

Liyag



a **NUN** literary folio

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poem.

noun.

1: a composition in verse

2: something suggesting a poem (as in expressiveness, lyricism, or formal grace)

love.

noun.

1: strong affection for another arising out of kinship or personal ties

liyag.

noun.

1: Tagalog word for beloved

Words. Strip away the production or the mid-sized studio budget, and great stories are just words. Words navigate narratives, they guide actors to bring characters to life, they push forward the plot. And because it is words that tell stories, a poem can chronicle great sagas just as much as a TV show can. Where a show has episodes, a poem has meter. Where a show has dialogue, a poem has imagery. Where a show has its score, a poem has rhythm. And so, a poem can paint the greatest adventures and evoke the deepest emotions known to us without a single picture shown on screen.

And what greater adventure and deeper emotion
is there than love?

Be it romantic, filial or familial, we believe that love in the Warrior Nun universe deserves for its story to be told in a manner that no streaming platform can take away from us.

Words.

Warrior Nun Fan Promo presents the first volume of **Liyag: a NUN. literary folio**. It is love in the Warrior Nun universe, told through the pen of its fans and stripped down to the basics. Words.

Flowers



FROM THE OTHER SIDE

🐦 @winterlorn

You told me about the world, before,
About trees, and bugs, and rocks,
And all the things you'd learned of them
From libraries and classrooms.

You told me the word "nostalgia"
Comes from the Greek "nostos"
Which means "homecoming".
And I thought what a blessing
To have a home to miss, and then
I wondered, standing on
The threshold, if the spaces
We inhabited, might not also
Mourn our absence for the
Time and love we spent there.

Do the streets now miss my laughter?
Does the rain now miss the way I
Always lifted my hands to cherish it?
Does the beach miss how I dug my toes
Into its textured surface, hoping to count
Each grain with feeling, nervous skin?

(I don't need to ask if you
Miss me, knowing how you
Grew towards me like a sapling
To the sun—and I hope you
Spend your days in sunlight
Bright enough to feel me.)

And when I come home,
I hope it will be a mutual baptism,
That home might feel fond of me
Because I touched and listened
And looked on it with love,
That maybe home will
Cherish me because
I named it so.

GRIEVING

@Alytlouellie 

Anguish

Pain.

That was all Ava felt as she knelt in front of the tombstone. Placing a bouquet of flowers, lilies, in front of her, she pressed her forehead against the stone, tears flowing down her face and her body trembling with sobs.

How could she have been so careless?

She'd trained for this and yet, she still wasn't prepared for the attack.

Hearing the familiar swoosh of wings behind her, she sniffled, "Take it out of me, I'm done with the halo, Lilith."

"Shame," another voice, not Lilith's, replied and Ava turned to see Reya staring down at her.

"What do you want?"

"I have a proposition for you."

"Not in the mood," Ava replied before she looked back at the headstone.

"What if I told you that I could bring her back?"

Immediately, Ava's head snapped to her. "You could do that?"

"Of course, I give you my word."

"What will it cost me?"

"The world."

"Okay," Ava replied without hesitation. The world could burn for all she cared. Standing up, she followed Reya.

The headstone read: *"Beatrice Young. Sister Warrior. 1998-2022."*

WILDFLOWER

 @enerjeaan

It must've consumed me fully.
She was a beauty for the world to see.
Too late to learn truly,
Desire wasn't cost-free.

Her trail began of little ones:
Petals coat her sleek existence,
Thorns kick through edges.
It wasn't a recommended experience.

Past the oddly lovely green feeling
She was standing tall and strangely lean
I reached out again, say insanity.
Unlearned pain learnt yet silently.

Damn, this time I was close!
She's the first time I ever chose.
Brave and pretty, I wasn't really those.
Just a little bit alright, I suppose.

Needless to say we're lonely
None can touch you albeit carefully
For once I see you clearly
You say, "Save me, save me."

Beatrice paused at the little cluster of flowers
springing defiantly from the ice-crusted snow.

Daffodils always made her think of Ava. The way they
broke free of an earth frozen and cruel to greet the
world with sunshine. The way they danced in even the
most bitter of winds. The way their brightness could
pale the cerulean winter sky.

She knelt to stroke one petal. Watched it glimmer golden
like the light of a halo. Then she closed her eyes and,
for just one moment, allowed herself to imagine that the
velvet beneath her fingertips was Ava's skin.

But the petal lacked Ava's warmth. And it would never
reach out to return her touch. So Beatrice didn't pluck
it. Didn't pocket it away to carry its beauty with
her. She just sighed into the wind, rose, hunched her
shoulders against the weight of the frozen sky, drove
her empty hands into her empty pockets, and walked on
further into the cold.

BLOOM
🐦 @forwn_

flowers grow on our bedroom wall
people are down the hall,
while you're here,
swinging drunk under the chandelier
you calmly take my hand,
showing me your little dance
colourful memories fill the air,
we go on without a care,
our young love blooms

@ninjachris3 🐦

SUNFLOWER & MOONFLOWER

@avatricefeels 

Ava, sunflower.
For it takes the unwavering of us to grow so bold
despite it all.

Beatrice, moonflower.
For it takes the bravest of us to grow even
after we fall.

Again, I bought flowers
Violets and reds and blues
Again, hardly answers
The heavens had no news
Repeating each day
In and out this mortal shell
Chasing every way
Even if it brings me hell

 @believerofonce

I will plant you a garden
A rose by any other name
To unbind your burden
To wilt away your pain

 **@PlsSister**

She came back earlier today, eager to hug the kids
and to kiss Suzanne, but the house was empty. Jillian
sighed. On the table, a bouquet of red chrysanthemums
was waiting for her; it was enough to make her smile.
“I love you too,” she whispered.

@NunsAndTheirDr 

Beatrice took a deep breath before breaking the eerie silence that had fallen upon them. "I know you must be upset with me right now, Ava. But I hope you understand."

She laid down the flowers upon the familiar slab of stone. "There could never have been anyone else after you."

 **@believerofonce**

PETALS

@PlsSister 

She loves me.
She's always hard on me.
This is hard for me.
She loves me not.

She loves me.
Slap that girl until she cries
The boy is easy on the eyes.
She loves me not.

She loves me.
I want to live.
I cannot watch her die.
She loves me not.

She loves me.
She wouldn't teach me how to dance.
I can't let her teach me how to drink.
She loves me not.

She loves me.
Just doing my job, so you can live.
I won't. I can't.
She loves me.

Touch



VANISHING GRACE

@Alytlouellie 

For 12 years of her life, Ava hadn't been able to feel anything below her chest. Then, she was murdered and the coldness spread all over her body. The next thing she knew, burning pain engulfed every muscle in her and she was given a second chance at life.

She relished in touching everything and everyone. But none of it lit up her soul.

That was until she met Beatrice.

The first real time Ava had touched her was after she'd been accused of killing herself and she hugged her.

Their time in the Alps also made her more comfortable with touching Beatrice and it varied.

So now, as Ava looked at her, after the failed attack on Adriel, she desperately craved Beatrice's touch. But she was afraid of pushing her away. Just when she'd assumed that they could win this fight together, it was now obvious that if they were fighting alongside each other, they wouldn't make it out alive. Beatrice had given up first and now, Ava was completely giving up. She knew that she wasn't going to make it out of this alive but she was fine with it, as long as Beatrice got to live.

THAT FEELING WHEN YOU MISS THEM

 @ChauLatte

For all those years,
all the longing,
all the anguish,
all the ache.

Laying in silence,
wondering when,
when will it come?

For all I need,
all I want,
all I desire,
is your familiar touch.

ADDICTION

 @forwn_

I wrap myself
in layers of pain
in layers of shame
because of who I am
and whom I love

no one dares to touch
as no one wants to cut
a raw and untamed person

yet tenderly you smile
tell me it's okay to cry

tell me that you wish to touch
the damaged being underneath
tell me that you wish to cover
the broken heart inside
with warmth and kindness
with hugs and kisses

I've taken countless prescriptions
your touch is my most effective addiction

LET'S BE SELFISH FOR A MOMENT

@MeU_Moo7 

She lays down on the vast grass field in the Alps, taking a break after a long training. She stretches her hands to the air, feeling everything that she always wishes to feel. She closes her eyes to enhance her other senses, she can feel the wind dancing around her fingertips, the sunset embraces her with its warmth, a smile creeps from the corner of her mouth, she feels alive. Soft footsteps approach her and sit beside her, Ava turns her head a bit and opens her eyes slowly, Beatrice, in all her beauty, something that Ava will never understand is how she can be this beautiful. Ava is too stunned to speak, her hands forming an imaginary frame as if she captures the view in front of her, "Bea, smile." Beatrice lets out a shy smile as she proceeds to hold Ava's hand to intertwine with hers, breaking the imaginary frame. "I wish we could stay like this forever," Ava says softly with a smile that always makes Beatrice's heart flutter. She smiles and stares at their intertwined hands, "I wish to hold you like this forever."

For a moment, they're being selfish, putting the mission aside, embracing their feelings.

Beatrice, caught in the light. She was trapped in a ghost town along the highway. The van was out of gas, so she wrapped herself in blankets at the steps of a churchyard. Moonlight watched her from beyond the broken bellow, casting a shade of blue she'd met before. She hadn't seen her home country in years, but the glare of those stars looked the same.

Ava, found in the dark. The other side had taken her ability to see. She learned to crawl on her hands and knees and attune to cold stone. Silence carved deep in her eardrums, but the Halo couldn't heal the feeling. There was growling hunger, tired muscles, the urge to keep going, until she reached out and felt soft cloth. A blanket wrapped around the cold shoulder of someone breathing. Her sense of breath invited Ava in, and the last sense of her body nestled into the other girl's weight.

As Ava settled in, she tried to remember what it meant to look upward. She thought, as her eyelids blinked heavily, that stars could break through her dark and bring them under the same sky.

@this_isthe_end_ 

The trickle of sand through the cracks in her hands
The warmth of the sun on her shoulders
The tickle of water lapping at her toes
The prickle of seaspray, salt on her lips

For twelve years, all Ava could do was imagine.
Imagine what it would be like to touch the world.
What it would be like to have the world touch her back.

But she never imagined this.
The joy that came with the simple weight of a hand
tucked away in hers.
The way a caress could carry a thousand words.
Or how the lightest touch of a finger
Could set every inch of her afire.

 [@ninjachris3](https://twitter.com/ninjachris3)

When was the last time Beatrice had been properly warm?

Beatrice sighed, her breath swirling before her like a spirit before dispersing into nothingness. She knew the answer. It was the moment Ava's lips had found hers and the heat, the electricity, had erupted within her, zinging through her nerves and veins and skin until every inch of her was crackling.

Ava's touch had always had an unnatural effect on Beatrice. The crackling was nothing new. But it was usually just the skin of her palm, her shoulder, her cheek. A brief, fleeting, warm tingling sensation left in the wake of Ava's fingertips, something akin to static electricity, though that wasn't quite right. Beatrice figured it was a side effect of the halo, though she couldn't exactly remember Shannon ever zapping her when they'd touched. Maybe the electricity was all Ava's. Either way, the crackling was something Beatrice had come to know and expect, even crave.

But Beatrice had never experienced anything like the crackling of that kiss, the rushing of electricity and heat everywhere all at once. It was like, for just a moment, the halo was hers. Or maybe it was just that Ava was hers.

[@ninjachris3](https://twitter.com/ninjachris3) 



A name haunts my dreams
like a ghost
waiting as we approach
eternity

Came into my life
a nobody
yet left my world
a fantasy

Met as ice
left a flame

Giving me so much more than just
your name

You will be back
so I'll wait until then
But for now I'm waiting
in an old film still

 @ChauLatte

A PSALM FOR LONGING SOULS

 @avatricefeels

How I longed for you,
In the days after you were gone,
Wondering the places we once roamed,
Those memories calling me, a fading song.

How I watched them begin to fall in love,
Before I too was gone,
Away from the family we both called home,
Our reunion, somehow, still felt wrong.

How she now longs for her,
The reunion here bittersweet and blue,
We'll get her home, Beatrice,
We'll get her back to you.

It never crossed Jillian's mind that she would ever feel this way. She walks inside Michael's room only to find that the empty chamber feels more suffocating than it ever was. Her fingers brushing gently on the neatly folded blanket, tears start to fall from her eyes involuntarily, her heart still shattered beyond anything after she found out that Michael was gone and will not return this time. The nuns can't even bring back his body for her to properly bury him. There is nothing left from him, only his memories, his drawings, and his writings. The only thing Jillian ever wished for was for her and Michael to live together, but even God forbade that simple wish of hers by taking her only son in a cruel way. "So please know that wherever I am, until the end of time I will always love you, Mum." His voice echoes inside Jillian's mind on repeat. She longs for him more than anything in this world, she just wants him to be in her arms.

@MeU_Moo7 



a spring in her step
a smile painted on her face
an encased sword glows

 @PlsSister

Return

Jillian crumpled onto the floor, onto the pool of blood and meat. For a moment she was silent, and then she opened her mouth and screamed. A sound so full of anguish that everyone who heard felt the weight of her loss.

He weighed seven pounds and thirteen ounces.

He laughed for the first time when he was four months old.

His first word was Mama.

“My son!” It was a booming, piercing scream of a broken woman. It was pain and disbelief. It was rage and desperation. It was the scream of a mother whose only child was dead.

He started crawling at eight months old.

Five months later, he had learned to walk.

“Michael!”

Suzanne could only watch as Jillian began pounding her fist on the floor, on the side where the blood hadn't gathered, slamming it over and over again as she wailed, “My boy. Michael. My son.” She would not touch her. She would not tell her to get up. No, Suzanne would not get in the way of Jillian's grief. Not when she didn't even have a body to mourn.

He was a boy when she lost him.

He was a man when he returned.

“I just got you back,” Jillian said, her voice hoarse, her heart ready to give out. “Didn't I just get you back? Didn't you just come home?”

Jillian had already lost so much time.

And now she didn't have any left.

@mamserso 

Ava felt like she just kept on losing.
Love, acceptance, disappearing.

“Why not me?”

“I will never leave you.”

Those words given to her, so fiercely.
They didn't languish in the desperate space
in Ava's chest.

“I will return. I promise.”

@medblr_td 

“Here.”
“What is this?”
“Read it.”
“I’m returning something that I should’ve returned
much sooner... which is what, Bea?”
“I love you, too.”

 **@believerofonce**

She loved in the only way she could.
Quietly.
Secretly.
Never speaking the words out loud.
Never even whispering for fear that the heavens
might hear.

She loved in glances hidden.
In touches stolen.
In gestures disguised as duty.

Hers was the purest, most painful kind of love.

The kind that would give all of itself,
In this life and any other,
Without ever expecting anything in return.

@ninjachris3 

Love



REAL

@forwn_ 

where do I start?

the fact that we weren't one
the fact that I was so close to touching you
the fact that I almost got to be with you

all of my what-ifs

keep me up at night
trying to turn the clock around

all of my could-haves

drown me in the illusions of us
laughing at things I know you're going to say

all of my would-haves

give me reason to never feel love again
longing for your next hello

but if all of that was true

how come I never felt your warm embrace?
how come our memories get so blurry under my tears?
how come you were never there when I woke up?

all of my bruises are real

all of my cuts are true

just like the unrequited love I have for you

COWARD

@forwn_ 

I've wished since forever for you to come running
through that door,
shove it open so violently my heart drops,
hug me so tightly my ribs cave in,
only to ask me not to give myself away,
not to be God's champion,
but to be your one and only.

But darling,
oh, my darling,
as shallow as my memories outside the bed,
as deep as my affection for you runs,
as desperate as I am to hold your hand,
your love gives me too much courage,
for me to be the coward
to be with you in any way I can.

It all started with that one touch; that fleeting
comfort. Beatrice was just trying to help; playing
caretaker when she felt that pang of recognition as Ava
burst into tears in her arms.

What came next surely was... unexpected;
tiny cards with words of encouragement,
photos of one of her favorite beaches,
a random song that brought a smile in the liminal spaces
between training and missions.

Back and forth,
learning each other,
secretly
silently
Because the walls were impossibly high
even the smallest cracks needed time
to prevent the calamity of a sudden cave-in.

This slow, steady pace of giving over to each other
the warmest love that they both understood
needed no fanfare, no other attention.

Neither were too concerned as to what should happen next
For this was theirs and no one else's.

Sweet, quiet comfort between the hearts
that had lost hope
brought back to life
a small miracle granted to the believer
and a (once) dead girl.

 @medblr_td

Roses are red
Her heart was too
But the halo decided
Now her lips are blue

 **@believerofonce**

Send me to the other side
This one's just no good
If it was our right to decide
We'd be here as we should

Send me to where she is
Be it now, then, or tomorrow
Just let it be sooner than this
Lest a future only be ours to borrow

Send me to her
Let the heavens let us be
Send me to her
Before she begins to forget me

Send me back to her
I shout, I cry, I demand
Send me back to her
It could have been a command

Send me back
That's all I ask of fate
Send me back
Because I know she will wait.

 **@believerofonce**

The bouquet made up of chocolates was a surprise.

So much so she almost went for the gun she'd started carrying with her.

It's been months since she went into her self-imposed exile. Mother Superior tried to coax her and encourage her past her grief, but... Even the older woman understood that time simply cannot be measured against loss. Against this kind of grief.

And this bouquet, however lovely, might once have been a pleasant surprise from... before.

But now?

Today? Of all days?

Her grief felt even more pronounced.

She made a move to swipe it off of the table in her bubbling anger, but a voice from behind stopped her quick.

"Hi, Mom."

 @believerofonce

Dear Beatrice,

At first, this started out as an apology for accidentally setting the nightstand on fire (to be fair, I never thought one tiny tealight could do so much damage!). But making jokes at a time like this, well, it's very on-brand for me but not when it comes to you.

I kept praying, hoping for a little more... just another second to spend by your side, to be in your arms, to hear one more exasperated chuckle at some of my best puns. Because I knew I was living on borrowed time. Isn't that all the Chosen One ever has?

So, for you, my best friend, the only person who ever made me feel whole and more than this whirlygig between my shoulders... the only one to whom I ever wanted to give everything:

"I have a nostalgic heart, and I've never been good at expressing myself to those whom I truly love. There is something about its essence that love always remains untold & still acquainted."

Poetry for the soul of a poet, dangerous and beautiful.

Love,
Ava

@medblr_td 



liyad.

adj.

Tagalog word for bent backward with the front of the body protruding.

Liyad means to lie down and bend backward. A person that's *naka-Liyad* puts their body in a vulnerable position, open and trusting. *Liyad*, as the NSFW side-B of *Liyag*, explores eros in the Warrior Nun universe. Curated with care by Warrior Nun Fan Promo, here are short form pieces on the poetry of sensual love and the intermingling of trust and vulnerability in our favorite characters.

hand on your hand
face on your chest
hair on your neck

thigh on your leg
i long to be as close
as tendon is to bone
to trace and press and join
until i'm fully sewn

'til touch becomes unneeded
as yours becomes my skin
and no one can decipher
where you end and i begin

 @mamserso

You look at her like an open wound,
like you know that whatever she'll do to you
will burn.
Like you know that her touch will draw a shiver out of you.

She smiles at you and you want to sink to your knees in prayer,
ignoring the ache in your bones,
you would break apart whatever lives inside you for her,
you would abandon the God you've prayed to
all your life if she told you so,
you would bend your head in front of her in supplication -

if there's anything worthy of praise in the world,
you are sure it's her,
you are sure it must be the way her fingers curl just so when they
touch your skin,
the way her stare awakens some ancient hunger inside of you that
you didn't think you'd ever want to feel again,

but now you do and it's glorious and it's holy
and people might call it a blasphemy,
but when you drink from her lips
suddenly every hymn in the world makes sense,
the sweetest form of intoxication.

You don't need God when your love for her sends
you to your knees.

Ariela Herček

“Hey, Bea.”

Beatrice looked up and froze.

Ava grinned.

“Knock, knock.”

To say Beatrice was a mess at that moment would’ve been an understatement. Nothing could’ve prepared her for the sight before her. Nothing.

Ava tamped down on her smirk and called Beatrice’s name once more.

Beatrice’s voice broke at the mere, “Yes?”

“I said ‘knock, knock’.”

The former nun, who sometimes had to remind herself she was no longer one, visibly shook her head to try and regain her bearings. Never mind their current circumstances, of course Ava would do a knock knock joke.

“Who’s there?”

And of course, Beatrice would indulge her.

“Nun.”

Beatrice rolled her eyes. The smug smile on Ava’s face will always be her undoing.

“Nun who,” her droll tone belying the accompanying gaze that Beatrice couldn’t help but run across every inch of Ava before her.

And if Ava chose that moment to drop her robe and strike a pose?

No one will have to know how Ava’s next words compelled Beatrice’s next move.

“Nun of these are off limits.”

All my life I’ve prayed for God to love me
Till my knees were bruised
And all I got was silence.

You are warm whispers –“cara Mia”–
the rustle of disrobing,
Your breath catching in the back of your throat
When I bare my moonlit body.
The strike of a match to light a candle
The creak of bedsprings.
The opposite of silence.

In my nights alone I wake,
Aching for your mouth
to make me bloom so hotly
That I take God’s name in vain.

It’s easier, you say, to ask
forgiveness than permission,
But you ask neither as you slip beneath my skirts,
Kiss my bruised knees.
And make me flow like spring.
I pray for redemption or relief,
And get no answer.
So drink me down
And I will say amen.

You fall asleep, head on my chest.
I could listen to your breathing till I die.
You have worked your way into me, cara mia,
Filling in the spaces left by silence.

my sanctuary (you're holy to me)

@ledashann 

Throughout her life, Beatrice had been expected to excel at many things.

Her studies. Her extracurriculars. Being a Sister Warrior.

She focused on every action, every word, every single breath.

She was devoted to everything she did.

And when Beatrice looked down at Ava, she felt that devotion coursing through her veins.

But more than that, she felt love.

And as she gave away the most intimate parts of herself, Beatrice knew she had found her home. Her sanctuary. Her ultimate place of worship.

Because every action, every word, every single breath, was more than just secrets between lovers in the dark. They were gifts from the heavens.

"Come for me, Ava," Beatrice said with conviction as she pressed her fingers deeper.

And when Ava reached that crescendo of pleasure, their eyes met, and Beatrice's name fell from Ava's lips like a prayer.

In between the quiet gasps and whispered words of love, Beatrice found peace.

She was unbound.

Unburdened.

She was finally her true self.

baptize

 @UntoldDangers

Tear your veil away and let me see your hair again.
It's been seven days and the longing grows too much.

It's your mouth against mine that I want,
Not the frisson of sin that may come with it.
You and I are too old for that,
Too heavy with grief and regrets.
Rebellion is a game of youth,
And the arching of your body under mine
Is too serious a matter.

God is not watching, but if he is,
He'll see me lift your skirts
in shadowed corners,
And thank me that my fingers
Make you say his name.
Unlike him, my love comes
Without condition or demand.

Does the ineffable plan leave no room
For two bodies, stretched by time and trial,
To find comfort in the warmth of naked skin?
Can a heretic's tongue not heal the world between
your thighs?
We both have lost too much
To deny ourselves each other.

I won't compete with God.
But I'll baptize you with sweat and tears,
With come and kisses,
And seek my place beside him in your heart.

So let me touch you.
It's been seven days and the longing grows too much.

Beatrice knew how to worship.

She had lived a life of servitude, of prayer and sacrifice.

And then came Ava.

Ava who showed her kindness, who sacrificed herself so that Beatrice could not just exist, but truly live.

Beatrice showed Ava how to worship with careful fingers along flesh, prayers whispered into the crook of her neck and love sweeter than communion wine.

God created humanity with the ability to love, and Ava showed Beatrice that she could do so openly.

Their room was their Church, their sanctuary.

And when Ava kissed her with the gentleness of a promise and got to her knees, staring up at her with a reverence Beatrice had only ever read about, Beatrice felt more love and peace than even the heavens could offer.

A soft kiss to each thigh, fingers entwined beside her.

“I love you,” Ava whispers.

It is her confession, her truth, her promise. One that Beatrice reciprocated.

“And I love you, Ava.”

Ava guided her, both in spirit and literally as she gave Beatrice’s hand a gentle squeeze.

She still had so much to learn.

And that was how to be worshiped too.

Beatrice had never focused quite this much on skin before... well before her. How every inch sliding, melting into hers elicits euphoria previously unknown. How can she deserve such purity? Ava never asked, never cared. All she knew was “give”.

 @medblr_td

@RogueThirteen94 

And Beatrice is learning that this, too, is an act of holiness.

Love can be benediction found spirit-on-spirit, skin-on-skin. Carnality is profound and fervent prayer. There's an overwhelming piety to being genuflected in adoration with Ava's leg slung slack over her shoulder—to having her head bowed and her mouth open for the offering. Ava's hips twitch, eager from the dig of Beatrice's fingers, so Beatrice pulls forward. Drinks, deep and urgent, as though from a full-brimming chalice. She won't spill one drop of this consecration.

Blessed are those who are called to this place where *eleisons* and *hosannas* flow like chrism, like wine. Blessed is Beatrice, with Ava's fingers tangling in her hair while her lips and her tongue stir slick soundless hymns. Above, chin tipped back, eyes glazed, Ava murmurs inarticulate intercessions, invocations, litanies that come new and searing to Beatrice's ears:

This is my body—this is my blood—oh, fuck, Bea, don't stop—

Diligence is a virtue. Beatrice proves her devotion by letting herself be gathered in.

And Ava comes like a creed, a brilliant solemnity, with the Halo aglow and her hand flexing into a fist. The arch of her spine is *amen*—so be it, so be it.

@foibles_fables 

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In this volume or the next,

Warrior Nun Fan Promo
(@warriornunpromo)



NUN+