

A Summoner's Advances

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A Summoner's Advances

by [Cryptek](#)

Summary

A simple compilation of one-shot stories of romance between random characters.

Lunar and Fray

Fray ended up getting kissed—again—by his dorky friend, pinned to a tree by the arms. Luckily it was just a peck.

Before she could continue, Fray quickly pushed her off, making her bump against a tree trunk.

He felt his cheeks burning, but he felt relieved that it was not in the middle of a public place this time. That time was very close.

He remembered why this has been happening. He was not sure why exactly his good friend Lunar suddenly declared her love exactly at midnight, 12 o'clock, after a Raid mission, after a small celebration involving adult drinking. He seriously was wondering why she fell in love with a person she knew for just a month or so.

...Actually, that was probably enough to scratch the surface of knowing what made him into the Summoner he was now.

But still, this Summoner in front of him was acting indecently.

"Fr-Fray! C'mon, dear, just a really nice kiss like last time?" She puckered her lips a little.

Fray was traumatized by how she had been drunk on beer—*beer of all things*—that seemed to have led to her proposal after the mission. He blushed upon the recurring memory of how her lips felt, just by seeing her mouth.

"Lunar..." he growled a little. "What do you see in me exactly?"

"Ah, the classic question!" She scrunched up her eyebrows in a way that was rather cute.

"Uh... you're a good guy to... mess around? I mean, these past few days, I realized I just liked you around, which is a feeling way better than chocolate!"

She seemed more nervous than usual this time. Apparently, this was now how she acted around Fray when she was being the very thing she disliked: being inappropriate.

"Actually, I like you a lot, so much I really want to take you back, cuddle with you, get you dressed like a cat every day, and..." She blushed, then quickly looked around. "F-F-Fray!? Wh-What were we doing here?"

"Ora, gathering Synthesis ingredients and hunting a few monsters. Did you suddenly lose your memory?" This was a sudden plot-twist.

"What? Then..." Lunar's face turned entirely red, beet red, and imaginary steam went out of her temple. "S-So... so... that all wasn't some dream?"

"What is a dream?" Fray asked.

"That kissing, that pinning you to a tree thing, pinning you to a table, a pillar, then a... a... then confessing to you... all that had already happened from after the Raid mission... did that... ugh, lewd stuff really happen?" She looked so embarrassed like she wanted to blow herself up.

And yes, she did act like that for the past few days. Apparently drinking can really mess with your personality.

"...Yes?"

Lunar stamped her feet on the ground several times so hard that it cracked, then she kicked the trunk of the tree behind her. Every time she hit something, she was made whining sounds.

"Lunar, I thought you were drunk on that beer those nights ago."

"And *everyone* saw me confess. Confess to *you*?" She stopped unleashing her anger and embarrassment on nature around her and sat, hugging her knees and rocking back and forth.

"Do you know what made you do all that?" Fray sat next to her.

She did explain. Apparently, a witch decided to prank her for Lunar accidentally destroying her hut in the middle of one of her mass monster battles in the Village of the Venturer, that much was explained in a note she saw found left at her home. Being clumsy did not seem so adorable now.

Lunar's drink was spiked with an extreme love potion, specifically to make her perverted towards her crush once she drank it, so that she would humiliate herself in front of everyone by confessing to Fray. Lunar had been under the influence of the potion ever since until now.

"I... really wanted to tell you later, after we took out Lucius. I actually wanted to even propose to you, marry I mean. Instead, I do it very, very early. I'm so going to take out that witch..." she muttered angrily.

"Lunar," Fray started, putting a hand on her shoulder, "I will go out with you."

What? What was he doing?

"Fray..." Lunar was looking at him in the eyes.

"I'm not sure if I liked your advances when you were drunk, but I simply wanted you yourself telling me that."

Apparently, he did like her after all. What was there to stop him from liking a vibrant person like her?

"Uh, what are you talking about?"

"I said, I will be your boyfriend, and maybe..." Fray smiled wryly, "...we can talk about marriage, once we turn seventeen that is."

Lunar was overcome by emotion. She remembered all the times she had Fray helping her, getting to know each other, the black-haired girl realizing her love for him on Valentine's Day...

She quickly pinned Fray to a tree, by the arms like a while ago, and kissed him harder than before, mentally crossing something off her bucket list. Fray decided to let that soft feeling go on.

A little later...

"Fray, Lunar, finally you're back! What kept you two?" Seria came back from the house with the green roof, housing the Summoners' alchemical equipment needed to synthesize potions.

"Just a few monsters we easily handled." Fray had to fight hard to keep his expression straight and natural. Lunar silently however made herself more obvious.

"Right..." Seria studied Lunar's red cheeks for a moment, which were slightly hidden by her disheveled hair, then turned back to go to the house.

"You two are still in need of training. I could do the gathering faster in minutes!" Seria was still bossy as ever, but Lunar was certainly not herself for the rest of her day.

Dion would be asking what happened to her, seeing her rare and quiet expression. Semira would know something sly happened, but keep quiet. Everyone else would look confused as to what happened to their hardly-ever-quiet Summoner, and Shimmer would be looking at her intensely.

Lunar would be in her room, writing in her journal/diary about what happened today, and describing the scene a little graphically.

Finally, she beats Shimmer at getting something first: a boyfriend.

Water to your Fire (Karl X Seria)

"I'm telling you Seria, it wasn't anyone's fault."

"Please, I told you not to get in my way. And you had the nerve to bring those two into a battle against a high-ranked demon?"

"Seria... It's not like you had the situation under control either. All those buildings were torn down in that blast."

"Just stop following me already. Fray and that pervert kid... whoever he is, are going to get a real earful from me anyway."

"As much as I am trying to calm you down, I know you're just going to vent your frustration on some guy or girl, so I guess... I'm trying to make sure you don't visit your wrath on them."

Seria continued to stomp her feet towards the Arena, Karl following her with worry. Every bystander on the way would step back in case she tried to yell at them. The Fire-type Summoner was being a walking bomb today.

As an Emperor-class Arena contender, she was an incredible force to deal with. However, that anger of hers fueled her will to battle.

She was a deadly force in the arena that day. Every other Summoner who battled her would notice the changes in her fights, and pitied the ones who went against her. Eventually, she parted off some of her anger and reached Stareater rank.

But that was still not enough. She fought even more until she managed to reach Archgod rank, which meant she ranked up *three* times in one day. Everyone there to see her were in greater awe of her than before.

Karl naturally stayed with her all the time from the stands, making sure she took breaks and listened to her complaints about Fray and Sada (reasonable for the latter, because he tried to look through her torn clothing on purpose).

Eventually Seria went to the Raid Guild Hall for food and drinks (mostly drinks), where Karl now had to keep her from punching and screaming at every poor soul in sight.

"L-Let meh at 'em Kral, hic~" she slurred. "I wanna shhooww who's boss around hereeee~!"

"Seria that is something you don't have the right to do! What would your squadron members say if they saw their leader is like this!?" Karl yelled, stopping one hand from throwing a tankard at the waiter.

"Oh yah a real sweethat for worryinnng, hic~"

But then she saw Fray walking into the hall.

"Frraayyy!" she shrieked. The younger Summoner turned, eyes widening.

"S-Seria..." he mumbled as he stepped back, but Seria lunged quick enough to stop him and lifted him up bridal-style.

"C'mere cat..." Seria brought him over to the table while Fray struggled to escape, but she gripped him tight.

She sat back on her chair, and making use of Fray's very slight shortness, she covered his head with his cat-eared hood and managed to put her chin on the left part of his neck as Fray sat on her lap. Her arms were wrapped tightly around him.

"D'you realize how cute y're wearing cat ears~?" Seria, incredibly, affectionately rubbed her cheek against Fray's left one. He blushed hard at the contact.

"Just wat I needed to release all this stress..." She was actually relaxing!

"Errr..." Karl was unsure what to make of this.

"Oh Karl, you're still here... great, I wanna tell ye something," she pouted while saying, cheeks completely red from drinking.

"A-And what is it?"

"I love you."

"...That... actually is... what?"

Seria pouted even further. "I lo-"

"That's enough!" Karl's mind went into Overdrive and processed this over and over.

The hot-tempered Summoner reached out for her crush and hugged both Karl and Fray tight.

"I love you and cats~" She smiled brightly.

'At least she's not upset now,' Karl thought. 'Lunar would have smething snarky to say about this scene now. Lugina would never stop teasing me, Seria and Fray about this if he finds out what happened here.' Luckily, no one thought Seria was being serious.

Fray wriggled uncomfortably, blushing from contact and the confession he just heard.

"Oh help me gods..." he muttered.

Passionately Molded Locket (OC X Seria)

Chapter Notes

I am surprised at how fast this story scored so many hits, even a kudos! That was roughly a little faster than A Summoner's Little Story. Really, this was basically a short, experimental story to create non-canon pairings of characters in the other story.

Still, I suppose I satisfied you unknown readers somehow, so I shall keep on continuing this one fanfiction!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

You bought a 'drama CD' recently, as you recall from what a local merchant said, about two teenage Summoners, a boy and a girl. It was about their relationship being friends at first, although the girl was in love with the boy in the first place. Having seen the description on the leather cover, it makes you think about how cheesy this story is.

Still, you were interested in it. You are still twelve years old, still attending school as a Summoner, about to turn thirteen in a few months. The fact that you have little time left as a child means you want to be more mature than before.

Starting with this CD in your hand.

You went back to your simple home, then into your room. Your few Units greet you, but you say that you have a CD about romance.

One of the Units so happened to be interested in romance, while another was married in their past life. The rest were just as interested and told you to play it.

Taking out a CD player, which doubled as a radio, you placed the CD inside the slot and pushed the 'play' button.

There were sounds of waves at first, then the squawks of seagulls following. It suggested that the scene first took place at a beach.

Human sounds and growls interrupted the calm sounds though, but they sound distant. It was as if a convention was going on.

There were footsteps trudging on the sands a few seconds later, which stopped, followed by a young woman's bossy voice.

Girl: **angrily** "Akuma!"

Akuma: **startled** "Th-The hell!? Seria!? Don't sneak up on me like that!"

The boy sounded uncomfortable, you noted, as if he were caught doing something he was not supposed to be doing. On a side note, it was surprising this was about two well-known Summoners, further elevating your interest.

Seria: *toned down* "Just because I li— I mean, just because you're on a break doesn't mean you can spy on a beauty contest!"

Akuma: "I-I wasn't spying! I was grinding for more materials to take back home!"

Seria: "Hmph!"

foot planting loudly on wet sand

Seria: "Well, where's your 'materials?'"

Akuma: *silent*

seagulls squawking

Seria: *disappointed* "So you were slacking off. Of course..."

Akuma: *heavy sigh* "Look, they're not with me right now. I just saw something small, a goblin maybe, make off with the bag and disappear into that crowd over there."

Seria: "The... Mistral Beach Beauty Convention?"

Akuma: "Yeah, that one. I'm going in there, find that green dastard, and beat the crud out of him!"

Seria: "..."

Akuma: *put off* "What?"

Seria: "You... didn't cuss."

Akuma: *huff of frustration* "I'm way past cussing a hell lot. It's not like I do it every darn time you know?"

Seria: "Alright... I'll help you get your bag."

Akuma: "What? You don't have to Seria. I mean, aren't you on patrol right now?"

Seria: "I can manage my own time. Besides, Lugina wants to cover for *everyone's* patrol routes. He said he wants more challenges or something."

Akuma: *low voice* "That Mosshead..."

sigh

Akuma: "Fine, you can come with me. Just... make sure to stay with me alright? I don't want you getting hurt by dragging you into this mess."

Seria: *stuttering* "B-Be glad I'm sparing time for you, or your sister would be worried! Now let's move!"

Loud, plopping footsteps filled your room's silence. There was no conversation for the next minute.

The Summoner clearly arrived at the contest, evident by the loud noises, cheers and announcers.

Akuma: *in hidden awe* "This is... colorful."

Seria: *just as surprised* "So many rogue Units and monsters in one place... Just who is organizing all this?"

Male Announcer: *microphone* "This is Summoner Marcus, and judges Ember Charm Fiora, Ice God Arius and Fast God Lucana, back from our break. Now that we eliminated the first batch, it's time for the second and last batch."

Akuma: *surprised... and irritated?* "Marcus? What the hell's he doing here?"

Seria: "I don't know, but he is on his holiday, so I suppose I can't reprimand him for looking at women..."

Akuma: "Anyway, you search over there, and I'll look to the left here. Meet up in five minutes by that banner, goblin or not."

Seria: "I'll see you later..."

more sandy footsteps

crowd cheering on the next contestant

several footsteps

frustrated growl

Akuma: "...Five minutes... *shouting* Seria! Where are you!? Seria!"

Akuma: "Ugh, can't believe I trusted that ponytailed idiot. Some Warlord she is..."

Marcus: "Well, those were good displays don't you think guys? Now, we just had a last-minute contestant coming in! To my surprise, it so happens to be someone very familiar."

Marcus: "Give your hands to... Seria!!!"

Akuma: "...What?"

You can imagine the female Summoner on top of a stage, in red bikini to fit the beach environment. That... actually seems unbelievable despite the playing CD.

Fiora: *microphone* "I dare say... Red top and pants, showing off some averagely white skin, but that flustered expression... And a nice body!"

Arius: *microphone* "Ah ha! Well, all that red matches her eyes, but it seems as if there are two main colors we all pay attention to. However, I must say, that is a nice waist."

Lucana: *microphone* "She seems rather healthy like everyone else, but her body shows how inexperienced she is in contests like this. How adorable!"

Marcus: "Positive reactions! What say you folks?"

enthusiastic cheers

Marcus: *approval* "Hmm hmm! Welp, moving on!"

Akuma: "Seria... looks pretty..."

???: "You sure are right as the stars!"

thump

Akuma: *surprised* "Hey, what was tha— My bag!? Wait... you! *angrily* Damn thief—!"

Goblin: *scared* "P-Peace there! I made a deal with your lady friend if she could go up the stage looking like, and in return, I hand over the goods! I stayed true to my word, so please let me live!"

Akuma: ".....Geez... Fine. Scram, or I'll rip your insides out."

shuffling of sand, then running

Akuma: "Guess I better wait... What's with all these beautiful girls...?"

...

Seria: "A-Akuma! You didn't see—!?"

Akuma: "I saw you on the stage. I mean, couldn't you just beat up the little pickle when you found him!? How are you not embarrassed?"

Seria: *fuming* "He would've destroyed your bag if I hadn't stopped him for negotiations."

Akuma: "Well what if he traded it for something worse from you!?"

Seria: "...I just didn't... look, I embarrassed myself so badly for you, so can't you be grateful?!"

Akuma: "...Sorry. I really didn't want you getting hurt over something so small."

Seria: "It's fine..." *trails off*

"" ...""

Akuma: *stuttering* "Y-Your s-swimsuit... It was pretty... good, but I've seen better...!"

Seria: "..."

Akuma: "B-But seriously, I expected you to just decapitate the guy in one hit, or at least take him down in one punch. Why didn't you?"

Seria: *awkward* "I-It was the safest way to get the bag! There wasn't any ulterior motive... or anything close to that!"

Akuma: "Uhhh..."

Seria: "Darn you idiot! You didn't have to compliment me like that! I'm going home!"

slow sandy footsteps...

Seria: *soft voice* "But really Akuma... thanks for being so concerned with me..."

Akuma: "...!"

Seria: *louder* "I-I'll see you back at the Hall tomorrow!"

running

Akuma: "H-Hold on!"

more running

There was a click.

You feel a sense of satisfaction listening to two tsunderes running around—

"Hey!" a woman yelled, knocking at the door. But you did not expect any guests.

You opened the door anyway, and it turned out to be the same person you heard a few minutes ago.

"D-Do you have a CD? One named 'Akuria Drama?' I-I need it, and it belongs to me too..."

You were skeptical.

"Don't look at me like that! Just— Ugh, out of the way!"

You spent the rest of the day stopping Seria from tearing your house apart.

Credits go to Code of Codex from Fanfiction.net, whose this chapter's OC belonged to.

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