

Enchanted

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Summary

Dorothea thinks that she has finally found the one to marry and asks Byleth to be her wedding planner. Byleth gladly agrees.

However, after spending the most enchanting evening of her life with Hubert, Byleth is finally ready to believe in love... until she finds out the identity of Dorothea's mystery man.

[Crimson Flowers Route] Inspired by the movie 'The Wedding Planner'

Notes

I watched 'The Wedding Planner' recently and just thought all of its cheesy goodness would be so perfect for this multichapter fic. Enjoy :)

Chapter 1

The sun was setting low over the Garreg Mach Monastery and the sky was painted a beautiful shade of orange from the fading sunset. The trees outside the officer's academy had small green buds of leaves as spring was coming into fruition. A cool breeze whisked through the branches scattering growing leaves free in a swirl. Hubert's black boots crushed one of the buds as he wandered halls of the monastery with both hands behind his back. A silver dagger was hidden within his sleeve as a precaution should he encounter any suspicious activity. Each step was calculated as he followed the same route that he had traced every day. He made it a habit to monitor the monastery at sunset when his comrades were supposed to have retired to their bedrooms.

He stalked soundlessly through the empty dining hall and passed through the stone arches near the officers academy courtyard. He stopped in his tracks as he caught movement out of the corner of his eye. He turned his head to observe his out of place comrade who was standing next to the trees across from the officers academy classrooms.

Dorothea was standing alone humming a small cheerful tune to herself. She wore a deep red dress that had long sleeves with black feathers at the end. Her back was slightly exposed, though she didn't seem fazed by the cool weather. Her chestnut hair rested on her shoulders and her head was tilted to the side. Dorothea's fingers gently grazed the petal of a newly bloomed white flower that stood out from the green tree leaves.

"Dorothea, what are you doing out past curfew?" Hubert asked.

Dorothea paid no mind to him and continued to caress the flower, "Hubie, I've been thinking about what you said... about your path."

Hubert crossed his arms at his chest, "You mean the path that I have carefully laid out for Lady Edelgard to which I follow?"

Dorothea turned her head to acknowledge him, "Yes. You, Edie, and the Professor are all fighting for an ideal. Meanwhile, I've been so focused on myself hoping that might be enough for me."

"One person is enough sometimes." Hubert said placing a white gloved hand beneath his chin. "Where are you going with this?"

Dorothea laughed. Her cheeks began to turn a light shade of pink. She bit her lower lip and her dark green eyes met his. "It's just that, I've been thinking a lot lately Hubie... about whether Edie might command you to marry me."

"What?" Hubert asked blinking a few times. Perhaps he heard her incorrectly. He shook his head and tried to hide the look of surprise on his face. It was unlike him to be caught off guard.

Dorothea's hands balled into small fists at her side. Her cheeks turned a darker shade of pink. She enunciated her words, "Perhaps Edie might command you--"

"No, I heard what you said. I am trying to make sense of why." Hubert cut her words short.

"Oh." She said. Her hands relaxed and she held them at her center. "Like I mentioned before, worrying about myself is a lot, but say that you and I were devoted to one another. Maybe we could strive for a future that you believe in together, and maybe then I would finally understand your path and be able to think about someone other than myself."

Hubert's face scrunched up, "Did you just propose marriage as a way to get to know me? You know that I will follow Lady Edelgard to the ends of Fodlan. Exactly how would this betrothal benefit that?"

"Oh it'll benefit you." Dorothea winked.

Hubert raised his eyebrow, "Do go on."

"Well, this path that you, Edie, and the professor are walking would have one more loyal follower. Isn't that enough Hubie? Will you consider it? You make me wonder what it's like to be wholly devoted to another person." Dorothea smiled sweetly.

Hubert let out a low chuckle, "I admit, your contribution to the Black Eagle Strike Force is noteworthy. Her Majesty could always use more devout followers who are capable of handling themselves on and off the battlefield. I suppose I shall consider it."

Dorothea's grin widened and she raised her fists to her chests, "How exciting! You won't regret this Hubie!"

Hubert smirked, "Alright. Back to your quarters now, it's getting late outside."

"Walk me to my room, *fiancée*?" Dorothea teased.

Hubert glared at her, no longer amused with her antics.

Dorothea giggled, "Alright, I'm going."

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Hubert was awake long before the sun had risen. There was another war meeting scheduled early morning that he needed to prepare for. The Black Eagle Strike Force would be planning their attack on the Kingdom of Faerghus soon. Hubert quickly dressed into his usual war attire, a thick black coat with navy-blue belts and a long black cape attached to his shoulders. He adjusted his white collar and made sure that he was presentable for the meeting. Once he was ready, he headed towards the war room.

Hubert opened the door to the empty war room. As usual, he was the first to arrive. He prepared himself a pot of coffee in the back of the room and heated the brew with a spark of flame magic. He poured the black liquid from the pot into a ceramic mug and smiled to himself satisfied at his work. He lifted the mug to his face and inhaled the dark scent of the

blend imported from Dagda. Hubert took a slow sip preferring to drink his coffee black without any sweeteners that would soil the flavor.

Edelgard was the second one to enter the room. She wore a golden horned crown atop her head as she held her chin up high. She wore a red dress that extended to the floor with red gloves that snaked up her arms. She stifled a yawn with her hand.

“Hubert, I’m glad you’re here early. I need to speak with you about an important matter.” Edelgard said.

Hubert continued to drink his coffee, savoring the flavor as he approached her. “Yes, Your Majesty?”

“Dorothea spoke with me last night about the two of you marrying. I thought it over, and I think that it’s a great idea.” Edelgard smiled.

Hubert spit out his drink onto the floor. He set his mug down onto the war room table and pat his chest to catch his breathing. He pulled out a white handkerchief from his coat pocket and wiped his mouth.

“Pardon me, Your Majesty. You approve?” he asked.

“Hubert, as your commander, and your friend, I think that this arrangement will be good for you. The empire will gain another loyal follower and you will have a companion who actually wants to be with you to keep you company once the war is over.”

Hubert sighed, “I am not one to question your decisions. If you believe that this will benefit the Empire, then I shall gladly comply.”

Edelgard gently pat him on the back and smiled at him, “Congratulations on your engagement. We’ll schedule the wedding once we have won the war to celebrate.”

Hubert bowed low, “Of course, Your Majesty.”

Edelgard sat down in the center of the war room table. Hubert walked back towards the corner of the room and poured himself another cup of coffee into his mug. He was in for a long day ahead of him. He leaned against the table and waited for the others to join the meeting. He took another slow sip of his coffee. His life had unintentionally complicated himself. He was wholly devoted to Lady Edelgard and hadn’t considered the possibility of a spouse until yesterday. Edelgard was his entire universe and he loved her with every fiber of his being, although not in the way that most people would expect. It wasn’t an unrequited love per-se. More of an intense admiration, a respect and trust in her judgements. He would obey her every command or desire without question. So why overthink the situation now?

Professor Byleth entered the room carrying a stack of papers and several scrolled up maps that towered over her face. Hubert watched as one of her maps began to slip from her fingers. She adjusted her hand to steady the materials in her arms. Hubert held his mug to his lips and his eyes widened. Byleth’s heel slid over the coffee that he had accidentally spat out earlier.

She lost her balance and her leg swung forward. Hubert's body reacted on instinct. He let go of the coffee mug and warped himself in her direction.

In a second, papers went flying across the war room and maps unraveled at the ground. There was a loud crack as the ceramic coffee mug shattered on the floor. Hubert's right arm was wrapped securely around Byleth's waist while his left held her small hand in his. Their faces were a breath apart. Byleth blinked as her bright emerald eyes met his. Her lips were slightly parted as she tried to process what has just happened and her face became unusually flushed with pink. Hubert's own face began to redden as he suddenly realized the predicament that they were in.

Hubert lifted Byleth to her feet and turned his head away quickly, "You really should watch where you are going, Professor."

Byleth nodded her head, "Yes, you're right."

Byleth bent down to help her pick up the papers and maps scattered across the floor. Edelgard rose from her seat and also assisted them. They gathered the materials and stacked them onto the wooden war room desk. Hubert frowned at his shattered coffee mug. It had been a gift from Lady Edelgard that he cherished. He might as well drink the rest of his coffee directly from the pot. He stepped out of the room and returned with cleaning supplies to collect the shards of his treasure. He disposed of the mess and sat down at Edelgard's right hand side.

Byleth had been preparing tea in the back of the room. She set a tea cup down in front of Edelgard who smiled and thanked her. Byleth took the seat next to Hubert holding two more ceramic teacups. She slid a teacup across the table to him. It was darker than the other two liquids and he knew at once that she had served him another cup of coffee. Hubert lifted the small cup to his lips.

"Thank you." He mumbled into his drink.

Byleth took a sip of her tea, "I should be thanking you for catching me. I'm sorry about your mug."

Hubert closed his eyes and once more savored his drink. The remainder of the Black Eagle Strike Force gradually entered the room. They were the only essential people required to attend and any former Blue Lions and Golden Deer students typically did not show up.

Ferdinand was the first to enter. He took the seat on Edelgard's left hand side. Caspar and Bernadetta walked in together chatting about the sunset and sat across from Ferdinand and Edelgard. Petra walked into the room and greeted the group. Linhardt entered next with a book beneath his arm followed by Dorothea who was humming a small melody to herself. She sat across from Hubert. Jeritza was the last to enter. It wasn't mandatory that he attend, but he did so anyway. He pulled out the final chair next to Byleth and sat down.

Byleth stood up from her seat, "Now that everyone is here, shall we begin?"

Byleth rolled out a large map of Faerghus and began the meeting.

Byleth led the meeting with grace. The Empire had recently taken control of the capital of Leicester and the Alliance army was at their command. After a shocking attack on Gronder Field by the church, the Empire was even more determined to tread through Faerghus and eliminate the Kingdom.

Edelgard was the most responsive to the war planning with Hubert giving his occasional input. They recommended the Empire launch a surprise attack on Arianrhod to which Byleth thought was a brilliant idea. During the session, she could feel the glares of the Death Knight as he watched her every movement. She still wasn't entirely clear on the reason that the Black Eagles had allowed him to participate in meetings yet she allowed him to remain. It only took an hour before Linhardt fell asleep on the war room desk, having stayed up all night conducting research on crests. Petra was listening intently and Bernadetta took notes. Caspar had his feet on the table as he leaned back during her entire war planning meeting. Ferdinand sat upright and did his best to participate in the plans.

Dorothea, however, was not as focused in the session as she normally was. Her attention seemed to be drawn elsewhere and as her eyes were constantly glancing between Hubert and the maps. Byleth pretended not to notice but she watched them with curiosity as she continued to conduct the meeting.

The meeting lasted for a few hours. Byleth dismissed the group for lunch. The Black Eagle Strike Force would focus on their combat training for the remainder of the afternoon. Her former students exited the war room and made their way towards the dining hall. Byleth stayed behind to gather her papers.

Hubert was about to exit the room when he paused for a moment. He walked to Byleth's side and assisted her in collecting the parchment paper scattered across the tables. Byleth was forming a small stack of paperwork in her hands. She reached for a sheet of loose paper at the same time as Hubert and his gloved hand brushed against hers. She pulled away on reflex. Hubert quickly snatched the file from the table and handed it to her.

Byleth smiled at him. "So... is there any way that I can repay you for the coffee mug?" Byleth asked as she began rolling up the maps.

"There is no need. It was my fault it shattered." Hubert said handing her the last of her paperwork.

Byleth paused for a moment before an idea came to mind. "I've got it. Meet me near the pond at midnight."

Hubert tilted his head, "And what makes you think that I will be awake at midnight?"

Byleth raised an eyebrow and looked at him quizzingly. Hubert let out a low chuckle in response.

"Alright, I'll be there." He said bowing politely before exiting.

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Byleth peered outside her dormitory window. The moon shown brightly outside. It was nearly midnight. Byleth pulled on her black boots and slipped on her grey mercenary coat. She blew out the candle that brightened her room so that only the light from the moon illuminated her path. She exited her dormitory room and hurriedly locked the door behind her.

“Well you certainly took your time.” A voice whispered in her ear.

Byleth nearly jumped out of her skin. She unsheathed her dagger and in a second had it pressed to the throat of the potential attacker. Hubert raised his gloved hands in surrender. Byleth’s eyes widened as she quickly lowered her weapon.

“I told you to meet me at the pond.” Byleth said sheathing her dagger.

Hubert held out his elbow, “You said near the pond. Its common courtesy that I should make sure you arrive there safely.”

Byleth hesitated for a moment before hooking her arm with his, “Thank you.”

Hubert and Byleth walked together passed the dormitories in utter silence. Byleth continually glanced up at the sky. It was almost time. She increased her pace and hurried towards the pond dragging Hubert along with her. The water reflected the starry night sky above and there wasn’t a ripple in sight. They were also the only two wandering that area late at night. Byleth pulled Hubert all the way to the wooden dock that stretched into the pond. She released her grip on his elbow and sat down at the edge of the dock. She pat the spot next to her and beckoned him to join. Hubert hesitantly sat down on the edge of the dock neck to her. Byleth gazed up into the night sky.

“Great, we’re right on time.” Byleth said eagerly.

Hubert frowned at her clearly confused, “In time for what?”

Byleth pointed at the sky and smiled, “The meteor shower.”

Byleth watched as Hubert turned his head to the sky and his eyes widened. The starry night sky was suddenly filled with streaks of bright light as dozen falling stars flashed by in a few seconds. The view was truly breathtaking as the cosmic event unfolded before them.

“How did you know that this would be happening tonight?” Hubert asked.

Byleth swung her feet on the edge of the dock, “For the past few nights, I’ve noticed the falling stars. I figured a shower was bound to happen sometime. You see, my father taught me about the stars. When I was young, we used to watch the night sky together and talk about the constellations. Those are some of my fondest memories of him.”

Byleth continued looking into the night sky, “It’s truly a breath-taking view.”

Hubert turned his head to Byleth, “Yes, it is.”

They watched the beauty of the falling stars in silence. Quiet croaks from frogs could be heard snoring on the lily pads nearby. The dark pond reflected the moonlight and every streak that crossed the sky shimmered over the water. It was incredibly peaceful.

“I’m surprised you’re not threatening to kill me right now.” Byleth half-laughed. “It’s unlike you to be so calm.”

“Perhaps I needed a short break from reality. My life is about to get exceedingly more complicated.” Hubert confessed.

Byleth continued to swing her legs, “Oh? Well the war is ending in a few months. I’m sure everyone feels on edge right now.”

She turned to look at him, “However, know that you can count on me. I intend to remain by Edelgard’s side until the very end.”

Hubert smirked, “Heh. Such confidence. So much that I find myself trusting you with my own life.”

Byleth smiled genuinely at him and she blushed, “I appreciate that.”

The sky was starting to become cloudy and the meteors were harder to make out. Byleth suddenly felt a chill run through her body. She hugged her grey mercenary coat hoping that it would provide extra warmth. It did not go unnoticed by Hubert. While Byleth was busy moving her hands up and down her arms, Hubert unlatched his heavy black cape and swung it over Byleth’s shoulders.

Byleth shyly bowed her head, “Thank you.”

Hubert’s cheeks had a slight tinge of pink before he quickly turned his face away from her, “Of course. I cannot have Her Majesty’s general getting sick on my account.”

Byleth hugged his black cape closely to her as the cape provided the warmth that she was lacking. She brought the collar of his cape close to her face and inhaled the scent of his cologne that laced the fabric. It was a dark refreshing smell unlike his normal scent of toxins. She wondered why that was. Byleth looked back up at the sky. The moon had vanished behind the clouds and the meteor shower was no longer visible from view.

“It appears that the show is over. We should probably get going in case it starts raining.” Byleth suggested.

Together, the two stood up from the docks. Byleth continued to wear Hubert’s warm cape around her shoulders as he respectfully accompanied her back to her room. They walked in silence until they finally arrived back at her door.

Byleth shrugged off Hubert’s cape, “This belongs to you.” She moved a step closer when her foot tripped on the bottom of his cape. Her eyes widened as she fell forward. Hubert’s arms were around her in a second. He held her body closely against his chest and she could feel the rapid beating of his heart as her hands clutched the fabric of his coat for support.

She slowly lifted her head to meet his gaze. His expression softened as his lime green eyes met hers. His cheeks were bright red on his pale face. Byleth could feel herself blush as well. Their faces were in close proximity of each other. Byleth's fingers curled nervously into Hubert's coat. She began to close her eyes and Hubert leaned his face forward-

The rain suddenly began to pour down on them. They immediately pulled apart from the unexpected shower and Byleth hurriedly ran inside her room.

"I'll see you tomorrow." She shouted as she quickly jammed her key into the doorknob.

"Likewise." he said.

Hubert waited until she had shut the door. His hair clung to his face and he was completely drenched from the pouring rain. He lightly touched his lips with his index finger and tried to process what had almost occurred. His heart was still beating rapidly. Was it possible that she had feelings for him?

Hubert quickly shook away his forming thoughts. It would do him no good to dwell on this predicament. He turned on his heel and headed back to his room.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

For fun purposes, Byleth recruited all students aside from Claude/Hilda, Dimitri/Dedue.

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

Byleth held a steel watering canister in her hand and began to water the flowers in the monastery's greenhouse gardens as she did every weekend. The green stems of her plants had small multicolored buds. The petals had not yet bloomed, but Byleth knew it would not be long until they did. She had planted roses, lilies, and other perennials into the garden. With a little more time and care, they would be ready to harvest by spring. She set down the watering can and wiped a bead of sweat from her forehead with the back of her hand. She used a small shovel to scoop mulch from a bin and fertilized her plants to support their growth.

Byleth smiled to herself and hummed a joyful tune while performing her tasks. She was feeling a euphoria unlike anything she had ever experienced. They were in the middle of a war and yet she was as giddy as a schoolgirl. Perhaps it was Sothis' magic that allowed her to feel these new emotions because surely she had never acted this way before. The previous night she shared with Hubert replayed itself over and over again in her mind. She had never been that physically close to anyone before. She could recall feeling the beating of his heart beneath her hands, and his eyes... had they always been so green? She wondered what would have happened if the rain had not halted them. His lips had looked so inviting. If only she had just leaned forward a bit more...

There was an abrupt knock on the greenhouse door and Byleth nearly jumped out of her skin as her thoughts were interrupted. She turned around and exhaled in relief.

"Hello Dorothea, is everything alright?" Byleth asked.

"Professor! I don't think I've ever seen you this happy before." Dorothea grinned. Her eyes widened in excitement as an explanation crossed her mind, "Ooh, don't tell me! You finally met someone! What's his name?"

Byleth's face turned a bright shade of red and she frantically waved her hands, "It's nothing really. We just watched the stars, but nothing came out of it. Anyway, is there something I can help you with?"

"It's okay, I won't tell anyone." Dorothea winked and began to laugh, "Anyway, I know this is a bit sudden but... I wanted to thank you."

Byleth tilted her head, "Oh? For what?"

Dorothea fidgeted with her hands, “Thank you for letting me live my life the way I want. I appreciate you making an effort to not trouble yourself over who I spend my time with. I don’t want to end up alone after the war, and I think I finally found the one that I can wholly devote my life to and he has accepted my betrothal.”

Byleth beamed, “Congratulations! One can only hope to be so lucky to have someone like that in our lives.”

Dorothea walked towards the plants that Byleth had just watered. Her hand hovered over the buds and her skin glowed bright yellow as she infused magic into the plants.

“Professor, you have always been there for me. I have found the person who sees the real me, and not just the songstress or the scared little girl alone in the capital. I want to know if I may have your blessing over this marriage?” Dorothea asked sweetly.

Byleth placed a gentle hand over Dorothea’s and added magic to the plants as well. “Of course. You don’t need my permission.”

Dorothea grinned widely. She wrapped her arms around Byleth in a tight embrace, “Thank you so much!”

Dorothea pulled apart and gasped, “Professor, will you help me plan the wedding? I want to get married as soon as the war is over.”

“It would be my honor.” Byleth replied without hesitation.

“Ahh this is so exciting!” Dorothea gushed, “I’m getting married!”

Dorothea skipped out of the greenhouse. Byleth smiled to herself. She was genuinely happy for Dorothea. It was about time the girl had her happy ending. Byleth’s expression suddenly sank as a thought crossed her mind. She had no idea how to plan a wedding. Did people not just say ‘I do’ and that was it? She glanced at the flowers. They would be in full bloom by the time a wedding took place. It may be best to plant a more romantic assortment. She had better get started on planning the wedding.

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Byleth was reading a book on traditional weddings that she had found in the vast monastery library. She sat in the dining hall with a steaming cup of tea and a leather journal. It wasn’t a particularly busy afternoon as most of her comrades were occupied with other important matters to attend to. I gave her the perfect place to relax and focus on the task at hand.

According to the book, a wedding had freshly cut flowers. She could do that. Roses would be preferred as they symbolized romance so she would need to grow more. Weddings also had food. She wasn’t the best cook, but perhaps Bernadetta could be of assistance. Guests were a must. She was sure Dorothea would want to invite as many people as possible. Weddings had décor at the reception, a big task, but not impossible. The bride traditionally wore white and had an optional court. There was something about vows that Byleth skimmed through and someone needed to officiate the wedding which she presumed would be Edelgard.

Byleth took a long sip of tea. She was fully absorbed in her studies. She felt the wooden table suddenly shift forward. She glanced upward from her teacup to find Jeritza sitting across from her holding a bowl of peach sorbet in his hands. He casually scooped a spoonful of his desert and began to eat in front of her.

“You’ve been asking around about me.” Jeritza muffled with a mouthful of desert.

“I have.” Byleth said as she looked back down and continued to read the book.

“You’re trying to determine if I’m friend or foe, however you won’t find it with just words.” Jeritza said swallowing his bite.

Byleth set down her teacup, “I don’t understand what you mean.”

Jeritza scooped another mouthful of desert, “If you want to know my heart, know my sword.”

“I have no intention of fighting you. If you say you are not a threat, I will trust your words.” Byleth said in a relaxed manner.

Jeritza frowned, “I feel... oddly when I look at you. I wonder, why the Death Knight is fixated so fervently upon you. I am filled with an incredible urge to fight alongside you, and yet kill you at the same time, but the young emperor has forbidden from performing the latter.”

“What a fascinating predicament. Perhaps after the war is over and all this wedding planning is done, I’ll consider fighting you.” Byleth said.

Jeritza smirked at her, “Yes, I would like that very much. All I truly need is you... You, and nothing else.”

Byleth felt her cheeks begin to heat up. Her eyes slowly met his, “It... feels like you like me... but apparently I know nothing about that kind of thing.”

“Oh, what do you mean by that?” Jeritza asked, “You’re a beautiful woman, and the way your sword glides through the air... I am in awe.”

“Love is not for me so I’m planning a wedding.” Byleth said quickly. She lifted her book to show him the picture of a bride in a wedding dress.

“Your tone of voice says otherwise.” Jeritza said. “Does the happiness of others ail you? Do you wish for a more simple life with marriage instead of one with bloodshed?”

“I thought that’s what everyone would hope for.” Byleth said. “Although you and I aren’t exactly in that line of work.”

“I wish to fight you one day without holding back and without limits. If you can agree to that then I will gladly agree to share whatever fantasy of life with you.” Jeritza said.

Byleth chuckled, “I might just take you up on that offer.”

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As part of the wedding planning, Byleth had set up optional dance lessons for her students led by Manuela and Hanneman. Byleth walked to the reception hall wearing a bright red dress that stood out from everyone else. She was holding her notebook full of possible wedding ideas.

She wasn't sure who would actually attend the dance lessons. She had opened the invitation to the entirety of the Black Eagle Strike Force. She knew for certain that Dorothea would be there at least. As a matter of fact, it occurred to her that Byleth hadn't bothered asking Dorothea the identity of the lucky gentleman that she was betrothed to. Byleth had been so joyed for her former student that it had slipped her mind. Hopefully, Dorothea's future husband would be in attendance.

Byleth smiled to herself. She wondered if Hubert would show up as well. It wasn't likely though as Edelgard had said that she would too busy to attend, therefore she assumed that Hubert would also be busy. Still, she was becoming unusually fond of her raven-haired comrade as of late. He seemed to be the only person that understood her, and she looked forward to seeing his face outside of war meetings as their encounters became more pleasant. Was this what falling in love was like? Byleth felt her cheeks begin to heat up and she quickly shook her head to chase the thoughts away. She had to remind herself that they were still in the middle of a war. Plus, there was Dorothea's wedding to plan. Speaking of-

"Hello Dorothea. We're about to start soon." Byleth said.

Dorothea grinned widely and waggled her eyebrows, "So professor, how's it going with that guy you met?"

Byleth opened her mouth to speak when she noticed Hubert casually stroll into the reception hall. Dorothea's attention was immediately drawn to him. Dorothea grinned widely and lifted the corners of her maroon dress. "Oh Hubie!!" she shouted and ran over to him. Byleth sighed in relief. She was saved from an awkward conversation... or so she thought.

Dorothea wrapped her hands lovingly around Hubert's arm pecked him lightly on the cheek. Byleth tilted her head to the side, slightly puzzled at the unexpected display affection.

Dorothea dragged Hubert towards Byleth and squealed in delight, "Professor, this is my fiancée! Hubie and I are getting married and Eddie has already given us her blessing!"

Fiancé? The blood drained from Byleth face. If someone were to accidentally bump into her, she feared that she would shatter into a thousand pieces. Byleth looked between the two of them in utter disbelief. This obviously happened recently, but was it more recent than her 'date' watching the meteor shower? Dorothea's eyes looked at him like he was the only one in the room, yet Hubert's subtle expression appeared as though he wanted to make a run for it. Byleth was internally screaming. How had she not bothered asking Dorothea the name of her fiancé? How could Hubert fail to mention that he was engaged?

"Professor? Are you okay?" Dorothea asked waving her hand in front of Byleth's face.

Byleth snapped out of her daze. “Y-Yes, I’m perfectly fine.”

Dorothea turned her head and noticed Manuela in the distance. She giggled excitedly and grabbed Byleth’s notebook from her hands, “I’ll be back in a few, I need to tell Professor Manuela about this!”

Dorothea skipped happily towards Manuela leaving Hubert and Byleth facing each other in an uncomfortable silence. Hubert refused to make eye contact with her. Byleth was in complete shock. She had hundreds of questions, but no words would come out of her appalled mouth. Instead, she pursed her lips and shut her eyes in hopes that Dorothea would return quickly.

“Alright everyone, it’s time to begin today’s dance lessons!” Hanneman exclaimed. “Quickly now, I need all my lovely couples and dancing partners paired up.”

The room of students began to pair up together. Caspar gently guided Bernadetta to the dance floor. Ferdinand bowed politely and asked for Petra’s hand to dance. Linhardt smiled taking hold of Lysethia’s small hand. Sylvain grabbed Ingrid by the waist a bit too quickly and she nearly slapped him. Ignatz and Marianne awkwardly walked to the dance floor. Annette dragged Felix with her. Raphael scooped up Leonie to dance. Lorenz asked one of the guards to dance. Mercedes and Ashe paired up. Dorothea was too busy engaged in a conversation with Professor Manuela. That left Byleth and Hubert as the only ones still standing alone. All eyes turned to the two who were holding up the class.

Hanneman approached Byleth, “Is there a problem professor? Everyone else has already paired up except for you two. Perhaps Hubert needs some assistance.”

Hanneman grabbed hold of Hubert’s arms and yanked him forward. Hanneman placed Hubert’s arm around Byleth’s waist and moved his left hand so that it was grasping Byleth’s.

“Come now, you can get closer to each other. The Professor doesn’t bite.” Hanneman frowned. “Don’t make me move you again.”

Hubert reluctantly took a step closer to Byleth. Their faces were bright red as they stood frozen in a waltzing pose.

Hanneman nodded his head satisfied with his work. “Much better.” He walked towards the center of the reception hall. “I am going to play music and I need you all to just start dancing. That’s the only way you will begin to feel comfortable with each other.”

On cue, the Imperial Orchestra lifted their instruments began to play a waltz. The participants swayed to the music. A lot of them had not danced since the ball and they moved stoically in their steps. Byleth turned her attention to Hubert. Her arm was resting on his shoulder and her right hand was held firmly in his. Byleth took a step backwards to lead the dance. Hubert’s foot followed hers forward. The two moved in small steps to the music.

A week ago, she would have loved for her hands to hold onto his warm body, but now she had a strange urge to wrap her hands around his throat instead. Byleth inhaled a deep breath to calm her erratic thoughts. There was no time like the present to have this conversation.

“Fiancé huh?” Byleth asked quizzingly.

Hubert pursed his lips, “Yes. It all happened rather quickly as a matter of fact.”

“I suppose there was a good reason why you didn’t tell me the other night.” Byleth said.

Hubert remained quiet as he carefully contemplated his response. He held onto Byleth’s hand a bit tighter and took the lead in their dance. Byleth followed his steps perfectly as their movements became more fluid. Hubert led Byleth into an outward twirl.

“I did not think the matter important to discuss at the time.” He answered calmly.

“You know, Dorothea seems extremely happy about the wedding, but you don’t. Would you like to tell me why that is?” Byleth asked him as she returned to his embrace.

“What are you implying *Byleth*?” Hubert asked.

The smooth way her name rolled out from his lips made her shudder. Their steps became strides as their waltz turned into a fiery dance and they moved as if they were the only two in the building.

“You don’t want to get married, do you?” Byleth accused. “I could tell the moment you stepped foot into the reception hall.”

Hubert scoffed, “Lady Edelgard already approved of this union. I will do as she sees fit and gladly wed Dorothea.”

Byleth frowned as Hubert led her into another spin, “So then why did you agree to meet me by the lake at midnight earlier this week?”

Hubert let out an obnoxious laugh. “You invited me. As I have said before, I trust you with my life. I was merely enjoying a pleasant evening with my Professor. Surely it did not mean anything. Is that so difficult for you to accept?”

Hubert brought Byleth back into his embrace. One arm was wrapped tightly around her waist while the other still held her hand outward. Their chests were pressed together, and their breathing was heavy from the intensity of the waltz.

Byleth looked deeply into his lime green eyes. She could feel her heart begin to crack and she could no longer hide her pained expression.

Her lower lip quivered, “Then why did you almost kiss me?”

Hubert frowned. His hand gently caressed her back, “I- “

“Bravo!! You two were brilliant on the dance floor!” Hanneman exclaimed. “Out of everyone here I would give you both gold stars.”

The other dancers applauded loudly. Hubert and Byleth quickly pulled apart and attempted to hide their reddening faces. Byleth held onto her elbow and refused to make further eye

contact with him. It didn't matter what he was going to say. He was betrothed to one of her dearest comrades and there was nothing that she could do about it.

Professor Hanneman continued with the dance lessons without them. Dorothea ran up to Hubert and Byleth excitedly.

“You two were amazing! Anyway, I spoke with Professor Manuela and she suggested that we get married in... wait for it... a vineyard! There's one right outside of Enbarr and we should definitely check it out right away.”

Hubert bore a confused expression on his face. “Why are you telling the professor this? She has an army that she needs to get back to commanding.”

Dorothea laughed, “Silly Hubie, the Professor has agreed to be our wedding planner and she will be coming with us to check the venue! I'll just need to run this by Eddie but I'm sure she'll say yes. Isn't that great?”

Dorothea wrapped her arms around Hubert and Byleth in a group hug, “My two most favorite people helping me make my dreams come true. I can't thank you both enough.”

Hubert let out a low groan and Byleth smiled painfully. “Yay.”

Chapter End Notes

It only gets more awkward from here (:

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Please enjoy all of the wonderful cringe that romcoms have to offer in this chapter XD

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

Byleth waited outside the Garreg Mach Monastery carrying her leather notebook and a book on wedding traditions in her hands. Dorothea had asked Edelgard for permission to take a weekend trip to the outskirts of Enbarr in order to look at a vineyard as a potential wedding location. To Byleth's surprise, Edelgard had agreed, but refused to attend herself as someone in charge had to remain at the monastery. The group had planned to leave first thing in the morning to which Byleth was the first to arrive at their coordinated spot in front of a horse drawn carriage.

Byleth paced back and forth in front of the carriage. She was absolutely not looking forward to this trip. It would mean several hours crammed into a small carriage with the newlyweds to which she now felt awkward being near both. Byleth couldn't tell Dorothea about her magical night watching the meteor shower with Hubert, less she cancels the wedding. Dorothea had been so thrilled to be getting married and she deserved all the happiness that life had to offer her.

Byleth stopped walking and sucked in a deep breath. She could do this. She would never retreat from a challenge. She was the Empire's leading general and no task was too great for her to accomplish. On the bright side, the wedding planning would only last for a few more months. Then, the happy couple would wed and then the two could be on their merry way to celebrate the rest of their lives together and she would never have to deal with this awkward situation again.

Byleth heard footsteps approaching and she turned to greet the couple with a smile plastered on her face. Dorothea was latched onto Hubert's arm and she waved her free hand at Byleth. Hubert looked straight passed her as he walked towards the carriage. He wordlessly opened the door and held out his hand to assist Dorothea up the steps.

He left his hand out in case Byleth needed assistance. Byleth glared at his offered gloved hand and then turned to his face. He was clearly becoming irritated as he impatiently waited for her to take his hand. That made two of them. Byleth turned her head away from him and climbed into the carriage herself. Hubert scoffed and followed her inside closing the door behind him.

Dorothea sat extremely close to Hubert. Byleth sat across from the couple and stretched out her legs on the seat. She pulled out a book on wedding planning and decided that she would ignore Hubert for as long as she could.

-

After an hour or so, Dorothea became bored and began to softly sing her opera music. Hubert's attention was drawn outside the window with a hand beneath his chin and Byleth was focused on her book. Seeing as the two were not paying attention, Dorothea's voice grew louder, echoing through the small wooden carriage.

Byleth glanced up from her book. "You have a lovely voice Thea."

Dorothea stopped singing at once, "Why thank you Professor! You know, all this singing reminds me that Hubie and I don't have a wedding song yet. Maybe you can help me choose one."

"Sure." Byleth smiled.

Dorothea inhaled deeply and belted out a tune about love. *"More than words are all I have to do to make it real. Then you wouldn't have to say that you love me, because I'd already know."*

Byleth noticed the way Hubert's face scrunched at the love song. Byleth tilted her head to the side as an idea formed in her head. She smiled wickedly, "What other songs would be good?"

Dorothea grinned widely and changed tunes, *"Is this love that I'm feeling, is this the love that I've been searching for"*

"That one is cute." Byleth said.

"I know right! Wait I have one more." Dorothea said excitedly, *"I don't care who you are, where you're from, what you did, as long as you love me."*

Dorothea squealed and shook Hubert's arm, "It's perfect, right Hubie?"

Hubert slowly turned his head towards her. His lips formed a crooked smile that would scare small children away. "Oh yes. Quite perfect."

Byleth snorted a laugh. Hubert glared at her. "Something funny, Professor?"

Byleth beamed at Dorothea, "Not at all. It is a truly a perfect song."

Dorothea giggled, "Oh professor, speaking of love, what happened to that guy? You know, the one who you were so giddy about the other day because you watched the stars together."

Byleth's face instantly lit up bright red. Hubert's hand slipped from the edge of the window and he nearly tumbled out of his seat. Dorothea quickly grabbed hold of his coat and yanked him backwards. It gave Byleth the much needed second to compose herself.

"It didn't work out, but it's okay." Byleth forced a smile.

Dorothea frowned. "Until the day of the dance lessons, you looked like you were floating on a cloud. In fact, I've never seen you so happy before."

Byleth rubbed the back of her head shyly, “Ah, well, I found out he’s already betrothed to another woman.”

Dorothea gasped, “You’re kidding me. That’s disgusting. I’m so thankful to not be single anymore.”

“Yup, you’re really lucky.” Byleth said and turned her head away. “Anyway, I’m sure it was nothing to begin with. I was foolish to think otherwise.”

Dorothea placed a gentle hand on Byleth’s lap, “Aww Professor, I’m sure someone will come around. Every man and woman at the monastery seem to be attracted to you, right Hubie?”

Hubert’s attention was drawn back to the window, “Yes, I suppose she could have anyone in the entire monastery.”

Dorothea smiled brightly, “See professor! Don’t give up just yet okay.”

Byleth gave Dorothea a reassuring smile. “Okay.”

--

Byleth spent the entire day traveling with Hubert and Dorothea. The carriage made few stops along the way primarily for food breaks. Aside from Dorothea suggesting ideas for the wedding, the ride was oddly quiet. They arrived at the gates of the vineyard which was located deep within Hresvelg territory on a large estate. Imperial soldiers had been expecting their arrival. One guard opened the carriage door and assisted the three onto the grounds.

Byleth eyed the area with awe as she had never seen anything so fancy in her life. Surrounding the carriage were hundreds of trees, trimmed to perfection as well as an intricate stone pathway that wound through the vineyard. At the center was a beautiful marble castle with a garden to the side. Dorothea really knew how to pick a location. Any spot in the vineyard would work to host a ceremony. Byleth hugged her notebook to her chest. It was her time to shine.

“Shall we get started then?” she smiled at Dorothea.

Dorothea grinned widely, “I thought you would never ask Professor! Let’s go look at the gardens first!”

The three followed a golden stone path towards the gardens. Imperial soldiers lined the walkway which Byleth felt was not needed. There were long green hedges that marked the pathway with small white flowers. The garden itself was massive. Multicolored flowers were in bloom as far as her eyes could see and several towering trees provided shade above as they walked by the florals.

“This is such a beautiful location.” Dorothea sighed happily. Her fingers gently grazed a pink rose petal and she bent down to inhale the fresh scent.

“I’m glad you feel that way.” Byleth smiled. Her ears suddenly perked as she heard footsteps coming towards her. A hand immediately flew to her dagger when she heard her name.

“Byleth Eisner!” a deep familiar voice shouted.

Byleth quickly turned around to see Jeritza walking towards her holding a red rose in his hand. He lightly pushed passed Imperial soldiers and leapt over the green hedges to stand next to her. She relaxed the grip on her weapon.

“What brings you here to this estate? Did Edelgard send you as extra protection?” Byleth asked curiously.

Jeritza shook his head, “I am not here to protect you. I am quite confident that you can handle that yourself. However, Empress Edelgard did tell me where you were. I am here to surprise you.”

He thrust the rose in front of her. “I hope you like the color red. It not only symbolizes love, but it reminds me of the color of blood, which I am sure you will appreciate.”

Byleth accepted his gift and inhaled the fresh scent of the rose. What a lovely gesture.

“Oh professor, you’re blushing! Is Professor Jeritza your new man?” Dorothea giggled.

Byleth turned her head to answer but Jeritza spoke first.

“Actually, I am her fiancée.” Jeritza said confidently.

The rose in Byleth’s hand snapped in half. Hubert’s jaw nearly dropped. Dorothea’s face lit up with excitement.

“Oh my goodness professor, you didn’t tell us that you were engaged to Professor Jeritza?” Dorothea gushed.

Jeritza wrapped his arm around Byleth’s shoulder. “We have been engaged for some time now. Byleth has agreed to a life of fighting in exchange for the promise of a simple fantasy.”

Byleth was utterly speechless. She was positive that she had not actually agreed to this. She didn’t mean for him to take her words quite literal. The fact that El told him where they would be located likely meant that she approved of this arrangement.

Dorothea balled her hands into small fists at her chest. “Professor, we need to celebrate this as soon as we get back to the monastery. Everyone is going to be so happy for you!”

Byleth waved her hands. “That won’t be necessary.”

“Oh no Professor. We insist.” Hubert smiled wickedly at her as he wrapped an arm loosely around Dorothea’s shoulder. “Is it not wonderful that you have finally found that special person in your life to be honest and faithful to?”

Byleth swallowed. She wished dearly that she could see exactly what was going on in his mind because clearly it was a revenge of some sort. What kind of twisted mess had she gotten herself into?

“Dorothea, Hubert, shall we continue with the tour of the vineyard?” Byleth asked quickly trying to change the subject. She gently removed Jeritza’s arm from her shoulder and began to walk towards the rest of the gardens.

Dorothea nodded quickly and skipped forward. Hubert was about to follow when Jeritza grabbed hold of his arm. Hubert shot a death glare at Jeritza.

“May I help you?” Hubert asked between clenched teeth. The dagger in his sleeve was at the ready.

Jeritza shook his head. “You of all people should know that wedding planning is not a man’s job. The Professor appears to have this well under control. Come with me, and I shall free you from this dull task.”

Byleth overheard their conversation. She crossed her arms still holding the remains of the rose loosely in her hand and raised an eyebrow. Actually, it was a brilliant idea to let them go off on their own. She didn’t want to see Hubert’s smug face anymore and it would make the situation less awkward with Jeritza out of the way.

She smiled at Dorothea and placed a gentle hand on her shoulder. “My fiancée is right. Let’s continue planning the wedding without them. We’ll be sure to pick the prettiest flowers. Perhaps even have the groom will wear a bright carnation pinned to his chest.”

“Professor, you know me so well! Bye Hubie have fun!” Dorothea grinned.

Byleth waved goodbye and savored the look of horror on Hubert’s face as Jeritza dragged him backwards towards the estate.

She turned to Dorothea, “Now, where were we?”

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Hubert frowned as he was unwillingly pulled away by the Death Knight. However, this could be a stroke of luck. In truth, he hadn’t expected Dorothea to plan a large wedding. He would have preferred a more private ceremony with just Lady Edelgard in attendance. It was all becoming increasingly complicated.

He admired Dorothea and had agreed to her offer of marriage. So why had he begun to regret his decision? Having another loyal follower forever at Lady Edelgard’s side was his ultimate intention. Yet he had somehow allowed his former professor to sneak into his heart like a thief in the night and almost get away with stealing a kiss. How dare that woman accuse him of being disloyal when she herself had been betrothed to the Death Knight this entire time.

It shouldn’t surprise him as much as it did. He had overheard rumors that she was asking the Imperial guards about Jeritza. Somehow mere curiosity must have turned into romance without his knowledge. However, it did not appear that she particularly ‘loved’ the man next to him rather than a share deep admiration for him. Perhaps it was a marriage out of duty?

Alas, if only Byleth wasn't holding a grudge against him, he could have his answers. Perhaps the Death Knight would be more willing to communicate.

"So... Jeritza. How long have you taken an interest in Byleth for? I haven't noticed you two spending much time together." Hubert inquired.

"You are very unobservant then." Jeritza said. "I have had my eye on her long before Empress Edelgard took the throne."

"Oh really?" Hubert asked. Surely that was news to him. Neither the Death Knight nor the Professor had truly showed emotions before the war. "What about the professor is so appealing to you?"

Jeritza folded his arms behind his head. "Her skill in battle fills me with awe. I would gladly have her pierce that glowing sword of hers through my chest in a battle to the death or have my blade penetrate her skin. Our fates are tied."

The men walked near the edge of the estate when Jeritza pointed out a patch of dirt with wooden weapons that appeared to be an outdoor training ground. A few imperial soldiers were sparing. Jeritza grabbed hold of a wooden sword that was resting against the door.

"No more talking. Let us spar." Jeritza said and handed Hubert the hilt of a second wooden sword.

Hubert clenched his teeth. The use of weapons against the Monastery's former swords master was a death wish. Yet it seemed he had no other choice. If he wanted answers, he needed to gain the Death Knight's trust.

Hubert reluctantly grabbed hold of the wooden sword and took position to spar. Jeritza stood across from him. Jeritza moved at lightning fast speed. Hubert braced himself for pain as Death Knight's wooden sword came crashing down onto his own and knocked him over. Hubert tumbled backwards onto the ground.

Jeritza held out his hand and Hubert slapped it away.

Jeritza frowned, "How is your beloved fiancée going to ever be satisfied if she weds a man who cannot even hold a sword."

Hubert stood up and dusted off his coat, "I am a skilled mage. Perhaps you would like to even the playing field and have a magical duel instead? You know, the professor is quite fond of mages. Perhaps she would be disappointed to find that her betrothed is lacking in that aspect."

Jeritza let out a hearty laugh. "Is that meant to wound me Vestra? You will need to try a lot harder than that. It almost sounds as if you are envious of this arrangement."

Hubert gripped the wooden sword in his hand. "I am merely curious as how your engagement came to be. I could care less as to who or what the professor does in her free time."

"Yes, yes and I am the ruler of Fodlan." Jeritza remarked sarcastically.

Jeritza swung his sword without a moment's notice. Hubert was able to somehow parry his attack but could not dodge the second swing that hit him directly in the chest and left him winded. He stumbled backwards and tried to catch his breath.

This was going to be a long day.

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Byleth and Dorothea wandered through the gardens. So far it had been a productive morning. Byleth had written down Dorothea's favorite flowers, colors of bridesmaid dresses, and ideas for possible decorations. The two were headed back to the estate.

"So professor.... You and Jeritza." Dorothea giggled unsure of where to begin. "It's so nice to know that I'm not going through this alone. You must tell me how you decide to plan your wedding!"

"Oh, I'm not going to." Byleth said without thinking. She heard a little gasp from Dorothea and quickly added more to her statement. "I mean, not yet. We're going to plan after the war. I'm REALLY not in a rush. Besides, this trip is all about you. Let's focus on you and Hubert and making your dreams come true, okay."

Dorothea smiled warmly, "Well if you insist professor. Speaking of, where is Hubie anyway? He and Professor Jeritza have been gone for some time now. They're going to miss the Pegasus lessons that I have scheduled for us."

Byleth blinked a few times. Hubert was afraid of flying. Did his fiancée not know that? Byleth opened her mouth to speak when she noticed two figures brawling on the training grounds. Hubert and Jeritza were trying desperately to knock each other over as they wrestled to keep upright.

Dorothea's jaw dropped, "Hubie, what are you doing?!"

Hubert stood up fully and ran a hand through his sweaty black hair to address her. "Give me a second."

Jeritza took advantage of the welcomed distraction and roughly tackled Hubert to the ground. Byleth covered her mouth but only to keep herself from laughing too loudly.

"Great job darling!" Byleth shouted.

She was genuinely smiling until she noticed the stern look on Dorothea's face. Byleth bit her lip and pointed in the direction of the two men.

"I'll go heal them first." Byleth said and proceeded to walk slowly towards the injured Hubert who was lying flat on the ground.

Jeritza stepped to the side to allow Byleth some space. Byleth's hands hovered over Hubert's body as she proceeded to flood his senses with her healing magic.

Hubert turned his head away from her, "I didn't ask for your help Professor."

Byleth tilted her head to the side, “Oh you will. Your beloved future wife has something very special planned for you right now.”

“Hah. And what might that be? More flower picking?” Hubert asked sarcastically.

Byleth flashed him a smug grin, “Even better. You’re going to be soaring high above the vineyards on a Pegasus.”

Chapter End Notes

Props if you sang along with Dorothea :D

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

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

Dorothea, Hubert, Byleth, and Jeritza made their way towards the stables. Dorothea was at the lead. She immediately ran towards the most beautiful Pegasus in the entire Empire. Its' fur was a clean color of white and the Pegasus appeared to have been groomed and well cared for. Dorothea approached the animal with caution. She gently placed a hand over its' muzzle and waited. She smiled to herself when it did not retract from her touch.

"I'll ride this one." Dorothea happily announced. A nearby imperial guard nodded his head and held out a hand to guide her safely onto the saddle. She gripped the leather reigns eager to take flight.

Byleth eyed each of the Pegasus, carefully searching for one that would be tame. She had some experience in flying, having learned the basics in order to teach her interested students. She took a mental note not to touch the Pegasus that was black as night which seemed to jolt every time someone walked near. Dorothea had gotten the calmest horse in the stable. That left her with a dark brown Pegasus with a white mark on its' nose. The Pegasus stretched its wings outward as she came closer.

Byleth approached the Pegasus with an air of confidence. An imperial guard moved to help Byleth onto the saddle but was halted by Jeritza who held out a hand for her instead. Byleth politely thanked her "fiancée". Jeritza grabbed hold of her waist and hoisted her onto the Pegasus in one quick movement.

"Enjoy your flight." Jeritza said to her and began to walk away.

"You're not going to join us?" Byleth asked with a hint of sadness in her voice.

Jeritza shook his head, "I have brought my own horse with me and unfortunately it lacks the anatomy to take flight. I will be following your path from the ground."

At that moment, Byleth heard a horse begin to neigh loudly and throw a fit. She looked over to see three Imperial soldiers wrestling with the leather reigns to gain control over the stark black Pegasus. It appeared that Hubert had chosen to touch the horse without first establishing trust.

Dorothea's Pegasus trotted next to Hubert. "Have you never ridden a Pegasus before?"

Hubert pursed his lips, "Riding a horse is one matter, but handling a Pegasus-"

"Don't worry, it'll be easy!" Dorothea cut him off.

Imperial guards took a step backwards as they noticed Jeritza reach for the reigns. The black Pegasus did not pull away.

“One must establish dominance with any disobedient horse.” Jeritza said. “You must be confident. You are the one in control, not them. Come, I will assist you onto your chosen Pegasus.”

“It’s perfectly fine. I shall sit this one out.” Hubert insisted.

Jeritza paid no mind. He wrapped an arm around Hubert’s waist and scooped the man up with ease. Hubert’s legs flailed in the air before he was forcibly set down onto the Pegasus’ saddle.

Dorothea grinned widely. “Alright, we’re ready to go. I wish you could fly with us Professor Jeritza, but we’ll be seeing you on the ground!”

Byleth noticed the slight tremble in Hubert’s gloved hands as he grabbed hold of the leather reins. A small part of her was worried for him. He was her former student after all. He had always excused himself from her riding and flying lessons in the past. When she asked him why he was skipping lessons, he had confessed that he had a fear of heights. Byleth had never once forced him onto a Pegasus or Wyvern the entire year that she was his professor. For Dorothea to not have noticed that something was wrong with her fiancée was a tragedy. Byleth was torn. Was it really her place to stop Dorothea from doing this?

She had been lost in her thoughts for a moment too long. Dorothea yanked on the reigns of her white Pegasus and soared out of the stable. Too late for second thoughts now. Byleth followed Dorothea’s lead. She held onto the reigns and beckoned her brown Pegasus to take flight. The wings of her Pegasus began to flap heavily and her animal gathered speed. Her Pegasus raced out of the stables before lifting off the ground.

Byleth could feel the cool breeze blow through her hair. She guided her Pegasus towards Dorothea. The two of them steadied their Pegasi and hovered in the air above the stables. Byleth looked down to see Jeritza’s black stallion dart out of the stables to follow her from the ground. All that was left was Hubert. She heard a loud neigh and saw a dark black Pegasus rocketing towards them. The Pegasus was at their side in a few seconds. Hubert was gripping tightly onto the animal’s neck.

“Hubie, you need to grab the reigns, not the mane.” Dorothea said.

Hubert’s hands slowly released his Pegasus’ neck and slid towards the reins to gain more control. Dorothea turned her Pegasus the other way and flew seamlessly through the air. Byleth made brief eye contact with Hubert. The blood appeared to have vanished completely on his face. His eyes screamed ‘help me’ but it was only for a second as he turned his head away from her. She could bet anything that his pride was not allowing her the satisfaction of seeing him in this state.

For the second time, she considered giving him an out, but merely out of pity. But why should she pity for him? He was the one who was about to marry Dorothea and therefore should be the one to tell his fiancée himself. Byleth yanked on her reins and flew towards Dorothea.

Dorothea was singing a slow tune to herself. “I spend most every night, beneath the light, of a neon moon- Oh hello Professor!”

“Hello Thea, enjoying your flight?” Byleth smiled.

“Absolutely.” Dorothea said. “By the way Professor, after the war I was thinking of rebuilding the Mittlefrank Opera Company. I want Hubert to be the lead coordinator and I will be the center stage. Can you just picture how wonderful that would be?”

“He wants to give up aiding being Edelgard’s second in command?” Byleth asked, a bit shocked.

Dorothea nodded. “He does. He just doesn’t know it yet. I’m sure Edie wouldn’t mind.”

“Are you sure about that? He doesn’t seem like he would just let her go that easily.” Byleth said now genuinely concerned for Hubert.

Dorothea waved a hand. “He’ll be fine. You’re overthinking things Professor.”

-

Hubert had finally caught up to Dorothea and Byleth. His Pegasus had been feistier than any horse he had ever ridden. Not to mention how high in the air he was that made matters more difficult. He had glanced downward to see that the vineyard’s trees blended into one green block. To say he was frightened was an understatement. It had taken every ounce of courage to go airborne. At least he seemed to have a better control over his Pegasus. As long as his animal continued to be tame, he should be fine.

“Doing okay there?” Byleth laughed.

Hubert clenched his teeth, “Never better.”

“Fantastic!” Dorothea smiled. She cleared her throat and inhaled a deep breath. She belted out the next part of her song, “IF YOU LOSE YOUR ONE AND ONLY, THERE’S ALWAYS ROOM HERE FOR THE LONELY- “

Hubert’s horse neighed loudly. Its wings pushed back a thick gust of wind and the animal shot upward into the sky at a rapid speed. Hubert only had a second to react. He grabbed hold of the Pegasus’ neck and held on for dear life as his legs slipped off the saddle.

“Pull on the reins!” Dorothea shouted.

Byleth gasped. She yanked the reigns of her dark brown Pegasus and forced her animal to soar upward to follow the dark black Pegasus that was spiraling out of control in the sky.

“Oh Goddess. This is not how I imagined I would meet my end!” Hubert cried out.

He shut his eyes and held onto his Pegasus with all the strength that he could muster. Why had he ever agreed to this in the first place? If he weren’t so afraid of how high they had ascended, he might have tried to warp towards the ground, but there’s no telling where he would end up. His Pegasus was attempting to do aerial acrobatics and he felt the flying animal twirl upside down. His Pegasus was definitely doing everything to get him drop. He was certain of this now.

Byleth quickly caught up to him. She glanced down. They were well above the clouds and she could no longer see the vineyards below her. Byleth noticed Hubert's hands slipping. Her eyes widened.

"Hubert, I'll catch you!" she shouted.

"How do I know you won't just let me fall?" Hubert yelled back.

He spoke too soon. His Pegasus looped upside down one final time and Hubert's arms lost grip around the animal's neck. His fingers brushed the tips of the soft mane as and he suddenly felt himself become weightless. Hubert plummeted through the air. He knew flying was a bad idea. His life was over all because he had been too prideful to admit his fear. He squeezed his eyes shut and hoped his end would be swift.

Byleth's Pegasus dove downward in an instant. Her legs gripped onto the saddle for support. She quickly caught up to Hubert but only had seconds to act. She reached for his waist and yanked his body as hard as she could, using the weightlessness of the sky to pull him onto her saddle. Hubert landed on the saddle backwards so that he was facing Byleth. His arms instinctively wrapped around her shoulders and he buried his face into the crook of her neck. Byleth's arms were around his waist as she held onto the reins behind him. Her Pegasus' wings spread widely to steady itself from falling completely.

Byleth exhaled a breath she didn't realize that she was holding. She had regained control over her Pegasus and hovered in the air.

"It's okay, you can open your eyes now." She said calmly.

Hubert slowly peeled himself off her. His body was trembling, and he was tightly gripping onto the back of her cloak. He was panting from the adrenaline of having nearly fallen to his demise. His face was scrunched together, and he could not believe that he was alive. He turned his head to see how high up they were and immediately regretted his actions.

"Hey! Don't look at the ground below. Look at me." Byleth commanded.

Hubert's eyes reluctantly met hers. He began to calm his breathing as he looked deeply into her emerald eyes.

Byleth graced him with a gentle smile. "I'm not going to let you fall, okay."

Hubert took steady breaths. He trusted her with his life and there wasn't a hint of dishonesty in her voice. He was going to be alright. For the first time, Hubert was able to see the sky for what it was.

There were so many clouds that the ground below had vanished completely. Shades of oranges and yellows lit up the white clouds from all directions and it was suddenly the most breathtaking view that he had ever seen. He loosened his grip on Byleth's coat. He bravely stretched his arm outward. His gloved hand reached for the sky and passed through a cloud. He was in awe when the cloud melted away at his touch. Hubert looked back towards at his savior.

“Thank you... Byleth.” He whispered softly.

He could have sworn that he saw her cheeks become bright pink, but perhaps was it just the reflection from the setting sun. He felt his stomach drop as the Pegasus gradually began to descend through the clouds. He never lost eye contact with Byleth, afraid that he might panic from looking down and fall off another Pegasus. Their faces were extremely close due to position that he was rescued in. He could feel her cool breath on his skin as she looked back at him. Neither dared to move. They remained that way until the two had safely landed onto the ground.

Dorothea was waiting for them. Byleth gave Hubert one last nod and leapt off her Pegasus. Hubert shakily climbed off the saddle.

“Dorothea leapt off her Pegasus and wrapped her arms around Hubert. “I was so worried about you! Had the professor not been here, I don’t know what I would have done.”

Hubert’s arms hovered above Dorothea’s body before lightly returning the hug. “Yes, I am quite thankful.”

“You’re going to ride back with the professor okay.” Dorothea said.

Hubert pulled away. “There is no need. We are on the ground again so there’s no chance of me falling.”

Dorothea completely ignored him, “Professor, don’t let him out of your sight. I’m going to find Professor Jeritza.”

Dorothea climbed back onto her white Pegasus. In a second, she pulled on the reigns and soared back into the sky.

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Byleth made Hubert ride her Pegasus while she opted to hold the reins and guide their path by foot. Their trip back was surprisingly quiet. A small amount of light peeked through the forest branches. The Pegasus trotted calmly through the vineyards along a dirt road.

Hubert sighed. “Thank you again for not allowing me to fall to my untimely demise.”

“No problem.” Byleth replied immediately without looking at him.

“That tone in your voice says otherwise.” Hubert noted.

“I’m simply glad that I was there to save you. Though, you should have told your fiancée that you were afraid of heights.” Byleth scolded him.

“Wait a moment, are you upset with me?” Hubert asked a bit appalled, “I am the one who should be upset with *you*.”

Byleth turned to face him. “Really now? Why is that?”

Hubert was looking down on her from atop the horse. “You berated me for being engaged and yet you yourself turned out to have a fiancée. And you have the audacity to be disappointed with me?”

Byleth halted the Pegasus. “Oh Hubert. I may have only been a Professor for a short while, but I have gotten to know each and every one of you during that time. I have seen you all fall in and out of love as quickly as the next week. I can pretty much make a good prediction about how long a couple is going to last.”

Hubert rolled his eyes. Byleth pulled the Pegasus forward making Hubert nearly tumble over.

She continued her speech, “Are you aware that your fiancée has hand selected you to wear a yellow carnation? I’m no expert on plants, but that one specifically represents disappointment. That wedding song she chose to play during your first dance is about blindly loving another person. Thea didn’t even know that flying is one of your greatest hardships.”

“Are you trying to coerce me into giving you a confession that will tear down my potential marriage? Is that what you’re after?” Hubert asked quickly losing his patience.

Her silence spoke volumes.

“The other night when we watched the meteor shower, I will admit, I was attracted to you.” Hubert confessed. “You and I had become rather close as of late and I was looking forward to our little ‘date’. Perhaps I was unsure of my true feelings for Dorothea at the time and was trying to distract myself from Lady Edelgard’s wishes.”

Byleth appeared to be speechless so Hubert continued, “The point is, I never thought that you would become so involved with this wedding planning ordeal. I want to make it perfectly clear to you that nothing happened between us the other night aside from an evening watching the stars fall. Lady Edelgard has agreed that this marriage is what’s best, and now more than ever, I believe Dorothea is the one for me and I do not regret this arrangement we have made.”

Byleth pursed her lips. “You don’t mean that.”

“I do.” Hubert said firmly.

Byleth frowned. She turned her head away from him. “Fine. I won’t interfere, since that is what you truly want.”

Jeritza emerged a distance away riding a stark black horse and holding a dark bottle of wine.

“Dorothea asked me to fetch you.” Jeritza said pressing the bottle to his lips. “Would you like a lift?”

Byleth turned to Hubert. He was avoiding all eye contact with her again, and she was done with these games.

“Yes. Please take me back to the stables.” She said.

Byleth dropped the Pegasus' reigns and climbed onto the back of Jeritza's horse. She snatched the bottle of wine from his grasp and took a quick swig. Her face scrunched at the pungent taste. She lowered the bottle and wiped the excess wine from her lips with the back of her hand.

"He can make it back on his own. Let's go." Byleth said with a bitter tone.

Jeritza didn't ask any questions. Byleth wrapped her arms around Jeritza's waist still holding the bottle of wine. He pulled on the reins and his horse sped through the forest leaving Hubert to ride back alone on the brown Pegasus.

Chapter End Notes

Ah, the angst T-T But you can say this chapter was a 'wild ride' ~

Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

I got engaged last week!!! O: And my fiancé coincidentally has the same haircut as Hubert XD *throws confetti- fantasy has finally become reality.

Byleth flopped down onto her bed and snatched her pillow into her arms. She gripped her pillow tightly as she pressed it against her face and screamed a muffled sound of sheer agony. Her adventure at the vineyard had been a terrible mess. She wished with all her might that the war would end. Dorothea and Hubert would be happily married, and she would never have to deal with another awkward encounter again.

Not to mention how rapidly the news spread about her ‘engagement’ to Jeritza. Every single one of her former students were thrilled and happy for her. She did not have the heart to tell them that they weren’t actually engaged. However, that meant that Jeritza had upped the romantic gestures. He began joining her for lunches daily and openly called her ‘darling’. It was slowly becoming irritating. Sure, he was a very attractive man, but she possessed little to no romantic feelings for him. He was merely her comrade whom she relied on in battle and one of the few people she respected as her equals. Though the gestures were sweet, if she received another bouquet of roses from him, she was going to vomit.

A sudden knock on her door shook her from her thoughts. Byleth groaned into her pillow and rolled out of bed in the most dramatic way possible with her legs off the bed first before her torso. Her mint colored hair was untidy from having taken out her frustrations on the training grounds earlier and her clothing was still sticky with sweat.

Byleth trudged to her door and begrudgingly turned the knob. She was fully expecting Jeritza with another gift, but instead was surprised to see Edelgard. Edelgard was dressed in her usual formal attire with her long red gown and red sleeves that extended up her arms. Her pale hair fell loosely around her shoulders.

“Good evening El.” Byleth bowed politely. She poked her head outside the door expecting to see Hubert. It was quite unusual for him to not be with her especially this late into the day. “Is everything alright?”

“May I speak with you privately professor?” Edelgard asked, “I realize I have not spoken to you on a personal matter in quite some time.”

Byleth nodded and stepped to the side to allow Edelgard to enter.

“Allow me to prepare some tea.” Byleth said closing the door behind her.

Edelgard took a seat on the edge of Byleth's bed. Meanwhile, Byleth wasted no time in preparing a pot of Bergamot flavored tea for Edelgard. She handed Edelgard a teacup and sat down next to her. Edelgard inhaled the steam and took a slow sip.

"My teacher, I wanted to speak to you about your engagement to Professor Jeritza." Edelgard lowered her teacup. "In all honesty, I was a bit surprised considering how close you and Hubert were becoming recently."

Byleth looked away as she sipped her tea feeling a little embarrassed at how obvious her attraction must have been.

"It was even more surprising to me when Dorothea had come to me asking for my blessing to wed Hubert after the war." Edelgard said. She bit her lip. "What I'm trying to say is- I just want everyone to have the happy ending that they deserve once we are victorious."

Edelgard's voice softened. "I have known Hubert longer than anyone and therefore care about him a great deal. He tends to keep many secrets from me. So, when Dorothea came to my door, I gladly said yes. Then a week later, Jeritza approached me and said that you had agreed to marry him for the promise of some kind of fight to the death?"

Byleth choked on her drink. "I'm sorry, please continue."

Edelgard swirled the tea in her cup. "I prefer to not meddle in your love lives. You have my full blessing to wed the Death Knight. I will do my best as the Empress of Adrestia to fulfil both wishes of marriage."

Byleth smiled wryly. "Thank you, El. Although, I don't expect Jeritza and I will be wed. The idea is nice, but I don't really see him in that way."

It was Edelgard's time to nearly choke on her tea. "You don't?"

Byleth shook her head. Edelgard's eyes widened and she quickly set her teacup on Byleth's nightstand.

"Oh my, I have been telling the entire monastery about your engagement." Edelgard covered her mouth. "He was so confident that you had said yes. Was it a spur of the moment agreement? Professor, I'm so sorry."

"Haha it's okay El. You were happy for us." Byleth laughed. "It was a bit of miscommunication between the two of us. More of hypothetically discussing our lives together. I didn't think he would take it so seriously, but ah, here we are."

Edelgard stood up. "I must go tell everyone at once. You must be so embarrassed having everyone congratulate you when you two aren't really engaged."

Byleth reached for Edelgard's hand. "It's okay El. You, Jeritza, and I know the rumor isn't real. I'm sure the others will catch on pretty quickly."

Edelgard sat back down. She exhaled a breath, "Well, at least we only have to worry about planning for Dorothea and Hubert's wedding between war planning."

Byleth smiled. “Yes. Let’s focus on making their dreams come true.”

Edelgard half laughed. “Did you know that Dorothea told me she didn’t want to get married at the vineyards after all? She said that it was too inappropriate for the event. I was so sure that she would love the flower gardens. I expect you’re going to have to help her find somewhere else.”

Byleth laughed with her until she realized that would mean more venue hunting with Hubert and Thea. “It’s going to be an interesting time.”

Edelgard smiled. “Well I suppose I shouldn’t keep you any longer. You look exhausted.”

Byleth walked Edelgard to the door. Edelgard pursed her lips and hugged Byleth taking her by surprise.

“If you do ever decide to get married professor, I fully support you with whomever you choose. Whether you eventually end up with Jeritza, Ferdinand, or even myself... you have my love and support.”

Byleth returned Edelgard’s hug. “Thank you, El.”

The war for Fodlan raged on. The Black Eagle Strike Force had planned on launching a surprise attack on Arianrhod, the Kingdom’s fortress city. Byleth knew this mission would be sensitive for her Kingdom based comrades who had betrayed their homeland in order to join the Empire’s forces so she opted to take a small team of volunteers instead of her usual strike force.

The battle at Arianrhod was bloody and brutal. The Kingdom’s army wasn’t as carefree as the Leicester Alliance troops had been. They had been instructed by Lady Rhea to not retreat or surrender in the event of an attack. One by one, the Empire mercilessly tore down the Kingdom’s troops until there was just Cornelia standing atop her burning fortress. She had been given a chance to surrender, but as expected, chose to attack Byleth instead. Cornelia was struck down with a swift strike by the Sword of the Creator.

Byleth was done. She was tired of the bloodshed from war, and she was exhausting herself planning Dorothea’s wedding. She sat down at the edge of the war room desk with her arms folded in front of her face. There were only two people in the room, Edelgard and Hubert.

“I’m sure you’re wondering why I have summoned you here today.” Byleth said with a calm tone.

Edelgard frowned. “I’m afraid not professor. Are we in some kind of trouble?”

Byleth squinted her eyes. “Not in the slightest. I have called you both here to discuss an end to the war and to the wedding planning.”

Byleth stood up from her seat and opened a map of Fhirdiad. “Now is the time to strike the Kingdom Capital once and for all. The Kingdom and the church have suffered great casualties and this month is the prime time to strike. Should we win, the Kingdom shall be ours and the Empire will have control of the entirety of Fodlan. And after, we can host Thea and Hubert’s wedding wherever they decide on. I will do my best to have everything ready to go by then. Are there any questions?”

Edelgard pointed at the map. “I think it’s a brilliant idea, my teacher. Know that we must first cross the Tailtean Plains which will be no easy feat. I shall assist you in preparing our squadron. Hubert, what are your thoughts?”

Hubert frowned. “From a logical perspective, it would be wise to end the war as soon as possible. However, from a practical point of view, it seems unwise to manage wedding planning and taking down the Kingdom Capital in one month.”

“Are you doubting me?” Byleth asked. “Thea said she wanted to be married exactly after the war and I intend to make that happen.”

“No need to be feisty with me. I was merely stating the facts.” Hubert said. “Why rush the wedding when the war should clearly be taking precedence?”

“You’re right Hubert, but you also deserve your special day, and the professor is doing such a great job already.” Edelgard spoke calmly.

Hubert did not argue with Edelgard and silenced arguing at once.

Byleth continued, “Now let’s get to planning how we shall cross the Tailtean Plains.”

Another day, another venue scouting event. Byleth found herself in a small village outside of Gronder Field with Dorothea and Hubert. Byleth didn’t see the appeal until they came across an open area with a small stage at the front. The stage was lined with maroon fabric and had a stone backdrop with gold trimming. To the side were two statues of Pegasus. There were stone seats carved out in front of the stage for onlookers. Further down was a massive stone fountain that was fed from a nearby river and was surrounded by hundreds of multicolored flowers. There were several people from the village relaxing in the area. It was a busy location, yet something told Byleth that it was perfect.

“What do you think Professor?” Dorothea asked sweetly. “After the vineyard fell out, I asked Professor Manuela, and well... what better place to get married then where it all began for me, right there on that stage.”

“It couldn’t be more perfect.” Byleth smiled back. “It does seem to be a busy location though. We would have to build a couple of things from scratch to make it ‘wedding appropriate’, but at least you can host as many people as you want here.”

“I love it Professor.” Dorothea grinned excitedly.

“And what about the groom-to-be? What do you think Hubert?” Byleth asked.

Hubert immediately hid the scowl that was on his face.

“I think we should keep looking.” Hubert muttered.

“I’m sorry, what did you say Hubie?” Dorothea asked with a confused expression on her face.

Byleth frowned, “I’m going to give you two a minute to talk things out.”

-

Hubert groaned internally. First off, he couldn’t believe that Dorothea had rejected the vineyard. It was a private location surrounded by guards. Secondly, the village would be prone to attacks. Just because the war would end at the time of their wedding did not mean that enemies wouldn’t come after them.

Dorothea grabbed hold of Hubert’s hand and pulled him so that they were hidden behind a tree. Dorothea held his hands in hers and she looked at him deeply into his eyes.

“You don’t like it?” Dorothea asked.

Hubert pursed his lips. “It is lovely, but rather impractical don’t you think?”

Dorothea’s eyes began to water. “Impractical? I started my opera career on that stage. I can’t think of a more meaningful place to host our wedding that’s more significant and practical than this.”

Hubert wanted to set his foot down at that moment. She was putting them at danger. At the back of his mind rang their proposal. If he turned her down now, she may not agree to marrying him and therefore Lady Edelgard would lose a precious follower and comrade. Not to mention he had already insisted to Byleth that he was going to wed Dorothea no matter what happened.

Hubert swallowed his pride. “Alright. If this is what you truly want. We will need to take extra precautions, but we may wed here.”

Dorothea’s expression flipped in a heartbeat. She squealed excitedly and pulled Hubert out from behind the tree and back to Byleth.

“Professor! We’re going to choose this location!” Dorothea told Byleth.

A thin smile formed across Byleth’s face. “Great.”

“Do you see why I’m marrying this man? Because he’s so good to me!” Dorothea said and pressed a wet kiss against his cheek. Hubert felt a shiver crawl down his spine.

He forced a smile and looked at Dorothea. “That’s wonderful dear.”

Dorothea placed a hand on his shoulder. “Good. Yup, you two will have no problem planning this wedding while I’m gone.”

Hubert quickly turned his head towards his fiancée. “Gone?”

“Mmhm.” Dorothea smiled. “Just for a week.”

“We’re planning to attack you know where at the end of the month. Where are you going?” Hubert asked in a hushed tone.

“I have to go wedding dress shopping silly!” Dorothea giggled. “I’m taking Annette, Mercedes, and Petra with me. Its going to be so exciting!”

“Thea, Edelgard didn’t mention to us that you would be leaving.” Byleth spoke up. “This is a pretty critical time for us all right now.”

“I know Professor, which is exactly why you two should continue war and wedding planning.” Dorothea said. “I’m sure Eddie won’t mind if you’re down four people for a week.”

Hubert’s eyes met Byleth’s. Her expression was clear that she disapproved of the idea. Hubert hoped that she would speak for him. She had a higher authority over his fiancée. Yet Byleth’s expression changed to that of compassion.

“Well, if it’s just for a week... be back soon okay.” Byleth said.

“Thank you, professor!” Dorothea grinned happily.

Hubert clenched his teeth. A week of wedding planning with the woman who seemed loathe him the most in the world. Fantastic.

The next day as promised, Dorothea took Annette, Mercedes, and Petra with her to go wedding dress shopping all over Adrestia. Byleth made sure to take her sweet time in getting ready for her trip back to the village. They were going to be shopping for more wedding decorum, only ‘they’ consisted of her and Hubert. Outside of war planning, the two hardly spoke anymore. The wedding had truly torn apart her friendship with him and it was something she might never earn back. Byleth sighed heavily.

Hubert was waiting for on the outskirts of the village. He was dressed in his usual black attire despite the warmer change in the weather. His arms were crossed, and he glared at her as she approached.

“Good Afternoon, Professor.” Hubert said. “Did you enjoy making me wait this morning?”

“I did as a matter of fact.” Byleth said. “I had breakfast with Bernadetta followed by a lovely cup of tea with Edelgard.”

“How delightful.” He said with a sarcastic tone. “Shall we get started then?”

Byleth walked side by side with Hubert through the village. Anyone who turned their attention to them was immediately met with a scowl. Byleth couldn't care less. She was merely acting in the best interest of Thea by being here anyway. They entered a shop filled with hand crafted arches and statues.

"We'll be needing a wedding arch of some sort, not to mention centerpieces for the reception. Dorothea is expecting quite a lot of guests." Byleth said.

Hubert groaned.

"Is something wrong?" Byleth asked, not that it mattered.

"In truth, I have always imagined having a small wedding. Preferable with only Lady Edelgard there." Hubert confessed. "Perhaps even you would be in attendance based on a plea from Dorothea. It would be somewhere private without threat of a potential enemy attack. The ceremony would be brief, but the memories would be meaningful enough to last a lifetime."

Byleth quietly listened to him, but there was nothing she could say or do. She stopped in front of an elegantly trimmed wedding arch with pink roses entwined into it.

"This one is lovely, don't you think?" she asked.

Hubert frowned. "No. Pink is absolutely revolting."

Hubert walked towards a black metallic pillar with black roses and a small statue of a soldier at the top. "I shall be choosing this one for the wedding."

Byleth looked at him with disbelief, "Absolutely not. You're not going to a funeral."

"What makes you think that it won't be a funeral?" Hubert asked. "Tears will be shed and there will be flowers. The events are not that different, Professor."

Byleth slapped a hand over her face. "Your future wife would not approve of this."

"Oh, I'm sure she would. Look, there's even a handsome little man with a dagger. Why, he could even be the wedding topper on our cake." Hubert laughed maniacally.

Hubert leaned against the pillar so that he could reach the statue. However, the weight of his body accidentally pushed it from balance. Byleth's eyes widened. She leapt forward to catch the pillar, but her fingertips only grazed the edge of the block. The metallic pillar came crashing down and the statue shattered into a hundred pieces. Byleth could hear booming footsteps as the shopkeeper was rounding the corner. She grabbed Hubert's hand and yanked him forward.

"Run!!!!" she yelled.

Hubert and Byleth sprinted out of the store hand in hand. Byleth could hear the angry shopkeeper shouting from behind them. She zipped through the marketplace still dragging

Hubert along with her and pushed through a crowd of people. She stopped when she could no longer see anyone chasing her.

Her hands rested on her knees and she was panting from the sprint.

“Professor,” Hubert gasped for air. “Why didn’t we just pay for the broken statue.”

“Does it look like I have that much money to pay for damages?” Byleth panted. “You’re just lucky I saved you.”

“Saved me? By turning us into criminals? What a genius plan played out by the Empire’s leading general.” Hubert clapped loudly. “Bravo Professor.”

Byleth stood up fully and bowed. “You are most welcome Marquis Vestra.”

Byleth moved to sit down on the edge of a nearby stone fountain. Hubert joined her. They sat in a moment of silence and took in their surroundings. They were near the village square. The trees surrounding them were thick and green. Flowers had begun to bloom as spring had finally arrived. Children were playing tag and elders were feeding the birds. The marketplace was a distance away and was bustling with activity.

Byleth and Hubert turned their heads towards each other. At once they both said, “I’m sorry.”

Byleth blinked a few times. “Ah, you go first.”

Hubert sighed. “I want to apologize for my behavior at the vineyard. I didn’t mean to use such harsh language, and surely it was never my intention to leave on such poor terms especially after you had saved my life.”

Byleth smiled wryly. “I’m sorry as well. I take back what I said about you and Dorothea having a doomed marriage.” She half laughed. “You really should reconsider your wedding song though.”

Hubert let out a low chuckle, “It was rather atrocious, though I feel it’s too late to change her mind now.”

Byleth looked out into the crowd of villagers. “You know, you and Dorothea are going to have a very happy marriage. Edelgard and I both agree.”

“The same goes for you and the Death Knight. It’s going to work out if that’s what you truly wish.” Hubert said quietly.

Byleth looked at him and bit her bottom lip, “Yeah, we aren’t engaged anymore.”

Hubert looked back at her with a puzzled expression on his face. “Oh? How do you feel about that?”

Byleth tilted her head to the side, “I’m okay with it. The engagement was one big misunderstanding, but who knows, maybe someday it could lead to something. Just... not right now.”

“I am truly sorry, Professor.” Hubert said.

“It’s all right.” Byleth sighed, “You know, I agree with you... about the small wedding that is. That’s what I would have done if I were getting married.”

Hubert smiled softly at her. “What a shame.”

He stood up and held out his gloved hand. “Shall we head back towards the monastery?”

Byleth accepted his hand. “Yes, let’s get going.”

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

The Bylitz chapter

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

For the first time in a long time, Byleth was feeling pleased with herself. Although she walked away without having purchased a wedding arch for Dorothea, she was able to rekindle what little friendship that she and Hubert had. That was a win in her book. She found herself smiling as she walked through the monastery grounds towards her room. Life was great and there was nothing that could tear apart her attitude.

As she neared the dormitories, she overheard giggles from the corridors. That set Byleth on her guard as she immediately became suspicious as to why there was sudden laughter. She squinted her eyes to see a figure in the distance. Leaning on the wall to her bedroom door was Jeritza holding yet another red rose.

“I have been waiting patiently for your return.” Jeritza said casually as Byleth approached.

“Have you now? I was just on my way to the training grounds.” Byleth said walking straight passed him.

Jeritza’s eyes followed her before he moved from his spot taking large steps to join her.

“Why the rush?” he asked at her side. “Are you upset with me?”

Byleth pushed through the heavy training ground doors. The sun was setting so she was not surprised to see that the training grounds were empty. Byleth walked over to the wooden weapons rack and picked up two swords. She handed one to Jeritza.

“Actually, I am upset with you.” Byleth said as she walked over to the edge of the training grounds.

Jeritza accepted the wooden sword. He set his rose gently onto the ground and walked so that he was a few steps away from Byleth. They both took a sparing stance. Byleth lightly used her sword to hit Jeritza’s weapon as she tested his grip. She then swung her sword with a fiery force at him. Jeritza was taken off guard but quickly parried her attack.

“I’m upset with you because you told Edelgard and the entire monastery that we were engaged.” Byleth said.

Her attacks were becoming swifter. “I agreed to spar with you, have several duels, but not marry you.” She hit Jeritza on the shoulder and backed away to take position once more.

“This seems to have been one big misunderstanding.”

Jeritza made the first move this time as he swung his sword at Byleth with one arm behind his back.

“A misunderstanding that you have caused.” Jeritza frowned. “I thought that in exchange for whatever fantasy of marriage you were seeking, you agreed to have a duel to the death with me, which is exactly why I have been doing my best to please you.”

Jeritza’s wooden weapon smacked Byleth in the ribcage. She rubbed her sore side and took position once more. Byleth swung her sword downward at Jeritza.

“I have no intention of ever fighting you to the death.” She grunted. “You’re an amazing adversary and a key ally to the empire. Why would I want to lose that?”

Jeritza was momentarily stunned and Byleth wacked him hard on the leg. He remained silent for a few seconds and did not take his position as Byleth prepared to attack once more.

“I see. Then I shall no longer bother you with such trivial matters such as marriage.” Jeritza said and lowered his wooden sword. “It was not my intention to harm your reputation. I shall remain loyal to Empress Edelgard and simply be your... adversary.”

Byleth sighed. She lowered her wooden sword.

“Please, allow me to make it up to you.” Jeritza said. “Do you have plans to eat dinner?”

“Jeritza!” Byleth said angrily.

“Merely as comrades, Byleth.” Jeritza stated quickly.

At the mention of dinner, Byleth’s stomach growled. She pursed her lips. “Fine.”

They put away their weapons and left the training grounds along with the dirt covered rose.

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Byleth and Jeritza walked side by side towards the kitchens. Byleth’s arms were crossed. The sun outside had finally set, and the night sky was cloudy. They made a quick round to check that no one was roaming the monastery before sneaking into the kitchen for a snack. Jeritza snapped the lock off the cupboard with a sharp twist of his hand. He gathered several bags of tea in his arms.

Byleth sat down at an empty table and watched Jeritza curiously as he began opening several packages of tea leaves and dumping them into a pot with water. A bit of flame magic warmed the tea, and he poured the contents into two small cups. He handed one to Byleth along with a loaf of bread.

“What kind of tea is this?” she asked.

Jeritza took a sip from his cup, “Mercedes is keen on the fruit blends, but I have forgotten which ones so I have added them all.”

Byleth swirled the liquid in her teacup. She took a small sip and nearly choked. Her lips puckered up. To say it was sweet was an understatement. Byleth set her teacup to the side and opted to just eat the bread.

The two sat in silence. Jeritza quickly finished off his teacup. Byleth scrunched her face. She tore a small piece off of her loaf and popped it into her mouth. He clearly must not have any taste buds.

Jeritza set his empty cup down. “This reminds me of a time when Mercedes and I were younger. We would often sneak into the kitchens and grab snacks before being scolded for our behavior.”

“Oh? And how did you know Mercedes? She’s never mentioned you before.” Byleth stated.

Jeritza paused for a moment. “She is my sister, though it is not surprising that she has never mentioned having a brother.”

Byleth munched on her bread, “That’s not it, I’ve just not spoken to her much since the war broke out. I’m actually very happy that you were able to reunite with your family. Mercedes is a very sweet girl.”

“Yes, she is.” Jeritza smiled softly unwilling to mention any more of his encounters with her.

Byleth looked down and continued pinching portions of her bread off. Her mouth felt dry, but she was definitely not going to be drinking that tea anymore.

“You look as though you have something on your mind Byleth.” Jeritza said.

“Not at all” Byleth shot back quickly.

“You can tell me what is on your mind. We are comrades after all. Perhaps even borderline friends. I am quite the good listener.” Jeritza said.

Byleth bit her bottom lip. Dare she tell him? They were technically never engaged, and she was no longer at risk of hurting his feelings. She sighed and set down the remainder of her loaf of bread.

“It’s not really a big deal. I just thought I could control everything, and I can’t.” Byleth confessed nonchalantly.

Jeritza looked at her as though he was waiting for her to say more. Byleth pursed her lips.

“Okay, fine. I recently had gotten to know someone who I thought might be the one but-” she paused. She had to think over her words carefully less she gave away Hubert’s identity.

“He’s just not the one.” Byleth finished.

Though she hid his name, she could not hide the sadness that was in her tone as she spoke. She didn't know why her memories of Hubert and the night of the meteor shower were still eating away at her. They both agreed it had been nothing. So why did it still hurt her so much that he was marrying Dorothea?

She couldn't possibly be in love with him. They did speak on a regular basis, and she confided in him many of her most personal secrets. Not to mention how honest he was with her, and how soft his raven hair looked, and the cute way he smirked- No. Was this what they called denial? She thought about Hubert's lime green eyes and the way he had looked at her that night as if she were the only one in the monastery. Byleth felt her cheeks begin to redden. The fact of the matter was that regardless of what happened, he was engaged to Dorothea by choice. Even if she did... love him... he would never be able to return those same feelings and there was nothing she could do about it.

"Jeritza... Did you ever like someone, but the timing was off?" Byleth asked. She bit her lip. "Like... the timing could not have been more wrong, and you just feel emotions that you should definitely not be feeling especially towards that person. Have you felt that way?"

Jeritza stared at her blankly.

Byleth quickly shook her head. "Never mind, I'm not making sense. It must be the tea that's making my head foggy."

"I... understand well." Jeritza said quietly. "You long for this person in the similar way that I long for your companionship."

Byleth felt as though Jeritza had plunged a dagger into her chest. She felt guilt and it was as though she had betrayed him. She frowned and no longer felt like eating her bread. Jeritza noticed her discomfort and continued tearing at his loaf of bread.

Byleth's lip quivered. "Jeritza, I don't want you to think-"

"No. I must tell you something now." Jeritza said sternly. "You need to learn patience. I do not know much about this 'love' everyone speaks of, but I do know that it cannot always be perfect. You must accept that love is simply love. Mercedes has taught me that."

"Love is simply love." Byleth repeated. She smiled softly "You know, you're not so scary when you're like this. I'm glad Mercedes has come back into your life."

Jeritza's cheeks turned a faint shade of pink. He turned his head away quickly. "Do not get used to this. I cannot let the others know that I actually have... feelings." He shuddered.

Byleth laughed. She shoved the rest of her bread into her mouth. Patience was not something she needed. There was no more denying the fact that she had fallen in love with Hubert. Love is love after all. Now that she acknowledged this, it would be easier for her to get over him.

She would be fine. She could endure the remainder of the week doing wedding planning with Hubert until Dorothea returned from the dress hunting... right?

Chapter End Notes

I'm taking my time writing these chapters. In case I can't get another one out next week,
Happy Holidays to all <3

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

The 'feels' chapter

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

Just two more days until Dorothea gets back. Byleth nodded her head confidently. She hugged her worn down leather wedding planner book tightly against her chest. She and Hubert had made excellent progress this week. Dorothea liked sweets so they had planned for all foods to be as flavorful as possible which included white wines instead of reds, pastries with jam instead of breads, and a red velvet cake instead of plain vanilla. Thea would be so proud of the teamwork accomplished.

Hubert and Byleth found themselves walking through the marketplace on the outskirts of the monastery. There were far more goods to purchase here than in the monastery and she only had a handful of items left on her list. The two walked past merchants who were selling florals that had fully bloomed. Byleth's eyes sparkled.

Without warning, Byleth yanked Hubert by the sleeve of his black coat. "Take a look at these!"

Hubert slowly turned his head to her in a confused manner. "Flowers? I thought you had those taken care of in the greenhouse?"

"I do, but these are grown by professionals." She said extending her hands towards the florals. "They would be perfect for a bouquet."

Hubert rolled his eyes, "As long as you are not spending Imperial funds carelessly then so be it. What did you have in mind?"

Byleth eyed the florals carefully. She plucked out a long-stemmed red rose that was trimmed of all thorns. "We'll start with these ones first as Thea was very insistent on red roses after I denied her request for yellow carnations. If you see anything else that stands out, just let me know."

Hubert and Byleth continued to scan the flowers on display

"What of this one? Its' white color would contrast well against the red." Hubert held out his gloved hand towards white colored flowers.

Byleth shook her head. "Yes, but no. Those are white lilies and are commonly used for funerals."

“Wonderful. Add in two or three for me then.” Hubert chuckled. “We should also add slit-my-wrists-Susan’s while we’re at it.”

“Thea would be livid.” Byleth said stifling a laugh.

They continued walking around the flowers making a second lap for good measure. Nothing else was seeming to jump out at them. Perhaps she was better off plucking from the gardens after all.

“So.... How did you and Thea come to be?” Byleth asked curiously. “Was it love at first sight?”

Hubert’s cheeks turned a light shade of pink. “Truthfully, I have only loved one woman, and it was not originally Dorothea.”

Byleth leapt in front of him. “Wait, don’t tell me!” she pursed her lips. “Edelgard.”

Hubert’s face became bright red and he turned on the heel of his boot and began walking in the other direction.

“I knew it! Wait, come back!” Byleth shouted.

She was feeling unusually giddy having discovered his secret, though it had been obvious since the day she had met him. She had to know more as it was a rare opportunity for him to be so open with her. She quickly caught up to him.

“What happened between you and El? You’re marrying Dorothea so something must have happened.” Byleth asked.

Hubert pursed his lips. “I often keep secrets from Her Majesty, but in this case, it was something that I believe she was not ready to hear.”

Byleth watched him intently as she waited for him to continue.

Hubert sighed, “I- told her of my true feelings.”

Byleth’s eyes widened. “Did she accept?”

Hubert shook his head and smiled thinly. “Not in the manner I had imagined it to be. Though it should have been expected. She merely laughed it off. Perhaps it is better that way.”

“Hey, don’t think of it that way.” Byleth reached for Hubert’s gloved hand and held it in both of her palms. “Think of it as a new opportunity. You’re marrying Dorothea now, a woman who is willing to return that love to you.”

Byleth plucked a red petal from a nearby rose and placed it gently in his palm. She closed his fingers around the petal. “And that’s a wonderful thing to have in your hands.”

Hubert pursed his lips and looked into her shimmering emerald eyes, “Byleth, I-“

Byleth's eyes widened as she noticed a figure behind Hubert approaching. She quickly hid behind Hubert's black coat.

"What are you doing." Hubert asked. He tried to swing his head around to try and see what was behind him, but Byleth clung firmly to his coat.

"Why if it isn't the Ashen Demon herself! I haven't seen you in several years." A lavender haired man said as he approached Hubert. He was accompanied by a blonde woman who was twirling a maroon parasol.

Hubert stood in front of Byleth. "Who are you and what business do you have with her?"

The blonde-haired woman scrunched her face. "Well, aren't you're Mr. Bossy pants. I know she's behind you so let us see her."

"Now, now Shady Lady, no need to get all feisty on someone you just met." The lavender haired man said.

Byleth poked out from behind Hubert's back holding a handful of multicolored carnations.

"Yuri, Constance. So lovely to see you." She said forcing a smile.

Hubert squinted his eyes. He held out a gloved hand to the pair in front of him. "Hubert von Vestra."

The woman Constance shook it eagerly. "I know you! You're Edelgard's right hand man!"

Hubert glared at the pair. "Now that introductions are over, what business you have with the professor."

"Allow me." Byleth said stepping forward. "A few years back, Edelgard and I investigated the Abyss and I met these two lovely people in front of me. One of which led me on to believe was romantically interested in me... and then never spoke to me again."

Yuri, Constance, Hubert, and Byleth stood in a moment of silence.

Yuri rubbed the back of his head with a gloved hand. "Well you see--"

"I don't want to hear it. You're five years too late." Byleth said harshly. She pulled on Hubert's sleeve. "Let's go. It's been nice seeing you two."

Without question, Hubert followed Byleth's lead. She wasn't used to having so many emotions as she felt a bitter feeling of jealousy wash over. It must be due to the side effects of having merged souls with Sothis. She felt almost too human.

"I need a drink." Byleth muttered.

"Professor, the sun hasn't even set yet." Hubert agued.

Byleth dragged him towards a stall that was selling liquor. She eyed the bottles determining which one would be the strongest and quickest sedative. She had often drunk with her father back in the day and knew exactly what she needed. She slammed a few gold coins onto the table in front of the merchant.

“I’ll take four bottles of your best whiskey.” Byleth said.

“Is this really necessary?” Hubert crossed his arms. Byleth shot him a death glare. He took a step backwards and waited for her to complete her purchase.

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Hubert grunted as he heaved Byleth higher on his back with her arms wound loosely around his neck. This day had escalated far too quickly for him. One moment they were having a cheerful time selecting flowers for Dorothea’s bouquet, and the next, she was chugging liquor down like water. After the third bottle, she had passed out on the floor.

The sky was completely dark outside aside from the glowing moon. Couldn’t she have had the decency to drink in the safety of her room? She didn’t weigh particularly heavy and he was confident that she was still semi-conscious, but not enough to walk properly.

Hubert stepped up to the door of her dormitory room. He turned the handle and wasn’t the least bit surprised to find the door locked.

“Professor.” Hubert said in a hushed voice. Byleth groaned from on top of his back. She was still holding a half empty bottle in her hand that she had insisted on carrying. Hubert gently set her down on the floor. Her head hung low and her posture was slouched.

“Where are your keys?” Hubert asked.

Byleth swirled her half drunken bottle. “Over there.” She pointed behind him.

Hubert turned his head and saw absolutely nothing. He looked back just in time to see her fall face-first into the ground a few steps away. Her bottle rolled out of her grasp. Hubert watched as she tried to stretch her fingertips to grab hold of the bottleneck. He sighed and walked towards her.

“I really should have stopped you after one.” Hubert scolded.

Byleth shakily sat upright and snatched the bottle. “I dunno what you’re talking about I’m fineee.”

Hubert scooped her off the ground with his arm beneath her knees and the other arm wrapped around her shoulders.

“No, you’re not fine.” Hubert said as he adjusted her weight in his arms. Byleth’s head swung backwards and she closed her eyes.

“Professor where are your keys?” He asked again. He waited a moment for her response but received none. “Professor?”

He couldn't see a trace of breathing from her. He pressed his head against her chest for a heartbeat and found none.

Byleth's head shot upwards. "Hay! You'll have to take me to dinner first."

Hubert nearly dropped her from the shock. "You're clearly not coherent enough to explain how you are alive without a heartbeat so let me ask you one last time before I make you sleep outside in the cold. Where are your keys?"

Byleth reached into her pocket and pulled out a single key. Hubert gently set her back onto the ground but kept an arm around her body to hold her up and keep her from running. His gloved hand fumbled with the key before he finally pushed open her door.

Byleth began to slowly sink to the floor. "My father told me I didn't have a heartbeat." She hiccupped and began to snifle. "And now he's gone, and I'll never know why."

Hubert pursed his lips. He wasn't one for condolences and he wasn't sure what to say even now. "Don't think about Captain Jeralt. Think about.... The people in the marketplace you saw earlier."

Byleth scrunched her face and began sobbing without tears, "I don't want to. Yuri was my first romantic relationship. Did you see how happy he was at the market? He led me on and threw me away like some kind of used up tissue once his crest problem had been resolved."

Byleth sniffled. "He looked so good at the marketplace today."

Hubert bit his lip. "No. That man had more face paint on than a jester."

"You're just saying that." Byleth frowned. She picked up her bottle and placed it to her mouth.

"No more of that. Let's get you to bed now." Hubert said pushing away her bottle. He scooped her into his arms once more.

He was able to safely deposit her onto the bed and set the nearly empty bottle to the side. He lit a candle on her desk and closed the door behind him. Her room was dusty from all the times she had come back from the training grounds. There were dying roses scattered on her desk. Hubert scooped the dried petals with his hand. She must have taken her breakup with the Death Knight quite harshly.

Byleth shifted from her bed and pulled off her grey mercenary coat. She rolled over until she was on her stomach and her face was firmly planted onto the pillow. Her fingers stretched out as if to reach for the bottle.

Hubert sighed heavily and ran a gloved hand through his hair. His faith magic was considerably lacking to heal her from this mess. He had never seen the professor this intoxicated or vulnerable before and truly had no idea how to help her. She had always put on a brave face around her students and otherwise hardly showed any kind of emotions.

He walked over to her table that contained several different teas and prepared her a cup of Bergamot. It was the only tea he knew how to make properly after years spent with Edelgard. He grabbed her desk chair and brought it to the edge of her bed.

Byleth inhaled the smell of tea from afar and her eyelids fluttered open. She slowly lifted herself upward took hold of the cup that Hubert offered. She took a long sip of the tea and sat upward in a hunched position. Her eyes were wearily focused on the cup of tea.

Hubert shifted in his chair. He could see the deep shadows beneath her eyes from the flickering light of the candle. How many sleepless nights had she endured from the war? What must reality have been for her after she came back after five years? He thought he knew her, but did he really? He hadn't even known that she lacked a heartbeat. And who was this Yuri person? She must have met him in the time that Lady Edelgard went missing with Dimitri and Claude.

"Hubert." Byleth mumbled. "Did you really mean it when you said Yuri didn't look good?"

Hubert stifled a chuckle. There she goes again with the lavender haired man. "Absolutely. He looked as if he had just come from a circus. I don't know how you ever saw the appeal."

Byleth let out a small laugh. "It was a short time of knowing him. He wasn't one of my students so I thought it would be okay to see what this romance nonsense was all about, and nonsense was exactly what it turned out to be. He was a pretty face and was always smooth with his words, but as quick as he swept me off my feet, he was gone."

Byleth sipped her tea. "Most of the time I think... maybe I wasn't good enough. Love was simply not meant for me."

Hubert pursed his lips. "Professor don't ever say things like that. Nearly every female and male in the Empire has been interested in you at one point or another. Just because a sewer rat led you on does not mean you should just give up."

Byleth scrunched her nose. Her cheeks were pink, but Hubert assumed it was a side effect of the alcohol. He reached forward and pushed back a strand of hair that had fallen in front of her face. He began to notice more details such as how her mint hair seemed to glimmer in the moonlight, how gentle her breathing was, and how she faintly smelled of flowers from their time at the market. He also noticed how bright her eyes were as if he were peering into two shimmering emeralds.

He realized that his fingers had lingered on her warm skin a second too long. He cleared his throat hoping to remove the sudden tension that filled the air.

"I'm afraid I must be leaving now." Hubert said with a frown.

Byleth set down her teacup on the edge of her bed. "Oh. Okay I'll walk you to the door."

Hubert held up his hand palm out to halt her from moving. "That won't be necessary."

He stood up from his chair and adjusted his coat. Byleth grumbled and tried to push herself off the bed. His eyes widened as he saw her arms wobble and she tumbled out of bed. His arms were around her waist in a second to catch her fall. Her body was trembling.

“I’m fine. I’ll be fine.” Byleth slurred. Hubert guided her to stand upright and he let go only when she was able to walk again.

Byleth stumbled a bit, but she was able to walk him to the door as promised. “I’m sorry you had to see me like this. Don’t tell El. I’m not normally a mess.”

Hubert had to bite his tongue from laughing. A mess was hardly was the word for what he saw. He was just thankful that out of all the people who could have walked her home, it was him. Who knows what kind of scoundrels would have taken advantage of her in this state.

Hubert turned her doorknob. “Worry not. Lady Edelgard nor anyone else in the Empire shall hear of this incident less they wish to hear my wrath. I am sure you will recover quickly though after some rest.”

Byleth giggled. “Thanks.”

“Goodnight.” Hubert nodded his head with a soft smile and stepped out into the chilly monastery grounds.

Byleth closed the door behind her. Hubert stood with his back to the door and sighed heavily. Would she be all right? She was the Professor after all and Lady Edelgard’s leading general. Though he supposed physically alright and mentally alright were two different things. Hubert shook his head. Why was he so overly concerned about her? She was just the woman who was aiding Dorothea in planning the wedding. She was the only person he ever told his secrets to other than Lady Edelgard. Lastly, she was the only person whom he trusted with his very life and cared very deeply about...

What was he thinking? He couldn’t just let someone like that walk out of his life. Hubert turned on his heel and impulsively knocked on her door.

Byleth opened the door slowly and rubbed her eyes. “Hubert?”

“Do you ever think about the night that we watched the meteor shower?” Hubert blurted out. He didn’t know what was coming over him. His heart was beating faster than it had in his entire life.

Byleth scrunched her eyebrows in confusion. “What?”

Hubert pursed his lips suddenly wishing he were nearly as drunk as she was. “Byleth.” Her name rolled off his tongue so smoothly.

Hubert swallowed nervously. “I hardly know you. I don’t know who your mother was. I don’t know what age you were when you learned to swordfight. I still have no idea why Rhea even asked you to be a professor here.”

He paused. “But I know the curves of your face, the sparkle in your eyes... I know how happy you get when you have tea with one of your former students or how you enjoy sneaking food from the kitchen to feed the strays.”

Hubert sucked in his breath. “And I know that night that we shared watching the stars fall was one of the best nights of my entire life.”

Byleth looked at him with such sorrowful eyes. Her lips formed a thin smile, but the tears welding in her eyes was unexpected. She looked as though she was torn. She opened her mouth, but then quickly closed it and her eyes drifted to the floor.

What had he done? Why wasn't she saying something to him? Anything? Did his words mean nothing to her as he set his heart out into the open?

Hubert's mouth twitched. “Please say something.”

Byleth closed her eyes and leaned against her door. “I... we... can't.” she said choking on her words. She slowly opened her eyelids and peered deeply into his soul. “I know Thea, and I respect her and... she loves you.”

Hubert felt his chest tighten as though it was caving in on itself. He clenched his teeth. There was her answer. He had blindly accepted Dorothea's proposal without seeing that the woman of his dreams was right in front of him this entire time... and now he was paying for his mistake.

Byleth pursed her lips. “Hubert. I think you should go now.”

His heart shattered into a thousand pieces. What had he been thinking; that they could just run away together and pretend this wedding wasn't happening, like there wasn't a war going on? He was a fool. A fool that had realized he was madly in love with his former professor a moment too late.

Hubert nodded his head. “Goodnight, Professor.”

Byleth closed her door and Hubert began the trek to his own room.

Chapter End Notes

T-T that ending tho. Cue sad Journey music https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=bjnFA3VIGio&ab_channel=Journey-Topic

Also, Happy New Years ☺

Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Since this story is more of a rom-com, I'm going to breeze through the battle scenes, though this chapter is still pretty heavy.

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

To say that Byleth had a headache would be an understatement. Her brain felt as though it was swinging a hammer and was trying to crack open her skull. She awoke sprawled out in her bed still wearing her black boots and clothing from the day before. She attempted to lift herself off the bed but was overtaken by a surge of nausea and reluctantly fell back down. Her eyes squinted towards the half empty bottle on her desk. She didn't drink that... did she?

She thought hard to events that must have transpired. She had been at the market picking flowers for Thea's wedding, and then Yuri appeared, and the rest was hazy. She closed her eyes and tried to imagine what happened next. She pictured a pale face with a perfect pair of lime green eyes. Byleth's cheeks began to burn at once and she covered her face immediately remembering that Hubert had carried her to her room. Not only that, but he had also helped her get into bed, told her how beautiful she was, and then-

She had asked him to leave. Byleth grabbed hold of the pillow behind her head and brought it up to her face. Her fingers clutched at the fabric as she let out a muffled scream. Her arms flopped to her sides, but she left the pillow resting over her face.

Byleth exhaled a deep breath. She was losing her mind over this wedding planning. The Black Eagle Strike Force was a few days away from crossing the Tailtean Plains and attacking the Kingdom. Right after their anticipated victory, they would hold Dorothea and Hubert's wedding. The two would get married and live happily ever after.

As for her, she didn't quite know what would happen. She assumed that she would continue serving Edelgard until the ends of her days. Marriage was not something that she had ever considered to begin with despite her father gifting her mother's wedding ring. Though it sounded nice, there was no one in her life that she deemed worthy of such a gift.

Byleth forced herself to sit upwards. She was done wallowing in the mess she was living in. Just one more week and everything would be done! The war, the wedding, all of it, and she would be free at last! She could do this!

Byleth stood up immediately... and then sat back down feeling a wave of dizziness. She would start her day after another nap.

It took a few hours to recover, but after that, Byleth was on top of her game. As soon as Dorothea had returned with Annette, Mercedes, and Petra, she went straight to work. Byleth spent nearly two full days sitting down with Dorothea. The excitement of having purchased a new wedding dress died with the immense amount of planning that Byleth had to finalize. They had every detail of the wedding covered from the color of Dorothea's nails to the emblems that would be pinned to the cuffs of the groomsman.

Next came battle preparations. Byleth became a stoic general, creating an atmosphere of seriousness at the war meetings. She and Hubert remained heavily dedicated to the upcoming mission. Hubert showed no change in emotion when she told him the wedding plans had been finalized. He had simply nodded his head and continued with his business. She supposed that kind of focus and commitment were what everyone in the Empire needed.

The day had finally arrived when the Empire would march through the Kingdom Territory. Before the Empire could attack the Kingdom Capital of Fhirdiad, they needed to first cross the Tailteann plains.

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Byleth overlooked the battlefield with Hubert and Edelgard and observed the Kingdom's army take their positions to intercept the Empire. There were few words needed to be said. The Black Eagle Strike Force had prepared an entire month for such a battle and had come to terms with the fact that King Dimitri would meet his end.

In the matter of a few hours, the Empire had taken control over the Tailteann Plains. There were a handful of demonic beasts, a chance encounter with Rhea, but it was nothing that the Empire couldn't handle. They emerged victorious and were one step closer to taking over the Kingdom Capital.

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The Empire had set up camp directly outside of Fhirdiad. The plan was to calmly ask Rhea to surrender in order to avoid bloodshed, though Byleth was doubtful negotiations would happen now that King Dimitri had perished in battle. Nonetheless, she would accompany Edelgard and Hubert to the gates of the Kingdom Capital.

Byleth adjusted the white collar on her neck and attempted to smooth down her mint hair to look somewhat presentable. Her mercenary coat was caked with mud from the battle a day before. This was as close to dressing nice as she was going to get.

Her ears suddenly perked up as she heard the scraping of fabric from her tent peel open. Her hand reached for the dagger at her waist but she found an empty sheath instead. She sent a surge of flame magic coursing through her hands and turned around immediately fully expecting an assassin. Instead, she was face to face with Dorothea.

Dorothea's eyes were glued to Byleth's flaming hands. "Sorry professor... I didn't mean to startle you."

Byleth quickly extinguished her magic. Something was off about the way Dorothea spoke. It was a somber tone. Was she injured? Byleth quickly scanned over Dorothea. Her chestnut hair looked soft and silky as ever and her clothing was spotless. Other than a few scratches she seemed alright.

“It’s alright Thea. I was just getting ready for negotiations. Is everything okay?” Byleth asked.

Dorothea bit her bottom lip. “Professor... I’ve discovered something.” She said in a sorrowful tone.

“I’ve been so blind,” she choked out. “I didn’t want to see it and I tried to ignore the signs, but they’ve just been there, and I can no longer pretend I don’t know what’s going on.”

Dorothea’s eyes became watery and her lip quivered as she was struggling to find the correct words. She pursed her lips and spoke in the most serious tone.

“I think you know what I’m talking about.”

Byleth froze. Oh Sothis, there was only one thing Thea could be talking about. Someone must have told her about the night that Hubert carried her back to her room on his back. That had to be it. She had been too drunk to care if anyone was watching them. He had entered her room and remained for a few minutes before leaving. It was possible someone heard the words that Hubert told her outside her door as he confessed sweet nothings to her in the dead of night.

She could feel her face begin to pale. There were no excuses. She had fallen for an engaged man and they had taken their friendship too far. She had to come clean and tell Dorothea the truth. Everything. It was an accident. Nothing happened that night except for a few words. She had just been so careless. It wouldn’t happen again.

“Thea I can explain.” Byleth began. “It’s not what you think.”

“Yes, it is.” Dorothea said firmly.

Byleth swallowed nervously. If her heart were beating, it would be pounding furiously against her chest. And then she heard the words no wedding planner wants to hear.

“I can’t have this wedding, Professor.” Dorothea said.

Her tent was silent as if glass had just shattered between them. Dorothea was calling off the wedding and it was all Byleth’s fault. Her mouth twitched, “Thea-“

“No professor. It has been a long time coming.” Dorothea frowned. She crossed her arms and hugged her chest. Her eyes were on the floor. “I was in Enbarr with Petra, Mercedes, and Annette. We were talking about different flavors of wine, and it just hit me... this relationship with Hubie isn’t going to work out.”

Byleth scrunched her eyebrows in confusion. Did she say she was having doubts during her vacation week in Enbarr?

“Professor, I can’t stand the way Hubert treats my friends so threateningly as if they are about to overthrow the Empire by simply looking the wrong way at Edelgard.” Dorothea said waving her hands in frustration. “I also can’t stand the hair that falls in front of his face. He needs to just cut it already. Oh, and don’t get me started on that horrific laugh. He sounds like a villain from those horror dramas. And those hideous black clothing. He literally does not have any other color in his entire belongings.”

Byleth frowned. “That’s just the way Hubert is, Thea.”

Dorothea began to fiddle with her hands. “I just think... is Hubie going to be the kind of husband who just leaves me at home because he’s too busy with work? Is he going to love me like the unconditional way that he loves Edie? I had feelings for him, that much was true, but the war is coming to a close soon and... I don’t even know why we got together in the first place anymore.”

Byleth puffed out her cheeks and exhaled a breath of air. This clearly was not about the other night. Dorothea was having what her book mentioned as ‘pre-wedding jitters.’ Supposedly it was common for brides and grooms to be filled with anxiety and have sudden feelings of commitment issues so soon to the wedding. Marriage wasn’t something to be taken lightly after all. She was relieved to know that these stresses weren’t anything of her doing, but there was still a guilt that hung in the back of her mind. Although she would always harbor some feelings for Hubert, it was time to let him go and make things right.

Byleth took a step towards Dorothea and held out her hands palm up. Dorothea uncrossed her arms and gently placed her hands in Byleth’s.

“Thea, you are beautiful.” Byleth said calmly. “You are... an incredible woman and beyond talented.” Her mouth twitched into a forced smile. “And you have a man who deeply loves you.”

Byleth’s last words were choked. She could only hope Hubert loved his bride the way Dorothea loved him up to this point. She just wanted to do the right thing for both of them even if it tore her apart in the process.

“Hubert a man, who while you were out wedding dress shopping with the girls told me, ‘I can’t believe she picked me’.” Byleth smiled painfully. She paused for a second as Dorothea returned a soft smile. “He said, ‘I can’t believe Edelgard is allowing me to wed the most marvelous woman in all of Fodlan.’”

Byleth heard her voice begin to crack. She could feel tears threaten to spill free from the corners of her eyes. She would never lie to a student, but this was for the best.

“That tells me, that your marriage is going to going to last forever.” Byleth said giving Dorothea’s hands a small squeeze.

Tears began to freely stream down Dorothea’s cheeks. She gently wiped them away with the back of her hand. “Do you really think so?”

Byleth nodded her head quickly. “I know so.”

“Thank you, Professor.” Dorothea sniffled.

Dorothea pulled Byleth into a hug. Byleth’s hands lightly clutched Dorothea’s shoulders. She could feel herself on the brink of tears. She had just openly lied to her former student for the sake of their marriage. It was clear that Dorothea loved Hubert even if he felt apathetic in return. Surely, he would grow to love her with the same dedication he had given Edelgard. Byleth closed her eyes. She hoped she was doing the right thing for everyone.

--

Byleth met with Edelgard and Hubert at the gates of Fhirdiad. She felt a slight pang of guilt in her chest. It was clear that Hubert was unaware of the conversation his fiancé had brought to him. His mind was focused on the war at hand whereas hers was torn between the wedding. She needed to have a clear head for this battle.

As expected, Rhea did not appear for negotiations. Byleth, Edelgard, and Hubert were left waiting until they smelled the faint scent of burning wood. The battle had begun. The Black Eagle Strike Force moved into action.

It was a bloody, gruesome battle. The Immaculate one showed her true colors and there was no more time for peace. The Black Eagle Strike force fought their way to Rhea. With combined efforts, Edelgard and Byleth were able to defeat the beast in an attack that nearly cost Byleth her life. She awoke in Edelgard’s arms and was pleased to find that the battle was finally over.

--

Byleth returned to the monastery. She began to pack what little belongings she owned. Dorothea and Hubert’s wedding would take place three days from now. Byleth sighed. Though the war was over, there was still one matter that needed to be dealt with.

Byleth was carrying a stack of books in preparation to shove them into her bag when something metallic rolled out of her belongings. She set the books onto her bed and bent down to pick up the item. It was her mother’s engagement ring that her father had gifted her. Byleth held the ring on her palm. She sighed heavily and pocketed the ring. A day would come when she would find the right person to give it to, but today was not that day.

A glance out the window showed that the sun was setting. The Black Eagle Strike Force was going to have one last celebration in the reception hall before departing separate ways. It was about time to start heading out. Byleth quickly finished packing and departed her room.

The reception hall had little activity. Dorothea had to prepare herself for the wedding and Hubert was nowhere to be found. Surprisingly, Edelgard was in attendance along with Jeritza, Bernadetta, Caspar, Linhardt, Ferdinand, and Petra. The Golden Deer and the Blue Lions had already gone their separate ways, preferring not to celebrate. It was understandable and she hoped they would still attend Dorothea’s wedding.

In the center of the hall was a long table covered with pastries and various bottles of alcohol.

“We won professor!” Caspar cheered placing a heavy hand on Byleth’s shoulder.

Byleth smiled thinly. “Yes, I’m glad it’s all over now.”

Ferdinand approached with two glasses of wine. “Cheers, professor. We’ve worked hard for such a grand day.”

Byleth took hold of the wine glass. She clinked it with Ferdinand and took a sip. It was incredibly sweet. She supposed that one glass couldn’t hurt. Byleth moved to stand next to Edelgard.

“The war is finally over my teacher.” Edelgard smiled partaking of her own glass of wine. “There’s still much to be done though after this. We can talk about it later, but it heavily involves you and Jeritza, our strongest members.”

“Of course, El. You know I’ll always be there for you.” Byleth said sincerely.

Edelgard nodded her head. “Come my teacher, we should be enjoying this night like everyone else.” She downed her glass and scrunched her face. A small giggle came out and she covered her mouth quickly. “I’m more of a tea person. Can you tell?”

Byleth laughed and chugged the rest of her wine. Everyone seemed to be having a wonderful time together. She was glad that for the first time in years, they no longer had to worry about the war at hand. Fodlan could now be at peace.

The abrupt clinging of glass interrupted her thoughts.

Standing at the center of the dining hall was Jeritza banging his wine glass with a fork. “I would like to make a toast.”

He continually made the clinging sound until the glass suddenly shattered from excessive force. He stared blankly at the broken glass on the floor. A quick slide of his foot pushed the glass beneath the table behind him.

“My sincerest congratulations to Empress Edelgard, the rightful ruler of Fodlan.” Jeritza said raising the remains of his wine glass in his hand.

Everyone raised their glasses in return and took a sip. Jeritza continued, “I would also like to congratulate her leading general, Byleth. I am sure all of your former students can appreciate the work you have done.”

Byleth smiled with reddening cheeks and she raised her glass to toast to that. Jeritza lifted something from the table behind him that was covered with a sheet. He approached Byleth and remove the sheet. He was holding what looked like a sheathed sword.

Jeritza held the weapon out and kneeled in front of her. “It was brought to my attention that you can no longer use your Goddess weapon. I hope you accept this one instead.”

Byleth set down her glass of wine and she took hold of the sword handle. She carefully pulled it from the scabbard and her eyes widened. It was the most expensive sword on the

market, the Brave Sword. The pommel was decorated with emeralds and her name was engraved onto the hilt.

Byleth took a step back with the sword and she gracefully cut the air. It was beautiful. The reception hall was suddenly quiet. Byleth looked around confused at her former students until she remembered Jeritza was still on his knees. Byleth gasped. She dropped the sword and covered her mouth.

Jeritza was holding a small velvet box with a sparkling Emerald ring.

“Byleth.” He said sending a chill down her spine. “I realize that I have never done anything right in my entire life. People are afraid of me, and they have every right to be so... but not you. I know that you say we are ‘just friends’, but the war is over and... we had made a promise even if it was a just a misunderstanding.”

Jeritza exhaled a deep breath. “I have but one final question for you. If you say no, I shall ask no more of you, and continue living a life of servitude towards Edelgard, but if you say yes... I shall take protect you until whatever bitter end we both may reach. I shall love you like no other and help you achieve whatever fantasy of romance you desire. Byleth Eisner, will you marry me?”

Byleth was speechless. She slowly removed her hands from her mouth and looked into the eyes of everyone that was watching. It was like a dream. She couldn’t believe this was really happening, that someone had actually felt this way about her. Yet she was torn. She didn’t love Jeritza in the way he claimed to love her. However, she might in time... just like Dorothea and Hubert. Jeritza was waiting for her response. Byleth could feel the tears begin to weld in her eyes.

Byleth gave a small nod to Jeritza and smiled shyly. Jeritza’s eyes lit up. He gently reached for her hand and slipped the emerald ring onto her finger. He rose from his knees and embraced Byleth. Byleth returned the hug and she buried her face in his chest. The Black Eagle strike force erupted in cheers and clapped loudly for them. Byleth clung onto the fabric of Jeritza’s coat unwilling to show her face until she had calmed down. She had a double wedding to prepare for.

Chapter End Notes

According to my notes... there’s only one chapter left. Ahhhhh! O:

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

The final chapter

Chapter Notes

I got carried away with writing the last chapter... surprise!

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

Hubert's hands were resting in his pockets. He was dressed in the most expensive black suit that Edelgard had picked out for him. A gentle breeze pushed his raven hair to the side. Hubert was standing by a large stone fountain that overlooked the village square to where the wedding was going to take place. It was the very same fountain that he and professor Byleth had taken refuge at after being chased by angry shop owners in what felt like a lifetime ago.

There were several Imperial guards surrounding the wedding venue and even more people working on setting up the scenery for the wedding. He watched as a servant draped a white cloth over each chair and tied a red ribbon around them. He saw a burly man carrying bushels of flowers, likely to be the ones that were grown in the monastery gardens.

At the center of the wedding venue, he saw a familiar flash of navy-blue hair. Byleth was wearing a sleek black dress with small black heels. She was carrying around her worn leather wedding planning journal that was ready to burst at the seams. He watched as she addressed one of the servants who was arranging Dorothea's bouquet. She carefully fixed the plants herself and plucked a dried leaf free from the flowers.

It had been three days since the end of the war. Hubert had not spoken to Byleth as there was nothing to say. He had mistakenly poured his heart out to her in a moment where she had too much to drink and she had told him to leave. How could he ever recover from something like that? He was a fool.

A pair of bright blue eyes suddenly met his and he felt his heart nearly stop as he realized a moment too late that he had been staring at her. Hubert quickly diverted his attention towards something else... the water in the fountain. The fingers of his white gloved hand glided through the water. He waited a second before turning back to see if she was still looking at him, but she was already gone.

He sighed heavily and returned his dripping hand back to the pocket of his suit. He didn't feel right. None of this event did. Everything was too perfect, too colorful, too... Dorothea. There were faces of guests he had never met before. To make matters worse, the person who mattered the most to him was not even in attendance. Lady Edelgard told him that she would be attending the reception at a later time and would be missing the vows. She didn't say why and he was not one to pry into her business, but for whom was he attending this wedding for, if not Lady Edelgard?

Perhaps he was overthinking things. What did Byleth call them again... 'pre-wedding jitters'? He thought back to the way she looked at him. He knew her expression all too well. It was one that screamed that she wanted to say something to him but didn't have the words to do so.

He felt conflicted. Perhaps a quick walk would clear his mind.

--

Byleth entered a small tent behind the wedding venue designated for the bride. Dorothea was standing in front of a mirror with her hands folded gently at her waist. Her chestnut hair was pinned neatly atop her head. She wore an elegant white gown that extended to the floor and she had a diamond necklace around her neck.

"You look so beautiful Thea." Byleth smiled.

Dorothea's cheeks turned bright pink and she smiled sweetly, "Thank you professor. I couldn't have done this without you."

Byleth nodded her head and gave a thumbs up. "You got this."

Byleth exited the tent through the back and eyed the wedding venue. Guests were starting to arrive. She quickly scanned their faces to make sure that Hubert was not among them watching her. She bit her lip. *It's for the best.*

She ran as fast as her heels would allow and entered the crowd of people that began to gather at the wedding. She lowered her head to blend in as much as possible. She had somewhere else that she needed to be.

--

The wedding was to commence in ten minutes, yet Hubert found himself at the entrance of Dorothea's bridal tent instead of waiting for her beneath the silver wedding arch. He ran a nervous hand through his hair. *It's for the best.* Hubert entered the tent.

Dorothea was adjusting a long flowing veil that rested on her head. She heard his footsteps and turned around.

"Oh, Hubie!" she exclaimed with a surprised expression. She smoothed down the fabric of her wedding gown. "What are you doing here? Don't you know that it's bad luck to see the bride before the wedding?"

“You look beautiful, Dorothea.” Hubert breathed. His mouth formed a thin smile.

“Okay, you should definitely be leaving now.” Dorothea laughed. “The wedding is about to start soon, and I don’t want anyone to think we’re up to something naughty before our honeymoon.”

Hubert held his smile. “Let’s go for a walk.” He motioned his head towards the back of the tent.

Dorothea’s jaw nearly dropped. “A walk? Now? Are you serious?”

“More than ever.” Hubert said.

Hubert reached for Dorothea’s hand and she hesitantly accepted. He led her through the back of the tent where he knew that no one would be watching. Hubert guided her through the village until they came across a more secluded area with less people and thick trees for cover. There was a poorly paved sidewalk that would lead directly into town or back towards the wedding venue.

“Where are we going Hubie?” Dorothea asked in a light-hearted tone. “If you want to talk, can’t we just do that after the wedding? Think of all the guests that will be waiting for us.”

Hubert stopped walking. He faced Dorothea and took both of her small hands in his.

“Dorothea, why do you want to marry me?” he asked in a hushed voice in case there were any listeners.

The smile on Dorothea’s face fell. “What?”

Hubert gazed deeply into her sparkling green eyes, “I asked why you want to marry me?”

Dorothea frowned, “Hubert you’re scaring me.”

Hubert pursed his lips. “You never call me Hubert.”

“That’s because you don’t like it.” Dorothea said quickly.

“No.” Hubert all but whispered. “I never said I didn’t like it.”

The silence that hung between them was deafening. Dorothea was utterly speechless. Her face had paled despite the extreme amount of makeup that she was wearing. Her eyes never left his.

“I shall ask you one last time.” Hubert said in a more serious tone of voice, “Why do you want to marry me.”

Dorothea tilted her head to the side. Her eyes began to water, and she managed to choke out, “Are you joking? You’re trying to break up with me on the day of my wedding!”

Hubert clenched his teeth. This was going downhill far too quickly. “Please just answer me.”

“No! This isn’t happening, this CANNOT be happening to me.” Dorothea said in a panicked tone. She snatched her hands away from Hubert and turned to march in the other direction, picking up the corners of her dress as she ran away.

Hubert was quick to follow, “Thea-“

“Don’t Thea me!” she shouted. Her pace increased as she headed down the sidewalk back toward the wedding venue.

Hubert nearly had to sprint to catch up to her. “Dorothea, listen to me! The reason why we are together no longer makes any sense! You and I are far too different from each other.”

He reached for her hand and pulled her toward him. Dorothea’s mouth was trembling. She had tears threatening to burst from her eyes and she looked as though she were conflicted as he was.

“Your point is?” Dorothea managed to ask.

“I think you have already realized just how different we are from each other.” Hubert stated firmly.

Dorothea slowed her rapid breathing. Hubert continued to stay unyielding with his words.

“Listen to me,” He said calmly.

She needed to hear him out once and for all. He needed his answer. Hubert took hold of Dorothea’s hand once more and held it to his heart. For once in his life, he was making his own decisions. If this was going to be the woman that he spent the rest of his life with, he needed to know for certain that what they were getting themselves into was real.

“Dorothea,” he began. “If you truly love me, I shall put this whole matter behind us. We’ll walk back towards those silver arches right now.”

Dorothea calmed her voice. “You would do that?”

Hubert nodded his head.

Dorothea looked down. “All of our wedding guests-”

“You don’t even know half of them.” Hubert cut in. He paused to allow her some time to think. “It would be just you and I, none of them would matter. Are you ready for that?”

Dorothea looked him straight in the eyes. “Yes. Yes of course I’m ready.”

Hubert didn’t believe her for a second. He recognized the uncertainty in her shaky voice. Dorothea gently took her hand back from Hubert and began to slowly walk down the sidewalk. Hubert watched as she paced in a small circle. He could hear the whisper as she mouthed ‘Oh Goddess.’ Hubert frowned. He extended his gloved hand once more to his bride.

Dorothea inhaled a sharp breath and glared at his hand. She looked back at him with piercing green eyes and uttered one word.

“No.”

Her mouth was trembling as she reiterated what she meant. “I don’t want to get married to you.”

Dorothea’s eyes suddenly widened as if herself could not believe what she was saying.

Hubert nodded his head slowly. “Just as I do not wish to be married to you.”

--

Byleth was back in her dormitory at the monastery. It was only a few minutes away by carriage from the village where Dorothea and Hubert were getting married at. She looked at herself in the mirror and sighed. She was wearing a simple white dress that ended at her heels. Covering her face was a thin veil. Her emerald engagement ring winked at her in the mirror. Byleth’s mouth curved to form a smile, but it looked as cheap as the dress that she had plucked from the village market. Both would have to do.

Byleth exited her dormitory and began a slow walk through the monastery grounds towards the cathedral. There wasn’t a soul around as all of her former students were attending Dorothea’s wedding. She wanted to keep it that way. The less people who knew about her wedding the better.

She had always imagined a small wedding for herself. Something cozy where her father would walk her down the aisle. Waiting for her at the altar be Edelgard standing next to a man with shining lime green eyes- She quickly shooed her thoughts away as she felt her now beating heart begin to ache. Her time to dwell on such fantasies was over. The only way to go now was forward, towards the broken cathedral.

--

The Vestra wedding had already begun, yet the bride and groom were nowhere to be found. Hubert and Dorothea sat on a bench in silence still in the secluded area away from the venue. It had taken them a moment to process each other’s words as they had both confessed how they truly felt. It was something neither expected to hear.

Dorothea sighed. “How did we let it get this far?”

“I don’t know.” Hubert replied.

In truth, deep down, he did know. His motives for marriage were to allow Lady Edelgard to have another loyal follower. Dorothea had been so eager and willing to settle down with anyone that she thought was right for her, that she hadn’t considered if she was actually choosing the right person... and he had made the same mistake as well.

Dorothea did not love him. Neither did Lady Edelgard, at least not romantically. He could guarantee that neither of them actually knew any personal details about him. There was one

person however who did and she was likely waiting for them in the front row of the wedding wondering where in Fodlan's name the bride and groom had disappeared to.

"What are we going to do?" Dorothea asked.

Hubert looked out into the distance. "The war has ended. We are free to do whatever we want now."

Dorothea turned to Hubert. "You're right. I've always wanted to restart the opera in Enbarr. Now that the war is over and I'm an experienced mage, it should be safer."

"That sounds like a good idea." Hubert said.

He stood up and held out his hand to Dorothea. She nodded her head and accepted it. Together, the two walked down the stone sidewalk in the direction that was away from the wedding venue. They were nearly on the outskirts of the village. Waiting for them was a carriage that was supposed to whisk them away to their honeymoon after the reception.

The carriage driver quickly leapt off his seat and opened the door for the couple. "Heading out so soon?"

Hubert shook his head. "No, just my darling bride."

Dorothea smiled brightly as Hubert guided her into the carriage.

"I wish you the best." Hubert smiled warmly before closing the carriage door.

Dorothea mouthed a small thank you. Hubert handed the driver a pouch of coins. "This should suffice. Take her wherever she wishes to go."

The driver looked baffled but asked no questions. He nodded his head quickly and climbed back into his seat taking the reins of a large stallion. With that, the carriage was off.

Hubert waved one final time and placed his hands in the pockets of his suit. Suddenly he heard a loud shriek from behind him. He turned around as a short girl with purple hair came rushing at him screaming 'No no no!'

"Bernadetta! To what do I owe the pleasure?" Hubert asked.

Bernadetta's face was pale. She pointed at the carriage, "Was that Dorothea?!"

"Yes. And now she is long gone." Hubert smiled.

"Oh no, oh no! Please tell me she's coming back." Bernadetta squeaked.

Hubert shook his head. "I surely hope not."

Bernadetta swayed and suddenly tipped backwards. Hubert caught her quickly.

"What's gotten into you?" he asked.

Bernadetta's face was devoid of all color. "The professor." She muttered. "She told me to keep an eye on you two but then I couldn't find anyone."

Hubert scrunched his face. "I don't understand what you mean."

"Professor Byleth!" Bernadetta shrieked. "She's gone missing! I overheard her talking to Edelgard and saying that she was going to get married soon but I didn't know how soon and I guess it's today and then you're missing and now Dorothea is missing--"

"Bernadetta breath!" Hubert shouted. "What do you mean by married?"

Bernadetta bit her lip, "You didn't know that Professor Jeritza proposed to her?"

"She told me it was a misunderstanding." Hubert muttered.

"You weren't there the other night." Bernadetta said. "He presented her with a sword and proposed to her in front of the entire monastery. I overheard her saying that she wanted to get married there as quickly as possible."

Hubert's eyes widened. "No. This can't be happening."

"I KNOW!!!" Bernadetta cried out.

"She can't get married." Hubert said.

"Wait what?" Bernadetta asked.

Hubert let go, nearly dropping her to the ground. His body acted on instinct. Before he could make sense of what he was doing, he had already taken off into a mad sprint towards the village. A horse! He needed a horse!

"But- I- You-" Bernadetta's eyes froze open and she fainted standing up.

--

Byleth entered the monastery cathedral. Edelgard was waiting for her by the door holding a small bouquet of white roses. She was wearing an elegant red gown and her hair was pinned in a neat fashion to accompany the crown that sat atop her head.

Edelgard smiled warmly at Byleth and handed her the bouquet. "You look gorgeous."

"Thanks El." Byleth muttered and forced a smile.

At the very end of the cathedral was Jeritza wearing a white buttoned up shirt and black slacks. He stood next to a royal looking man with circle glasses whom Byleth assumed was the officiant. Byleth swallowed nervously and squeezed the bouquet in her hands. Her heart was thumping unusually loud and she wished she could go back to a time where it no longer beat.

"Are you ready, my teacher?" Edelgard asked.

Byleth nodded her head. She looped her arm through Edelgard's. Together, the two walked down the isle of the run-down cathedral in silence.

--

Hubert had paid a large sum of money to snag the nearest villager's horse, but he didn't care. He needed to get to the monastery as quickly as possible. Hubert was breathless having sprinted a good distance to even find a horse, a black maned stallion with fiery eyes. He was no expert on riding, but he knew how to hold on for dear life. He yanked the leather reigns of his stallion and the horse jolted forward as they rode off into the distance.

--

Byleth unlatched her arm from Edelgard's so that she could stand with Jeritza. There was a small podium where the officary stood behind that held a few scattered papers. Behind him, a breeze came in from the broken wall of the cathedral that almost whisked the files away.

The officary pushed up his oval glasses. "Whoops, can't lose that. Now, shall we get started?" He cleared his throat. "We have gathered her today along with Her Majesty, Empress Edelgard, to join this man and this woman in matrimony. There are many arranged marriages, but I have been told that this is not one of them. Regardless, marriage is law abiding and sacred in many forms and should be taken seriously."

He looked at Byleth and Jeritza in the eyes and smiled.

"Now then, if anyone has a reason as to why these two should not be married, then let them speak now or forever hold their peace."

Jeritza turned his head and looked towards Byleth. She held a smile firmly plastered on her face and remained silent as she looked at the officary.

The officary nodded his head. "Excellent. Then let us proceed--"

"No." Edelgard said.

Byleth's eyes widened. She and Jeritza turned simultaneously to look at Edelgard.

"No? What do you mean no?" Byleth asked Edelgard in complete shock.

Edelgard reached for Byleth's arm and pulled her to the side.

She exhaled a deep breath. "My teacher, I have known you for quite some time now. I may not know you better than anyone else, but I know you well enough that I can look into your eyes and... it hurts me to see you this way."

"I still don't understand." Byleth frowned.

"There's something about you that's screaming that this is not what you want, and I have been too absorbed in the war to realize it earlier." Edelgard stated.

She brought her face close to Byleth's ear and whispered, "This is not the man who you are in love with."

Byleth sighed. "There's no hiding from you El, but I have to admit... love isn't some enchanted evening. Nor is it love at first sight. There are some people who have arranged marriages and will never love one another."

She reached for Edelgard's hand. "Jeritza is a good man. Don't worry, I know what I'm doing."

Edelgard frowned, "If you say so."

--

Hubert held onto the reigns of his stallion as tightly as he could. They were passing through a thicket of trees. He could see the faint outline of the monastery in the distance and knew that he was getting closer.

His heart was racing faster than his horse. They zigzagged through the forest taking every shortcut that he knew was possible leaping over fallen trees, brushing against branches, and darting through bushes. Hubert's suit was quickly becoming scathed, but he needed to get to the monastery. He needed to stop Byleth from marrying the wrong man.

As soon as his horse reached the outskirts of the monastery, Hubert leapt off the saddle and took off into a mad sprint towards the cathedral.

He made it to the bridge of the cathedral before he almost ran past familiar faces. He nearly tripped over himself. Standing near outside the entrance to the cathedral was Edelgard, Jeritza, and a nobleman.

"Hubert?!" Edelgard asked in shock. "What are you doing here? You're supposed to be at your wedding!"

"Byleth! Where's the professor?" Hubert asked breathless. His heart was pounding rapidly in his chest and he could feel the sweat drip down his face and sticking his hair to his skin.

"Hubert why are you here?" Edelgard asked more sternly.

"Is it not obvious?" Hubert almost yelled still feeling exhausted from his run. "I am madly in love with professor Byleth and I need to stop her at once from getting married."

Jeritza took a step next to Edelgard. "What about Dorothea? She seemed to be so enamored with you."

Hubert tried his best to calm his breathing, "Dorothea and I did not get married."

Edelgard raised her hands in the air. "Well, that's just great! It seems to be a reoccurring thing between you two."

Hubert squinted his eyes. “Wait... are you telling me that the Death Knight and the Professor didn’t get married?”

Jeritza looked down on Hubert and shook his head. “We did not wed after all. She had... a realization that she could not go through with this wedding. I am not the one for her... You are.”

“And you didn’t get married?” Hubert asked Jeritza again a little too quickly, as if he could not believe it what was said. He needed to hear the Death Knight say those sweet words one last time. Tell him it wasn’t too late. Tell him that he still had a chance.

“Byleth does not love me. She loves you, mage.” Jeritza said. “I could never forgive myself if I interfered with the one whom she loves the most.”

Hubert could feel his heart racing again. He couldn’t hide the grin that began to take shape on his face. She loved him back after all this time. He couldn’t believe it. This was the best news that he had received since the war had ended.

“Wait a moment.” Edelgard interrupted. “You’re telling me that all this time you have been in love with the professor, and she actually feels the same way about you and neither of you got married today?”

Hubert nodded his head. “I am sorry that I have kept this from you, Your Majesty. My marriage with Dorothea was merely out of duty, yet I come to you with the utmost honesty. I am deeply in love with Byleth.”

The way her name rolled off his tongue sent butterflies to his stomach. It was so refreshing to openly admit his feelings without fear of repercussion. It was unlike him to feel real happiness before. He was elated and unable to wipe the smile off his face.

“So why are you standing here talking to us for? Go get her!” Edelgard shouted.

“Yes, of course Your Majesty. Where is she?” Hubert asked excitedly.

Edelgard shrugged her shoulders. “All of her belongings are still in the monastery. She couldn’t have gone far.”

Hubert nodded his head. He turned the other way and sprinted down the bridge back towards the rest of the monastery.

-

Hubert ran through the reception hall, the officer academy classrooms, the stables, and the training grounds. He even checked her quarters. The monastery was large, but not that large. Where could she have gone off to? He stopped running outside the officer academy classrooms. He bent over and placed his hands over his knees and panted heavily. He had searched everywhere for her.

Hubert looked up into the night sky. It was getting late and he was no closer to finding her than when he began. Suddenly, he remembered the Goddess Tower. It was a great spot for a

birds-eye view of the entire monastery. Why hadn't he thought of that before?

In one last push, he used the remainder of his energy to run up the spiral staircase that led to the Goddess Tower.

Hubert was breathless, but not just because he had been running around the entire monastery. Standing on the balcony at the edge of the Goddess Tower was a barefooted woman in a white dress with navy-blue hair that fell loosely at her shoulders. She was looking up into the night sky and her face was illuminated by the light of the moon.

"Byleth." Hubert breathed her name aloud. "I've been looking everywhere for you. Why the Goddess Tower of all places?"

"There's a meteor shower tonight. I wanted to watch the stars fall one last time before leaving the monastery." Byleth answered without looking at him.

Hubert took slow steps towards her. He stood next to Byleth and looked up into the night sky with her. It was amazing how something so simple could be so meaningful. It reminded him of the night she had invited him to the watch the shooting stars.

After a moment of silence, Byleth finally turned her attention towards him. "Where's Dorothea?"

"She's likely in Enbarr... on our honeymoon." Hubert said looking back at her.

Byleth tilted her head. Her cheeks had become a light shade of pink that sent his stomach into knots.

"We called off the wedding." Hubert clarified. He took a step closer to her.

Byleth made no move to back away. The redness on her cheeks was beginning to turn shades deeper. He noticed the way her lip quivered as she asked, "Why?"

"She needed to find her own happiness, just as I have found mine." Hubert said.

He looked deeply into her beautiful indigo eyes that were looking up at him. It was now or never. He reached for her small hands and brought them into his own.

"I came here to tell you that I ... love you." Hubert said slowly.

Byleth's cheeks were a deep shade of crimson. Her lips formed a thin smile as she whispered, "I love you too."

Hubert felt as though a weight had been lifted of his shoulders as a wave of relief crashed over him. He couldn't help but chuckle at how nervous he had been, how long he had spent searching for her to share this moment. The one he had been looking for his entire life had been with him all along.

Hubert brought his hand upward to caress her face. Byleth gently leaned into his touch. Hubert lowered his face to hers so that they were a breath apart and lingered for a heartbeat.

He closed his eyes and softly pressed a kiss to her warm lips.

Hubert's arm wrapped around her waist to pull her small frame closer to him. Byleth's arms wound around his neck as she deepened the kiss. In the distance, stars began to fall from the night sky. They were right where they were meant to be.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you to everyone who read this story to the end. It has been such a joy writing this rom-com fire emblem spinoff of the Wedding Planner <3

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