The Lady Vengence

by EmrysTheMerlin

Summary

When Gwen goes off to visit an aunt no one ever knew she had Merlin finds himself neck deep in problems. Well one problem specifically. The love struck Lady Vivian. But when someone uses magic during the feast on the night of Lady Vivian's arrival and Arthur starts acting wildly different what will Merlin do? Can he save Arthur and deal with the love sick lady? Or are the two problems separate at all?

Notes

Some torture, but not a lot. Another old story of mine I'm transferring here from Fanfiction. I don't own anything. Let me know what you think in the comments.
Thinking Back On Warnings

Looking back on it I suppose the trouble all started because Gwen and Elyan went to visit their aunt. I didn’t even know they had an aunt to be honest. But no, apparently they had one and she insisted. Seriously, Gwen had never mentioned an aunt! You would think she would have said something. Mysteriously appearing relatives aside, that was about when the trouble started.

How exactly the trouble led to me hanging by my wrists in a long forgotten chamber near the dungeons in Camelot was still fuzzy. Of course that might have something to do with the head wound I blamed my massive headache on. Alone in the dark, damp, slightly depressing room I began to think back.

Three days. That was all it took, wasn’t it? Three days for things to go completely wrong. Three days ago the problem had arrived. Her name was Lady Vivian.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Arthur looked slightly depressed to me. I was polishing his armor on the floor of his room. The silence was practically claustrophobic. Arthur was pouring over the same piece of paper he had been reading for almost two hours now. I knew things were tense right now but I couldn’t stand the quiet. Neither, however, did I really want to break it.

It had only been a week since Uther had died and Arthur had been crowned king. I knew he hadn’t had a moment’s peace since. I hadn’t had one either, but that was mostly because of the crippling guilt. Apparently Arthur had had enough of the silence as well, for he sighed rubbing his forehead.

“I have read the same line sixteen times now. I hate reading reports.” I laughed slightly, setting down his hauberk and picking up a voider I began to polish it.

“Yes, well it is thinking and we all know you never were very good at that.” He rolled his eyes at me, but I didn’t miss the smile pulling at the corner of his mouth.

“I could have you in the stocks for that.” I grinned at this familiar threat.

“You could, but then who would you yell at?” I joked. I had missed our banter, which had been noticeably absent lately. Arthur was smiling for real now.

“Idiot.” I grinned. I was about to reply with either ‘prat’ or ‘dollop head’ but there was a knock at the door. “Enter.” Arthur called. A page, I thought his name was Bran or Brahm, entered and bowed low to Arthur.

“I have a message, my lord.”

“It’s not a message, it’s a scroll.” I said.

“I have a message, my lord.”

“Very good Brand.” I hadn’t been that far off. “What is it?” Brand handed him a scroll and bowed lower. Arthur unrolled it and his eyes widened. “Thank you Brand, you are dismissed.” Bowing low again Brand left. When the door clicked shut Arthur swore, colorfully.

“What’s wrong?” I asked already on my feet and halfway to him. He shoved the scroll in my general direction. Taking this as an invitation I picked it up and read it aloud.
‘Dear King Arthur of Camelot,

I was so sorry to hear of your father’s untimely demise. I send you my deepest regrets and sympathies. As a show of our continued peaceful relations and of my trust in you, I have sent my daughter, the Lady Vivian, to pay her respects to both you and your late father. I hope she will be safe in your care. Be watchful, King Alined has been testing his borders since your father’s death.

Yours most respectfully,
King Olaf.’ Well…” I couldn’t think of a word that was appropriate for this situation and was thus left hanging.

“Exactly! She’s smitten with me. Olaf knows that! Why send her here?” I honestly had no idea.

“Well I guess it’s a good thing Gwen’s visiting her aunt then.” I said setting the scroll back down. Arthur glared up at me. “What! She got very jealous when you and Lady Vivian were falling all over each other.” Arthur smiled reminiscently at that not, I knew, because of Vivian, but because of the kiss he and Gwen had shared toward the end of that particular fiasco. Then he sighed.

“What am I supposed to do?” I honestly had no idea how to answer him.
Chapter 2

I shifted in my bonds. Things got a little fuzzy there. Damn, how bad was my head wound? I could easily have escaped the simple manacles that were looped over one of the lowered ceiling rafters, but much like any other kidnapping I had no idea who my captor was.

Well ok that wasn’t entirely true. I had a suspicion but I had no idea how much she knew. Or when she would be back. Hopefully soon, this was really uncomfortable. I shifted again and felt my sleeve brush against a cut on my cheek. It wasn’t big and had to be at least two days old, but then I realized my lip was split as well. My jaw under the cut ached slightly when I tried to move it, I had been punched. When had that happened?!

No wait, I remembered that bit. That had happened that day after we got the letter. But that wasn’t the important bit, no the important thing had happened about an hour maybe two after we had received the letter. That was when Vivian herself had shown up.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*

“Lady Vivian, I must say we weren’t expecting you so soon.” Damn right we hadn’t. It had only been an hour ago we even knew she was coming. She smiled cheerfully.

“Well, my lord, I do love to surprise when I can.” That was a bit strange, I thought. Last time she had been falling all over herself and had to be physically restrained so she didn’t jump Arthur. This time she was acting much more lady like.

“My personal manservant, Merlin, will show you to your room. I’m afraid I have a pressing matter to deal with. I will see you at the feast, my lady.” I bowed slightly, hiding my smile at Arthur’s awkward avoidance of a girl. Vivian beamed and curtsied low to Arthur, following me into the citadel.

Knowing what Arthur would want, I put her on the other side of the castle from his rooms. The minute I opened the door she rushed in and sighed in ecstasy.

“Oh! It’s so wonderful to be back in Camelot! Everything here is so wonderful!” I nodded, not sure what to say.

“What was your name again?” She asked throwing herself onto the pillows of the bed and smiling up at me.

“Merlin, my lady.” I answered opening the door for the page who had been behind us carrying Vivian’s trunk. It was Brand, and he was struggling with it. I grabbed one end and helped him place it at the end of the bed. It was heavy. Heavier than it really should have been. But I dismissed the thought, ladies always tended to bring more than they needed. Brand smiled in thanks and left, bowing to Lady Vivian.

“So, Merlin, you’re King Arthur’s personal manservant?” She was practically bouncing with excitement. Gryffins and pissed off dragons I could deal with, love struck ladies were definitely not something I had the skills to handle.

“Yes, my lady.” She giggled excitedly. I shifted nervously toward the door, ready to bolt if it proved
“Oh that must be so exciting! All the adventures and the danger! Watching Arthur being heroic and strong.” She smiled almost manically. I never knew a lady to look that intimidating when she was smiling. She could give Morgana a run for her money.

“I suppose. Is there anything else you need, my lady?” I asked trying to hide the fact that I really just wanted to leave.

“Oh yes! Some wine would be lovely, oh and if you could send a maid up here to help me get ready for the feast that would be lovely!” I nodded, bowing slightly; glad to have a reason to leave.

“Of course my lady.” I left. Ten minutes later I had found one of the braver maids and sent her to Vivian. Her name was Rachel and she gladly shouldered the task. Once I was sure Vivian was distracted I went off to find Arthur. He was in his chambers.

“Merlin. Finally!” He said not looking up as I entered without knocking.

“How did you know it was me?” I asked as I closed the door.

“You’re the only one who doesn’t knock.” He said simply, glancing up at me slightly annoyed. “Please tell me she’s leaving soon.”

“Whoa, you must really not like her if you’re saying please.” He glared. I went to his wardrobe and picked out his clothes for the feast. “She didn’t say. She was too busy talking about how wonderful it is to be back in Camelot and how my job must be so exciting.” I rolled my eyes at the last bit. Sure it was, but most of the excitement was from saving Arthur, which was not technically part of my job as his manservant.

“Damn!” He muttered and I grinned.

“Well come on then. You have to get ready for the feast.” Arthur sighed in defeat and stood from the table. “Come on. You’ve faced down a dragon! You can get through one feast sitting next to a love struck lady.”

It was probably because of that particular comment that I ended up having to wear the traditional servants uniform to the feast. Including the ridiculous hat.

I poured Arthur another cup of wine. I could get him back for this. Maybe I could find some new way to annoy him. Though he looked like he was getting his comeuppance right now. The Lady Vivian had not stopped talking since the feast had begun.

Several hours later as it neared its end I was refilling the wine pitcher when I felt it. A buzz of magic in the air. I stiffened and my eyes raked the room for the source. Nothing, yet the buzz continued. I refilled Arthur’s goblet and noticed the buzz growing louder. The feast ended moments later and I managed to get myself out of sight as I extended my senses, just the magical ones, searching for the source of the buzz.

But it had died down and dissipated. I couldn’t find it. It wasn’t Morgana, that much I knew but the fact remained that someone other than myself was using magic in Camelot.
The door creaked open and a cloaked figure entered. I tensed. It looked so much like Morgana, but it wasn’t. The blonde hair that peaked out from under the dark purple hood was evidence enough of that. An image of Morgouse flashed through my mind but again I showed that thought aside.

The figure drew a dagger, no an atheme, from under her cloak. Unlike a normal dagger an atheme, in the wrong hands, was tainted with dark magic. Blood magic. This one had seen some use, I noted as she approached slowly. Then she lowered the hood and my suspicions were confirmed.

“Lady Vivian.” I greeted her icily, shifting in my bonds again.

“Hello Merlin.” She said raising the atheme with a smile. This would hurt.

“So you did slip Arthur a love potion.” She smiled at my statement.

“Yes. I saw you, you knew I was up to something.” I sighed.

“This is what I get for leaving the prat alone for two minutes.” I hissed in pain when the blade of the atheme bit into my side, not deep or long but enough to hurt.

“Don’t disrespect him! He’s perfect, you’re just a servant!” I was annoyed now.

“He’s an idiot. He fell for your love potion after all.” The blade bit into my other side, just a bit deeper. I gasped in pain and she sneered.

“Why do you continue to act like you matter to him? After all it’s not like he cares about you.” She brought her hand up and scraped it along the cut on my cheek and then down the split in my lip. I shivered.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

“Good morning King Prat!” I said, yanking open the curtains. Arthur groaned, throwing a pillow at my head. I ducked and left to get his breakfast. When I returned I was astonished to discover Arthur up and dressed staring out his window vacantly.

“You’re dressed!” I was shocked. He merely nodded. I set down his breakfast tray, he didn’t move.

“Have you served the Lady Vivian yet?” He asked not moving, his voice sounded slightly off.

“Rachel is serving her, remember?”

“You’re sure she sent royal quality food up to her?” He sounded truly concerned.

“I think so. Are you alright?” He whirled and stalked up to me far too quickly.

“I don’t want you to think! It is not your job to think! Your job is to do what I tell you to do!” I took a startled step back and Arthur grabbed my wrist.

“You will make sure that the Lady Vivian is taken care of with the best care that can be provided.”
He was practically shouting at me. I tried to pull out of his grip but it tightened painfully.

“Arthur what’s wrong? Just yesterday you couldn’t wait for her to leave.” I never got to finish talking. A sharp pain exploded across my face as Arthur let go of my wrist. I fell, sprawling over the floor. My cheek was on fire and my bottom lip was wet. I stumbled to my feet watching Arthurs fist. His mothers ring had a smear of red on it. Blood, my blood. I stumbled out of the room and ran down the hall. I wasn’t sure where I was going but I needed to get away from Arthur.

I fell into an alcove and sat down hard. I took two fingers and began inspecting my face. I was bruised from my jaw line to just above my cheekbone. Right along my cheekbone was a long cut, my bottom lip was split and bleeding.

Arthur had hit me. The realization set me on edge. Arthur had punched me in the face.
“That was whatever you did to him. He never hits people like that when he’s not under the control of a psychopath!” I said defiantly. The atheme bit deep into my chest this time and it was then I realized that my shirt wasn’t really a shirt anymore. It had become more like a jacket, due to the fact that it had been cut all the way down the front.

“You should learn to respect your betters!” She hissed. I glanced exaggeratedly around the room.

“Funny I don’t see anyone I’d call better here!” I bit my lip, reopening it and tasting blood when she sliced another cut across my chest. None of them were deep or big but the dark magic in the blade hurt like hell and Vivian knew that. She smirked.

“But who would care about a lowly serving boy?” I smiled at that. There were a lot of people here who cared about me.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

I didn’t hear someone come up to and jumped in surprise when Lancelot knelt down in front of me.

“Merlin? What are you doing here? Shouldn’t you be helping Arthur?” I tried to hide my bruise but wasn’t fast enough.

“What the hell!?” Lancelot breathed grabbing my head gently inn his hands and turning it to the right so the torch light fell on my injury. “Who hit you? One of the nobles? Had to be, they were obviously wearing a ring. Who…” I jerked away from him and shook my head.

“Not a noble? One of the other knights then? Merlin please tell me.” I shook my head again. I didn’t want to admit who had hit me. He wasn’t himself, whatever I had felt last night had affected him. But how? And almost as importantly who? Then it clicked.

“Lady Vivian.” I breathed nearly hitting myself for not realizing it sooner. Lancelot looked me over critically.

“Lady Vivian hit you?” I shook my head.

“No. She used magic yesterday. I didn’t know it was her. She did something to Arthur.” Lancelot, smart as ever, interrupted. “Arthur hit you.” I barreled on neither denying or confirming what Lancelot had said.

“She must have slipped something in Arthur’s cup while I wasn’t looking. She…”

“Merlin! Did Arthur hit you?” I froze like a dear that had spotted a hunter. That was all the answer Lancelot needed.

“You say he’s under a spell?” I nodded. “Then let’s figure out how to break it, before I break Arthur’s nose.” I smiled slightly. Lancelot and I had managed to keep Arthur away from Vivian by ‘reminding’ him about a training session he had all day with the knights.
The Madness Comes Full Circle

Gwaine had looked ready to tear something, or someone, limb from limb when he saw me. Percival looked shocked and angry. Even Leon looked concerned. I avoided their eyes and their questions as the day dragged on. I hadn’t had time to tell Giaus that Arthur was enchanted, so I knew this day was far from over. When the sun finally began to set all the knights were sweating and bruised through their armor. I was even more bruised than before but it hardly mattered.

Normally I would complain or joke but now I kept my mouth shut. I helped Arthur out of his armor and into his night clothes. I cleaned his room as best I could while he ate his dinner. I had to bite my tongue to keep quiet. Before I left Arthur spoke.

“The Lady Vivian is doing well?” He asked.

“Yes sire.” I said not looking at him.

“Good. You best keep her happy here. I intend to ask her to stay.” Crap! I thought but kept my panic hidden.

“For how long sire?” I asked. Arthur looked up at me sharply and I thought I saw a new color flash through his blue eyes as the anger from before built again.

“I don’t see how it’s any of your concern.” I swallowed hard.

“I merely wish to ensure she is comfortable for the duration of her stay.” I lied quickly slipping into a formal role I was entirely uncomfortable with. Arthur’s smile looked almost evil.

“Indefinitely. I love her and if she will have me, I will marry her.” I paled, I needed to find a cure and fast.

“Very good sire. I’m glad you’re happy.” I faked a smile and put out the candles. I was awake the entire night desperately searching for the cure, to no avail. Please get back soon Gwen, I just hope the kiss works twice. I begged silently as I rubbed my eyes against the morning light and went to fetch Arthur’s breakfast. Once again he was already awake and dressed, pacing around his room.

“Finally! Go check on the Lady Vivian!” I set down the tray and was about to protest when I caught a glimpse of his eyes. Normally they were blue, only a few shades darker than mine. But today they were not. I was horribly reminded of Sophia as his red gaze looked me up and down. I nodded and left. But I did not go to the Lady Vivian. I ran through Giaus’s rooms, remembering something I had read the night before. Riffling through one of the books spread over my bed I found it. It wasn’t a potion, exactly. Simply a magical aphrodisiac, that when coupled with a love spell gave its victim all the symptoms of a love spell or potion plus violent tendencies. Bingo.

I raced back into Giaus’s chambers and grabbed the ingredients I needed. Giaus who had looked up from his book when I had come barreling in the first time noticed the injury to my face this time. He hadn’t seen me since it had happened.

“Merlin, what happened?” I shook my head crushing a mint leaf in the mortar and adding it to the mixture.

“No time to explain.” He raised his oh-yes-there-is eyebrow. I shook my head exasperated as I heated the potion with a thought. “Ok short version: Vivian has magic, Arthur’s under a love spell and I have to fix it before he proposes to her.” I didn’t look at Giaus as I raced back into my room,
book and potion in hand. I spoke the spell over the bottle.

“Relese Arthur melaes t’maria unsaleme.” I almost cried in relief when it glowed almost instantly. Then it faded from a glowing, pulsing blue back to its original green. I left, practically flying down the hall. I had to pause for breath outside Arthur’s room. That was my big mistake. Of course it didn’t seem like one until later. A sharp pain had connected with the back of my head and I whispered Arthur’s name as I blacked out.
Vivian giggled, holding up the miraculously intact bottle to the light. She had sliced into my skin a few more times and I watched her carefully.

“Who did you trick into helping you put that curse on Arthur?” I asked and she giggled again.

“Oh! You’re smarter than he gives you credit for.” Then she turned as the door opened and a figure, partially obscured by the darkness, entered. “Oh my love! I’m glad you’re here!” He stepped into the light and I saw with a pang that it was Arthur. Eyes glowing and he stared at me as he wrapped his arms around Vivian. Then he spoke but his voice was slightly wrong.

“He’s awake. Do you want me to knock him out again my love?” He asked, creepy red eyes turning to Vivian. She shook her head.

“No it’s more fun when he’s awake.” Then she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him. I made gagging sounds.

“I’d appreciate you knocking me out actually. Just so I don’t have to watch.” The atheme flashed out and drew another slash down my side. I gasped in pain again but went on.

“Seriously, what’s your obsession with him?” Another cut, another gasp more blood dripping down my side. Arthur twitched and I saw something in his eyes change. So on instinct, not using any magic, I continued.

“He’s a prat.” More pain, more blood, and another twitch from Arthur. Vivian didn’t notice. “A dollop head.” More blood, more intense pain, yet another twitch from Arthur. Almost a shudder. “A clot—Pain. ‘Pole!’ I screamed it as the blade bit deeper than ever before, the dark magic on the blade tainting the wound. Arthur blinked. Was it my pain soaked mind or did his eyes look less red? I was panting in pain as Vivian turned fully from Arthur.

“You need to be taught a lesson. Dogs like you can only be trained through pain.” She grinned wickedly and lifted the blade again. Then she spoke in a language that slithered through the air like a snake. I recognized the words but would never speak this language. The words translated themselves in my mind as the fear built in me.

“Bind his flesh like sculpted stone,
Cut with pain down to the bone.
As his blood drips off this blade,
Let him feel himself unmade.”

On the last word her blade sliced across my chest slowly. A scream sliced through my lips as blood dripped down my chest, staining my already ruined shirt.

“Arthur!” I shrieked desperate for help as the pain extended beyond the cut, deeper than it, it contracted around my lungs and I gasped and choked. Tears streamed down my cheeks. I gasped again, fighting to stay awake as the pain spread, reaching out for my heart. I didn’t have the breath to scream again as Vivian spoke.

“Did you expect your potion would do anything to change what I’ve done? I have magic and you don’t. Arthur is mine now.” I gasped again and managed to draw in enough breath to speak, as the
magic I ‘didn’t have’ fought her curse stopping it from reaching my heart.

“Wake up you clot-pole.” The blade bit into my arm and the intense pain blossomed there as well, but I kept going. Arthur’s eyes were definitely shifting. I knew what button I had to push, for it was the only one I hadn’t pushed yet. “Gwen’s gonna kill you when she gets back.” That visibly shook him. That was also the last straw for Vivian.

“Arthur is mine! No little maid can have him! He deserves better. We were made for each other.” She drew the atheme across my forehead and down my un-punched cheek. The pain grabbed hold of my mind and I screamed louder than ever before. I was sure, under my haze of pain, that the entire citadel could hear me. The world around me seemed shrouded in a layer of red. A second scream joined mine and I fought the red haze that threatened to engulf me. Arthur was clutching his head. Vivian dropped the atheme and rushed to his side. The pain lessened slightly with her broken concentration and I saw Arthur's eyes shift from red to blue and back again. I gasped and spoke, brokenly.

“Arthur… the potion… should… break the spell.” I was choking on my words as blood dripped down my face. Quicker than lightning he snatched it from a stunned Vivian and downed it. She blinked as his eyes turned blue and stayed that way. He swayed and she whirled on me, hissing.

“You bastard!” Summoning the atheme to her she lunged. I struggled in my bonds trying to get away from that twice cursed blade. Arthur, finally reacting, knocked the blade out of her had with one expert unarmed blow and then knocked her out with another. He didn’t like hitting girls but this was necessary.

I went limp in my bonds as the pain receded, it didn’t die down completely but it did die down. Snatching the key from Vivian’s belt Arthur unlocked my bonds and caught me as I stumbled.

“Merlin! What happened? You’re covered in blood! Why was Vivian attacking you!? I knew she was crazy but this? Merlin? Merlin!! Can you hear me?” I was drifting off, blood loss and absolutely no sleep that night finally taking their toll. The last thing I heard was Arthur calling for the guards.
I heard several things when I had my eyes closed. I wondered if I was actually asleep or just kind of floating there, I honestly couldn’t tell. Giaus’s voice frantically asking someone a question.

“What weapon did she use?” Someone must have replied but I couldn’t make out what they said or who they were.

“… he going to be alright?” Definitely Arthur. Fear was evident in Arthur’s voice. As it was in Giaus’s when I caught his reply.

“I don’t know.” I drifted back into the black silent crushing darkness. It was a while before I heard voices again. This time Giaus wasn’t one of them, though at some point during the exchange someone poured a soothing liquid that tasted vaguely of lavender down my throat. But the voice I heard drew my attention more. It was Gwaine and he was obviously irate.

“That witch doesn’t deserve clemency! She almost killed Merlin!” I hadn’t been that badly wounded, had I?

“I have no choice! I can’t put her to death or Olaf will start a war.” Arthur sounded like he wanted nothing more than to stab her through the gut.

“You’re sure that the bracelet will hold her powers?” Lancelot. Wait what bracelet?

“My father used it on a powerful sorcerer before his execution, it should hold Vivian’s magic.” I grimaced and slipped back into the darkness.

~*~*~*~*~*~*~*~

I blinked up at the ceiling. I was awake, in my room. Someone’s hand was on mine and I flexed my fingers. Instantly Gwen leaned over me smiling.

“Gwen? I thought you were visiting your aunt.” I croaked out. She smiled down at me.

“I got back a few days ago. Can you stay awake for a few minutes?” I nodded and groaned, head pounding. Wait days? “Giaus! He’s awake!” Several pairs of footsteps came up the stairs and Giaus leaned over me smiling.

“Welcome back my boy.” He said and I groaned, head still pounding. Giaus reached behind him and someone handed him a bottle. “Drink this. It will help.” I drank it and my headache dimmed.

“How long have I been out?” I asked blinking and trying to sit up. Giaus’s hand on my shoulder stopped my attempts.

“Nearly three days. You are not allowed to do that again, you scared me half to death.” I rolled my eyes at him. He looked over at the door. “Someone wants to talk to you Merlin.” Before I could ask who Arthur’s face came into view. Giaus and Gwen must have left for it was quiet for a while.
“Merlin…” He paused as if searching for something to say. Unfortunately he picked the worst thing to say. “Who hit you?” I winced remembering the pain and betrayal of that blow. The cuts and dark magic I could handle. The tiny cut on my cheek, the fading bruise, and the healing split in my lip ached with a deeper pain. I floundered for an answer but couldn’t think of one fast enough. Arthur glared down at his own fists. His mothers ring still had a spot of my blood on it and his knuckles were white.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered, I shook my head.

“It wasn’t your fault.” I said my voice growing stronger.

“I should never have fallen for her trick.” He looked almost tortured by the guilt.

“Oi prat! For once in your life listen to me! She was crazy. Nobody suspected she had magic! No one saw that coming! You are not responsible for your actions! Get that through your thick head before I have to yell at you some more.” I said my voice growing louder than normal so he couldn’t interrupt me. He blinked at me, then smiled.

“You’re an idiot. But thank you.”

“Are you sure you’re not still enchanted?”

“Merlin.”

“You never say thank you. What else am I supposed to think?” We laughed. “So what did you do with Vivian?” I already knew part of that answer.

“I sent her back to Olaf. After I had her powers bound.” I raised an eyebrow.

“Binding her powers?” Arthur nodded and told me what he had told Lancelot. He didn’t look happy when he mentioned the old sorcerer his father had executed.

“Well at least you didn’t start a war.” I grinned Arthur sighed.

“Get well soon. I don’t want to have to put up with George for too long.” He left as I drifted back to sleep, smiling.
What Are Friends For

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

I did get a few days worth of revenge for the ridiculous hat, as George had to serve Arthur for those days. I healed fast as always and was soon back to working for Arthur.

My first day back Arthur was working the knights through their training. I sat to one side, silently thanking Giaus for telling Arthur I couldn’t help with training for at least another week and polishing Arthur’s second set of armor. I looked up as Gwaine, who had been relatively quiet lately, waved. Then he and Arthur began to spar. I winced; Gwaine was giving it his all. Arthur would be quite colorfully bruised by the end of the day. When they finished both were sweating and Arthur looked tired, which was hard to do. Gwaine wandered over to me sticking his sword in the ground.

“I see Princess has got you back to work.” I grinned and nodded. The bruise on my face was almost completely gone.

“Yep. I’ve never seen you work so hard at training.” I commented. Gwaine grinned and sat down next to me.

“Yeah well he deserved it, and you’re too nice to do anything about it.” He ruffled my hair.

“So you’re doing this for me?” I grinned rolling my eyes and swatting at his hand.

“Of course! What are friends for?” I gave up trying to make him stop ruffling my hair and grinned.

“Thanks Gwaine.”

“Sir Gwaine! You’re up for mace practice!” Arthur called. With one last ruffle of my hair, just so it stuck up in every direction, he stood and pulled his sword out of the ground.

“Don’t beat up the prat too much.” I grinned then winced at the sound of a mace hitting armor. I was right, Arthur was very colorfully bruised by the end of training and complained loudly when Gwaine dragged me off for a drink. I had the most fun I’d had in a long time and woke up with the headache of my life. But things were much cheerier after that. Between Gwaine, Lancelot and the other knights things went back to normal insanely quickly.

Within a week everything was back to normal, well as normal as it ever was in Camelot.

Chapter End Notes

Final chapter!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!