

Rikki: Once upon a time

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Rikki: Once upon a time

by [annathecrow](#)

Summary

Let me tell you a story.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time, there was... a place. Yes, let's start with that. There was a place, and it was everywhere and nowhere, jammed between the smallest particles of the universe. Of all possible universes, because as you know, ours is hardly the only one there is.

Once upon a time, there was a place. It was vast, but it wasn't empty. You see, this place contained... a feeling. Yes, that's as good a word as any other. The feeling was:

----- ANGERfear pain regret sadness hope -----

One of these was a constant. It was there from the beginning - and isn't it strange, a place having a beginning? - and would never change. The other was as everchanging as the universes themselves, as the particles and everything that was built from them. It fit the place somehow better than the other, and that is why it was the one to stay.

Once upon a time, there was a feeling, and from that feeling formed a question. Is that how it works? Simply, it wasn't there, and then it was. The question asked:

----- Who am I? -----

There used to be an answer, before. A word... a name.

Once upon a time, there was a name. The name was:

----- ONSLAUGHTRikki -----

One of these names the place gave itself, without much thought by anyone. The other was given and accepted, asked for and answered. It was doubted again and again, until it became as strong as... imagine the strongest thing you can. You have it? That is how strong that name was. And that is why it was the right one.

Once upon a time, there was a Rikki. But a Rikki, you see, can't hide between the atoms of the universe. It needs a place to be, a space to fill. And there used to be a space like that, didn't it? There was the world where a Rikki saved everyone by sacrificing her life for them. There was no place for her now, though - she was just a name in the memories of a few. Those who missed her, grieved and moved on.

There was another, where she was still alive, protecting the world alongside her friends. There was no place for her there, either - what would a world do with two Rikkis?

And there were millions of other places. Places that had no Rikki at all, where she could be a squire, a space explorer, an adventurer... but of course, none of these places needed one, either.

But then, there was this place. A Rikki disappeared from there, not long ago. The gap left after her was familiar - like a well-worn coat, like a space for a puzzle piece. There were mentors, teammates and friends.

And there was a girl. A girl who tried to grieve for a friend, only to realize she lost more than that. And here, this was it, wasn't it? The feeling that would hurt right in the middle of her chest. Rikki knew this girl, as well as her own name. And that is why...

Once upon a time, there was Rikki Barnes, and she was going home.

End Notes

I am embarrassingly and inexplicably attached to Rikki Barnes. I'm not exactly sure how that happened. But it did and then Onslaught Unleashed happened and what I'm trying to say is here, have a fix-it fic, I needed to write it anyway. Bonus Rikki/Anya because well, that's me.

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