

A New Future

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A New Future

by [Hansonhorses](#), [RighteousMaximus](#)

Summary

What if Robin's mother fought back? What if everything changed?

Inspired by [chrobinprompts.tumblr.com](#) and written by [hansononhorses.tumblr.com](#)

THIS IS

The New Plegia AU!

Disclaimer: I don't own any of this. The characters are either created from FEA or from the mind of [hansononhorses](#).

Notes

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

Escape

Moon light filled the halls of the Plegia castle, creating shadows on the walls. All signs of life in the castle were gone as everyone was asleep in their beds. Everyone, minus two people that moved quickly down the halls as fast as they could. One was a man in his early twenties with a small, dark beard covering his chin. He was a good foot taller than the other person with him and also well-built, his muscles being seen from underneath his travelling cloak. The other was a woman with long white hair pulled back into a tight ponytail behind her head. She had warm brown eyes, a small nose and had the hood of her long coat covering her head so no one could make out her silvery hair. The two were moving as fast as they could while still staying as quiet as possible.

“Milady, we need to hurry.” The man said, his voice low so that only she could hear him, for they never knew who was listening.

“I know, Mustafa. If you have to, leave me behind and keep going.” The woman said. The man, Mustafa, shook his head and shot the woman an angry look.

“I could not do that to you Lady Morgana. It wouldn’t be right.” He muttered. Morgana didn’t say anything for a few minutes as they kept moving, starting to pick up their pace some.

“Did you send Gangrel ahead?” Morgana asked as the two got closer to the large wooden doors of the palace.

“Yes Milady. I sent him ahead of the others. He came back saying that Khan Flavia has secured an escape route for us and that Lady Tiki is waiting at Port Ferox for us. Khan Basilio is waiting just outside of the city.” Mustafa answered.

The woman gave a nod and helped him quietly push the door open. It made a soft creaking noise that caused both of them to freeze. They looked around making sure no one had heard it before slipping out and into the city. They ran faster than they thought was possible, not caring if anyone heard them anymore for they were far from the castle. As Mustafa had said, Khan Basilio was waiting for the two less than a mile from the city, three Wyverns beside him.

“Took you two long enough!” The West Khan muttered, handing the reins of a wyvern to each of them.

“Sorry, Basilio. My dear husband took a bit longer to fall asleep than normal.” Morgana grunted, disgust was clear in her tone as she stepped up onto the back of the Wyvern. Mustafa gave a snort, trying to hide his laughter at the small woman’s choice of words. Basilio shook his head, a faint smile on his lips.

“Well, anyway. We need to get moving. The others are waiting and I can tell you now that Sallya is really starting to get on Flavia’s nerves.” The west khan said. Morgana gave a groan and she shook her head.

“She’s threatening to hex people again isn’t she?” The woman asked. Basilio nodded and muttered something about people turning into frogs before having his Wyvern take off into the sky. Mustafa followed after a minute or two, making sure that the Khan was high in the air before he took off. Morgana was the last one to depart from the city. She had waited for a few minutes after her friend had left before following close behind. As the bells in the city rung out the midnight chimes, the woman looked down at the place she was leaving behind. The city that she loved so dearly and the man that she hated with a passion. The night breeze gently blew the hood off of her head and playfully tossed her hair around behind her. She closed her eyes and tried to prevent tears from rolling down her face.

“Everything will be alright soon. I will make things right. I promise.”

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“Morgana! Thank the gods you’re alright!” Flavia’s voice boomed around the port city in Ferox as the three slid off the Wyverns with ease, thankful to be on solid ground again. It was still dark and they didn’t have more than a few hours until the sun started to rise. Morgana gave the woman a kind smile as the Khan gave her a near bone crushing hug.

“I won’t be if you plan on breaking my bones.” The white haired woman chuckled and Flavia quickly released her.

“Those men that you sent here, how did you get them here without Validar knowing?” The east Khan asked. Morgana gave another smile and tilted her head slightly.

“You mean half of his army? Please. My husband may be smart but I’m smarter. I sent groups of men out at random times to do random things. Or at least that’s what they were told to say if anyone asked that was in league with Validar. What they were really doing was heading here and waiting for the time when the other generals and I would leave the city.” She explained and Mustafa nodded in agreement.

“Validar didn’t know the men weren’t returning. He was too focused on his plans with the Grimleal.” The man said. He glanced at Morgana. A grimace had found its way to her lips and her hand was placed gently on her stomach.

“Really? How could someone not notice that half of your army is missing?” Flavia asked, slightly dumbfounded.

“There’s a lot of things he doesn’t notice. Still occupied with his herald.” Morgana muttered. She shook her head slightly and nodded to Flavia. “Let’s get moving shall we? We don’t want the others to wait any more than they have.”

“Yes. We don’t want Sallya to come through with those hex promises of hers, no matter which people deserve it.” Flavia muttered and lead them through the city and towards a small inn. Many soldiers, both Plegian and Feroxi, were patrolling the streets. Though the Plegian soldiers wore Feroxi uniforms so as to not be discovered by any Grimleal that may have found their way into the city. When Morgana and Mustafa walked into the small inn, a blur of black and purple filled her vision as she was tackled into a hug. Many roars of laughter rang

around the room and she couldn't help but roll her eyes as she already knew who it was that was clinging onto her.

"Sallya, let go of me. I'm fine." Morgana said, a smile on her face as she tried to pull the dark haired woman off of her. Sallya let her arms drop from around the woman as she took a step back, a small frown on her face as she looked Morgana over.

"You sure? That horrible man hasn't harmed you or anything has he? If he has I swear I'll hex him to death." Sallya said, her voice taking on a dark tone.

"Don't worry Sallya. Milady is perfectly safe. However, we are wasting moonlight and I'm not sure about these two, but I would personally like to get some sleep sometime before the sun rises once again." Mustafa said.

Basilio gave a grunt of agreement and Morgana was led over to a large wooden table, covered with a map of the major continents. Many other familiar faces sat there, all standing when the woman came closer to the table. What drew Morgana's eye, however, wasn't the large map resting on the table, but rather the empty chair that was left when the four sat down.

"Is someone missing? I don't see Periander and Angeline here and where has Gangrel gotten to?" She asked, confusion crossing her face. There was silence for a while before Sallya spoke up.

"We got a message earlier in the day from them. Unfortunately they can't help you in person because there's some people still angry about the war that their parents started. However, they are sending us supplies and they offer the man that brings them. Aversa went to help escort him so no harm came to him. Gangrel is-

"Right here! Don't get worried over little old me!" A young voice yelled out, interrupting Sallya's words. All eyes moved towards the door where two men and a woman stood.

"Sorry we're late milady. SOMEONE took a wrong turn and got lost heading to the border of Ylisse." Aversa said, shooting a glare at Gangrel.

"Hey! We wouldn't have been lost if you hadn't lost your darn pegasus!" Gangrel responded, getting on his tip-toes to look Aversa in the eye.

"Anyway, your highness, here's the man the Ylisseans sent. His name's Libra." Aversa responded, not bothering to respond to Gangrel's statement.

"A pleasure to meet you," the blonde monk said, bowing to the Plegian queen, who nodded in agreement.

"Good." Morgana said as she sat down at the table, the rest of her force sitting down with her.

"We all knew this day was coming. It's time to take our country back!" Morgana said, voice raising to the cheers of the tavern. "Now, before Mustafa and I pass out from exhaustion, I just need to check that everyone's here."

Glancing around the room, the queen said, “Sallya’s here. How’s Henry?”

“Good,” the sorceress responded, sidling up beside the queen. “His parents almost sent him to that awful magical boarding school if I hadn’t interfered.”

“Interfered how?”

“Well, let’s just say Tharja has a younger brother now.”

Groaning in response, Morgana continued. “Aversa and Gangrel are finally here, which is good. The Feroxi khans are here. Is Lady Tiki still asleep?”

“Aye, milady,” Flavia responded around her mouthful of ale. “Has been since near sunset I reckon.”

“Good,” Morgana nodded, “She’ll need her energy for the coming battles. Are Gregor and Nowi here yet?”

“Not yet,” Sallya said. “Gregor mentioned something about slavers taking Nowi again and he had to give chase. He’ll definitely be back by tomorrow evening with the manakete in tow.”

“Good. And Libra,” Morgana said, looking at the monk, “Can you take Gangrel under your wing for a bit? He needs a little help with his staff, if you know what I mean.”

As the group guffawed and Gangrel blushed, the queen moved on.

“Some logistics, now: we need supplies. Write down what tools and things you need, and I’m sure Libra came with a few stacks of gold and vulneraries for our task, right?”

Libra nodded, throwing a few cloth bags on the map, gold clinking across the Valmese border.

“Good. Get a good night’s sleep. We’ll all need it.”

With a quick salute, the rest of the group either went out to find a tavern to stay or upstairs to their rooms.

“Mustafa,” Morgana started as he began to leave. “You know I’m going to fight, right?”

“No you’re not, your highness.” Mustafa said, turning around. “Not with the baby you’re not.”

“But I need to fight! This is my battle! My fault for starting Validar on this dumb path thinking his child will be Grima’s vessel...”

“And if you or the child get killed before its time, I won’t be able to live with myself. Not after what happened with Marina...”

“I know.”

“Promise you won’t fight? Just command from the rear?”

“I promise.”

“Good. Get some shut-eye, your highness.”

“Did you just order royalty?”

“Hmph.”

As Morgana went upstairs to find her room, one thought pervaded her mind -

‘Here goes everything. For my country.’”

To Battle

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

A few weeks have passed since last chapter. Let us see what our heroes are up to now...

Chapter Notes

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

"Lady Morgana..."

"Yes, Mustafa?" The white haired woman said. It was close to high noon, the sun beating over the port and warming the people that lived there. A few weeks had passed since Morgana and Mustafa had left Plegia. The Grimeal had become more active in that time, burning down cities and gathering their civilians, keeping them like herds of cattle for when the fell dragon rose.

"What exactly are you doing?" The man asked, frowning as he watched his queen pouring over the maps that had been on the inn table for weeks. She didn't bother to look up at him and he folded his arms over his chest.

"Looking over these maps. The scouts have picked up rumors of Valmese ships launching from their harbor towards Ferox. They say it could happen any day now." Morgana muttered, her fingertips tracing over areas close to the Valmese border.

"I thought I told you-" Mustafa began but she stood up right, her eyes narrowed as she turned to look at the man.

"You told me not to fight. You never told me not to go over strategies to keep our men alive. Am I not even allowed to help? If that's the case than you should have left me in Plegia." The woman growled, causing Mustafa to step back a little in alarm. He shook his head and Morgana turned back to what she was doing.

"Milady, I just don't want you to put any stress on yourself. Not just for your health but for the child's as well." Mustafa added and she gave a snort.

"HA! We're on the brink of war, old friend. Good luck with not being stressed even just a little. We've been lucky up to this point. Validar still hasn't noticed that anyone is missing. Which just goes to show you how thick he is sometimes." Morgana muttered. Mustafa opened his mouth to say something but he was interrupted by the door bursting open and a worried Gangrel standing on the threshold.

"Lady Morgana! Valmese ships have been sighted on the horizon!" He told them.

"Show me." Morgana commanded, rushing out the door after the youth, Mustafa following not far behind.

They ran towards the harbor, everyone moving aside so the three could get by them. Flavia and Basilio were standing at the end of one of the main docks, looking out across the sea at the incoming ships. Even Tiki, who had been asleep the last few weeks, was standing beside the two, worry written on her face.

"How many?" Morgana asked, stopping beside the manakete. Tiki shook her head and stared at the white haired woman with slight fear.

"I don't know for sure. We sent Aversa to fly over head and take a look. But from what I can see here there's too many." She muttered.

"There's over a hundred ships. Milady, I fear that we are greatly outnumbered." Aversa said, landing her pegasus on the dock carefully. The four turned when they heard the sound of the hooves hitting the wood.

"How many men on each ship?" Basilio asked as Aversa lifted herself off the winged horse. The teenager tried to stay as calm as she could but Morgana could see the fear lit up in her eyes.

"Each ship is packed with men. Milady I don't know if we'll be able to win this if it comes to a battle." Aversa said. Morgana looked back out across the sea towards the ships making their way towards them. She shook her head and gave a sigh.

"Let's hope they aren't here for a battle. Maybe we can-" Her words were cut off as a loud bang was heard, the sound of a cannon going off from one of the ships heading towards the port. It hit the end of one of the docks, blasting it to smithereens. Luckily no one was standing there and anyone standing close by was either blown into the water or backwards from where they were standing.

"I don't think they're friendly." Flavia muttered, drawing her sword from its sheath. Tiki grabbed her dragonstone from the pouch attached to her belt and everyone else around them prepared for battle.

"Aversa, get Lady Morgana out of here and somewhere safe." Mustafa ordered as the pegasus knight went to get back onto her mount.

"Delay that order. I'm staying here and fighting. I won't stand by and watch my men get slaughtered." Morgana said, a magic tome already in her left hand.

Mustafa glared at her, his eyes narrow and his jaw set. He had told her that he didn't want her to fight in the rebellion, in any battle for that matter. The queen of Plegia was stubborn. He knew that and he knew that better than anyone else, even the woman's husband. The two glared at each other for a few seconds before than man gave a defeated sigh.

"Lady Tiki. If you would be so kind as to stick close to Lady Morgana, I would forever be in your debt." He said, rubbing at his eyes with one hand. Tiki gave him a small smile and nodded.

"Don't worry Mustafa. She'll be fine." The manakete said.

"I'm not so much worried about her." He muttered before rushing off to go give orders to the other soldiers. Tiki frowned as she watched him leave, looking from his retreating form to the woman standing next to her before shrugging and turning into her dragon form.

"Lady Morgana, what are your orders?" Sallya asked, standing beside Aversa, her own dark magic tome in her hand.

"We need to keep the ships from getting too close to the harbor. Keep the Valmese away from the civilians as best as we can. We don't need anymore innocent blood spilled." The white haired woman said. "Do we know who is in charge of the Valmese forces?"

"The last I checked there was a man by the name of Walhart in charge but that was a good five years ago." Flavia muttered. The ships were getting closer to the harbor now and each one carried more men than they cared to count.

"Have the archers and mages out front, along with any javelin users. They can fight long distance. Behind them have a row of war clerics and monks in case any of the men get injured, then they can heal them. Have axe, sword and lance users stay close behind them and protect the city if any of the Valmese manage to get past any of us. Any priests and clerics that can't fight will have to stay close to the civilians or other fighters. Lady Tiki, you lead the dark fliers, take Nowi with you. Fly over their ships and attack but don't get too close to them. We don't want any of you injured. Your group runs a bigger risk than the rest of us since you won't have healers that close by. Let's hope that this won't be a bloody battle." Morgana ordered. Everyone nodded and rushed off to do as they were told. Aversa went to take off on her pegasus but Morgana held her back.

"Aversa, you stay with me. Mustafa will throw a fit if no one is close by. That way I can also provide you some extra strength as well." The woman said and Aversa nodded.

She helped the queen up and onto the back of her pegasus before she maneuvered the winged horse towards the other pegasus knights who were behind the magic users. Morgana slid off the back and stood in front of Aversa, her magic at the ready. The archers notched their arrows to their bows, taking aim at the incoming ships. The magic users opened their tomes, ready to cast their spells when the order was given. Morgana gave a deep breath, opening her own magic tome for when she would be casting her own spell. She gave one command to her men in a confident voice that no one was likely to forget for the rest of their lives.

"PROTECT THE CITY!"

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Invasion

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

As Morgana and the others face off against the Valmese they end up getting an unexpected alliance.

But is Validar planning something behind the scenes?

Chapter Notes

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

Time seemed to slow down as the battle went on. The mages attacked when the Archers reloaded their bows and the healers used their staves on whomever ended up getting hurt. Tiki and Nowi lead the dark fliers over the ships, blasting them with whatever they had. Many men jumped ship when they saw the two dragons flying overhead, not wanting to become cooked pieces of meat. They swam to shore, hoping to be able to make to dry land, but the axe and sword users found them first.

Morgana had ended up being separated from Aversa and the others, how it happened though she wasn't really sure about. Her thunder tome had been burnt up by an enemy mage, making it completely useless and leaving her with her steel sword. She was fending off three enemy swordmasters, trying to keep them from entering the city. She dodged an attack from one of them, blocking another's blade with her own and kicked the third in the chest. Right as the third fell to the ground that's when Morgana saw him. An extremely tall man was walking towards her, a red axe in his hand that matched the man's red armor. The three swordsmen took off running when they saw him, going to find someone else to fight. Morgana gripped her sword hilt and readied herself for the man's attack.

"You must be the Plegian Queen I've heard so much about. Let's see if you live up to the rumors that I've heard, woman." The man said, bringing his axe down towards her. She rolled to the side, getting herself away from the blade as fast as she could.

"Let Wolf Berg crush you into the ground!" He shouted, as she nimbly dodged to the left.

"I take it you lead the Valmese forces? Walhart, right?" She asked as he brought down his axe again.

She blocked his attack with her sword blade, trying to make sure it didn't snap in two from the force of his strike. Walhart gave a grunt, barely nodding his head as he went to strike at her for a third time. Morgana sidestepped this one, placing her foot on the blunt end of the

axe so he wouldn't be able to remove it from the ground. He tried pulling the axe back up but the woman's weight and the fact that he had embedded it deep in the ground didn't help him.

"Foul trickery." He muttered, glaring at her. She made a tutting sound and shook her head.

"You should know better than to strike the ground, Walhart. Or do you enjoy getting your weapons stuck in the earth?" She asked, a small smirk playing on her lips.

He went to strike at her with his fist but she moved faster, hitting the man in the face with the butt of her sword hilt, smashing his nose. He stumbled back a bit, his one hand reaching up to cup his clearly broken nose. Morgana took the chance to sweep at his feet, causing Walhart to fall backwards onto the ground. He went to stand upright but he found her sword point poking into the exposed skin of his neck. Silence filled the air around them. The battle had stopped, every soldier, Valmese, Feroxi and Plegian, was looking towards the two. The Plegian queen was standing over the Valmese general, her normally gentle brown eyes glaring down at him. It wasn't until Walhart unleashed a hearty laugh that the silence broke. Morgana stared at him with wide eyes and confusion written on her face.

"You put up a good fight for a woman. You live up to every rumor I've heard about you." The man chuckled, trying to get up from the ground. Morgana had no intention to let him and kicked him, keeping her foot on his chest.

"Keep talking like that and I'll end your very existence right here, worm." She snarled, gritting her teeth together and her eyes narrowing to slits. "Why did you attack the port?"

"Haha! It was a challenge. I wanted to test your skills and see if the rumors of the Plegian Queen's fabled tactics were that good." Walhart said. Morgana growled at him, a deep sound in the back of her throat, almost warning him not to push her limits.

"You would risk not only the lives of your men but also the lives of mine and civilians to test my skills? Are you insane or do you have a death wish?" The queen snarled, sword drawing a faint line across his throat.

"Morgana!" Mustafa's voice broke through the air. She didn't bother to turn to look at him as he came running up to her, his axe in his hand dripping blood.

"Mustafa. Good of you to join us. Have you met my new friend here? He really likes to push my buttons. Almost as much as Validar, but not quite." Morgana muttered, digging her sword point into Walhart's neck, almost breaking the skin.

"Don't do something you're going to regret. Walhart and the Valmese could be a strong friend." Mustafa said, trying to get the woman to calm down some. Morgana was silent for a moment, letting his words sink in. Finally she gave a sigh and let her sword drop to her side.

"Ah. Thank you. I let my emotions cloud over my judgment. As long as he stays in line, he and his troops can help us. For a cost." Morgana said as she stepped off Walhart and sheathed her sword.

“They will recompense what they have destroyed and will gladly join our cause this time. After that, we are through. Do you understand, Walhart?” Morgana said, reaching down to offer Walhart a hand.

The man chuckled to himself, before getting to his feet on his own, hand clutched to his bleeding nose.

“I suppose i don’t really have a choice in the matter, do I?” He asked, looking from the queen to the man standing next to her, both glaring at him, hands on their weapons.

“Not unless you want to be shark food.” Morgana growled.

“That means no.” Mustafa muttered, shaking his head slightly at his queen’s choice of words.

“I wasn’t trying to put it nicely. He can start by rebuilding the city. I have to go see to the injured. Make sure he stays in line.” Morgana said, walking away from the two men. Mustafa snapped orders to one of their men that was close by before following after her.

“I thought I told you to stick close to Tiki?” Mustafa asked, easily matching the woman’s pace. She kept walking, looking around at the city as they went almost as if she was looking for someone.

“You did but you know me. I tend not to listen to orders very well. Besides, Aversa was beside me.” Morgana muttered.

“For half the battle, then you two got separated.” He reminded her.

“It was an accident. Besides, things went well and I didn’t get hurt.” She said, still looking around.

“You might not have this time. What would have happened if you did, or if you get hurt in the next battle, the one after that? Our men fight for you because they trust you, because you show them kindness and because they believe in you. If something were to happen to you and your child-”

“Mustafa, I get what you’re trying to say. If it matters that much to you, have Aversa or Sallya stay close to me from now on. Otherwise I will keep fighting because innocent people are dying. I cannot stand by and let that happen.” Morgana said, cutting him off. There was silence between the two for a while before he finally gave a nod.

“Aversa will be sticking by you from now on. I would feel more comfortable if someone was making sure you stayed out of trouble.” Mustafa muttered before walking off to find the pegasus knight. Morgana watched him leave, shaking her head and giving a sigh before finally locating the person she was looking for.

“Libra! There you are!” she called out to the young priest, grabbing his attention. He wandered over to the woman, slight confusion was written on his face.

“Is something wrong, milady?” he asked. She shook her head and gave him a gentle smile.

“No, nothing is wrong at the moment.” She told him and he gave her a frown.

“Then what can I help you with milady?” he asked, unsure of what the queen wanted from him.

“I have a favor to ask of you.”

-

“Milord, we have located the whereabouts of your wife and child.” a hooded man said, walking up to Validar, who didn’t bother to look at him as he spoke, only continuing to stare out the window.

“Where? Speak or else I will have your tongue.” Validar growled.

“Our spy reports that she and half the army has taken refuge in Ferox. They are currently at the port city, not far from Valm. Our spy also says that not only has Naga’s Voice, Tiki, joined her but now Walhart and the Valmese forces have too.” The man said. Validar stayed silent for a minute, drinking in the information before he let out a laugh.

“This is good news indeed. Have our spy leave Ferox at once. Tell him to return to Plegia.” He told the man.

“Sir?”

“Morgana has the nose of a hound. She can smell a rat from a mile away. If he’s caught then he will be killed without a second thought. We don’t want to lose anymore of our men than we already have. Go, you have your orders.” Validar said, waving his hand to dismiss the man. He gave a hasty bow before leaving the room in a hurry. Validar gave a chuckle and folded his hands behind his back.

“After weeks of looking, I’ve finally found you. Sorry love, but you won’t be able to run from me that easily. Our child will bring Grima’s return and there is nothing you’ll be able to do about it. Especially if you’re dead.”

Chapter End Notes

WOOOOOO

Again, i own nothing, this is all hansononhorses.tumblr.com 's work.

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We March

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

The final battle is almost at hand! Morgana and her friends prepare!

Chapter Notes

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

“I don’t like him.”

Aversa snorted while Morgana rolled her eyes at Sallya’s words. The three women sat at a table in the inn, two focused on the map in front of them while the other watched Walhart and Basilio arguing outside. Sallya folded her arms over her chest glaring out the window at the Valmese leader, her eyes narrowed.

“You don’t like a lot of things, Sallya. And believe me, I don’t like him either.” Morgana muttered, her fingers delicately tracing the mountain ranges of Plegia.

“Milady, its been almost two months since Valm attacked the city. Why hasn’t Validar done anything?” Aversa asked, frowning at the map, her head resting in her hands upon the table top.

“Beats me. I know he noticed that I’m gone. That spy was proof. I’m just glad that we caught him before he went scampering back to his master like a good little dog.” Morgana sighed, rubbing at her temples.

“Can I kill him?” Sallya asked, still glaring out the window.

“Kill who?” Morgana said, her hand resting on her swelling stomach.

“Walhart of course. Who else?” Sallya said, not bothering to look at her queen. Aversa gave a groan and smacked her forehead.

“No. You can’t kill Walhart. Loathe as I am to say it, we need his army. While Validar might be missing half of Plegia's army, he still has other men waiting to serve him when he needs it.” The queen muttered.

“Damn.”

“Sallya, I think you may want to FOCUS ON WHAT WE’RE DOING NOW.” Aversa said, her teeth clenched together as she said the last couple of words. Morgana covered her mouth

with her hand, trying not to laugh.

“Alright, alright. I’ll try and focus but I make no guarantees that I will.” Sallya grumbled, moving her gaze towards the maps on the table. “Right, so, where are we then?”

“Regna Ferox. more specifically, Port Ferox.” Aversa muttered. Sallya rolled her eyes and Morgana shook her head, giving a sigh.

“Enough, you two. We have a battle to plan and with any luck, it will be the last one.” Morgana said. “Now, there are areas here, here and here that are ‘churches’ for the Grimleal.” Her finger pointed to an area in the mountains, another close by a forest and a third close by the ocean.

“If we take those out, it will make some noise throughout Plegia. Maybe it will rally the civilians and give them hope again.” Aversa said, lifting her head to look at the map, her eyes lighting up.

“Yes. IF. At least two of these places are very well protected by the Grimleal. One of them is where Validar is. But which one it is, I don’t know for sure. He keeps moving between them almost every week according to our source.” Morgana sighed, frowning at the maps.

“Our source? Does that mean that we have a spy of our own?” Sallya asked, a small smile playing on her lips.

“What? You didn’t think that I would leave my country completely defenceless? Please. I won’t leave my people, and I won’t let them be butchered by my husband and the Grimleal.” Morgana said. “I cannot let that happen.”

“Hmmm... We need to make an attack and soon. But where do we strike first?” Aversa muttered, frowning.

“Do we risk attacking them all at once, or do we attack each one at a time?” Sallya asked.

“That would be far too great a risk, attacking each one at a time. It would give Validar time to gain more men.” Aversa sighed.

“Wait... What if we attack in groups?” Morgana asked, her eyes lighting up as an idea popped into her head.

“Groups?” Both woman asked, frowning at their queen.

“We split the army into two main groups. One attacks the Grimleal by the forest, the other attacks the area by the sea.” Morgana explained.

“You mean Carrion Isle?” Aversa asked. Morgana gave a nod.

“Aye.” The queen said.

“And what about the one in the mountains?” Sallya asked. “That one is the least protected out of the two. What do we do about that one?”

“We take a small amount of men from each set of troops and send them to the one in the mountains. That way we take out each one at once. Those are the main areas of the Grimleal. Carrion Isle is the Capital of Plegia, where most of the Grimleal are at. I’ll lead one group towards Carrion Isle. Aversa, you lead the smaller group towards the mountains; and Sallya, you lead the group towards the forest.” Morgana explained to them.

“And what about Validar? I’m not strong enough to fight him if he’s at the ‘church’ or whatever it is by the forest. The only one strong enough to fight him is you, milady.” Sallya said.

“You are stronger than you think, my friend. As for where my husband will be, we can only hope that he is at Carrion Isle when we attack.” Morgana sighed.

“Mustafa won’t like it.” Aversa muttered.

“Mustafa doesn’t like a lot of things, much like Sallya. But, if he stays by my side during the battle I know he will be more comfortable with this plan. Besides, I tend to ignore his orders and most of his dislikes. Though, now that I’ve started to show, I have to pay more attention to my actions and listen to Mustafa’s dislikes more.” The queen said, her hand gently rubbing her stomach. There was silence between the three, Morgana’s eyes were closed as she listened to the wind gently blowing outside. There was a knock on the inn door, causing both Sallya and Aversa to jump in surprise. The door opened and Gangrel hurried through, closing it behind him.

“Milady, our spy says that Validar has left for Carrion Isle and should be there within a few hours.” The young priest told the women. Sallya and Aversa exchanged looks as a smile curled Morgana’s lips. Her eyes flashed open and she got to her feet.

“Tell the men to get ready to move. I will inform Flavia and the other generals what our plan is. We march to Plegia at dawn tomorrow.” Morgana told him. Gangrel nodded and left without another word, running to find the other leaders and the soldiers that they were to march the next day.

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“Milady, are you sure that you want to go through with this?” Libra asked as both him and Morgana stood at one of the small shops in the port marketplace. Morgana nodded, handing over some money to the merchant as he dug around to find the item that the woman had just bought.

“Yes I’m sure. I can help more people this way, thanks to you and the lessons that you have been giving me in healing. The people of Plegia need to know that their queen is there for them. There’s power in words, that is true. But there’s also a power in actions. I want to help as many people as I can. Becoming a Sage means that I can help others, show my people that I care about them and also let me fight back against Validar. I’ve been always been more skilled with magic than a sword anyway.” Morgana explained to the monk as the merchant came back with the item in question. The seal was wrapped in a fabric that Morgana quickly discarded, placing both hands on the item. A light engulfed her and her robes changed shape, quickly becoming those of a Sage’s but with a bit of the tactician’s own touch to it. The dress

underneath the robe was pure black. The robe itself was a dark purple, the collar was lined with the same gold material as the tactician's original coat was and the marks that were inscribed down the front were white, making it stand out. The light had faded from Morgana almost as soon as it had appeared.

“Well, how does it look? And be honest, I’ll know if you're lying.” The queen asked. Libra was silent for a minute or two, looking the queen over.

“Milady” He began after a few moments. “You look like a true queen. One that is ready and willing to help her people, no matter the cost. It is an honor to fight by your side.” Libra told her, a smile appearing on his face. Morgana nodded, returning the youth’s smile.

“Thank you Libra. That means a lot to me.”

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“Well, this is it, isn’t it?” Aversa asked, staring out the window of the inn. Sallya nodded, looking between the three women as they stood at the Plegian and Feroxi border.

“It’s not the end, ‘Versa. It’s not goodbye. We’re going to make it through this, and we’re going to win. You just have to have courage and don’t lose hope. Our bonds are more powerful than fate itself.” Morgana said, placing a hand on the Dark Flier’s shoulder, a small smile on her lips. Aversa gave a shaky nod and returned her queen’s smile.

“You’re right, milady. I guess I’ll see you two later then.” The pegasus knight smiled. “Good luck to you, and may Naga keep you safe.”

“You as well, dear friend.” The other two women said before Aversa turned to lead her small group of soldiers towards the mountain range. Sallya waited until she could no longer see Aversa’s figure clearly before she turned to look at her queen.

“Milady, are you sure that you want to lead the first group of soldiers against Vaildar? It could be dangerous and result in not only you losing your life but your child’s as well.” Sallya asked.

“I don’t have a choice in this matter, Sallya. I wish that I did but I don’t. I have to stop my husband and the Grimleal. That takes priority above my life, above my child’s life. Those innocent people that he’s been gathering from towns and villages across Plegia will be fed to the fell dragon if we don’t stop him. What’s my life and my child’s life against all of those? I’m sorry Sallya, but I have to do this, there is no other way. The Grimleal must not win.” Morgana told the dark haired woman. Sallya nodded, her eyes fixed on the ground under her feet. After a moment or two she looked back up at her queens face, a dark look in her eyes.

“If he dares to so much as lay a finger on you, I will make sure that he has a slow death.” Sallya said darkly. Morgana gave a chuckle and shook her head.

“That’s if he’s not dead already. Believe me, I won’t let him touch me again. Now go. We need to stop the Grimleal.” She said, giving the dark mage a gentle push. Sallya gave a nod and yelled for her group of men to march towards the direction of where the forest was

located. Morgana waited a few minutes after Sallya left to turn to her own troops, taking a deep breath before she spoke to them.

“We march to Carrion Isle!”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys liked it! Remember, this is all hansononhorses.tumblr.com 's work.
Leave a kudos/comment if you liked it!

Finale

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

The final battle is at hand! Who will succeed the throne?

Chapter Notes

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

“Lady Aversa, the Grimleal have been sighted over the ridge just ahead.” One of the Plegian soldiers that was standing beside the woman said. She gave a small nod, taking a deep breath to help clear her mind of any unwanted thoughts.

“What is matter, friend?” Gregor’s voice caused Aversa to jump, looking over at the man with wide eyes. She shook her head and gave a grimace.

“Nothing’s wrong Gregor. I’m alright. Just...thinking is all.” the girl muttered.

“Gregor thinks there is more to story. Tell Gregor what troubles friend.” The man said.

“I just can’t help feeling like something bad will happen today. I just can’t shake it and each time I try to clear my head, that one thought keeps coming back.” Aversa explained. The mercenary was silent for a while, letting what she had said sink in.

“Gregor thinks friend is thinking too hard about possibilities. Gregor knows that friend is strong and will win for people’s sake.” Gregor told her. She gave a chuckle and shook her head.

“Thanks Gregor. You’re pretty strong too. Now, lets get this battle over with. Lady Morgana is counting on us to win.” Aversa said, giving a sigh as she looked towards the ridge in front of them. The man beside her pulled a face.

“Gregor don’t want to see Morgana mad. Is scary when mad.” He muttered and Aversa nodded.

“Alright! Let’s take down the Grimleal!” The pegasus knight shouted. Her order was answered with cries of agreement as the group of men that she led moved towards the ridge that the Grimleal were behind. The Grimleal, however, were waiting for their attack and waited just outside of their small building, weapons and staves in their hands. Aversa led the charge with Gregor right beside her the entire time.

“Have the other fliers attack the enemy healers, we don’t want them to get back up again. Any mages we have attack their flying units. Everyone else follow my lead!” Aversa ordered.

-

“Sallya? When we stop the Grimleal, who's going to be the ruler of Plegia?” Nowi asked, frowning as she walked beside the dark mage. The dark haired woman gave the small Manakete a kind smile.

“Lady Morgana of course. She is the queen and leading the rebellion against the Grimleal. Why do you ask Nowi?” Sallya asked. Nowi was quiet for a moment, her eyes focused on the forest trail in front of them as they kept walking, making their way towards the Grimleal.

“I want to know if the new ruler will get rid of slavery or not.” Nowi finally said. There was silence between the two for another few minutes as Sallya debated what to tell the girl.

“Nowi.” She started, “I know that when Lady Morgana becomes Queen of Pelgia, she will most certainly get rid of slavery and if she doesn’t become queen, you can bet that I will personally have a word with the next ruler in order to get rid of it.” Nowi’s face lit up and she stared at Sallya with a hopeful look on her face.

“Really?! You would do that?” The manakete asked and the mage gave a firm nod.

“Of course I would. There’s the edge of the forest now, and the Grimleal should be a little ways away, maybe a few feet from the opening.” Sallya said, turning her eyes forward. Nowi followed her gaze and nodded.

“What’s the plan then, Sallya?” She asked.

“Lady Morgana told me that most ax-users are slow, so if we have the mages attack any ax-users we would have a better shot at taking them down. Mustafa said this area mainly had ax and sword users since they live next to a forest. That way they can use their weapons to cut any firewood that they need. Nowi, stay close to me. I promised Gregor I would keep you safe.” Sallya explained. The soldiers nodded, listening to the words that the dark mage had said and readying their weapons. Sallya grabbed her tome from inside of her robes, ready for their attack on the Grimleal.

“Let’s make this quick. Remember, this is to help save thousands of people and to help free our country from Grima.”

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“Lady Morgana.” Mustafa said, frowning as he followed the small white haired woman towards Carrion Isle. She glanced back at him but didn’t speak, waiting for her friend to continue.

“Are you sure this is wise? Leading the men into battle, I mean. You’re not only putting a risk on your life-” Morgana cut him off with a sharp glare and her own words.

“But my child’s as well. Yes, I understand that Mustafa, you’ve told it to me many times. But the men need to know that their Queen is with them, not standing off on the sidelines watching as they get hurt. I know that i’m at risk, but this is something that I have to do. I have a tome that I can use so that will let me be at a safe distance from sword and ax users. Other mages and any archers are going to be tricky. Not to mention Validar himself is a skilled mage. Almost as skilled as his father but not quite.” Morgana said, keeping her face a stony expression as they marched, her eyes ablaze at the thought of battling the Grimleal. Mustafa didn’t say anything else for a long time, not until the capitol was visible on the horizon.

“Morgana...” He started, his voice soft so only she could hear him. She blinked a few times, trying to figure out if she had been hearing things or not.

“Mustafa, what’s wrong?” Morgana asked, a worried look crossing her face at the sight of her old friends expression.

“I need you to promise me something.” He said. She frowned and nodded, waiting for him to go on. “Promise me.... Promise me that you won’t lose. Promise me that you won’t let him strike you down, that you kill him before he can kill you. Promise me that your child won’t fall into the Grimleal’s hands, that you won’t let him do to you what he did to my wife and son. Promise me, please. I can’t lose anyone else that I care for.” Silence hung over the pair as Morgana stared at her moving feet and Mustafa waited for her to answer him.

“You ask a lot of me old friend. I cannot promise you anything, for the battlefield is an uncertain place where death comes to claim many as his own.” Morgana said, her voice quiet and barely above a whisper.

“I see...” Mustafa said, his voice trailing off as he gave a shaky nod.

“I will try my hardest not to let Validar take me down. He has cost many people their lives and needs to be stopped. If Death wants to claim anyone today, he can claim Validar and the rest of the Grimleal with our help, of course.” Morgana said. Mustafa looked at her with wide eyes, slightly shocked to hear his queen say the words that had left her mouth just then. A small, slow smile spread across his face after a minute or two and the army had stopped only a mile from the city gates.

“For Plegia’s sake.” Morgana said, a grin forming on her lips as she looked at the general standing next to her. He nodded and turned to face the rest of the army.

“LET’S TAKE BACK OUR HOMES!” Mustafa yelled, his cry being met with a loud roar as everyone ran towards the city.

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Morgana ran through the city as fast as she could, Mustafa right beside her as she went. Any Grimleal that got in her way was cut down by either her Thoron or Mustafa’s axe. Flavia and Bastillo weren’t far behind the two, working together as a team for what seemed like the first time in years. Morgana shouted a command at the pair that Mustafa couldn’t make out and the two khans ran off towards another part of the city.

“Since when did the Grimleal overrun the city? And where are all the citizens?” Mustafa asked, frowning at the empty homes and the streets that had Grimleal crawling with them. Morgana shrugged and shook her head, hitting an archer who had taken aim at Mustafa from a rooftop.

“No idea. Sometime after we left most likely. As for the citizens, they are most likely with the other townspeople of Plegia.” She said as the two made their way towards the palace.

“The dungeons.” Mustafa muttered and the queen nodded in agreement.

“Waiting to be fed to Grima or freed, either way, there’s not much that they can do. That’s why we need to help them out as soon as we can.” She said, her eyes narrowing as she spoke. “Validar is mine to deal with. When we find him, can I count on you to watch my back?”

“Of course, milady.” Mustafa said, nodding. They reached the palace gate sooner than they had expected. Most of the Grimleal that had been in the city had either been dealt with or were in another part of the city. The two pushed the door of the palace open and ran inside, making their way through the halls that they had left not but months before. No one was inside, making the place extremely quiet and unsettling.

“Where is everyone? It’s way too quiet.” A voice behind the two asked. They looked over their shoulder to find Gangrel, Libra and Tiki following them. The three must have slipped in without them noticing. Gangrel was the one who had spoken. Morgana shook her head and frowned.

“Most likely with Validar, protecting him from the battle. The coward. The rest of the Grimleal would have been in the city. As for the palace workers, they’re with the rest of the citizens and townspeople, locked up in the dungeons.” She said, a disgusted look crossing her face at the thought of Validar cowering in the corner of some room in the palace.

“I always knew that he didn’t have a spine but this just proves it. Hiding behind your own men and letting them do the dirty work. I can’t believe he’s king.” Gangrel muttered, shaking his head and giving a sigh.

“He used to be a lot different.” Morgana said softly, her eyes fixed on the hallway ahead of them. She wondered if who her husband used to be was a lie, that he had been faking who he was when she had met him up to the point where she married him and found that she was with child. Back then, they had only been two fellow Grimleal, him a prince and her belonging to the local church. She shook her head, clearing it of her unwanted thoughts and her face returned to its stoney expression.

“Where will Validar and the others be located if the civilians are in the dungeons?” Tiki asked, gazing at the rooms that they passed with a sad look in her eyes.

“My guess is the throne room. It’s one of the biggest rooms in the palace, minus the kitchen and a few others. But it’s the room with the least amount of things in it so it’s easier to defend. It’s not far from where we are now.” Morgana muttered, picking her pace up as she wanted to find her husband and end this whole battle as soon as she could.

“Tiki and Libra, there will be other Grimleal in the room with Validar. Can I trust you two to take care of them while Mustafa and I deal with my husband?” Morgana asked.

“Of course. We’ll take them out. Gangrel can heal anyone that gets injured if needed.” Libra said, nodding as he readjusted his grip on his axe. The group took a few more turns, waving their way through the palace towards the throne room. They pushed open a set of heavy oak doors, letting their arrival be announced to the inhabitants of the room.

“Don’t lay a finger on my wife, we need the child that she carries. The rest you can wipe out!” Validar ordered as the group walked into the throne room. Morgana glared at her husband, pure hatred was written on her features as she shot several bolts of Thoron at the few Grimleal that he gotten to close to her and Mustafa.

“Hello, honey. I’m home.” She said, her voice full of venom as she spoke.

“Welcome back dear. So good of you to come back home.” Validar spat as Mustafa and Morgana made their way towards him, taking down any Grimleal that got in their way. Libra and Tiki were doing what they could with the rest.

“Now, how about you be a good girl and do what you’re told, starting with sitting tight and waiting until you give birth to Grima’s Vessel.” Validar hissed, clenching his teeth as he sent some dark magic spell at the two that Morgana couldn’t remember the name of. She easily deflected it aside, causing it to hit one of the Grimleal. The man shivered violently and then went limp.

“Don’t you know me at all Validar? I tend not to do what I’m told.” The white haired woman growled.

She let loose several bolts of Thoron at her husband. Most of them he was able to avoid but a few of the bolts did manage to hit him. Luckily for him, the bolts didn’t hit him in any vital organs. Validar sneered at the pair, his eyes narrowed at his wife. Mustafa charged towards the king, Morgana taking out any Grimleal that were trying to get in his way. The man swung his axe at Validar several times, each time the king would just narrowly miss the blade striking him down. Validar let loose another dark magic spell that sent Mustafa flying. He hit the wall hard and rolled on to his side, a few sickening crunches were heard. Gangrel made his way over to the general, his healing staff at the ready.

“Don’t interfere with family matters.” Validar hissed.

“Mustafa! Gangrel, watch over him and make sure he doesn’t get himself killed!” Morgana ordered.

“How sweet of you, my dear.” Validar muttered. Morgana turned her eyes on Validar, her gaze was cold enough to make a wyvern cower in fear.

“I will end you.” She growled through gritted teeth. Her tome was at the ready as was Validar’s and the two aimed their spells at each other. Neither one was aware that all eyes were focused on them, the room becoming dead silent as they waited with bated breath to find out who was going to land the killing blow.

“Thoron!”

“Grima’s Truth!”

Each spell seemed to create a cloud of dust around their casters as the spell made its way towards its victim. Several loud crashes were heard as arms raised to shield their owners eyes from the debris. After what seemed like hours, the dust settled and the room went silent. Validar had been blasted backwards into one of the many suits of armor that was decorating the throne room, a spear piercing his chest. But judging by the force of Morgana’s spell, the man had been dead before he had hit the suit of armor. The small white haired woman had only been pushed back a few inches from where she had been before, having cast a spell over herself to protect her from Validar’s curse, something that her own mother had taught her when she was younger. Slowly, the woman walked over to her husband and inspected his corpse, her hand gently cupping his face, a small sad smile on her lips.

“I used to really care about, you know. But then everything changed. I’m sorry love, but I couldn’t let you use our child to bring about the end of everything.” she said softly. She turned to face the rest of the room, holding herself high and any emotion that had been on her face before was gone in the blink of an eye.

“Validar is dead and any Grimleal with him. I am Queen of Plegia and anyone that still follows Grima will be sentenced to death.” She said, her voice strong and commanding. Cheers went up from Tiki, Libra, Gangrel and the few soldiers of Morgana’s that had managed to make their way into the room. The woman turned her eyes to the few Grimleal left in the throne room, a small handful of the ones that had been in the room when she first entered.

“As for you lot. I’m giving you a choice. You can give up being a Grimleal and I will let you live where you please. If you have family you can return to them. If you continue worshiping Grima, you will be killed. Which would you prefer?” Morgana asked. Silence fell over the room again as all eyes were on the small group of Grimleal. They all exchanged looks with each other before coming to a silent agreement. One by one they dropped their weapons to the ground, giving the queen a bow.

“We promise to stop our worship of Grima milady. But we would be honored to serve you here in the capital.” One of the mages said, lifting his head to look at the woman.

“Very well. You can start by helping to rebuild this city and any other towns that were destroyed when they were raided. The citizens of Plegia will be returned to their homes and they will know peace.” Morgana said. She turned to look at Gangrel and the other two who were trying to help Mustafa to his feet.

“Gangrel, I want you to send two messages out. One to Aversa and the other one to Sallya. Tell them that the fighting is over, that we’ve won.” The woman said. The priest gave her a bow and a crooked smile before dashing out of the room to find two pegasus knights to help him with his task.

“Tell them to come home.” Morgana muttered softly, her eyes locked with Mustafa.

The battle against the Grimleal was finally over. They had won. Their people would know peace for the first time in years.

END ACT 1

Chapter End Notes

Whoo! credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com, this is all her work.

Act 1 is over, and act 2 is starting soon. This is gonna be 20 years after act 1 and focus on Robin and her band of followers and adventurers. RM OUT

The Start of Something New

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

ACT 2: The Next Generation

Chapter Notes

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

“Why do I have to be the one to wake up the queen? No, not just the queen, the pregnant queen! She will kill me!” Aversa exclaimed as she and Gangrel made their way down the bustling corridors of the palace.

Months had passed since the Grimleal had been taken out and the rebuilding of the country had begun the next day. Morgana was now nine months pregnant and ready to give birth to the prince or princess any day. Mustafa had made sure that both Aversa and Gangrel were close by her during the day and there were guards posted outside the woman’s door day and night.

“‘Cause I woke her up yesterday and she nearly choked me to death! Plus I don’t like disturbing pregnant women when they sleep. They scare the crap out of me.” The young priest muttered, giving a shudder. Aversa rolled her eyes as they stopped in front of the queen’s door. She took a deep breath and knocked three times on the wood, waiting for a response from inside the room. All she heard was a loud groan.

“Lady Morgana. Mustafa sent us to make sure you woke up this morning. You have meetings with several of the nobles and Khan Flavia is going to be arriving in nearly an hour.” Aversa said, her hand resting on the handle of the door.

“Tell the nobles to leave me alone and let me sleep!” The voice from within groaned. The pegasus knight shook her head and opened the door, walking into the room.

“As much as I would love to, I’m afraid that they will only glare at me and keep insisting that you meet with them. Here, let me help you.” Aversa responded, handing the queen one of the dresses that Sallya had gotten for her to wear while she was with child.

Morgana groaned for a third time, pushing herself off of the bed and into a sitting position. She pulled the dress on and held her arms out to the teen who pulled her to her feet and made sure she was steady. Morgana’s hands went to her stomach instantly, rubbing it gently as a small smile graced her lips as she felt her child give a kick.

“How is the child today, Milady?” Aversa asked, leading the woman out the door and into the hallway. Morgana gave a sigh, linking an arm with Aversa so as to not fall flat on her face or rear. Gangrel trailed behind them a little ways, so he wasn’t in swinging distance of the woman’s fist.

“She’s doing fine, just been kicking a little more than normal today. I think she wants out almost as much as I want her out.” The queen replied, frowning. Aversa gave a small smile but stopped short when Morgana gave a grunt.

“Milady? Are you alright?” Aversa asked, concern flashing on her face as Gangrel scooted closer to the two.

“Yes... I’m fine. She kicked a little hard that’s all. Lets keep mov- ouch!” Morgana gave a sharp cry and her hands held onto her swollen stomach. Gangrel’s eyes went wide as he realized what was happening.

“Lady Morgana, take a deep breath, we need to get you to the healers. Aversa, go and fetch the midwives. Tell them that the queen is going into labor. Go now!” Gangrel ordered and Aversa nodded, rushing off to do as the priest had said.

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Hours had passed since Morgana had been brought to the healers. The large wooden doors of the room that the queen had been admitted to were shut as soon as the midwives had come rushing in. Aversa hadn’t been let in, nor had Sallya or hardly anyone else for that matter. Flavia had arrived in the palace only ten minutes after Morgana had started going into labor, who was joined by Mustafa shortly thereafter. The east khan had rushed into the room as soon as she heard what was going on claiming that she wanted to be there for her friend since the queen’s husband was dead. Gangrel had run out of the room two hours after the khan had showed up, holding one hand over his mouth and the other clutched his stomach as his face turned green. Aversa waited patiently as she heard the screams of the woman from inside. Others that were waiting in the hall flinched each time they heard the Queen’s voice but Aversa only sat against the wall, having heard women giving birth back in her small village before it was taken over by the Grimleal and Lady Morgana took her in.

“The screams stopped.” Sallya’s voice said, breaking the pegasus knight out of her thoughts. She looked towards the large doors and listened. The queen’s screams had indeed stopped, being replaced with the wails of a small newborn.

“There’s the baby. I hope that Miss Morgana is alright.” Nowi whispered, a look of wonder and slight sadness in her eyes. There was silence between the three women for several minutes until the doors were pushed open and Khan Flavia walked out, a wide smile on her face. The three stood up and they waited for the woman to speak.

“The queen of Plegia has given birth to a healthy baby girl by the name of Robin. Both mother and child are perfectly fine.” The khan told them. The hallway broke into loud cheering as anyone who had been listening to Flavia’s words celebrated the birth of the princess and the fact that her mother was still alive. Flavia laughed and walked over to Aversa, a kind smile upon her face.

“Morgana wants to speak to you before she goes to sleep, seeing as how she’s extremely tired. Go ahead, she’s waiting for you now.” The woman told her. Aversa nodded and slipped into the room without anyone noticing, closing the large doors behind her. Morgana was propped up right in the bed by a small mountain of pillows, a small bundle cradled in her arms and her brown eyes fixed on it. Mustafa stood on her right, a smile on his face as he watched the new mother and her child. He looked up as Aversa entered the room and nodded, leaving the queen’s side, slipping out of the door into the hallway. Aversa cleared her throat to let the woman know that she was there. Morgana looked up and smiled, beckoning the pegasus knight closer to her.

“Aversa. I want you to meet my daughter. This is Robin. Isn’t she beautiful?” Morgana asked once Aversa stood on the woman’s right, taking the spot that Mustafa had just left. The teenager looked at the bundle in her queen’s arms, wonder written on her face. The child looked so small, its eyes closed and sleeping soundly as her mother gently rocked her in her arms, a shock of white hair on her tiny head. Aversa gave a nod, her own face lighting up with a smile.

“She is, milady.” She murmured quietly so as to not wake up the child.

“Aversa, can I ask you something?” Morgana said after a few moments of silence. The girl nodded, waiting for the queen to continue. “Look after her. Look after Robin as she grows up. I know that I won’t always be there to keep an eye on her seeing as now I have to help rebuild the country and maintain peace. She’s going to raise one hell of a storm with her tiny wings, and I...I just... want to make sure that she’s safe. Will you help me with that?”

“Of course, milady. It would be an honor to.”

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“How much longer do you think until we get to that village, ‘Versa?” Robin asked, frowning as she guided her horse through the desert of Plegia.

Aversa blinked a few times, snapping out of the memory that had been playing in her mind that morning. The princess was nearly twenty now, leading her own small group, called the Rangers, to help protect the people of Plegia against the return of the Grimleal. They had been told to head to the border of Plegia and Ylisse to meet with the Ylissean group known as the Shepherds and escort them to the capital. The Shepherds would then be staying with them to help rid Plegia of the return of the Grimleal. Aversa looked at their surroundings as they rode towards the border.

“I’d say maybe an hour longer and we should be there. There is a small village up ahead if you need to rest, milady.” Aversa said, adjusting her grip on the reins of her pegasus.

Robin shook her head, shifting a little in her saddle, her white hair moving slightly in the gentle breeze. She made a small face at the word ‘milady’ but didn’t bother to say anything about it.

“No, I’m actually doing quite well. It’s Henry and Tharja that I’m worried about. They’ve been bickering since we left home.” Robin grouched, glancing back at the others behind them.

Aversa followed the young woman's gaze, watching as the two mages shouted insults at each other and Gangrel trying to get them to stop. The princess shook her head and rolled her eyes, turning to watch where they were headed. A frown crossed her face as something in the distance caught her eye.

"Isn't that the village up ahead? Why does it look so... off?" Robin asked, worry creeping into her voice. Aversa frowned as well as she looked at the village up ahead. Robin was right, something was off about the small village. Smoke was coming up from a few of the buildings and screams were carried to their ears by the wind. The two women's eyes went wide and the others behind them stopped any conversations that they had been holding.

"What was that?" Nowi asked, looking around at the others. Tharja's eyes locked on Robin, waiting for the princess's orders. The white haired girl took off towards the small village, urging her horse into a run, Aversa taking flight after her.

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"Where are they? They should have been here ages ago." Lissa whined, frowning at her brother as she held on tight to Frederick's horse. Chrom only shook his head, looking around the wide stretch of plains around them.

"Father said that the Plegian group known as the Rangers would meet up with us here at the border. It's been awhile though. I wonder if something happened to them on their way here." Emmeryn said as Chrom walked back to his own horse and climbed into the saddle.

"Well, we might as well see if we can find them and make our way to the capital." The prince said, leading the group forward into Plegia.

"The Rangers? What the hell kind of a name is that?" Sully asked, her grip on her lance tightening as they went further into the unknown land, leaving their home behind.

"From what mother told me, Queen Morgana chose it for them. Something about them riding around Plegia and keeping the civilians safe. it's no different than calling ourselves Shepherds. Their leader's name is Robin if I remember right." Emmeryn informed them.

"Robin must be a pretty skilled man in order for the queen of Plegia to hand pick him for leading a group like that." Chrom said, almost as if he was speaking to himself rather than anyone else.

"Who said Robin was a man? Could be a woman for all you know." Phila muttered, shaking her head at the prince's words.

Lissa rolled her eyes and shook her head at her brother. Emmeryn on the other hand let out a sharp gasp, stopping her horse as her eyes were locked ahead of them. Smoke was billowing up from several buildings and people were running away from any bandits that were coming their way. Some people looked as though they were fighting off the bandits. A woman with silvery hair was shouting orders to the people trying to defend the small town while using a tome to fend off any that came near her.

"Chrom. I think we have a problem." Emmeryn said, her voice slightly on the soft side as she gestured towards the small village. Chrom followed his sisters gaze and his eyes widened as he watched the white haired woman.

"Shepherds, to arms. Defend the town!" He shouted, getting off of the horse and running towards the town.

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"Libra, take Gaius and get the townspeople to calm down. Tharja, you take Henry and drive the bandits out of any alleyways that are here. Nowi, cover the air and don't let any of the Wyvern riders escape, have Cherche go with you. Gangrel, go with Libra and heal any of the villagers that have been injured by the bandits then make your way back here. Virion, take out any archers that aim for Cherche and Nowi. Aversa, take out any of the healers that the enemy may have." Robin ordered, sending each person running off to do as the woman had commanded.

Cherche and Nowi took to the sky, going after any wyvern riders and enemy Pegasus Knights. Robin shot off a bolt of her tome, hitting one of the bandits aiming his wind magic at her. She slashed at another with the sword she held in her other hand. Aversa shouted something to her and the princess turned around, one of the bandits behind her. A sword stuck threw his middle and his axe fell to the ground shortly before he did. The owner of the sword was a man with blue hair and bright blue eyes. Robin frowned at him for a moment but ignored him when she heard a child scream. Her head whipped around to look for the source of the cry, finding one of the bandits making his way towards a little boy who couldn't have been older than six. Robin took off at a sprint, putting herself between the boy and the bandit, using her sword to deflect the man's blade. She pushed the man away, causing him to stumble backwards several steps. Robin didn't give him the chance to recover his balance and ran him through with her own sword. He fell to the ground and she turned back to the little boy, scooping him up in one arm so as to keep an eye on him as she helped to defend the town.

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"I think that's all of them. Henry and Tharja drove those three out of that alleyway and I think any of the ones that tried to escape met with Minerva and Cherche." Aversa said, landing her Pegasus beside Robin.

The princess set the little boy on the ground, checking to make sure that he didn't have any injuries before she let him run off to go find his mother. Once he was gone, Robin looked around the village. One or two houses had caught fire but with Libra and Gangrel's help, the townspeople were putting out the flames. She caught a glimpse of a few people helping the civilians and chatting with her friends, none of which she had seen before. A tap on her shoulder made her turn around only to come face to face with the blue haired man from before. She didn't even let him get a single word out before her sword point was aimed at his throat and her eyes were narrowed. The entire town went silent as all eyes fell on the two. The people that Robin had seen only seconds before drew their own weapons, causing her friends to draw theirs. However, the blue haired man didn't draw his sword, only standing in front of her with his eyes fixed on her.

"Friend or foe?" Robin asked. If he was foe then she could get rid of him there but if he was friend then she'd have to thank him for helping save the town.

"Milord, don't answer her. She could be an enemy." A man said. Robin glanced over to who had spoken, finding a great knight not but three feet from the blue haired man and herself. Aversa shot a glare at the knight, their silver lances matching at spearpoint. Robin waited for an answer, her patience starting to run out.

"Friend or foe?" She asked again, moving her sword slightly closer to the man's throat. He held his hands up as a gesture of peace.

"Easy. We're friends. We were on our way to meet with a group of people known as the Rangers of Plegia at the border of Ylisse. They never showed up, so we thought we would get a start towards the capital. That's when we noticed the village was under attack." The man said. Robin's eyes went wide at his words.

"Are you the Shepherds of Ylisse?" She asked and he gave a nod.

"Yes. My name's Chrom, and the commander of the Shepherds." He said. Robin dropped her sword to her side, her mouth hanging open slightly in shock. She stood there for a moment and everyone waited for her next move.

"I'm such an idiot! We were supposed to meet you at the border ages ago but we got held up back at the capital and we got a late start. Though, I think it may have been for the best, otherwise this small village wouldn't be here anymore. I'm so sorry, I should have realized that you were the Shepherds!" Robin said, smacking her forehead with her palm. Her friends seemed to relax, putting their weapons away and the Shepherds did the same. Chrom frowned at her, slightly confused by the girl's words.

"Wait, you're the Rangers of Plegia?" He asked and Robin gave a nod, a smile on her lips.

"Sure are. Sorry about the sword at your throat, I wanted to make sure you wouldn't harm the citizens. Thank you for your help, by the way." She said, rubbing the back of her head, a sheepish look on her face.

"No problem." Chrom replied.

"Excuse me miss, but the other villagers and I would like to thank you for saving our homes. It warms my old heart to know that the Queen is still looking out for us after everything that happened." An old man said, walking up beside Robin and giving the princess a smile, which she returned.

"I'm glad that no one got severely hurt. If you don't mind though, I would like to ask that we take the tomes that those bandits left behind. You can keep the rest of the weapons though, just in case anyone else tries to come and attack your home again." Robin said. The old man gave a smile and nodded, handing her two tomes that had been found.

"There were only two mages with the bandits. Will you stay for the night? The sun will be setting in close to two and a half hours. We have an inn that you are welcome to stay at and

we will prepare a feast as thanks." The old man asked. Robin gave a smile but shook her head.

"While your offer is very kind, I'm afraid we will have to decline. Lady Morgana is expecting us back before sunrise tomorrow and if we leave soon then we can make it to the capital before sunset." She explained. The old man nodded and said thanks once more before wandering off to make sure his home was still standing. Robin gave a sigh before turning to her friends.

"Alright, let's get going! We need to get moving if you wanna sleep in your own bed tonight." She said and went off to find her horse, Aversa following her.

"I never got your name!" Chrom called after her, Frederick bringing over the prince's horse.

"That's because I never gave it to you! Now come on, Prince Chrom, we're losing sunlight!" Robin shouted over her shoulder, clambering onto her mount and waiting for the shepherds before taking off for the capital. Emmeryn shook her head as she watched her brother stare after the white haired girl, a smile forming on her lips. This trip to Plegia sure was turning out to be interesting.

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The trip back to the capital was a lot shorter than it felt to Robin. The two groups had arrived just before the sun touched the horizon line, casting an orange glow over the city. Chrom hadn't said a word to her, only following the Plegians as they made their way to the capital. Robin kept her eyes moving, making sure that no one would attack the group. Before long, they were in front of the city gates. Robin lifted herself up and out of her saddle, landing on the ground with a dull 'thud', the other Rangers following her example. She turned toward the Ylisseans a small smile on her lips.

"You may want to dismount. The capital's streets tend to get too crowded to stay on horseback, not to mention it will give you a chance to stretch your legs." She explained. Slowly, the Shepherds did as she suggested, each one climbing off of their horse and stretching after they stood on the ground. Robin led the group through the city, smiling at the people that called out greetings to her. There were many 'hello's and 'welcome back's heard as they passed. One even asked if they had stayed out of trouble, to which Robin answered that it wasn't anything they couldn't handle. Finally they reached the palace steps where they were greeted with a few guards and some palace servants, whom Robin responded to by name. The guards bowed to Robin, who smiled and shook her head at them as the servants took a hold of the reins, leading the horses away. Robin turned to one of the guards.

"Where is Lady Morgana? I know she wanted to meet the Shepherds for herself when we made it back." The princess asked.

"The queen is currently talking to General Mustafa in the throne room, lad-, uh Robin." The guard said, catching himself when he answered her. Robin hated it when people called her lady or princess Robin. Her name was Robin, just Robin, and therefore she should be called Robin. No titles, just Robin. She gave a nod and dismissed the guards before turning back to the Shepherds. Chrom looked at her with wide eyes.

"You're Robin?" He asked and she nodded.

"Yes. They did tell you that I was leading the Rangers right?" She asked, her head tilting to the side.

"Well, uh, yes they did. I just... You're a woman?"

"You've got a problem with that, Chrom?"

"Ah, no! None at all! Lead away, milady."

"Just Robin, please."

"Alright, 'Just Robin'."

Robin turned around with a grunt, and entered the palace, the Rangers and Shepherds following close behind.

Chapter End Notes

Act 2 begins! Remember, this is all hansonhorses.tumblr.com 's work. I don't get any credit.

Please leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed!

An Introduction to Frogs

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

What awaits the Shepherds and Rangers at the Plegian castle? Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

As soon as Robin entered the halls of her home, she knew something was wrong. Feroxi and Valmese soldiers lined the halls, glaring each other down as Plegians ran everywhere, trying to calm the two different sets of troops down. The white haired woman's eyes narrowed on the Valmese. She had met the Valmese leader, Walhart, several times before and she didn't like him one bit. The way he...manhandled his weapon in public was simply awful. Moving fast down the halls and careful to avoid contact with any of the visitors, Robin led the group of Rangers and Shepherds through the palace.

"Aversa." She whispered to the woman beside her. "The Valmese and Feroxi weren't here this morning when we left. Do you know what's going on?"

"No idea. I just hope Walhart hasn't tried to attack us this time." Aversa muttered, shaking her head slightly. Robin sighed and shook her head.

"It's always an adventure with those three." She said, rubbing her temples. Fast footfalls were heard coming towards them before the person they belonged to rounded the corner and stopped in front of Robin and the others.

"The guards said that you had returned. Thank Naga you have." Saylla said, trying to even her breathing after having ran down the halls of the place.

"Saylla? What's going on? Why are the Valmese and Feroxi here?" Robin asked, tilting her head to the side. The woman shook her head and gave a groan.

"Those two IDIOTS are trying to court your mother. AGAIN." Saylla groaned, gesturing towards the way she had come. Robin's eyes went wide and she smacked her head.

"Oh no, she's going to turn them into frogs if I don't stop her. They never learn." She lamented and gestured to Saylla to lead the way to the throne room.

"Why are you even here, Walhart? You keep trying to invade Plegia and when we first met you, you attacked Port Ferox!" Basilio's voice was heard as Saylla pushed the doors open to the throne room, letting the group in. Nowi rushed over to where Morgana stood, crushing the older looking woman in a tight hug.

"Nowi! I didn't know you had made it back." Morgana laughed in response to the Manakate's actions, rubbing her green hair. She looked up at the others and her eyes scanned them before resting on Emmeryn, her face breaking into a wide smile. The queen managed to pry Nowi off of her and walked over to the blonde sage, ignoring the two men that had been fighting each other for the past few hours.

"Emmeryn. I haven't seen you since you were a little girl. You've grown into a beautiful young woman." Morgana said, giving her a hug as a welcome. Emmeryn laughed.

"It has been sometime since you visited Ylisstol, Lady Morgana. Chrom was still just a newborn if I remember right." She responded, glancing at her brother and little sister. Morgana turned to the other two siblings.

"You've grown quite a bit too, Chrom. And this must be Lissa. The spitting image of her mother! You two don't really know me, but I'm Morgana to you two. Your parents are good friends of mine, although our parents weren't on the best of terms; but that's all in the past." Morgana added, rubbing the back of her head. Chrom and Lissa exchanged a look with each other.

"Our parents talk of you quite often, Lady Morgana. They say that you are the only reason that they're still breathing today." Chrom said, extending his hand out to the woman, who took it and gave him a warm smile, shaking her head.

"Hardly. They are the reason I'm still here today. If they hadn't sent us supplies almost twenty years ago in the uprising, I shudder to think what would have happened." Morgana said.

"If you're done, I would like to know why these two buffoons and their armies are here?" Robin asked, trying hard not to grit her teeth together. Morgana frowned and looked from her daughter to the two men in the middle of the room.

"Those two? I hardly noticed they were here." She laughed. Saylla groaned and Mustafa, who Robin hadn't noticed was there, only rubbed his temples. Robin sighed and shook her head.

"Did you idiots really bring your armies here? Honestly you two..." Morgana said, before drawing a book from her sage robes, and calling an incantation.

"Not this again!" Walhart's voice rang through the hall in a shout, before there was a bright flash of light that covered the two burly men. When it cleared, there were two small frogs on the ground - one red, and the other brown, with an eyepatch. Robin covered her eyes with her hands muttering something under breath. Saylla turned around and threw her arms up into the air as she shook her head.

"Milady, was that really necessary?" Aversa sighed.

"What ...happened?" Chrom asked confusion written on his face.

"She turned those two into frogs. Again." Robin groaned.

"Why do I even bother trying to stop her? She's just going to do it again anyway!" Saylla groaned. Tharja shot her mother a frown before turning her attention to Robin.

"I can undo the spell if you want." Tharja said, a hopeful gleam in her eye.

"No, you'd just turn them into something worse, like last time." Robin sighed. "Mother, turn them back would you? Or at least Basilio, since Flavia will give you an earful if you don't."

"Hmmm. Good point. I wish they'd learn because this is just getting boring now." Morgana muttered before saying the incantation again. The flash of light appeared once again before fading and revealing the two men.

"I never want to be a frog again." Walhart whined.

"You say that each time and yet you still try to win my mother's hand. I was starting to think you enjoyed being a frog." Robin said, crossing her arms over her chest.

"You jest, princess. I don't think frogs enjoy being frogs themselves." Basilio said.

"Don't call me that." Robin growled at him, her eyes narrowing. Chrom frowned and looked at his older sister for an explanation.

"Robin is the princess of Plegia and commander of the Rangers. Honestly, weren't you paying attention to what mother and father were saying when they briefed us back in Ylissol?" Emmeryn sighed. Chrom rubbed the back of his head, a sheepish look on his face as both his sisters rolled their eyes.

"Princess Robin... You've returned. How... Wonderful." A voice said behind the group of people in the throne room. Robin tensed and the Rangers hands moved to their weapons, a scowl on their faces. Even Morgana looked displeased at who had entered the room.

"Excellus, did you not expect them to make it back?" The queen asked, her right hand on her hip as she glared at him. The toad like man shook his head and gave her one of his ugly smiles, causing a few of the Rangers to shudder.

"Absolutely not. Naga gave me faith that they would return unharmed. I had no doubt in my mind that you would overcome any... Obstacles on your way to the border." Excellus said. Robin held back a laugh by covering her mouth with her hand.

"No one said anything about any obstacles, toad." Aversa frowned. The man's eye narrowed at the dark flier for a second before turning to the queen.

"Milady, I'm sorry I took so long to get here. My business took longer than I thought." Excellus explained, giving the woman a deep bow. Morgana and Robin exchanged looks with each other.

"At least you made a safe return." Robin said, though she sounded anything but pleased about it. He gave her a smile, sending a shiver down her spine.

"As I am glad for your safe return, my dear. I shudder to think what would happen to Plegia if it lost its dear beloved Princess." His smile began to make Robin uncomfortable and she wanted to wipe it off his face as fast as she could. Her mother must have seen her discomfort.

"Thank you Excellus, for returning to the capital. Now if you don't mind, I have something to discuss with my daughter. Alone. Aversa, would you be so kind as to show our guests around?" Morgana asked and the dark flier nodded, leading the group out of the throne room. The queen turned to Basilio and Walhart, who she had forgotten were even there when Excellus had entered.

"You two, out you go and no fighting. I don't want to have to rebuild this place for a third time in fifteen years." Morgana added. Mustafa led the two men out, glancing back at the two women before closing the door behind him. There was silence for a few minutes before Morgana spoke up.

"Prince Chrom of Ylisse. He's a handsome one isn't he?" The woman asked.

"Mother!" Robin exclaimed, her face turning a light shade of red, causing the queen to laugh.

"I'm only teasing, dear." She chuckled before her face turned completely serious. "I have something important to say to you so listen closely. You're not to repeat this to anyone, do you understand me?"

Robin blinked a few times before giving a nod to show her mother that she understood.

"Good. I don't have any proof of this but I think Excellus is in league with the Grimleal." Morgana said, her voice low in case anyone was eavesdropping.

"I have suspicions about him too, but what makes you so sure mother?" Robin asked, a frown appearing on her lips.

"Other than the fact that he was surprised that you made it back in one piece? One of the guards saw him sneaking around with a few shady people more than once. That guard followed him once, said something about him meeting up with a few Grimleal that have been causing trouble." Morgana explained. Robin nodded, her forefinger tapping her chin as her frown deepened.

"Didn't you tell me that he was former Grimleal at one point too? If I were in his position back during the uprising, I would have pretended to swear loyalty to the crown then find a way to keep the Grimleal beliefs going. But for it to take twenty years? That seems far too long to me." The girl muttered.

"Agreed. I would have struck when Plegia was the weakest. Mainly when we were first rebuilding or about five years ago when Walhart attacked the capital. Why wait this long?" Morgana frowned and rubbed the back of her head.

“You want me to keep an eye on him before I head out again?” Robin asked, her hands on her hips.

“If you don’t mind, I have to keep an eye on Basilio and Walhart. Those two idiots can’t be left alone for more than five minutes. I have no idea how long they’re staying either. Ugh, they drive me crazy. Alright, enough chat. Go get some something to eat and go right to bed, no staying up late in the Library. You have a meeting in the morning.” Morgana sighed.

“Don’t remind me. I hate those things, they’re so boring.” Robin muttered, leaving the room. Her mother gave a chuckle before giving a deep sigh.

“Everything is changing again isn’t it? My dearest Robin. You’ve grown so much in these past years. Someday, you’ll be Queen of Plegia and I know you’ll be great. The people love you so much already.”

“Night, Mother.”

“Good night.”

Chapter End Notes

WOOOOOOOOO UPDATE

Remember, all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com

But yeah!

Late Nights and Missed Meetings

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

In this chapter, we find out more about our brave heroes, and a scheme is concocted. Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

Robin's back was beginning to ache. She had been sitting in the high backed chair for the past three hours, listening to the nobles bicker at each other and argue with the queen over small matters. Her attention was starting to drift as her eyes became fixed upon the map on the table. Couldn't they just tell her where the Grimleal were so she could take them out? She let out a small sigh and shifted slightly in her chair, letting her thoughts drift to the conversation she had last night.

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"Go right to bed. Ha! Good one, mother." Robin muttered as she wandered the empty library, a candle resting on one of the tables so she could see what she was doing.

Her shadow seemed to dance with the orange glow the candle was giving off at the edge of the darkness. As the princess reached for a book on the top shelf, a small light caught her eye. No one else was awake at this current hour normally. Maybe a few cooks preparing for the next day's meals or the night guards that she normally saw walking around protecting the palace. Slowly, Robin stepped off of the table she had been standing on, putting out the candle she had been using. She moved quickly and quietly along the high shelves towards the other person, a frown on her lips. She stopped at the edge of the candle light, the bookshelf hiding her from the person's line of sight. The white haired woman poked her head around the corner to get a look at the person. A woman in a purple Pegasus knight uniform was reaching out for a book, her long brown hair tied loosely behind her. Robin's eyes widened when she realized the woman was one of the shepherds, having seen her earlier that day.

"Excuse me, but do you need some help?" Robin asked, walking into the candle light.

The woman stopped dead, her eyes wide as she stared at Robin, who smiled kindly at her. That's when the woman fell off the chair she was standing on. The princess ran to catch her so she didn't hit the ground or the table behind her where the candle was resting.

"Are you alright? I didn't mean to scare you!" Robin asked, setting the Pegasus knight on her feet.

"Oh, I'm just fine! You didn't scare me by the way, I tend to trip on air." She laughed, picking up the book she dropped. "I'm Sumia. And you... P-princess Robin! Oh! I'm sorry! I didn't realize-"

"Robin is just fine." The white haired girl said, holding her hands up to stop Sumia from bumbling on. "And don't worry about it. I was looking for a book myself you see. I find that I can't sleep unless I read something. That's not a very good one by the way, full of weird stuff." She pointed to the book Sumia was holding.

"Is it? I just sort of grabbed one when you came around the corner." She muttered, rubbing the back of her head. There was silence for a minute or two as they stared at the book.

"You're one of the Shepherds, right, Sumia?" Robin asked, breaking the silence that hung in the air. She nodded, a smile stretching her lips. "Can I ask you something then?"

"Sure! I don't mind." Sumia said happily.

"Is Chrom a good person?" Robin asked. Silence settled in again around them as Sumia's smile fell from her face and she looked lost in thought. It was an interesting question but an honest one and something that had been on Robin's mind since her mother had told her that the Shepherds were coming to Plegia three weeks ago. Of course, she had many more but that was the most troubling one on her mind. Sumia's silence went on for several moments, almost to the point where Robin figured that she wasn't going to answer.

"Forget it. You don't have to-" her words were cut off by Sumia's answer.

"It's a little odd of a question and i'm most likely not a good person to ask. Frederick or maybe Chrom's sisters would be a better choice. But none of them are here right now. Yes, Chrom is a good person. All the royal children are. They follow their hearts, even if it means ignoring orders that are given to them. They protect others even if it means risking their own lives. Chrom shows this the most out of them, though he would never admit it out loud." Sumia gave a giggle, her hand covering her mouth to stop herself. Robin was silent for a moment before she nodded and smiled at the the brunette.

"Thank you Sumia. If you don't mind, could you tell me how you joined the Shepherds?" The princess asked.

"Oh! That's easy. You see, my father was one of the nobles in Ylisse and he gave me a choice. I remember his exact words too. 'Sumia, dear girl. You either shape up as a noble or become a Pegasus knight because with that stumbling of yours, you aren't going to go very far!'" Sumia's voice grew deep as she tried to impersonate her father.

"That's horrible!" Robin replied, her eyes going wide. Again, Sumia laughed and waved her hand as if to dismiss the thought.

"Oh it wasn't so bad! I had actually made my mind up a long time ago. I have a friend named Cordelia, she's got that long red hair; well, both her and I have wanted to be pegasus Knights since we were little girls. So the choice was an easy one for me. What about you Robin? Did

your father ever make you choose to do something like that before?" Sumia asked. Robin's head hung so that the shadows covered her expression.

"I never knew my father. He died before I was born." She said quietly. Sumia uttered a soft 'oh' but didn't say anything else.

"Well, anyway. I should get going. I have to rise early tomorrow. It was nice talking to you though!" Robin said, putting on a fake smile as best she could. Sumia gave a nod and smiled. As Robin turned to leave a book on the shelf caught her eye and she grabbed it, holding it out to the Pegasus knight. "Here, this one is a good one."

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"Princess Robin?" A voice whispered in her ear, causing her to jump slightly. Mustafa had leaned over to talk to her, a small smile twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Mind wandering again?" He asked and she gave a small nod.

"Yes, these meetings are so boring. Why am I even here? I'm not the queen." Robin whispered. Mustafa gave a small chuckle, pretending that he was paying attention to what the nobles were saying.

"No, not right now you're not, but some day soon you will be." He whispered. Robin's eyes went slightly wide at his words and she stared at him.

"What?" She asked. He shook his head and smiled at her.

"Why don't you go? I'll come and find you later to inform you of what you missed." Mustafa told her, gesturing to the door behind them. She gave a grin.

"If anyone asks?"

"It's none of their business, now is it? Go on, get out of here." He said, turning back to the meeting and pretending that he hadn't been talking to her. Robin grinned and slipped out of her chair before making her way out of the room. Once the door was closed behind her, Robin gave a sigh of relief and made her way down the hallway. She'd visit her friends later, there was something she had to do first.

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"So you think Oldie let Bubbles out of the meeting again?" Gaius asked, peaking at the cards in his hand and giving a sigh. "I ain't got nothing, I fold."

"I know he did. He always does. Last time, that one noble that smells like fish, Sir Aneas or whatever his name is, yelled at both of them for a good hour while lady Morgana tried hard not to laugh. And you know Mustafa hates that name." Aversa said, tossing a few silvers into the middle of the table.

"Mustafa?" Chrom asked, looking at Gaius and Aversa in confusion.

"He's one of the Generals of Plegia and Lady Morgana's second in command next to Bubbles, that is." Gaius explained. "Bubbles is Robin."

"Where does Robin go then? After she slips out of the meetings?" Chrom asked, watching the others keep playing their card game, since Gaius was out.

"Where she always goes." Tharja said, looking at her own cards.

"The healers area, with all the blood and stuff!" Henry added and gave a laugh. Tharja rolled her eyes.

"She visits the sick and any wounded, making sure they're comfortable and what not." Nowi explained, frowning at her cards.

"Aren't you supposed to be at the meeting too?" Gaius asked, frowning at the manakete next to him. She shrugged.

"I'm surprised she can find the time to visit them. After all she's got those long meetings once a week, training, tactical lessons with her mother, more training." Aversa sighed.

"Avoiding suitors. Ouch!" Gaius yelped as Aversa kicked him in the leg under the table.

"Shut up." She growled at him. He laughed and watched as the three girls kept playing.

"If you don't mind me asking, how did you all end up in the Rangers?" Chrom asked.

"My mother was part of Lady Morgana's own team during the uprising almost twenty years ago. Now she's the top sorceress. She wanted me to join the Rangers. I'm not complaining as long as it means I can spend more time with Robin." Tharja explained.

"That is seriously creepy, you know that right?" Gaius asked, earning him another kick in the leg

"Robin's like a sister to me, so when she asked if I wanted to join her in forming the Rangers all I asked if there was going to be blood! Nya hahaha." Henry said.

"Gregor and I were in the uprising with the others. Robin and Morgana have taken good care of us during these past years. When Robin asked if we would join her, it was the least we could do to pay back their kindness to us." Nowi explained. "Drat, I fold."

"Lady Morgana asked me to watch over her daughter. That's exactly what i'm doing. Well, not at the moment since she's in the meeting." Aversa added, tossing another silver into the middle of the table. "Just you and me now, Tharja."

"What about you Gaius? How'd you join the Rangers?" Nowi asked, frowning at him. The orange haired thief gave a sigh and folded his hands behind his head as he leaned back in his chair.

"I was hired for a job several years back. Someone wanted me to steal something important, can't remember what it was now. Anyway, it was located in the palace somewhere and I

ended up getting caught. I was given a choice. Either life in prison or death. That's when Bubbles jumped in. She said that instead of death I could use my talents for good and help others. 'Join the Rangers and help protect people's lives!' She had to do a lot of convincing of them nobles for that. Finally, they gave me a choice between helping her or life in prison. I chose to help her. I'll never forget how hard she fought to give me that choice. I haven't regretted my choice once." Gaius explained. Silence filled the room as his words sunk in.

"Robin has done a lot of good for the people of Plegia. Sometimes I wonder if she puts a strain on herself to help them though." Aversa said, her voice quiet. Gaius shook his head.

"Doesn't matter to her what she does to herself, so long as the people are safe." he agreed, his eyes fixed on the table. Silence filled the air again before the door opened and Robin walked in.

"Are you really playing that again?" She asked, frowning as she stood behind Nowi

"Robin's back!" The manakete sang happily, getting up from her chair and hugging the teenager tightly.

"We didn't really have anything else to do. Gangrel is showing the other shepherds the training area and seeing what their fighting styles are like. Libra's in the sick bay tending to the few wounded there are." Aversa explained.

"I know, I ran into him while I was there. Anyway, Gaius I need to have a word with you." Robin said, prying Nowi off of her.

"Sure. It beats Feathers saying 'I told you so'." The thief muttered as he stood up, following the princess out the door.

"Oh, Gaius?" Aversa called, catching him before he left the room behind. He frowned back at her and waited for whatever she wanted. "I told you so."

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Robin walked along the halls, the orange haired thief following close behind until they came to a small corner of the library, a quiet place that they could talk away from prying ears .

"What's up, Bubbles?" Gaius asked.

"I need your help with something, but you have to make sure not to tell anyone about it, alright? My mother will kill me if she found out I told anyone about this." Robin said, her voice a hushed tone.

"You have my attention. What is it that you need?" He inquired.

"I need you to spy on Excellus for me."

Please leave a kudos/comment if you like it! All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com
:)

Training

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

The two leaders test their mettle in practice, but is there an enemy waiting on the horizon? Read on, dear audience!

Chapter Notes

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

"The Grimleal were seen close to this small town, about a day's ride from here." Mustafa said, pointing to a village close to the southern border of Plegia. Robin gave a nod, her eyes roaming the map and trying to find the safest route to the town.

"It should be relatively easy. Our scouts reported that it was just a low number of Grimleal, maybe ten or so. I suggest only taking a few others with you, no need for all of you to go." Mustafa continued.

"I'll take three others with me. With any luck, this won't take too long. A day's ride there and a day's ride back. When do you want us to leave?" Robin asked, looking towards her mother. Morgana looked thoughtful for a moment, a frown tracing her lips.

"I'm... Not sure... Tomorrow perhaps? Whatever suits you..." The woman said, her voice soft.

"Something wrong, Milady?" Mustafa inquired. The queen shook her head, her frown deepening.

"It just doesn't feel right. I don't like it." Morgana added.

"It seems far too easy, doesn't it?" Robin asked, a scowl forming on her face as she studied the map.

"Yes. Most Grimleal don't move in small groups. Since they are weak, they tend to travel in large numbers. A small group of twenty is unheard of, let alone a group of ten." Her mother nodded, folding her arms over her chest as she stood up right. "I suppose it won't do us any good to keep dwelling on it. They are trying to rebuild their numbers as it is. Robin, take three others with you and leave in two days, at night, since darkness will give you cover. Not a word to anyone about it except those three you are taking with you. Especially if I'm right about what we discussed."

"Yes, mother." Robin said, giving her mother a bow before leaving the room. Once the princess was gone, Mustafa turned to Morgana.

"Mustafa, do you think she'll be alright?" Morgana asked, worry starting to seep into her voice.

"Robin is strong, Morgana. She won't go down without a fight. If there is any danger lurking at that village then she has the others to help keep her safe." Mustafa responded.

"I hope you're right."

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Robin moved through the halls of the palace, scanning the rooms she passed to see who was in them. She found many of the guards and servants in most, a few nobles in some others and even the two arguing leaders, Basilio and Walhart, with Flavia trying to calm them down. When she passed that door she quickened her pace, hoping not to get dragged into it. One of the guards entered into the hallway, closing the door to the room he had left behind him.

"Excuse me, but could you tell me where Aversa is?" Robin asked, frowning at the guard. He jumped slightly in surprise, thinking that he had been alone in the hall.

"Miss Aversa is training with the new recruits, miss." He told her, pointing towards the courtyard. "The other Rangers are with her too, miss." he added. She gave him a small smile before darting away in the direction of the courtyard.

When she got to the courtyard, she found Aversa and her friends, practicing with a few of the new recruits, just as the guard had told her. However, she didn't expect the Shepherds to be there as well. In fact, she had thought that they would have been out in the city, seeing as how it was their first time in Plegia. She would have done the same in Ylissol had she been the visitor. She threw a curious look at Chrom and his sisters but watched as Aversa instructed two spear users how to avoid her attacks. No one seemed to notice that she was there.

"If you don't move fast enough, you'll fall victim to your enemy and we really don't want that. The main goal of a battle is to stay alive followed by winning the fight. Now, if you see an opening in my attacks to strike, take it. It may be your only chance." Aversa was saying.

"And be sure to watch for her fake out. It's brutal." Robin added, drawing everyone's attention to her as she walked out into the center of the courtyard.

The new recruits scrambled to attention and started bowing, muttering something along the lines of apology to the princess. The white haired teen only waved her hand, stopping them in their attempts to address her. Aversa rolled her eyes and gave a small frown to the princess.

"You ruined my surprise. Now what am I going to do to trick them?" Aversa asked.

"Play dead? That normally works with some of the Valmese that we end up fighting." Robin suggested, shrugging. "Though, by the looks of it, I'd say they have had enough for today. Don't you have other duties to attend to?" She turned to look at the new recruits and they all nodded. She waved a hand to dismiss them and they left, leaving the Shepherds and the Rangers standing in the courtyard.

“What’s up Bubbles? Weren’t you supposed to be speaking with Oldie and Lady Morgana?” Gaius asked, chewing on the lollipop in his mouth. She gave the thief a smile, grabbing one of the practice swords from the bin of weapons and placing it on her shoulder.

“What? Can’t I do some training with my friends?” She asked, her smile turning into a smirk. “Unless you’re scared you’ll get hurt.”

“Ha! Not on your life Bubbles!” Gaius said, grabbing his own practice sword. Aversa sighed and shook her head, getting out of the way so the two could train.

“Why does he keep doing this? He knows he’s just going to lose.” Tharja asked, her head resting in her palm as she watched the two. Aversa shrugged and sat down on the few crates next to the dark mage.

“‘Cause he wants to? Maybe it’s to better himself, I don’t know for sure.” She muttered, rubbing at her eyes tiredly. Truth be told, she was glad that Robin had showed up when she did, otherwise the dark flier wouldn’t be standing much longer. She had forgotten how much energy it took to train the new recruits.

Robin stood across from the thief, her back straight and her sword hanging loosely by her side, giving her the appearance that she wasn't paying much attention. Gaius was the first of the two to strike. He moved swift and fast, heading towards her right side and aiming for her shoulder. The young tactician easily moved to the left, blocking his attack and forcing the sword from his hands in one easy motion. The shepherds mouths nearly fell open. Before them stood a small teenager, no more than Lissa's height and yet she was able to defeat the thief in one move. They had him seen training with the recruits earlier and he easily beat them. Robin smirked as Gaius muttered a few colorful curse words under his breath.

"Best two out of three?" She asked. He smiled and took up his sword again. This time, the ginger went towards the princess' left, hoping to get a hit in before she knocked his weapon out of his hand for a second time. He was dead wrong. Robin stepped to her right, once again blocking his attack and twisting the sword from his grasp. She grinned as the point of her wooden sword was at his throat, his hands up in the air.

“Come on Gaius, it’s like you’re not even trying.” She chortled. Gaius muttered a few more of his colorful curse words before picking up his sword and moving to sit beside Aversa on the crates.

“Anyone else want to try their hand against Lady Robin?” Aversa inquired, looking around at the others in the courtyard. None of the Rangers said anything but a few of the Shepherds were muttering amongst themselves, trying to get each other to spar with the Plegian Princess.

“I’ll give it a chance.” Chrom replied, stepping forward. Aversa pulled a grimace but didn’t say anything as Robin grabbed a real sword to use.

“Twenty gold says that he can’t beat her.” Gangrel whispered to Gaius who grinned in response, shaking hands with the trickster. Aversa rolled her eyes and turned towards the two royals, who gave each other a small bow out of respect to the other before taking a stance.

Again, Robin stood tall, her sword slack in her hand while Chrom gripped Falchion in both hands.

“You take an interesting stance there.” Chrom noted. Robin pulled a face and shook her head slightly.

“I’m not really a sword person. I prefer magic rather than steel. Easier to wield to be honest.” She explained. “Ready when you are Chrom.”

He nodded but didn’t say anything. He moved forward at a sprint, charging the petite woman. She side stepped and blocked his blade, trying to free it from his hands like she had done with Gaius but he was prepared for it. Chrom pulled away, moving to the woman’s left and attacking her side, forcing her to have to block him once more. Again and again he kept striking, not giving her enough time to attack back, instead making her block in order to protect herself. Everyone was silent, watching the sparring match with complete interest and bated breath.

After what seemed like forever to the tactician, Robin finally found an opening to strike at the Ylissean prince. His footing was starting to become sloppy as he grew more confident in defeating her. As Chrom raised his arms above his head, Robin took her chance. Moving swiftly, she ducked and rolled closer to him, kicking out one of her legs to trip him as he moved. The blue haired prince fell to the ground and the plegian princess forced his weapon out of his hand, leaving him defenceless. Both of them were breathing hard but neither of them moved as Robin’s sword tip was pointed at Chrom’s chest, daring him to try and move. Silence filled the air as everyone waited for what would happen next. Finally, Robin lowered her sword, putting it back in its sheath and extending a hand out to Chrom, a smile on her lips.

“That was a great fight Chrom. You almost had me beat for a minute. I can see why you’re the leader of the Shepherds now.” She said as Chrom took a hold of her hand and she pulled him to his feet. He gave a laugh and rubbed the back of his head.

“You’re pretty good with a sword yourself Robin, even for someone who prefers tomes to steel. You’re an excellent leader for the Rangers.” Chrom told her, his face pulled into a wide smile. She blinked a few times as she felt her face heat up slightly. Not only had he paid her a compliment, something that she wasn’t really used to hearing, but he was now standing a little too close for comfort to her. He was only a few inches away and she could hear his breathing. Chrom realized just how close he was standing to her and felt his face heat up slightly before he took a step back, placing some distance between himself and the princess.

“I totally called it!” Gangrel called, taking some gold that Gaius was handing him, a huge smile on his face. The two royals frowned at him. “No matter what happens, Robin always knows how to get out of tight spots, even in training.” The trickster explained.

“Don’t you all have some work to do?” Robin asked, crossing her arms over her chest as she frowned at them. They shook their heads, a wide grin on all their faces. She gave a sigh and shook her head. “Fine then. It’s almost dinner already, go and eat.”

Her friends took off, leading the Shepherds to the dining hall to find some food. Aversa got up from her spot on the crates and made her way to the white haired Princess, making sure the girl was alright.

“Chrom, Emmeryn. Would you mind if I had a word with you two?” Robin called out to the two exalted siblings, stopping them in their tracks. Frederick and Lissa stopped two, looking back to see what was going on. Emmeryn gave them a few reassuring words, promising to met them in the dining hall after a few minutes. Once the healer and knight had left, Chrom and Emmeryn made their way over to the two women. Silence filled the courtyard and Robin checked to make sure no one else was there.

“Is there something you need, Robin?” Emmeryn asked kindly, a small smile on her face.

“There have been reports of Grimleal activity near a town close to a day's ride from here. Mother has tasked me in taking them out. Our scouts say that it's only a small group, close to ten of them. She told me to have three people join me in taking care of the Grimleal. Would you ride with me? From what I've seen in our battle against those bandits a few days ago, you're more than capable of taking care of yourselves. You would make a strong friend.” Robin explained. The two siblings glanced at each other, coming to a silent agreement. Chrom grinned as he turned back to Robin.

“When do we leave?”

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The next couple of days passed in a blur to Robin. Her mother had dismissed her from her other duties and chased away any suitors that tried to win her daughter's hand, much to Robin's relief. In the mornings, the young princess visited the sick and wounded, making sure they were comfortable and healing normally. Once she was done with that it was on to training with the shepherds and Rangers. Normally she sparred with Chrom and Aversa, each one learning their own strengths and weaknesses. Once night fell, it was off to the library for the white haired woman before sleep. So when night fell on the second day, the tactician found herself waiting at the stables for Chrom and Emmeryn, Aversa standing on her left with her Pegasus, and three horses behind her.

"Sorry we're late. Frederick and Phila wouldn't stop talking." Emmeryn told them, her voice low as she and Chrom came running over to them.

"Don't worry about it. We still have hours before the sun is up. They won't notice you're gone until the morning." Robin said, lifting herself up onto her own horse.

"Aren't the streets too crowded to be on horseback?" Chrom asked, frowning at the princess. Robin let out a quiet laugh and shook her head.

"No, the entire city is asleep by now so no one is out and about except us and the few guards in the palace. I doubt that even mother is awake at this point." She explained, leading them out of the city as quietly as possible, Aversa right beside her and the two exalted siblings following behind.

"Careful brother." Emmeryn whispered to Chrom. "Some might think you've fallen for the princess."

Chrom gave his sister a death glare, and followed the Plegians out of the city.

Chapter End Notes

Remember, all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com
Drop a kudos or comment if you enjoyed!

Massacre

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

As the four go on their quest, what will they find? And will they come back unscathed?
Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

Morgana roamed the halls of the palace early the next morning. Her daughter had told her who she was taking with her on her journey to the small town. The woman stifled a laugh as she remembered watching her daughter train with the Ylissean prince for the past two days. Each time Robin beat him, the young man seemed to have a look of wonder on his face. Morgana sighed and shook her head as she made her way to the courtyard, hoping to get some fresh air before the nobles started pestering her again. She stopped once she passed a hallway, something catching her eye and moving to see what it was. A great knight and one of the Ylissean falcon knights stood outside of two doors and Morgana guessed who they belonged too easily.

“Milord, it’s morning.” The great knight was saying as he knocked on the door.

“Milady? Are you in there?” The woman was asking, a frown curving her face.

“I’m afraid that they’ve left.” Morgana said, walking over to the two, causing them to jump in surprise.

“Left? What do you mean left?” The knight questioned, a stern look on his face.

“You’re Sir Frederick right? And Lady Phila?” Morgana asked, her head tilting to the side. Both nodded in response, their arms folded behind them. The queen gave them a smile.

“Don’t worry, they are both perfectly fine. They went with my daughter and Aversa to take care of something. They should be back in a few days.”

The pair stared at the queen, their mouths hanging open over how calm she was being about the fact that the four were missing. Frederick shook his head and asked the question that had been on both his and Phila’s minds.

“But Milady, where have they gone?”

“This village sure is a ways away. But we’ve made good time, so I guess that counts as something.” Aversa muttered, frowning at the landscape around them. The sun was beginning to set on the horizon, the small village seen only a couple of miles ahead of them. Robin gave a nod and frowned as a black image flew over their heads.

“Isn’t that... a crow?” She asked, pointing to the bird that had landed on a jagged rock, a few feet to their left.

“Vulture, I think. They normally prey on the dead, what are they doing out here?” Aversa answered. Robin’s eyes went wide as she noticed a scrap of cloth in its talons, realization hit her and her head whipped towards the town ahead of them.

“The villagers...” She whispered, her voice hoarse. Chrom exchanged a worried look with his sister before all four of them raced towards the town, leaving the bird behind.

The entire village was a wreck. Buildings were stained with blood and soot, parts of them caving in from what had been burnt and the small market had been broken into pieces. There were no sounds of children playing in the streets, of people calling out to each other, of vendors selling what goods they had before closing up for the night. There was only silence that filled the air around the four. Robin ran into any house that she deemed safe enough to enter, looking for any survivors that she could find, Aversa racing to keep up with her while the other two ran off to check other houses. The metallic smell of human blood filled her nostrils and her heart pounded against her chest while she checked each house, becoming more and more repulsed by the second. The darkness of night had fallen over the area, the princess' head was spinning once she met up with the exalted siblings in the town square, Aversa right behind her. They all wore the same look of disgust on their face.

“No one was spared. Not even the babes.” Emmeryn said, trying to keep her voice even.

“We were too late. We couldn’t save them. I’ve failed my people.” Robin shook her head, her hands covering her mouth, tears threatening to spill from her eyes. Aversa placed a hand on the princess’s shoulder, trying to give her a small bit of comfort, even if it didn’t help. Chrom glanced around at the area they were in.

“It’s like they knew we were coming! Damn them!” He said angrily.

“Exactly right, good sir!” A cheery male voice called out from the dark streets in front of them. All four froze and placed a hand on their weapons.

“Should we give them a prize, Jamil?” A female voice asked, coming from their right.

“What would be the point if we’re just going to kill them, Jocasta?” A third voice called out, sounding rather bored with the entire conversation.

“Vasto has a point there, Jocasta.” The first voice answered. Three people stepped out of the shadowy streets, revealing themselves. The first voice had come from a man wearing an assassin's uniform, a sword in his left hand and a bow strapped across his back. The second voice had come from a woman wearing a swordmaster’s uniform, a steel sword in her right hand as her other was placed on her hip. The third and final voice came from a man in what

looked to be a wyvern riders uniform, his silver axe perched on his right shoulder. From what Robin could see, there were other Grimleal waiting in the shadows behind the three people, more than what the scouts had told her mother.

“We have orders to keep the princess alive. Shame though. I’ve often wondered if the taste of a royal differs from that of a tavern lass.” The third man, Vasto, wondered aloud. Aversa inched closer to Robin, her silver lance pointed at the Grimleal. Robin shifted slightly, looking for anything she could use to her advantage.

“Excellus would kill us if she ended up dead. You know that, Vasto.” The first man, Jamil, remarked, his lips parting in a smile to reveal slimy teeth. The white haired teen narrowed her eyes slightly at the mention of the man’s name.

"Doesn't mean we can't have a little fun with her right?" Vasto asked.

“Chrom and Emmeryn, try to find high ground when possible. It will give us the advantage.” Robin whispered to the two. They nodded their heads slightly to show that they had heard, keeping their eyes on the three people.

“Whispering are we? Didn’t mommy ever teach you that’s it’s not nice to keep secrets?” The woman, Jocasta, sneered at the princess. Robin gave her a wicked grin, her lips curling up to show her own teeth.

“You know, funny thing about my mother. She taught me a lot of things but somehow, she forgot to mention not to play with magic.” Robin said, letting loose a bolt of thunder from her tome. Jocasta barely missed it as she moved aside, instead, letting the spell hit one of the Grimleal behind her. Robin heard a satisfying shriek and saw something hit the ground with a dull thud. The woman let out a snarl as she turned back to the Princess.

“Oops.” Robin said, an innocent smile upon her face.

“Take them out!” Jocasta screamed and the Grimleal rushed forward.

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The battle with the Grimleal seemed to go on forever and no matter what they did, the enemy kept coming. If Robin killed one Grimleal, another would take its place. Her tome had burnt up long ago, so she had to rely on her sword for the rest of the fight. Avesa had taken to the skies, trying take out any archers there were. Emmeryn used her wind spells to cover the dark flier, leaving Chrom and Robin to defend each other. They didn’t mind really, seeing as how each of their moves seemed to be in sync with the other. He would strike and she would defend, than switch. Jocasta, Vasto and Jamil stayed towards the back of the battle, waiting for the right chance to strike. Something was off about them and it was starting to get on Robin’s nerves. Their weapons had a purplish glow to them, something that she remembered reading about in a book when she was young but she couldn’t recall what it was.

"When are we going to join the fight? I'm getting bored just standing here!" Vasto asked, shifting his axe from his shoulder. Jamil gave him a wicked grin.

"Be my guest, Vasto. Go and have your fun." He said and the wyvern rider ran off to join the fight, his axe raised and ready to strike. Robin saw him move out of the corner of her eye. She nudged Chrom to point the man out and he gave a small nod.

"If we take out those three, then the Grimleal may scatter. I can give you cover if you go after him, just watch out for their blades, there's something off about them." Robin explained, readying her sword for attack again. He gave a nod before charging forward towards Vasto, whose grin grew wider.

"Does the Ylislean pup have a death wish?" He asked, swinging his axe at the prince.

Chrom moved out of the way, blocking the man's attack with Falchion. Robin yelled something out to Emmeryn that the prince didn't hear. Vasto swung his axe over and over, trying to hit Chrom, but each time the prince avoided it. Finally Chrom was able to find an opening to attack the man. While Vasto's back was turned, the prince ran him through with Falchion. The wyvern rider let out a harsh scream before his body crumpled to the ground as Chrom removed his sword from his corpse. Jocasta let out an angered screech, charging forward towards the prince, her purplish blade glinting in the moon light. The prince didn't seem to notice the woman coming at him. Robin yelled something at him but he was too busy fighting off other Grimleal to hear her.

"You'll pay for killing him!" Jocasta howled as she neared the blue haired man. Robin rushed forward, putting herself between Chrom and Jocasta's blade. The prince's eyes grew wide but if the blade actually hit Robin, she didn't let it show. Instead, she kept fighting, keeping Jocasta as far away from Chrom as she could.

"Mine, mine, mine! He's mine to kill! You are in the way!" The woman snarled, throwing her hit after him at the princess.

Robin could feel her body starting to slow down from her exhaustion but she kept going. She had to protect Chrom and the others from harm. The princess stumbled slightly and Jocasta went to strike. She raised her blade, a crazed look in her eyes as she went to drive the sword into the white haired girl. Robin took her chance and drove her sword through the woman. Jocasta stopped, dropping her sword to the ground as she stared at the blade going through her stomach.

"Will I be able to see Vasto again?" Jocasta asked, her voice barely above a whisper before she fell to the ground in front of the princess. Robin looked around, noticing that the Grimleal had scattered. She grunted slightly as she got to her feet, pulling her sword out of Jocasta before grabbing a piece of cloth from a dead Grimleal and wrapping the purple blade in it.

"Robin! Are you hurt?!" Chrom asked, running over to her, panic filling his voice.

"I'm fine, Chrom. Nothing to worry about. Let's just... Let's just get out of here. There's evil here." Robin said as Emmeryn and Aversa made their way over to the pair.

"You were right. They scattered as soon as their leaders were killed. Aversa took care of that last one, Jamil or whatever his name was." Chrom explained. Robin nodded, handing the cloth wrapped sword to the dark flier.

"We should have the healers look at this. It's not a normal sword." She said and Aversa nodded. The three started towards the edge of town where they had left the three horses behind. Robin didn't move and Chrom stopped, frowning back at her.

"I'll catch up with in a minute." She said, giving him a small smile. When he kept walking Robin took the chance to look down at what her tactician's coat was hiding. A dark stain was spreading across the fabric of her tan colored shirt, growing larger by the minute. She pressed a hand to the stain for a second before pulling it back. The crimson liquid covered her hand and her eyes grew slightly larger.

"Oh no...."

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Robin had rushed back to the capital as fast as she could, pushing her horse to his limit. In order to stop her wound from bleeding further, she had taken the belts around her waist and pulled them up a little higher. It wasn't a lot of pressure but it would do until she could fix herself up. She didn't want the others to worry over her when others needed more help than she did. It was close to midday when the four made it back. The princess left her horse with the servants, hurrying into the castle without a second thought. Her body felt like it was on fire. Every inch of her hurt and it wasn't because she was exhausted either.

What was with that purple blade? Poison maybe? Robin thought to herself, ignoring the guards greeting her as she made her way to her chambers. She even ignored Basilio when she saw him in the hall, pretending not to have heard him. She knew she wasn't acting like her normal self but at the moment she didn't care. Once she had closed the door of her room behind her, Robin started to throw things around, looking for her medical supplies that she had tucked away someplace.

"Where are they, damn it!" She muttered to herself before letting out a sharp cry of pain. She stopped what she was doing, resting her back against the wall and removing the belts from around her to see the damage that had been done. A deep slash was going across her side, blood covering most of the area around it. That wasn't what freaked her out. Dark lines looked to be crawling up her skin, almost like an infection of some sort.

'Poisoned... I was right.' She thought, her vision starting to blur. She shook her head and tried to stand up right only for everything to go black and fall to the floor with a thud.

Chapter End Notes

WOW SO MANY UPDATES!

Remember, please leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed it! All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com

Missing

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

As the group returns to the castle, will everyone return unscathed? And what of the rest of the Shepherds and Rangers? Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

"Robin, is everything alright?" Emmeryn asked, standing outside of the princess's door. She waited for a few moments but didn't get a response. "Robin? Are you in there? You hurried away awfully fast once we returned."

Again nothing.

"Robin?" She called again, pushing on the door. "Huh, it's unlocked..." Emmeryn muttered before slowly opening the door. She wished she had moved sooner. Robin was lying on the floor unconscious, a small pool of blood beside her. Emmeryn rushed into the room and over to the princess, placing two fingers to the girl's throat to make sure she still had a pulse.

"Still alive, that's good. What in Naga's name happened, Robin?" The blonde muttered to herself, gently pushing the princess over onto her back so she could inspect the wound. The sage pulled the soaked fabric half of the way up on the girl, being as careful as she could.

"What the? What is that?" Emmeryn gasped noticing the poison that was coursing its way through Robin's body. "Okay, I know you probably can't hear me but I'm gonna move you onto the bed, okay Robin? Sorry if I hurt you." She whispered, lifting the princess up. To Emmeryn's surprise, the white haired girl was quite light, almost feather light. Gently, she placed Robin down on her bed before rushing over to the doorway and looking out into the hall, seeing if anyone was out there. A few guards seemed to be wandering the hall and someone with white hair wearing what looked like a dark flier's uniform was at the very end of the hall.

"Help! Someone! I need a healer! The princess has been poisoned!" Emmeryn shouted, grabbing the attention of everyone in the hallway. The guards rushed off to go grab some of the healers and the local apothecary. Aversa ran down the hall to where Emmeryn was, followed by two others, Chrom and Robin's mother.

"What's happened?" Morgana asked, pushing her way into the room to look at her daughter. Robin was a lot paler than normal and a pained look was on her face. Emmeryn shook her head and followed Morgana to Robin's side.

"I don't know. I came here to ask her if everything was okay but I got no answer so I opened the door. When I entered she was lying on the floor over there. I moved her onto the bed. I was going to try and fix her up but..." Emmeryn's voice trailed off and she had to take a deep breath before she could start again.

"Milady, I've never seen anything like this before."

-

"Mother?"

Morgana looked up from her book at the sound of her daughter's voice. She gave a soft smile to the little girl, beckoning her closer as she set the book down on the table beside her.

"Come on in little dove. Is something bothering you?" Morgana asked, lifting up the five year old so she could sit in her mother's lap. Robin frowned up at her mother, the candle light casting shadows over her face.

"Mother I had a scary dream." The little girl said, her voice quiet.

"What happened in the dream, Robin?" Morgana asked. The little girl's face became a mask, hiding any emotion from her mother.

"There was a woman in it, with white hair like we have. She was with three other people, one of them looked like Aversa and the other two didn't look familiar to me. A man with blue hair and a woman with blonde hair. They were fighting these scary people with these purple blades. The white haired woman got hit by one of the purple blades and she ended up getting really sick." Robin explained. Morgana was silent for a long time, staring at the little girl with a shocked expression on her face. She took a deep breath and gave her daughter a small smile.

"Robin, dreams are just dreams. They don't mean anything at all. I wouldn't worry about it." Morgana told her. Robin didn't say anything, only watching the candle light swaying.

"Mother, the girl with white hair was me, wasn't it? Am I going to get sick and die?" The little girl asked after a few minutes. Again Morgana said nothing, only shocked at how serious her daughter was being. The queen's arms tightened around the princess, pulling the little girl closer to her.

"No, love. I won't let anyone or anything harm you." Morgana whispered, placing a gentle kiss on the child's forehead.

"But then who's gonna protect the people if you're protecting me?" Robin asked, worry and panic filling her voice.

"I can still protect the people and you at the same time." Morgana gave a laugh at her daughter's words. Robin's eyes went wide and she shook her head.

"Mother, the people's lives matter much more than mine! If you protect me than... Than i'll protect the people!" Robin declared, determination shining on her face. Morgana laughed

again.

"Alright, little one, fair enough."

-

Robin woke with a start, her heart pounding in her chest. Her body still hurt and her joints felt stiff as well but she noticed the pain in her side had faded. She frowned and moved to sit up, only to fall back to where she was, giving out a yelp of pain. Several people jumped to their feet, their faces invading the princess's vision. Half of them looked relieved the others looked worried. She recognized the local apothecary, the face closest to her.

"Miss Robin? How do you feel?" The apothecary asked, nervously shifting from foot to foot.

"Sore." Robin said, her voice coming out as a hoarse whisper.

"That would be from the poison leaving your system. That's good news. It means that you'll be fine." The apothecary explained, his face lighting up at her answer. He turned to Morgana and said something to her that Robin missed before leaving.

"Milady, are you alright? Why didn't you let us know that you got injured?" Aversa demanded. Robin shook her head and pointed to her throat. Her mouth was dry and tasted like ashes. One of the healers handed Aversa a glass of water to pour down the princess's dry throat. Once the glass was empty, Robin glared at the dark flier.

"My life means nothing compared to the people of Plegia. If I can't keep them safe then what's the point of having the Rangers? There are more serious injuries than mine." She growled. Aversa shook her head and glared back at the girl.

"If you die then who will take over and lead the people of Plegia?!" The dark flier asked.

"If you die then who will lead us? Who will keep us safe and out of trouble?" Henry's voice came from the corner of the room.

Robin tried to sit up again so she could see him but she fell back to the bed. Several of the healers placed pillows behind her so she could sit up fully. Henry wasn't wearing his normal smile. A sad look had settled on his face and he was staring at Robin with worry in his red eyes.

"Henry..." Robin muttered, her heart falling at the sight of him.

"Well? Who's gonna lead us if you die? Who is going to keep us out of trouble? Robin, who will watch over us if you're gone?!" Henry yelled, becoming angry with the white haired girl. Everyone in the room took a small step back from the dark mage and even Aversa flinched at his tone of voice. Robin didn't say anything, only staring at him. After a few minutes she shook her head, her eyes closed so she couldn't see his angry glare.

"You don't know, do you? Or don't you care?" Henry asked, his voice becoming soft. Robin's eyes shot open and she looked at him in shock.

"Of course I care! Henry, when have I not cared about you, or anyone else for that matter?" Robin defended. Henry shook his head and pointed to the bed that she was currently in.

"Right now is a fine example." The dark mage told her. Again, the princess didn't say anything, only studying Henry's face, trying to read what was really going on. After a few minutes, Robin broke the silence.

"Something else has happened hasn't it?" She asked. This time it was Henry's turn to stay quiet. "I've been hurt before and you haven't gotten this upset. Something else has happened, hasn't it Henry?" She repeated. Henry gave a small nod, unable to look the woman in the eyes.

"Gaius.... He's gone missing." The dark mage answered, his head hung so she couldn't see his face.

"Get out." Robin said, her eyes going wide. "Henry, you stay here."

The dark mage nodded and made his way over to the princess. The healers and the few Rangers that had been in the room left. The only ones that refused to leave were Aversa, Morgana and Chrom.

"Tell me what happened." Robin demanded, gesturing for Henry to sit down on the bed.

"I'm not really sure. After you left for that village, Gaius had started acting funny." He said.

"Explain."

"He stopped eating his candy and a dark look had taken over his face. He didn't come to mealtimes and he totally skipped training. Then, the night before you came back, he was just...gone. No trace of him anywhere. Tharja and I looked everywhere but nothing." Henry answered, a worried look on his face.

"Is Excellus here in the capital?" Robin breathed, her voice soft as panic started to take over.

"No. He ran out of the city with his tail between his legs. He's working-" Morgana started but Robin cut her off.

"With the Grimleal. The ones that we ran into confirmed it. What have I done?" She groaned, her head falling into her hands.

"Robin?" Chrom asked, frowning at the girl.

"I...asked Gaius to keep an eye on Excellus since I knew I was going to have to leave the city, I needed someone to watch his movement, see if he was up to anything. My guess is that Gaius found out something he wasn't supposed to and so Excellus took him with when he left the city. I have to go find him, it's my fault he's missing." The princess explained, trying to get out of the bed. She hissed as pain shot threw her body, causing her to stay down.

"You're not going anywhere until you're fully healed!" Aversa ordered, glaring at Robin again.

“But what about Gaius? I’m not gonna leave him!”

“I’ll go look for him.” Chrom offered, drawing all eyes to him. Robin shook her head.

“I can’t ask you to do something like that. I nearly got you killed!” She said.

“Robin, you’ve been out for three days now. I’m more rested and in better health than you are. If I take a few Shepherds and a few Rangers with me, we can find Gaius and Excellus in no time.” Chrom explained. Robin exchanged a glance with Aversa before slowly giving a nod.

“Alright. Fine. But take Aversa with you. I’d feel better knowing that she’s there.” The princess said, waving a hand towards the dark flier. Aversa rolled her eyes and escorted Chrom out of the room, muttering something about finding the others. Morgana left soon after, telling Robin to get some rest and not to worry about Gaius. Robin only snorted at her mother’s comment in response. Henry stayed behind and waited for the door to shut behind the queen to turn towards the white haired girl.

“You may think that your life means nothing compared to everyone in Plegia’s, but that’s where you’re wrong. Your life means so much to everyone and you’ve made a difference in so many people’s lives. Not many people would try and save a thief after they just broke into their home. Get some rest, sis. You deserve a break.” And with that he left, leaving Robin to her thoughts.

“Rest. How can I rest when I’m putting others in danger?” Robin muttered, turning her gaze to the window where the sunlight was trying to claw it’s way through the curtains.

“Chrom...Please take care of yourself.” Robin said to herself as she drifted back to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

HOO BOY IT JUST KEEPS HAPPENING. Remember, all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com
Please leave a kudos or comment if you liked it!

Retaliation

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

As Chrom mounts an effort to rescue Gaius, will Robin recover? And how will she deal with being stuck? What news does the thief have? Read on to find out, dear audience!

Chapter Notes

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

“Aversa, do you have an idea of where Excellus maybe hiding?” Chrom asked, looking over at the dark flier.

The prince was with Frederick, Aversa, Tharja, Vaike and Lissa searching for Gaius in the ranges of Plegia. The group moved quickly through the desert wastes.

“I have an idea, yes, but I know it won’t be easy to get inside of where he is.” Aversa said, her lips pulled into a tight frown.

“Care to share the location?” Frederick asked, matching his horse’s stride with the others. Aversa exchanged a look with Tharja before returning her gaze to the road ahead of them.

“Back during the uprising twenty years ago, there were three main temples, if that’s even the right term for them. One was located in the mountains not far from the Feroxi border, a second was just outside a forest. I took out the one in the mountains and Saylla, Tharja’s mother, took out the one by the forest.” The dark flier explained.

“And the third?” Lissa asked, her head tilting to the side slightly.

“It was the capital. Lady Morgana took it out when she killed her husband.” Aversa replied, her eyes narrowing slightly. “If I remember right, Excellus was found at the temple in the mountains.”

“And with any luck, Gaius will be with him. I hate it when Robin gets so worried. It makes me feel as though I’ve failed in protecting her.” Tharja pouted, clutching her tome close to her. Aversa frowned at her before giving a sigh and rubbing at her temples.

“I know what you mean, even though you’re not the one who’s supposed to protect her. When she worries, all of us feel it. She’s a good person. The world needs more people like her. Prince Chrom?” Aversa asked, turning towards the blue haired man.

“Yes?” He frowned at her, confusion written on his face.

“Thank you. Thank you for everything that you have done for us. I know Lady Robin appreciates your help.” She told him. Chrom opened his mouth to say something but no words came out. His heart seemed to speed up a bit at the dark fliers words and he had no idea why. His face felt slightly hot as he gave the woman a nod, turning back to face the road. Aversa stifled a giggle before urging her pegasus into a fast gallop.

“Come on! We’re losing sunlight and we don’t want to be in the open when night falls!”

-

Robin paced back and forth in the courtyard, her hands clasping and unclasping as she moved. All eyes in the room were focused on her but she didn’t care.

“Do you think we should stop her?” A small voice asked, leaning towards the man standing beside her as she played with her pink hair. The dark haired man gave a grunt, taking a small step back from her but still staying close by. The girl rolled her eyes and crossed her arms over her chest. “Well, you’re a real help Lon’qu.” She muttered.

“What if he gets himself hurt?” Robin asked, stopping her pacing as she turned to look at the pink haired girl and the man beside her. The girl jumped and nearly ducked behind Lon’qu if he hadn’t nearly ducked behind her.

“What do I do?” The girl asked, turning towards Henry, who shook his head and gave a sigh.

“Don’t worry, Olivia, this happens when she gets worried about someone.” The dark mage told her. Olivia nodded and started playing with her hair again as she continued to watch the princess.

“Robin, don’t worry about my brother. He knows how to take care of himself. Frederick went with him to make sure he doesn’t do anything stupid.” Emmeryn said, trying not to laugh as she entered the courtyard. Robin muttered something and went back to pacing.

“Does he do stupid stuff often?” Cherche asked, turning to the sage. Emmeryn nodded.

“He once bashed in part of the wall back home in the courtyard when training with Vaike. He breaks a lot of things.” Emmeryn explained.

“Robin does the same thing but only when she’s angry. More than once she’s broken Gangrel’s nose.” Cherche replied. “Robin, if you keep pacing like that then you’ll create a ditch all the way to Valm, and believe me, I don’t want to go back and see Walhart again until I have too.”

“Well, what am I supposed to do, Cherche? One of my friends is missing and the Prince of Ylisse is out there looking for him! I nearly got both of them killed in one day! How am I supposed to react?” Robin asked, stopping her pacing once more.

“Dear, Gaius and Chrom both know how to take care of themselves. Besides, you were injured and Chrom did what he thought was necessary to help. It’s only been about three days

since they left. And aren't you supposed to be resting in bed since you're still hurt?" Cherche asked, placing her hands on her hips as she frowned at the princess.

"Well...I-I uh...Oh, shut up." The white haired girl said, frowning at the wyvern lord. Her eyes scanned the people in the room before they rested on Olivia and Lon'qu, causing both to shift uncomfortably. "Who are you?"

"Oh! Um, I'm Olivia and this is Lon'qu. We're the two that Khan Basilio left behind as a gift for Plegia." The pink haired girl explained, jumping slightly at the woman's question.

"A gift for Plegia? Why?" Robin asked, her head tilting to the side as her frown deepened.

"Uh... We're not one hundred percent sure ourselves, miss." Olivia said, shifting her feet and looking anywhere but at Robin. The princess shrugged and turned her gaze towards the sky above. Emmeryn noticed the sad look spreading across the girl's face.

"Cherche, will you and the others mind giving us a few minutes?" The sage asked, turning towards the woman next to her. Cherche frowned for a few seconds before nodding and ushering everyone out of the courtyard, promising to show Olivia and Lon'qu around the palace.

"Robin?" Emmeryn said, turning towards the princess once everyone was gone. Robin blinked a few times as she looked at the blonde, waiting for her to keep speaking.

"I was wondering if you would be willing to show me around the city? Since I've been here, I'm afraid that I haven't gotten to go explore the city much and I figured that you would be the perfect person to ask to join me." The sage explained, giving her a small smile. Robin nodded, her own smile spreading across her face.

"I would be happy to."

-

"Is this the temple?" Chrom asked, gazing up at the building not far from them. Aversa nodded, climbing off of her pegasus and landing on the ground with a thud.

"Yep. I'd recognize those stupid pillars anywhere. They've got the mark of Grima carved into them. Disgusting. I should have asked Nowi to knock them down once the fighting was over, but Lady Morgana was about to go into labor any day." Aversa muttered.

"Wait, the rebuilding of Plegia started once the king was killed and Lady Morgana took over. Do you mean that she was pregnant with Robin DURING the rebellion?" Lissa asked.

"Well, Lady Robin is still the king's daughter. So, yes, Lady Morgana was pregnant at the time. Now, do you want to keep taking about this or should we go get this over with? Night in Plegia is never a pleasant thing when you're out in the open." Aversa said, gesturing towards the temple. Chrom nodded, moving towards the building.

"Oh, one more thing before we go inside. The Grimleal left traps in the building before they were killed. Be on your guard." Aversa added, leading the others forward.

-

They moved as quickly and as quietly as they could along the halls of the temple, Aversa making sure that they didn't get caught in any traps or get their heads chopped off. The place seemed empty and far too silent to them as no one appeared to be there. After what felt like forever, the group made a turn, rounded the corner and found someone slumped against the wall, a flash of orange hair the only thing visible in the darkness.

"Gaius?" Aversa asked, her voice low and barely above a whisper. The man didn't move, only staying where he was, his chest slowly rising and falling. Chrom and Aversa frowned at each other and moved closer.

"Oh gods." The dark flier breathed, her hand flying to her mouth as she took in the sight of the thief. Blood was slowly trickling down the left side of his face, caking his orange hair and his head band. His eyes were closed and his head was turned so the right side rested against the wall. Cuts and bruises covered what skin was seen and he was having trouble breathing.

"Gaius? Gaius, wake up." Aversa whispered, shaking the man gently as Chrom waved Lissa over, her staff at the ready. The orange haired man grunted and moved his head slightly but he still didn't wake.

"Gaius! Come on, you idiot! Robin's worried about you! We're all worried about you!" Aversa tried again, shaking him slightly harder than before. Gaius gave grunt and moved his arms slightly, trying to wave Aversa off.

"Five more minutes mommy." The thief murmured.

"Mommy?! You're lucky I don't kick you in the gut, you dolt!" The woman said, her voice louder than before. "Wake up, dummy!"

"Huh?! What?! I didn't steal from the baker! Wait...Feathers? Is that you?" Gaius asked, jumping awake at the sound of her voice.

"What, surprised I'm not your mother?"

"Oh. Oh no. No, you can't be here! You need to leave. Get Bubbles and Princy out of here!" The thief said, panic starting to rise in him and a wild look in his eyes.

"Robin isn't here. And what are you talking about? We came here to get you." Aversa told him.

"That was the point! Excellus knew that Robin would come after me, after anyone in the Rangers or close to her. If the plan for her kidnapping in that town failed then he would take one of the Rangers hostage and use that person to draw Robin out. You need to leave! Get out of here!" Gaius yelled. Aversa and Chrom exchanged another look before Chrom asked the question that was on their minds.

"What does he want with Robin?"

"There's no time! You need to leave. GO!" Gaius yelled, shaking his head, trying to push Lissa away.

"CHROM! We've got incoming!" Vaike yelled, reading his axe as Tharja opened her tome and Frederick drew his sword, footsteps echoing in the hallway. "The Vaike will handle this, you just take it easy, ma'am." He added, turning to Tharja.

"I'll pretend that you didn't say that. Ugh, you're not even worth cursing." The dark mage muttered.

"What does Excellus want with Robin, Gaius? We're not leaving you here so you might as well tell us." Aversa asked, glaring at the thief.

"Her head on a plate." He said, his voice going slightly weak.

"Well, well. Aversa, isn't this a surprise."

-

"This place is huge! I think it's even bigger than Ylisstol!" Emmeryn said, her eyes scanning the street as the two princesses walked throughout the city. Robin stifled a giggle as she watched the blonde.

"It's not that big. There's just a lot of people. The capital of Ferox on the other hand, now that's a city!" She said, a smile gracing her lips. "I've only been to Ylisstol once, but I was far too young to remember it. Just a baby, according to my mother. Is...is it beautiful there? In Ylisstol?"

"Yes, it's especially nice in the spring when the flowers start to bloom and the birds begin their songs of the new season after the snow melts." Emmeryn answered. Robin stopped, staring at the woman with wide eyes.

"Snow? It snows in Ylisstol?" She asked, her head tilting to the side. Emmeryn laughed at the look on Robin's face and nodded.

"Of course! Doesn't it snow here?"

"No. We only really get one season here. Summer. Constant summer." The princess answered.

"Well, summer isn't so bad, is it? I prefer the heat over snow any day. Back in Ylisstol, the castle gets so cold at night that sometimes Lissa's toes turn blue. She always complains but that's what she gets-"

"Miss Robin! Miss Robin!" A voice yelled out, cutting Emmeryn's voice off. The two women turned, looking behind them at who had spoken. One of the guards from the palace was running down the steps of the castle towards them, his helmet slightly too big for him as one of his hands was holding the helmet on his head.

"What is it? Is something wrong?" Robin asked, worry starting to set in. She had nearly let herself forget about her worry when Emmeryn had asked to see the city, but seeing the guard had brought it rushing back.

"They've returned, miss! Prince Chrom and the others brought Mr. Gaius back and the traitor Excellus!" The guard explained, trying to catch his breath as he stopped in front of the two women. Robin's eyes went wide and she took off towards the palace, Emmeryn taking off after her.

"Gaius!" Robin yelled, running down the steps of the palace towards the group of people. Gaius was being supported by Vaike and Frederick. The ginger gave a small smile once the princess stopped in front of him.

"Hey there Bubbles. How's everything with those stuffy nobles going?" He asked, holding back a cough. Robin shook her head and frowned at him.

"You never change. Guards! Get this man to the clerics as soon as possible. He's not in good shape!" Robin yelled over her shoulder. Four men came running down the steps, lifting Gaius up and towards the palace. Robin watched him go before turning back to Chrom, throwing her arms around him.

"Thank you so much, Chrom. I can't begin to repay you for this!" The princess said. The prince blinked several times before Robin let go. Their hearts seemed to beat faster than normal and their faces heated up. Both Emmeryn and Aversa exchanged knowing looks with each other, trying to hide their smiles.

"If you lovebirds are done here, Milady, we need to call a meeting with Lady Morgana and the other Generals." The dark flier explained. "It's about what to do with the toad."

Said toad moaned quietly in pain.

"Huh? Oh, right. Let's get inside then." Robin muttered, leading the others inside of the castle. She stuck close to Chrom as they went to go find the queen of Plegia. A small smile traced the princess' lips as they walked.

Chapter End Notes

How'd you like it? There's one chapter left of Act 2, then an Intermission, then Act 3. Leave a kudos or comment if you liked it! All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com !

Say Goodbye

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

The Ylisseans' stay has come to an end as unrest rises in Ylisse. Will love flourish? Read on to find out, dear audience!

Chapter Notes

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

Robin stood looking at her reflection in her bedroom mirror, studying her image. Her white hair fell around her shoulders, framing her face perfectly. She ran her hands over her black and dark purple robes, trying to flatten out the dress she had been told to wear. The princess had thrown out the two servants that had tried dressing her half an hour ago, having felt too uncomfortable in her attire. The only thing she was comfortable with was her normal tactician boots that her robes hid from view. She gave a sigh and rubbed at her temples.

“I hate these clothes. Why can’t I just wear my normal stuff?” Robin muttered. Her arms fell to her side and she stared at herself in the mirror. A sharp rap on the door caused her to jump.

“Milady, it’s time for the trial to begin.” Aversa’s voice came from the other side of the door. Robin gave a nod to herself and moved towards the door, opening it and closing it behind her as she stepping into the hall. Aversa had changed out of her dark flier’s uniform and into clothes she normally wore for court. The princess didn’t say anything as they moved along the hallway towards the throne room, their footsteps echoing throughout the palace. After several minutes Robin finally broke the silence.

“This is really happening, isn’t it Aversa? Excellus is really going on trial.” The princess asked, her voice soft as they walked.

“Yes Milady. Though the verdict is more than likely decided already.” Aversa answered.

“Especially if Mother gets the final choice. Death is too good for that man. Though I wouldn’t mind being the hand that draws his final breath.” Robin added, wringing her hands together. They stayed silent for the rest of the way to the throne room. When they arrived, everyone was standing up, waiting to take their seats, the only person missing was the queen. Even the Shepherds were there, standing beside the rest of the Rangers. Sumia stayed close to Gaius, the two talking to each other in hushed tones. Many of the nobles seemed to be muttering to each other as well, throwing glances at the Ylisseans across the room from them. Mustafa made his way over to the princess and gave her a bow.

"Lady Robin. We've been waiting for you. Now we just have to wait for your mother." The general told her. Robin gave a nod but didn't say anything, keeping her mouth into a tight line. She glanced over at the nobles that were shooting looks at her behind Mustafa. He noticed her gaze drift and gave a sigh.

"Princess, they've been muttering all morning and not about you this time. For once." He added. Again Robin didn't say anything and gave a second nod.

"That's a miracle. I can hardly get those old fools to shut up about you. Either they're complaining about something that you did, or didn't, do. Or they are showering you with praise. I swear if I have to hear another of those idiots offer to have their sons take your hand in marriage I may throw up!" A voice said on their left. Morgana was walking towards them, Saylla following behind the queen, trying hard to hide a laugh, despite the current situation.

"Well, now that everyone's here, shall we get this damned thing over with?" Morgana asked, entering the room without waiting for an answer, Robin following after her. The princess could practically feel all eyes on her as she stood beside the throne that her mother was now seated in.

"We're here today for the trial of Excellus, former member of the Plegian council. Though why we're having this dumb trial in the first place is beyond me but let's get this over with quickly. Bring the toad in!" Morgana ordered. Everyone took their seats while four guards marched Excellus in chains. Robin, Aversa and Mustafa were the only ones left standing in the room.

"Excellus, you slimy toad, do you know why you're here?" Morgana asked, trying hard to keep her voice even but failing at hiding her resentment towards the man. Excellus gave the queen a smile and held out his hands to her.

"If I told you I haven't got a clue would you believe me?" He chuckled. Robin kept her face a stony mask, her arms folded behind her back as she stared at the man, hoping to make him squirm under her gaze.

"Shut up, slimeball. Read off the charges before I throw up." Morgana ordered, rubbing at her temples. "Blasted trial is giving me a headache!" One of the guards standing beside Excellus cleared his throat, unrolling a scroll that had been in his hands.

"Excellus, you are accused of conspiracy against the crown, revival of the Grimleal, attempted murder of the princess, homicide, attempt of genocide, kidnapping of Mr. Gaius and am I forgetting anything else?" The guard asked, turning to the other three who each shook their heads.

"Excellus, anything you have to say for yourself before you die?" The queen asked, giving a sigh. The man cleared his throat and gave the two women a smile.

"My dear lady. Do you really believe these charges? They are false of course! Attempted murder of the princess. HA! Where does that come from?" Excellus said. Robin gave a harsh laugh.

"You really expect me to believe that? You poisoned me, and you kidnapped my friend, not to mention you wiped out an entire village. You're lucky I don't kill you myself." Robin growled.

"Couldn't have said it better myself. Excellus, your sentence for your crimes is death, so someone go kill him before I do. Court dismissed!" Morgana ordered, rising from her throne. The guards marched Excellus out of the room, the man screaming curses at the queen and the princess while he left. Robin made her way over to her friends, glancing at the nobles as she went. None of them seemed to be paying her any attention for which she was grateful.

"You alright, Gaius?" Robin asked as she neared the thief. He gave a nod, Sumia helping him to his feet.

"Never felt better. Though I'll have to be off duty for a while. Clerics did a good job fixin' me up but I have to rest for a few days they said." Gaius answered.

"No problem. Excellus was more than likely leading the rise of the Grimleal so they shouldn't be acting up for a long time. I think we all need to rest for a bit anyway." The princess added. Everyone nodded in agreement. One of the palace servants came running up to the group a letter in his hand. He handed Emmeryn the letter and gave a bow before running off again. Emmeryn frowned, looking from the letter in her hand to her brother and sister. As she read the contents within her frown grew deeper.

"What is it, sister?" Lissa asked, her head tilting to the side.

"I'm... I'm to return home immediately. Mother says that there is trouble back in Ylissstol and she's hoping that I maybe able to help. She also says that only I am to return, the rest of you are to remain here until further notice. She hopes that..." Emmeryn's voice faded and she didn't finish the rest of her sentence.

"Hopes that what?" Chrom asked, waiting for his sister to continue. The sage shook her head and gave her brother a small smile, waving off his question.

"It appears that this is where I take my leave then. Robin, it was so nice to meet you, I hope I was of some use to you." Emmeryn said, giving the white haired girl a smile.

"Of course! It's a shame you have to leave though. I hope everything is alright back in Ylissstol. Take care, Emmeryn." Robin added, returning the woman's smile. Emmeryn nodded before leaving the room, saying a goodbye to her brother and sister.

"Phila." Frederick said, turning to the woman beside him. "Go with Lady Emmeryn." Phila gave a nod and ran after the eldest princess, hoping to catch the woman before she left.

"Frederick. You should go with them too." Lissa said, her voice soft as she looked over at the great knight.

"I cannot. My duty is to protect you milady and your brother. I cannot leave you behind." He told her, keeping his face a blank mask, though his eyes showed how much he wanted to go after Emmeryn and keep her safe.

"Frederick! We'll be fine. We have the other Shepherds here with us. Go after her!" Lissa pointed towards the door a firm look on her face. Frederick shook his head.

"I cannot."

-

A few months had passed by since Emmeryn had left Plegia. Chrom and Lissa had received word from Phila saying that the two had made it to Ylissstol safely, meeting a taguel by the name of Panne on their way. Having tucked the letter from his sister into the pouch on his belt, Chrom found himself wandering the castle halls, his hands clasped behind his back. Soft music filled Chrom's ears as he walked down one of the many hallways of the Plegia castle. It wasn't very loud and he had almost dismissed it, thinking that he was hearing things but as he kept walking the person's voice became more clear with each step. He couldn't quite make out the words to the song but the voice made his heart skip a beat as he listened. The prince stopped at the doors to the library, listening to the music coming from within. He didn't want to intrude, in case the person didn't want to be heard but his feet seemed to move on their own. He wandered around the bookshelves, trying to find the source of the music and finally Chrom stopped when he saw a certain white haired woman.

Robin held a stack of books in her arms, placing one on a shelf before picking up two more, all the while singing the song Chrom had heard. The prince smiled to himself, listening to the princess as she moved around the bookshelves, paying him no notice. He opened his mouth to call out something to her but quickly shut it, deciding against interrupting her. After several minutes the Princess stopped close to a foot away from Chrom, her eyes wide as she stared at him, pink tinting her cheeks.

"How long have you been standing there?" Robin asked, her voice soft.

"Not long. A few minutes maybe. That was a lovely song, you didn't have to stop." Chrom chuckled, giving her a small smile. Robin could tell her face turned a new shade of red and she turned to set the books she was carrying onto the table next to her, trying not to make eye contact with the prince.

"Please. I'm a terrible singer. It was a lullaby that my mother used to sing to me when I was younger. I only meant to hum, not actually sing but since no one is normally in this part of the castle at this time of day...Well, anyway, I'm sorry you had to hear that." The princess added, placing a few books on her stack back on the bookshelf.

"I thought it was really nice. My mother used to sing to me when I was younger, though I don't remember most of what she sang. I just remember the tone of her voice. Sorry, I didn't mean to intrude." The prince added and Robin shook her head. There was silence between the two as the woman kept moving about the shelf, placing books back and taking a few down.

"Chrom? Can I ask you something?" Robin said, breaking the silence in the room. He nodded and waited for her to continue. "Do you think Emmeryn will be alright? From what she told us before she left, things weren't doing too good back in Ylissstol."

"...Emmeryn is a strong person, gentle but strong. I think that if my parents needed her help resolving a problem without bloodshed, she would be able to fix it with no problem." Chrom answered, watching as the princess stood on the tips of her toes on top of the table, trying to reach a book on the top shelf. "Do you need some help with that?"

"Huh? Oh, no I got it. I do this a lot, tha- ah!" Right as Robin was about to finish her sentence, she lost her balance and fell from the table. Chrom moved fast, catching her before she hit the ground. She stared up at him with wide eyes, holding her book close to her chest as he stared back at her. There was silence between them once more, lasting longer than before.

"Are you alright?" Chrom asked, his voice coming out as a small whisper. Robin opened her mouth a couple of times, unable to say anything and instead settled for a small nod. A cough caused the pair to jump and they turned towards the source. Aversa stood there, her arms behind her back and an innocent smile on her face.

"Am I interrupting something?" The dark flier asked as Chrom set Robin back onto her feet.

"No. I fell and Chrom caught me before I hit the ground. Nothing else. What is it, Aversa?" The princess asked.

"There's someone in the throne room for you." Aversa said, her smile becoming even wider before she walked off. Robin gave a sigh and made her way to the throne room, an annoyed look on her face and Chrom followed after her. When they got there, a man in dark green robes stood there waiting, flowers in one hand.

"State your name and whatever it is that you want." Robin said stopping a few feet from the man. He turned around, giving her a wide smile and a deep bow.

"Milady, you are even more lovely than what my father told me. I hope you don't mind but these are-"

"Name and intent, now, before I have the guards escort you out." Robin repeated, cutting the man off. He gulped before giving her another smile.

"Milady, I have come here for your hand in marriage. Since you are next in line for the throne, you will need a man by your side. A man that can protect you!" The man said. Robin gave a scoff and folded her arms over her chest, glaring at the man in front of her. She opened her mouth to say something but Chrom spoke first.

"Listen here you. I don't know who you think you are but Robin can take care of herself perfectly fine. Not to mention the fact that she can protect the people of Plegia better than anyone I've ever seen. She's a master tactician and she doesn't need some creep like you! Now leave before I make you." The prince growled. The man gave a jump, running out of the room without another word. Robin blinked several times, trying to make sure what she had just saw was not a dream. Aversa covered her mouth with her hand, trying hard to hide her smile as she quietly left the room.

"Chrom? Why did you do that?" Robin asked, turning to look at the man standing beside her. Chrom frowned at the princess.

"He was a creep. Why wouldn't I do it? Someone like that doesn't deserve to be with you." He said softly. Robin's face felt warm again and her heart seemed to skip a beat.

"So who does? In your eyes. Who do you think deserves to be with me?" She asked, her voice gentle as she lowered her arms to her sides, a frown tracing her lips.

"Well, um...I don't know. Maybe someone who's equal to you in strength? Someone who also cares about the people and, uh, someone that won't walk out on you or treat you wrong. Let's see what else...Naga this is hard. Um..." Chrom said, rubbing the back of his head as he spoke. The reason that he had given to her as to why he had chased that 'creep' away wasn't a lie. It just wasn't all of the truth. If he had to be honest with himself, the real reason he had yelled at that man was because he felt something towards the princess. He just didn't know what for sure that feeling was.

"Oh! He has to respect you and treat you like a person, not just an object." Chrom added.

"Chrom." Robin said but the prince kept going.

"He has to be there for you when you need him, lets see what else, um..."

"Chrom."

"He has to-" Chrom's words were cut off as Robin grabbed him by the collar of his shirt, pressing her lips to his. They both froze up a bit and before Robin knew what she was doing, she pushed the prince away. They stared at each other for the second time that day, neither of them moving.

"I...I shouldn't have done that. I'm sorry. I d-didn't mean-" Robin began but Chrom shook his head, placing a finger onto her lips.

"It's...It's alright. You didn't have to push away though." He said.

"Um... Excuse me, Prince Chrom?" A voice asked and the two jumped, turning to see one of the servants standing there holding a letter in his hand. Chrom frowned and took the letter from the man, who ran out of the room. As the prince opened the letter and read through it, his hands clenched the paper tighter and tighter.

"Chrom? What's wrong? What's going on?" Robin asked, worry seeping into her voice.

"There are people rebelling against my family back in Ylistol. Emm tried to get them to calm down by talking with them and promoting peace. She says that her efforts failed and that the Shepherds and I have to return home." Chrom explained. Robin shook her head and frowned at him.

"Why are they rebelling?"

“My father told me when I was younger about the war between his parents and your grandparents. He said that a lot of people were bitter in Ylisse about the outcome. Emm says that’s why people are rebelling.” Chrom told her, folding the letter up so he could show Lissa later. Robin gave a small nod, wringing her hands together as she looked out the window at the sinking sun.

“Almost sunset. It would be best if you waited to leave until the morning. The desert isn’t a kind place during the night.” The princess said quietly.

“Robin, I have to leave at some point. I can’t let my country suffer.”

“I know, I know. But...At least stay the night. Please.”

“With you?”

Robin didn’t say anything but gave a small nod her face feeling like someone had lit an elfire tome right under her nose. She wouldn’t meet his gaze and kept wringing her hands together nervously. After what felt like forever to the princess, Chrom gave a sigh and rubbed the back of his head.

“One night won’t hurt.”

-

“Are you sure about this?”

“Positive.”

-

“I don’t want you to leave, but I understand why you have too.” Robin muttered, standing close to Chrom on the steps of the palace, the other Rangers and the Shepherds exchanging their goodbyes with each other.

“I don’t want to leave either. I wish I could take you with me, but...” Chrom’s words trailed off and Robin gave a small nod.

“My place is here.” She finished for him and he gave a sigh. “Promise that you’ll come back. Please.”

“Promise. You stay safe too. Hopefully I won’t be gone for too long.” Chrom said, giving the princess a small smile which she didn’t return. He glanced at the others before placing a kiss on her forehead.

“Captain Chrom, sir?” A voice asked. The two turned to find Sumia standing there, wringing her hands together.

“Sumia? Something wrong?” Chrom asked, confused.

“Well, uh, Captain. I would like to stay behind, here in Plegia that is. I feel that I’ll only get in the way back in Ylissol and I could be a bigger help here instead.” Sumia explained. Robin and Chrom exchanged a look before Chrom gave a nod.

“Alright Sumia. If that is what you feel you should do, I won’t stop you.”

“If I may cut in, sir, but perhaps I could go in Miss Sumia’s place?” Libra asked, walking over to the four. Robin and Chrom nodded at the same time. After a few more words and several more goodbyes, Robin watched as the Shepherds made their way out of the city.

“See you later, Chrom.” Was the last thing she said to him.

“You alright, Bubbles?” Gaius asked, standing beside the princess. Robin gave a small, shaky nod, trying hard not to break down.

“Yeah, I’m fine. Everything is going to be fine.”

END ACT 2

Chapter End Notes

AAAAND that's the end of Act 2! Coming up, there will be an intermission which will be one chapter, then Act 3 will start! Remember, all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com and leave a comment/kudos if you enjoyed!

Intermission Part 1

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

Interfishin'

What happens after Chrom leaves? What remains the same, and what changes?

Chapter Notes

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

Two Months since the War's Start

Robin walked down the castle's halls, hand absentmindedly rubbing her stomach. Over the last few weeks, it seemed that any and every little smell or taste of food was nauseating. Every time someone even mentioned food, she felt sick. She frowned, avoiding any person she saw in the hallway until she found the room she was looking for.

"Anyone know where I put those stupid bandages?" Gangrel's voice called out as the princess neared the open door of the clinic. Several 'no's were heard from within.

"Gangrel?" Robin asked, standing in the doorway. The trickster looked up, an eyebrow raised at the sound of his name.

"Someone say something?" He asked, frowning at the people around him. Robin cleared her throat, drawing his attention.

"AH! Robin, what can these magic hands do for you? Hey, watch where you're going with that cart there!" Gangrel yelled at a passing cleric.

"Can I talk to you? In private, please." He gestured towards his small workroom and led the princess back, closing the door behind them.

"Going by the look on your face, my guess is that something's wrong..." Gangrel said, looking the princess over. Robin gave a nod and sighed.

"I feel like I'm going to throw up or something. Especially at the mention of food. Hell, anything to do with food and I feel like I'm going to get sick!" She explained.

"Okay...Have you noticed any changes lately? Mood swings, anything like that?"

"I have been more irritable, that's true."

"And lately, have you..."

“Not in a few weeks, no.”

“I think I know what’s going on.” The trickster said, a grin spreading across his face.
“So...Who’s the father?”

“Excuse me?” Robin exclaimed, stepping back in shock.

“Robin; you’re with child, pregnant, a bun up the oven, eating for two, need I say more?” Gangrel asked, trying hard not to laugh at the girl’s expression. Robin’s mouth opened and closed a few times before it finally closed and she sat down on the wooden chair, her head in her hands.

“Great...” She muttered. Gangrel rolled his eyes and pulled the other chair in the room over so he could sit next to her.

“Listen, Robin. Everything will be okay. You’ll have to be pulled off duty and stay in the city. The less stress you have the better off things will be. Now, I have a pretty good idea of who the daddy is but I don’t want to guess in case I’m wrong, so will you tell me who it is?”

“...’rom.”

“What?”

“Chrom. He’s the father.”

“The Ylissean prince. Okay then...How do we want to break this to your mother?”

“I’m not sure I want to tell her. She’ll kill me first then kill him.”

“Tell me what?” Morgana asked, leaning her head into Gangrel’s workroom.

“Mother! We were just talking about...” Robin’s voice trailed off and she looked to Gangrel for help.

“About what Excellus’s plans were before he died. You know, stuff like that.”

“Don’t lie to me, young lady. That was more than four months ago. Old news.”

“Mother...I...” Robin hung her head, not daring to look her mother in the eyes.

“If it’s about the pregnancy, don’t worry. I’ve known for a few days now.” Both Robin and Gangrel stared at the queen in shock, their mouths hanging open.

“Oh, don’t look at me like that. I saw the signs. Especially when your face turned green at breakfast the other morning and you ran out of the room. I was like that when I was pregnant with you. Though it does make things difficult now, with Chrom being off at war.” With this, she sat down on a nearby stool and fixed her daughter with her best judgmental face.

“I-I don’t know what you mean,” Robin stuttered.

“Robin. I’m not stupid. I saw how you looked once the prince left. Not to mention the fact that he was following you around like a lost puppy after his sister left.” Morgana said, her arms crossed over her chest.

“It...wasn’t supposed to end with me being pregnant.” Robin sighed, rubbing her temples.

“Oh? How was it supposed to end then? Robin, things like this happen. Believe me, you’re not the first person to have a child out of wedlock. Half of the nobles had children before they got married so they have no right to judge you. Gods know I can’t judge you. Just be careful over the next few months.”

“Yes mother.”

-

Four Months since the War’s Start

“Lady Morgana? Did you hear what I said?”

Morgana stood in the main hall, her face blank as a messenger stood in front of her. Mustafa stood on her left and Robin on her right. The queen hadn’t said anything since the messenger had spoken. Finally after a few moments Morgana gave a small nod.

“I heard you. The Exalt and his wife have been killed in one of the attacks by the rebels. Emmeryn, the eldest of the three royal siblings, is to become the new Exalt. As for the whereabouts of the three siblings, you don’t have a clue. Is that correct or am I missing something?” She hissed. The messenger nodded, stepping back a little from the queen.

“Two of my friends are dead. I owe them my life and I never got to repay them. I never got to say goodbye to them. If I had been there, I could have helped them!” Morgana clenched her hands into tight fists, fighting the tears that were about to roll down her face.

“Morgana, you can’t blame yourself for this. Your place is here.” Mustafa said, placing a hand on the woman’s shoulder. She shook it off easily, her head hung. Robin turned towards the messenger, a worried look on her face.

“You said there was no news of the three siblings?” She asked and the man nodded.

“Afraid so miss. Lady Emmeryn has been giving me instructions through miss Phila. I’m not allowed any contact with them.” He explained.

“I see...Thank you.” Robin muttered. The messenger turned to leave but he was stopped by Morgana.

“You are to take men with you. Tell Emmeryn that Plegia has her support and the men are hers to command. Mustafa. Gather up our best fighters. They are to go to Ylisse. If any of them have a problem with that they can speak to me about it.” She ordered. Mustafa gave a firm nod before running off to do as she had ordered.

“I’m going too.” Robin said, her hands balling into fists.

“No. You’re staying here. I’m not putting you in danger like that. Especially with how you are now.”

“You did the same thing in my place!”

“That was different, Robin. I was leading the revolution then, not aiding it!”

“How is that any different?! You knew the risks and you still did it!”

“I’m not sending my daughter to die!” Morgana shouted. “You’re staying here and that’s final.”

“Yes mother. If you’ll excuse me.” Robin said after a few moments. She left her mother and the messenger standing there, making her way back to her room.

-

Six Months since the War’s Start

“Just write to her you idiot!”

“What would I even say to her? ‘Hi! Sorry I left you in Plegia and haven’t said a word to you since. Oh by the way, my parents are dead but other than that I’m doing perfectly okay?’ Yeah, that would go over real well.” Chrom added, running a hand through his hair.

He looked outside of his tent into the pouring rain. Lissa frowned at her brother, her arms crossed over her chest as she sat on his cot. She had been trying for the past couple of hours to get her brother to write a letter to Robin, letting her know he was still alive and kicking.

“Milord?” Frederick’s voice called from outside the tent. As the great knight stepped in from the downpour, he seemed to be completely dry.

“We’re moving out now.”

“What? Now? But it’s pouring rain outside!” Lissa whined.

“You were the one who wanted to help your siblings and enjoy ‘life on the road’ in your own words.”

“I didn’t think that meant moving camp during a rain storm!”

“Lissa, the rain will help give us cover. It’s a lot like moving during the night. The more cover we have - “

As a loud cry rang through the air, Chrom and Lissa stood up quickly. As the two ran outside, they saw a large force of rebels coming towards them, easily identified by their red-and-green armor.

“Looks like we’re a little late on the moving. The rebels are here.” Chrom sighed, grabbing the Falchion and rushing out of the tent, the other two running after him.

‘Sorry, Robin,’ he thought as he charged.

‘I’ll write some other time. Just help me through this now.’

-

Eight Months since the War’s Start

Robin gave a sigh, rubbing a hand over her swollen belly as she sat in the courtyard. The sounds of Henry and Tharja yelling curses at each other filled her ears but she didn’t pay them any attention, her mind wandering onto other matters.

“Enjoying some time in the sun, Milady?” A voice asked. Robin blinked and turned to see Tiki standing behind her, a gentle smile on her face.

“Lady Tiki! I didn’t realize you were here, I’m so sorry!” She said, standing up hastily but in the process, almost losing her balance. Tiki helped the princess steady herself, holding back a laugh.

“Easy, Robin. You didn’t have to stand up on my account.” The manakete chuckled.

“I didn’t know that you were here; I would have given you a warm welcome.” Robin said, sitting back down again.

“I only just arrived, actually. Your mother told me that you were expecting but I didn’t think you were this far along!” Tiki said, gesturing at Robin’s middle.

“Oh, yes. I only have about one more month left. Believe me, I’m ready for the baby to be born now.” The tactician laughed.

“Would you leave me alone already, you creep!” Tharja yelled from across the courtyard, throwing another hex towards Henry.

“Aw. Honey, you don’t really mean that do you? Nya haha!” Henry cackled, tossing a curse back at the dark mage.

“What’s going on with those two?” Tiki asked, frowning over at the pair. Robin sighed and shook her head.

“Lovers’ quarrel. They’ve been at it all day.” She added.

“Oh, I see. Shame. Anyway, Robin, have you heard anything from Chrom and the others?” Tiki asked.

“No. I haven’t. I’ve been meaning to write to him, but I don’t know what to say. I also don’t want to take his mind off of the battle. Any distractions could end up badly.” Robin explained.

“True, but, words from someone you love can make a world of difference and keep someone fighting.” Tiki said. Robin was silent for a long time, unable to answer the manakete beside

her. "Well, anyway, we should talk about something else less...depressing. Have you decided on any names for the baby?"

"Huh? Oh, uh well I have one name in mind but it's a girl's name. I don't have one for if my child is a boy."

"Oh? What is it?"

"I was going with 'Lucina'."

"It's a beautiful name. Well suited for a princess."

"Yes, well it does mean 'illumination.' She certainly has brought some light into my life. I hope she can bring light into other people's as well." Robin said, a gentle smile on her lips as she ran her hand over her stomach.

"I'm sure she will." Tiki smiled.

"Argh! Can't you just leave?! You're so annoying!" Tharja yelled, throwing more curses at Henry.

"Tharja, I said I was sorry! It was a mistake!" Henry moved out of the way, just narrowly missing Tharja's hex. Robin gave a sigh, rubbing her temples.

"WOULD YOU TWO SHUT UP AND KISS ALREADY?! YOU'RE DRIVING ME INSANE!" The princess yelled. "Sorry, I... I shouldn't have done that. Pregnancy brain." Tiki gave a smile and hid a laugh.

"You are so much like your mother."

-

Nine Months Since the War's Start

"Okay, now add the flour to the mix, but not too much or it will make it dry!" Sumia's voice said, echoing through the room and into the hallway. Robin frowned, walking closer to the kitchens of the Plegian Castle. Night had fallen only an hour or so ago and the princess's ever changing appetite was keeping the woman awake.

"Is this good, Stumbles?" Gaius' voice asked. Robin held back a chuckle with one hand, her other holding her very swollen belly as she got closer to the door. A sweet aroma made it's way to the princess's nose, causing her to grow even more hungry. She pushed open the door to find Gaius and Sumia covered in flour, the entire kitchen a mess. Several pies were lined against one of the walls, a few extremely burnt.

"What in Naga's name is going on in here?" Robin asked, trying hard to hold her laughter in at the sight of the pair.

"Miss Robin!" Sumia squeaked, jumping almost a foot into the air. Gaius smiled, twirling the lollipop in his mouth with his tongue.

"Heya Bubbles. Midnight cravings again?" He asked and the white haired woman gave a nod.

"Afraid so. Why are you covered in flour?" She gestured towards them, a small frown on her face.

"Well ya see," Gaius started, rubbing the back of his head, a grin spreading on his face.

"Stumbles, I think you better take this one."

"Huh? Oh! Right! Well, you see miss. Gaius wanted," Sumia started.

"We, we wanted." He corrected.

"Yes, we. We wanted to do something for you and the baby. Though the only thing I'm good at is falling over." Sumia pouted.

"Nonsense. You're a wonderful person Sumia." Robin gave her a warm smile which the pegasus knight returned.

"Well, we decided to make something for you and Gaius told me that he really liked my pies. He asked me if I could teach him how to make one and well, you see..." Sumia's voice trailed off, a bashful smile on her face.

"We burnt a few and made a few dry ones. We've been trying to get a perfect one for you and the baby." Gaius finished. "But so far, something goes wrong." Robin stared at the pair for a few moments, disbelief written on her face. After a while, a smile spread across her lips and she laughed.

"What's so funny?" The thief asked, frowning.

"You didn't have to make anything! Just knowing that you're here is good for me. But thank you, it's very thoughtful of you. Though, I'm not sure how the cooks will feel about you using all their flour and sugar." Robin giggled. Sumia and Gaius stared at each other with wide eyes. It was clear to the princess that they had forgotten about that factor in their problem.

"What do we do?" Sumia asked.

"Bubbles you have to help us. They'll have our heads and I don't know about Stumbles but I'm very attached to my head." Gaius pleaded.

"Alright, I'll help you but on one condition." Robin said, a serious look on her face.

"Anything."

"You let me try one of those pies. They smell fantastic." A smile spread across the pair's face and they nodded in unison. Gaius grabbed a chair, dusting off a part of the table so the princess could sit down and eat while Sumia grabbed one of the better looking pies. The duo waited patiently as Robin raised a piece to her lips only to drop it with a yelp as a sharp pain hit her. Her hands went to her stomach and her breathing became heavier.

"Bubbles? You alright?" Gaius asked, a serious look crossing his face.

"Y-yes. Just a slight pain, nothing to worry about. Ah!" Robin let out another yelp, clutching tightly onto a chair arm.

"Sumia, stay here with Robin. I'm gonna go get Gangrel and the other clerics. I'll be right back!" Gaius said, running out of the room as fast as he could. Sumia stared after him, a look of panic on her face.

"A little help, Sumia?"

"Huh? Oh! I'm so sorry Robin! Right, uh, what do I do?"

"Can you just keep me some company before I pass out because of the pain?"

"Absolutely."

-

"This is too weird." Gangrel muttered, shaking his head as he and Aversa ran through the castle.

"What? The fact that not only were we there for Lady Robin's birth but also her child's as well?" The dark flier asked. Gangrel gave a nod and shouted orders to a few guards that had been standing nearby.

"Go find Lady Morgana, tell her the princess is going into labor!" he yelled, heading towards the kitchens. Aversa elbowed him sharply in the ribs, pointing ahead of them. Sumia was supporting the princess under her arm, carrying her towards the pair.

"Robin, Gangrel is here. He can help you more than I can." The pegasus knight said, her voice gentle as she shot a pleading look at the trickster. Aversa and Gangrel took Robin by the arms, leading her towards the other clerics.

"It's alright Robin, just breathe." Gangrel instructed while Aversa mouthed a thanks to Sumia.

"If the pain gets worse, I'm killing Chrom as soon as he shows his face." Robin groaned, stumbling with the two.

"Better get your tome ready then." Aversa laughed.

"I may kill him first." Morgana said, helping to support her daughter as she arrived in the hallway. "Not even here for the birth of his child. War is a cruel thing. Well, come on. Let's get that baby out of you."

"Well you're one to talk. Robin's father wasn't there either, but that's a good thing, isn't it?"

"There was a reason he wasn't there, Gangrel. I killed him."

"Way to ruin the moment, mother." The princess growled before letting out another yelp of pain.

“Enough talk,” Aversa interrupted. “We need to get her to the clinic now.”

-

Hours had passed since Robin had been brought to the healers. The large wooden doors of the room that the princess had been admitted to were shut as soon as the midwives had come rushing in. Aversa hadn't been let in, nor had Tharja or hardly anyone else for that matter. Tiki had arrived in the clinic only ten minutes after Robin had started going into labor, who was joined by Cherche shortly thereafter. The manakete had rushed into the room as soon as she heard what was going on claiming that she wanted to be there for her friend since the princess's lover was gone. Gangrel had run out of the room two hours after Tiki had showed up, holding one hand over his mouth and the other clutched his stomach as his face turned green, grumbling something about still not being used to childbirth. Aversa waited patiently as she heard the screams of the woman from inside. Others that were waiting in the hall flinched each time they heard the princess's voice but Aversa only sat against the wall.

"How long is this going to take? She's been in there for hours!" Tharja complained, leaning back into Henry's arms.

"Childbirth takes time, not two seconds and bam! Your kid is born. I remember when Lady Robin was born. The queen was in labor for hours. Probably took some time getting her big head out." Aversa explained. "Not to mention the fact that the midwives have to clean everything up too, afterwards otherwise Gangrel's gonna throw up again."

"What do you think the child is? Maybe a boy since Robin was a girl?" Nowi asked, poking Gregor's stomach.

"It doesn't really work like that..." Sumia said, shaking her head at the small manakete.

"Whatever she has, I just hope that Bubbles is alright." Gaius muttered. "She dies, I'm a dead man, same with a lot of others."

There was another loud, long scream, and then silence, only disturbed by the wails of a newborn child. Smiles crossed the faces of the people in the hallway and they waited for another few minutes until the doors opened to reveal Cherche, who had a wide grin on her lips.

"The princess is all right. She has given birth to a beautiful, healthy baby girl, which she will call Lucina."

"Another girl in the family. This should be fun." Aversa muttered as the hallway was filled with cheers. "Can I go see the princess?" Cherche gave a nod, moving aside for the dark flier so she could slip inside the room.

Robin was propped up right in the bed by a small mountain of pillows, a small bundle cradled in her arms and her brown eyes fixed on it. Morgana stood on her right, a smile on her face as she watched the new mother and her child. Aversa cleared her throat to let the woman know that she was there. Robin looked up and smiled, beckoning the dark flier closer to her.

“Aversa. I want you to meet my daughter. This is Lucina. Isn’t she beautiful?” Robin asked once Aversa stood on the woman’s right, taking the spot next to Morgana, opposite Tiki. She looked at the bundle in the princess’s arms, wonder written on her face. The child looked so small, its eyes closed and sleeping soundly as her mother gently rocked her in her arms, a shock of blue hair on her tiny head. Aversa gave a nod, her own face lighting up with a smile.

“She is, milady.” She murmured quietly so as to not wake up the child.

“Aversa, can I ask you something?” Robin said after a few moments of silence. The woman nodded, waiting for the princess to continue. “Look after her. Look after Lucina as she grows up. I know that I won’t always be there to keep an eye on her. She’s going to raise one hell of a storm with her tiny wings, and I...I just...want to make sure that she’s safe. Will you help me with that?”

“Of course, milady. It would be an honor to.” Aversa said, glancing at the queen, a small grin tracing her lips. “I made the same promise to your mother when you were born. I plan to keep both, no matter the costs.”

“I’ll keep her safe too, Robin. I could use a change of scenery actually.” Tiki added, giving the princess a smile.

“I take it that means you plan on staying here for a while?” Morgana asked. The manakete gave a nod, her eyes moving back to the child in Robin’s arms.

“Gods, the pain was more than unbearable. But looking at her...” Robin’s voice trailed off and Morgana gave a small chuckle.

“It makes it all worth it. I know what you mean.”

At that moment, Lucina opened her eyes, and the adults gasped, when they saw a familiar mark in the baby’s left eye - the Brand of the Exalt.

“Is that...” Cherche started.

“Well, there’s no denying who’s the father now.” Morgana snickered.

“I just wish he could be here now.” Robin said, as she drifted off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Alright! That’s part 1 of the intermission. Expect another part of the intermission, and then act 3!

All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com and please leave a comment/kudos if you enjoyed!

Intermission Part 2

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

Interfishin'

Time moves on, and on. What will happen over the years? What will change and grow?
Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

One Year Since the War's Start

Chrom gave a deep sigh.

Night had fallen over an hour ago but his troops kept moving. They had to meet with Emm's group before sunrise. Regroup, restock their weapons and rest. They still had a long way to go and everyone was feeling exhausted. Chrom was trying hard to keep his eyes open as he lead the others through the forest. His head would drop every so often before shooting up again, a few colorful curse words slipping from his mouth.

"We've been walking for hours. How much further until we meet Emm?" Lissa complained, frowning at her brother.

"Not long I hope. Maybe another hour." Chrom said, shaking his head. The princess glared at her brother, crossing her arms over her chest as they kept going.

"Ugh! This is taking forever." She muttered.

"There should be a small village ahead if milord would like to rest." Frederick suggested but Chrom shook his head.

"No. The sooner we get to where Emm is, the better." The prince replied.

"Uh, Frederick? Is that the village you were talking about?" Lissa asked, pointing to what looked like collapsing buildings in front of them. The two men followed her gaze, their eyes going wide as the noticed several people fighting against someone.

"There's someone over there..." Lissa muttered, her head tilting to the side.

"We need to help him! Those are some of the rebels he's fighting!" Chrom shouted as he ran towards the village.

Frederick and the other shepherds ran after him, leaving the soldiers to stare after them. Chrom reached the village first, noticing the person fighting the rebels was a young man with curly hair sticking out from underneath a pot on top of his head, armed with only a simple iron lance. Chrom drew Falchion, catching the attention of a few rebels as the moonlight glinted on the blade. Three men charged at him, their weapons raised and ready to strike. He easily sidestepped them, hitting one on the back of the head with his elbow, blocking a second strike from another and kicking the third in the chest to send him down to the earth. Several other Shepherds ran past him in order to help the person fighting against the rebels. The first rebel held his nose with one hand, blood rushing through his closed fingers as he went to go try and attack Chrom again. The second one rushed at Chrom at the same time as the first one. The prince dodged the second as he ran the first one threw with Falchion before turning to run the second rebel in as well. Both fell to the ground with a dull thud. The third rebel slowly crept up behind the prince, his sword raised and ready to strike but Lissa's staff made contact with his head before he had the chance.

"Thanks Lissa." Chrom said before running off to help the other shepherds.

"Don't let them sneak up on you again! I don't want to have to use this a second time" Lissa shouted after him. "Dummy."

-

"Whew. That should be the last of them." Chrom muttered, wiping his forehead off with his arm.

"They aren't that strong but there was a ton of them. No wonder it took so long." Stahl added, looking around at what was left of the village. "Man, this place is a wreck!"

"I'm surprised that kid was able to find off so many at once by himself for that long. Where is he anyway?" Chrom asked, looking around for the young man he had seen earlier. Stahl frowned and shook his head.

"I think Lissa said something about making sure that he was alright but that's about as much as I know." He said, pointing behind him with his thumb.

"We're right here. Donny wanted to talk with you after I was done healing his wounds so here he is." Lissa said, running up to Chrom and Stahl, the person from before behind her.

"Donny?" The prince asked, frowning at his sister.

"That's me your lordness. Uh, sir." Donny said.

"Well Donny," Chrom started.

"It's actually Donnel but everyone calls me Donny, even ma'." Donny interrupted. "Oh! Sorry your lordship. Please continue."

"Why don't I just let you do the talking." Chrom sigh.

"Right. Uh, where to begin. Well, ya see. Ma' and I were payin' our respects to dear old pa'. He died a few years back. Some bandits done 'im in. Anyway, those rebels came outta nowhere and just started demandin' we give 'em food and shelter. When Ma' told 'em to leave they killed her. Right then and there! Well, that made the others mad and so we all tried to attack 'em but I was the only one strong enough to stay alive looks like. Thank goodness you lot showed up when ya did or I'd be a goner." Donny explained.

"No wonder the village is in shambles. You tried to fight back and the rebels took everything down. People and buildings." Stahl said, his voice soft as he glanced around them.

"Please sirs. I ain't got nowhere left to go. Let me join ya. I reckon' with a little trainin' I can be a decent fighter. I'm the only one left of this here village. Nowhere left for me to go." Donny begged. Chrom ran a hand through his hair and gave a sigh.

"Are you sure this is what you want? Once you join us, there is no turning back."

"As sure as a chicken's egg."

"A chicken's egg?" Lissa whispered to Stahl, who shrugged and shook his head.

"Alright. You can join us. Now we have to go find Emm so we can all rest."

-

One Year, Nine Months Since the War's Start

"Is everything ready for today then?" Robin asked, picking up a few toys from the floor of her room. Aversa nodded.

"The cooks have prepared food for the party and even a cake to celebrate the young princess's birthday. Everything is in place." The dark flier answered, helping the princess to pick up the toys.

"Good. I can't believe it's already been a year since Lucina was born. Seems like only yesterday really." Robin sighed.

"And what a year it's been! I'm surprised so many of the Rangers have gotten together over the months."

"I'm not. At least Gregor and Nowi finally got together. After how many years?"

"Too many, Milady."

"What about you, Aversa? Any special men or women in your life?"

"Hah! I've got enough to worry about than a special someone. After all, I've got you and Lucina to look out for, right?"

"Too true, 'Versa."

"Come on, princess. Your daughter's waiting for you."

Robin stood up and brushed herself off, playing her daughter's toys into a small bin before leaving the room with Aversa. The princess sighed. Almost two years had passed since she had last seen Chrom and a lot of things had changed since that time. Henry's laugh brought Robin out of her thoughts as they neared the palace's kitchens. She smiled and shook her head before opening the door and entering.

"Heya Robin! Finally joined the party huh? Nya haha!" Henry cackled. Tharja rolled her eyes and shook her head, watching as her husband slightly bounced their daughter on his knee. Noire laughed and clapped her small hands together.

"Sorry it took so long. Luci likes to leave stuff lying around." Robin said, taking a seat next to her daughter, who smiled up at her widely.

"As long as I don't step on another one of those things. Man, that hurt." Gaius said, wincing at the memory.

"That was a book, Gaius. And it may be better if you picked one up and read it instead of stepping on it." Aversa shot at him, earning several laughs from around the room. Lucina turned to her mother and held up her hands, something clutched in them.

"What's that you have there, Luci?" Robin asked, a gentle look on her face.

"Uh, Robin...I wouldn't-" Cherche began, reaching a hand out to stop the princess. "Too late."

She sighed as Lucina dropped two fistfulls of cake into her mother's hand. Robin frowned at her daughter for a few moments. The little girl's smile began to fade and her head tilted to the side. Did her mother not like her gift?

"Thank you, Luci!" Robin said, her smile returning to her face. Lucina giggled, her smile returning to her face as Robin set the cake pieces onto the table and wiped off her hands before picking her daughter up and placing the child onto her lap.

She looked around at her friends, bouncing Lucina on her knee gently. To her right was Olivia and Inigo, his mother tickling the newborn's foot gently while Lon'qu gave a small smile behind the two. To Robin's left was a quiet Sumia, braiding her daughter Cynthia's hair, crooning into her ear. At her feet, Nowi's daughter Nah chased Cherche's son Gerome around the room, babbling something about dragons and wyverns.

This wasn't that bad. It was going a lot better than expected. A small frown flashed across the princess' face as she noticed two people were missing.

"Sorry we're late." Morgana said, opening the door to the room and walking in, Mustafa following behind her.

"Had a little trouble at the market." The general chuckled, holding a small box under one arm.

"I hope it wasn't too much trouble." Robin frowned as her mother sat beside her.

"Nothing to worry about dear. Just having a hard time picking something out for the little one. Happy birthday, Luci." Morgana smiled, placing a gentle kiss on her granddaughter's forehead. Lucina giggled before she started to squirm, trying to get out of her mother's grasp. Robin frowned and placed her on the ground, watching as the little girl stood up on wobbly legs. Silence fell over the room as everyone watched Lucina make her way towards Mustafa, her small tongue poking out of the corner of her mouth. She stopped at the man's feet, tipping over and landing on his foot.

"Well hello there, little princess. Can I help you with something?" Mustafa asked, crouching down and smiling at the blue haired girl. Lucina gave him a large grin before opening her mouth and reaching a hand out to touch the man's face.

"Papa!" She said happily. Everyone in the room laughed, minus Robin who looked slightly mortified and embarrassed at the same time. She stood up and scooped her daughter into her arms, shaking her head.

"I'm so sorry Mustafa." Robin said. The general laughed and shook his head. Lucina turned to her mother and pointed at Mustafa, a confused look on her face.

"Papa?" She asked and Robin shook her head.

"No, sweetie. That's not your father."

"Papa?"

"Yeah...I hope he's alright too."

-

Two Years Since the War's Start

"Chrom? You awake?"

Chrom jumped at the sound of Lissa's voice, his head shooting up from the desk that he had currently been resting on. He rubbed at his eyes, trying to stifle a yawn before looking at his sister.

"Lissa. Something wrong?" He asked, only half awake and trying hard to keep his eyes open.

"You look terrible. What have you been doing for the past few hours?" Lissa asked, placing her hands on her hips as she glared at her brother. He gestured to the small desk that was covered in papers.

"Paperwork. It's really draining." Chrom muttered, rubbing at his eyes. "I was doing it for so long I guess I fell asleep. What are you doing in here?"

"I came to check on you. Vaike and I have been worried. No one has seen you for a while and I wanted to make sure you're alright. There hasn't been a battle in months. Can't you leave this stuff for another time? You need to rest or you'll go insane." Lissa told him. Chrom gave

a sigh and ran a hand through his hair, thinking over his sister's words before finally giving a nod.

"You're right. I do need a break. I'm getting nowhere with this right now." He stood up and Lissa smiled. He followed her out of the tent and watched his sister run off, being called away by another cleric. He scanned the camp, looking for other Shepherds that were nearby. His eyes rested on Stahl entering the supply tent and he made his way through the camp towards the tent. He stopped just outside the open flap, listening to the voices he heard coming from within.

"Do you think he's heard anything from her?" Cordelia's voice was the first one he heard.

"No. And from what Lissa told Vaike, he hasn't written her either. It's been over two years, close to three and neither one has even sent the other a letter." Stahl answered, keeping his voice low as he spoke.

"What?! Why not?" Cordelia asked.

"From what it sounded like he didn't know what to say to her. And she's most likely waiting to hear from him before sending him a letter." He said. There was a pause before Cordelia spoke again.

"Nearly three years and no word from the person that you love... That's got to be hard. If it were you and me in their position, I would be worried sick about you." The pegasus knight told him.

"I would worry about you as well. But who's to say they aren't worried. The royal family has always been good at hiding their pain from others." Stahl added.

"One of the plegian soldiers that Queen Morgana sent to us told me that Robin tried to go with them but her mother forbid her from it. Apparently she was pretty upset that she couldn't go with them."

"Why did her mother forbid her to go with the soldiers? We've seen her fight. She's more than capable with a tome and a sword for that matter." Stahl asked. Cordelia must have shaken her head as silence followed his question.

"The soldier I spoke to wouldn't say, but whatever it was, Lady Morgana wasn't too thrilled with it. Maybe it was the idea of Robin journeying to Ylisse?" Silence came from the tent and Chrom was so wrapped up in his thoughts that he almost got hit by something from inside the tent falling.

"Cordelia! You shouldn't be doing this stuff. You gotta watch out for the baby too." Stahl scolded and the pegasus knight only laughed, saying something about him worrying too much. Chrom moved away from the tent, only half paying attention as he made his way back towards his own tent, the conversation he just heard playing through his mind over and over again. He was so out of it he almost walked right into Frederick.

“Milord! Are you alright?” The great knight asked and Chrom didn’t answer, avoiding eye contact and walking right into his tent.

“Milord? Is something wrong?” Frederick asked again, following the prince into the tent. Chrom sat on the bunk in the corner of the room, his head in his hands.

“She tried to come here.”

“...Milord?”

“Robin. She tried to come here with the Plegian soldiers that they sent. She wanted to fight.”

Frederick gave a sigh and glanced from the prince to the paper strewn desk opposite him. He didn’t say anything as he crossed over to it, picking up a spare bit of paper and a quill, holding it out to Chrom. The prince looked up, a confused look on his face. Frederick smiled at him.

“Write to her.”

-

Four Years Since the War’s Start

"Luci! Over here!" The small girl looked around for the voice that she had heard calling her name. After a few moments she noticed Gerome waving her over as he stood next to a large boulder in the courtyard. She made her way over to him without Inigo hearing her. A grin appeared on Gerome's face when Lucina stopped walking and stood next to him.

"Somethin' wrong, Gerome?" She asked, a curious look on her face.

"I wanted to know if you wanted to hide with me. If we hide together we'll be harder to find." Gerome told her, rubbing his small hands together. Lucina gave a giggle and nodded, grabbing a hold of his hand and leading him out of the courtyard.

"Come on! I know the perfect place where Inigo won't find us!" the small princess said.

The two raced down the hallways of the palace, wide smiles on their small faces. Any guards or servants that they passed only smiled and shook their heads at the pair. A few yelled out to be careful and not to get into trouble but they only kept running. Finally Lucina came to a stop at the large doors of the Library and together, they pushed it open. Gerome's mouth fell open when he saw what was inside the room causing Lucina to giggle again.

"Haven't you been in here before?" She asked and he shook his head, his eyes wide with amazement.

She took a hold of his hand, leading him into the room and closing the door behind them. She walked quickly through the rows of books, looking for the place her mother always brought her to before bed. She smiled once she spotted the familiar books, leading her friend down the row of books before sitting on the floor with her back against the wall.

"This place is huge!" Gerome whispered to her and Lucina nodded, giving another giggle.

"Mommy brings me here to read to me. We normally read fairy tales and folklore. We read a story about the great Hero King Marth last night! It was the best!" She explained happily. Gerome smiled at her enthusiasm, trying hard not to laugh at her wide smile.

"You really love your mom don't you?" He asked and she nodded.

"Of course! Mommy is the best. She's really kind and always protects me when I get hurt or somethin'. She's always there when I need her and she doesn't get mad at me when I do somethin' wrong. But I don't want to see her angry so I always promise not to do what I did wrong again. She also reads me bedtime stories and plays with me when no one else is here. She's so pretty too. I want to be just like her when I get older!" Lucina told him. Gerome was silent for a while before asking the question that had been on his mind for a while.

"What about your dad?"

Lucina didn't answer for a few moments, her face twisting into a look that told Gerome that she was trying to remember something. Finally she shook her head, pulling her legs towards her chest.

"I don't know him."

"What?! You don't know you're dad?!" Gerome asked, his eyes going wide.

"Found you!" Inigo's voice caused both of them to jump and look up. The dark haired boy smiled at them while Nah, Noire and Cynthia all stood behind him, sheepish looks on their faces.

"You guys picked a good hiding spot. It took me a while to find you but then I asked a few guards that said they saw you running this way." Inigo explained while helping the pair to their feet.

"That's cheating! You can't do that!" Gerome said angrily, placing his hands on his hips as he glared at Inigo.

"Is not!"

"Is too!"

"Is not!"

"He found me first. I didn't pick a very good hiding spot." Noire said, moving over to stand next to Lucina who smiled and shook her head.

"I'm sure it was a great hiding spot, Noire. Besides, if Inigo asked where Gerome and I went he more than likely asked where you guys went too." Lucina whispered to the three girls. They looked at each other with wide eyes before glaring at Inigo who was still in his shouting match with Gerome.

"Is- Huh? Why are you all looking at me like that?" Inigo asked, taking a step back from them.

"You cheated!" Cynthia accused, pointing a small finger at him.

"Ladies, I didn't cheat!" Inigo insisted.

"Really? Lets go ask Nah's mom if you cheated!" Cynthia said.

"I can't." Gerome said, pointing towards the windows of the Library. "Mother and Father said that we were leaving at sundown to go back to Valm for a few days. I have to get going. Sorry everyone."

"Huh? Oh man, I have to go too. Father said that we were leaving for Ferox tonight for a few weeks." Inigo frowned.

"What? You're both leaving?" Lucina asked, her face falling slightly at the news. The two boys nodded, saying goodbye before running out of the room.

"We should go too. Daddy might be getting worried." Nah muttered before following after the boys, Noire and Cynthia running after her, leaving Lucina alone.

"See ya tomorrow Luci!" Cynthia yelled behind her.

"Yeah... see ya." The princess said before slowly walking out of the Library, her face lowered so that her hair hid her eyes from view. She made her way to the room her mother and her shared, opening the door and walking in. Robin blinked and looked around when she heard the door close.

"Luci! There you are! I was starting to get worr-. Lucina? what's the matter?" Robin asked, her smile turning into a frown once she noticed the look on her daughter's face. She stood up from her seat on the bed and moved over to stand in front of her daughter, worry setting in.

"Mommy..." Lucina said, her voice soft and on the verge of tears. She ran towards her mother, her arms out stretched. Robin embraced her daughter, standing up with the little girl gathered in her arms and making her way towards the rocking chair that sat in the corner next to the window that overlooked the city.

"Luci... Did something happen today?" The white haired woman asked after a few moments. Her voice was soft and gentle, a warm light to those in a dark place when needed. Lucina didn't say anything, only burying her face into her mother's shoulder and clutching tightly to the woman's clothes.

"Gerome asked me about father today." The girl finally said, her voice muffled by her mother's shoulder.

"...What is it that he wanted to know?" Robin asked, her words just above a whisper.

"We were playing hide and seek with the others and we were hiding in the Library together, in our little section with the stories you always read to me. I told him that was our place and

he said that I really loved you and I said yes of course I do..." Lucina's voice trailed off and she positioned herself so she could see her mother's face, the right side of her face resting on her mother's shoulder. A blank look was on Robin's face as she held the little girl close to her, her eyes resting on the wall across from her.

"And then what happened?" She asked, noting her daughters pause.

"Then he asked me about father. He asked me if I loved him just as much as I love you."

"And?"

"I told him that I don't know father. Mother?"

"Yes Lucina?"

"Who is my father? Why isn't he here with us like the other's dads are? Why don't I know him?" Lucina asked, a frown tracing her small lips.

Robin didn't answer for a few moments, her lips pursed into a tight line as she thought over the answers to the little girl's questions. She honestly had no idea if Chrom was alive or not and if he was then she wanted him to meet their daughter for himself rather than Robin telling the little girl about him. If he wasn't alive...No, she couldn't bring herself to think about that. A small smile formed on Robin's lips as she gently kissed her daughter's forehead.

"Mommy?" the little girl asked, slightly confused by her mother's actions.

"Your father is a wonderful man, one of the best men that I have ever known."

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Five Years Since the War's Start

"I can't believe its been five years since we left Plegia! It feels like a lifetime!" Lissa said, raising her arms above her head to stretch out her joints.

"It's been three weeks since the fighting stopped. It seems like forever since we've been in Ylissol. Something seems different..." Chrom's voice trailed off as he wandered the halls of the palace with his younger sister.

"Maybe it's us. We've been away for so long that a lot has changed. Mother and Father are no longer with us yet the brightness of the palace is still here thanks to Emm. Not to mention the fact that there are children running around too. The Shepherds all got married during those few months of no fighting. A few even had kids too!" Lissa added, a smile gracing her face.

"Let's just hope that Owain doesn't turn out like Vaike." Chrom muttered. Lissa shot a glare at him and crossed her arms over her chest.

"As soon as you get back to Plegia I expect you to propose to Robin on the spot!" She shot at him. Chrom stopped in his tracks and stared at his sister.

"What?"

"Don't 'what' me! You haven't written to her in years! Even when Frederick tried to get you to write to her you didn't, and yes, he told me about it. She tried to help us out! Her country lent us soldiers and you haven't even written a single word to her! The least you could do is go and see her! Proposing would be a better choice because it's clear that you're head over heels for her!" Lissa told him. Chrom didn't say anything for a few moments, his eyes looking out the window into the courtyard below. Finally he walked past his sister, not bothering to look at her as he passed.

"Chrom?" Lissa asked, her face relaxing and her arms falling to her sides as she stared after him.

"Come on. Emm's waiting in the throne room for us." The prince said, not bothering to look back at her.

"Chrom! Lissa! I'm glad to see that you two made it to Ylistol in one piece." Emmeryn said, running over to the two as soon as she saw them. She was dressed in her usual sage robes, her hair freshly washed and clean. She smiled at the two and gave them both a near bone crushing hug. Lissa giggled when her older sister ruffled her brothers hair.

"Hey, cut that out! I'm not a little kid anymore Emm!" Chrom whined, pushing his sister's hand away. Emmeryn laughed and shook her head.

"No, but you will always be my baby brother." She told him, a wide smile on her face. "We missed you, Emm. You didn't get hurt after our group got separated from yours, did you?" Lissa asked.

"No, I'm quite fine actually. I made it to Ylistol a few months ago, and Phila helped me get rid of any nobles that may have been helping the rebels." Emmeryn explained to them. Phila walked up behind the blonde, her face serious and her hands held behind her back.

"Milady. It's time." Phila said.

Emmeryn nodded, following the falcon knight towards the middle of the room where several people stood waiting for her. Chrom and Lissa sat down in a few empty chairs that had been set up, joining the other shepherds that were there. Lissa took her son from Vaike and bounced him on her knee while the ceremony went on. It seemed to go on forever to Chrom and his attention was starting to wane just as Emmeryn finished repeating the vows of the exalt. Lissa elbowed him in the ribs when their sister was told to turn around and kneel before the people. An older man placed the crown of the Ylisse onto his sister's head and took a step back, raising his arms above his head, making a v-shape.

"Rise and be known as Exalt Emmeryn! The new ruler of Ylisse!"

Sorry for the wait! AND THATS THE INTERMISSION!

next up is act 3!

All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com and please leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed!

Start of Something New, Redux

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

As the war in Ylisse ends, a new chapter begins. Will the lovers find each other again?

Chapter Notes

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

Robin wandered the halls of the Plegian palace, a small stack of children's books in her arms. A smile traced her lips as sunlight lit up the hallways casting her shadow against the wall as she walked. Her smile faded when a messenger with the Ylislean crest on his jerkin ran past her, papers clutched in his hands. She stopped and frowned before turning around.

"You there! May I ask why you are in such a hurry? Are you looking for someone?" Robin called out to the young man. He stopped and looked back at her.

"I'm looking for the Queen of Plegia. I have news about Ylisse." He told her.

"I'm Princess Robin. My mother isn't here at the moment. I'm afraid that you just missed her, actually." Robin explained as the messenger made his way back to her.

"Do you know when the Queen will be back, milady?" The messenger asked.

"Not for a few hours. If you tell me your news I will be sure to pass it on to my mother."

"Uh, right. The war in Ylisse is over and Princess Emmeryn is now the new Exalt. She is trying to bring peace to all lands and would like to continue the friendship between Ylisse and Plegia if the royal family of Plegia is willing that is." he added.

"Of course!" Robin said quickly, causing the messenger to frown at her. "I mean, yes. We will gladly continue our friendship with Ylisse. We look forward to peace between our lands." The young man nodded, giving a small bow to the princess before starting to walk away.

"Is there any news about Exalt Emmeryn's siblings?" Robin called out. The man paused before shaking his head.

"I'm sorry, milady, but I have no news about the Exalt's family." he replied. Robin gave a slow nod, turning back to face the direction that she had first been heading. A heavy sigh left her as she made her way towards her room where Lucina would be waking up soon.

"Please, Naga, let Chrom and the others be alright. After five years, let them be alright."

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"Feels like it's been years since I became the Exalt when really it's only been six months." Emmeryn sighed, rubbing her temples as she stood in a hallway of the Ylisseean palace with her siblings.

"That much stress?" Lissa asked, her head tilting to the side.

"That many nobles bickering at each other. Though I have heard that the Plegian nobles are ten times worse. How Queen Morgana deals with this I will never know." Emmeryn rubbed at her tired eyes and gave another, deeper sigh.

"She most likely threatens to turn them into frogs." Chrom said softly, causing his older sister to smile.

"Lady Emmeryn?" A voice asked. The three stared at a man standing just behind Lissa, papers in his hand.

"Aren't you the man I sent to Plegia last week?" Emmeryn asked, frowning at him.

"Yes, milady. I hope I'm not interrupting anything, but I have a response from Plegia." The messenger told her.

"Lady Morgana gave you an answer than?" The exalt waited for his answer.

"Well...I didn't speak with the Queen herself...More like her daughter, the princess..." The man's voice trailed off and the three people stared at him in shock.

"You...spoke to Robin?" Lissa asked. The man nodded slowly.

"How is she? Is she alright? What was she doing?" Chrom practically jumped on the man.

"She looked to be in good health sir! She had a small stack of children's books in her arms when I saw her. Uh, do you want to know the answer she gave or should I come back later?"

"Chrom, calm down for a moment. Tell us what their answer was, please." Emmeryn told him.

"She said that they look forward to peace between the two lands. They would like to keep their friendship with Ylisse." The man repeated what Robin had said to the three siblings. A wide smile spread across Emmeryn's face.

"Thank you. That is wonderful news indeed." She beamed at the man. "You are dismissed, go and get some rest." The man gave a bow before running off to his quarters. Emmeryn muttered something about talking with Phila as Chrom let the news the messenger had given to them sink in.

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"Where, oh where, could she have gone?"

Morgana placed her hands on her hips, a smile curling her lips as her voice was filled with fake worry. Lucina giggled from behind the curtains, her hands trying to cover her mouth. The two had been playing games for most of the day since Robin had asked her mother to watch Lucina for a while. In exchange Robin took care of the work her mother had to do, each wanting a break from their roles; Robin as a mother and Morgana as queen. Morgana tried hard not to laugh as she shook her head, noticing Lucina's small feet peaking out from under the curtain she was behind.

"Hm. I don't think she's in here. Maybe she went into a different room." Morgana said, pretending to leave the room, making loud stomps and closing the door. Quickly and quietly, the queen moved over to where Lucina was hiding, making sure the little girl wouldn't know she was still in the room. Lucina smiled, her fingers clutching the edge of her dress as she waited to see if her grandmother had really left the room. After several moments Lucina stepped out from behind the curtain, a wide grin on her face as she thought victory was hers.

"Found you!" Morgana said happily, scooping up Lucina from just behind her. The blue haired girl laughed as her grandmother started tickling her.

"Grandmother! hahaha! S-stop it! hahaha!" Lucina giggled, trying to wriggle out of the woman's grasp. Morgana laughed and gave the child a tight hug.

"That was fun. Do you want to keep playing?" She asked, letting go of the five-year old and smiling at her. Lucina shook her head.

"No. Even if it is fun, you do keep winning." Lucina frowned slightly.

"Ah. Tactician's habit. Sorry dear. What do you want to do instead?"

"Mommy reads to me a lot. She's been teaching me how to read as well and since mommy's birthday is coming up soon, I was thinking that I could show her how much I could read. Could you help me, Grandmother?" Lucina asked, a small smile on her face.

Morgana was silent for a few moments, her eyes wide and her lips parted slightly. When the woman didn't answer her, Lucina's smile fell and she looked down at her feet, feeling ashamed of herself for asking such a question.

"Lucina."

"Yes Grandmother?" the little girl asked, looking up at Morgana. A smile had curved her lips and she beamed down at the child in front of her.

"That's a wonderful idea and I would love to help you. Why don't you go get a few books from your mother's room that she reads to you? I'll wait here for you." Morgana told her and the girl nodded, running out of the room to grab a few books. The queen gave a sigh, her smile dropping from her face.

"She's so much like her father. I can't believe it's been over five years. A shame the little one can't meet her other grandparents. I think they would have loved her as much as I do." Morgana muttered. After a moment of silence filled the room, Morgana gave a small smile.

"She may be a lot like her father, but I see my daughter in her as well. There is light whenever she steps into a room. She never fails to bring a smile to a face. Just as her mother does."

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"Severa. Is there something that I can help you with?"

Chrom stared down at the pigtailed three year old girl. She glared up at him as he sat at his small desk in his study. Her hands were placed on her hips and a nasty frown was on her lips. The little girl had walked in not but ten minutes after Chrom had sat down. She hadn't said a word for some time, only glaring at him.

"Go see her." Severa finally said.

"I'm sorry?" Chrom blinked a few times, trying to make sure that he heard the child right.

"I said 'go see her'. Are you deaf or something?" She snapped.

"No, I'm not deaf, and who are you talking about anyway?"

"Ugh! Deaf and clueless! I'm talking about Princess Robin! Daddy and Mother told me that you love Princess Robin but you haven't seen her in over five years because of the war. Well, the war is over and she has accepted the friendship Yiss--"

"Ylisse."

"Right, that. Anyway, she's accepted the friendship Miss Emm has extended out to her. SO GO AND SEE HER." Severa repeated, still glaring up at Chrom.

"You're very bossy for a three year old." The prince said, frowning down at the small girl.

"I'm three and a half! At least get my age right." Severa growled.

"My fault. I'm so sorry." Chrom held up his hands as a sign of apology. The little girl gave a huff and crossed her arms.

"If you don't go see Miss Robin, then I will. I've always wanted to meet her. From what daddy said she's really pretty." Chrom stood up from his chair fast, knocking it to the ground and clenching his fists. Severa jumped and stared up at him, slightly shocked by the fast movement. Moving past the little girl, Chrom stuck his head out into the hallway, looking for anyone that was there. Several guards, nobles and a few servants were there, walking by or talking amongst themselves.

"You there." Chrom called to one of the servants he saw just passing his room. "Get my horse ready and tell my sisters that I'm leaving for Plegia. There's someone I have to go see."

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"Lucina! Wait up!" Nah called after her friend, running after the blue haired girl in the hallways of the castle.

"Come on Nah! Gerome will be here any minute! Inigo is already back and he's waiting outside with the others! Hurry up!" Lucina called behind her, running past people in the hallway until she got to the front doors of the castle. Together the two girls pushed open one door and stepped outside, shielding their eyes from the harsh sunlight that beat down upon them.

"Luci! Over here!" Cynthia called, waving the pair over.

"Is he back yet?" Nah asked as they stood beside the pigtailed girl. Cynthia smiled and pointed to the sky where a large black shape was heading towards them, becoming larger and larger by the second.

"It's Minerva!" Nah sang happily, clapping her hands together in delight.

"It looks as though we have a welcome party." Cherche giggled as soon as Minerva landed on the ground. She slid off easily followed by Gerome as Virion stumbled to land on solid ground. Lucina gave a small bow, a smile on her face.

"Welcome back Ms. Cherche." The little girl said. Cherche stifled another giggle and smiled at Lucina.

"Thank you, little princess. Is your mother inside the palace?" She asked and Lucina nodded. Cherche said something to Virion and Minerva, patting Gerome on the head and telling him to behave before heading inside with her husband.

"Mother told Minerva to watch us while she speaks to Princess Robin and Queen Morgana." Gerome explained to the others.

"Well... What should we do then?" Inigo asked, his head tilting to the side.

"It's a nice day. We should do something outside." Nah said, smiling up at the sky.

"As long as we don't go near mother. She's upset with father again and grandmother can't get her to calm down." Noire muttered, shifting slightly from foot to foot. Lucina frowned, looking around as her friends waited for someone to say something.

"Let's go explore the city! We haven't been there for a while and it would get us away from the palace for a while!" Lucina suggested. The others nodded in agreement, beaming at her. Minerva shook her head at the children. If wyverns could smile, she certainly would have than.

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"I don't remember the trip to Plegia taking this long before!" Lissa whined, trying to keep Owain still as they made their way towards the capital. Chrom rolled his eyes and shook his head, trying hard not to smack his head.

"That was also over five years ago. A lot of things have changed since then, Milady." Frederick reminded her, noticing the look on the blue haired prince's face.

"Like the fact that none of us have seen Sumia for that amount of time. I wonder how she's doing." Cordelia added, frowning as she clung onto Severa, making sure the little girl wouldn't fall.

"You know..." Chrom began through gritted teeth. "None of you had to come with me. I would have been fine by myself."

"And miss you proposing to Robin? HA! Fat chance." Lissa snorted.

"The Vaike would never let his friends down!"

"I go where Milord goes. It's my duty as a knight to make sure you're safe." Frederick answered.

"I miss Sumia. I want to see her again." Cordelia sighed.

"It would be nice seeing the Rangers too." Stahl added.

"I must admit that I have missed Plegia. I wonder if Gangrel has become head healer." Libra said absentmindedly.

"Wouldn't mind sparin' against Robin. I've always liked her." Sully smiled.

"There. See Chrom? We're wanting to be here with you so you better like it!" Lissa shot at her brother. Chrom gritted his teeth again, closing his eyes and letting out a sigh.

"But... did you really have to bring your children with you?" He asked. Severa glared daggers at the prince, crossing her arms over her chest and huffing angrily.

"We wanna see Plegia too!"

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"That's strange... I could have sworn that the others went this way..." Lucina muttered, frowning at the street she was looking down. Inigo stood beside her, worry written on his face as he glanced around.

"Luci? I think we should head back to the castle." He told her.

"I'm trying to get us back onto the main road so we can get back. The others must have taken a different turn when that cart went by with all that stuff on it."

"Everyone got separated from each other. I might have been wandering the city for days if you hadn't found me." Inigo told her. Lucina glanced at him.

"Hm...I think you would have been fine actually. Minerva is more than likely looking for everyone so she would have found you eventually." She said in a flat tone. Inigo was silent

for a moment as he followed the girl down the street she had been looking at.

"Luci? I have a question for you."

"What is it?"

"When Gerome and I leave Plegia, do you and the others get lonely?" Lucina paused, frowning as she glanced back at the dark haired boy behind her. She shrugged and kept walking.

"Sometimes. When everyone is busy and it's just me then I get lonely. I normally end up waiting for Mother to get her work done or I go visit Grandfather, uh, Mustafa that is. Sometimes I even play with Auntie Aversa."

"I'm sorry we have to leave you alone so much. Mother said that Father is getting worried about Mr. Basilio and Ms. Flavia. They are nice people, a little scary but nice." Inigo added. Lucina laughed.

"Mr. Basilio is a funny man. Grandmother likes to turn him and Mr. Walhart into frogs. It always makes mother and me laugh. Now come on, I think I see the main road up ahead, we just have to follow this alley." Lucina pointed to her right where a small alleyway was. Inigo frowned, noting that the path looked to be leading out of the city.

"Are you sure?" He asked and she nodded, running downing the alley.

"Come on slowpoke, or I'll leave you behind!" She called back to him. They raced down the alley, making different turns until finally the two were spit out back onto the main road.

"I told you that we could get back onto--"

"Luci look out!" Inigo yelled as she ran right into a person's leg. She fell backwards, landing on her bottom with a small thump. She looked up at the person she had bumped into, her mouth parted. A man with blue hair and blue clothes smiled down at her, a kind look on his face.

"Huh? Well, hello there. I'm sorry for running into you, are you alright?" The man asked, offering the child a hand to help her too her feet. "I'm Chrom. What's your name?"

"... I'm... Lucina..." The small princess said, her voice quiet as she slowly took Chrom's hand.

"Lucina. That's a wonderful name. And what's your name?" He asked, turning to look at Inigo who was standing just behind Lucina, a worried look on his face.

"Inigo... Um, Luci, we should go. The others are--"

"LUCI! INIGO!" Several voices shouted. The two children turned around towards the sound of their names being called. Gerome and Nah tackled Lucina with a hug while Noire and Cynthia tackled Inigo, Minerva following just behind them.

“Where were you two?” Cynthia asked as they let go of each other.

“We were really worried.” Noire added.

“Minerva looked ready to kill someone!” Nah squeaked.

“We got lost and were trying to find our way back to the palace. That’s when we bumped into them.” Lucina explained, gesturing to Chrom and the others behind him. Minerva’s eyes widened as soon as she saw Chrom standing behind the small princess before narrowing. She let out a low growl and Gerome looked from the prince to the wyvern and back again.

“Minerva says we should head back.” Gerome said softly to Lucina. She gave a nod before turning back to the blue haired man.

“I have to go home now. It was nice meeting you.” Lucina smiled up at him.

“Before you go, could you tell me how to get to the castle? There’s someone I have to see there.” Chrom asked.

“Sure thing mister! I live in the castle!” The little girl said happily. Minerva gave a low grumble before lowering her head down and grabbing a hold of the back of Lucina’s dress with her teeth. The others climbed onto the wyvern’s back, holding on tightly. Lucina squirmed, trying to put her small feet on the ground again.

“Minerva! Put me down!” The girl cried. Minerva gave a second low grumble, leading the group back towards the Plegian castle. A few of the citizens chuckled at the sight of the little girl being carried by the wyvern.

“Hello little Lucina! Get into trouble again?” One of the shopkeepers asked as they passed by. She waved to the older woman and shook her head.

“No. I got lost in the city.” The little girl answered as they kept moving.

“Hey Chrom. That little girl is pretty well known around the city.” Lissa whispered to her brother, who nodded in agreement. As they got closer to the castle steps, Lucina noticed a pair of white haired women leaving the palace along with a few other people. Lucina’s eyes lit up and a smile spread across her face.

“Mother!” She called, struggling in Minerva’s grasp again. The wyvern rolled her eyes and let the small princess down. Lucina ran up the steps and right into her mother’s arms.

“There you are Luci! I was getting worried. Cherche said that you went off with the others.” Robin said, hugging her daughter tightly.

“We got separated in the city. Inigo and I ran into some nice people. They are looking for someone in the palace. Can we help them out?” Lucina asked, her head tilting to the side. Robin looked just past the wyvern, noticing the group behind her. Her eyes went wide as she recognized the person her daughter had been talking about.

“...Chrom?”

Chapter End Notes

This is act 3, ladies, gentlemen, and distinguished guests! All credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com and please leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed!

Baby Come Back (oooh)

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

The lovers reunite, but will there be fallout? Can things go back to the way they were five years ago? Read on to find out!

Chapter Notes

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

“...Robin?”

The two stared at each other for several moments, the air around them filled with silence. Lucina looked from her mother to the blue haired man and back again, a frown curling her lips. Robin's grasp on the little girl seemed to tighten causing Lucina to shift slightly. Aversa stood on Robin's left while Morgana stood on her right, both crossing their arms over their chests and trying hard not to glare at the prince.

"Mother...you're starting to hurt me." Lucina said, drawing everyone's attention to her. Robin blinked once before realizing that her grip had tightened and she set her daughter back down on the ground.

"Sorry, Luci. I didn't mean to." The princess gave Lucina a small smile as the little girl ducked behind her mother, hiding behind her legs.

"Mother?!" Chrom asked, shock spreading across his face as soon as he heard the words from Lucina's mouth.

"Chrom...I...This...We...Ugh, I don't even know where to begin." Robin groaned, rubbing her temples.

"I'll start. Explain why that child called you 'mother'." Chrom said, slight panic and a bit of jealousy coating his words. Lissa frowned.

"A 'hello' would have been better you idiot." She grumbled. The prince ignored her and Robin gave a sigh.

"Lucina. It's alright, you don't have to hide behind me." The white haired woman said, smiling down at the small princess. "I want you to meet someone. This...This is Chrom. He's your father."

Silence fell over the area again as Chrom's eyes went wider and any hint of panic or jealousy was erased, replaced by shock. Lissa nearly dropped Owain as her jaw fell open and Frederick looked from Aversa's death glare to Chrom's blank face and back again. Robin waited for a reaction from the prince as Lucina looked from her mother to the man that she had just met, unsure of what to do. Finally after a few more silent moments, Morgana gave a heavy sigh.

"This is going well, isn't it?" She asked, frowning at Mustafa beside her. He rolled his eyes and shook his head. Lucina moved slowly from behind her mother, still looking between Robin and Chrom and back again. As she took a few steps closer to the prince, Chrom snapped out of his shock, bending down so he was at eye level with the little girl. Lucina stopped moving when she was close to a foot away from him, her lips parted slightly and her eyes staring at the man in front of her. The prince nearly fell over when he noticed the brand in her eye. There was no mistake, Lucina was his daughter. A smile spread across both of their faces after a few seconds and Lucina jumped into Chrom's open arms, tackling him in a hug.

"Daddy! You came back!" She said happily.

"Of course. I wouldn't leave you and mommy alone forever you know!" Chrom laughed, smiling at the little girl and glancing at Robin. She beamed at the sight of the two.

"Prince Chrom." Morgana's tone was flat and deadly, her eyes narrowed at the blue haired man holding her granddaughter. The smile that was on her lips did not match the look on her face. Lucina didn't seem to notice her grandmother's change, instead wiggling out of her father's grip so she could go hug her mother.

"Uh oh." Gaius muttered, almost dropping his lollipop on the ground. Sumia frowned at him in confusion, unsure of what was happening.

"He's a goner." Gangrel whispered to Tharja and Henry, and they nodded in agreement.

"Now that you've met your daughter," she put emphasis on that last word before continuing. "Perhaps you, Robin and I could have a chat inside. Somewhere more private maybe? NOW." Morgana's teeth clenched together as she glared at Chrom. Robin's eyes widened for a second before she put on a small smile.

"Mother, don't you think that we should welcome everyone back? It's been over five years since we've seen them." Robin asked, trying hard to keep her voice calm. Morgana turned her cold gaze to her daughter and her smile seemed to become full of malice.

"Get inside the palace dear." The queen ordered.

"Well, it was nice knowing ya Bubbles." Gaius sighed, shaking his head. "Poor thing, so young too."

"Shut up, you stupid thief. Quit talking about me as if I'm dead!" Robin shot back at him. Gaius muttered something that the princess couldn't quite make out and Morgana shot him a

look that made him jump and hide behind Sumia. Robin gave a sigh and knelt down to look at her daughter, a small smile on her face.

"Luci, love, why don't you go take the other kids and go play in the courtyard, okay?" She asked and Lucina gave a nod, hugging her mother and looking back at her father with a wide grin on her face before racing off with friends.

"Last one there's a bad wyvern!" The blue haired girl yelled earning several shouts of agreement. Robin gave a sigh and turned back to her mother. The queen gestured towards the palace, glaring at her daughter. Grabbing Chrom's hand, she dragged the prince up the palace steps, her mother following behind the pair with Aversa.

"I'm really glad I'm not them." Gaius muttered, earning a jab in the ribs from Sumia.

"I'm just glad he came back. Growing up not knowing who your father is isn't anyway to grow up." Gangrel muttered, giving a sigh and shaking his head.

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Morgana paced the room, her arms crossed over her chest as she glared at her feet. Chrom and Robin stood on the far side of the room, both looking nervous as they watched the Queen. Aversa stood blocking the door in case either of the two decided to try and escape. Finally Morgana stopped pacing and stared angrily at the pair.

"Out of all the things I've seen in my time, this one has to take the cake." Morgana growled. The two glanced at each other before turning back to the older woman. "How.. Why...WHAT THE HELL WERE YOU TWO THINKING?!"

"Mother..." Robin tried but Morgana held up a hand to silence the girl.

"Don't 'mother' me. What happened between you two could have ended with some serious mistakes. What would have happened if Chrom had died during the war? If no one would marry you since you had a child?" She asked.

"You wouldn't have to worry about that. The way those nobles are going after Lady Robin. I've chased away four today." Aversa told them, earning a glare from Robin.

"Shut. Up." The princess growled. Aversa gave the girl a smirk as she caught the look of anger that flashed across Chrom's face at the mention of the nobles.

"Aversa." Morgana said, not bothering to look at the woman behind her.

"Yes, milady?"

"Be quiet."

"Yes, milady."

Morgana rubbed at her eyes, trying hard to not yell at her daughter and the prince. That was proving to be easier said than done. After several moments, Morgana looked over to Chrom,

her eyes cold and her lips pressed into a tight line.

"You...Ugh, where do I even begin with you?" The queen sighed, shaking her head. "I do have to thank you for helping get rid of the Grimleal when you first visited Plegia. But...You impregnated my daughter. You put your hands on her without marrying her. WHAT WERE YOU THINKING?! HOW COULD YOU DO THAT TO MY BABY GIRL?! GET HER PREGNANT AND THEN LEAVE FOR OVER FIVE YEARS WITHOUT SAYING A WORD TO HER! SHE WAS WORRIED SICK ABOUT YOU AND YOU DIDN'T EVEN BOTHER TO WRITE HER!"

"MOTHER!" Robin cut the woman off, her fists clenched and her teeth gritting together as she glared at the woman in front of her. Morgana took a small step back, recoiling from her daughter's outburst.

"It's not his fault. It was a choice that we both made. It was my idea. I didn't want him to leave," Robin closed her eyes and took a deep breath before continuing. "What I'm trying to say is I didn't want him to leave without him knowing that I love him."

Silence. Robin bit her lip, her eyes fixed on her feet as she realized what had just come out of her mouth. There was a snicker first then Morgana burst out laughing, holding her sides as she laughed. Aversa frowned and Robin stared at her mother, unsure of what to do.

"That," Morgana began after calming down from her laughing fit. "Was a very quick response Robin. But, I'm glad that you two...Did what you did to put it one way. Little Luci has been a joy to have around the castle and I'm glad that I got to meet my grandchild before my time ends. However, Prince Chrom."

"Y-yes, milady?" Chrom asked, jumping slightly as the older woman glared at him.

"You hurt my daughter or my granddaughter and I will personally make sure you won't see another sunrise. Am I clear?" The Queen asked. Chrom gave a nod. "Good. I trust that you will be staying in Plegia for a while?"

"Yes, milady. That is the plan at least. My older sister, Emmeryn, is back in Ylisstol with the rest of my men. We thank you for lending us help during the war." Chrom added.

Yes...Well, it was the least I could do after your parents helped me. I just wish my friends were still here." Morgana frowned. She shook her head and waved Aversa aside. "Go. Be with your daughter." The two nodded and left the room quickly to go find Lucina.

"Milady?" Aversa asked after a moment. Morgana didn't say anything, only holding her arms to her chest as she stared at the ground. "Is everything alright?"

"Oh Aversa... My daughter has grown so fast. The people love her as much as I do. But I'm scared that I won't be there when she becomes Queen." The woman said, her voice soft and gentle, a change from the tone that she had a few moments ago.

"Milady?" Aversa frowned, unsure of what her queen ment.

"Walhart's attacks have become more frequent than before. At this rate, I'll be lucky if I survive his next attack. I don't want to leave my daughter. She needs guidance still, especially when she becomes Queen."

"You became Queen and have ruled by yourself for over twenty five years without guidance, milady." Aversa said, frowning. Morgana gave a quiet laugh, shaking her head.

"That's where you're wrong, 'Versa. I've had my friends here to support me along the way."

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"You look nervous." A voice said, causing Morgana to jump. She turned towards the door, seeing Mustafa standing there, a small smile on his face. She gave a laugh and shook her head.

"I'm fine. Just a little tired. I was up late last night and didn't get much sleep." She answered, returning his smile. "How's your lady friend?" She added, wiggling her eyebrows and earning a laugh from the man.

"She's fine. I'm thinking of proposing to her soon but I want you to meet her first. I think you'll like her." Mustafa told the white haired woman. Her heart sank a little, her smile fading slightly and her shoulders seemed to sink a bit but the man didn't notice anything.

"Did Prince Validar say when the Ylisseans would be here?" Morgana asked, changing the subject quickly.

"Sometime today is what everyone was told. They should be here around high noon, according to the scouts. Let's hope this stays peaceful, we don't want war to start again." Mustafa added.

"Aye. Our parent's war seems like it just ended, even if it has been over ten years since peace was reached." The woman muttered. "I suppose I should go greet our guests with our Prince seeing as how I am the tactician."

"Morgana..." Mustafa said, grabbing ahold of the woman's arm as she tried to pass by him. She frowned up at him, a puzzled look on her face. "Are the rumors true? About you and Validar?"

The woman didn't say anything, only tugging her arm out of her friends' grasp easily. She walked past him and began to make her way towards the front doors of the palace.

"You shouldn't listen to rumors Mustafa. They tend to hurt." Morgana called over her shoulder to him.

"Ah! Morgana, there you are. I want you to meet some people." Validar said, a smile spreading across his face once the tactician pushed open the door to the palace and stepped outside. She frowned a little, heading down the steps towards the prince. A man with blue hair and a woman with long blonde curls stood next to them, each wearing clothes that

Morgana recognized as Ylislean fashion. She stopped once her eyes fell on the blonde woman beside Validar, her eyes going wide.

"Angeline?" Morgana asked. The blonde's mouth curved into a wide smile and she rushed to hug the white haired woman.

"Morgana! It's so good to see you again!" Angeline said happily.

"Same to you! I thought Basilio would have kept you in Ferox for sure!"

"Flavia managed to get me back to Ylisse. Told him I had a husband already and he backed off." Angeline giggled.

"But you don't have a husband." Morgana frowned.

"At the time I didn't. I do now though." The blonde said, a smile curving her lips as she nodded towards the blue haired man standing next to Validar. Morgana's frown deepened and she looked towards Validar for an explanation.

"Morgana, I want you to meet Exalt Periander of Ylisse and his new wife Angeline. Periander, this is my tactician, Morgana." The prince explained.

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Morgana stood in the large throne room, leaning against one of the pillars with a glass of wine in her hand, her brown eyes fixed on the dark liquid within. The frown curving her lips deepened as her mind drifted on, ignoring the ball that was being held to welcome the Ylisleans to Pelgia. She hadn't bothered to change into the dress that had been picked out for her, preferring her regular tactician's robes instead. Her nose wrinkled at the thought and she took a quick swig of wine, downing most of the glass.

"Careful, that stuff can knock you flat on your back." Angeline's voice said. Morgana looked up to see the blonde giving her a smile.

"Hpmh. Let it." The white haired woman growled, downing the rest of the glass. Angeline frowned, shaking her head at her old friend.

"Morgana, this isn't like you. Is everything alright?"

"Other than my best friend is alive and well and is now married while for the past three years I was wondering if she was still breathing, yes, I'm perfectly fine." Morgana snapped at the blonde. Silence fell between the two as the tactician watched the group of people dancing in the center of the room, a scowl on her lips. Angeline studied her friend's face and shook her head.

"Morgana. You're not mad that I never told you I was fine. You're mad about the man I married, aren't you?"

Morgana was silent for a while, her teeth digging into her bottom lip as she debated on how to answer. Finally she gave a sigh, closing her eyes and clutching her empty glass tightly.

"You remember the stories that we used to hear about the war? About how civilians were cut down like animals?"

"Yes. How could I forget?"

"They weren't stories. Innocent people were killed and the old exalt, your husband's father, killed a lot of them. Angeline, he cut down my mother in front of me." Morgana explained, her knuckles turning white as she gripped her glass even tighter. "And now, one of my best friends is married to the son of the monster that made me lose the only thing I had left."

"The old exalt wasn't the only one that killed a lot of innocent people. Prince Validar's father cut down quite a bit too." Angeline told her and Morgana gave a nod.

"I know. It isn't the fact that you're married to the son of a monster, it's the fact that I'm marrying the son of a monster as well."

Morgana gave a sigh, gazing at the painting in front of her. Four people stood in it, two Ylissean and two Plegian. One was a man with blue hair standing behind a woman with long blonde hair and a kind face seated in a chair. Next to them stood another man with dark hair and red eyes. He stood behind another woman with white hair and warm brown eyes that sat beside the blonde. Morgana's hand reached out to lightly touch the canvas of the painting, her fingertips just brushing the faces of the blonde and blue haired people.

"Angeline and Periander...So many things have changed since that day. I wonder if you would even recognize the person I have become. I miss you both so much. While I may be the last of us still standing, I feel as though I may come crashing down sooner than I had planned. But at least... I would be able to see my friends again after so many years." A sad smile traced Morgana's lips as her hand fell to her side and her eyes closed, preventing the few tears from falling. She shook her head and quickly left the room, glancing back at the painting before shutting the door behind her.

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"And this is my favorite book! Mommy reads it to me whenever I get sick! Oh! Oh! And this-

Lucina ran off to go grab something else in the room, leaving the book in Chrom's hands. His mouth hung open slightly as he watched the five year old running around the room showing him her favorite things. Robin hid her smile as best she could but her eyes held a look of amusement. Lucina dug around for what she was looking for, her tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth. Chrom looked towards the white haired woman, his eyes wide.

"Is she always like this?" He asked. Robin laughed and nodded.

"She's a ball of energy. There're times where the other children can't keep up with her and that's saying something since Cynthia is the same way." She told him.

"Cynthia?"

"Gaius and Sumia's daughter. She got Gaius' love of sweets and Sumia's clumsiness." Robin explained. Chrom nodded and turned back to the blue haired girl that came rushing back towards him.

"And this is a drawing I made! That one's mommy," She pointed to a stick figure with what looked to be white hair on the paper. "That one's me," Her finger moved towards a smaller stick figure with blue hair. "And that one's you! I didn't know what you looked like so I had to guess." Lucina pointed to a taller stick figure with the same shade of blue hair as the smallest one, a small frown on her face.

"Lucina." Chrom muttered. The little girl shook her head and gave him a smile, rushing off to find something else. The prince blinked a few times and glanced over at Robin who only shook her head slightly.

"Do you plan to show your father all your belongings little princess?" A voice asked from the doorway. Mustafa stood there, his arms folded as he smiled at the little girl. Lucina turned towards the voice, her smile growing wider as she recognized the man standing there.

"Grandfather!" She cried happily and ran towards him. The general laughed and scooped up the princess, a wide grin on his face.

"Mustafa, I'm so sorry! I didn't-" He held up a hand to stop Robin from continuing.

"It's alright Robin. Besides, I think of you two as family and I wouldn't want it any other way. It's also better than being called something worse. Henry used to call me beard man." Mustafa laughed at the memory and hugged Lucina tightly before handing her back to her mother. "Actually I came in here because I wanted a word with Chrom if that's alright."

"That's fine with me. It's getting close to bed for Luci anyway. Come on little one, time to go." Robin said, giving her daughter a smile. The blue haired girl gave a sleepy nod, waving good bye to Mustafa before turning her eyes to her father.

"Mommy calls me Luci and you can too! Night daddy!" The little girl said happily before the two left the room, the general closing the door behind them. Silence filled the room as the two men stared at each other for several moments before Mustafa let out a barking laugh.

"Don't look so nervous kid! I'm nothing like Morgana and I won't bite your head off, don't worry." He said, his arms crossed against his chest as he smiled at the young prince. Chrom let out a nervous laugh, feeling a little intimidated by the general in front of him.

"Listen, kid. I've known Robin since the day she was born, and I've known her mother since we were both children. They are strong women but they have kind hearts. Now, you seem like a nice young man who cares about others. I don't have a problem with the fact that you left Robin. I get why you left. You had a war to fight, you had to protect your home, I get that." Mustafa said, his voice calm and almost friendly. His eyes narrowed and he glared at Chrom, causing the prince to step back a bit. "But if you ever hurt either Robin or little Luci, Morgana won't have much left to tear apart, you got that?"

"Y-yes sir." Chrom stuttered, his hands shaking at the sudden change from the general. Mustafa smiled, opening the door of the study and heading out.

"Good. Now, go be with your family, Chrom. They've missed you."

-

Chrom stood outside of Robin's room, having asked a few guards where it was since he couldn't remember. Each one had puffed out their chest with pride and eyed him slightly when they told him the way. He had opened the door slightly, causing him to hear the voice coming from within and making him freeze in his steps. It was that tune again, the one that had caught his attention in the hallway of the Plegian palace before he had left for Ylisse. He remembered what Robin had said to him when he caught her in the Library.

"It was a lullaby that my mother used to sing to me when I was younger."

A small smile appeared on the prince's face as he opened the door, his eyes resting on the sight of the white haired woman holding her half asleep daughter as she sat in an old rocking chair beside the large window overlooking the city. Robin's eyes were focused on the child curled up in her lap, gently rocking the chair they were in as she kept her voice soft. She hadn't noticed Chrom opening the door. Lucina on the other hand, had noticed the door opening and gave a tired smile to her father, raising her hand and giving a small smile to the blue haired man. Robin frowned and looked up, wondering who her daughter was waving too.

"Chrom, please come in. I trust that Mustafa's done talking with you?" She asked, and Chrom nodded, taking a seat in a chair next to Robin.

"The way he shifts moods is...frightening." Chrom muttered and Robin laughed.

"He does that. It's even more terrifying to a ten year old who just broke something important."

"I take it you know from experience?" The prince asked, a smirk tugging at his lips. Robin nodded but didn't say anything else, only humming the lullaby again to try and lull Lucina to sleep.

"Mommy." The little girl said, her voice heavy with sleep. "I want daddy to sing the song too."

"Sorry Luci, I don't know the words. They're in Plegian." Chrom explained, shaking his head slightly.

"Mommy can teach you. If you sing with her than you can learn." Lucina said, giving a yawn and snuggling closer to her mother, her eyes almost all the way shut. Robin shook her head, a smile playing on her lips.

"Hush Luci. Go to sleep love." The woman said softly. Chrom smiled at the two before leaning over and resting his hand on the little girl's forehead.

"Pleasant dreams little one."

Chapter End Notes

Remember, leave a kudos/comment if you enjoyed, and all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com

Lovers' Invasion

Chapter by [RighteousMaximus](#)

Chapter Summary

Guess who's back?
Reality doesn't wait for love.

Chapter Notes

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

Morgana watched the horizon, waiting for the familiar sails of the Valmese ships. Sallya stood on her right, teeth digging into her lower lip as she waited for orders from the queen. Mustafa stood on the white haired woman's left, his hand gripping the handle of his trusty axe, a frown creasing his mouth.

"There're the ships." Sallya spoke, her voice quiet and almost unheard by the other two.

"Right on time." Morgana sighed, drawing her tome from within her robes and making her way down to the port with the other two. "Have Nowi and Aversa attack from the sky and have Gangrel cover them. Sallya, have Gregor go with you and take out their right flank. Hopefully it will slow them down some. Mustafa, you'll come with me and take out their left flank. Let's make this a quick battle."

The two nodded and Sallya ran off to go get Gregor and give the other two women their orders. Not long after the dark haired woman had left, two large shapes had taken to the sky and headed towards the incoming ships. Mustafa grimaced as he readied his axe.

"How long do you think this one will take? I promised Robin I would watch Lucina while she got some work done." The general asked.

"It's hard to tell. Walhart is as stupid as ever if he thinks he can take our land from us. He should know that I will defend my people if it costs me my life." Morgana growled, gripping her tome as the first wave of arrows were seen flying towards the city.

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Robin rubbed at her temples, trying hard not to yell at the nobles that stood in front of her. Since her mother had left to go defend the city, the queen had left the princess to take care of the old men that wouldn't stop arguing. Cherche stood next to the princess, her mouth twisting into a grimace at the men's crude words. Robin gave a sigh and shook her head.

"Walhart keeps invading us! we need to deal with him before any other problems!"

“We need to focus on the trading between Valm and Plegia!”

“No, the trading between Plegia and Ylisse!”

“What about the fishing? That needs attention too!”

“We’ll get to each matter-” Robin tried to say but she was cut off by some more shouting. She shook her head again and turned towards Cherche. “Mind giving me a hand?” The wyvern rider gave a nod and took a few steps forward so she stood slightly in front of the princess.

“SHUT YOUR MOUTHS.” She yelled, grabbing the attention of everyone in the room. Cherche turned back to Robin and gave her a warm smile, gesturing for the princess to speak.

"Right. As you know, my mother is away at the current moment. We do need to take care of Walhart, but we also cannot ignore the other issues of our homeland. Trading with Ylisse has started up again since the war there ended. Exalt Emmeryn has extended a hand of friendship towards us, one that we have greatly accepted. Trading between Plegia and Ferox is still going as smoothly as it was over twenty years ago, so there is nothing to worry about there. As for the fishing matter-" Robin's voice was cut off as the doors to the throne room were thrown open to reveal both rulers of Ferox. All eyes were on the two as they made their way towards Robin, grins on their faces.

"Heya, sport! where's your mother at?" Basilio asked, clapping the princess on the back and almost sending her crashing to the ground. Cherche shot the man a glare as she helped keep Robin balanced. Flavia glanced around at the nobles gawking at the two.

"And what are these dust bags doing here?" She added.

"Mother went to go defend the city from Walhart and she left me to meet with the nobles." Robin explained, frowning at the two. "Why are you two here?"

"Well-" Basilio began, a sheepish look crossing his face.

"This bald oaf wanted to see his girlfriend and I came to see the little one." Flavia interrupted, grinning at the white haired girl. "So, where is little Lucina? she's almost always at your side."

"She's...with her father right now." Robin said slowly, the words leaving her mouth having an odd feeling to them, a feeling that warmed her heart. The two khans stared at her, forgetting that there were nobles in the room with them.

"Her father? You mean that he came back? Prince Chrom came back?" Basilio asked.

"Uh, well..." Robin muttered, rubbing the back of her head.

"We hadn't told anyone outside of a select few who the father was. Thanks for blabbing Basilio. Oh, and I'm NOT your girlfriend." A voice said from behind the khans. Morgana

stood in the doorway, her arms folded over her chest as she glared at Basilio, Mustafa and Aversa standing on either side of her.

"Robin, with me now. We're holding a war council. Cherche, would you mind showing the Khans to Lon'qu? I'm sure he'd like to see them." Morgana ordered and both women nodded. The queen looked around at the nobles, her eyes narrowed. "You're all dismissed, go home or something, whatever you do when you're not complaining." She told them before turning on her heel and leaving, Robin following after her.

-

"Lon'qu! How ya been?!" Basilio bellowed out as soon as he saw the swordsman and his wife seated with the Shepherds and rangers. A bewildered look crossed the young man's face before he got up and shook the Khan's hand, a smile on his lips.

"Not bad." He grunted.

"K-Khan Basilio? And Khan Flavia? What are you doing here?" Olivia asked, her head tilting to the side as she looked at the two.

"Had some time so we thought we'd come and visit." Basilio shrugged, still grinning broadly. His eyes scanned the room before falling on Lucina who was seated in her father's lap. "So you came back then?"

Chrom blinked a few times before nodding, his arms tightening around Lucina's middle, holding the little girl closer to him. Sumia and Gaius exchanged a small glance as the thief took Cynthia off of his shoulders to set her on the ground.

"Luci?" Sumia asked, breaking the silence that had fallen in the room. "Why don't you go play with the others okay?" the pegasus knight smiled warmly at the little girl. Lucina nodded and wiggled out of her father's grasp, grabbing a hold of Cynthia's arm and running off to find their other friends. Chrom watched them leave before turning his gaze back to the glare Basilio was now giving him. He gave a sigh and shook his head.

"Look, if you're going to threaten me about hurting Robin you don't have to. Aversa, Mustafa and Queen Morgana already beat you to the punch weeks ago. Or if you're going to lecture me about being a bad father and leaving Robin and my child behind, don't. She never told me about Lucina until I came back." Chrom told the two. Flavia gave him a wide smile and a nod of approval as she stood behind the west Khan. Basilio glared at Chrom for a few more moments before giving out a barking laugh.

"HA! Oh, I like you Chrom. Don't worry, I'm not as cruel as Morgana and the others. As for leaving Robin... You had to protect your homeland, she understood and would have done the same. Hell! She even tried to go off and help you when she was with child!" Basilio told him.

"If you don't mind me asking sir, where is Robin now?" Sumia asked, frowning at the man as he sat himself next to Chrom.

"Morgana called a war meeting. Not sure what about though. More than likely it's about Walhart." Faliva answered.

"A war meeting? Ugh, that's going to take forever." Tharja groaned.

"Robin's always in a bad mood afterwards too." Olivia sighed, resting her head in her hand.

"Mainly because of all the shouting. Those meetings cause worse headaches than the nobles do. And I thought Ylisse's nobles were a trying bunch. HA!" Sumia shook her head. "poor Robin."

"Are the nobles here really that bad?" Chrom asked, frowning. The pegasus knight nodded and gave a sigh.

"Imagine Ylisse's nobles but ten times worse. And that's on a good day. The war meetings are ten times worse than the nobles!" She told him. Chrom's gaze turned towards the doorway, secretly hoping that what his friend was saying wasn't true.

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"We should kill him now and let this be done with!" One of the generals shouted.

"But we want to keep up the trade with Valm! How do you expect to do that when their leader is dead by our hands?!" A second shouted back.

"There's always Princess Say'ri! We are on good terms with her and her family!" a third offered.

"You idiot! Say'ri and her family only rules a portion of Valm! Not all of it!" Another voice shouted. Robin rubbed at her temples and Morgana slid down in her chair slightly, her left hand covering her face as she closed her eyes. Mustafa only stared at the middle of the table, his eyes close to falling shut.

"What we should do is launch an attack back on Walhart, teach him that he can't break us!"

"That would be declaring war on Valm, you dolt!"

"Would all of you kindly just SHUT UP?!" Robin bellowed, glaring at the generals around her. Morgana looked at her daughter with slight amusement in her eyes. Mustafa sat up and looked around, now fully awake and aware of what was going on. Aversa gave Robin a nod of approval from where she sat.

"Fighting amongst ourselves isn't going to fix anything, it will only cause more problems. We shouldn't be fighting each other when our homes are threatened. We need to protect our land and our people. So, shut up and listen to what Queen Morgana has to say." Robin growled at the general's, her eyes narrowed slightly. After a moment, Robin turned to her mother, waiting for her to speak.

"Thank you, Robin. But I would rather hear your take on the situation. What do you suggest we do about Walhart?"

“You...want my suggestion?” Robin asked, her eyes going wide as she stared at her mother. The Queen nodded and waited for her daughter to speak. The princess glanced around the table and noticed the encouraging smiles that Mustafa and Aversa were giving her. She took a deep breath before beginning.

-

“So you’re Princess Lucina?” Severa asked, her arms crossed over her chest as she glared at the blue haired girl in front of her.

“Uh, I-I normally go by Luci, or Lucina. I don’t like to be called Princess...” The small girl’s voice trailed off and she was looking anywhere but at Severa. Gerome stood on her left, glaring daggers at Severa. Nah stood on Lucina’s right, her dragonstone in her hand just in case. Severa looked Lucina and the others up and down, drinking in their appearances. Finally she gave a snort and held her nose high in the air.

“You don’t look like a princess. You’re far too shy.” Severa told her. Owain shook his head and sighed as Kjelle smacked Severa against the back of her head.

“Ouch! That HURT!” Severa yelped.

“Stop being mean! You are the guest here and this is her home. You should be more polite.” Kjelle growled at her friend, her hands on her hips. Owain, on the other hand, walked over to Lucina, a wide smile on his face.

“So you’re Uncle Chrom’s daughter? That makes you and me cousin’s!” He said. Lucina blinked and tilted her head to the side.

“Cousins? How’s that?” She asked. His smile fell a little and he looked thoughtful for a moment.

“Uh, well, oh! My mom is your dad’s sister! That makes us related!” Owain explained, his smile widening again. Lucina stared at him for a few moments before Nah’s voice broke her from her thoughts.

“You’re weird.” Nah said blankly, her mouth twisting into a frown.

“Vile beast!” Owain shot back.

“What did you call me?!” Nah asked, gripping her dragonstone tighter.

“Owain! Don’t call people names!” Kjelle groaned.

“Don’t tell me what to do!”

“Don’t be stupid then!”

“Shut up Severa!”

Lucina stared at the three for a moment as they argued before her face broke into a smile and she started giggling. Gerome blinked at the princess, confused by her action. The other three stopped talking to stare at the blue haired girl. Once her giggling had stopped she smiled widely at the three.

“Welcome to Plegia.”

Chapter End Notes

sorry for the delay! all credit goes to hansonhorses.tumblr.com.
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End Notes

Welcome to the New Plegia AU (NPAU for short)

This is practically all the work of hansononhorses.tumblr.com and i'm just posting it for her.
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