



DARK ROMANCE DOSSIER

ARCHETYPE II — THE MONSTER / FAE

"MORTALS THINK
THEY CHOOSE.
YOU WERE
CLAIMED LONG
BEFORE YOU
WERE BORN."

Prepared for you · Bound to Rhys · For Her Eyes Only

CHARACTER PROFILE

RHYS OF THE HOLLOW COURT

KNOWN AS

The Shadow-Sworn. A lord of the between-places. The one the ancient dark answers to.

AGE & ROLE

Older than your bloodline. Ancient. Patient. Starving for one thing only.

He is beautiful the way a drawn blade is beautiful. Too still. Too symmetrical. Eyes like something watching from the bottom of deep water. When he smiles, you feel it in your teeth.

Shadows lean toward him. So, eventually, will you. He has waited centuries. He can wait a little longer. But not much.

❏ The glamour is a courtesy. The hunger is the truth. He was never human. Not even close.

THE PUBLIC MASK

WHAT THE WORLD SEES

A stranger too elegant to place. Cold. Untouchable. The kind of beautiful that makes people nervous without knowing why.

HOW HE SOUNDS

Like a promise you shouldn't accept.
Each word older than the language it's
spoken in.

HOW HE MOVES

Like the dark between stars.
Unhurried. Inevitable. As if gravity
defers to him.

WHAT PEOPLE MISS

The glamour is a courtesy.
Underneath: not human. Never was.
The hunger is the truth.

HIS OBSESSION

HE FELT YOU FIRST

He felt you the moment you were born. A thread pulled taut across worlds.

He has watched you across every mirror, every still pool, every dark window. He knows the dreams you don't remember. He put **some of them there**. He has counted your heartbeats from the other side of the veil.

Your scent lives in the shadows of his court. He will not let it fade.

You call it fate.

You are his fate, and he intends to collect.



WHAT HE'D NEVER ADMIT

AN IMMORTAL THING LEARNED TO FEAR ONE MORTAL LIFE ENDING.

He has ended wars and felt nothing, and **your smallest sorrow undoes him**. He would unmake kingdoms for a thing he claims not to feel.

The first time you spoke to the dark and it was him listening, he nearly **broke his own oath** to answer. He has not yet forgiven you for that.



HIS RULES

YOU ARE BOUND TO RHYS NOW

The old laws bind you both.

1

You wear what he gives you. It is not jewellery. It is a claim, and a tether.

2

You do not speak your true name to another. **He will hear it.**

3

You do not run. There is nowhere between the worlds he cannot follow.

4

When you are afraid, you call for him. **He will already be there.**

RECOVERED FILE

FOUND CARVED INTO THE WALLS OF HIS COURT

If you have found these words, it is because he wove them for you to find.

He did not meet you by chance. He arranged the turning of a hundred years so your life would cross the veil at his door. He shaped the world around you and let you believe it was your own path.

He moved the pieces: **the veil, the door, the dream**. He called it fate so you'd feel safe.

He watched you. Your whole life, mortal. Not to frighten you.

To be sure.

❏ And the Shadow-Sworn does not claim twice.

FOR YOU, ONLY

THIS IS HIM BOUND.

The full dossier holds nothing back — his ancient hunger, his hands, exactly what an immortal does when he finally stops waiting. **Your name bound through every page.** Your tropes. Your fantasy. Your monster, written only for you.

This was Rhys, unclaimed. **Yours will know your name.**

Build Yours →

