

Delicate Princess

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Delicate Princess

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Priscilla gets summoned to Askr.

Perhaps this is what she's been waiting for.

Edit: Yeah, this ain't ever getting finished.

Notes

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

“Milady, a letter from Count Reglay has arrived.”

“Oh? Lord Pent replied to my message so quickly?”

“It would appear that way, yes. Shall I open it and read it out to you?”

“Oh, no need to trouble yourself. I’ll peruse it after I’ve finished my tea. If you’d please leave it there on the table.”

“Of course, milady. Is there anything else you require?”

“No, you are excused, Leana.”

“Milady.” With a final curtsy, the maid exited the room, leaving Priscilla, adopted daughter of the Caerleons, alone with her thoughts.

She really hadn’t expected Pent to have replied to her letter so quickly. Although she hadn’t spent much time at court since her return to Etruria, even she couldn’t have failed to miss the whole scandal with his decision to resign as Mage General, and subsequent disappearance from the palace. As such, she had assumed that he would’ve been too absorbed in whatever new work he was taking on (she presumed it was the research that Archsage Athos had left behind with his passing, but one couldn’t be sure with him) to even spare a second thought for her hastily scrawled thank-you for his giving his apprentice as an escort in her search for her brother.

Right. Her search for her brother. That had happened.

On the whole, it was truly bizarre. Sitting there in the parlor with a cup of elderberry tea, it seemed to Priscilla that nothing had really changed from last year. That she was still the Caerleon’s loved, if somewhat coddled, child, who never thought of leaving her pampered yet lonely existence. Her parents tearfully embraced her on the day of her return, but thereafter went on treating her as if she hadn’t left. As if she hadn’t hastily scrambled together a plan to set out to Lycia the moment the reports of the destruction of House Cornwell trickled in, over the angry shouts of her parents. As if her quest hadn’t ended up taking her everywhere from the deserts of Nabata to the royal castle of Bern. As if she hadn’t been in the party of Lord Eliwood, who had saved the land from the return of dragons.

Then again, that had made it seem like she was any sort of active participant in those tumultuous events. Indeed, from the moment she arrived in Lycia, she had been pulled around by people bigger than her. First, by that despicable Darin, who had her trapped until she was saved by sheer chance with the arrival of Pherae’s heir and his company, and then she had merely attached herself to her saviors’ side, and drifted along with them. She told herself at the time that this was a good plan, that traveling alongside them would be a more effective way of conducting her search.

But here, with the benefit of hindsight, her true reasons lay bare in front of her eyes, as much as she detested them. She had been scared, plain and simple. She had convinced herself that

she had grown up into a woman who could function independently out in the world and do things like find her lost brother, and Darin was simply the way reality pulled aside the illusion she had cast upon herself. She was still a little girl with no strength of self, whose fate could be decided by those with actual power with frightening ease. And so, to avoid having to confront that truth, she had hid behind another person with power and told herself that she was definitely fine and a person with backbone. But that was for the best, wasn't it? After all, she couldn't possibly have found Raymond on her own, not when he was going to get himself killed on the ends of the Caelin soldiers' lances if it weren't for the tactician assigning her to the assault on the castle. It was okay to accept that she was still a nothing as far as the world was concerned, and try to eke out an existence among those who did matter, right?

She had accepted that, at least, at the time. And so, she had resigned herself to have been content with the role that she served the group in. That is, occasionally using staves to heal the wounded while called upon. While such a role was certainly important conceptually as far as the army was concerned, and it certainly did garner her praise from those she treated, she had to admit she simply didn't really try at her job. Certainly not as much as the other healer in their party, Serra, who constantly pushed herself to improve her capabilities, mastering more complex staves like the physics, and even learning light magic (although Priscilla suspected that had more to do with seizing any chance to get closer to Erk). In the end, Priscilla didn't learn anything beyond the heal staves she was familiar with, and never really much cared to. She recalled having brought it up once, to Lord Eliwood, that she was becoming a drag to the party, but he insisted that she was fine the way she was, and that the battlefield isn't suited for everyone. And well, Priscilla couldn't find it in her to contradict him, despite the misgivings she felt inside her.

But her concerns about her stagnation and remaining a child was quite easy to ignore, in the light of the fact that her quest was indeed successful. She still remembered the way her heart swelled the moment she saw her brother fighting in the corridor, and the giddiness that enveloped her for the rest of that day. Of course, she hadn't let any of it show. If nothing else, she knew how a lady of noble birth should act, and blubbing helplessly into her brother's shoulder was not it (despite how much she wanted to). She kept a tight grip on her emotions, and tried not to let her aching desire to cling to him show itself entirely, although she failed quite miserably at that, starting from the first true conversation she'd had with them after the meeting at Caelin.

Thinking about the disaster that first talk had been (really, Priscilla, bringing up a childhood marriage promise? Were you trying to disgust him?) turned out to be a horrible mistake. Unbidden, memories of their last conversation sprang to her mind and she screwed her eyes shut in a vain attempt to try and block them out. Despite her best efforts, the memory of that conversation, came echoing from the depths of her mind where she had banished it to...

When she heard Raymond ask her if she had a minute to talk, she thanked Elimine for a second chance. After Raymond had walked away silently from her the first time she begged him not to leave her side, she had agonized for hours over what a fool she had been, speaking so childishly, as if that would get him to stay, as if he wanted a burden of a sister who had barely changes in the years that had passed. She was sure to make a better impression this time, that she could stand on her own two feet. She mentally psyched herself up.

Nevertheless, she couldn't help feeling her heart drop when she saw the troubled look on his face.

"Priscilla."

"Yes, Lord Brother?"

"You...should return to Etruria. You should not stay here any longer."

Of all the things to come out of his mouth, that was the last thing she expected. Had she...had she really turned him off that much with her blunder?

"What? B-But why?"

He turned away from her.

"Please, don't make me leave! Not after I came all this way to see you again..."

Although she could no longer see his face, she could see his shoulders tense up

"But, there are things I must do. And I don't want you getting involved!"

She tilted her head in confusion.

"Lord Brother! You are not planning something dangerous?"

He paused for a long while.

"... .. It's nothing you need know of."

So it was something dangerous. He was just concerned for her safety. Good, good! That was something she could work with.

"It is something dangerous! Then, now more than ever, I cannot be made to leave! If you are to face danger, then let me face it by your side!"

She prayed her words could convince him. While she admitted she was still terrified of fighting, she could, no, she would learn to bear it if meant she could still stand by his side.

He turned around, looked her in the eyes for the first time, and said the words that would shatter her.

"You're not listening, Priscilla. You were sent to Etruria for adoption— You are no longer of House Cornwell. And...I am no longer your brother."

She was too shocked to even cry, or say anything until she noticed he had turned around and started to leave.

"Lord Brother! How could...Lord Brother!"

She was brought back to reality from the realization that there were tears running down her face. She hastily began scrubbing them off. Damn it all, was this really all she was and ever would be? A sniveling child who can do nothing if not led by the hand? No wonder he hadn't wanted to call her sister anymore, no wonder he hadn't even wanted to look at her after he had effectively disowned her. Last she had heard from when the party split up was that he had went off to parts unknown with that blond monk. Nope, she wasn't going to think about it anymore. She wasn't going to fall apart anymore, at least not today.

She forced herself to consider other topics. The tea had since gone cold. As such, she set it down on the saucer, and called for Leana to collect it. She walked back over to the table, intending to read Pent's letter.

However, fate had other plans for her.

The world suddenly went white, her head started spinning, and she felt her breath get taken away. When she came to her senses, she found that she was standing in front of some figure in white robe, their face mostly covered by their hood.

"Hi, I'm Kiran! You've been summoned from your world to join us in the Order of Heroes to help defend the Kingdom of Askr from the Emblian Empire! What's your name?"

End Notes

Blazing Blade has a lot of characters with understated depth to them. I suppose this meant to be one attempt at exploring that.

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