



***Bonus  
Content***  
**Operation Nix**

**ALICE WINTERS**

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Operation Make Nix Mine

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This takes place after the events of Nixing the End of the World. I hope you enjoy!

(Why Val can hang around Alastair without affecting him will be explained in the next book!)

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Operation Make Nix Mine has commenced.

I know you might be asking, "Why should I savagely tear Nix away from Alastair and make him mine?" Well, that's because... because I want to.

Simple as that.

I could just dreamily stare at Nix all day long, and even then, I'm not sure I'd get my fill. We're currently in the library where Nix looks like he'd rather read a book and Alastair looks like he'd rather murder some people just for a bit of fun.

"So... let me get this straight. I cannot smile at people, but I can lop their heads off?" Nix asks as he stares at Alastair who's wearing a quite obvious look of concern. See? Alastair quite often stares at Nix like he's never seen such a peculiar thing. Like... like there's something wrong with him. I would never in my wildest dreams treat Nix that way.

I would treat him like a god. I would love everything he says no matter what he says or even how he says it.

"Nix, you're gonna die if you just go around smiling at everyone instead of defending yourself," Alastair says, which is... slightly reasonable, but still wrong. Alastair's always wrong.

“But what if I smile like this,” he says as he messes his face up into the creepiest fucking smile I’ve ever seen.

I quickly look away so I don’t have to prove myself wrong by also wearing the same expression Alastair is when dealing with him. Quickly, I pop out of my chair and hurry over before pulling Nix to me by wrapping my arms around him. “Nix, I think you’re the most perfect person ever with the most perfect ideas *ever*,” I say with a huge smile he *has* to be wooed by.

He smiles right back—this time it’s a whole lot less morbid—and stares at Alastair like he’s trying to prove a point.

Alastair points his axe at my head. “Do you want him to die?” he asks.

I hesitate. “Well, no—”

“Because if he just goes around ugly smiling at people, what do you think is going to happen?”

Fuck, I hate it when the stupid guy is smart.

I narrow my eyes at him before turning my head and planting a kiss right on Nix’s cheek. The way Alastair’s eyes expand gives me some joy, even though he then decides death is the only way to end this.

My death, that is.

“Fuck you,” I cry as I back away. “I just want to steal Nix from you. Is that so bad?”

“It’s pretty fucking bad,” Alastair growls as he starts coming after me, an axe held tightly in each hand. Since I probably can’t outrun the dreadful creature, I just slump down in a chair and pretend to start crying.

That always seems to get Nix on my side.

“Alastair, come on. He’s just having a bad day,” Nix says, the cutest sucker in the world. Oh, how I’d love to just... like... have him around and

not be fawning all over me. I'm not sure I really want to... have sex with him or anything because...

Fuck it. I don't have to explain why I want him. He should be mine because it's clearly fate that he isn't affected by my magic. "Ow... my leg," I whine, even though Alastair hadn't been anywhere near it. "He savagely tried ripping off my leg."

"I'll give you something to cry about," Alastair says, but before he can sever my leg, Nix comes up and kneels in front of me.

"Val, what's wrong?" he asks with concern.

"Don't look into his eyes!" Alastair cries out as he grabs Nix under the armpits and starts dragging him backward.

"Stop! Dammit! Alastair!" he cries as he flails a bit and Alastair's grip slips, causing him to lose his hold on Nix and instead take Nix's shirt with him. Now Nix is flailing around bare-bellied with his shirt hung up on his neck and over his face.

"Just give in," Alastair orders, but Nix is having none of that shit as he gator-rolls around the room.

He finally breaks free and glares at Alastair. "You're going to be the one to kill me in the end all because of your crazy possessiveness."

Alastair's expression falls and it immediately stops Rampaging Nix. "B-But I thought you liked my possessiveness."

"I do, but..."

Alastair looks positively heartbroken, and I realize that I have much to learn from this devious man as Nix smiles at him and tries to comfort him.

### Operation Make Nix Mine—Take Two

If I can't woo him, maybe I can make him fall for me just by making myself irresistible.

So I rush to the mall, which is hell, and return home with my bag of clothes that are nearly identical to things that Nix would wear. Why wouldn't he be drawn to someone similar to himself?

I dress in my new boring t-shirt with an even more boring and ill-fitting hoodie, and the most boring pair of pants I could find, before heading off to find Nix.

Of course I find Alastair first because Alastair is always so far up Nix's ass it's impossible to get him alone.

Alastair cringes back when he sees me. "You look horrible. What happened to you? Have you been hurt?" he asks as he stares at me in disgust.

"No?" Yes, putting these fashionless clothes on did cause me pain, but is that reflecting in my expression?

"Oh, so you *willingly* put those clothes on?" he asks. "Someone didn't torture you into it?"

I wave to Nix who is watching the exchange while wearing nearly identical clothes. The only difference is mine have that vibrant new look to them and Nix's look like they've gone through many washings.

"I'm literally wearing the same thing as Nix!"

Alastair is silent as he slowly looks over at Nix who is watching with a raised eyebrow. When Alastair realizes that I'm correct, his attention snaps back to me. "Ah, then it must be your face that makes you look..." He shudders, then tries hurrying for the door like he can escape the backlash of this.

"Alastair?" Nix growls.

"Yes, my sweet love. I... oh no, I think there's a bad guy trying to break in. I must go majestically slaughter it." He poses for Nix, and while I can tell Nix is trying his hardest to be disgusted by it, I can also feel a

smidge of lust radiating off him because I am, after all, an incubus. And it's disgusting how he's so easily won over.

I scowl at them and wave Alastair out the door then promptly lock it and hurry over to Nix.

"Hey, Nix," I say as I put a foot up on the chair next to the one he's sitting on, not quite sure if this looks sexy or not. My issue is... I've never really flirted with anyone. I've never had to. They've all just immediately loved me, and I've immediately hated them.

It's the story of my life.

"Hey," he says with a smile.

My awkward pelvic display doesn't seem to be doing much so I reach in to stroke his cheek. The issue is he'd been moving his head at the same time and I end up jabbing him right in the eye.

"Ow," he mutters, and the door *busts* inward, lock broken, splintered door shards going everywhere as Alastair barges in, axes at the ready, and I can just *feel* Nix's lust rise.

"Don't look at him," I cry as I wrap my hand around his eyes.

"LOOK AWAY."

"What is happening?" Nix asks.

"Who shall I slaughter with sexy axes?" Alastair asks as he looks around.

"No one!" Nix says as he escapes my finger face shield.

"But you screamed in agony," Alastair says, looking highly disappointed he doesn't get to kill anyone.

"I literally just bumped my head into Val's finger by accident and said 'ow,'" Nix assures him. "It wasn't anything scarring."

Alastair nods understandingly as he grabs a small table and carries it over to me. "Put your hand down on it, finger in question out," he says as

he holds his axe at the ready.

Nix's lust level plummets. There's still hope for me. "Oh my god. You're not hacking his *finger* off," Nix says.

"There are no such things as accidents," Alastair declares.

"Haven't you ever watched Bob Ross?" Nix says. "You know? Happy little accidents."

"He sounds like a thief and a liar," Alastair declares before narrowing his eyes at me. "I'm watching you."

Yes, yes, watch me steal your man.

I whip out my Nintendo Switch. "Nix, I'm really struggling with this part, can you help me?"

"Of course," Nix says, and I promptly sit next to him while flashing a gloating look at Alastair.

I turn my Switch on and show him the issue I'm supposedly having and he takes the console in his hands.

"Oh yeah, this game does have some hard puzzles," he says as he makes the character jump around in the wrong fucking direction. He literally just has to walk the character over to the rope, dodge the trap and then maneuver slightly to the left to dodge the next trap and—he's already dead.

"That's okay, try again," I urge while my fingers itch to just show him how to do it since I've already beaten this game three times. But *no*, I'm wooing him. I'm wooing him so fucking hard.

"Is this on normal?"

"No, it's on hard."

"Maybe that's the issue," he says. He fiddles with it some more as Alastair comes around the side, watches for three seconds, takes the thing and completes it immediately.

Nix's lust rises again.

FUCK.

My plan has failed me.

My own ideas have deceived me and left him lusting even harder after that waste of space!

"I haven't even played this before and I completed it. I've played video games *once*, and I could figure it out. What a weak creature," Alastair says to me as I seethe.

"I... also couldn't figure it out," Nix says as his lust plummets again.

Alastair hesitates. "Yeah, but you're cute, so it doesn't matter."

Nix's eyes flicker over to me then back to Alastair. "You're literally talking to the most gorgeous being who has ever walked this earth," he says as he points at me. "Like I've literally never seen such a perfectly put-together person."

I might have to say that I blush a tiny bit.

"Looks like roadkill next to you," Alastair says as I narrow my eyes at the grinning man. He knows what I'm up to and he's clearly starting to feel the heat. Starting to feel the love and lust rising from Nix's loins for me.

Maybe not.

Fuck.

Maybe I'm doing this all wrong. Maybe I'm just absolutely horrid at figuring out what Nix wants. Maybe what he's wanted all along has been right before my very eyes. I yank the Switch from Alastair's fingers and run to the door.

I've got it.

The ultimate plan.

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## Operation Make Nix Mine—Take Three

This is it. This is all I need to woo the man.

I pull on my new velvet robe, my tight black pants, and my shimmery gold top. Then I hurry outside to Alastair's cute little beastie.

"Elderon, I bring you a peace offering if you'll help me," I say.

The horse, taking note, decides he's interested.

"I will give you twenty apples fresh from Alastair's kitchen if you will allow me to ride on your back to make me look like Alastair."

Elderon reaches out to the first offering and samples it. He must be deciding if the deal is good enough. He's chewing. I can't tell from his expression if he's into it or not. He's still chewing. He takes another bite... he must deem it good because he bows down and allows me to climb onto his back. Thankfully, the front door of the house is grand enough that if I duck down the horse can walk straight through it. I guide him toward the library where Nix still waits while feeling absolutely grand. More than grand. Majestic. Amazing. Brilliant.

The grand library door is broken from Alastair's earlier hurrah so I duck down, prepared to pose just on the other side, when Elderon pushes himself up so I'm smashed between him and the doorframe. As I cry out in startlement, he proceeds to scrape me right off his back and onto the ground.

And as I lie there, I realize my mistake. I asked him to make me look like Alastair... and this is exactly what he'd do to him.

Alastair is laughing and laughing like the sick and twisted man he is. "Oh, you sweet summer child. You never make a deal with Elderon."

The horse in question heads over to a table where a book sits and rubs his muzzle over it as I slowly get up.

"Don't you dare," Alastair says.

Elderon lifts his top lip and rubs it up and down the book, making funny scratching noises with his whiskers and lip.

“Elderon, that’s a priceless—”

The moment Elderon hears “priceless,” he grabs a chunk of the pages in his teeth and tears them out of the book.

“Dammit, Elderon!” Alastair yells as he runs after the horse, ready to threaten him as I realize that this is my time to shine.

I pull out my axes and strut up to Nix. “Whatchu doin’,” I say, making my voice much deeper than it normally is.

Nix looks away from the horse and over to me. “Um... I was trying to read a book, but I think that’s not going to happen. What about you? What are you doing?”

I press up into his space before leaning over to whisper in his ear. “You.”

Nix doesn’t seem as excited as I was hoping, and instead, waves to his book. “Umm... If you’d rather, I can set you up with the first book in this series. It’s really fun. You like action and comedy, right?”

I hesitate. “I... I do.” WAIT! No! I’m supposed to be majestic like Alastair. “I mean. Look at my bulging biceps. My *raging*... hair.”

“You look nice, but I like you wearing clothes you like best,” Nix says with a smile that makes me weak.

I drop to my knees before him, losing both of the axes as I stare at him. “Why are you such a gentle soul? Why are you so much better than everyone else?”

He shrugs. “I don’t know that I am. But thanks.”

God, his fucking smile melts my blackened heart but still... not enough to make me feel lust toward him. He makes me happier than anyone, so isn’t that enough? I don’t need those fairytale feelings. Those are

all made up. I just want someone I can talk to and someone who doesn't want to use—

Suddenly the robe I'm wearing pulls tight against my neck as Alastair starts pulling it back, dragging me across the floor as my shirt squeaks along it. "I'll fuck you up, incubus. Let me tie you to the horse and see how fast you can go."

I growl at him as I realize how stupid it is to wear a robe to a fight.

Once Nix gets Alastair to stop torturing me, I decide to change back into my clothes and return to the library where I see Alastair and Nix smiling at each other. Even from here I can feel the attraction they have for each other. The bubbling love welling up between them is made clear to me by my incubus magic. It's obvious there's nothing getting between them, no matter how hard I try. And really... is it fair to either of us to try? (I give no shits about Alastair.) I'm just so happy to have finally found someone who cares about me for me. Someone who doesn't immediately fall into my magic.

I'm a bit bummed, but honestly... it's for the best. Maybe someday I'll find someone who cares about me even half as much as these two care about each other. And maybe I'll feel that level of love for them as well.

I start to back away, but Nix notices me and smiles. "Val, come on. I'll show you that book I was talking about. And then Alastair said he kind of wants to play a game with you. He won't admit it, but I think he'd like it."

I hurry into the room as I realize I'm happier than I've been in a long time, just because I'm surrounded by people who aren't obsessed with my power and aren't using me.

Maybe this isn't so bad after all.

"I will fucking annihilate your weak little ass," Alastair declares.

“Yeah? Just you wait. I’m the fucking video game king,” I growl.  
“You’ll be begging me for mercy.”

“Um... what if we play a co-op game?” Nix asks all sweetlike.  
He has such ridiculous ideas sometimes.

Author’s Note:

I hope you enjoyed and are looking forward to book two! I know I am! I love seeing what crazy and bizarre thing I can think of to toss Nix’s way, especially because he always just goes with the flow.