

Prompts: Danelak/MC/Pascha and Flowers

Notes: Can be considered canon or not; there are plenty of different ways in which their journeys could go after Noblesse Oblige finishes!

Male Danelak/Male Pascha

The flowers at the altar are wilting. Mingled floral scents and decay fill the church; the white-painted walls are peeling. Pascha casts his eye about, chewing at his lip, while Danelak looms at your side.

A little over a year since you fled Teteriuk, and you've not stayed anywhere long. Just enough to make a little money, be comfortable for a while, and then move on. Both Pascha and Danelak grow restless easily. For your part: well. For the moment, this is the way things are. It's not glamorous—certainly there have been no luxurious cruise ships since that first one, which now feels like a dream—and it's not always easy, but you are together.

That is enough.

Now, you've arrived at a little village on the south coast. Outside, waves lap at the shore and gulls cry. The wind is merely a gentle breeze.

Pascha ventures further into the dark church, beneath its arched, soaring ceiling. The brazier in the centre crackles gently, the coals glowing. Danelak automatically tops up the coals with the shovel to the side. You breathe in the aromatic smell: it's a little spiced, like a smoky stove cooking apple butter. The priests must have added cinnamon or some such to it.

Dragging in your suitcases, you make yourself comfortable on one of the rickety benches. They're riddled with woodworm, but the needlepoint cushions are finely worked and must have taken an age to perfect. Danelak sits beside you while Pascha approaches the altar.

"You think we'll stay here long?" Danelak says out of the corner of his mouth, facing ahead.

You picture what you've seen of the village. It's pretty enough: remote, likely friendly. But the state of the church does not bode well for its prosperity and your abilities to make much money, and the three of you will stand out. For months after you ran, your shoulders prickled when you felt people watching you; you worried about speaking too loudly; you dreamt of being grabbed in the night. That's faded now. The newspapers did not publish any stories of a missing Potentate: the Queen must want it to be as quiet as possible.

But still.

You think of the port a little way to the west, and boats leading away from Jezhan, and pitch your voice so Pascha, ahead, can hear. "I think we should head somewhere new," you say. "Westerlin, or Teran."

Pascha, who was kneeling at the altar, lifts his head. He reaches out and touches a white rose petal, and the whole flower sags and disintegrates. "Maybe," he says softly. "Do you think we'd like that?"

"I think we would," you say; beside you, Danelak nods firmly.

"It'd be good for us," he says. "A change of scene. We could all do with it."

Pascha lowers his head carefully to the altar in a bow, placing his hands lightly upon the tiles. Then he rises. "Yes," he says. "I think I would like that."

Male Danelak/Female Pascha

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Female Danelak/Male Pascha

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