No where left to run

by Wierdkid20

Summary

Set months after the event's of P.A.
The nations have decided to step forward about their existance and now along with their assistants deal with the fall out as past deeds and wrong doings are revealed.

Notes

Hey everyone! Welcome to the sequel to PA, if you haven’t read that first you might want to come back after you’ve read it. As always I'm looking forward to hearing your feedback and things you would like too see in the fic and if I make any mistakes regard to history, characterization, British culture, grammar or basic political science, Let me know! I'm not an expert of any sort and really need all the help I can get.

Just as a heads up, the chapters will be shorter this go around (about 1000 words a peice) but I am shooting for slightly more frequent updates.
Chapter 1

In the depths of Westminster Arthur Kirkland straightened his tie. The front office was still empty. Abigail would start again next week after being off for almost two months. Which was good, he was beginning to miss the company. Most of all though, with what was coming today he needed any support he could get. He loosened his tie again, then untied the thing completely.

The whole world was on the edge of their seats, whether their timezone was traditionally awake at this point or not. Even Greece was up. Most of them were logged into a chat client Estonia had rigged up earlier that day, the usual amount of ranting and arguing going on in a failed effort to keep things normal. Even Frances normal barbs towards him were half hearted.

* * * *

Part of Abigail was thankful for the time off. Of course Thomas wasn’t thrilled about being stuck on the couch almost the whole time and both of them were starting to drive each other crazy, but after the events of the last few months, it was nice to relax.

The other part of Abigail though, the one who had spent the months previous assisting the centuries old nation whose existence was about to become public. That part was freaking out.

Yes Arthur had promised that she would have a job when she came back. He had also promised that he would do his best to keep her identity private for as long as possible. But still, This was big. So big infact that Thomas and her had been sitting on the couch, glued to the television since the news had begun.

“And now we go live to United Nations Headquarters for a special announcement.”

“It’s starting!” Thomas cried, sitting up straight and hitting Abigail's leg like she wasn’t watching the tv. Her leg hurt now, but she smiled anyway. Thomas had been speaking regularly since he got out of the hospital and she had missed his voice so much.
The scene transitioned to a man standing at a podium. Abigail recognized him vaguely, or rather she recognized the name scrolling across the bottom of the screen, Johannes Brunner, the current head of personification affairs. Eleanor, America’s assistant, had mentioned him briefly in her email’s. Standing behind him she saw two familiar faces, one with a wry grin and the other looking sternly ahead. America and Germany

“Good day everyone, My name is Johannes Brunner,” He said in accented english, “I am here to inform you of a worldwide organization dedicated to the protection and care of Anthropomorphic Personifications of National groups and political states.” There was hushed murmuring from the room, Johannes waited for them to quiet. America waved. “These persons have lived among us in private for many years, with few knowing of their existence. I implore not just you representatives but all citizens of all nations for your support in their transition to the public.”

Thomas turned to Abigail.

“Do you think Mr. Kirkland will need extra help? I am free after school most days.” He said. Abigail smiled, chuckling very slightly under her breath.

“I think we’ll need all the help we can get.”

* * * * *

A small contingent of people sat in a dark room, staring at the television, at the very speech that would be taking the world by storm. One of their members smirked.

Did the nations think that coming clean after all these centuries would truly stop those that wished to reveal the truth?

The chairman of the Revealers felt the eyes of his brotherhood upon him as he watched the incompetent Brunner discuss the various nations, from those newly established to those that were remnants of ancient empires.

“They have nothing to hide behind.” He said, his voice projecting across the empty space, the others nodded.

“The public will soon lose any fondness towards them.” One of the others said. The chairman nodded.

“And then we will remind them of their past crimes, and why they stayed hidden for all these years.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it guys! Let me know in comments!
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

So this took entirely too long to write. But it's done now! I'm trying to work on solidifying some kind of update schedule so bear with me.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Somehow they always ended up in a conference room. Was this what their life had become? From armor and finery, on the fields of battle and in closely guarded war rooms, to suits and a conference room off the beaten path?

Well, at least the food was better. England sipped his tea, trying to ignore his jangled nerves and America’s forced optimism. It had been his idea in the first place to go public and there was no doubt it his mind that a majority of the nations were blaming him for the public’s reactions. Humanity as a whole had reacted quite well to the news that conditionally immortal beings had walked among them for centuries. Or well, there had at least not been any rioting in the streets. Yet.

Internally though all nations could feel the conflict. There were those calling them false gods or demons. Some still believed it was all a big hoax, a governmental grab for increased security or more funding. Millions of people had taken to the internet to shout their opinion as loud as they could, blaming them for all the atrocities that had been committed in their name. England knew that many of the older countries hadn’t even bothered to connect their phones to the buildings WiFi, and those that had, kept scrolling through various feeds, sometimes smiling, sometimes not.

And yet there were still those that, even though they hadn’t known about the personifications existence for more than half a day, were already stepping to their defense.

And because of that England really didn’t know what to think.

There was a soft knock on the door that seemed to pierce through the relatively quiet room and a young man opened it. He wasn’t one of their assistants, the nations in general were trying to keep the identities of their assistants confidential.

“Uh, We are ready for you.” He said.

“Takk Eirik” Norway said rising from his seat. The young man looked like he might faint, Denmark snickered from his seat. Germany rolled his eyes, giving a stern glance to the two Nordic nations

“We will be there shortly, thank you.”

There was a slow trickle out of the room and through the hallway towards the assembly room. England could see reporters throughout the complex, and when he saw them, they saw the nations. There was a flurry of flashes and hurried questions to which a majority of the nation’s ignored, though there were a few choice hand gestures thrown towards the media.

Once they reached the Assembly room they broke off, sliding behind marked plaques as security began to allow media in from an opposite door.

The tension in the room was so thick England could almost feel Brunner cut his way through it on
the way to the middle of their semi circle.

“Thank you all for being here,” He said “We will begin taking questions now.”

* * * * *

Abigail was actually surprised to be able to reach her office with limited issues, she was expecting walls of press and security but any of that didn’t extend very deep into Westminster’s halls. What she wasn’t expecting though was for the office to have other people in it. She stepped into the room, unnoticed due to all the shouting. Well mostly unnoticed, One of England brothers, Jim, waved from the corner closest to the door. From what Abigail could remember Jim was Northern Ireland, the youngest of the family after England. Else where in the room was Rhys, Wales, who was watching the shouting match like a particularly gleeful referee. Then there was her boss of course, looking particularly hungover and shouting at Fiona, Ireland, about... something, in what might have been Old English. All the while Scott, Scotland, looked on with mild amusement, occasionally reaching forward to push his two siblings apart when they go close enough to start hitting each other.

Abigail inched towards Jim, “What’s going on?” She asked softly.

“Seen the news yet today?”

“No, been avoiding it”

“Well, after their big press conference, These two,” Jim gestured at Ireland and England, “Decided it would be a good idea to go out and get pissed with a few of the others”

“Oh no.” Abigail said. Jim chuckled.

“They’re now banned from their sixth pub, which wouldn’t normally be a problem if it wasn’t for-”

“If it wasn’t for the fact that they just announced their existence to the media”

“Yup” Jim said, leaning against the wall, fiddling with a cigarette. Abigail sighed and turned towards the fight.

At this point Scotland had noticed her and smirked before smacking his siblings heads together.

“Alright you two that’s enough” He said.

“Sonofa-”

“Ow what the f-”

Scott nodded towards Abigail and Jim.

“Oh.” Arthur straightened his tie and sunglasses. “Welcome back Miss Clarke.” Abigail chuckled and nodded.

“Good to be back, How’s Patrick, Ireland?” Abigail asked. Ireland cracked a smile.

“Oh he’s fine, at home with the grand kids most of this week.”

“Good, Good,” She said. There was a tense moment, England stared at his siblings pointedly.

“Got something to say brat?” Wales said smirking.
“Just waiting for you all to get the hell out of my office.”

Chapter End Notes

Well that could have gone better probably. Let me know what you think!
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

This took a ridiculously long time. I am so sorry, life has been kind of crazy, But hopefully it'll even out now. Thanks Everyone for your reviews and I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"So how bad could it really have been?" Abigail asked

"The press conference or the bar fight?" Arthur asked rubbing his face behind the sunglasses.

"Well I think I can figure out how bad the fight was so the press conference."

"You haven't watched it yet."

"I recorded it last night."

"Ah well, not well" England said. There was a chime from her phone and abigail reflexively checked it, giving arthur a chance to escape. She sighed. It was from Eleanor -Check your email- Abigail frowned slightly, but opened up the email client on her computer.

"So? How did it go?" Abigail called back into his office, she knew he wasn't busy, though by all rights he probably should be. There was silence, Abigail opened up Eleanor's email. It was full of article links, their titles above each blue link in italics.

"They asked if we got a vote, or the chance to veto laws" England said sighing

"You don't," Abigail said scrolling through the list of articles.

"Precisely, so I gave them the standard answer" he said "That the worst most of us can do is lose our sign off a few times." Abigail read one of the titles,

Personifications Delay legislative progress

"Oh."

"Precisely, then of course the frog had to chime in with 'Our "vetos" tend to be louder and a bit erm.. How you say bloodier'"

"That's not what he sounds like." Abigail said, reading,

Nations incite revolution, uprising, and civil unrest.

"I've listened to him for hundreds of years and can tell you that's exactly what he sounds like." Abigail sighed. "Alright. That's not too bad, what next?" England sighed.

"One of them asked if we voted in our own political elections. Which the brat took, he said it was
like "picking which brain lobe you like more"

* Politicians the "brain" of the nations,

* Nations un involved and un interested in political campaigns

"And then of course they asked why we came forward in the first place, and the Kraut of course put it as neutrally as possible, 'One of our personal assistants was attacked a few months back by an organization we believed to be a substantial threat against our secrecy, therefore we decided it would be best to come clean as it were.'"

"You mock France but not Germany" Abigail said reading, several titles

* Nations endanger citizens lives.

* Nations DO negotiate with terrorists.

Others have known about them for years, why didn't we?

"You sound so surprised." He said, Arthur was now standing in the doorway between their offices.

"Well," Abigail said, not bothering to click on any of the links. "At least the next one will go better."

"In that it won't happen?" he said. Abigail, turned to him.

"Wasn't this your idea in the first place?" she asked cocking an eyebrow, Arthur fidgeted slightly with the buttons on his suit jacket.

"I just brought it up." He said pursing his lips and looking at the ground.

"Uh huh. Well I'm sure that'll go over with the PM great." Abigail said scrolling through the backlog of her email, there was months of gossip and stories to catch up on.

"He'll be fine. How's Thomas?" Arthur asked a hint of worry in his voice.

"Oh fine, he wanted to come in with me today, something about helping with you public relations." Abigail asked. Arthur snorted,

"Someone has to do the job."

* * * * *

By the time it was time to get Arthur a cup of tea the reporters outside had been dispersed, the break room however was packed. Abigail ignored the chatter, most of it revolving around the fact that the grumpy little man who worked in the back of the building and bought the good tea, was also the ancient embodiment of their country. Old news in her book.

"He must be interesting to work with." A voice said. Abigail didn't register that it was talking to her until she looked up and saw a man looking at her with a wry grin. He couldn't be any older than her, brown hair, brown eyes, freckles.

"Who?" Abigail asked.

"Your boss." He said "Aren't you the one that works for the tea guy?"

There was no way Abigail was going to fall for this, Some guy comes up and starts talking to her
about a boss she never mentioned days after they've gone public. The chance that this was a trap by either the Revealers or by the press was through the roof. How did he think anyone would fall for it?

Abigail left without another word, he didn’t follow. Back in their office England was yelling at someone over the phone. Abigail set the cup on his desk. He paused in his yelling to nod at her.

Life was still normal.

Chapter End Notes

So! We’re getting to the part of the story where we get to start asking nations awkward questions! And because I’m from the old school realm of fanfiction I’ll go a head and ask you guys to submit some questions, Not anything wild and crazy just some things that you think the general public would like to know. Let me know if you liked it and the next chapter should be up soon!
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

You know what's completely underrated? Regular update schedules. So sorry about the delay I'm working on it now. In the meantime enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

When Abigail came in the next morning Arthur was already there. This wasn’t unusual, he usually was there before she was. He was also asleep. Still not unusual, Abigail’s boss wasn’t known for taking naps but it did happen (The current nap holder was of course, Northern Italy, followed by Southern Italy and Spain). His tie was the same as yesterday’s though, and that was almost unheard of.

“Arthur.” She said. The man didn’t stir and so Abigail left him be. She logged into her email out of habit and saw that, per usual, there was quite a bit of chatter from the various assistants. It used to be mostly gossip about their bosses or recipe swapping. Nowadays though there were always plenty of news clippings to accompany their idle chats. Today there were a few highlights. Spain was going on a talk show in about a week and his assistant Jorge was running himself ragged trying to make sure that his boss didn’t do anything stupid in the meantime. America was apparently trying to convince a few of the other nations he was close to, including England of course, to do some kind of Panel at a convention. And at the top of all of it was an email from Patrick, Ireland’s P.A., about Arthur’s house being broken into. Again. This time though instead it was by paparazzi instead of terrorists.

Abigail supposed that she was lucky that she didn’t have to pick him up from the hospital this time. She rolled her chair back towards the nations office and saw him still snoring away. He’d probably want tea when he woke up, she decided, going to get it.

By the time she got back the door was closed, there was the sound of clothes shuffling in Arthur’s office. Abigail knocked.

“I have your tea.”

“Thank god.” Arthur said through the door, one of his many accents was leaking through, he must have been too tired to bother with his radio announcer voice. The door swung open, England had changed his shirt and tie but not bothered with putting his jacket back on.

“I heard you had a bit of a rough night.” Abigail said handing him the still hot cuppa. England sighed.

“Yeah, speaking of that I need you to do a few things for me.”


“I hate to be a burden but yes, I need movers mostly, the flat will do for now.” He pursed his lips “Apparently it’s considered the safest, though let’s be honest if they really wanted me safe I’d be at Buckingham.” he said. Abigail could almost feel the Nations hurt. She knew that he’d been in that
townhouse since the Great War. She’d seen his garden.

Abigail hesitantly reached for him and patted his arm.

“I’m sorry.” She said. “I’ll make sure everything is taken care of.” Arthur didn’t pull away immediately, he nodded at her words then stepped back into his office, leaving only the slightest crack in his door. Abigail sat back down at her chair and went to work.

* * * *

“Are you sure you are alright lapin?” Francis worried voice asked over Arthur’s phone. The English nation didn’t respond, he was trying to avoid dwelling on having to move, after all he had wanted to be closer Westminster. It was easier to bury himself into parliamentarily proposals and trade approvals than it was to wonder if that damn table would actually fit in the flat. Along with how he was going to get Liz into the carrier without getting his arms scratched to kingdom come.

“Of course I’m fine you idiot.” Arthur grumbled into the receiver “It’s just a house, I have moved before you know.”

“Yes yes.” Francis said flippantly “but you ‘ave been there for several decades.”

“Yeah and several decades too long.” He said putting down his pen. He knew it was going to be futile to try to concentrate on this. “M-15 has been wanting me out of that house for the last thirty years, they just happen to have a convenient excuse this time.” England allowed a bitter smile to form across his face. “Now what do you actually want?”

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“No sooner had he hung up the phone did “O’ Canada” start to play. England sighed and answered.

“Hello Matthew.”

“Hello Dad.” Matthew said, His voice was soft but Arthur could still hear him clearly.

“Your calling because of your brother aren’t you?”

“Well..” Canada said awkwardly. “Eh, you could say that. Him and your PM.”

“Goddamnit” England grumbled. If his boss had been brought into it then there was very little he could do to get out of it.

“He said you were blocking his calls.”

“That’s normal.”
“I know.” Matthew said. Part of Arthur was still after all these years, astounded that Matthew could be so much more tactful than his brother. America would have, and had, spammed his email’s with pleas and insistence until he had given in.

“But he want’s me to do the ridiculous panel anyway.”

“Yeah, Al said, and I’ve checked, the place is pretty small, and he said that their going to keep all the questions pretty light.”

England didn’t respond for a bit. He knew what his boss’s thought on the publicity he should be doing was.

“Dad?” Matthew asked, probably worried that he had hung up on him... again. England sighed.

“I’ll think about it.”

Chapter End Notes

Alright guys! now you kind of see where the question thing is going. So this will be the last chapter for a while that I'll take question suggestions, from both sites too! So thank you for reading and stay tuned for some hopefully mildly awkward questions!

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