

## To New Beginnings

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# **To New Beginnings**

by [Nopride4531](#)

## Summary

Takes place during Chapter Six. Arthur and the Reader decide to run away together, start a new life, along with the Marston family. Light angst in the beginning, but plenty of domestic fluff in later chapters.

## The Initial Idea is a Plea

Things haven't been the same since the boys came back from Guarma, haven't been the same for some time before that, too. No matter how much you try to reassure yourself that that's just how it goes sometimes, you can't help but feel that the whole world is changing. And? Not necessarily in a way good for you and those you love. You can see it in everyone's eyes, too. The times for outlaws and gunslingers--*your* times--are over. Unless you do something about it (and, if you're being frank, that needs to happen *soon*), you'll die bloody. You know this. Abigail and John know it. *Arthur* knows it.

You're relaxing by the fire, absently tracing circles in the mud with a stick. Beaver Hollow isn't your favorite camp, but you suppose it's not as bad as it could be. Abigail sits next to you, watching Jack read a storybook. Neither one of you try to start a conversation. You both know there isn't really much to say. Briefly, though, you consider asking her how she and John are getting along, especially after everything that happened in Saint Denis, but you think better of it. That's not the type of talk to have in front of Jack. The kid's been picking up on things lately, things you don't believe a child should know. The road's been a tough one for that family. Somehow, you know it'll continue to be that way.

Arthur and John went hunting some time ago. Truth is, you think that's horseshit. They probably just wanted some time away from Dutch and his master plans, plans you're fairly certain don't exist at all. You don't dare voice your opinion around anyone but Arthur, though. Dutch is always saying there's no room for doubt anymore, and, as much as you hate to admit it, he's been scaring you as of late. Besides: you don't want to end up like Molly. Bad business, that was. And, although Miss Grimshaw pulled the trigger, you know in your heart it was Dutch's fault. Just like most of everything else nowadays.

"What're you thinking about?" Abigail suddenly asks, startling you out of your thoughts.

You think to lie, to tell her you're just wondering what Arthur and John'll bring back to camp for supper, but one sharp look from her dashes that idea.

"Can't be anythin' good from that look on your face," she says when you remain silent.

"What's wrong, Y/N?"

And you want to tell her the truth, tell her everything. You want to tell her what you've been thinking about for quite some time now, ever since the boys came back from Guarma, maybe even before then. But instead, you flick your eyes over to Dutch and Micah, who are busy making plans for another brilliant heist (yeah; it'll be brilliant alright), then back to Abigail. She understands almost immediately, chin dipping ever so slightly. You can see it in her eyes: she's been thinking the same thing. Maybe just as much as you, maybe more, you don't know. But it's some comfort that you're not alone.

Arthur and John return about an hour later, two wild turkeys between the pair of them. They give them to Pearson, who sets about making supper. You've long since stopped caring about whether it's good or not. Lately, everything you eat tastes as bland as a desert. You don't put

much thought into it, don't really care about it at all. You've been so focused on survival that everything else falls just short of important. Somewhere in the back of your mind, you get the feeling that it's situational, and if you were a more introspective person, you might say it could only be cured by changing things up. But, as time has often proven, you're not too introspective. Not anymore, at least.

Later still, after you've eaten, Arthur finds you sitting beneath a tree, reading a book by the light of a dim lantern. He sits next to you and says nothing, just stares toward the caves. Everyone else has long since gone to bed, even Dutch, who rarely seems to sleep these days. You figure it's as good a time as any to have a much needed conversation. And, judging by Arthur's pensive expression, he feels the same way.

"How was hunting?" You ask. You hate small talk, but at the moment, it seems better than the alternative. "You and John get along okay?"

Arthur nods, still looking at the caves. "Just fine."

The two of you sit there in silence for a moment. You can practically feel the unease and discontent flowing from him in waves, and you want nothing more than to soothe him, to tell him everything will be alright, but you know there's no comfort to be had in this situation. Not anymore.

"Arthur."

You say his name softly, voice hardly more than a whisper. He finally turns to look at you. There's a hint of something in his eyes you hate seeing, and you recognize it for what it is: defeat. It kills you to think he's all but given up, though you know he hasn't. Not completely, for that matter. But you also know that unless something happens (and something good, at that), he will.

"Folk can't keep goin' like this, Y/N," he murmurs, leaning back against the tree. "You know it, an' I know it."

And you *do* know it--more than anything. You want everyone to be safe, to live out their lives in the way that's best for them, but with how everything's been going, that seems like a pipe dream. A beautiful, desirable pipe dream.

"It's Dutch," you find yourself responding. "Micah, too. They're leading us into the ground and there's nothing anybody can do to stop them."

Briefly, you wonder if you've said too much, if Arthur will take offense. You shift until you're looking straight at him, only to find that he's watching you with what you recognize as understanding.

"I know." He gently wraps his arm around your shoulders. "I know. I've been thinking the same thing for some time now. We'll find a way, Y/N. We always do."

You sigh and lean into him, resting your head against his chest. "Well... there's something I've been meaning to run by you. An idea. A..." You swallow, gathering your courage. "A way

out."

He doesn't say anything, and you look up at him, look deep into his eyes, knowing that's your silent cue to continue.

"Run away with me," you say, voice sounding too small for your liking, too pleading. But you quickly realize you don't care, that, in essence, you *are* pleading with him. You need him to say yes. You need him to say it more than anything. Because, if you're being completely honest, you can't keep going like this. You can't keep running, sleeping with one eye open, wondering if each night will be your last. You're tired--beyond tired, and you know that it's time to go.

"Run away with me," you repeat, shifting until you're sitting up. "We can do it, Arthur. I know we can."

You watch as he thinks on it, as his expression goes from confused to pensive. Your heart beats so loud, you're sure he can hear it, but he doesn't say as much. Instead, he tells you:

"We'll need a place to lie low. And some supplies." He smiles softly, a smile you know is reserved specifically for you. "Money, too."

It hits you--quickly, at that--what he's saying: *yes*. He's saying *yes*. And suddenly, you don't care about the danger that's sure to follow. You don't care about Dutch or Micah or, hell, even the Pinkerton's. Because they don't matter anymore. All that matters is Arthur. And he's saying *yes*.

"You know something?" You manage to say around a tight throat. "Abigail was telling me a while ago... she might know where Dutch's been keeping all our cash." You smile, a full and slightly mischievous one. "And I might know of a place or two where we can hole up. Just until the heat blows over."

Arthur returns your smile before pressing a kiss to the top of your head. "Well, darlin'? You talk to Abigail, make sure she's certain, then tell her to come talk to me." He pulls you closer, wrapping both of his arms around you. "We'll see what we can do."

You lean into the embrace, head against his chest again, listening to the steady thrum of his heart. It's going to be difficult, that much you know for sure, but for the moment? It's enough that Arthur's willing to go through it with you.

## In the Dead of Night

As it turns out, Abigail *does* know where Dutch keeps the money. Even better: she has the key to the lockbox. How she got it, you figure it's best not to ask, but she just up and gives it to you one morning while the two of you are in Annesburg.

"Abigail Roberts," you say with a smile. She returns it--wholeheartedly.

"I always was a good thief," she tells you. "Now go on. Find Arthur. He and John've been making plans for us to leave."

You find Arthur back at camp. Dutch is nowhere to be seen for once, and Micah looks to be asleep--or passed out; one of the two. Arthur smiles at you as you approach, and it widens when you flash him a hint of the key. You don't say anything about it, just in case Micah isn't as drunk as you think. But Arthur understands. He always does.

He leads you a little ways away from camp, far enough that you can speak freely, yet close enough to not seem suspicious.

"When?" You ask. You can't help the eagerness in your voice, don't even try. It's no secret between the two of you that you're ready to leave, have been for some time. You just hope he's ready as well.

"Tonight," he murmurs. "John's talking to Abigail, making sure she and Jack are packed. You got everythin' you need?"

You look into his eyes and give him a pointed smirk. "Don't you know I do?"

Gently, Arthur leans in and pressed his lips to yours. As his arms wrap around you, you lean into the embrace. If you're being completely honest, you're nervous. Dutch won't take too kindly to all of you leaving, and even less kindly to being robbed. But the way you see it, he stopped deserving your loyalty a long time ago. Uncle, Pearson, and Mary-Beth apparently felt the same way when they left a while ago. Dutch didn't react well to them, but then again, these days, he doesn't react well to anything. No. No, it's time to leave.

You break the kiss and rest your head against Arthur's chest. It's like he can feel your anxiety, because he takes a moment to run his fingers through your hair, soothing you, despite everything.

"We'll be okay," he whispers. "We always are."

And you believe him. You believe him more than anything. If it's one thing (among many, for that matter) Arthur can do, it's ease your mind. And so the two of you stay there for a moment, enjoying the rare peace and each other's company. You know he's worried, too, know this beyond certainty. But for now, there's no room for it. Later, when you've robbed Dutch blind and hightailed it out of Beaver Hollow? Then you can worry.

You return to camp while Arthur goes to speak to John, make some final preparations. Abigail and Jack sit by one of the fires. The former has a look on her face that you don't like, that reminds you too much of your own, and you think to tell her to wipe it off, that Dutch will surely figure out what's going on if she doesn't. Then you realize it doesn't matter. Let Dutch think what he wants. He's become so paranoid lately that this would probably be just one other thing added to the list.

Glancing around to make sure it's just the three of you, you sink to the ground by the fire and warm your hands over it. Abigail gives you a sideways look, then quickly averts her eyes. You can tell she's even more nervous than you and Arthur combined... but you can also tell that she wants to leave, probably the most out of all of you. And that makes sense, maybe the only thing that does anymore. She has a family, after all. This life? The life of outlaws and gunslingers? It's no place for anyone these days, let alone a child as young as Jack.

"Almost there," you say, but whether you're trying to comfort Abigail or yourself, you don't know.

Abigail nods and finally meets your eyes, though her expression is still pinched. "What if this doesn't work, Y/N?" She asks in a low voice, low enough for your ears only. "What if..."

She trails off, but you understand what she wants to say. *What if we don't make it?* Briefly, you look at Jack, and it seems to hit you just now how young he truly is. A pang of anxiety--sharper than any you've felt in your life--stabs at your chest. If this doesn't work... there's no telling *what* Dutch will do. You think you might have some idea, though. You've seen it in his eyes--that angry, cloudy expression, like he doesn't quite know how to behave in another way. And it scares you. It scares you to the point that you almost think to call the whole thing off. But deep in your mind, you know it's too late. You're all in. There's not much more you can do otherwise.

"We'll be fine," you eventually tell Abigail, then find yourself echoing Arthur: "We always are."

You may not believe it completely, but it's what she needs to hear. You can only hope that it will be enough. You can't afford to have any more doubt than you already have. Doubt leads to slip-ups, and slip-ups in this type of situation lead to... well, you don't want to think about that.

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The time comes quickly, almost too quickly to track. It's around midnight when Arthur gives you a nod and disappears into the caves. Everyone besides your little escape party is asleep--including Dutch. You pray it'll stay that way. The last thing you need is Bill or Javier or--and this was the worst option--*Micah* waking up and ruining everything. You're not particularly religious, but you find yourself praying to every deity you can think of that this will work.

You stand by John, Abigail, and Jack, waiting for Arthur to come out of the caves. Your heart beats frantically in your chest. Part of you wonders if you should have gone with him, wonders if it would've made much of a difference at all. But you quickly dismiss the thought.

One person can move quicker and quieter than two. At the moment? Stealth and speed are what's needed, and Arthur's the only one out of all of you who fits the bill. Nevertheless, it's nerve-wracking, waiting there, wondering if he'll ever come back. Still, you don't hear any signs of a struggle, so you figure it must be going alright.

Arthur walks out of the caves a few minutes later, hurriedly stashing something in his satchel. He motions forward with his hand, and all of you dash to your horses, riding out of camp as quickly as you can. You hope the sound of pounding hooves won't be enough to wake everyone. None of you can afford a chase right now, especially not with Jack.

You don't dare to slow down until the moon's moved partway across the sky. Even then, everybody in your little group seems reluctant. Still, you can't exhaust the horses too much; you'll need them strong for the rest of the journey. And so Arthur, who happens to be up front, holds his hand out, signaling for all of you to slow to a walk.

"Do you think they're followin' us?" John asks, and a quick glance at him reveals barely concealed fright.

Arthur frowns and looks over his shoulder. "I doubt it. But by sunrise, they'll know what happened. We need to be long gone by then."

"We'll have to stop someplace," Abigail says, shifting her hold on Jack. "Let the horses rest." She glances at John, then at Arthur. "I don't know where, but we'll have to."

Up until now, you've been quiet, trying to work out the next step in the plan. Originally, Emerald Ranch was the stopping point, but one look at Jack--at his exhausted face--puts that option to rest.

"Saint Denis," you announce. All eyes go your way, and you smile as reassuringly as you can. "It's close enough that we won't kill the horses, but far enough from Beaver Hollow that it'll take them some time to get there." You roll your shoulders back. "It's big, too. Plenty of places for us to hide out, get some rest. Plus: Dutch hates it there."

John nods. "That he does."

"Alright." Arthur spurs his horse forward, and the rest of you follow. "Saint Denis. For the time bein'."



## Saint Denis Blues

Saint Denis is, by all rights, your least favorite place in the world, the embodiment of everything you once stood against. Lately, though, you don't know what's what anymore. And at the moment, with the possibility of Dutch and Micah on your tail, the city sounds like a haven. You're not sure if they're actually following you. Hell, you're not sure if they've even noticed your absence yet. But you don't want to take any chances. The last thing you need is to let your guard down.

You ride into town maybe two hours before sunrise. Arthur leads the way to the hotel, which is just as grand as you remember from all those months ago, when the two of you stayed there for a small vacation. Things were so much different back then. So many people were still alive. Sean, Lenny, Hosea... Now they're just ghosts in your memories. Sometimes, you wonder if they can see what's happening. Sometimes, you don't think about them at all. You don't know which is worse.

At the hotel, it's decided that Abigail should be the one to get the rooms. Out of all of you, she's the last one Dutch would suspect. You, Arthur, and John wait outside. Jack, barely awake in his father's arms, looks about as exhausted as you feel. You try not to think about what that means. For a kid as young as him, you know this kind of upheaval can't be easy. It isn't easy on any of you, but you can't help but wonder if he'll suffer the most for it.

And the unfairness of it all suddenly hits you. Dutch has led you all astray for so long, you've forgotten what it's like to feel safe. The exhaustion, the paranoia, the sorrow—they're all his fault. Him and Micah. If they'd just done things differently, if they'd used reason and caution, then maybe things wouldn't be as bad as they are. Then again, the whole world is changing. It doesn't make sense anymore. Not to you, at least.

Abigail steps outside a few minutes later, snapping you out of your thoughts.

"Two rooms upstairs," she says. "Y/N, you and Arthur are right across the hall from us." She gives you a soft smile. "We could all use some sleep."

Upstairs is considerably quieter than downstairs. Arthur opens the door to the room, then shuts it once you've hurried inside. You immediately draw the drapes closed. He raises a quizzical brow, but doesn't say anything, just sits on the bed and reclines against the headboard.

As he shuts his eyes, you peek outside. The first few hints of dawn peek over the horizon. It's far too dark for you to make out people's faces; you can barely even see their silhouettes. Still, it doesn't seem like Dutch, Micah, or anyone from the remnants of the Van Der Linde gang have caught up yet.

Sighing, you pull the drapes closed again. You know you should try to sleep, or at the very least take a nap, but you're wound tighter than a spool of thread. Any type of relaxation sounds damn near impossible. So instead, you walk over to the door and lock it, then return

to the window to take another glance outside. Again, nothing seems out of the ordinary, but you just want to be certain.

"You're drivin' me crazy with all that pacin', darlin'," Arthur says from the bed.

When you look at him, his eyes are still shut, but he opens them after a few seconds. You try not to let any more of your worry show. But he sees right through it. Of course he does. Arthur Morgan knows you just about as well as you know yourself. And yet despite this, you can't help but try to cover everything up, put on a brave face.

But he sees through that too.

"Go back to sleep," you murmur. "You need to rest."

He gives you a wry look. "So do you."

And you want to. You want to sleep until the sun comes up, until it goes down again, until all your problems turn to ashes. You want to sleep until Dutch isn't a threat anymore. But you're so anxious, so paranoid, that you don't think you could even manage closing your eyes for a minute.

"I can't," you admit, staring hard at the floor. "I feel like I'm going to..."

You trail off, unsure how to finish. When you risk a glance at Arthur again, you find him watching you. Slowly, he swings his legs over the edge of the bed and stands before walking over to you. He pulls you into his arms without a second thought. You melt into the embrace. For a moment—just a moment—you feel safe. Secure. He always has that effect.

You don't know how, but Arthur manages to calm your frantic heart. As he guides you toward the bed, you allow him to gently push you on to it. You lay down, trying not to let your anxiety back in. Arthur walks over to the other side and joins you, wrapping his arms around you and pulling you close. You rest your head against his chest with a heavy sigh.

"They'll come after us," you whisper despite yourself. "You know they will."

Arthur hums in agreement. "I know... But they won't find us. We'll be someplace far away, someplace they'll never think to look."

*And where's that?* You think, but keep it to yourself. Pessimism isn't what either of you need right now. Right now, you both just need to sleep. The rest of the world will hopefully wait.

"I love you, Arthur," you murmur as you shut your eyes.

You can practically see his smile. "I love you too, Y/N. I always have."

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Late afternoon light streams in through the window by the time you finally wake. For a moment, you just lie in bed, letting the warmth of the sun caress your face. You don't want to move or even think. The events of the past haven't caught up to you yet. For now, there's only the bliss of half-sleep.

It comes rushing back in a whirlwind of memories.

Terror seizes your body, locks it up, and your eyes snap open. As they dart wildly around the room, you realize you're alone; Arthur's nowhere to be seen.

Panic clutches at your chest with icy claws. You bolt upright, feeling your lungs constrict with every painful breath. Desperate, you try to will yourself to calm down, to breathe regularly. But it's no use. Air rushes in and out of your throat at an impossible rate. You feel like you could vomit, like you're going to pass out. Sound fades from your ears, replaced by a high-pitched ringing. The rest of the world darkens around the edges, and you want to scream at it all.

Dimly, you grow aware of someone talking to you, of hands cupping your face. It's enough to ground you, bring you back to a slightly warped reality. Arthur sits in front of you. The worry on his face makes your heart squeeze, but you can't bring yourself to reassure him. Not yet.

But eventually, everything returns to normal—as normal as they can be. You blink rapidly, trying to dispel the sudden moisture in your eyes. You don't know what just happened, but it sure as hell couldn't have been anything good.

"You with me, darlin'?" Arthur asks, voice a little too thick. He brushes a strand of hair from your eyes. "You with me?"

You nod. Even that tiny motion feels exhausting. Slowly, you lean away and push yourself off the bed. A brief bout of dizziness plagues you, and Arthur reaches his hands out for support. Luckily, the room stops spinning after a few seconds. You look over at him and give him a small nod. *I'm okay*, it says. *I'm okay*.

He looks like he might not believe you, but doesn't comment on it. Instead he motions for you to follow him to the door.

"John, Abigail, and Jack are downstairs," he says. "I already ordered us some food. Should be ready by now."

Your stomach growls. With a jolt, you realize just how hungry you are. Throughout the whole ordeal with Dutch, you more so picked at your supper rather than ate it. But now? Now you feel like you could eat enough to feed an entire town.

The corners of Arthur's mouth twitch, and you follow him downstairs. The restaurant portion of the hotel isn't too crowded, for which you're thankful. You don't think you could deal with too many people after what you just went through. Abigail and John smile at you as you approach, and Jack gives you that toothy, lighthearted grin of his. You're relieved to see he's in good spirits. Poor kid has been through hell and back. It's nice to see that that hasn't affected him too harshly.

"You okay, Y/N?" Abigail asks, eyes fixating on yours with a worried glint. "You look a little pale."

You give her your best reassuring smile and hope it'll be enough to placate her. "Fine," you say. "Just a little tired from..." You look to Jack, then back to her. "...Everything that's been going on."

Abigail nods like she understands, but you can see it all too clearly on her face: she doesn't believe a word of what you just said. Nevertheless, she lets the subject drop. You're thankful for that. While Abigail may be like the sister you never had, sometimes, she takes things a little too far.

You sit at the table next to Jack. He's eating what looks like a small portion of fish. Good thing he isn't a picky eater; life on the run made sure of that. Otherwise, Abigail and John would be going crazy—and that's the last thing any of you need.

As the waiter brings you your meal—venison stew with a side of garlic bread—you relish in the smell of it all. You haven't had decent, well-prepared food for you don't know how long. It's nice, you decide, to be able to sit down and enjoy something... even if you're still on edge.

Arthur takes a seat adjacent to you. He's watching you with that careful look, the one he always gets when he's worried about you. You nod at him with a soft smile. Whatever happened to you just a few minutes ago has clearly passed. At the moment, all you want to do is enjoy your meal and try to forget about everything for a little while longer. And, judging by the way Arthur returns your smile, you can only assume he wants the same thing.

There's no use in making small talk; nobody's in the mood for anything but the plates in front of them. And so you eat in silence. Occasionally, Jack tries to get Abigail or John to start a conversation, but the poor kid seems to understand the atmosphere, too. He eventually gives up and resigns himself to pick at his food rather than eat it. You can see the guilt in Abigail and John's eyes. Hopefully, though, they won't take it too much to heart.

When everyone finishes their food, Abigail takes Jack upstairs to get cleaned up. That leaves you, Arthur, and John sitting at the table. Wordlessly, John pulls out a cigarette and offers it to Arthur, who waves it away. You do the same. You don't feel like smoking right now. Hell, you don't feel like doing much of anything. Well, save for going back to sleep.

"So where do we go from here?" John finally asks, just when you can't take the silence anymore. He doesn't look too happy, but it's a question everyone needed to hear. "We... we can't run forever."

Arthur nods and leans forward, elbows resting against the table. "I know," he says. "I've given it some thought... and I think we oughta split up at some point." He rolls his shoulders back. "We're drawin' too much attention, travelin' together like this."

"Split up?" You echo, unsure of how you like the sound of that. "Where?"

"I was thinkin' we could make it to Emerald Ranch." Arthur sounds like this is the last thing he wants to say. "Then we could go our own way." He turns to John. "You gotta take Abigail and Jack and go someplace far... someplace Dutch'll never think to look."

John looks stricken. "What about you and Y/N? What if Dutch finds—"

"We'll be fine," you interrupt, then look to Arthur. "We always are."

He nods and reaches his hand out to cover yours. For a moment, John seems about ready to balk, like he's going to put up more of a fight than anyone can afford. Eventually, though, his chin dips ever so slightly, and you know Arthur's won the argument.

"Go on," he says, motioning for John to stand. "Tell Abigail and Jack 'bout this. Gotta be ready when the time comes. Run and don't look back."

And all John does is nod before standing and disappearing upstairs.

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Hours later, when darkness settles over the sky, you leave again. You're happy to say goodbye to Saint Denis. Too many people, too many ghosts. In a way, leaving it behind feels better than leaving Dutch and Micah and the rest of the Van Der Linde gang. But in another way, it feels a little worse. You can't quite determine why.

Emerald Ranch is several hours away. No one talks throughout the ride, not one word. There's not much left to say, though you want to comment on Abigail's red, puffy eyes. You know John must have told her about splitting up... and you also know she isn't happy about it. She loves you and Arthur more than the world. Your heart squeezes painfully at the thought. You don't want to leave her. Or John. Or Jack. The Marston's aren't like your family; they *are* your family. And, at one point, so was Dutch. But he ruined that a long time ago.

The moon travels across the sky at an alarming rate. All too soon, you see a massive farmhouse—Emerald Ranch's signature building. You sigh and spur your horse ever forward, catching up to the rest of the group. You'd fallen behind while you were lost in your thoughts.

You all stop at the stables. And it feels like a lifetime ago you went with Arthur to help Hosea steal that stagecoach. You remember how *alive* you'd felt, sneaking into the house and grabbing whatever valuables you could find. You remember how expertly Hosea had spun his tale, kept the fools who owned the coach completely entranced. Of course, you'd forgotten to close a drawer and you'd all had to run for your lives, but it was worth it. To experience that day again... you'd give almost anything.

"I guess this is it," John says, clearly struggling to keep his composure. He looks first to Arthur, then to you, then back to Arthur. "After everything."

Arthur nods, then claps him on the shoulder. "Take care of yourself, John," he says, voice as soft as a candle flame. "And remember what I said."

You say goodbye next, desperately trying to hold back tears. Nevertheless, a few escape when you give Abigail and Jack a hug. Abigail is almost a mess at this point, but she gets herself under control pretty quick. For Jack's sake as much as her own.

And then they leave, kicking up clouds of trail dust behind them. You don't know where they're going, nor where they'll end up, but you can only wish them the best. Arthur stares after them for a long while, a far-away expression plaguing his face. You reach out and grab his hand.

"We had to," you say. "You know we did."

He nods. "I know."

The two of you decide to make it to Valentine before resting for a while. Safer that way. And as you leave Emerald Ranch—and its memories—behind, you find yourself looking forward to the future... despite everything that's happened. You're not sure what it has in store for you, but you do know that with Arthur by your side, you'll be fine. There's no one you would rather have watching your back, no one you would rather spend the rest of your life with.

And somehow, you just know he feels the same way.

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