

# Zarathustra Voodoo Love



Zarathustra was a mage of great power, but even magic could not bend the will of the heart. He had fallen deeply for another—a mage with eyes like burning embers and a spirit as wild as the wind. But love, as cruel as fate, was not returned.

At first, Zarathustra tried everything. He sent enchanted letters, holy weapons, and temporary scrolls, hoping the stars would hear his plea. Yet, no answer came. No glance of affection, no warmth in return.

Desperation is a dangerous thing. It led him to the forbidden arts—voodoo magic, a path he once swore never to tread. With trembling hands, he wove the mage's essence into cloth and thread, binding it with words of longing and sorrow. A single spark of his magic, and it was done.

The warrior was gone. And in his place, a small voodoo doll sat in Zarathustra's palm, its tiny stitched eyes staring up at him. It could not speak, could not move on its own—only exist following him around in his will.

But as time passed, the doll felt heavier. The weight of what he had done pressed upon him, turning warmth into something cold. Love was not meant to be owned, not meant to be trapped in tiny, stitched bindings.

One night, standing beneath the same stars he once begged for love, Zarathustra made his choice. With a soft heart, he undid the spell. The doll unravelled, the threads unspooled, and in a gust of wind, the mage was free.

He never saw them again. Yet, in his heart, Zarathustra knew—love was not about keeping, but about letting go.

