The Tales of an Angry Father and his Small Son

by 2space_lesbo1

Summary

Since God of War(2018) came out, my writing creativity has returned fully and I've been writing and writing tons of one-shot stories of my fave characters. There will be violence and gore because it's a God of War game, but then there will also be fluff and more fluff because it's me writing it.

Have fun

Notes

This is the first fic I wrote for God of War. And while I have a ton more fics that I could post in one fuck ton, I think I'll post a chapter everyday here.

Summary of this chapter:
Atreus knows he's not sick, his mother just worries too much. And besides, Father is letting him hunt, so everything is fine.

See the end of the work for more notes
Atreus doesn't really know his father that well.

He just knows that the large man is silent, mysterious, and gone for most of the day hunting. He also knows that he's full of secrets that he may never learn.

Also that he doesn't like Atreus to go hunting with him. Or at all, really.

Which annoys Atreus. He's old enough to hunt. He should be allowed! Sure he gets sick a lot, but when he's not, he's really helpful. He is, really!

Today is one of the rare days when he isn't sick, and he wants to go hunting with his father. Who he can see preparing from his bedside.

Okay. His parents think he's sick right now. But seriously, he's fine. He's only coughing a little bit, but that's it. He's totally fine, even if his parents don't believe it. Well, his mom doesn't. His dad doesn't know that she thinks he is yet. And she's not here.

Now is his chance to try and spend time with his ever elusive father.

He clears his throat, not wanting his throat to sound raspy as he pushes up, throwing his feet over the side of his bed. His mother and father's head rest is just beside his, diagonal. His father is currently pulling on his chest armor… that gives him a minute or so to convince him to take him.

“Father?” he tries, proud that there wasn't a single crack on either of the syllables. He can hardly see the large man wince at the word in the dim lighting, swallowing despite himself as his father turns towards him.

“What, boy,” his father said more than asked. In his usual gruff and abrupt tone. There's a clip and Atreus knows the chest armor is on fully now. Less time.

“I, um, was wondering,” he began, pushing from his bed. The wood floor creaks lightly beneath him and he steps around the fire pit in the center of the room, nervously rubbing his bicep. He's never really known how to speak to his father. The man usually has a short temper; especially with him. So he's always tried to tread carefully while speaking to him. “If you'd… If I could… come with you?”

Atreus can see his father’s eyebrows scrunch together minisculely. Another thing about his old man: he's nearly emotionless. At least, to Atreus he is. Mom says that he's very emotional, and caring. Atreus just can't see that.

Aside from his anger, anyway.

He thinks his father isn't going to answer and just leave (he's done that) when there's what sounds to be a gruff growl. “Are you not sick?” his father asked. The most words he's spoken to Atreus in days. “Your mother did leave you.”

Atreus presses his lips together and kicks at the ground grumpily. “She wanted to go alone this time,” he mumbled, which was half the truth, so he wasn't exactly lying. “So she left me.”

There's a moment of silence, filled only with the crackling of the dying embers behind him. And then, as his father is turning back to the door, Atreus hears, “Fine. But you must obey without question.”
Atreus grins and he quickly grabs his bow- even though he hardly knows how to use it- and hurried to the side of the door as his father opens it, a blast of snow filled air hitting him in the face momentarily. As soon as his father is out the door Atreus runs out and slightly ahead of him, kicking snow up as he goes.

“So what are we hunting?” he asks as he waits for his slow walking father.

“Whatever tracks we find first,” his father replied shortly, walking past him. Atreus runs ahead once more, knowing these woods like the back of his hand. He has lived here his entire life, after all. He hops up a slight alcove, stopping as his eye catches the subtle shape of hoof prints. His father takes notice of this as he appears beside Atreus. “What animal left these tracks?”

Atreus hums and crouches down to get a better look at them. His mother had been teaching him different animal tracks for years now. He thinks he's pretty good at it now.

“They're a bit too round to be a deer’s,” Atreus observes, balancing on his toes. He catches his. breath just before he can cough, clearing his throat quietly. He hopes his father didn't notice-

“Boy,” his father’s voice is deeper than usual and of course his throat clearing didn't escape his notice. He swallows and stands back up, knowing the hoof prints now. Maybe he could distract him with the hunt. “Are you still-”

“They look like a stag’s,” Atreus says quickly, biting down on his lip as he interrupts him. He catches the small flash of anger that passes through his father's eyes and he tenses, ready to be scolded angrily.

But then his father lets out a heavy sigh and he hesitantly looks back up at his face. “Good,” his father says finally. “That is correct. Which way do they go?”

Atreus is honestly surprised his father wasn't saying anymore about his “lingering fever”- as his mother called it- but he wasn't going to look a gift horse in mouth. He was just excited to be able to be with his dad for once. He points in the direction the hoof prints are heading.

“South east,” he replied after a moment of thought. At his father’s gruff of confirmation, followed by his father passing him once more, Atreus trails after him. “Hey, Father?” Another grunt. He hesitates. But then, he wants his father to know that this is special to him. “I just… I'm glad we’re hunting right now. Me and you, you know?”

Silence answers him and he's afraid his father doesn't share the feelings until he hears a quiet, “Yes.” If there had been any other noise, Atreus would have missed it. Nevertheless, it makes him smile and pick up his pace once more, ending up beside one of the small streams in this part of the forest. He looks up and towards a clump of bushes at the sound of a low snort and he grins wider at the sight of a large, black stag, it's eyes and antlers a bright, glowing red.

“Father!” he calls back to the large man, motioning him over. “I found the stag!”

“Quiet boy,” his father snaps but his tone isn't all too rough or scolding. Atreus could hear a slight reassurance in his voice. “I am coming.”

Atreus is bouncing up and down on the balls of his feet as his father approaches. It's only ten he realizes the large man hasn't a weapon. He frowns now in confusion. “Why don't you-”

“Hush,” his father interrupts him and crouches to his height, pointing to the bow and arrow. “Do you know how to use that?”
Atreus looks at his bow and then to his dad and back again. He shifts on his feet now, not really wanting to admit he hadn't the foggiest idea how to use it to his father because, well, he doesn't want to disappoint. So, again, he half lies. “A little,” he said. “Mother did just start to teach me how to use it.”

“Hm.” His father grunts and looks back to the stag. He then looks to Atreus, expectantly almost, and it's at that moment he realizes his father wants him to draw his bow. Nervously- hands shaking a tad bit, he doesn't want to fail at this, not because he's sick still- he pulls the bow from over his shoulder.

He's about to grab an arrow to knock to the string, when his chest rumbles and he fumbles with both his bow and arrows. He tries to hold down the cough, only for it to fight back, forcing its way through his lungs and throat painfully. His knees give out- he hadn't even been mad, why was this happening so badly?- and he holds a hand up, his breath hot and moist in the cold, dry air.

He can't hear much else aside from his own hacking, but a moment later and he does feel a large, light hand on his shoulder. The hand feels uncertain, even in his coughing state, and he can tell it's much like a wild rabbit- ready to pounce back at the slightest wrong movement.

It takes about half a minute for him to finally catch his breath and to clear his throat once more, forcing his coughs back down. His eyes are watering by now and the hand is gone from his shoulder as he blinks tears through the corners.

“You are still ill,” his father’s voice is deadpan and low, leaving no room for argument. Atreus swallows heavily at the warm liquid itching the bottom of his throat and blinks up at his father, slight fear of the consequences gathering in his stomach at the fierce look in the amber eyes. Then his father is grabbing his wrist and pulling Atreus to his feet- holding him there, too, he would have fallen if his father weren't holding his arm currently- as he stands, eyes narrowed. “You know better than to leave your bed when you are ill.”

Atreus frowns, crestfallen as he looks at the ground in shame, trying his best to balance himself on his own feet. It's difficult, but he manages, and the tight hand around his wrist slowly relinquishes it's hold. “I just wanted to hunt with you,” he said, forcing himself to meet his father’s eyes once more. “We never do-”

“If that is the case,” his father begins, dark eyes flashing, “I am not taking you hunting again until you are ready. Because you are not now.”

Atreus’s eyes widen and he shakes his head, a small cough shaking his body. “No, wait, I'm sorry-”

“Not another word, boy,” his father snapped, turning around. “We are returning home.”

Defeated, Atreus let's his head hang and slowly follows after his father, not having as much energy now. Especially as he coughs more, not wanting to hide the fact he's sick any longer.

He's silently following behind his father when some kind of creature forms nearby- four of them- and he jumps back as one approaches him. His father stops in his tracks as he calls, “Father!” and turns, clearly ready to fight barehanded, only for the nearest creature to Atreus to knock into him, sending him flying through the air. “Father!” he calls again just as his father shouts, “Boy!”

He flies through a few trees and then over the edge where a waterfall trickles, hitting the ground hard. He coughs further, body and chest aching and he can't stop the blood from flying out of his mouth now. He breathes roughly, trying to see where he had ended up, only to see a wall in front
of him. Too tired to move much, he groans and shuts his eyes once more.

Until he hears soft growling behind him.

His eyes snap open and he turns his head shakily, peering over his shoulder. The sight of three wolves greets him, all three staring at him and aware he's there, each one growling softly. He shakes worse, body shaking as he coughs a little bit more.

“N-ice dogs,” he stammers, freezing because of the snow soaking into him.

His breath catches as one wolf approaches him, it's face painted with scars, and sniffs at him. He tenses and then realizes- there is no malice in its eyes. And… he knows(?) that it's not going to hurt him.

And then the wolf is laying down beside him and the other two approach, laying down around him as well. His eyes widen and he's already getting warmer because of the wolves thick fur. He shakily curls up to get warmer, placing a hand between the shoulder blades of the largest wolf. One of the wolves rests its head on top of his and he can hear its breathing.

He never thought he'd be able to get this close to one wolf, let alone three. Yet here he is, sick and curled up in the middle of them.

It's nice.

Though, he is worried about his father. He'd be okay, right…?

His eyes shut and he suddenly can't stay awake any longer. He slowly falls into a slumber, the warmth from the wolves shielding him from the harsh winter winds.

He's awoken again at someone calling his name. “Atreus!” it's his father and he rouses himself, disturbing one wolf to move its head as he pushes up shakily, peering over the shoulder of another wolf. That's strange. His father sounds… almost… worried? But that shouldn't be true. His father never worries. “Atreus, do you hear me boy?!”

Atreus clears his throat and smacks his lips, gathering himself. He needs to answer his father. He doesn't like hearing him like this, so worried. “F-father,” he tries to call back, voice shaking and cracking and he coughs again. He swallows and tries again, “Father…!”

He doesn't hear his father again, but he does hear footsteps, and then a heavy thud. He looks up as a shadow casts on the ground before the wolves. The wolves, smelling his father, growl softly and begin to uncurl from him, hackles raising as they turn on his father.

His father looks furious as he stares at the wolves now surrounding Atreus.

Atreus can already tell what is about to happen and doesn't like the idea of his father or the wolves getting hurt when both parties are just trying to help him- okay, his dad maybe trying to help him, that's still up to debate. He forces himself to his feet and fumbles with the nearest wolf's fur. “No, don't hurt him!” he cries out, cringing at his own, weak tone. Then he looks to his father as the large man begins to stomp towards them- ready to attack. “Father, no! They're just trying to help-”

“Quiet, boy,” his father snaps and the wolves don't seem to like that tone because they growl louder. One even barks, peeling from the rest to half circle his father. “You have already done quite enough.”

Atreus can feel himself getting angry despite himself and he knows he shouldn't. It will only make matters worse. But currently, he couldn't care less because his father is about to attack these nice
wolves and he won't listen to him… like usual. So, he snaps. “No!” he exclaims but doesn't stop even as his father’s dark eyes land back on him, flashing with rage. “Listen to me this one time! They helped me, so don't attack them!” and then he starts to cough, this time so painful he nearly falls over if not for the wolf. The wolf he is leaning on sniffs at him worriedly, hackles lowering and he can hear its question of: ‘Are you alright?’

His father doesn't say or do anything for a few moments and he's terrified that the fight is bound to break out. But then, “Fine.” He blinks rapidly, surprised to hear this from his father. His father untenses and, the wolves, upon smelling his change in air, begin to relax as well, going to instead sniff at Atreus’s face as his father approaches once more, slower this time.

Now the wolves can see his father is not a threat and so they back off, standing at the ready behind Atreus as his father crouches in front of him. He looks up slowly, his aching body continuing to shake- not just because of the cold any longer, he realizes as he meets his father’s eyes. He wants to apologize now, to tell his father he's learnt from this. “Father I-”

“Save your strength, boy,” his father said, raising a hand to Atreus’s forehead. Atreus stills as the palm- larger than his entire head- presses against his skin and his eyelids droop slightly at how warm it is. He unconsciously leans into it, forgetting that this is his father in the moment. A few seconds pass and Atreus could have sworn the hand slid to his temple to caress it. But this was his father and the moment was ended when he spoke again, “We need to get you home. Can you walk?”

Atreus blinks rapidly as the hand slowly draws away from his head. He rouses himself from the half lull and mulls over the question for a moment. He thinks he can. And, even if he wasn't sure, he'd still try to walk by himself anyway. He doesn't want to look weak in front of his father.

“I think so,” he answers, shakily standing. He can half see his father’s hands held up on either side of him, like they are ready to catch him if he were to fall.

“Good,” his father said, standing once Atreus has found his balance. “Then let us go home.” As his father begins to lead the way back, he looks over his shoulder to Atreus. “And, boy, I meant what I said. You will not hunt with me again until you prove you are ready. Because you clearly are not now.”

Atreus swallows heavily but nods, looking at the ground in shame. “Yes, sir,” he said softly, following slowly behind his father.

He needs to better learn how to act around his father, obviously.

And he will.
Take Two

Chapter Summary

What was Kratos thinking when Atreus fell ill?

Chapter Notes

Some people wanted this over on tumblr... and i'm not even posting it there yet. I am a cruel person.

I'll post it there eventually. Just not yet.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Seeing Atreus pass out was enough to make Kratos’s heart stop. Modi downgrading him, teasing him, speaking to him the way he was, was enough to make Kratos burst into a rage long enough to chase the god off once more.

What a coward.

“Brother, the boy!” but Mimir’s yell was enough to break him of all rage as he fell to his knees beside Atreus- he was too still, too small, too corpse like- and gather him into his arms.

“Atreus,” he called, hoping uselessly that the boy would wake up. That he would be okay again. But no, of course not. He stays completely limp in his hold, eyes shut tight, skin burning terribly.

Already he could feel the guilt pooling in his stomach. He shouldn't have let Atreus continue when he was so obviously sick. How could he have been so stupid?

Perhaps it's because he was wanting to let Atreus try and overcome this sickness. It has plagued the boy his entire life, and he was older now, so Kratos has been willing to let him try to beat it… He should have taken the boy home right then and there, even if they are in the middle of this important quest.

“You have to get him Freya quickly!” the head is somehow breaking through his panicked state, becoming a voice of reason and Kratos draws in a deep breath. To ask for help from a god… even if he were, would she help him? It did not seem likely. “There is no other way!”

Even with his thoughts plaguing him, Kratos grunts as he stands, making sure to cradle Atreus to his chest. As he starts for the boat, he couldn't help but think of how utterly small and frail the boy was in his hands. It would simply be too easy to break him- not that Kratos would ever think about doing so- and he was just too small.

Kratos gets to the boat and as quickly as he can- while being oh so gentle- lays Atreus on its bottom, propping his head on the other bench. He sets Mimir beside the boy and sets off to rowing for the witch’s as fast as he could go.
He hardly even notices the storm gathering above them, too focused on the boy’s wellbeing.

Mimir starts to talk again when they enter the passage, but Kratos does not listen. “What is happening to him?” he asks quietly, taking notice of how his voice shakes ever so slightly. But he knows Mimir will not comment on it. If the head is anything, he’s good at knowing when and when not to speak or bring something up.

“I’ve seen it in mortals,” Mimir explains and Kratos listens now, glancing to Atreus’s face every few seconds. “A conflict of the mind expresses itself as an ailment of the body. But never in a god. And a god believing himself mortal. I can only imagine.”

Kratos doesn’t say anything to that. But he does take this information in. He looks at Atreus’s face once more, the guilt burning hotter in his stomach. But then he’s reaching the dock and he’s once more cradling Atreus, hating how frail and limp the boy is.

He reaches the elevator and can hardly contain his concern any longer. He starts to pace despite himself, making sure to hold Atreus carefully with every movement and step he makes. Mimir stays blessedly quiet, only speaking once to tell him someone had called the World Serpent. But Kratos can’t much care for that currently. Not with this small child so light and so hot in his arms.

“The fever burns hotter,” Kratos realizes a second later as he’s walking towards Freya’s door. Atreus has begun to shake terribly like a small leaf in his hold and Kratos can hardly stand it. “He is shaking.”

“It’s getting worse. Hurry!” Mimir exclaims.

Kratos quickens his steps, slamming on Freya’s door until she finally opens it, looking up at her, unable to hide the fear in both his eyes and voice, “He is ill.” His words are barely even a whisper but Freya still hears him, quickly leading him inside.

“This is no ordinary illness,” Freya tells him, her own voice strained with panic. Kratos is half glad he’s not the only one so worried about his son, but then he remembers how no one could not like Atreus as soon as he started speaking to them, easily worming his way into anyone’s heart. She motions to her bed and he lays Atreus out on top of it, cradling the boy’s cheek in one of his palms. Nearly his entire face is enveloped by just his palm and again Kratos is reminded of how utterly small the child is. “His nature- your true nature fights within him.”

And that’s when the guilt hits Kratos in a large, consuming wave. He pulls the boy’s hand to his chest, rubbing a thumb along his cheek. He swallows heavily before whispering, “I did this to him?” He takes a moment to steel himself before looking up once more, hardly able to hold himself together. “Will you help me?” That was nearly impossible for him to say… he’s never asked for anyone’s help before so willingly, so openly, and any other time the words would have burnt his tongue.

But this is not any other time. Atreus needs him.

Freya doesn’t answer for a few heartbeats and Kratos is terrified that she is going to turn him away. But then she nods, determination inner eyes as she crouches beside the bed as well, her voice urgent. “There is a rare ingredient, found only in Helheim.” Kratos slowly looks up to her at the word “hel”. She continues. “The protected of the Bridge of the Damned- I need its heart.”

Kratos grunts, his eyes lowering back to Atreus’s face as his skin burns only warmer. He keeps his light grip on the boy’s skin, a thumb aligned with his pulse. Just in case. “Hel…”

“The Realm of the Dead,” Freya confirms with a slight nod. “Do you know of it?”
“Not this one,” Kratos answers softly, not looking up as Freya draws in a breath.

“It is a land of unyielding cold,” she tells him, but he is hardly listening to her any longer. He keeps his eyes locked on Atreus’s slack face, hating how he can see each vein poking out from his pale skin. He lifts his hand and presses it down once more, hearing Freya finish her explanation, “As for the dead… your frost axe will be useless. You'll need to find something else.”

His eyes raise once more as the words hit him fully and one of his hands unconsciously drifts towards his wrist, already able to feel the burning of the chains. “Then I must return home,” he mutters, looking past Freya as so many memories he had tried so hard to repress and bury came rising back to the surface. “Dig up a past I swore I would keep buried.”

But Freya isn't having any of it, leaning into his peripheral vision, speaking a tad louder so he would hear her. “Who you were before doesn't matter,” she tells him and the words sink into his mind. She speaks as though she shares experience of forbidden pasts, as though she were ashamed of her own. “This boy is not your past, he is your son… and he needs his father.”

She speaks the truth, the words slapping Kratos out of the shock he had fallen into. She was completely right. His eyes drift back to Atreus's pale face, to his closed eyes and his chest. It was currently shaking as he drew in rough, uneven breaths. He could already feel the fiery urge to protect that Atreus had lit the day he was born roaring back to life. He lets her take his wrist, lets her right a tune into the palm of his hand. She explains what he is to use it for. He stands, pushing his son’s state to the side of his mind for now. He needed to focus.

And then Atreus is groaning and Kratos has to crouch back down to him quickly, cradling his cheek once more as he softly calls, “Boy”, hoping he would awaken. The house begins to shake around them and he knows that the turtle is moving.

“You must hurry,” Freya is speaking again and he forces his eyes from Atreus’s face. “Through my garden there is a path leading to my boat. Take it. Return home, dig up your past, do whatever it is you need to do but I need that heart and your son may survive.” She returns to Atreus is a rush, her hands glowing with some kind of medicine. Kratos doesn't want to stand, to move from his boy’s side. He couldn't stand the thought of leaving him again after just promising not to. But Freya is waving her hand, motioning towards the door. “Now,” she said softly but authoritatively. He's sure if she had not he would have stayed at Atreus’s side until he awoke again. If he awoke again.

Kratos forces himself to stand, turning and forcing each step away from the bedside as he hurries toward the door. He stops momentarily, long enough to apologize, knowing he was in the wrong before. Knowing he had been too quick to act last time they had spoken. “Freya…” he's not sure she heard him. “When last we spoke, I was-”

“No. You were right to distrust the word of a god,” Freya interrupts his attempted apology and he is thankful to her for that. “No need to explain. Not to me not to that.” There's a pause. “I will keep him safe. That is a mother’s promise.”

He turns towards her, the words soothing his racing heart. He knew a mother would do anything to protect their child, so to hear those words from a mother to protect his son… they were comforting. He nods to her in thanks, and she nods in return.

And with that he hurries once more, begins determined to get this heart Freya needed. Nothing would stop him.
Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think!!
In Which a Snake is Called

Chapter Summary

Atreus was proud of himself for figuring out the World Serpent's language. Well, mostly, anyway.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Atreus was proud of himself.

Like, really, really proud of himself.

He had learnt the language the World Serpent spoke all on his own! Just by listening to the snake’s conversation with Mimir, he had quickly picked up on the patterns and heard the similarities between this language and other Norse languages he had learnt before. So, he was quite happy with himself when he had successfully called to Jörmangundrr during their fight with Baldur and Freya.

It had been pretty cool to see the giant snake respond to his call.

Now, after being home for about a week, and not seeing his large snake friend, Atreus was beginning to miss him. Sure they couldn't fully understand one another and the World Serpent was, well, a Giant, but that didn't matter much to him. And he hoped it didn't matter much to the serpent, either.

Besides, he's a Giant, too. Well, half giant. Whatever. He counted.

So, one day, while his father was out hunting by himself- yes, his father does sometimes go alone nowadays. Atreus doesn't always want to go- Atreus heads to the nearby river. He clears his throat and looks towards where he knows the Lake of Nine is and thinks of what to say. Maybe he could try asking Jörmangundrr to come. Or he could try calling to him like he had during the battle.

He thinks the former idea is probably better. He doesn't want to annoy the snake.

“Moooo-innnn uuunddoooorrr!” he yells as loudly as he can and he can feel his eyes burn for a moment- like they had when he'd called the World Serpent during the fight. He hopes he said that correctly. He's going off of his limited self-taught knowledge, after all.

But then he can hear heavy breathing and feel the ground shaking beneath him. He turns quickly and grins as he's greeted with the sight of the Giant’s head hovering just above him, the brilliant, red eyes focused on him.

“Toooo uuunderrrr,” the snake greets and Atreus is excited because he can actually understand him. He's saying hello, in summary. “Gungooorr minmooorrrrr.”

“Awesome!” Atreus exclaims and runs closer to the World Serpent, hopping up and down in front of him. “I missed you!” he then realizes he had spoken in English and repeats himself, “Inttuuu mimiiirrr tttuuuu!”
The snake’s lips seem to turn upwards for a second, appearing similar to a smile and Atreus grins wider. Then Jörmangundr is lowering his head, resting it on the ground in front of Atreus and he hops closer, throwing himself on the part of the snake’s jaw he can reach in an attempted hug. He laughs loudly as air like gusts of wind buffer his face as the serpent speaks once more, “Intuuuu mimiiirrrr tintuuuuuu.” He said he missed Atreus as well!

“Boy!” Atreus jumps off of Jörmangundr’s nose at his father’s voice. He had not been expecting his father. Then again, a Giant has just come to their home. Even if it is an ally, of course his father was going to be suspicious and worry. It's in his nature. “What is going on here?”

Atreus turns to see his father striding out from among the trees and towards them. “Father, look!” he exclaimed, pointing up at Jörmangundr as the snake pulls his head from the ground. “I called him! I called the World Serpent!!”

His father gives him a look Atreus has categorized as “shock”(something similar, anyway) and asks, “Why?”

“I wanted to see him again,” Atreus answers easily, grinning once more.

“So you can speak to it now?” his father asked and Atreus grins wider because he can make out the pride in his voice. He nods in affirmation. “Well done, boy.” More pride swells in Atreus’s chest. “Now. I am to return to hunting.” And with that his father leaves, now knowing there is no threat.

“He’s proud of me,” Atreus states to himself, hopping up and down with his barely contained excitement. He then looks up to Jörmangundr, an idea forming in his head. He has an idea for a kind of game in mind… “Tintuuuuu iiieeeennnn minmaaaaooo?” he asks if the snake would like to play with him and grins as a mischievous look lights the red eyes.

“Inmioooo,” Jörmangundr informs, which roughly translates to: “let's do it”.

And so Atreus leads the way, explaining his game idea to the Giant snake.

Chapter End Notes

Lemme know what you think ;)}
Story Time

Chapter Summary

Faye heads off, leaving Atreus and Kratos to look after one another.

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone! Thanks so much for all of your positive feedback! It means so much to me and keeps me writing :)

Sorry for the delay in chapters, by the way. I forgot to post another one-shot here. But, if you want to read them where I update almost everyday, check out my tumblr @space-lesbo.

Anyone, I hope ya'll enjoy this fic too!

Atreus laughs as he jumps from a raised alcove into a thick patch of snow below. He leaps up after, throwing balls of snow into the air around him. He laughs more as he rolls out of it and onto the path, looking towards his house as the door opens. He's not allowed to wander too far from the house’s front yard, even if mom and dad say their forest is safe. He's only allowed to the gate, needing a parent’s- normally his mother’s- supervision to go out further. He grins widely as his mom steps outside of the house, her hair getting buffeted by the cold air.

He hops up and gets ready to run to her, hoping she'd take him hunting, but stops when his father steps out as well. His mother and father are speaking to one another, he realizes now. They don't like it when he interrupts their conversations. Well, his father doesn't. His mother doesn't mind as much.

He's going to turn back around and return to playing- he was about to make a snow angel!- when his mother calls to him. “Atreus? Come here, darling.”

Atreus does so, hopping onto the path so he can better walk. The snow is pretty deep right now, coming up to his shins. It's only going to get deeper, too. It is only midwinter, after all.

“Yes, Mother?” he asks, balancing on the tips of his toes. He hops on the them as he stops in front of his parents, looking up at them curiously.

“I am going to be gone for a few days,” his mother begins to explain, crouching down to his height. Atreus frowns, eyebrows scrunched together. His mother has never left their home before aside from hunting, so this was very strange. In fact, none of them have ever left their patch of forest. His mother tells him it's because the outside world is too dangerous and it's because they're safe here. But if that was the case, why was she suddenly leaving? “You are going to be staying with your father.”

Atreus’s eyes widen at the news. Look, he loves his father, he does, really. But the large man has
always been distant and kind of scary to him.

“Where are you going?” Atreus asks quickly as his mother straightens back to her full height. He follows her back inside, continuing to ask questions, “Why are you going? You've always said it's too dangerous to leave or forest! And why can't I come with-”

“Boy,” his father’s gruff voice cuts him off and he falls silently instantly, looking up at his father now, stopping in his tracks. His mother turns back around, frown on her face. His father looks to her and then to Atreus. He sighs. “Your mother will not be long. She will not be in much danger.”

His mother’s frown loosens and she nods, seemingly to herself. “He is right, Atreus. I will be back before you know it,” she reassures him, grabbing a small bag. “I just need to attend to a few things. But your father will care for you.” She throws Atreus’s father a look that he can't quite read as she walks back to the door, the bag clipped to her waist. She then reaches to the axe hanging beside the door, the gems in its handle sparking to life at her touch. “Won't you.” She's staring his father down.

His father seems to actually shift beneath her gaze and if he hadn't grown up around them, Atreus wouldn't have believed it. His father is a stern, unyielding man to anyone and anything. Except for Atreus’s mother.

“Of course, Faye,” his father answers and his voice is softer than usual.

His mother nods once more, seemingly satisfied. She leans down and presses a light kiss to Atreus’s head before pressing another to his father's cheek. “I will return shortly,” she said as she pushes the door open. “Be safe, and take care of one another. I love you both.”

“Love you too, Mother,” Atreus said even though he knew it really wasn't necessary. She already knew he loved her. He didn't need to tell her.

His father grunts and he thinks that it's in agreeance. But he could and is probably wrong.

His mother smiles and then steps out of the house, shutting the door behind her. Leaving Atreus alone with his father for more than a day. For three, whole, days. He swallows as his nerves build. He hasn't been left alone with father much because his father doesn't stay around much.

Does that mean… he's going to leave Atreus alone like he has so many times in the past? But this time even his mother won't be there?

The idea terrifies him. He hates being alone.

He's jared from his thoughts at heavy footsteps as his father walks away from the door and towards the fire pit. Atreus watches him before slowly walking to one side of the house, grabbing one of the lore books his mother had gotten him before he was born. He loves to read from them; learning the Norse runes, learning of the evil Aesir and the better Vanir. Even if his father has criticized the book’s information many times.

His father has never really liked the gods. Aesir or Vanir. Neither has his mother, then again. So… he must too, he supposes.

“So Mother is going to be gone for a while?” Atreus asks hesitantly, uncomfortable with how quiet the house has fallen. Only the howling of the wind outside and the crackling of the dying fire inside break the silence. At his father’s grunt of affirmation, he sits down on his bed, crossing his legs on top of the fur blankets. “You know where she's going?”

“It does not concern you, boy,” his father said, grabbing a few pieces of firewood to keep the fire
alive. Atreus watches him a moment silently, placing the book in his lap.

“Oh. Okay,” he said, watching his father’s back for a few seconds. He then looks down at his book, opening it to one of his favorite stories: “The Tale of Thor, God of Thunder”. His mother and father don’t like gods, and he may not, either- he’s not really sure of his opinion on them- but he still does enjoy reading about their pasts. And hearing stories from his mother.

Silence falls back over the house. Atreus silently reads the Norse lettering and tunes, getting lost in the story of Thor’s role in Ragnarok for a good two minutes before: “Boy.” His father’s deep voice breaks him from his reading trance. He blinks up at his father’s face, surprised he’d start any conversation with him.

“Yes, Father?” Atreus asks, blinking more as his father sits on the bed beside him. Their knees brush and Atreus isn’t used to be this close to his father.

“That is one of the books your mother gave you?” his father inquiries and Atreus is surprised even further. His father has never been one to take much interest in mother’s stories; simply stating how he dislikes them.

“Uh… yeah,” Atreus answers, pulling his feet tighter together to shift the book in his lap. His father falls silent again and after a moment of waiting for him to speak again, Atreus returns to reading. But he’s quickly disrupted once again as his father shifts, almost seeming to prepare himself.

“Why don't you read a story to me, then,” his father said and Atreus’s eyes widen. He grins a second later and he nods excitedly, letting his legs unbend and hang over the side of the bed as he lifts the book higher.

“Okay!” Atreus exclaims, already trying to decide which story to read him. “I could read the story about Jörmagandrr- he’s the World Serpent-, Baldur, Freya, or Thor or-”

“Just chose one, boy,” his father interrupts, not sounding terribly annoyed. More or amused, maybe.

Atreus hums, pressing his lips together because that doesn’t really help. “Okay…” he said, smiling again as he thinks up the best story to read him. The one he had been reading just prior, in fact. The one about Thor. He’s sure if any story were to keep his father’s interests, it would be one about Thor. “I’ll read about Thor, then!”

“And who is that?” his father asked, his face still stern. Yet Atreus could swear he could see a faint glimmer in the amber eyes.

“He’s the god of thunder,” Atreus explains matter of factly. He doesn't miss the disgusted look that passes over his father’s face at the word “god”, but he doesn't stop, either. “He’s the first born of Odin- the Allfather- and has this really cool hammer that kills giants really easily.” He frowns. “I'd like him and his hammer a lot more if he didn't kill so many giants with it.”

His father grunts. “I’m sure that will never happen, boy,” he points out.

“Yeah, probably not,” Atreus said in agreement. He then picks the book back up, pressing the pages down so he can better read them. “Anyway, this is the tale of Thor’s role in Ragnarok.” He clears his throat to begin: “‘When Ragnarok-’”

“Wait, boy,” his father interrupts once more, holding a hand up. “What is this ‘Ragnarok’ you speak of? I have never heard of it.”
Atreus grins widely once more, proud to know more about something his father doesn't. He unconsciously shifts closer to the large man, their thighs ending up pressed together. “Okay, so, Ragnarok, in summary, is the end of everything, yet also the beginning of something new,” he begins, recalling everything his mother has told him. “The Aesir- especially Odin- want to do everything in their power to stop, delay, or at the very least change their fates that are to come to be during Ragnarok.”

His father lets out another grunt that sounds almost like a laugh. “If this Ragnarok has not yet happened, then how do they already know of their fates?” he asked and Atreus is glad he actually seems interested in the stories for once.

“It's because their fates have been foretold for years,” he informs, turning the pages to the information on Ragnarok. He points to two wolves on either side of the moon and sun, a burning Midgard beneath them. “For example, it's been foretold that it will begin as soon as Skoll and Hati- they're giant wolves- catch and devour the sun and moon.” His finger slides to a picture of a giant snake, wrapped around Midgard with its head raised to strike Thor, “It's also foretold to begin once Jörmagandrr releases the tip of his tail.”

His father hums now. When he says nothing, however, Atreus continues, flipping back to Thor’s story. “Thor’s role is to fight and kill- while being killed- by Jörmagandrr,” he informs, looking up at his father’s face to make sure he doesn't look confused. The first time anyone hears these stories can be incredibly confusing.

And yet, his father doesn't look confused at all. Instead he seems to be listening intently to what Atreus has to say. Which is… different. But Atreus doesn't mind. He loves it, actually.

“Does Thor have a weakness?” his father asked suddenly. Atreus frowns as he ponders this. “Well,” he pauses, bites his lip. “I guess you could consider how highly he thinks of himself as one. He's killed so many giants he probably thinks nothing can kill him.”

“He is wrong,” his father states and Atreus doesn't argue. His father never leaves argument for topics like this.

“So, anyway-” Atreus is interrupted by a loud yawn. He reaches up and rubs at his eyes, frustrated with his body wanting to go to sleep suddenly. He tries again, “Anyway-” Another yawn.

“Are you getting tired, boy?” his father asks and Atreus shakes his head quickly, rubbing more fiercely at his eye.

“N- no. I'm fine!” he exclaims, sitting straighter so he could possibly stay awake better. He yawns again, this time loud enough to cause a few tears to gather in the corners of his eyes. There's a grunt from his father that sounds almost like a chuckle of sorts.

“Perhaps it is time you slept,” his father said and only now does Atreus realize how close he is to his father. Their sides are pressed together currently, one of his father’s large hands on the bed behind him, causing his arm to wrap around Atreus. Atreus is also leaning back against the arm. As soon as he notices how close he is, he draws away quickly, knowing his father is not a fan of physical contact.

Then again, his father hadn't moved away himself.

“But. I'm not tir-” another yawn. There's another grunt and Atreus is sure it would have been considered a chuckle if it were someone else.
“Lay down, boy,” his father instructs, standing up from his bed. Atreus frowns but does so anyway, knowing it best not to argue.

“I can't sleep without a story, though,” Atreus said as his father stokes the flames once more. He then straightens and looks down at his son, letting out a gruff him as he sits back down. “Mother always tells me stories to help me fall asleep.”

His father is silent a moment and Atreus can tell he's thinking. Finally, though, he sits back more comfortably on his bed own bed, plucking the book from Atreus’s hands despite his quiet protest.

“Then I shall tell you one,” his father said and Atreus’s mouth falls open. “But only if you get into bed quickly.”

Atreus hurriedly situates himself, resting his head on his pillow and pulling his blankets up to his chin. He stares up at his father through his lashes now, forgetting that he had not changed into sleeping wear. His father's lips twitch, almost as if they were about to turn upwards. He's never seen his father not frowning.

“Are you comfortable in those clothes, boy?” his father asked and Atreus lifts the covers to look at himself, leaping from his bed to quickly get changed. He then scurries back to his bed, nestling into his pillows and fur blankets. His father watched him the entire time, patiently waiting for Atreus to lay back down. Once he’s gone still, his father clears his throat, crossing his arms over his chest. “There was a god from my land.” Atreus smiles a little, excited to hear more about the land his father is from, especially about a god.

It was quiet moments like these that Atreus likes most, he realizes as his eyelids begin to droop shut. Moments when it’s just him and his father. The only thing that could make it better is if his mother were here.

But this was good too. “What the gods did not realize, however, is that a father would be willing to do anything to see his child again,” his father is saying and Atreus smiles once more, snuggling closer to his pillow.

Yeah. Still good.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what ya'll think ^~^

COMMENT>KUDOS>NOTHING
Kratos has been a father before, but he was still unsure of how to hold the small child Faye currently held.

This one of my personal favorites of the one-shots that I've written so far. It's just a nice, calm and tender moment that I want to see in a game, so I decided to try and write it.

Thanks for your feedback, btw, means a lot to me ;)

Hope ya'll like this chapter, too!

Kratos has been a father before. He had been a father to a girl named Calliope years ago and he had loved her more than anything. He had tried everything in his power protect her and keep her happy.

And yet, in the end, it was his fault she died. Because he had been too foolish, and not strong enough.

He had thought he'd never have another child simply because he never thought he'd find another woman he'd love enough to marry. But here he is now, Faye in bed, holding a small bundle that Kratos knows to be their child.

A son, it would turn out.

“Kratos,” Faye’s soft yet stern voice is enough to draw him out of his thoughts. She's smiling up at him, arms holding their child towards him. “Why don't you hold him?”

Kratos did want to. This was… this was his son. He had a son now, a child that he could protect. But, thoughts of Calliope flash through his mind. He doesn’t want to fail this child, as he had so spectacularly Calliope.

“Nonsense, Faye,” Kratos said and he can see her frowning, even as she holds their son even closer to him. “I couldn’t-”

“Kratos,” Faye said once more and her face is stern now. He knows this look. It means she wouldn’t take no for an answer. And, Kratos wouldn’t be able to say no to her in the end. He hasn’t been able to once, after all.

Without another word, Kratos leans forward and slowly, carefully- oh so carefully- wraps his arms beneath their child. It has been so long since he last held a babe he nearly forgot how to, but with
Faye lowering their son into his arms, he quickly remembered on instinct, letting the babe’s head rest in the crook of his elbow. He then brings the babe closer to his chest, afraid he might drop him.

And then he was holding the small babe, unable to breathe at how small their child was.

He couldn’t help but stare at the face of their sleeping child. He looks so peaceful, so fragile and small. Kratos could already feel his old, rusted father’s instincts returning, telling him to never release this child, to never let him get hurt. He knew in that moment he would do anything to keep his… his son safe.

He would even learn how to control his anger and rage. No matter how long it took him to do so. He would not lose control around his son.

Faye is smiling as she watches Kratos hold their son close to himself. Her smile is relaxed, but Kratos could still see the tiredness in her eyes. Yet she is still awake, still kicking. That’s just her personality, after all. And Kratos admires that about her. “So what shall his name be?” she asks him and his eyes snap from the face of their child, back to her. He is surprised. In the land he is from, the mothers always chose the name of their children. She must see his shock because she only smiles wider. “You have come so far, Kratos. I want you to name him.”

Kratos looks back down at the babe in his arms, having to think now. He knew that Faye already had a name she had been wanting to give to their child, “Loki”. And yet she was letting him choose the name for their son. He didn’t want to somehow mess this up.

He wracks his brain for a fitting name, going through every man he had ever known back in Sparta. Until, finally, the smiling face of a fellow Spartan made its way into his mind’s eye. And he knew that the name for their son had to be, “Atreus. It is a strong name from my land. It should suit him.” He didn’t know his voice was so low and soft until he focused on it. He didn't want to break this peacefulness that had fallen over their home.

“Atreus it is, then,” Faye said and Kratos knows he does not deserve her. She is too kind, too wonderful compared to his cold, brutal self. Yet here they are with a child. “Oh, look, he is waking.”

And the babe was. The babe- Atreus- yawns, little eyelids fluttering as they open, revealing a pair of brilliant blue eyes so similar to his mother’s. Kratos’s breath catches as Atreus begins to squirm a little in his arms, a small hand finding its way out of the bundle of blankets, tiny fingers tangling themselves in Kratos’s beard. The babe blinks at him, at the strange feeling, blinks once more as Kratos delicately catches his hand- so small- in his own, swallowing it up easily in his palm before pressing its back to his lips. Atreus lets out a goo, a giggle and Kratos’s heart explodes with warmth.

He decides then and there that nothing, not even a hierarchy of gods, would take his son from him. He wouldn’t let them.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!

COMMENTS>KUDOS>NOTHING
Fate Meeting

Chapter Summary

Kratos does not know the lands he has come upon.

Good thing she does.

Chapter Notes

Yup, have some Faye. I may write more with her, but I haven't had many ideas of what yet, so leave some in the comments ;)

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Kratos does not know these lands.

He had spent his entire life in both Sparta and Greece, and some of it in Olympus. He had never set foot outside of these countries, let alone travel so far North as he has.

He had decided not long after finishing his rampage in Greece that he would head North and continue North until he found himself far enough from his home. As he had travelled, the air around him had slowly changed from warm to cool to freezing, and now he is walking through thick patches of snow in the middle of a forest, the wind howling around him. He can hear the crashing of waves on a beach nearby, smell the salt in the air. He had left his boat to continue onwards by foot.

Now, hungry, he is crouched behind a bush, eyes locked onto a herd of deer. He places his burden in the snow beside him and makes sure the bandages around his wrist are still tight. Then, he singles out the deer he would be trying to catch. He’d have to get in close to them to try and strangle the deer- not his prefered style of hunting, but the only option available currently due to his lack of weapons. He’d have to find a weaponsmith at some point. Maybe try and build his own sword or bow.

He’s about to leap out at his choice of deer- a large stag with an impressive set of antlers which he could possibly use as temporary weapons- when the whistle of an arrow shooting through the air catches his attention. A second later and the arrow he had heard is piercing his shoulder, unbalancing him because of his shock. He would have fallen over if he had not grabbed a nearby branch to steady himself, looking at the arrow sticking from his flesh.

And then there’s a nearby gasp- obviously human- and the deer are all darting away and out of sight. Kratos growls softly, reaching up and grabbing the arrow, about to yank it out, when a deep, feminine voice shouts, “Stop!” He stops on instinct, looking to his right as a tall, broad shouldered woman steps out from the trees, a bow hanging around her shoulders and an impressive axe sheathed at her side. As she approaches, Kratos can see that she is taller than himself, which he is not used to. Maybe this land just had really tall women such as this one. “Are
you a fool? Leave that there!"

Before Kratos can protest, say something or do anything, the woman is grabbing his hand and tugging at him. At his glare she scoffs. “Come now. I am not leaving you after I shot you,” she stated, leaving no room for argument. And it's strange because Kratos lets her pull him after her, even forgetting to grab his burden.

He looks her over as she leads him along a path dusted with snow.

Her hair is the color of dying embers, cascading down her neck and around her shoulders like a waterfall. Her skin is tanned despite living in an area so cold as this, and her eyes, he notices as she looks back to him, are a stunning blue. Her face is speckled with freckles and Kratos can't help but admire this woman who is taller than him. This woman who had just shot him with a bow and arrow who he is now letting drag him along.

He probably wouldn't have gone with anyone else. But something about this unknown woman lets him feel as though he can trust her just like that. Something about her screams trustworthiness and he goes along with it without a word. Besides, he doesn't think she would have let him decline her offer of help even if he had tried.

“I'm Faye,” the woman said suddenly, disrupting his thoughts as they come up to a small cabin tucked away among a clearing of trees. She's looking at him again with those stunning eyes and he suddenly can't look away.

“My name…” he ponders for a moment if he should tell her. He's surprised he's even pondering it. Perhaps he could go by a different name… but even as that thought crosses his mind he brushes it off as ridiculous. Just because he is in a new land trying to start a new life does not mean he can simply forget his old life. “My name is Kratos.”

And as soon as he says his name the woman’s eyes flash with something similar to recognition, but the look quickly disappears even as her eyes widen. She looks shocked now and her mouth parts only a little before she steel herself and pushes her door open, dragging him inside.

“Well, Kratos,” she says and it's almost as though she is testing his name out on her tongue. He is not sure of what to make of this, but he does not comment. Does not try to leave, even if he would with any other. She guides him to a chair situated beside a fire pit- a single bed is beside it, covered in fur blankets- and pushes him into it, hurrying to the other side of the house for a moment. “I am terribly sorry for shooting you. You looked similar to a deer.”

Kratos snorts as she returns holding scraps of cloth and a small bowl. She then crouches beside him to better see his shoulder. “A man is a deer now, then?” he inquired of her and she rolls her eyes at him.

“All I saw was the fur of your armor,” she informed him, dabbing a small, damp cloth around the area where the arrow meets flesh. The liquid that dampens Kratos’s skin is cool and soothing and actually helps the dull ache that has been annoying him the past few minutes. “Now be quiet. I could just leave that arrow there.”

“Indeed you could,” Kratos murmurs, mulling this over because yes, she could and most people would have. The people Kratos has known in his past weren't always the most... empathetic or apologetic of sorts. Yet this woman who he shot him when he obviously had gotten in the way of her hunt was cleaning the wound she had left because of his mistake. It was astonishing to him, even if the favor was small.

A minute passes of comfortable silence and Kratos is shocked to feel so at ease and relaxed
around this woman. He should be tensed and ready to spring into action at any moment, yet as the woman continues to dab at his shoulder with large, warm hands, he finds himself easing back into the chair, waiting patiently for her to finish, burden forgotten.

“I’m about to pull the arrow out,” she informs him, setting the bowl down on the floor beside her. Kratos nods and straightens back up to prepare himself. “So, Kratos, what are you doing around these woods? Not many visit here.”

“I am simply passing through,” Kratos replies, watching warily as her hands situate themselves on either side of the arrow. “I will be leaving again once I have finished hunting.”

“Ah, I see,” Faye said with a hum, fingers of one hand wrapping around the shaft of the arrow while the palm of her other presses on his shoulder. “This may hurt.”

“Hardly,” Kratos stated and then she's ripping the arrow from his shoulder. The arrow snaps out with a wet squelch and a loud tear and the dull aching that had been annoying Kratos turns to a burning sensation as cool air hits his exposed flesh.

Faye throws the arrow aside and grabs the bowl once more, this time placing the dampened cloth over Kratos’s shoulder. The liquid instantly begins to make his shoulder burn less and he watches as she grabs more cloths, wrapping them tightly around the damp cloth and his shoulder, ending at his elbow. She ties the two ends tightly and then pats his back, standing.

“That ought to do it,” she announced, allowing him to stand. “Are you still hungry?”

Kratos, already sensing her offer for him to stay, begins to decline, “It is alright. I can hunt my own-”

But she interrupts him, and he doesn't stop her or fight to continue speaking, “Let me make you dinner. I did just shoot you after all. It's not problem, really.”

And Kratos finds himself agreeing despite his better thinking. She smiles at him and moves to the fire pit, throwing in a few logs to feed the small flames already there. She then walks outside and Kratos follows her, curious as to what she is doing and if he could help her in anyway. She says nothing as she bends down in front of a tree and begins to dig into the snow and dirt just in between its roots. He watches, curious as to what it is she is doing.

A minute later and Faye pulls out a bundle of cloths form the earth, standing and leading Kratos back inside. She unwraps the cloths and crouches by the fire pit once more, and Kratos can now see that meat was in the cloth. She must have buried the meat to keep it cool and well… this idea partly impresses him.

“The cold earth keeps it edible,” Faye informs, confirming his thoughts. He nods, noting the idea for later for himself. “Now sit back down. You are still wounded.”

“I am fine,” Kratos said in return.

“And I don't care,” Faye said, pointing to the nearby chair. “Sit. I can handle this.”

Kratos sighs but sits down anyway, watching her cook from the chair. She moves around the house with a grace Kratos has to appreciate, her hair flowing around her like waves of an amber ocean. She smiles when their eyes meet at one point and she drizzles a handful of seasoning into the pot she was currently cooking in.

Kratos actually smiles in return. It's small, and probably hardly noticeable, but it's there.
It doesn't take long for Faye to finish cooking. When she does, she pours a small amount of food into a small bowl and passes it to Kratos. “Be careful. It is still hot,” she said softly and walks back to the door. She only know pulls the axe from its sheath at her side, lifting it easily and Kratos can see the muscles in her arms flexing with its weight. Yet she places it on a hook beside the door with ease, continuing to move with that smooth grace.

As she turns back he begins to eat, fully expecting her to grab her own bowl. Instead, she walks to a nearby table and pulls a chair closer to his, taking a seat beside him, crossing one leg over the other. And she just, watches him. She seems to have a curious sparkle in her eye that only gleams brighter when they meet one another’s gaze.

Kratos can feel… something between them. But he doesn't know what to call. Doesn't want to call yet that. Even if it so obviously there.

He's not sure if he's ready for that yet. Air if he ever will be again.

“So you were hunting without a weapon?” Faye inquires suddenly, breaking the silence that had fallen over them as they studied one another. “It is dangerous to walk these wilds without defense, I should let you know. You do seem to be… an outlander.”

“I do not yet have a weapon,” Kratos replies, placing the bowl on the floor beside him. Faye reaches down and refills it, holding it back to him. And, he takes it, still quite hungry. “I was going to search for a weaponsmith once I found civilization.”

Faye hums at his answer, brushing a strand of ember from her face. “There are not many settlements in this area,” she informs him. “The Great Flood wiped out most settlements around the Lake of Nine a hundred winters ago.”

“And none have returned?” Kratos said, honestly surprised. Normally, where's there's land, there are people. They have a tendency to spread after all.

“It was a terrible flooding,” Faye replied.

Silence falls over them again, the fire cracking and the wind blowing outside filling the quiet. Kratos finishes his second bowl and stops Faye from grabbing it to refill it. “I have had enough, but thank you,” he said, standing from the chair. He doesn't honestly want to leave yet, but he knows he shouldn’t over stay. Even if this woman was kind. “I should be taking my leave now.”

“You do not have to,” Faye protested, standing as well as Kratos walks towards the door. “The nights here get cold. You could stay until morning.”

“No. You have helped me enough,” Kratos said, pushing the door open and stepping outside. “But I will not forget this kindness, know that.”

She follows him outside, to the edge of her yard. “Feel free to visit any time,” she says to him, her deep voice following him.

He pauses to look back at her, giving her a curt nod. And then he turns and walks down a well trodden path, intent on collecting his burden once more.

He would be back to see her.
Let me know what you think!
Chapter Summary

Atreus wanders a bit too far.

Chapter Notes

I wrote this last night because I wanted some Faye action.

And yes: This is one way Atreus could have gotten his facial scars. Not the way I think most... I was just wanting some awesome Faye lol

Also could someone tell me why it keeps saying I haven't updated this fic since the 9th when I clearly have???

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Atreus laughs to himself as he jumps into a patch of snow, rolling through it. He throws some into the air, giggling as the snow falls around him like snowflakes.

Currently, he was outside alone. His mother had gone off hunting, and, because his father is not as accustomed to watching him, Atreus has gone farther off than his mother has ever let him, not even realizing that he was past the tree she had marked as his barrier.

He stands up and grabs a handful of snow, balls it up and throws it at a tree, letting out a small shriek as a huge clump of snow lands on top of him. He jumps back out, shaking himself, pausing when he doesn't recognize the area he is in. In fact, he can't even see his house anymore.

He brushes himself off, biting down on his bottom lip as he tries to recall the way he had come. He glances around, biting harder as he doesn't recognize anything near him. He turns in circles, trying to find his foot prints, a familiar tree or anything to no avail. But maybe he was closer than he thought he was to his home. Yeah, that was probably it. He could call to his dad and be found and-

There are footsteps from nearby followed by the cracking of a stick. He tenses and looks over his shoulder, fully expecting to see his mom or dad, but instead is met with the unfamiliar face of a stranger. Three faces of three strangers, actually. They circle around him, glee in their eyes.

“Would you lookie here, Jon,” one of the men says, pointing at Atreus. The boy cowers slightly, having never seen other people. He thought that they lived further away from other people. That's what his mom tells him, anyway. His dad tells him that if he ever sees other people to run as fast as he could. “We've got ourselves a runt.”

Atreus heeds his father's warning, turning and running as fast he can in a random direction, not really caring where he's going. He pushes past trees, his heart thumping painfully against his rib cage as he hears the men pursue him. He kicks up snow and slams against trees as he runs, terrified. They hadn't looked friendly.
“M- Mother!” he calls out, hoping that she would somehow be able to hear him. “Fath-”

“Shut your trap!” a hand is grabbing the collar of his shirt, yanking him back. Another hand is slapped over his mouth as he tries to scream again, feet kicking at the air. “We just want to have a little fun, no need to worry.”

But Atreus does worry as another of the men- Jon- pulls out a knife, the blade gleaming in the sunlight. He kicks backwards and struggles as Jon approaches until his foot makes contact with flesh- the most vulnerable part of a man, in fact. The stranger holding him gasps in pain and drops him. He scrambled against the snow, trying to gain any friction, but a foot slams down on his back, keeping him in place.

“Just- stay still- this won't take long-” Jon growls through gritted teeth, motioning for the third stranger to help. The man Atreus had kicked is slowly recovering from the blow that the boy had landed, grasping at his lower region.

The third stranger grabs Atreus’s hair and yanks his head back, revealing his face to Jon. Jon grins, holding the knife up and dragging the point along Atreus’s face sloppily, cutting through his skin and flesh and the boy screams. The knife cutting along burns and stings and hurts and-

There’s an enraged yell from nearby and suddenly Jon is kicked through the air. The third stranger is yanked from Atreus and the boy collapses, hands hovering over his bleeding face. He looks up just in time to see his mother step in front of him protectively, the Leviathan Axe held out beside her threateningly. The men scramble to gather themselves, but Faye does not give them time. She launches forward, slamming the axe into the man Atreus had kicked, the weapon slicing through the man’s shoulder.

Atreus flinches, looking back down at his hands as more of his own blood drips onto his palms. He grows dizzy, not having seen so much of his own blood before.

The sounds of more yelling and fighting reaches his ears but he could care less. His face hurts and he's bleeding a lot of blood.

Finally, the noise ceases, and his mother rushes to his side, quickly scooping him into her strong and protective arms. “What are you doing all the way out here, darling?” she asks, her voice tight with worry as she hugs him close. Atreus whimpers, tears sliding from his eyes as he sobs.

“I'm- I'm sorry, I went to- too far and-”

“Sh, sh sh,” Faye hushes him gently, pressing a kiss to his forehead. “It's alright, darling, it's alright.” She carefully grabs his chin to inspect his face. “Oh, what did they do to you?”

“They- they cu- cut me-”

“Sssshhh,” Faye hushed more, pressing their foreheads together, keeping him held safely in her arms. “Let's get you home, okay, sweetheart?”

Atreus nods jerkily, burying his face into her neck and he knows he's getting his blood on her but he's shaking and he doesn't care. He grabs onto her armor tightly, letting her carry him back to their home.

“Boy!” his father’s voice reaches his ears but he doesn't move, doesn't look up, keeping his face hidden from him. Kratos is probably angry with him, and he's too scared right now to also face his father’s anger. But then when he speaks again, his voice is calm, soft. “Where was he?”
“You were supposed to watch him,” Faye snapped instead of answering, her own anger clear in her voice. She runs her fingers through Atreus’s hair. “I am not leaving him with you again.”

His father falls silent after that as Faye carries him inside, shutting the door behind them. She then sets him on his bed despite his quiet protests, continuing to hush him as she cleans his wounds.

“They’re not so bad,” she tells him, her lips angling into a light smile. He forces himself to smile back at her, unable to resist. Whenever she smiles, he has to smile back. “In fact, I’m sure they’ll leave some pretty cool scars. Won’t that be nice, dear?”

He nods once more, giggling as Faye pokes at his side. “Oh, and look, I see you're still ticklish,” she said, tickling at his sides. He bursts into laughter as she continues to do this, body convulsing.

“M- mom! Stop!” he squeals, trying to push away from her. But his mother’s attack is relentless, and he can't stop laughing.

Nearby, in the doorway, Kratos watches, eyes dark. He had let the boy get hurt. He would not again.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think!
**Childish Wandering**

Chapter Summary

Kratos needs to hunt, but he also can't leave Atreus home alone.

Chapter Notes

Hey I'm not dead!! And this fic still doesn't say I've updated it even though I have... why?? I don't understand

Anyway, this one is a bit longer and features a sick and younger Atreus, and it's from Kratos's pov. What a treat.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was the first time Faye was leaving Kratos to watch after their son. She was completely trusting in him, reassuring him that he would do wonderfully with their boy. She was probably wrong and just trying to comfort Kratos- since he knew he was no longer a good father- but he appreciates her attempts nonetheless.

Faye had been gone for around half an hour now and Atreus has been playing outside for most of that time. The boy was currently at a very young age- 9 years, to be exact, and so he had to stay within the general vicinity of the house(not because both of his parents were extremely protective of him, though. Of course not). He was sat beside the lone tree in the middle of the yard, leaning against its bark as he held two of the wood figures his father had crafted him at his birth.

Kratos has been inside, either listening or watching the boy to make sure he didn't get into trouble. Faye said he was very mindful of the rules, but Kratos was sure the moment he stopped paying attention to him something bad would happen. For example: he could wander off and get lost. It would just prove to serve how terrible of a father he truly was, after all.

It was nearing the time of day Kratos would normally go hunting for meat, and checking their stock now, he frowns when he sees there's none extra. This must be one of their low days when they had no extra portions from previous meals. Wonderful. So that means they're either going to have to go without eating, Kratos is going to have to go hunting and leave Atreus, or going hunting with Atreus in tow.
Kratos does not like any of those ideas.

He doesn't want the boy to go hungry, even if it is for just one night. But he also doesn't want to leave the boy home alone for many obvious reasons (he could get kidnapped or run off and get lost or hurt himself). So, he settles on bringing the boy with him.

“Boy,” he calls as he stands from his and Faye’s bed. Atreus looks up as Kratos steps out, his hands pausing in their rapid movements of making the wood toys knock into one another. He seems excited that his father is speaking to him and Kratos has to kick himself inwardly for not paying enough attention to the boy.

“Yeah, Dad?” Atreus said, hopping from his spot by the tree and walking towards him. That was a good response. Kratos was currently trying his best to wean Atreus from calling him “dada” and “daddy”, hoping to eat him instead call him “Father” at some point. Dad was their current comprised middle ground.

“We are going out,” he informed simply, grabbing the spear Faye had given him for some form of a weapon. It’s not his preferred weapon style, but it was the only extra Faye had. And because there aren’t many settlements near them for miles- and things just kept coming up, preventing them from traveling there- Kratos has just settled for the spear. “Come.”

Atreus gasps begins him and a second later Kratos can hear tiny, quick footsteps following after him. The sound honestly warms his heart, even if he won’t say that out loud.

“What are we hunting?” Atreus asks and Kratos knows it’s the first of a burst of questions. “How far are we going out? Can I help? Will there be-”

“Boy,” Kratos interrupts, hardly able to keep up with the quick words. “Enough questions. Stay close.” He doesn't much like the idea of his son drifting too far from his protective reach.

Atreus does fall silent and does pick up his pace, almost running to keep up with Kratos. Until, of course, the boy grabs one of his father’s fingers with his tiny hand. This helps him keep pace with Kratos. Kratos doesn't say anything because, well, he wants Atreus to keep pace. And if this helps the boy then he'll allow it.

Though, at some point, Atreus starts to already grow tired of walking and trying to keep up with
Kratos. It's understandable, he's much shorter and younger. Of course he'd get tired out quicker than his father.

Kratos should have expected the boy to start climbing him when did. He didn't, though, and had to repress a chuckle as the boy grabbed his shoulders, pulling himself up better. He really was getting good at climbing Kratos. Nothing else. Just his father.

Kratos eventually finds a trail of deer tracks. It doesn't take much longer to locate the herd, and so he lets Atreus slide from his shoulders. “Wait here, boy,” he orders in a whisper. “I will not be long.”

Atreus nods as Kratos heads for the deers, crouching to get closer to them. He targets the smallest and frailest of the bunch; the child of the herd. He angles his hand back, keeping thoughts of how the deer was so similar to Atreus as he threw the spear into its side. It falls over, legs kicking frantically as the rest of its herd take off all in different directions.

He heads to his kill, trying to think of how he was going to get both the deer and Atreus home. But he decides to shrug it off. It shouldn't be too difficult. He does still have his god inherited strength, after all.

He heads back to where he'd left Atreus, heart stopping when he does not see the boy. In fact, there are footprints leading away from the rock Atreus had been on. The footprints led away from the path and into the trees. Where dangers lurked and where Atreus could seriously injure himself.

He places the deer carcass on the rock, knowing there is a high chance feral animals could take it for their own. But currently, he did not care. How could he have been so stupid, leaving the boy alone? He hurries in the direction the prints headed, pushing shrubbery and branches out of his path.

“Atreus?” he calls, his voice echoing around him. He waits a moment. No answer. “Atreus, where are you boy?”

He's getting more and more concerned by the second, but also angrier and angrier. How dare the child not obey him and stay where he was told. How dare he wander off on his own even after his mother and father drilled into his mind that it was too dangerous.

“Atreus!” he calls again, louder than before. He also lets some of his anger with the child deep into his tone, hoping that that would elicit a reply.
But still, nothing.

Now the worry was beginning to burn over the anger and his speed quickened from a fast walk to a jog to a sprint. He wasn't sure where he was going exactly- but he knew he had to find Atreus before something could happen to him.

Finally, finally, Kratos stumbles upon a clearing where Atreus stands in the middle, coughing into his elbow. Seeing and hearing the boy cough only causes more concern to boil in his stomach and he quickly steps closer to the boy, grabbing his arm as he wobbles. “What are you doing?” Kratos demands, some of his anger bursting through him before he could stop it. “I told you to wait!”

Atreus looks up at him with wide eyes and his chest rumbles with another cough. Though this time the boy keeps his mouth closed. “I- I’m sorry,” he stammers, voice already becoming hoarse. It was already becoming a bad fever, Kratos could feel the heat rising from his skin. How had it become this bad so quickly? He doesn't fully understand the boy’s sickness. All he knows is that when it hits Atreus, it normally overpowers the boy with coughing fits so bad he would spew blood. He also knew that he needed to get the boy home quickly to keep him warm. The sickness seemed to thrive on the cold air around them, and so Kratos would have to keep him warm and safe from the harsh winds. The boy already looked ready to pass out at any given moment. He carefully tightens his grasp on the boy’s thin arm. “I thought-” he coughs again, his entire, small body shaking terribly. “I thought I heard… someone… calling for help.”

Kratos’s eyes narrow and he quickly looks around, checking for any nearby threats. Seeing and hearing none, he looks back to Atreus. “Even so, you know you not to wander on your own,” he growls and Atreus looks down at the ground in shame. “We are going home. Can you walk?”

Atreus sets his feet down on the ground, nearly falling over. He catches himself, though, and looks up as Kratos stands over him, making sure he can stand on his own. He may be angry with his son, but he's still heavily concerned for him.

Kratos starts back the way he had come, keeping his steps short and his speed slow so he can stay beside the boy and keep a better eye on him. Atreus is moving slowly and sluggishly, pausing occasionally to cough into his hand or elbow. They reach the deer and Kratos is surprised the carcass is still there. Though, he thinks it best to retrieve it later. They continue down the path, almost reaching their home when Atreus stops and coughs loudly, blood spraying from between his lips and Kratos quickly moves to his side, deciding that they needed to get into the warm confines of their cabin now.

He carefully picks Atreus up, ignoring the boy’s soft protest and hurrying the rest of the way. As soon as he steps inside their cabin, he shuts the door and sets Atreus down on his bed. The boy
flops down, head landing on the pillow with a thump.

Kratos then gathers wood and scrapes his knife against stone, sparks enveloping the wood into a fairly sized fire. He then looks to Atreus, unconsciously pulling the covers of his bed over the boy’s shoulder. He then places the palm of his hand on the boy’s forehead, frowning at how warm he is.

“How long did you feel bad,” he asks Atreus quietly. The boy’s eyes peek up and he coughs quietly, looking ashamed.

“Since… Mom left,” he replied breathlessly, voice scratchy and Kratos feels for the boy.

“Why did you not tell me?” he demands next, anger rising once more. Until the boy speaks again, anyway.

“Because… I didn't want to… bother you,” Atreus whispered, avoiding his father’s gaze after admitting this.

Kratos can feel the guilt overpowering his anger once more at the thought of Atreus suffering silently as to not disturb him. He draws in a breath through his nose, trying to find the right words to say. “Atreus,” he said the boy’s name softly, drawing the brilliant blue eyes back to him. “You could never bother me when it comes to your health. Understood?”

Atreus stares at him for a few moments before nodding slowly, brilliant blues wide. Kratos nods in return and then stands, looking towards the fire pit to contemplate what he is going to do next. While he wasn't hungry and wouldn't be for another few days, he knows he needs to feed the boy, even if his sickness does make him blissfully unaware of hunger pains for a time. But as he stands to leave, a small hand catches his, halting his movements. He looks back down at his son, struck with how young he truly is as he stares up at him, slight fear in his eyes.

“Don't leave me alone,” he pleads in a small voice. Kratos has forgotten how fearful the boy could get at the thought of being alone. He's never liked it much, and while Kratos can't understand it himself, he normally tries to keep the boy company best he can.

“Alright then,” Kratos said, dropping his voice lower. He crouches back down beside Atreus’s bed, letting the boy hold onto his much larger hand as his eyelids drift shut.
Kratos stays like that until nightfall. He sits down on his own bed, easing his hand from Atreus’s light grasp to lay down. He keeps his senses aware, just in case his son needs him at any point. But just as he's falling asleep himself, a slight weight beside him snaps his eyes open to find Atreus crawling into his father’s bed slowly and shakily. Kratos hasn't even noticed how badly the boy was shaking until his hot skin touched his own. He immediately and carefully scoops Atreus into his arms, noticing how out of it the boy actually was. He probably wasn't even awake currently.

Kratos holds the boy close, wrapping his arms around the small and frail body, pressing the boy's back to his chest.

At least he was good for warmth.

Chapter End Notes

Let me know what you think!
Topmost Branch

Chapter Summary

Atreus likes to climb trees

Chapter Notes

i forgot to post this really short one-shot when i was in the high of writing this(i'll probs be writing more since the novel came out) so here ya go.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Atreus grins as he reaches the top most branch of the tallest tree near his house, hanging both legs off either side of the branch. He looks down at his father- who was currently a tiny dot- and waves, a huge, stupid grin on his face.

“Look at how high I am, Father!” he calls, giggling as he turns upside down, his thin yet strong legs easily holding his weight. “You look so small!”

He's having a good time, hanging upside down, until the tree and the branch suddenly shake. He gasps and a moment later and his legs slip from the branch, causing him to fall ungracefully through the air. He lets out a shout, scrambling for the branches cause he's about to hit the ground and-

He lands in the large, waiting arms of his father who is looking down at his face with an amused look in his eyes. “Really, now?” Kratos asks and that hint of amusement is in his voice. “Because you appear to be the small one in my eyes.”

Atreus sticks his tongue out at his father. “Not fair,” he protests.

“Hold better to the branch next time,” his father instructs matter of factly. Atreus rolls his eyes.

Chapter End Notes

i said it was short

End Notes
Let me know what you think! Kudos and comments fuel me to write more!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!