a little, growling and spitting blood out. His knuckles were bloody from beating the pirate. He growled and started to advance again, ready to renew his beating.

*"Now you are going to die. I was having fun,* ***but this ends now."***

### ROUND 2

**Rosca Santigria** leaned over to reach for his scimitar and his guitar. This was the hardest fight he would have ever experienced in his life. Fighting his dad? Oh those were sparring matches! This was the first time the young lion was in imminent danger and really couldn't do much left to protect himself.

***"...End it then"*** he responded, spitting out blood in his direction.

His verbal insults didn't work, but sometimes there was no better feeling than letting his blood do the talking. He was tired of doing things honorably with Zuarr,realizing that most of his heroic like efforts was not going to fare well with this one. He would wait to see what the older lion had in store with him before attempting to counter it!

The lion sniffed once again. Caramel and chocolate running through his nose once again. This fight was very one sided, Zuarr's experience and war tactics outbeating Rosca's speed and unorthodox fighting style.

It almost felt like a second wind, when smelling that scent. Hearing her tears was a sign that he had to continue fighting. While he grown up fighting, it has been a long time since someone had gotten him this good.

Zuarr's power reminded him of his father at some point: big bruising and leaving no room for free hits, a skill that Rosca failed to do due to his constant shittalking and taunting!

Rosca Santigria looking at the scimitar and the guitar, trying to gauge which was closer. Taking the side of unpredictability, he attempted to dodge Zuarr's killing blow in order to bash the older lion's head repeatedly with the guitar. His mother would be pissed beyond her grave, but he didn't want to see her just yet!

### 

**Zuarr** was so focused on the fight he hadn't noticed the lioness was awake. He let out a deafening roar that shook and rattled the chains in the room and vibrated the door, furious that his punch had missed.

A little off balance from the power put into the punch, that head was perfectly within range of the smaller lion's assault, again taken by surprise.

He grunted with each blow, unable to see and swinging wildly to try and catch the pirate while head was battered again and again by splintering wood.

**Rosca Santigria l**ooked at the scimitar again...but decided to keep it until the last minute. Throughout the whole fight he was beaten, bone cracks, ribs bruised, and taking hard blows in almost every direction.

The guitar gave some dark G and A# notes when hitting Zuarr, which surprised the bard by himself.

Giving out one last taunt, Rosca began laughing wildly after seeing his guitar bludgeon the cream lion's face.

*"I shall sing a tune of your death you scallywag".*

It seemed that Rexford Santigria had taught him something! Again and again, the lion would continuously swing and swing at Zuarr. Hoping more off tunes would play each time the wooden instrument connected. It would be seriously broken after this fight, but that was fine!

**Zuarr** growls and reels back before managing to gain himself again and a big paw reached for the guitar, crushing it into shards and throwing it against the wall.

Instrument was totally destroyed now.

*"The only one that will die today is you,"* he says, furious and yet voice was calm but menacing. He brushed wood from face, nose and lip bleeding. He spit blood on the ground again, panting hard with murder in his eyes.

Again he advanced to take advantage of the weaponless lion, big paws reaching for his head. He wanted, needed to feel his skull cracking and shattering in his palms. If he managed to get to his head, it was all over for the pirate.

**Rosca Santigria** watched his mother's heirloom become broken. That's it. Everything about him was broken now. It was the only thing tying Rosca back to his sanity.

*"What the fuck man? I'm tired of fuckin taunting you! You'll meet Marqui and Rexford Santigria in Devvy Jone's locker tonight"* .

The honorable fighting, the unpredictability...all of it would have to turn into pure pirate like savagery after seeing a bit of his family get torn open like that.

Grabbing his scimitar, he yelled attempting to continue this fight with a sword now. Whether he hit him or not, Rosca decided that this fight was going to be a hellish one for Zuarr, whether he liked it or not.

**Zuarr** arched a brow at the change in the pirate. He was being serious now? Good. Roaring, he paid little attention to the scimitar, still just trying to get his paws either around that throat or better yet, on that skull.

So focused was he on that, the slices and cuts the pirate was landing on his chest and arms went unnoticed, until one of those blows landed on that perfect face, **slicing down his left eye,** over his muzzle and to the right, deep and making him roar in pain.

He stumbled back, clutching his face and panting as blood poured between his fingers. It was now or never for the pirate to end it.

**Rosca Santigria** started humming a tune while getting ready for the kill. There was no guitar around, but he would still vocalize the end of this chapter of his insane and confusing life.

" # hmmm hmmm hmm # "

Continuing to bash Zuarr's head in with his scimitar, he made sure each slice was for everyone that he had wronged. Ahio, Able, Halei, and many others that he had tortured and killed in the past.

The humming continued and was even louder after each slice, it was as if Rosca was preparing a song for the older lion's death. Rosca kept going until either Zuarr could get some strength to fight again or until the cream lion's body was finally crimson with his own blood.

### ROUND 3

**Zuarr** roared with each slice, blinded in one eye and the blood loss slowing him down. Luck. This was all pure luck. He'd never been bested in combat and he wouldn't be now!

Roaring again, he sought to tackle the smaller lion down so he could bash his head against the stone floor until he was dead.

He slipped on the bloody floor, a mix of his own and the pirate's as well as the dried remains of the lioness. He crashed into the wall, his rage getting the better of him as he panted and slumped, wild acidic eye nearly swallowing slim pupil as he stared at him and got ready to push away from the wall to continue the fight.

Blood loss was making him slow and a bit dizzy now though, so he had to end this quickly.

**Rosca Santigria** was tackled, knocking the sword out of his hand. The only thing he had on him were his fists and the natural claws that each lion had. He hated wrestling down with larger opponents.

And Zuarr was a pain in the ass to grapple up against! Each attempt to thrwart his strong arms was met with another punch to the face.

Having only one last bit of strategy left, Rosca used his left arm to extend his claws and aimed it towards Zuarr's face.

The creamy bastard looked even more insane now than he expected, it was like looking in the eyes of hell himself. He swung his arm, hoping that it landed, both lions had tested each other's physical, emotional, and mental limits!

**Zuarr** was focused on getting to his head. That's all that mattered. And because of that focus, he got sloppy. He roared in pain as face was clawed, stumbling back off the smaller male. Powerful frame shuddered hard while he held his face again, even more blood coating cream fur.

He looked up slowly, left eye still closed to keep hot, sticky blood from getting into it. Muscles swelled with power, fists clenching. It was now or never.

If the pirate was going to incapacitate or kill him, he wasn't going to have another opportunity to get his blade back and end it. If the Prince got his paws on the other lion, he was dead.

**Rosca Santigria** decided to end the fight. He hated having enemies, and hated having them live long. He was a lover and well...fighting wasn't his first option to handle conflict. Using his claw again, he went for the either eye to stop Zuarr from even getting a chance to get at him.

*"Time to die Land Lubber!"* This was his only way to take Zuarr down and he was not going to let this one go. The younger lion kept swinging his clawed hands, letting both left and right arms move like a rowblade properlling a boat through the sea.

He closed his eyes, hoping that he could just rest in Ahio's arms and have a normal life again.

**Zuarr** roars, rearing back as his face was clawed more. He managed to protect his right eye, but he was more than likely going to blind in the left one, if he managed to survive this encounter.

He dropped to a knee, holding his face and using the other bloodied paw to keep his balance. The blood loss was too much. Slowly, the larger male dropped to his side and stopped moving.

The pirate had won the day.

While the Prince wasn't dead, he was defeated.

Guards were already on the way to arrest him, his minions having given him up as Lady Hemmingway's kidnapper.

He would be stripped of his wealth and title and enslaved for his crimes. Never again would he bother the liones. He would no longer have the power to after this day.

### POST-FIGHT

**Rosca Santigria** finally did it. A long gruesome fight was finally over. As he laid there, he had to think about what he had done, how he was to live his life afterwards, and what he could do to protect himself in the event that this happened again.

Crawling toward's Ahio's cage, he started to use his claw to try to set her free. He was tired and bloody, but he had prevailed for the day.

*“Ahio..."* he said while panting. The younger lion was glad to have saved his love.

Most women in Guildereim were insane, and he would only see them as friends with benefits at most. But they were either trying to kill him, force Able into being a slave, or some other shit that he wasn't fond of.

Rosca Santigria he continued to unlock the cage, wanting to let the only lioness who understood him free.

**Ahio** had watched the entire fight in horror, wondering if she'd have to watch this man murder someone else she cared about. Heart was racing in her chest the entire time, tears trickling down her cheeks until Rosca finally won and put him down.

She let out a choked sob as the battered pirate crawled over to the cage holding her to attempt picking the lock.

*"Th-the key is in the desk,"* she whimpers, knowing that would be easier for him. Whether he got it or managed the lock with his claw, when she was free, she tumbled free, shaking and weak.

There was blood matting her fur in various places and the unmistakeable scent of dried semen clung and matted to her inner thighs. Blood was on the back of her thighs, having dribbled and dried from tailstar where she was mostly abused.

She shook hard, crawling over to her bruised and battered young lover to cradle him against her nude form, still crying. *"Rosca... I-I am so sorry..."*

**Rosca Santigria** opened the desk with a bit of struggle. No way was he too strong to handle such simple mmoves like that now. Grabbing the keys, he weakly opened up the cage to let her go.

Both lovers were bloody, and it felt Zuarr had gotten exactly what he wanted. The younger lion was unable to stop him in time...it was too late on one aspect. *"Just...get me somewhere safe please".*

Seeing her legs, and the non-blood dried liquid, he let our a large scream before passing out. This was the first time he saved someone's life here at the Tether, and due to the stress and pain it caused him, it might have been his last.

His mission to stop Zuarr had failed, but he wasn't going to stop until Zuarr's bloodline was completely ended. You say, "The creamy lion broke his guitar, and Rosca would do everything in his power to end his family line as well.

**Ahio** held him against her, shaking as he roared out and fell unconscious. She looked up as guards burst through the doors to assess the situation. She explained in a shaky voice and slaves were rushed in to take them both to the infirmary after getting something for the lioness to cover up with.

She was banged up and a few cuts and scratches needed stitches but she was fine otherwise.

### THE INFIRMARY

The healers did their best to fix the pirate's bones and get him resting, Zuarr hauled off to be taken care of as well before being locked down in the Underhall with a collar about that strong neck.

It was over.... For now. Lioness was unawares of her current state, but that would be dealt with when it could be.

### 

**Rosca Santigria** hated this. He made an enemy and attempted to save one's life. While it worked, he would have nightmares of this fight recurring through his head. All he wanted was for normalcy, but it wouldn't come easy.

He wanted sleep, he wanted relaxation, he wanted love. All things that seemed out of his grasp right now.

The healers had helped ease the pain, but Rosca's mind was the thing that was in question.

He didn't know what happened to Zuarr nor Ahio, but would ensure that Ahio was trained to fend for herself while making sure he did everything in his charismatic and physical power to keep Zuarr from harming someone else.

**Ahio** slept for a long while before she awoke. She put on the clothing she'd been provided until she was deemed well enough to go back to her suite.

She moved to sit in a chair next to Rosca's bed, watching over him. slim paw gently rested over his bandaged one, tears welling in her eyes again, even if one was still swollen shut. So many had been hurt and killed over her.

Why? Why did it have to come to this? It didn't matter. Zuarr was put away for good and couldn't do anything else to hurt her or her loved ones. She continued to watch over the young lion, wanting to be there for him when he woke up.

He'd fought so ferociously for her. She didn't feel worthy of his loyalty and love.

**Rosca Santigria** would undergo a series of nightmares as he was sleep.

Whether it was his mother screaming at him for breaking his guitar, or his father yelling at him for not ending it earlier, hell as in his mind.

Finally snapping out of it, the younger lion woke up. His mood was somewhat normal, but the pain in his body and the fight from earlier had put him back in his stern and calculated mindset,

*"When I get better, I'm doing everything in my power to train you how to fight better Ahio"* he said with a smile,

but that smile then turned into a stern finger and a promise *"And whatever he placed in you...either end it or I'm sailing away from this place. Period"* he had already sacrificed his life, a tactic he never really done until now realized this is what he hated about being on land.

Fights at sea were permanent in results, but they were quick! He held his hand out in the open for her to hold, wanting to feel her warm embrace after the bloody incident.

**Ahio** had started to doze when he awoke and spoke. Lashes fluttered, face bare of her usual make up, lip stitched, eye swollen. She blinked at his words, swallowing a little. She stood, fingers slipping away from his as she stepped back.

*"Rosca... Thank you for coming for me. You saved my life. But.... but you do not have the right to suddenly start dictating things to me and making demands of me..."* she mumbles, paws moving to her stomach.

*“I do not know if there is yet a life in me or not, but to give me the ultimatum to get rid of it or you are leaving is both rude and unfair. If I am with child, the cub is not at fault for who its father is.*

*And it is far from a loving act to demand I end a life or you will leave. This has been an ordeal for us both and I am sorry you got involved and got hurt, but I am perfectly capable of making choices myself. I do not want to fight.*

*Even if I knew how, I would still be no match for someone like him. And while I loathe bearing any connection to him, I will not punish an innocent child just because of who its father is.*

*I would have to think long and hard about a decision like that. But it is my decision to make, not yours. You are not my mate and we are not betrothed so you have no right to make demands of any of my lifestyle choices.*

*I have not done that to you and it is both unfair and arrogant of you to think you can do it to me. I will be eternally grateful that you risked your life to save mine, but do not ever dare think you can tell me what to do,*" she says, looking scared, upset and nervous.

She was clearly still shaken but little Queen still would take shit from no one, not even him. *"I think you need to rest more. I am sorry you got involved with me. Please get well soon,"* she mumbles, turning away to leave him be and get medicine for herself. She had a splitting headache now.

**Rosca Santigria** eyes stared at Ahio once she continued speaking. Did she not understand anything that he had done for her? His life was at near death, and his family heirloom now a shattered piece of wood on the floor somewhere.

*"And us arguing, that's exactly what that fucker wants us to do...Rude? Yes. But I'm going to call bullshit as I see right now Ahio.*" And yet she was going to keep the life of someone...someone they both hated for different ways.

*"I love you, but for someone who broken his family heirloom to save the life of someone. Only to see them accept the new life of someone they wrongfully didnt want to have a life with..."* He didn't want to argue, it was just not in his nature to keep an argument with a female going on for long.

He sighed, *"I'd say that's just as rude and unfair. If anything, please help me fix my guitar because thats the last thing I have that keeps me sane".*

Rosca still had love for her, but her actions and thinking was too irrational for him.

*"I love you Ahio, and do it or don't with whatever that evil thing is inside you, I have places to be."* there wouldn't be any more nice Rosca until that guitar was fixed or until she figured out what he was trying to explain.

Seeing her lake those caramel chocolates I ordered to your suite and think about that" eave off, he closed his eyes and went back to sleep, trying to regain the happy lion that he used to be.

He then said *"Take those caramel chocolates I ordered to your suite that me and Able damn near crushed our insides competing for and think about that"* he closed his eyes and went back to sleep, trying to regain the happy lion that he used to be before letting his love for her almost ruin his life.

**Ahio** stiffens. She resisted the urge to bite her lip even as more tears welled in her eyes. Maybe it was better if he did leave. She clearly was nothing but trouble for anyone she was connected to.

Paws on her stomach again, head dropped and ears pinned. He was too young to understand that if she was pregnant, it wasn't the baby's fault and he didn't have the right to tell her what to do with her body.

She would never want any part of that evil man to exist, but the pirate was a man and didn't have the faintest idea how hard it would be to destroy a tiny life growing in you that didn't ask to be put there.

She let out a sob, covering her mouth not to bother him. She'd have the guitar replicated for him and then she'd leave him alone. Because clearly wanting the respect to make decisions about her own body was too much for him to understand.

### EPILOGUE

**Rosca Santigri**a woke up and noticed she wasn't there. He felt that she would never understand the love he had for her. While he didn't want to say it, Rosca wanted to have a child with her, but she wouldn't understand nor care. He roared loudly as tears came down from his eyes as well.

He would spend the rest of his days playing music for the patrons and having fun yes, but without someone he loved. Rosca wanted to train and help Ahio become stronger, but felt that she just wasn't going to understand any of his advice or help or anything.

Once fully healed, he would want to talk to Ahio again, but wanted to distance himself from her due to her being able to stand up for herself, and the pain he felt when he sacrificed his life to save her, only to see her do something as disrespectful as keeping Zuarr's child, who could potentially try to fight him as well had the bastard grown up

The lion was unable to read or write anything besides music, but would tell the doctors

to send a music sheet of him creating a heart with notes to Ahio.

As he went back to sleep, he started thinking of plans on how to have fun and live his 'normal' life again. Whether Ahio was apart of it or not.

**Ahio** returned to her suite after she'd left him, needing to let her slaves know she was okay. Banged up, but okay. She let them faun over her for a while before she locked herself in her room to lay down.

She agonized over everything, arms curled around her stomach. She didn't know it, but there was a tiny life flickering inside her. It was wrong to take life away from those that didn't deserve it.

But at the same time, if this child lived and that monster ever got free, he'd have everything he needed to get rid of her and take over her home. She eventually called for a potion to flush her system and destroy anything growing in her.

She didn't do it because Rosca was right. She did it because there were lives that needed saving more than this one. He probably hated her anyways.

He'd made it clear he was leaving. When she felt well enough, she wrote to commission and pay for a new guitar for him, an exact duplicate of his mother's.

It would be sent to him when it was finished and he'd Ahio not hear from her again. She needed time to recuperate and so did he. It was the least she could do for him nearly dying because of her.

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**Rosca Santigria** would continue to sleep, while healing up, he tried to think of the positives that occured through his lengthy fight with Zaurr.

His relationship with Ahio was strained.

And it wasn't her fault, it was just that he was raised by such a strong lioness like his mother: a woman who could shoot him down while still give him the love needed to teach him music.

Maybe he held her to too much of a high standard, but whether Ahio liked it or not. He loved her, and would see fit that he would help her become the strong lioness he knew she could be.

The doctors would report of him singing songs about this proud day, so it seemed that his mind was back to that loveable bardish lion people knew.

He got up from his hospital bed slightly, saying his first musical thoughts on the incident.

*"My name is Rosca, Bard pirate I rawr! Hard love relationship with Ahio, But she's safe from Zuarr!" "*

**Ahio** just kept to herself after forcing herself to drink the potion and writing to commission a new guitar for him. The lioness needed to be left alone and probably wouldn't be seen until she was fully healed and then probably a bit longer than that.

The nightmares were worse now, added on by this and not even Tettell's comforting embrace could keep them from plaguing her.

She was slowly going insane with depression, loathing herself for even existing in the first place to have caused so much trouble for so many people.

She certainly wasn't going to be the same after all this but only time would tell how she would behave after she was slowly going insane with depression, loathing herself for even existing in the first place to have caused so much trouble for so many people.

She certainly wasn't going to be the same after all this but only time would tell how she would behave after she was fully recovered.

**Rosca Santigria** would make sure Able and whoever he known kept an eye on her for him. Explaining the situation to him would be hard, but he would at least let his best friend know that he still loved her.

[Making sure that she received a musical composition that he made about her while he was gone.](https://i.imgur.com/92kL59M.png)

While they weren't much on speaking terms, Rosca would do anything in his power to make sure people protected her when she did walk around, while also dropping small musical hints that he still loved her.

Whenever they came back...if they did, he would make sure they were stronger and able to deal with Zuarr, or anyone who tried to separate them from each other again.

### THE END

### (thanks 4 reading this long ass story)