

## The Daily Lives of Alastair and Nix

This was originally written and posted daily in my reader group on Facebook (Alice Winters' Wonderland). I combined them to give to my newsletter group as a full document. This has not been professionally edited, so I apologize for any errors! I hope you enjoy.

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### A Glimpse into the Daily Life of Alastair Axehands and Normal Nix- Day One

I thought I'd introduce you to the characters by writing an original scene where you get a glimpse into their lives. The first one I'll introduce you to is Alastair (through Nix's POV), since Alastair likes attention the most. If you guys enjoy it, I can write another one for Nix!

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“Hello, I am Alastair, the grand, the great, the magnificent, the reason for your wet dream—”

I stare at the strange man who is staring into the mirror in disbelief. His dark hair is styled back with a tie and his silver eyes seem to be sparkling in delight over his own reflection “Who or what are you talking to?” I ask.

Alastair flashes me a charming smile that immediately makes me smile and forget that he's steadily losing his mind. “I was just practicing. You know? Like if I ever have to go on TV or something for saving the world.”

“Is that a thing you do? Just stand in front of the mirror and talk about yourself?” I ask, honestly dumbfounded. If anyone else did this, I'd probably just walk out of the house and not come back, but when Alastair does something, it's immediately okay because it's him.

Is this what they call love blindness?

Has to be, right?

I scrutinize the man as he turns to face me, velvet robe fluttering behind him. “Do I look better with *or* with the axes?” he asks as he poses with them. He turns this way and that and while I’m positive he thinks I’m enjoying the show, I’m secretly trying to get my brain to work.

It’s not going so well.

He suddenly stops, like something has confused him. “You look like you need a hug,” he decides as he comes at me with his axes raised.

I slam the bathroom door in his face and lean against it. I’ve been love blinded! I’ve been deceived! This man is so strange. Why was I faced with the strangest man in existence and immediately just welcomed him into my life? Am I being conned? Must be.

The door swings open and Alastair hooks my throat with the back of his axe like that is not at all terrifying.

“You’re going to kill me!” I cry.

“If I was going to kill you, I would eat you all up first,” he says, then laughs like he thinks he’s hilarious. He drags me back into the bathroom and gives me this weird axe-hug, like the axes are an extension of his hands. He’s suddenly like Alastair Axehands or something.

Buuut...

I kind of like him anyway.

I’m definitely love blind, but you know what?

I don’t care.

He’s my weird and strange axe-wielding, magical crazy man.

And I don’t plan on sharing with anyone.

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A Glimpse into the Daily Life of Astute Alastair and Naive Nix-Day  
Two

This one is a glimpse into Nix's life. Nix didn't even know about magic until the day he was told he was destined to save the world, so he seems to have a little different view on it than Alastair.

\*\*This is not from the book and was written just for the group.

(From Alastair's POV)

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“Wait in the car, Alastair, I’ll be just a minute,” I mock since I’m in the car alone and have been for far too long. “Don’t worry, I won’t get murdered,’ my ass.”

There I am, sitting in this parked car even though I have a perfectly majestic horse we could have ridden into town, and Nix cons me into staying inside while he “quickly” runs inside. But instead, I’m sitting here watching him walk straight toward a monster. The man is massive, over seven feet and the illusion he’s wearing to try to pretend to be human is weak at best. It keeps flickering in and out and even Nix has to have noticed. Instead of turning around and running back to me for help, he turns and *smiles* at the monster.

Oh dear heavens above. He’s going to get himself murdered!

The man has a sword at his side, does he not notice that? He’s reaching for it to wound my love!

I snatch up my axes, jump out the car and scream a battle cry that makes everyone in the vicinity turn to look at me. But I will save Nix. I will destroy this earth for him.

I slam the axe into the side of the car window so the man knows I mean business and storm up to him, prepared to battle to the death for my one true love.

“This is Alastair, don’t mind him,” Nix says before turning back to the guy as I dance around, trying to decide if I should go straight for the neck or if should allow him any final words.

The man is giving a nervous side-eye but Nix waves me off.

“Really, don’t mind him. He thinks everyone is out to murder me,” he says as he gives the psychopath a smile and leans back in. “So you’re right here, right now. You need to take a right on that road there and then when you hit the first alley, swing a left, unless alleys make you nervous? I promise there aren’t too many scary people around here.”

The man is every child’s nightmare and Nix is asking if a mere *alleyway* will make him *nervous*?

“I’ll be alright,” he says.

“Perfect. Then the store’s right there. You can’t miss it,” he says giving him a huge smile.

The man pats him on the shoulder with a “Thanks” and hurries on with his day of murder as I stare at Nix like he’s insane.

“What?” he asks all innocent and cute.

“Do you know what that man was?” I ask. “He is one of the most cruel and brutal beings.”

Nix gives me an innocent little shrug. “Don’t just lump everyone into the same category. He was lost so I was just giving him directions. You need to stop being so judgmental of everyone.” The smile he gives me makes me feel like maybe he’s right and I am judging people. “He was very polite and kind. Come on, I’ll show you that he’s fine.”

Nix hurries over to the car before pointing at the window I might’ve cracked. At least it was his grandma’s car which makes me wish I’d done more than cracked it.

Then he drives around the block while going, “I really think you need to trust—”

Nix slows down as we watch the man he was giving directions to charge across the street with his sword held high. “Fuck.”

“It’s okay, you’re still cute,” I assure him with a quick kiss before jumping out the door after the man.

“At least ask him if he’s being evil first!” Nix yells after me.

“Are you evil?” I shout as I run at the man with my axe at the ready.

The man spins on me. “Are you prepared to die?”

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### A Glimpse into the Daily Life of Amazing Alastair and Nice Nix- Day Three

So these keep getting longer every day (not my fault). This is why all my books end up around the 100k word range. Day three has Alastair teaching Nix the art of torture on Nix's best friend Annie. \*\*This is original and has been written just for the group so it will not be included in the book.

(From Nix's POV)

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“What do you want to do today?” Alastair asks as I sit on the couch next to him.

“I dunno... you?”

“What if I teach you the splendid art of Torturé.”

I eye this suspicious man. “Of what?”

“Torture.”

“Why’d you say it weird?”

“I said it fancy,” Alastair decides.

“It doesn’t matter how fancy or fun you make it sound, I’m still not interested. Something else. Ooh. So I’ve been scrutinizing you lately,” I declare

“Weird! I’ve been scrutinizing you too! What did you find out?” Alastair asks.

“That I like you so much that I don’t even care what crazy things you do.”

Alastair preens. “Aww! I like you that much too.”

“What did *you* find out?” I’m a little worried.

“That you’re magnificent at wielding your kindness, and while it rarely accomplishes anything when people are trying to kill you, it’s still cute to see.”

I shrug. Honestly, it could be much worse. “Thank you.”

“Wanna judge someone else?” he asks.

“So fucking bad. Let’s judge Annie.”

Alastair grins, clearly pleased by my devious plans. It’s not too often I can pull off the devious. “Ah yes. Annie.”

Annie looks over at us, like she just knows we’re scheming up something. “What are you two staring at me like that for?”

“I just thought you were pretty to look at,” Alastair says, which he *has* to know is the most suspicious thing he could have ever said. He’s always picking at her because of our closeness so there’s no way she wouldn’t realize we’re up to something.

“Aw! Thank you!” she says as she flips her hair back and continues whatever she’s doing.

Or not.

“She’s such a sucker. What if I get you a different friend?” Alastair asks. “One that’s less... Annie.”

“But I like Annie. We’ve been friends since birth.”

Alastair seems a bit put off by that but smiles and hugs me anyway.

“It’s like, no matter what you do, I still love you to pieces.”

“Aw. Me too,” I say with a smile.

Alastair’s attention shifts back to Annie. “Annie, get over here, I’m getting bored of staring at you. I’m going to teach Nix the secret art of Torturé.”

“Of what?” Annie asks as she comes over to see what we’re up to.

“He means torture. He’s just saying it some weird way because he thinks he’s cool or something,” I say.

Alastair looks mildly annoyed but then he smiles at me and gives me a kiss anyway. “Annie, sit.”

Annie rightfully looks concerned. “What if I don’t want to be tortured?”

“Do you want to play a role in Nix saving mankind or not?” Alastair asks.

“Yeah, but by like... guarding him and stuff.”

“Do I need to remind you of the time you guarded him so good you set yourself on fire, nearly killing Nix in the process?”

Annie is silent as she sits right down in Torture Chair, clearly ready to go to Torture Town.

“Okay, Nix, look around the room and pick something to torture her with.”

I look around for the most innocent item to use. Pillow? No, he’ll smother her with that. Blanket? No, he’ll tie her up. I pick up an empty plastic cup. What damage could be done with that?

“Here.”

Alastair's eyes get wide. "What a good choice! Now come over here and hold it over her mouth—"

"I changed my mind," I say as I pluck a flower out of the vase. "This."

He shrugs. "It'll do. Okay. You grab her by the hair and—"

"Hi," I say to Annie. "My name is Nix, and I'd really appreciate it if you could tell me the stuff Alastair wants to know so I don't have to torture you." Then I offer her the flower.

"Aw, of course. I'll tell you anything," Annie says.

I smile, pleased at myself as Alastair watches me.

"Oh, you sweet summer child," he says as he wraps me up in his arms and holds me close. "You're just adorable."

"Thanks."

"I still think we should replace Annie."

"Fuck you, pretty boy!" she yells as she tosses the cup at him. Somehow, Annie lights it on fire with her magic, and now it's a flying fire missile aimed straight for Alastair's head. "I didn't mean to!"

Alastair smacks it onto the ground and suddenly my grandma's favorite rug bursts into flames as we all stand there and stare at it.

"Well fuck," Alastair says. "We might as well use it to our benefit. Set Annie's chair over it, this'll get her to talk."

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A Glimpse into the Daily Life of Acrobatic Alastair and Nearly a Winner  
Nix-Day Four

I've been having a lot of fun with these daily life stuff and hope you're enjoying it too. Today, I want to introduce you to the character who steals the show (or at least he thinks he does).

This is from Alastair's POV.



\*\*This is completely original and has not been taken from the book.

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“Who do we want to judge today?” I ask Nix as we sit on the bench next to the pond.

“I don’t know after we nearly got arrested with you attacking that man who simply wanted directions—”

I slowly turn my eyes onto him, positive my hearing glitched out for at least a minute. “He literally ripped out a chunk of my hair, sniffed it, then went, ‘I can’t wait to suckle the marrow from your bones while you watch’ and you still think he’s innocent?”

Nix does this little shoulder twitch thing which I’m pretty sure was supposed to be a shrug but even he can’t deny that I’m right. “I was just *saying* that things have been a bit busy so maybe we could do something a little more... lowkey, you know?” he asks. “Like judge someone we know isn’t going to kill us. What about Elderon?” Nix asks.

I look around before my eyes fall on the gorgeous black horse. He’s honestly a sight to behold with his sleek long legs, silky black coat that seems to shimmer, antlered head always held high when he’s not doing something nefarious.

The horse immediately looks over at us. While he *had* been trying to rip a sapling out of the ground by the roots, he immediately stops and turns just right so the wind flicks up his mane. His head is held high as he stands still and majestic.

“He’s an evil little shit,” I say.

Elderon’s ears pin back and he mimes biting me before he seems to remember he was being judged and returns to looking majestic and statuesque. I pick up a stone and throw it at him. Of course it doesn’t hit him, but it rolls about a foot before smacking into his hoof. He pins his ears

and stomps it into the ground before turning his judging eyes onto me like he was hoping that was my head he pummeled into the ground.

“He does look pretty evil,” Nix says which makes Elderon return to looking majestic. He even does a head toss that flicks his mane up into an arch before settling back down on his neck. “But anyone that’s had to live with you for a hundred years probably turns evil.”

I shift my judging eyes onto the love of my life who has just shattered my heart. “Nixon—”

“It’s Phoenix.”

“Nixon Bixon. How... How dare you?”

Elderon is pleased we’re now judging each other and quickly goes back to trying to rip the sapling out of the ground. What he wants to do with it, I’m not sure.

“He has carried me through many battles,” I say. “I looked so fucking sexy on his back.”

“Then what happened?” he asks. “Because, right now, I feel like if I told you we should have a race to the house, me on foot, you on your horse, I’d win.”

“Nah. What do I win if I win?” I ask.

His eyes seem to sparkle. “What do you want?” he purrs.

“To tie some bricks onto your grandma’s feet and see if she floats when I toss her into the pond,” I admit. Staying with his grandmother to keep him safe *has* been quite the irritation.

He sighs. “I thought you’d want my body or something.”

I grin as I lean into him. “I can have your body any time I want. Now go!”

“We didn’t agree on anything! Whatever!” he says as he jumps up and starts running.

“Elderon, ol’ buddy, ol’ pal. My best pal. My favorite pal,” I say as I walk toward the horse. “We have to beat Nix. If we beat Nix, I’ll give you all of the apples in the house.”

Elderon is interested. It might not be my blood but it could be the next best thing. I hurry up to him and just as I go to jump on his back, he steps on my foot, keeping me down.

“Elderon...”

He shifts his eyes onto me.

“Get off my foot.”

He puts a smidge more weight on it.

“I will find a new horse and I’ll take you to the pound,” I growl.

That’s definitely not the right thing to say when a horse is standing on your foot.

“I’ll curry you all over and bring you heaps of apples and carrots and open the gate for you to get into the garden.”

Elderon seems pleased and gets off my foot. I leap onto his back as I see Nix about three-quarters of the way from the house. Before I’m barely seated, Elderon bolts and I grab onto his mane to hang on. With a swoosh, we rush past Nix and I can see the end in sight, pleased I’m going to win.

And then Elderon slams on the brakes and turns. He knows it’s the easiest way to make me fly off, and while I try my damndest to stay on, the sudden movement sends me flying off into Nix’s path, tripping him. And as we both lay in a heap, we watch the horse finish the race alone.

“Please... please let me get rid of him,” I say as I watch the horse slowly return to gloat. He nibbles on my hair, pleased with himself.