

forwarding address

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by Anonymous

Summary

Silence hums in the halls as a letter sits weighed beside a band of brothers. The news laided inside one that will shock all those in attendance beside those who know them best. It's been a long time coming, but the Antarctic Empire will finally be going to war with the country that's wronged them the most.

Notes

Royalty au smile

this is late, ill edit in the morning i promise

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

“Will you stop tapping your cane every five seconds?” Wilbur muttered out as he stared across the hall at Tommy. “Do you need the people in the ballroom to catch onto the fact that we're hiding in here?” He asked as Tommy simply rolled his eyes at Wilbur's claims. Ignoring him as he continued the rhythmic tapping of it to the beat of an old Searsidan folk song.

“Wil, first off they're crutches, that's why there's two of them.” Tommy said in a mocking tone as Wilbur could only roll his eyes. “Second, the band can be heard halfway across the kingdom and they're all outside the main wall. I'm sure if I tap them just a little bit they're not gonna hear it.” He supplied as he looked up to the skylight beaming down on them. “Even if they did hear it, they'd all probably think it's just the heels of the guards patrolling the area.” He supplied, using the ferrule to point to the guards further down the hall, silence lingering as they listened to the familiar clicking the heels made as they patrolled further down the hall.

“Well, have you considered that it's just annoying?”

“Have you considered you're just a prick?” Tommy said with a laugh as Wilbur came down to sit next to him. Stealing one of his crutches out of Tommy's hand and placing it beside his cane. A royal sealed letter sitting between them. Neither of them wanted to touch it, like if they placed even a finger on it, it'd turn to millions of snowflakes and get carried out into the winds. The weight despite it being light was unparalleled to the contents of the letter, what it all meant for the future of their kingdom, their family and hell, the friends they'd have to beg to take refuge in their custody. All contained in one piece of parchment and a light royal blue seal.

“And you see why Dad didn't want us attending tonight. He knew your limited attention span could put up having to wait for the announcement.” Wilbur said as he ruffled Tommy's hair out of place, Tommy's eyes lit up in disapproval.

“He did not say that.” Tommy bit back, huffing with a sigh as he attempted as he tried to brush it out of his face without further ruining it. His Blond and White curls bright against the backdrop of moonlight above, the sound of his earrings jingling as he eventually moved to try to rearrange it with his hands. “Dad said we didn't have to come because he was too worried we weren't going to be able to handle-.”

“I’m sure that’s what he said. We were revolutionaries and we’re royals. We can totally handle this.” Wilbur said cutting Tommy off with a teasing response, with a backing of assurance in his own words. Both of them looking over to see the figure approaching from the shadows. The clink of metal hitting together could be heard echoing throughout the hall as Technoblade approached.

“Can’t believe I left you two alone for 20 minutes and you’ve already devolved to bickering. How you ever were able to lead a revolution still is mind blowing to me.” Techno sighed as he took a seat between the two of them. “You forgot these.” A passage of twin crowns are handed off to both brothers, it’s been another thing that’s been odd about being home again. During the years they were gone, their crowns had been kept in glass cases according to Techno. Displayed and guarded as they waited for their rightful wearers to return. They had traded crowns of gold and emerald for handsewn revolutionary hats. They couldn’t seem to get used to the weight of holding their titles again. A murmur of thanks passed out as the two stared idly at the crowns in their hands. Waiting for the inevitable moment when they’d have to complete the rest of their regal wear, embracing the weight of both the crown and officially regaining the title they have.

Music seems to float through the halls as their conversation died out, it was a classic waltz piece, most likely composed by an Antarctic who's been dead for far longer than their kingdoms even been around. There’s a memory ingrained in all of their minds of when they had to take dance lessons to this song before every single gala they attended. With Wilbur seeming to excel with every step as Techno and his two left feet seemed to flounder under the pressure. It was clear upon Tommy’s first lessons he inherited both the grace and clumsiness of his older brothers.

It goes unsaid the reminder that it’d never go back to the way it was before as the uneasiness of what’s forthcoming begins to settle in. They’ll never get the chance to go back to how it was when they were all children. They’d probably never again experience a time when Wilbur’s hands didn’t constantly tremor or the smell of soot and ashes seemed to linger no matter where he’d go. Where Tommy didn’t need to worry about the consistent pain in his legs or the slighting ringing his ears from standing so close to wreckage. When Techno didn’t have to face the recurring nightmares of the 16th of November and saving Tommy from his exile. The lingering question replaying of what happened if he was too late, wondering just what would’ve happened if things would’ve been better if he had only acted sooner.

“Are you guys sure you want to do this?” Techno says in a hushed voice against the quiet, his eyes lingering on his own crown in his hand. “No one will be mad if you drop out at the last minute, I can present the Esemipi with the declaration and neither of you have to face *him* again.” Techno supplied, the question lingering in the air as Techno moved to pull both of his

brothers' braids out from their hiding place. Not wanting to push either of them to adorn their crowns any sooner.

The band picks up with another tune, and of course. It's Tommy who breaks the silence yet again. "And miss out on the chance to see Dream's expression when he realized he's fucked? *No way.*" He said, causing the twins to break out in their own laughs. "I mean, are you crazy? He's not gonna have a clue what hits him when he reads Wil's letter and realizes he's got a war, *plus* a trial in the empire he's gotta face too. Plus, once Dad declares everyone in the original L'Manberg cabinet as acting Dukes and Duchesses. He's lost the majority of all political power he still has, and I don't want to miss when he realizes he's already lost."

"I can't believe you, of all people, paid attention to what's in one of the declarations." Techno said with a snort as Tommy rolled his eyes.

"Technoblade I will take both your knees out with my crutches if you do not shut up." Tommy said as he stared directly into Techno's eyes with an attempt to look intimidating only for it to be foiled by Techno messing Tommy's hair again.

"I'd like to see you try, kid."

"There's no need for violence you two." Wilbur said attempting to break possible bickering that could ensue. "Shelby's enchanted the entire palace to make sure outsiders couldn't have any effect on us, so there's no need to worry about that. Plus, I too would love to see the look on his face when he's realized he's fucked up, plus leaving you to manage social situations where you're not commanding an army is a recipe for disaster." He teased as Tommy let out a laugh at Techno's dismay.

"Y'know I'm not *that* terrible at holding up conversations, I spent three hours down there with Phil talking to people without either of your help with it, I could sure as hell hand off a letter with ease if it came down to it."

"And how many of those conversations lasted more than a minute." Wilbur asked as Techno hushed himself up fairly quickly after. "Yeah that's what I thought."

“Boys.” A voice emerged from aside as the door to their left opened. Their father stood basked in the light with a welcoming smile. “It’s time.” With a nod, Techno helped pull Tommy and Wilbur off the couch and passed them each their crutches and canes. Grabbing the crowns that were seated on the side table. Phil smiled at the shimmer of light as he held them up in the air, placing each of them atop the heads of his sons. “I’m proud of you boys, all of you.”

Like many things, it goes unsaid all the worries they may be harboring for the next while. They’ve waited and practiced for whatever’s to come, Dream can’t do anything more than he already has. Especially considering he’s in their territory, their kingdom. It’d be more than a foolish act to dig a deeper grave for himself than he already has.

“Techno, would you rather stand out here while I make the announcement or join me?” Phil inquired as he took to start already fixing Tommy’s falling crown.

“I’ll stay here, better to make an entry all together don’t you think?” He said with a shrug as his brothers agreed. Phil simply nodded and took his departure back to the balcony. The horns erupt as Phil stood at the podium to make his speech.

“Did it always take him this long for him to make these speeches when we were younger?” Tommy groaned as the twins let out a low laugh. “What? I swear these things used to be so much faster than this.”

“You’ve gotten too used to quick and dirty politics.” Wilbur sighed.

“And whose fault is that?” Tommy smiles as the doors open yet again. The boys all straighten out as Phil’s voice begins to echo through the ballroom.

“Ready?” Techno whispers, noticing the grip both his brothers tightened.

“Ready.”

“Now, in order to end tonight's celebrations, I'd like to introduce some special guests. Now as you all know, a few years ago my youngest two sons were kidnapped years ago. For years the kingdom mourned as we were unable to locate them, due to what I could only call a miracle, my eldest son Technoblade was able to locate them nearly half way across the world and brought them home. While they have been home for a few months, we thought it'd best be now that we inform everyone of their arrival. So it is with great pleasure I reintroduce you all to Prince Orpheus William Craft and Prince Theseus Innes Craft.” The room grew loud as they walked over to join their father on the balcony, claps emerging all over as they looked upon all their faces having a multiple of expression. Whether it was due to the new scars, injuries or merely just how grown up they now all looked, nearly everyone seemed to be in some state of shock. “Now, while I'm not the one to share their story in the slightest. Prince Orpheus has written an address to the public which is being handed out now to you all. Now however, I'd like to call for King Eret and Chancellor Dream to approach and join us here on the balcony for a moment.”

Despite the distance, it was easy to see the way in which Eret's face seemed to drop when they had been called, noticing the whispers that began to break out as Dream took their arm and the two made their way up the stairs. The hollow and menacing smile upon Dream's mask had been something Tommy hadn't missed from his time in the Essmpii, the way it seemed to stare into his soul as they settled on the platform in front of them. His hands were shaking almost worse than Wilburs normally were as he tried to grip tighter onto his crutches. Glancing down to the letter sat in Wilburs hand, it didn't take him long to notice Techno's hand finding its way onto his shoulder. A promise of protection lingered as he glared the bastard who ruined his life right in the eyes.

A look of sympathy lingered upon Erets face as they stuck their hand out for a greeting and was denied. Understanding gracing their faces as they began to clue into what was about to occur. Dream had stayed unmoving, silent as he moved his head up and down to see the state Tommy and Wilbur were in. Focusing heavily on the letter sitting in Wilbur's hand despite not knowing what its contents held.

“While I wish we could've met on better terms, that simply could not be the case gentlemen. It's no secret that our countries used to be quite good allies during the time your father was in power, correct chancellor Dream.”

“Correct your majesty.”

“Now imagine my surprise when I learned the state your countries fallen into after his assassination. Between the uprising and the passing of power between three different kings, yourself, Eret and the stint when your commerouce George was in power. It raised eyes for

all of the council, especially when we learned the fact your borders had been closed as well, and looking further back into the logs. It was even more interesting to learn they had been quietly closed only a few short weeks after my son's disappearance. You see where this is going don't you."

"I do your majesty." Dream said, voice low across the quiet room. "I know exactly where this is heading."

"In accordance with the rules of the Helmstars Accords, my empire and your country cannot go to war without viable reason. Now while we've remained a peaceful nation during the time since I've held power, I was hoping that this fact was going to always remain true. However, due to a lack of foresight on your part, you allowed Technoblade to enter into your country on the terms of a duel, it was there my son discovered the secrets you'd been keeping. That you had taken *my sons* and *erased their memories* of their lives, and had your mage plant false memories in order to drive them mad. All for what? Some sick power play to get back at the empire?" Phil paused, attempting to gain a moment to compose himself as to not have an outburst in front of a crowd. "Among the many factors involving the harm you've caused the empire, and the citizens of your own country. It should be no surprise what contents you'll find in this letter." Phil said as Wilbur stepped forward, hand extended as he passed over the address to Dream.

"Despite our misdeeds in politics during L'Manberg's war, from all the letters and addresses of mine you kept in the palace, this one will fit nicely with the others." Wilbur said with a bit of snark as he made a point to echo the sound of his cane across the granite. "I do hope your armies won't be in too much despair since you're losing your entire current cabinet and you won't have a Technoblade on your side." He said with a smile as Techno brought both him and Tommy forward.

"Considering how badly you did in our fight, I hope your armies don't have the misfortune of being led by you." Techno said with a laugh, as their eyes stayed unmoving from the open letter. The monarchs in front of them remained silent as the paper began to crinkle as they finished off.

"Do you have anything you want to add to *Theseus* ?" Dream snarled in a hushed voice as he stepped forward, his foot knocking in slightly to the base of Tommy's crutch, sending him stumbling slightly back as both his brothers moved to attempt to keep him from falling. The guards in the back stepped towards them before Eret seemed to grab Dream's wrist, murmuring something about how he didn't need to make a scene.

“Normally I would, but for now. Seeing the beginning to your end is enough satisfaction for me, I can’t *wait* to see you rot in hell.” Tommy said with a smile as eyes traveled away from him in a motion of pre defeat. The conversation turned away from him as his father and the men exchanged their final dues. Guards escorting them out and most likely to the nearest exit in the building. They’d be sent off in the morning in order to begin to prepare a case for their trial within the empire and for the war to begin.

“As I’ve said previously, this will be the end of tonight’s celebrations, I’d like to call our other guests to join us.” Phil said as everyone from L’Manberg emerged from different areas of the crowd, their attire much resembled the prince’s own as they took their places next to them. “As you’ve all read, tomorrow morning we will be crowning Miss Niki Nihachu, Sirs Jack Manifold, Tobias Underscore and Fundy as acting Duchesses and Dukes. Despite being citizens of the Esempii, we are granting them political asylum due to their aid in helping my sons return home and for their work in order to help liberate the people of L’Manberg. These four have already accepted their titles and the work that comes along with it and I cannot wait for you all to see the great work they’ll be doing in order to help the empire. Now, I thank you all for joining us this evening, good night everyone!” As the crowds began to shuffle out, a near collective sigh seemed to escape everyone as they exited towards the halls again.

For tonight, the dust will settle over drinks and laughter shared between a repaired, but also new family. Tomorrow would bring the beginning of the future and the hardships that would follow, but like most everything. The Antarctic Empire would rise above and restore the damage that would be caused, for the better of everyone who lived to see through it.

End Notes

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