



Frozen Heart

Original Work · Not Rated · 2685 words

by Arukir

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Frozen Heart

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The little brother of the Spirit Of Life and the daughter of the Spirits Of Love aren't used to helping mortals — but they'll still try their best.

Featuring my OCs, Zackory Strênj and Tough 'Tuffi' Love.

Unrelated to my fic 'Frosted Heart', which I sorta forgot about when I named this. Oops...

Chapter 1: Original

This chapter was written entirely by me, the second was run through ChatGPT. I hope you like it 😊
Now with cover art by ChatGPT!

I know it's unlikely anyone will read this, as you don't go to a fanfic site for original content, but I still wanted to share it. I hope you enjoyed! If it's requested, I'll add artwork of Zackory and Tuffi.

Zackory's an incredibly powerful but traumatized pacifist, Tuffi's a feisty but weak-by-Spirit-standards athlete. Mentally/emotionally, they're like twelve and thirteen, even though they're actually ancient.

Zackory was not a fighter. He didn't know how to be one, and he didn't want to be one. He'd seen enough violence in his long, long life — he refused to create more.

Stopping others from fighting? Yeah, *that* was something he could do. He balanced on the edge of a skyscraper, unafraid of the fall in a way only those used to flying could be, breathing deeply. He closed his eyes, picturing what he wanted to do, feeling his magic flicker with each breath.

His human costume fell in pieces, not quite revealing his true self. His skin became an icy white-blue, his teeth sharpened, every puff of air came out a frozen cloud. His blue hair, previously looking pale and dyed, glowed healthily as energy left him to cover the city.

This army, these soldiers, their gear was made for desert fighting. They weren't prepared for his Snow Day. They weren't prepared for the frozen ground, the skies filled with clouds, the plants that twisted until they were the sorts that thrived in his domain.

He would do no dishonor to his Brother's Kingdom, the realm of Life. Beasts, birds, fish, and even insects changed themselves under his power, taking the cold within and making it their own. The people he wouldn't change, for Brother said such things were wrong, but their previously thin clothes still fell under his power.

His eyes snapped open, dark pits lit up by glowing blue orbs, and he surveyed his work. The city, this jungle of dark grey and steel, had become a wonderland of shining white and ice. It was beautiful, as far as he was concerned, but he could already hear the panicked screams. He sighed and hung his head, accepting that his good intentions had still caused such distress. As long as the people were *safe*, a little fear hardly mattered.

(He ignored the part of him that thought that reasoning sounded much too much like his Brother's own past, his *mistakes*. That part sounded too much like Brother anyways).

Zackory hadn't expected the laughter. He looked up, spreading his Sight to cover that area of the city. What he saw was a streak of pink, spreading a dust cloud in its wake, each person the cloud touched going from panicking to... Well, *not panicking*.

Snowball fights were breaking out, carols filled the air, and a handful of resourceful people had managed to start *baking* within the first twenty minutes. She hadn't managed to do something like this before, but he knew it had to be her doing.

Zackory sat on the building, kicking his legs and humming as he waited for the dust to settle. It was spread almost as far as his snow by then, and even the soldiers had stopped trying to continue fighting, instead joining in on the fun.

Zackory wasn't very sure how to feel about this. On one hand, the Realm of Mind was one he and Brother tried to avoid, free will being too important to mess with. On the other claw, this wasn't his fault and he had no way to stop it, so couldn't he enjoy the results without worrying about the ethics?

He still hadn't made up his mind by the time the pink streak, a little bat, flew into sight. With a twist in the air, her pale human form landed next to him, pink hair blown about as her wings collapsed back into her.

Instinctively, his magic reached out to change her thin dress into something more weather appropriate. The fuzzy pink coat and ushanka suited her well, but that wasn't a surprise — his magic always made things that suited people, and she always suited whatever she wore.

"We've talked about gloves, Zacky." She held up a mittened hand, but he'd already changed it to a fingerless design, freeing her claws. She blinked, then smiled. "Thanks."

"No problem, Tuffi." He hummed as she sat next to him, leaning his head against her shoulder, her arm moving to hold him. He once again considered the people playing below. "Your powers are getting stronger."

"Not nearly where I want them to be; it was *exhausting*." She frowned for a second, but soon went back to a confident smirk. "I'll get there, though. Oh, don't look at me like that."

"Like what?" Zackory asked innocently, pretending he didn't know.

"Like I did something *wrong*." She scowled. "Emotions are my *thing*, I can't stop it anymore than you can avoid the cold. I turned a frightening situation into something positive. Besides, all the snowballs flying around will be a great distraction when we get out of here."

"It as well makes the people easier to shoot." Zackory realized suddenly. It didn't matter that the desert soldiers were at a disadvantage if the people weren't even trying to get away.

"Not if all the guns are frozen over."

"Guns can freeze over?" He asked. That was a thing?

"What exactly was your plan, Frost?" Tuffi chuckled, squeezing her arm around him in a hug.

"Make it harder for them to move?" He said, hesitantly. Technically, he as well thought suddenly being in a completely different environment would be disorienting and uncomfortable, and would be harder to see in. But the moving thing had been his main goal. He hadn't even thought about the guns, really... "Stars, I didn't think this through, did I?"

"That's what you've got me for, now and always." Tuffi promised, resting her head on his. He briefly considered making himself suddenly taller as a prank, but decided it would be a shame to interrupt such a nice moment.

They looked out at the city, peaceful despite the chaos of play in the way only snow can achieve. Soon, Tuffi began singing under her breath, some Christmas song he only recognized because his magic decided it was on theme. He hummed the chorus, still watching the humans in contented amusement.

He was a child, yet he was older than any of them. There was a good chance he was older than all of them *put together*, but he'd lost count a while ago so couldn't say for sure. Brother always said mortals were like children — they were young, inexperienced, and almost powerless. They needed protection and guidance, but their incredible potential could only bloom if you avoided controlling them. Zackory hoped he hadn't hurt that potential with this, hoped it would be remembered as a bizarre blip of unexplained fun, rather than the start of disaster.

"They're making snowmen, aren't they?" He asked after another quiet lull. It was a redundant question, as he could *feel* it happening, could feel the new life being brought forward by his magic and the people's minds.

"Yep." Tuffi replied cheerfully, popping the P sound at the end. He glanced up in time to catch her wide grin.

"There goes my hope of Brother not finding out about this." He groaned, leaning further into her. Despite how much work the cleanup was going to be, despite how he was definitely going to be in trouble for interfering this much in the mortal realm, he couldn't help smiling back at her.

He remembered asking how fire felt, once, unable to feel anything like 'warmth' no matter how close he got. *"It feels like light, but more."* Tuffi had told him, back then. Now, it gave him an idea; he was already going to have to move hundreds of new snow creatures to colder realms before they melted, would it really hurt if he added just a few more?

"Watch this." He whispered, breathing out until dozens of ice crystals floated around them. With jerks of his hands and a little concentration, the gem-like shapes began to take new form. One last snap of his fingers, and the frozen songbirds flew around them, a million colors shining where weak sunlight hit them.

"Beautiful." Tuffi sighed, eyes wide at the spectacle. It was a simple trick, but she always loved his simple tricks.

And that was how the two Spirits spent the rest of their day. They still had much to do, still had to clean up, leave the city, gain help to deal with the soldiers in a more long-term way. But that could be for later. Right now, they would just enjoy the snow.

Chapter 2: ChatGPT Rewrite

I put the previous chapter through ChatGPT and asked it to edit/clean up. Here's the results, hope you enjoy! 😊

Zackory was not a fighter. He didn't know how to be one, and he didn't want to be one. He had seen enough violence in his long, long life — he refused to create more.

Stopping others from fighting? That, he could do.

He stood balanced on the edge of a skyscraper, unafraid of the fall in the way only those used to flying could be. He breathed deeply, closing his eyes. His magic flickered with every breath as he pictured what he was about to do.

His human disguise fell away in pieces, though it never quite revealed his true self. His skin turned icy white-blue, his teeth sharpened, and every exhale became a frozen puff of air. His hair — once a pale, dyed-looking blue — now glowed with a healthy luminescence as energy flowed out from him, spreading across the city.

This army, these soldiers — their gear was made for desert warfare. They weren't prepared for his Snow Day. They weren't prepared for the frozen ground, the cloud-filled sky, or the plants that twisted and changed into species that thrived in his domain.

He would not dishonor his Brother's Kingdom, the Realm of Life. Beasts, birds, fish, even insects reshaped themselves under his magic, taking the cold into their bones and making it their own. The people, though — he wouldn't change them. His Brother had said that was wrong. Still, even their thin clothing wasn't immune to his power.

His eyes snapped open — dark pits lit by glowing blue orbs — and he surveyed the city. This jungle of grey and steel had become a wonderland of snow and ice. It was beautiful, as far as he was concerned. But he could already hear the screams. Panic. He sighed and bowed his head, accepting that even good intentions could bring distress.

As long as they were safe, a little fear hardly mattered.

(He ignored the part of himself that thought that reasoning sounded too much like his Brother — his mistakes. That part sounded too much like Brother anyway.)

Zackory hadn't expected the laughter.

He looked up, expanding his Sight across the city. There it was — a streak of pink, leaving a cloud of sparkling dust in its wake. Wherever it passed, people stopped panicking. In fact... they started smiling.

Snowball fights broke out. Carolers sang in alleys. Someone had already started baking — within twenty minutes. She had never pulled something like this off before, but he knew it was her.

He sat on the rooftop, legs swinging as he hummed to himself, watching it unfold. The dust had spread nearly as far as his snow, and even the soldiers had stopped fighting. Instead, they were building forts and laughing with civilians.

Zackory wasn't quite sure how to feel. The Realm of Mind was one he and Brother tried to avoid — free will mattered too much. But then again, this wasn't his doing. He couldn't stop it. Couldn't he just... enjoy the results?

He hadn't made up his mind by the time the pink streak — a little bat — flew into view. She twisted in the air and landed lightly beside him, her pale human form materializing as pink hair whipped around her and her wings folded back into her body.

His magic reacted instantly, turning her thin dress into something more weather-appropriate. A fuzzy pink coat and ushanka wrapped around her — fitting, of course. His magic always suited people. And she always suited whatever she wore.

"We've talked about gloves, Zacky." She held up a mittened hand, which had already transformed into a fingerless version, her claws free again. She blinked, then smiled. "Thanks."

"No problem, Tuffi." He leaned against her shoulder as she sat down, her arm sliding around him. He glanced down at the scene below. "Your powers are getting stronger."

"Not nearly where I want them to be. That was *exhausting*." She frowned briefly, then flashed a confident smirk. "I'll get there, though. Oh, don't look at me like that."

"Like what?" he asked, feigning innocence.

"Like I did something *wrong*." She scowled. "Emotions are my *thing*. I can't stop it any more than you can stop the cold. I turned a terrifying situation into something positive. Besides, all those snowballs will be a great distraction when we need to slip away."

“It also makes the people easier to shoot,” Zackory realized. It didn’t matter if the soldiers were unprepared — the people weren’t even trying to get away.

“Not if all the guns are frozen.”

“Guns can freeze over?” He blinked. “That’s a thing?”

“What was your plan, Frost?” Tuffi chuckled, hugging him a little tighter.

“Make it harder for them to move?” he admitted sheepishly. He’d also figured the sudden change in environment would be disorienting, maybe limit visibility. But mostly, it was about movement. He hadn’t thought about the guns. “Stars, I didn’t think this through, did I?”

“That’s what you’ve got me for. Now and always,” Tuffi said, resting her head on his. He considered briefly making himself taller as a prank, but decided not to ruin the moment.

They sat together, watching a city in playful chaos — the kind only snow could bring. Tuffi started singing softly, a Christmas tune he only recognized because his magic deemed it thematic. He hummed the chorus, smiling at the humans below.

He was a child — yet older than any of them. Probably older than all of them *put together*, though he’d long since lost count. Brother used to say mortals were like children — young, inexperienced, nearly powerless. They needed protection and guidance. But their potential only bloomed when left free. Zackory hoped he hadn’t smothered that potential today. He hoped this would be remembered as a strange, inexplicable day of wonder — not the beginning of disaster.

“They’re making snowmen, aren’t they?” he asked quietly. He already knew the answer — he could feel it. Could feel the minds reaching into his magic and shaping life from snow.

“Yep,” Tuffi said cheerfully, popping the p. He looked up just in time to catch her wide grin.

“There goes my hope of Brother not finding out,” he groaned, leaning further into her. Despite everything — the cleanup ahead, the certain trouble for interfering in the mortal realm — he couldn’t help but smile back.

He remembered once asking what fire felt like. He had never understood warmth, no matter how close he got.

“It feels like light, *but more*,” Tuffi had said.

Now, that memory gave him an idea. He already had to relocate hundreds of snow creatures to colder realms before they melted. What harm would a few more do?

“Watch this,” he whispered.

He exhaled, scattering dozens of ice crystals into the air. With a flick of his fingers and a touch of concentration, the crystals transformed — gem-like shapes twisting into delicate songbirds. A final snap, and they burst into motion, flying around them, their icy feathers catching sunlight in shimmering colors.

“Beautiful,” Tuffi breathed, her eyes wide. It was a simple trick, but she always loved his simple tricks.

And so, the two Spirits spent the rest of the day together.

There was still much to do — cleanup, departure, figuring out a long-term solution for the soldiers. But all of that could wait.

For now, they just enjoyed the snow.

— end of “Frozen Heart” —