

# Powers of Territory

Von elf

Whenever Feliks comes to visit, it's like Toris' living room is being hit by a storm.

The interior of his house could well appear as plain or even dull. Sure, there are pot plants by the windows, pretty curtains, rugs on the floors and books in every corner. It looks cozy enough. Toris likes it neat and tidy, and yes, he spends a whole day organizing his shelves once in a while. He is always worried that Feliks will be bored in here.

But as soon as he walks in, Toris sees the room gradually change into Feliks' perfect nest. Books are opened and left open on favorite pages, or in pretty little piles on the floor with a teacup on top. Candy wrappers are everywhere, and Toris could swear he leaves glitter behind like a fairy. He will find more things afterwards than Feliks' pockets could ever hold. Notebooks with cute pens, hair clips and lipgloss.

Also his clothes may be left scattered around for days if it's a long visit. Beautiful patches of red and white, some with ribbons and lace. Always reminding him who he belongs with. Toris finds the thought that Feliks might be jealous almost funny, almost ridiculous: there is no one else who occupies his heart like he does.

The moments after he's left are always spent in a daze. Toris will sit down on the floor by the sofa, lean back clutching a cushion and just be still for a while, trying to catch his breath. He'll barely notice the smile on his own face. Sometimes he will fall asleep right there.

He enjoys the different feeling in the house and although he will feel the normal urge to clean up, he will try to leave everything as is as much as possible. And just a couple of days after his visit, he will want to invite Feliks again to bring back the mood in the house, like a magic spell that needs to be renewed.

He rarely remembers what he used to do before they met. Certainly he did fine on his own, and he was quite content by himself. Even now he appreciates silence, enjoys reading and quiet days just as before. Toris hasn't changed a lot, just like Feliks hasn't.

It's the factor of unpredictability that he's become addicted to. Putting up with his moods seems like a small thing compared to the giddy pleasure of having Feliks over without knowing what he'll come up with next. They could be lying on the sofa for

hours giggling about the most simple of things or they could be making out passionately. With Feliks he can never tell - and he doesn't want to tell. Feliks is one sparkly bubble of surprise.

Maybe Toris could live without Feliks.

But he never wants to go back to that.