It was a normal day at school. Boring classes, lots of homework, listening to 'Hamilton' between classes, meeting up with your best friend after school... it was all normal until you fell and suddenly found that you weren't at school anymore. Stuck in the past, armed only with your knowledge of history and the 'Hamilton' soundtrack on your phone, you try to figure out what happened and why you are suddenly in the late 1700's. But accidentally joining the revolution after meeting Alexander Hamilton himself may complicate things a bit....

[DISCONTINUED FOR LAZINESS REASONS]

(A/N This is my first 'Hamilton' fanfiction, so please don't judge too harshly if you give this
a try. Also, I'm sorry, but I'm not really going for completely-historically-accurate, so please
don't hate on me for that, I kinda want to just stick with the order of events that the musical
itself goes in so things aren't as complicated. Written from a female perspective because...
plot complications!)

Previously titled 'Hamilton' (wow I'm so creative, right?) A big thanks to guest HamFan for
the awesome title idea!

Notes

I've read so much fabulous Hamilton fanfiction lately, I had to try it for myself ;)

So, person who stumbled onto my Hamiltrash, this is a fanfiction for you.

Yes, you. The person sitting right there, reading these words on your phone, tablet, or
computer. The one who's reading this because you're bored, and you figure, "What the hay,
might as well." The one who probably loves Hamilton more than I do, knows every frickin'
word in the songs, loves Lin, and is obsessed with old dead guys (because why else would
you be reading this?). Yeah, this one's for you. Because you're gonna be the main character.

But this isn't a "you're this founding father's daughter" or "you want to be your own woman
so you go join the revolution" (Y/N) story. When I say "you're gonna be the main
character," I mean it. You, the Hamilton-obsessed-human-being-living-in-2017, are going
to be the main character.

Are you ready for this?

I'm not. I swear this sounded like a good idea in my head. But I'm bored, so.... hopefully it
comes out right....

See the end of the work for more notes.
Pardon Me...

(Y/N)! (Y/N) wait up!"

You smile as you hear your best friend calling your name and turn around to wait for them to catch up to you. Tugging one earphone out and turning down the volume so that 'Alexander Hamilton" is quietly playing in the background, you and your friend begin walking together toward the front of your school. "Man, PE sucked today! What a way to end the day!" they say, and you nod wearily.

"I know, right? Coach was on one today! I don't think it was necessary to run an extra 5 laps just for laughing," you complain, pushing your sweaty hair out of your face. Finally just giving up, you pull your (H/C) hair back into the ponytail you had it in during PE.

"Seriously," they agree. After a moment of silence, they look over again and notice that you're listening to music. "Whatcha listening to?"

"Hamilton," you reply simply. "What's your name man?" you mouth along to the music. "Alexander Hamilton," you mouth, looking dramatically to the right at nothing in particular. "My name is Alexander Hamilton. And there's a million things I haven't done, but just you wait, just you wait."

They groan. "You dork. That weird history musical that you won't stop talking about? I don't get it, what's so cool about dead guys that lived 100 years ago?"

Rolling your eyes, you playfully shove them. "Hey, Alexander Hamilton-" you start defensively.

"Okay, okay (Y/N), you don't need to try to convince me to join your Hamilcult again," they say exasperatedly, shoving you back. But they push you a bit harder than you expected, and losing your balance, you fall to the floor. Hitting the concrete hard and scraping your knee, you groan and mutter your friend's name exasperatedly.

Pushing your hair out of your face again, you see someone walk past you. Well, you see their feet, anyway, you still being on the floor. "Huh... weird shoes," you say distractedly, still a bit dazed from the fall.

Suddenly, a voice shouts over the talking voices around you. "Pardon me!" Another pair of feet run past you, and finally getting up, you see a man run after the person who passed you earlier. "Pardon me, are you Aaron Burr, sir?"

You pause from dusting off your gym clothes and look up sharply, recognizing those familiar words. Looking at your phone, you see that "Alexander Hamilton" is still playing, not "Aaron Burr, Sir." But if it wasn't your music.... Pulling out your headphones and shoving them and your phone into your backpack, you mutter "What?"

"....depends, who's asking?" you manage to catch over the crowd's noise, trying to hear that specific conversation over the dozens of others blurring into one another.

"Oh, sure, sir," one of the voices says, sounding slightly out of breath. Managing to weave through the crowd and find the two men, you get close enough just in time to catch, "...Alexander Hamilton, I'm at your service, sir. I have been looking for you...."

"I'm getting nervous," the other man responds, sounding slightly amused.
"Why are there people doing a reenaction of Hamilton at my school," you wonder briefly, before you realize that you aren't at your school. The familiar school buildings that surrounded you a minute earlier were gone now, replaced by a street of buildings. People continue to walk around you as you stare bewildered at the buildings, giving you and your clothes strange glances before moving on. "Where am I?" you whisper under your breath, backing up slightly. Suddenly, someone bumps into you and knocks you to the floor for the second time today.

"My apologies, are you okay?" a smooth voice asks in concern as you stand up.

You nod. "I'm fine. And no worries, it was my fault. I should have been watching where I was going," you say distractedly, still in shock about everything and what you thought might be going on.

"No, really, it was my fault," the man insists, and you take a moment to take in his features. His golden brown eyes are still crinkled in slight concern, a spray of freckles dot his face, and his dark hair is pulled up in a ponytail. Something nags at the back of your mind, but you push it away as the man continues to talk. "I really am sorry. May I buy you a drink in apology, young man? I'm heading to get one with my friends anyway, and I'm sure they wouldn't mind if you joined us as well."

Still in a daze, you nod. "That would be nice," you reply, and you follow the man down the street. Suddenly, you realize what he said. "Young man?" You stop in the street, and the man looks back at you, confused.

"Are you alright?" he asks.

You realize how weird you must have looked and blush slightly, quickly beginning to walk again. "Sorry, I just... remembered something." Why would he think you're a man? I mean, you may not have the biggest chest ever, you slept late and didn't put makeup on today, and you're still wearing a baggy t-shirt and sports bra you wore for PE, but you couldn't be mistaken for a man, right? And girls have always worn ponytails, that wasn't selectively a male hairstyle ever, right?

The man nods understandingly as he pushes open the door to a building. Pushing the confusion out of your mind, you follow the man into the building. "Actually, I'm a gi-...." you cut immediately, wrinkling your nose at the strong scent of alcohol. As your eyes adjust from the bright sunlight to the comparatively dimmer indoor light, you hear a drunk male voice shout, "Laurens, you finally made it!"

"Laurens?" you say in surprise, shaking yourself out of the daze you were in and finally thinking clearly.

The man smiles back at you. "Oh, my apologies, I forgot to introduce myself! I'm John Laurens."
Chapter Summary

After getting over the fact that John Laurens is buying you a drink, you get to meet his friends at the bar! But who walks in? None other than Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton! And... you may have accidentally joined the war despite not knowing how to fight.

Chapter Notes

So.... people actually read my stuff. PEOPLE ACTUALLY READ MY STUFF!!!!! Thank you guys so so so so so much, this made my day!!! Love you all!!! <3 Also, someone asked earlier if the character's appearances match their historical counterparts. I'm basing their looks off of the Hamilton cast because.... just because. :D

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"L-L-Laurens..." you stutter.

He gives you a strange look. "Is something wrong?"

Quickly shaking your head, you follow him as he waves you back to a table with two other men sitting at it. "I thought you had abandoned us, mon ami!" the man sitting to John's left says in a thick French accent. He's very handsome with his deep eyes and his fluffy black hair, which is pulled back into a bun, complimenting his dark skin.

"Why, Lafayette, why would you say such a thing?" John says dramatically, putting a hand over his heart in mock hurt. "I would never abandon my favorite fighting French friend!"

"What took you so long?" the man sitting next to Lafayette asked.

"My apologies, Hercules, I had to stop somewhere and then I accidentally ran into..." he trails off, and looks at you curiously. "Oh, I never asked your name."

You blurt out a nickname for yourself, one that could be interpreted as a boy's name, and your last name. Figuring that women had less freedom and such in this time period, you decide just to stick with the whole "you're a guy" thing, even though a part of your brain still says that it's all just a dream and it doesn't matter what you do.

"I ran into (Y/N) in the street," John continues. "I accidentally knocked him over, and in apology, I offered to buy him a drink!" He sits down next to Hercules, then gestures at the empty seat next to Lafayette.

"His voice is kinda high for-" John cut off Hercules by elbowing him. "Ow!" he complained as John glared at him.
"Don't be rude!" he hisses.

Shaking his head slightly, Hercules takes a swig from his mug, then introduces himself. "Hercules Mulligan. Nice to meet you, (Y/N)."

"Oui, et je m'appelle Marie-Joseph Paul Yves Roch Gilbert du Motier de La Fayette," Lafayette says with a broad smile.

"Oh, um.... can I just call you Lafayette like John did instead of your full name?" you ask sheeplishly.

He laughs. "Oui, most people do. I have a... how you say? A very...." He frowns, and his brow furrows in concentration. "Ah, complicated name!" he exclaims.

You smile slightly and nod in agreement. Opening your mouth to say something else, you stop as the door to the bar opens, sunlight cutting through the dim room. You see two figures silhouetted in the light before they step inside and the door closes behind him. John smirks as he appears to recognize one of the men.

"What time is it?" he calls out, and Lafayette and Hercules chant back, "Show time, show time!" in a joking tone. As they venture further into the bar, you see the two men who you had seen when this whole mess started walking up to your table.

"Hamilton and Burr...." you breathe out in realization. The man you assume is Burr sighs and gestures exasperatedly at the men sitting next to you. "Like I said...."

"Who are you?" Hamilton asks curiously.

"I'm John Laurens in the place to be," John begins. You stare in disbelief at the freckled man as he continues. "I got two pints of Sam Adams but I'm working on three. Those redcoats don't want it with me, 'cuz I will pop-chick-a-pop these cops 'til I'm free."

No. No way in actual history were these people actually quoting 'Aaron Burr, Sir.'

Lafayette takes a sip from his mug, then clears his throat. Before he even says a word, you know what he is going to say. "Oui oui, mon ami, je m'appelle Lafayette. I'm the Lancelot of the Revolutionary set," he begins. Looking down at the table, you mouth the next words along with him. "I came from afar just to say 'Bonsoir' and tell the King 'Casse toi' because who's the best?" You look back up to see him gesture at himself. "C'est moi."

"Un peu arrogant, n'est-ce pas?" Alexander says with a smirk.

Lafayette gasps and stands up. "Oh mes biscuits aux pépites de chocolat, vous parlez ma belle langue?" Alexander nods, and Lafayette grins.

You roll your eyes, but you still crack a smile as Hercules leans back in his chair and casually takes another swig of his drink. Wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, he bangs the mug back onto the table. "I get it, the Frenchie is overjoyed that he found someone else that speaks his language, but can we move on with the introductions?" You briefly think "But I thought he needs no introduction,' and mentally high five yourself as he begins. "Brraaah, brraaah I am Hercules Mulligan. Up in it, lovin' it, yes I heard ya mother said come again."

John and Lafayette both "Ayyyyyy," in the background when he says this.

Hercules laughs. "Lock up ya daughters and horses, of course. Y'know, it's hard to have intercourse
"over four sets of corsets," he continues with a smirk.

"Wow," you and Lafayette both say at the same time. When he looks at you curiously, you blush slightly and look away.

John nudges Hercules and cuts in again. "Yeah, no more sex, pour me another brew, son. Now, let's raise a couple more to the revolution!" Him, Lafayette, and Hercules all raise their mugs in the air, and then drink them.

Setting his drink down, John turns back to look at Burr with a smirk. "And, if it ain't the prodigy of Princeton college."

"Aaron Burr!" Hercules says with a chuckle.

"Give us a verse, drop some knowledge!" John finishes.

Burr chuckles, then grabs John's drink and takes a swig before slamming it down on the table while Lafayette and Hercules laugh in the background. "Uh huh, good luck with that, you're takin' a stand. You spit, I'm 'a sit, we'll see where we land-"

The men cut Burr off with booing.

"Burr, the revolution's imminent, what do you stall for?" says John.

Finally, Alexander speaks up. "Burr, they're right. If you stand for nothing, what'll you fall for?"

There's a moment of silence, then Lafayette, Hercules, and John all laugh and stand up. John walks over to Alexander, still chuckling. "Who are you?"

"Who are you?" Hercules says with a smile.

"Who are you?" Lafayette joins in.

With a smirk at Burr, John says, "The kid's got a point. Now, who is this kid, and what's he gonna do?" he says in a teasing tone to Alexander.

Alexander simply orders a drink at sits down at the table. "My name is Alexander Hamilton. There may be a million things I haven't done, but just you wait. I'm willing to fight for this country, and I'm not throwing away my shot at freedom by stalling... like some," he says with a pointed glance at Burr.

Hercules laughs. "I like this kid!" They all sit back down, then Hercules exasperatedly adds, "Burr, pull up a chair. You brought Hamilton here, you might as well join us."

Alexander begins rambling on about he's not going to throw away his shot at anything, talking about going to King's College, and his viewpoint on Britain ruling over us. "Essentially, they tax us relentlessly, and then King George turns around and spends it all on extravagances for himself!" he says angrily before downing his drink.

"Awww mon petit lion is so adorable when he's passionate about something," Lafayette says teasingly.

"I'm serious, Laf!" Alexander says earnestly. "This is a serious problem!"

"You know, I dream of life without the monarchy," Lafayette says distractedly. "This unrest in France will lead to amarchy.... amarchy.... how you say?" He pauses, then his eyes light up. "Oh,
"anarchy!" You laugh quietly.

"I dream of a better life," Hercules adds. "I'm joining the Rebellion because I know it's my chance to socially advance, instead of just sewing some pants, y'know?"

"And, you know, we'll never be truly free until those in bondage have the same rights as you and me! I want to sally in on a stallion with the first black battalion!" John adds.

Burr silences them all with a wave of his hand. "Geniuses, lower your voices! You all have such ambitious goals, you need to keep out of trouble if you want to have any chances with anything. You can't just talk about topics like rebelling against the King in public!"

As if just to annoy Burr, Alexander makes a show of standing up and saying loudly, "But why shouldn't we rebel? I mean, Burr, check what we got, Monsieur Lafayette, hard rock like Lancelot."

He gestures at Lafayette the Frenchman jokingly flexes. "Oui, Alex is correct. Who needs muskets when you've got these guns?"

Stifling a laugh, you watch as Alexander moves onto Hercules. "And, I mean, just look at Herc! Nobody's going to want to fight him. I mean, even I was intimidated by him at first glance. Then I figured out that he was a tailor... those pants look hot, by the way. Did you make those?"

Hercules nods. "I did, in fact." Standing up, he rests one foot on his chair to show off his pants. "And they do look great, don't they?" Lafayette whistles loudly, and I see all three men trying not to laugh. "Forget Lafayette's guns, I'm just going to out-fab the Brits with my pants." Burr buries his face in his hands.

"And Laurens, I like you a lot." Alexander says. "You're a friendly person, and enjoyable to be around, which automatically makes you a valued member of the revolutionaries!" Turning back to Burr, he grins. "I honestly think we could win this war, Burr!" he says loudly.

Finally fed up with his constant jabbering, a man turned around from another table and told Alex to shut up (in a much more crude way). "Oh, am I talking too loud? Someone's I get over-exited, shoot off at the mouth... I've never had a group of friends before, but I promise, I'll do my best to make you all proud!"

"Alexander, what did I say before we came in here?" Burr groans, face still in his hands.

"Uh... smile more?"

"Talk. Less."

He dismisses Burr with a hand. "You worry too much." Looking around the table, his eyes finally land on you. "Wait a second... you never introduced yourself, what's your name?" he asks. You decide to stick with the boyish nickname for yourself. "Well, it's nice to meet you, (Y/N)," he responds. "What brings you to New York City?"

"Uh, well, um, the Revolution and all..." you mutter, not really sure what to say. "Wait, how did you know I'm not from here?"

"Ah, you're here to fight for the Revolution as well!" Hamilton exclaims. "And I just assumed that you weren't from here, since you are you wearing such peculiar apparel."

"Well, I'm actually not here to fight- Wait, what? My clothes?" Everyone stops what they were doing to examine your clothes, and you suddenly realize that your plain grey t-shirt, black leggings,
black running shoes, and blue backpack don't exactly cut it for the style of this century.

"Yes, I wondered about that, but I didn't want to possibly offend," John adds.

"Where in the world could possibly have a style of clothes like that?" Burr asks, sounding slightly confused.

"Oh, I.... um...." you quickly try to think up something. "Well, I'm not from here, no. But I don't exactly, um, have a home at the moment, let alone a wardrobe, and my parents aren't.... here, so forgive me for my strange choice in clothing... it's kinda all I've got...." you end awkwardly, then internally face palm as you realize how stupid-sounding your response was.

"Oh, I didn't realize," Alexander says quickly. "If you need a place to stay, I have some room! I even have some extra clothes, though they might be a little big on you. The place I'm staying at is only temporary, but since you're joining the Revolution as well, then we can just head out together!"

"Well, I'm not-"

"You really wouldn't be a bother," Alexander continues. "I... I understand what it's like, and I'm more than willing to help you out!"

You sigh, then nod. "Thank you, Alexander, that's very kind of you."

Suddenly, you realize that you pretty much just joined the Revolution. Slowly beginning realize what this means, you begin to feel sick as the men continue talking and drinking around you. "This is just a dream, this is just a dream, this is just a dream," you think frantically. But, as you continue to repeat that, your thoughts slowly change to, "This is not a dream, this is not a dream, this is not a dream."

"What did I just get myself into?" you mutter to yourself as Alexander calls for another round of drinks. Shaking your head slightly, you realize that there isn't much you can do about it. This is a chance of a lifetime, technically speaking. Just earlier this week you were complaining about how you would never be able to see 'Hamilton,' and now, here you were, living it. "I'm not throwing away my shot at this."

Chapter End Notes

So.... did I do good-ish? Okay? Please comment suggestions, what you liked, what you hated, what I need to change, anything! I am open to all help! Thank you!!
Chapter Summary

Just a lil' filler chapter in which you teach a drunk Laurens a new song. :D

Chapter Notes

Thank you all SO MUCH for your guy's comments!!! You all are so kind <3 Anyway, here's another small chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"I may not live to see our glory," Alexander says, taking a swig of his drink. You had been here for a while now, a couple of hours or so, and everyone besides yourself had been getting steadily more drunk. Continuing on, Alexander says, "But, that won't keep me from gladly joining the fight. And, when our children tell our story...." he looks around at everyone at the table and smiles. "They'll tell the story of tonight!"

"Let's have another round tonight," Hercules proclaims, slamming his mug down on the table.

"Let's have another round tonight," Lafayette agrees in his thick French accent.

"Yes, let's have another round tonight!" Alexander says, raising his drink into the air. Everyone whoops as they raise their drinks in unison, then begin to drink.

Absentmindedly, you begin to sing under your breath as the men laugh and joke loudly. "Raise a glass to freedom, something they can never take away, no matter what they tell you..."

John stops joking with the others and turns to look at you. "Wait, (Y/N), what was that you were singing?" he says in a slightly slurred voice.

You shake your head quickly. "Oh, it was nothing, sorry!"

"No, really! It sounded really good. What was it...." He raised his drink into the air, and his brow furrows in concentration. "Raise a glass to freedom," he sang. "Something...." he looks back at you. "What was it again?"

You sigh. There was no point in not telling him, you figure. "Something they can never take away," you sing softly. Alexander and Lafayette quiet down and turn curiously towards you and John.

"No matter what they tell you...." You trail off uncomfortably as the men focus their attention on you.

"Let's have another round," Laurens sings, backing you up.

"Raise a glass to the five of us," you sing. "Tomorrow there'll be more of us! Telling the story of
tonight...

"They'll tell the story of tonight," Lafayette and Alexander sing, catching on. Everyone looks at each other, and then Laurens smiles. "That was.... amazing! How did you come up with that?" he asks, turning towards you. You shrug as he goes back into it. "Raise a glass to freedom!"

"Something they can never take away!" Lafayette and Alexander join in again. Leaning back in your chair, you smile contently as you watch the men. What was the point of worrying about the war, or how to get home? You could do that later. Deciding just to enjoy the moment, you take a drink, then join in on the last line.

"They'll tell the story of tonight."

Chapter End Notes

Idk I just wanted them to sing this somehow, and this happened...
The Schuyler Sisters

Chapter Summary

After waking up the next day, you all take a walk through the city. And, y’know, there's nothing like summer in the city. Especially when someone in a rush meets someone looking pretty. Basically, Burr gets burr-ned by Angelica. He's so reliable with the ladies XD

Chapter Notes

So many people have commented on this!!! (Okay... like... 10 people.... BUT THAT'S STILL A LOT TO ME GUYS!!) Just, thank you all so much for trying this out and making me feel so fluffy with your compliments and stuff, you all are just the best!! <3 Also, I'm aware that this probably isn't how Burr and Angelica met up in 'The Schuyler Sisters' song, but I didn't know exactly how to transition, and Alex needs to be present for the next chapter, so he ended up being there even though he wasn't supposed to.... I'm very sorry, making this all work is a bit harder than I thought....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Something brushes against your nose softly, waking you up. Warm sunlight falls on your face, and you squeeze your eyes shut even more in hope of blocking it out. When that fails, you turn over so the sunlight isn't shining right into your eyes, snuggling back into your pillow. Something tickles your nose again, making you sneeze, and you slowly open your eyes to see what it was.

You jerk up suddenly as you realize that you aren't in your bedroom, then the events of yesterday slowly come back to you. You groan, rubbing your throbbing temples with one hand as you close your eyes. This definitely wasn't a dream, then. Trying to remember what happened the night before, you remember that somehow, you all managed to get to Alex's place. But then you must have fallen asleep, because you have no recollection of what happened after that.

Looking around the small room groggily, you see John's figure slumped against the head of the bed, Alex using his legs as a pillow. You smile slightly and mouth 'Lams' before looking around for everyone else. The figure snoring in the bed appeared to be Burr, and it looked like Mulligan was curled up with a pillow next to the bed, but where was Lafayette?

You feel your pillow shift under you, and you look down to see Lafayette's sleeping face, his hair free from his bun and in a messy cloud around his face. You blush as you realize that you had been using his chest as a pillow, his hair having tickled your nose and waking you up. His eyelids flutter, and you watch as he slowly opens his eyes and looks up at you, disorientated. "Où suis-je," he mutters, looking to the side at the room. His eyes finally return to you with a puzzled expression. "Qu'est-il arrivé? J'ai mal à la tête...."

You jerk away from him and try to pretend that you didn't just use one of your favorite and/or most attractive historical figures as a pillow. "O-Oui," you say, stuttering out the only French you know,
feeling your cheeks heat up again.

"Oui? Mais cela ne répond pas à ma question...." His eyes widen, and he quickly switches to English. "My apolog...ologies," he says, stumbling over the word. "I always forget.... What I meant to ask, mon ami, is where are we, and what happened?"

"Oh, w-we're at Alexander's place. You guys got pretty drunk, and then I think Alex let us sleep here because his room was closest to the bar? I'm not exactly sure," you confess.

He nods, then sits up and stretches. You hear some movement to the side of you, and turn to see John beginning to stir. "Ow... my head..." he mutters, trying to get up. He looks down at the man on his lap, and you see his cheeks turn pink before he shakes the man awake. "Alex, please, I need to stand up."

"Nooooo...." Alexander groans, remaining where he was. "You're so comfy..."

John sighs, then gently pushes him off of his legs and stands up. "Well.... that was an, er, eventful night." You turn back to see Lafayette finishing pulling his hair back, and find yourself silently mourning the containment of his fabulous curls. "Good mornings, Laf, (Y/N)," John greets you both.

Before you can respond, there's a thud and a yelp, and you turn to see that Burr had rolled out of the bed and landed on Hercules. Shouting a string of curses, Herc shoves Burr off and sits up. "What the heck was that for?!" he shouts angrily.

As everyone else slowly starts getting up, complaining loudly about their hangovers, Alexander offers you some clothes to change into. You gladly accept, stepping into a small side-room to change. You strip off your gym clothes and put on the white undershirt, buttoned vest, white breeches, and black boots. Just as you are pulling on the brown coat, John sticks his head into the room. "You ready, (Y/N)?"

Thankful he didn't walk in earlier, you quickly respond, "Yes! Well... ready for what?"

"Well, since you'll be staying with Alex for the time being, we figured that you would want to tag along with us today. You don't have to, but we just assumed..." he quickly added.

"Oh, I'll come! I don't have anywhere else to go, so..." Quickly stashing your clothes in your backpack and placing it in the corner of the room, you follow John back out to the small bedroom.

You all walk out onto the street together, Alexander and Burr arguing about something or other. You're just about to turn and ask John something when you faintly hear some female voices up ahead. "-daddy doesn't need to know," someone says. You gasp, recognize the words immediately. Looking to the left, and then to the right in hopes of seeing the owner of the voices, you don't see the people rounding the corner in front of you. You look up just in time for one of three figures to crash into you, them having had come around the corner from the opposite side.

Picking yourself off the ground, and then quickly helping up the girl you knocked over, you blush as you brush the dust off of your shirt. "I am so sorry! I wasn't looking where I was..." you trail off, finally noticing the girls' appearances.

"What's wrong?" the girl you helped up asks? Her hands absentmindedly smooth the yellow dress she's wearing, her brown curls cascading over her shoulder as she looks at you in concern. Looking back, you see other men finally round the corner. You notice Burr's eyes catching on the women and slowly smiling.
"N-nothing," you stutter, turning back to the girls.

"Peggy, don't be rude!" the girl behind her whispers, her hands clenching her blue dress nervously as her black hair flows behind her in the soft breeze. "You ran into him as well, not just him into you!"

The last woman moves forward, both her curly black hair and peach-colored dress whipping behind her as she steps in front of the other two girls. "Forgive my sisters. We are every so sorry for troubling you. What is your name, good sir?" You quickly stutter out your name.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, (Y/N)," the woman in the peach-colored dress says. "Our names are Angelica-"

"-Eliza," the girl in blue says sweetly, cutting off her sister.

"-And Peggy!" the girl in the yellow finishes with a grin.

"The Schuyler sisters," you hear Burr mutter behind you. He quickly steps in front of you and takes Angelica's hand, kissing it gently. "Excuse me Miss, I know it's not funny, but your perfume smells like your daddy's got money. But, you're slumming in the city in your fancy heels. Why? You must be searching for an urchin who can give you ideals," he says with a wink.

Angelica pulls her hand away. "Burr, you disgust me," she says, and you can hear the utter loathing in her voice.

"Ah, so you've discussed me," Burr says with another wink. "I'm a trust fund, baby, you can trust me."

"Well, I've been reading 'Common Sense' by Thomas Paine...." Angelica starts, Eliza and Peggy both watching their sister in awe.

"Wow, she's awesome," you find yourself muttering aloud, and you hear Peggy giggle beside you.

"That's Angelica for you! She always knows just what to say!" You smile at Peggy's bubbliness, then internally cheers as Angelica finishes up with, "And when I meet Thomas Jefferson, I'm going to compel him to include women in the sequel!"

Eliza squeals quietly from your other side. "Work it, Angie!" she cheers. You see Alexander look at Eliza, and the corners of his mouth twitch up into a small smile.

Angelica brushes past Burr sassily, and Eliza and Peggy both follow her. Peggy looks back at you before they turn the corner, and gives you a little wave. "Bye (Y/N)," she mouths before moving on with her sisters. You wave back with a grin before turning back to the rest of the group, where everyone is teasing Burr.

"What happened, Burr? You're usually so reliable with the ladies!" John teases.

"Oh, shut up, Laurens," Burr growls, and everyone laughs as you all continue down the street.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhhh sorry this chapter is kinda crappy, I honestly don't even know what happened.
And Peggy is my favorite Schuyler sister, I love her so much, SHE’S JUST SO ADORABLE I WANT TO WRITE MORE WITH HER IN IT JUST BECAUSE SHE’S SO CUTE!!! So... yeah... just thought I’d give a shoutout to Peggy because I love her so much. The other Schuyler sisters are cool, but... Peggy....
Farmer Refuted

Chapter Summary

Seabury! Gets! Roasted! By! Ham!

Chapter Notes

Sorry, I basically used all the lyrics to the entire freaking song, but I didn't know where to stop... And I am aware that 'Farmer Refuted' was actually something published by Hamilton, not actually said, but at this point, I'm just going with the events of the musical. Anyway, I hope you enjoy....

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Alright, I get it, Angelica Schuyler hates me, you can all stop talking about it!” Burr says exasperatedly, and everyone laughs.

“I think that your approach was all wrong, Burr,” Alexander says teasingly. “She didn’t seem to like what you said, so while we’re talking, let me offer you some free advice.”

“Alexander…” Burr says with a groan, seeing where this was going.

“Talk less.”

“Alex!”

“Smile… more! But mostly, just talk less.”

Everyone laughs, and Burr is about to say something back to Hamilton when someone’s voice cuts him off. “Hear ye, hear ye!” someone calls, and the men behind you groan.

“Seabury?” you mutter in confusion. Wasn’t ‘Farmer Refuted’ later in the musical? After mentally going through the songs in your head, you realize that you’ve already been in… 5 songs, excluding the opening number! Wow, this is going by fast! Suddenly, a thought jumps into your head. What happens after… the songs end? What if you don’t get back to 2017 before “Who Lives, Who Dies, Who Tells Your Story?” At least now you have an idea of what’s going to happen next. But after Alexander dies… You look over at Alex, who is watching Seabury with a frown. Are you going to have to watch him die after actually getting to know him? And, you look over at Burr, are you going to have to stand by and watch this man kill his friend? And what about Laurens? And Philip? Were you going to have to know when these men were going to die and still have to let it happen? You’re shaken out of your thoughts as Seabury clears his throat, beginning his speech now that a reasonably sized crowd has stopped.

“My name is Samuel Seabury, and I present free thoughts on the proceedings of the Continental Congress!” Seabury says. “Heed not the rabble who scream revolution, they have not your interest at heart.”
“Oh my gosh, tear this dude apart,” Hercules mutters.

“Chaos and bloodshed are not a solution, don’t let these rebels lead you astray! This congress—” he says ‘congress’ in an annoyed tone, “—does not speak for me—”

“Let him be,” Burr says quietly, putting an arm out to stop Alex from charging forward and speaking his mind. Alex huffs in annoyance as Seabury continues.

“-they’re playing a dangerous game. I pray the king shows all rebels his mercy.” At mention of King George III, you hear Burr groan.

Looking back, Burr mutters, “I get that he’s aggravating, I’m annoyed as well, but you can’t just…” he trails off. As you look behind you, you see why. “Where the frick did Hamilton go?” Burr says, his exasperatedly tone thinly veiling panic. Hercules nudges Burr, and with a chuckle, points towards where Seabury is standing.

As Seabury finishes up with his, ‘for shame’s, you see a familiar figure step into the little circle surrounding him. “This is going to be good,” you whisper with a grin.

“Oui, le lion va frapper le postérieur de la petite mer bébé,” Lafayette says in agreement.

Looking up from the paper he is holding, Seabury continues. “King George has always—” his voice is cut off.

“Yo!” Alex calls, and Seabury gives him a glare, but looks nervous nonetheless.

“H- heed not the r-rabble who—” Seabury abandons whatever he was going to say and goes back to reading off of his paper, most likely to ensure that he doesn’t mess up and let Hamilton take the upper hand. Even if he was just going to repeat, at least he wouldn’t have any pauses in his argument. Well, that’s probably what he thought, anyway. Alexander had other plans.

Immediately overpowering Samuel’s thin voice with his strong one, Alex began the roasting. Any thoughts of pity for the poor Seababy are immediately drowned out with Alexander’s voice. “He’d have you all unravel at the sound of—”

“-Scream—” Samuel weakly tries to cut in and take control again.

“But the revolution is coming! The have-nots are gonna win this!” Looking at Samuel with a smirk, he adds, “It’s hard to listen to you with a straight face.”

Seabury’s cheeks turn a light shade of pink. “Chaos and bloodshed—”

“-Already haunt us. Honestly, you shouldn’t even talk—”

“-Don’t let them lead you—”

“And what about Boston? Look at the cost and all that we’ve lost, and you talk about—”

“-This Congress does not speak for me!” Samuel grins triumphantly as Hamilton cuts off.

“My dog speaks more eloquently than thee,” Alex shoots back with a bored expression, and you mouth the words along with him with a grin on your face.

You can see his hands shaking the paper, perspiration evident on his brow. “You’re playing a dangerous—”
“But strangely, your mange is the same!” Alexander cuts him off once again. You turn to see Lafayette giving you a strange look, and you realize that he saw you mouth the words along with Alexander. Blushing slightly, you turn and look back at Seabury and Hamilton.

“I pray the king shows you his mercy!”

“Is he in Jersey?” Alex says, mockingly using an almost innocent tone.

“For shame-” Samuel starts again, sounding and looking even more flustered.

“-for the Revolution!” you shout along with Alexander.

“For shame-” Samuel repeats, more weak this time.

“-for the Revolution!” the rest of the group shouts along with you.

At this point, Samuel looked like he wanted to be swallowed up by the earth and disappear forever. You had to admire his courage to continue talking as he started up again. “Heed-”

“If you repeat yourself again I’m gonna-”

“Scream-” they say together, and Hamilton smirks.

“Honestly, look at me,” He gestures at himself exaggeratedly. “Please don’t read!”

“Not your interest-”

“Don’t modulate the key then not debate with me!” he says, flicking the papers that Seabury is holding. Flinching back in fright, he watches in dismay as he loses grip on his papers and they flutter to the ground. Hercules and Laf laugh hysterically as he continues on. Looking to the other side of you, you see Burr frown and push through the crowd toward Alexander.

“Why should a tiny island across the sea regulate the price of t-“ Burr puts a hand on his shoulder and pulls him away from Seabury, who at this point is doing all but curling up on the floor and crying.

“A Alexander, please!” Burr hisses.

Pulling his shoulder away from Burr’s grip, he looks at him in disbelief. “Burr, I’d rather be divisive than indecisive, drop the niceties!”

Burr groans and pulls him back toward you and the rest of the group. “Fools who run their mouths oft wind up dead! Keep your mouth in check, or you’ll get us all in trouble!”

Quickly picking up the sheets of paper that he dropped, you hear Samuel whisper sadly, “I’m sorry I failed you. I tried, my King,” before he scurries off into the crowd. You feel pity for the smol bean, and you quickly have to push thoughts of Kingsbury out of your mind as you turn and follow the rest of the group.

Burr says that he needs to head to his home, and everyone says their goodbyes as he leaves. “What a drag,” Hercules mutters as you all head away from the crowd. "You would think that he didn't enjoy watching Alex debate with that son of a b-"

"-iscuit," you filter the word in your mind (sorry, I is an innocent child). As you turn a corner onto a different street, you hear someone shout, “Silence! A message from the King!” to the crowd. As you continue walking, you find yourself humming 'You'll Be Back' while the men continue to talk
and joke around.

You all end up back at Alexander’s place, and after talking for a bit longer, Laurens, Lafayette, and Hercules say that they need to head to their own homes as well. As you quickly sneak a glance at your phone while Alexander says goodbye to the men in the other room, your heart sinks for two reasons. For one, your phone was now at 70%, even though you had charged it all throughout P.E. And for another, you check again just to make sure, the next song, after ‘You’ll Be Back,’ which had probably already happened at this point, was… You gulp. ‘Right Hand Man,’ in which Hamilton was already fighting. In which you will be fighting alongside him.

On the bright side of the lesser of the two problems, you did bring a phone charger. Looking around for an outlet, you suddenly realize the problem. “Frick,” you mutter. Then your eyes light up. Digging around in your backpack, your fingers catch on a familiar object and you grin, pulling out your portable phone charger. “Perfect!” Suddenly thankful that you had remembered to charge it this morning and bring it with you to school, you place it back inside your backpack. But then John pokes his head into the room, and you quickly shove your phone in your backpack.

“Oh… uh, hey John!”

“I just wanted to say goodbye (Y/N), you don’t have to look so nervous,” he says teasingly.

You laugh nervously. “Sorry, you just surprised me.”

“Are you going to be okay here with Alex? I mean, I know you just met him, but so did I, and I can already tell that he’s a great man.”

“Yeah, I’ll be fine,” you respond, and he smiles.

“Oh, good. Now, don’t have too much fun without me!” he says teasingly, and you laugh, a real one this time.

“Don’t worry, I won’t. Thanks for buying me that drink, John. It led to some great things.”

“Yes, it did, didn’t it?” he says with a smile.

“Laurens! Hurry your butt up, we need to get going!” you hear Hercules voice shout from the other room.

“Okay, okay, I’m coming!” With a final wave, he turns to walk out the door.

“Bye (Y/N)!” you hear Lafayette quickly call out in his thick accent before the door shuts, and you smile happily to yourself.

Leaning against the wall, you continue to smile. Things could be worse. You have the opportunity that any ‘Hamilton’ fan could ever dream of: you have seen the majesticness that is Lafayette’s hair up close and personal (you feel your cheeks heat up slightly as remember that morning), you saw Angelica burn Burr in person, and your favorite historical figures actually know your name! And, really, you have no clue when ‘Right Hand Man’ takes place. You smile. There was nothing to worry about! It could happen in a month from now, a year from now…

Alex walks into the room with a paper in his hand and a big smile on his face. “(Y/N), great news! We can enlist under Washington’s command this week!”

Chapter End Notes
Okay, if you can't tell, I actually really like Seabury. And for those of you who don't know, because it's a small-ish ship, Kingsbury is King George III/Samuel Seabury (Now go! Write fanfiction for it! There is barely any, and I'm high-key obsessed with it!) And, yay! You're gonna meet Washingdad soon! Please comment what you liked, what you hated, and such! Thanks for all the kudos and comments guys!
Here Comes The General

Chapter Summary

Charles Lee basically hates you for some reason, John kinda admits to Lams jokingly, and you meet Washington.

Chapter Notes

So, disclaimer, I'll admit it, I have never actually BEEN in a camp of this sort in 1776, let alone in any time period, so forgive me if I am WAYYYYYY off. I'm just going off of what other fanfictions have described/what seems logical to me, so.... Hope this turns out okay! Also, since 'Right Hand Man' covers a kinda large time-span (meeting the general-stealing cannons-Hamilton becoming Washington's right hand man), I figured I would split it up into 2 or 3 chapters so you aren't meeting the general one moment and then stealing British cannons the next. I hope that's okay!

See the end of the chapter for more notes


"-We are, mean to be-" you mutter quietly as you turn away from where Alex is telling another man his name and look around you. You, Alexander, Lafayette, Hercules, and John had just arrived at the camp where you were to join Washington's regiment. You had only been in this century for 5 days now, and everything was still new to you, but this was a whole new world. Men, some with muskets in their hands, made their way around the camp, going in and out of tents, using crates and barrels as chairs, eating food, and talking. The camp itself wasn't particularly clean, but hey, you never clean your room, so it shouldn't be a problem for you. As you try to get a feel for the camp, and end up checking out some of the muscular, shirtless guys by one of the nearby tents, you don't realize that John is calling your name before he taps your shoulder.

"(Y/N), he wants to know your... what were you looking at?" He looks over at the guys, and smiles slightly. "Were you checking out the-"

"N-no!" you say quickly, turning to the man Alex was talking to. "Sorry, what do you need?"

"Your name," he says sharply.

You quickly tell him your name, then answer the other questions he asks about your age, profession, your training, etc. With every answer, he seems to be more and more annoyed with you. He then finishes up by asking about any other special qualities that could help in the war.

"I, uh, no, I don't really have any special... things..." With another annoyed glance at you, he quickly scribbles something else down on his paper.

"Not true! You made up that one song in the bar! That took talent!" John says jokingly, and the man glares at him.
"I'm afraid that singing isn't going to help us win the war," he says in an icy tone. The tip of the quill bobs up and down as he scrawls some notes down on the parchment before blowing on it to dry the ink and rolling it up.

"Geez, Charles, you don't have to act like such a pompous prick. (Y/N) here is willing to fight for the cause, and that should be enough for you!" Alexander says defensively.

"First off, don't tell me how to do my job, Hamilton. Washington doesn't need just any little boy with dreams to become a war hero! He needs talented, outstanding men!"

"Then why are you here, Lee?" Alex shoots back.

As Lee growls at Alex, you try to push the now non-stop loop of "I'm a general, WEEEEEE!!" out of your head. So, this was Charles Lee. As he throws another annoyed glance at you, you immediately decide that you don't like him, and he appears to feel the same way about you.

"So, who are you? Hamilton's boyfriend?" Lee says in a mocking tone.

"No, that would be me," Hercules says jokingly, raising his hand.

"Excuse me, I believe that would be moi," Lafayette says, playfully shoving Hercules.

John puts his arms around Alex's shoulder and laughs. "Sorry, but I'm afraid that I have already claimed him. You guys are going to have to go find someone else."

Lafayette wiggles his eyebrows. "I believe it. I saw the way that you were sleeping on him the other night...."

"Laf!" John shouts, his cheeks turning red as he removes his arm from around Alex and inches away slightly.

Lafayette sighs. "Fine. I claim (Y/N)." He puts an arm around your shoulder. "He's way more handsome than votre sac poubelle laide!" You feel your face turn as red as John's.

"But Laf, then I'm all alone!" Hercules complains.

Lafayette slings an arm around Hercules's shoulder. "Threesome!" he says happily as Alex continues to fight Lee.

"Lee, leave (Y/N) alone," Alex says in a warning tone.

"And what's a poor immigrant like you going to do about it?"

"As a kid in the Carribean, I wished for a war. I knew that I was poor, okay? I knew it was the only way to rise up! If they tell my story, I am either going to die on the battlefield with glory or rise up! We will fight for this land, but their's only one man who can give us a command, so we can rise up. And that man, it isn't you, Lee. Understand? You aren't a general, you have no control over me. The only person who does is..." Looking over Lee's shoulder, he smiles slightly. "Here he comes. Here comes-"

"the general," Lee whispers, quickly straightening his clothes and pulling out his quill and parchment. You watch the men quickly scramble to their feet.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" Alexander says, watching as the words spread like a wildfire down the lines of tents, all of the men rising up as you see a figure make his way down the row of tents.
"Here comes the general," you hear the men whisper, nudging each other to stand up.

"The moment you've been waiting for!" Alex says, his smirk slowly growing as the figure gets closer, Lee looking steadily more nervous.

"Here comes the general," you hear Lafayette whisper, his arm still around your's and Hercules's shoulders.

"The pride of Mount Vernon!"

"Here comes the general," you whisper as the figure stops in front of Lee and Hamilton.

George Washington. You were standing in front of George Washington. The founding father. The creator of our nation. The first president of the United States of America. The general that led our nation to victory. The man America owes for its freedom. You stare at him in awe as he scans your group, then looks to Lee.

"What is going on?" he asks.

"S-s-sir, I was just enlisting the new r-recruits, when-"

"Your excellency, sir." Alex steps forward. "Lee insulted one of my friends, a man who wished to join the fight. He specifically stated that you only wanted the best men, no matter their desire to fight."

Looking at Lee, Washington sucks in a breath exasperatedly. "Lee, we are out-gunned-"

"What?" your brain screams with all the force of the actual ensemble of 'Hamilton.'

"-out-manned-"

"What?" you brain continues to sing.

"Out-numbered, out-planned-"

"Boomboomboomboomboom!" you brain screams out in response.

"And you think that we don't need all the help we can get?"

"N-no sir. I mean, y-yes sir! I just-"

Washington holds up a hand, silencing Lee, then motions for the parchment. Lee hurriedly hands it to him, and Washington slowly unrolls it. His eyes scan the paper, and he looks up at the group.

"Which one of you is (Y/N)?"

You timidly raise your hand. He looks at the paper one more time, then back at you. Then, he smiles at you. "Congratulations (Y/N)," he holds out his hand, and you can barely stop yourself from shaking as you reach to shake his. "Welcome to the camp. Lee," he hands the parchment back to Lee, who takes it gingerly. "Next time, I expect you to stay more professional when recording important information." As Washington turns to walk away, he stops and looks back at Lee. "You know, I'm going to need a right hand man. I'm not just going to pick someone who has such things to say about their company."

"Y-yes sir, I'll do better next time!" Lee quickly says as Washington leaves. Turning to throw a glare at you, he walks off angrily, his grip on the parchment so tight, you can see it crumpling.
After a moment, John breaks the silence. "Well, I'm starving! I say we drop off our stuff at our tents, then go get some food!"

Everyone agrees, and you follow the men as they attempt to locate their tents. You add to the conversation, but you're more focused on everything that had just happened. "I just met George Washington. I just met George Washington." you think to yourself in amazement. Then, you realize something.

"I just got accepted into Washington's ranks. I'm actually going to fight in the Revolution."

Chapter End Notes

So... good? Bad? Is this story not sounding cool anymore? Comment your thoughts!
"No, I'm serious! And then, she-" Hercules cuts off as everyone starts laughing. You are currently lying on your cot, tears pricking at the corner of your eyes as you desperately try to stop laughing so you can breathe.

"Herc... stop.... I can't.... breathe...." you gasp out, making the men laugh harder. As it turns out, you all shared a tent, a fact of which you couldn't be more grateful, seeing as they were the only people you knew in the camp. After grabbing some food, you all returned to the tent to just lounge around and talk.

"All the more reason to continue!" he says with a smirk. "Anyway, so then-" Someone pushes aside the opening to the tent and steps inside. You hear Alex's muffled groan as he buries his face in his pillow, and you look up to see that it was Lee.

"(Y/N), the general requests your presence," Lee says stiffly.

You give him a blank stare. "M-me?" you ask nervously. What did you do? Was he going to kick you out? Where would you go? The majority of the few people you knew were in this tent, and if you didn't stay with them, you wouldn't have any sense of direction.

Lee sighs exasperatedly. "Yes, you. Come on, he doesn't have all day."

With a nervous glance at everyone, you stand up and follow Lee out of the tent. After a moment of
silence, you ask "Why?"

"I don't know," he answered curtly. You walk the rest of the way to Washington's tent in silence. Lee holds the flap of the tent open for you, and he ducks in behind you as you enter.

Washington is sitting at a desk littered with pieces of paper. He taps a quill on the desk, then scribbles a quick note on the paper in front of him. After a moment of thinking, he shakes his head and scribbles out the note. "No, that won't do...." he mutters.

Lee clears his throat, and Washington looks up, his expression looking slightly annoyed. "Yes?" Then he sees you, and you see the corners of his mouth twitch up into a small smile. "Oh, never mind. Thank you Lee, you are dismissed." Lee mutters something under his breath as he walks out of the tent, leaving you and Washington alone.

"S-sir, I'm not sure what I did, but I am very sorry for whatever it was so please don't make me leave!" you say quickly, and Washington pauses for a moment.

"Make you... leave?" He chuckles to himself, twirling the quill between his fingers. "Oh, heavens no! I just called you here to apologize for Lee's actions, as I'm sure he didn't do so. I need all the help I can get, so really, I should be thanking you for volunteering your service."

"I- oh," you say quietly. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, (Y/N). Now, I don't want to keep you long, so unless there is anything you would like to bring up with me, you are free to go."

You shake your head. "Nothing, sir. Thank you again." He nods tiredly, then looks back down at his papers. You notice the bags under his eyes, and internally wince. The poor man.

As you turn to walk out, however, you turn back around. "Are you okay, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"I'm sure that being a general isn't easy, sir. You look very tired and stressed. I'm just asking if you're alright."

"I'm fine, thank you for asking (Y/N)."

"Are you sure?" you ask, pressing the subject.

After a moment, he looks up from his paper to you. Then he sighs and massages his temples tiredly. "I'm fine. I don't need to unburden myself on you, I'm sure you're struggling through hard things as well."

"If you're sure, sir. But, if you ever need to rant or anything, I'm here. As Lee probably wrote, I don't have many special talents, but I am good at listening." You turn to walk out, but this time, it's Washington's voice that stops you.

"Can I be real a second? For just a millisecond? Let down my guard and tell the people how I feel a second?" Turning back around, you look at Washington. "I know I'm the model of a modern major general, and all these men are lining up to put me on a pedestal, writing letters to relatives embellishing my elegance and eloquence. But the elephant is in the room, it's going to be a hard fight to win this war, and I'm not sure that I can do this. So many young men are going to die, so many women will become widows, so many children will become fatherless, and all of that on my shoulders," he says, his voice cracking slightly at the end.
"It's okay, nobody is going to blame you for that," you say quietly, taking a step closer to the desk. "Everyone knows that you did, er, are going to do your best to lead your troops to victory with as few casualties as possible."

"But still, every man in these ranks has a chance of dying, and if one does, it's all my fault. It's going to be long and tough fight, the truth is in your face when you hear the British cannons go." A cannon goes off, and you hear an echoey 'boom' sound. Washington immediately stands up. "Please go alert the men that we are under attack." You nod, then turn to leave the tent. "And, (Y/N)?" You turn back around. "...thank you for listening to me."

"Anytime," you say with a slight smile.

As you push open the flap to the tent, you hear him mutter to himself, "But any hope of success is fleeting, how can I keep leading when the people I'm leading keep retreating?"

Stepping out of the tent, you immediately stop worrying about Washington and start worrying about yourself. Another cannon goes off, and there's a scream as a tent goes up in flames.

"We are out-gunned," you think as men rush around you with muskets in their hands. The shouting of the men around you are drowned out by the sound of the British cannons.

Boom.

"Out-manned." Someone falls to the ground, redness leaking out from between the fingers of the hand over his stomach.

Boom

"Out-numbered." The face of a man as he laboriously takes a shaky breath, then goes still.

Boom.

"Out-planned." Musket fire joins the sound of cannon blasts, and more men fall around you.


"Incoming!" you hear Washington yell, pulling you out of your panicked thoughts, and you quickly run into a random tent in fear. There's another loud 'boom' nearby, and you turn to see that you're back in your tent.

Without a word, Hercules tosses you a musket, and you catch it, almost dropping it. "Let's go," Alex calls before charging out of the tent. He is followed by Lafayette, Hercules, and John, leaving you alone in the tent.

You methodically fiddle with the trigger. How were you going to do this? Sure, you may have shot a gun before, but that was 200 years in the future. "Just aim and pull the trigger, that's how all guns work, right? It's that easy," you mutter to yourself before charging out of the tent. Immediately, the acrid scent of gunpowder invades your senses, and you wrinkle your nose in disgust.

Seeing that Alex, Hercules, and John have stationed themselves behind some crates, you quickly sprint to join them. "They're battering down the battery, check the damages," Alex shouts to Hercules. "We gotta stop them and rob them of their advantages! Let's take a stand with the stamina that God has granted us. Hamilton won't abandon ship- hey, let's steal their cannons!" Hercules and John all grin in response.
"How the heck do you even steal British cannons?" you wonder briefly before flinching as another cannon fires. Gripping your musket tighter, you flinch again as the tent next to yours goes up in flames in an explosion. As the dust clears, you look back to where the men had been standing and see no one. "Great, they abandoned me," you grumble before seeing a man in a red coat. You quickly aim your musket and pull down the trigger. Nothing happens.

Frantically trying to make the gun work, you jump as a cannon blast flashes near you. Dropping the gun in fright, you retreat behind one of the tents. "Why did I think this was a good idea?" you mutter to yourself, feeling a couple of tears make their way down your cheeks.

You hear a groan to the left of you, and you see a man attempting to crawl out of danger. Before even thinking, you quickly run out and kneel next to him. Seeing the bloodstain blossoming on his sleeve, your eyes widen. Looping one of his arms around your shoulders, you allow him to lean heavily on you as you help him limp out of danger. As you safely get him behind a stack of crates, you hear another cry. Seeing a man jerk back as his shoulder gets shot, you quickly run to him and help him get to safely. Leaving the two men behind the crates, you go to help someone else who falls to the ground. When you get back, another soldier who appears to be a medic is bandaging up the first soldier's side. Gasping out a quick, "thanks" to the medic, you head out to grab another hurt soldier and bring him to the medic.

Ten more soldiers later, your calves and back are killing you, and the battle is still going. "Thank you," a soldier mutters as you set him down, grimacing in pain. You quickly nod before running back onto the field.

The minutes blur into hours, and soon you have no idea how long the battle has been going on. At one point, you thought you saw Alexander next to what looked like one of the cannons the British were using, and you have to briefly wonder how the heck he had gotten it.

But, as the British begin to retreat, and you reach the last man, you luck runs out. Feeling a stinging pain in your shoulder, you ignore it as you help the last man up, who had some shrapnel from a cannon blast stuck in his leg. As you help him limp over to the medic, the pain in your shoulder grows more. After helping the man lay down and you head out again in search of your friends, you look down at your shoulder in confusion as it stings again. You blankly watch as the white cloth of your shirt around you slowly blossoms with red, and realize that it's your blood, unlike the other blood stains on your clothes from the soldiers you helped. With a small groan, you fall to your knees as you put a hand over it.

You see Alex and Lafayette walking down the rows of tents, and smile slightly as you see they're okay. Lafayette sees you and smiles in relief as he nudges Alex and starts walking over to you. Parts of hair have fallen out of both of their ponytails, and their faces have a couple scratches on it, but besides that, they both looks relatively unharmed. "Oh, good, (Y/N) you're okay! When Laf and I came back and we didn't see you where we last saw you, he began to panic. But I knew you'd be okay, you're-" He sees the bloodstains on your clothes, and then the hand held to your shoulder.

"Oh, (Y/N)...."

A white-hot pain shoots through your shoulder, and you whimper slightly as both Alex and Lafayette rush to your side and help you lay down.

"Shhhh, it's going to be okay, mon ami," Lafayette says quietly, and you bite your lip and nod.

"Come on, let's get him to a medic."
Agh, sorry, this is really bad, isn't it???? I don't know how to fight, so I was like "fine, they'll just save people" and then.... that happened.... I am SO sorry, I just don't know how to... write, I guess idk. PLEASE HELP I CAN'T WRITE :P I'm so cliché
(Y/N), (Y/N), stay with me, d'accord? S'il vous plaît?

You close your eyes in an attempt to shut out the dizziness, and concentrate on the voice speaking to you. Feeling Lafayette shift you in his arms, a strand of his hair falls into your face and tickles your nose. Still slightly dazed, your brain wanders, back that morning when you woke up using him as a pillow. "Why did I use a prominent historical figure as a pillow? I'm so stupid," you mutter, burying your face in his chest. You're not exactly sure why or when Lafayette started carrying you, but then again, you weren't sure about anything. What was happening? Where was Laurens, Hamilton, and Hercules? Another jolt of pain burns through your shoulder, and you wince. And why was your shoulder hurting? As soon as you have that thought, memories of the battle flash back, and as the pictures of dead men, sounds of cannon blasts and men's screams, and the smell of sulfur and blood come back to you, you squeeze your eyes shut in an effort to block the images out.

"Non, non, non mon ami, you did great," he says in an attempt to calm you down. "Now, shhhh, concentrate on breathing, save your strength."

"Stay alive..." you sing absentminded.

"Oui, yes, how you say? Exactly!"

"Historical figures? What is he talking about?" you hear Alexander's voice off to your right.

"Maybe he's still in, er, shock?" Lafayette suggests.
"Maybe. Is he going to be okay?" you hear Alex say to someone else.

"Set him down, I'll check him out," another voice says.

You are placed down on the ground, and you frown slightly as Lafayette pulls away, and along with him, his warmth. A medic scans you and frowns worriedly. "How is he still awake? There's so much blood..."

"As far as we can tell, the only major wound is in his shoulder," you hear Alexander say from the side of you. "We aren't exactly sure why there's so much blood on his clothes."

"Oh, okay. I can fix that," the medic says, sounding relieved. "I was afraid I would be losing my first patient on the job..." As his fingers tentatively flutter over your shoulder, he pulls back as you wince and jerk your shoulder away, then yelp as the movement hurts your shoulder even more. "Bullet wound?"

You nod, and he sighs. "Well.... if it isn't infected by now, I'm sure you'll be fine." Turning to the side and riffling through his tools, he pulls out some scissors, then quickly shakes his head as he sees you look at them in terror and cover your shoulder protectively. "Oh, no, I'm not going to use these to remove the bullet, I'm just going to cut off your shirt so it's easier for me to check for an infection and remove the bullet."

Someone calls out for the medic, and after quickly saying that he'll be back in a moment, the medic leaves to go check up on the person that was just brought in. Slowly, your fuzzy thoughts become clearer, and your eyes widen as you finally process what the medic had said. "If he cuts off my shirt... Frick frack, this is going to end out like Mulan! They're gonna find out that I'm a girl!" You breathing quickens as you begin to panic. "And then they might send me home, and then I won't have any clue what to do, and I could die in this century all alone and never get home, and..."

Lafayette notices your heavy breathing and sits down next to you, placing a hand comfortingly on your leg as Alex looks at you worriedly.

"Shhh, everything's going to be fine-"

You grab his arm weakly, cutting him off. "Laf, you can't let them take off my shirt!"

After a confused pause, he says slowly, "Not take off your shirt? But...."

"(Y/N), it's just going to make it easier for the medic to fix you," Alex says. Kneeling down by Lafayette, he whispers. "I think he might still be in shock, not thinking clearly..."

Ugh, your thoughts were becoming fuzzy again. At this point, all that sounded good was taking a nap. What were you panicking about again? Your shirt? Whatever, you would worry about that later, after you took a quick nap...

"S'il vous plait ne meurent pas, s'il vous plait ne meurent pas," you hear Laf whisper as your heavy eyelids flutter shut, and you drift off to sleep instantly.

~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~~

Your eyes shoot open as you hear a loud thump, and you jump up so suddenly that you fall out of your cot and onto the floor. "W-what?" you say, pushing yourself up from the floor, your voice sounding unused and raspy. Your arms shake with exertion, and you feel as though your limbs are made of lead.
You're met with loud laughter, and you look up sharply, then feel all panic leave you as you see that it's just Hercules. "You're finally awake!" he says with a broad smile.

"W-what happened? I heard-"

"Oh, that was-" he broke off laughing again. "I just accidentally dropped my bag, geez (Y/N), you're so tightly-wound!" he says teasingly before picking up his bag from the floor and tossing it onto his cot.

You roll your eyes, then laboriously stand up, wincing as you strain your shoulder. Then sitting down on the edge of your cot, you see Hercules's eyes widen, and then he dashes for the opening of the tent. "Wait, where are you going?" you call after him.

He stops and pokes his head back through the opening of the tent. "I forgot, I have to go tell everyone you're awake! Laf thought you were never going to wake up, and Laurens and Hamilton have been worried sick!" He pauses. "Well, me too, actually. You've kinda grown on me, kid. I mean, Laurens got some shrapnel in his leg, but it didn't go too deep. The bullet that hit you dug itself kinda deep into your shoulder, and it got lodged behind a bone or something, so it took forever to remove. And then you didn't wake up for 3 days-"

"Three days?" you say in disbelief.

"Yeah, you didn't even wake up when we had to retreat!"

"Retreat?"

"Oh, yeah, I forgot.... The British regrouped and attacked again not soon after the first battle. We didn't stand a chance, so many of us wounded. We had to abandon Kip's Bay," he says quietly.

"Oh," you whisper.

"But it was fine, I'm sure we'll get back at the Brits sooner or later. It was a pain to carry you though...."

"Carry me?"

"Kidding! You're so light, it wasn't even hard. We took turns before we finally got you in a wagon with all of the other wounded soldiers. You really got everyone nervous, though. Hamilton and Laurens said they should have stuck with you, Laf blamed himself because he thought he didn't get you to the medic in time, and I should have checked up on you after we left!"

You feel your face turn red. "You... you guys didn't... it was all my...." But by then, Hercules had already left the tent.

After a moment, you flop back onto your cot and groan, but you feel a small smile form on your face. Alexander Hamilton, John Laurens, Marquis de Lafayette, and Hercules Mulligan all not only knew your name, but actually cared about you! Trying to hold back either scream of joy, an unholy fangirl screech, or maybe a mixture of both, you bite your lip and fiddle with the hem of your shirt absentmindedly.

Your shirt. You sit up as panic begins to set in. Hercules hadn't mentioned anything, but.... Reaching up to touch your sore shoulder, you feel bandages wrapped around the wound, but no other fabric. Looking down to examine it closer, you see frayed strings where your sleeve used to be. Judging by the jagged scissor lines, you guess that the sleeve had been cut off, and you silently thank the medic for respecting your request, or, at least, you hoped he did.
Your thoughts are cut off by someone bursting through the tent flap, and then fluffy blackness invades your vision. "Merci à tous ce qui est bon dans le monde, you're alive," you hear someone whisper into your ear as they hug you tightly.

Rolling your eyes as you blow the stray black hairs out of your face, you hug Lafayette back. "Darn right I am, you didn't think you could get rid of me that easily, did you?"

He chuckles weakly, then squeezes you one last time before pulling away. He's immediately replaced by Laurens. "(Y/N), don't scare me like that! It's official, I'm never letting you out of my sight again!"

"Whatever you say, mom," you say jokingly. Looking pointedly down at his left leg, which you notice he is keeping most of his weight off of, you add, "I heard you got some shrapnel stuck in your leg, maybe I should be the one watching you!"

You hear Alex laugh. "He's got a point there, Laurens," he says, jokingly pushing Laurens away so he can hug you. "But he's right, please don't do that again. I've only known you for a couple days, but... you're special, (Y/N)," he whispers into your ear.

"Ohmygoodness Alexander Hamilton just said that I am special and that maybe means that we're friends, oh my goodness, oh my goodness, oh my goodness," you think, but you simply whisper, "Same to you, Alexander." As you say those words, you realize that it's true. You may have only known him for a week or so, but you did consider him as a close friend already. Looking around at the men gathered around you, you smile slightly. They were all your friends, and they all already held a special place in your heart.

"Although, it would be the preferable way to go," Alexander adds as an afterthought. "I mean, dying like a martyr? Your legacy would live on forever."

"Are you saying that you wished I would have died?" you say jokingly, knowing that that wasn't his intended meaning.

"No, no, of course not! I just think, well, if I'm going to die eventually anyway, and I ended up dying like a martyr-"

"Well, dying is easy, young man, living is harder," you blurt out before you can stop yourself.

There's a confused silence, and then Alex speaks up again. "First of all.... young man? You know that I'm... how old are you?"

"Uhhh, (Let's just pretend you're somewhere in the age range of 16-18 or something idk so just insert your chosen age here)?"

"Yes, I'm older than you! If anyone should be called 'young man' around here, it's you!"

"Awe, I didn't realize you were younger than all of us!" John says, pinching your cheek playfully. "You're like the 'lil baby in this family!" You roll your eyes and jokingly shove him away.

"And second of all, what does that even mean?"

"It means..." You pause. What did it mean? You had said the words a million times, but once you thought about it... "It means..." you start again. "It means that there's more glory in living, in giving the world all that you've got, than dying on a battlefield and cutting your life short. You've got such an intelligent mind, think of all the good that you could do for the world if you didn't die in this war!" (Thank you Lin-Manuel Miranda @Genius Lyrics because I'm not good at this stuff)
"You wrote your way out, you wrote down everything as far as you could see, you wrote about the hurricane and got to the America's, didn't you? Why not something else that could help the entire world?"

"Hurricane?" you hear John whisper from behind you, and you see Hercules shrug.

"H-how did you know about that?" Alex stutters.

Oh. Frick. You guess it wasn't common knowledge. "I, ah, lucky guess?" You internally facepalm. "Wow, fantastic performance, you should win an Oscar for that super convincing line!" you think sarcastically.

"Uh huh, okay..." he trails off, looking like he doesn't believe you. Which is understandable, you wouldn't believe you either. "Anyway, why are you so self-conscious?" Alex asks, changing the topic.

You give him a confused look. "Um, what?"

"Self conscious about your body! You're dying, and the only thing you can think of is keeping your shirt on! You hiding some flab down there?" he says jokingly, poking your stomach gently.

"Oh har har har, very funny," you say sarcastically. "Speaking of which, did you...?"

"No, you can thank Laf for that. He convinced the medic to just cut off your sleeve, something about 'respecting your wishes.' Stupid, overly-polite Frenchmen!" he says, playfully nudging Lafayette.

You laugh and mouth a quick 'thank you' to Lafayette, and he shoots you a smile in return.

Suddenly, Alex's eyes widen. "Oh, I almost forgot! Washington wanted to see me, I better head over to his tent now." After a quick farewell, he steps out of the tent.

"I don't think that man will ever be able to or ever want to take a break," John mutters.

"He's going to kill himself with his work! He's already doing so much for the camp, and he keeps asking the general if he can help even more. At least he seems to have Washington on his side, though, that must be nice." Hercules adds.

Lafayette nods in agreement. "Oui, and it's no wonder. He knows what to do in the trench, he's ingenuitive, and, most importantly, he's fluent in French! Like (Y/N) said, the world would be losing such a talented man if he died. If only he could get his mind off of the idea of dying like a martyr, that would be enough.

"Man, the man is non-stop," you add, smiling slightly.

John insists that you lie down and rest your shoulder, and after a couple minutes of arguing, you finally give in. The men stay behind and end up entertaining you, telling stories and joking around, making you pretty sure that you've cracked a rib from laughing so hard.

John is just finishing up telling you about how they stole the British cannons when Alex burst back into the tent, his cheeks flushed as he appeared to have run all the way back. "Guys, guess who just
was asked by Washington to be his right hand man?"

"Nice!" Herc says, clapping Alex on the back.

"I do not know, are you sure about this, mon ami?" Lafayette cuts in. "You seem like the kind of man that, how you say, overworks himself?"

Alex waves him off. "I'll be fine, Laf, I want to contribute! Speaking of contributing, I suggested all of your names to the general in case he needs help. I hope that's okay? When we discussed spies, Hercules came to mind, and Laurens and Lafayette would be good generals, I would think..."

"A tailor spying on the British government, taking their measurements and information and smuggling it... I can picture it!" Hercules smiles. "I'm in!"

Lafayette smiles, too. "Oui, me as well, I would like to help as much as I can!"

"Of course!" John adds.

"Uh, even me? I can't exactly... y'know, fight...." you add, lightly blushing.

"About that... I heard from one of the medics on the way back from Washington's tent about what you did."

You wince. Oh crap, he must have heard about how you lost your musket and chickened out of the fight. He was going to kick you out, wasn't he? He could do that, right? I mean, he's Washington's right hand man and everything...

"You were so brave!" Alex says, and you see a proud look in his eyes. "I told Lee that you would be able to help in the war! I told him!"

"And... I helped how, exactly?"

"Rescuing all of those wounded soldiers, of course! The medic that you brought them to said that he said he counted 23, but one of the men you rescued testified that you got at least 30 of the soldiers out of the gun fire!"

"Oh, that, it was nothing," you say, looking down at your hands, but internally screaming. "I helped! I helped in the war oh my goodness yes, I'm not useless in this century!"

"Nothing? No, rescuing the wounded is everything! Think of how many KIA letters you stopped! All of the orphans that could have been made, all of the wives that you stopped from becoming widows... In fact, the medic wanted to know if you wanted to train to become a medic? He said they could really use more people like you."

"O-oh, I guess, if they wanted me to-"

"Then it's settled! You are going to be a part of the most important part of our infantry! It'll be great!" After he sees you nod, he continues on. "And, it was really weird, Washington said almost the same thing you did.... the 'dying is easy, young man, living is harder' part. I mean, he said it word for word! It was so strange!" You laugh nervously. "Wow, what a coincidence!" "Yeah, it was weird. Anyway, you'll never guess who I saw down at Washington's tent!"

"Who?" Hercules asks curiously.

"Aaron Burr!"
As the men continue to talk, you slowly reach into your backpack, which someone had thankfully placed next to your cot, and pull out your phone. Untangling it from your headphones, you slide it under your blanket so that nobody but you could see it, and press the home button. Typing your passcode in with one hand, you click on the music icon, and then scroll through your music. "Right Hand Man, and then... Stay Alive? No that can't be right..." you mutter, as you click on the Hamilton album. Okay, so the 8th song was 'Right Hand Man,' and after that... 'A Winter's Ball.'

Okay, fun! You were going to get to see the Schuyler sisters again, as well as Angelica sacrificing her love for Eliza... and then the wedding, you guess? Well, it was the end of fall/the beginning of winter at the moment (or, at least, that's what it was in 2017, but it was getting colder, so you assume that it was the same in 1776), so it was coming up soon. When exactly, you weren't sure, but that didn't really matter, did it? You had survived for this long, what was a couple more weeks until you got back onto the soundtrack?

Zoning back into the conversation, you laugh as John teases Laf about something. Sure, you were starting to see how badly war could be, you had gotten shot, and you were still stuck in the past, but as you looked around at the men, your friends, you smile as you realize that there was no place you'd rather be.

Chapter End Notes

So... yeah... comment your thoughts? Idk how I did on this one XD
Hurricane

Chapter Summary

Mother. Fricking. Storm. Chapter. Aka I am trash

Chapter Notes

As you can probably tell from the chapter title, this is not going in order of the soundtrack all of a sudden, and it's a fricking storm chapter. Oh my frickerdoodles, I can't believe i wrote a storm chapter. I'm such a fricking cliché piece of trash. In my defense, it was raining a lot earlier, and our wifi was down and all I had was the fanfiction I saved in my Wattpad library, and I ended up reading tons of Lams, and as a result, lots of storm chapters. But, I needed a filler chapter to get to 'A Winter's Ball' anyway, right? Haha... yeah, I'm trash. Sorry.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The wind whistles through the tent, the frigid air seeming to cut straight through your blanket and clothes. Shivering, you pull your blanket tighter around you and try to fall asleep. Your throbbing shoulder kept you up most nights, even though it had been weeks since you got shot, but this night you wouldn't have been able to fall asleep anyway because of the storm. A flash of lightning, followed by a clap of thunder, makes you open your tired eyes again, and you groan as you turn over and try to block out the sounds of the storm. The rain was a few degrees short of being snow, but at this point, you think you would have preferred the snow. The tent kept out most of the relentless downpour of rain, but water still made it into the tent somehow and chilled you even more. Another clap of thunder sounds, and as you cover your ears and turn over once again, you hear a small whimper.

Looking up to face the dark chill of the tent, a flash of lighting lights up the tent briefly, and you see Alexander curled up on his cot, his blanket wrapped around his shivering form.

Why was he- Your eyes widen. Oh.

Thunder rumbles overhead, seemingly louder than before, and you briefly have to wonder how everyone else was sleeping through the noise before Alex lets out another whimper and pulls the blanket tighter around him. Lightning lights up the tent again, illuminating the tear streaks trailing down his cheeks. Silently slipping out from under your blanket, you walk across the floor and sit down on the edge of Alex's cot.

"Alex... can I help?" you whisper.

He just whimpers in response, and you realize that his eyes are closed. "No... no..." he mutters feverishly as he tosses and turns in his nightmare.

It only took you a second of scanning the tent to come up with an idea. Well, it worked in fanfictions, didn't it? Why not in real life? You walk across the cold floor to where John is
sleeping. "John, John wake up," you whisper, shaking him by the shoulders as gently as you could.

He jerks up and looks around wildly, his hair in a messy puff around his head. "What's wrong?" he says quickly, and you quickly shush him. Another rumble of thunder slowly gives way to Alexander's quiet sobs, and as the lighting lights up the tent again, John looks at the man in concern.

"What's wrong with Alex?" he whispers.

"It's not really my story to tell, but I know you two are close, and he needs you right now!" Giving him a light push in Alexander's direction, he looks back at you in confusion. You make a shooing motion with your hand, and he kneels down beside Alex's cot.

"Alex, wake up," you hear him whisper as he gently brushes away the tears on Alexander's face. Alex stops shivering slightly at John's touch, and you breath out a sigh of relief.

Then another crack of thunder has to ruin the moment. Alexander shoots up with a panicked expression, then winces as another flash of lightning illuminates the tent. John gently puts his hand over Alex's. "Shhh, it's okay, Alex, there's nothing to be afraid of, it was just a nightmare."

"No, no it wasn't," he gasps out, hurriedly wiping the tears from his cheeks as he realizes that he's been crying.

John frowns, and you can see him comfortingly rub circles on the back of Alex's hand with his thumb. "What do you mean?"

Alexander shakes his head. "It's nothing, never mind. Please forget that this ever happened, that I was resorted to..." He gestures at himself. "This."

"There's nothing wrong with crying, Alex. It's fine. But if you don't tell me what's wrong, I can't help you. Please, Alex, I want to help," John says quietly.

There's a minute of silence, and as you sit back on your cot, unnoticed by the two men, you begin to think that maybe Alex won't tell John.

John finally sighs. "I understand, if it makes you uncomfortable, you don't need to-"

"I was 17," Alex whispers. "When I was 17, a hurricane destroyed my town. I couldn't seem to die, even though everyone else did. Everyone I knew, everyone I had grown up knowing... all dead.... I was helpless to stop it. I... I..." his voice cracks.

"A-Alex, I had no idea..." John says quietly, still holding Alex's hand comfortingly.

"But... that was years ago... Just... whenever I'm in a big storm, I get a little... panicked, even though I know I shouldn't. I'm such a wuss."

John shushes him. "There's no shame in being afraid, especially when you've been though an experience like you have." There's another flash of lightning, followed almost immediately by a deafening crack of thunder, and Alex jumps closer to John, burying his face in his chest. After a moment, he jerks back in realization. "I-I-I'm sorry, I didn't m-mean-"

John cuts him off by wrapping his arms around Alex and pulling him closer to him. "It's fine, I don't mind. Whatever makes you feel safe."

Pressing his face back into John's chest as there's another flash of lightning, you hear him mumble,
"Laurens, if you tell anyone about this...."

Grinning like an idiot, you lay down, wrapping your blanket around yourself and pretending you're asleep as you continue to watch the two men.

"You have my word," you barely catch John murmur into Alex's hair as he rubs his back soothingly. Your tired eyelids slowly begin to shut, but you're still smiling as you slip off to sleep.

Chapter End Notes

AHHHH I'M SORRY PLEASE FORGIVE ME. I didn't know how I'd fit 'Hurricane' in eventually anyway, so idk this happened. Sorry. :/ I is trash
Chapter Summary

Basically a mixture of 'A Winter's Ball,' "Helpless," and part of 'Satisfied.'

Chapter Notes

Okay, so this chapter was really hard to write for some reason, and I had tons of life crap going on as well, so I'm sorry this took a while to get posted. And it's probably crap, so... sorry... Another big thanks for all of the kudos, comment, and compliments that I'm getting, they seriously make life worth living!!! I honestly love you all so much, thanks for being so awesome!!! <3 <3 <3 <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"A Winter's Ball?" you ask, trying to act like you had never heard of the concept before.

“Yes, the Schuyler’s host it every year!” Burr says. You weren’t exactly sure why he was in your tent, but you weren’t going to question it. “Food, drinks, dancing, and of course-”

“Ladies!” Alex finishes the sentence with Aaron.

“There are so many to deflower!” Burr continues, you look down at the ground and try to stop the burning in your face. “I mean, we’ve got the looks, as well as the proximity to power!”

“You’re coming, right (Y/N)?” Laurens asks, ignoring Burr, and you shrug.

“I don’t see why not. At least I’ll enjoy the food, if nothing else.” You try to act nonchalant as you say this, but the excitement of being at the ball where Alex and Eliza fall in love, and being able to witness that in person was making it hard to stop smiling. I mean, sure, John and Alexander were adorable (you flash back to the morning a couple weeks back when you had woken up to loud laughter, looking up from your cot only to see a red faced John trying to untangle himself both from the blanket and a sleeping Alexander as Lafayette and Hercules laughed and shared amused, knowing looks), but Eliza and Alexander eventually got married. Besides, Eliza was such a cinnamon roll, it would be fun just to watch her be all helpless for Hamilton.

Hercules’s voice drags you out from your thoughts. “Well, good, because we would have made you come anyway.”

Lafayette nods in agreement. “Oui, mon ami, you must come! You, how do I put this, are a man now.”

“Um... excuse me?” you ask in confusion.

Here cuts in again. “What my French friend is trying to say is that when we first met you, you were a little pale boy with girlish strength and a high voice. You honestly could have passed off as a
woman. But now, you’re strong! You’re in the war! You’re strong! Handsome! Tan! You’re ready
to go out and meet some ladies! I mean, admittedly, your voice is still kinda high, and you don’t
have any facial hair, and—"

“What Herc means,” John shoots a glare at the taller man before looking back at you, “is that
you’re coming with us.”

You roll your eyes and lightly punch Hercules in the shoulder. “I’m just going to pretend I didn’t
hear that so that I don’t have any hesitation before carrying your sorry butt off the battlefield next
time you get shot.”

“Aww, did I hurt the little medic’s feelings?” Herc says in a fake-pitying tone before he’s dragged
back into the conversation by Alexander.

You roll your eyes again, but don’t respond as you kneel down next to your cot and dig through
your backpack. While the guys were talking, you were going to do something you had been
wanting to do for a while.

Quickly sneaking off to the river near camp, you decide to use what seems to be the first and only
somewhat warm day in winter to your advantage. After a quick scan over the river, you find a
small runoff into a pool in an area secluded by trees. Perfect. Just because you lived in a camp full
of men doesn’t mean that you had to smell like one! Quickly looking around to make sure nobody
else was around, you strip down to your underwear, neatly folding the clothes on the bank, and
tentatively test the water with a toe. You jerk back. It was freezing! “Woman up,” you mutter to
yourself, forcing yourself to take a step into the water. Your feet immediately go numb. After a few
more steps, you mutter “Screw it all,” and dive forward into the deeper part of the crystal clear
water. Sputtering to the surface, teeth chattering as you wrap your arms around yourself, you feel
like the air in your lungs have frozen, and you struggle to take a breath. Well, you weren’t going to
be able to stay in much longer at this rate. You quickly begin scrubbing at your body, watching
small clouds of dirt be carried away by the water.

As you begin to work on your matted hair, you hear a rustle in the bushes. You freeze. “Oh
awesome, you’re lasted for a month acting like a guy, and now you’re blown it all because you
wanted to be clean. Wow (Y/N), great job,” you think as you hear the sound get louder as whatever
it was came towards the pool. Sinking down in the water so than only your nose and eyes are above
the water, you forget the cold as you see the leaves rustle in the bush across the pool and…

You freeze for a second, then laugh. “Awww, you’re so cute!” you say as you see the bunny
skittishly look around, slink down to the water’s edge, get a drink from the pool, then bound away
back into the bushes. As your heartbeat slows back down, you quickly finish up washing up your
hair, then slowly unwrap the soiled bandages from around your shoulder, tossing it on the side of
the pool, and gently washing the wound. You would get a clean bandage later, when you were
back at the tent. When you’re finally satisfied with your cleanliness, you step out of the ice water,
then grimace as the light breeze seems to make it 20x more chilling. But at least you were clean. A
month of dirtiness was the most you could stand, and besides, you had to look somewhat
presentable for the ball anyway, right?

You try to just air dry for a couple minutes, but eventually you just give up and put on all of your
clothes again, walking back to camp feeling considerably better than when you had left.

~~~~~~~~~~*time skip brought to you by my utter laziness*~~~~~~~~~~

"Where are they?" you ask in confusion, looking up and down the street.
"They got held up by something, they were kinda sparse on the details," Alex responds, joining you in looking down the street.

"Well, Laf and Herc are taking too long, we'll just have to go in without them," John says with a shrug. Aaron and Alex both nod in agreement, and you all head up the front walk. You take a deep breath, staring at the large front doors of the Schuyler mansion. Just based on the front lawn, this family was wealthy. Very wealthy. "But still," you say to yourself, "this is no big deal." You couldn't mess up, right? It was just a party. A small, little....

Alexander pushes open the door and walks in, and your eyes widen as one word comes to the front of your mind. "Big." The high-ceilinged entrance hall leads into a large, candle-lit room filled with a crowd of people. Awe-struck, you follow the group as they head into the main room. Aaron whistles and runs a hand over an intricately carved, polished mahogany table that holds a vase of flowers against the wall of the hallway. He sees your awed look and chuckles. "Yeah, the Schuyler's are very wealthy." He motions for you to follow the group, and you step out into the larger room where the whole of the ball seems to be happening.

"And there they are..." Alex says with a grin, and you follow his gaze to a group of familiar-looking women.

"They seem to be the envy of all," John remarks, referring to the crowd of young men vying for the women's attention, and Aaron turns to Alex with a small grin.

"You know, if you could marry a sister, you're rich, son."

"Is it a question of if, Burr, or which one?" Alexander says with a smirk, and Aaron chuckles.

"You know, you aren't the only young man here reliable with the ladies."

"Yeah, but look at them, they're all delighted and distracted by me!" Alex says jokingly, but you see more than just a few of the young ladies with their eyes on Alexander, including a particular figure in a light blue ball gown. Eliza's eyes catch on Alexander's figure as he steps out of the shadows in the entrance way, and her eyes widen. Grinning, you think, "then you walked in and my heart went-

Hercules and Lafayette run in, skidding to a halt in between you and John. "Yes! We made it on time!" Hercules says, panting slightly. Lafayette pushes a stray curl behind his ear, his face flushed from running and his eyes glinting playfully as he teases Herc about making him late before looks over at you and flashes you a warm smile and a breathless greeting.

Boom. Your heart skips a beat as he then turns to ask Alexander something. His curls bob up and down as he laughs at something that Alex had said, the candlelight adding a warm glow to his face and... John nudges you, bringing you back to the present, and you realize that you had been staring at the Frenchman with a little smile for who knows how long. Looking at John, blushing slightly, he winks before turning back towards the ballroom. Trying to focus on everything but your burning face, you look back across the room and see Eliza grab Angelica's arm and stand on her toes to whisper into her sister's ear. Angelica smirks in return, then makes her way across the room towards the group. Eliza looks slightly panicked, and you see Peggy grab her arm and whisper something reassuringly into her ear as Angelica stops in front of Alexander. She curtsies, and Alexander bows in return.

"My good sir, may I have this dance?" she asks with a smirk, gesturing towards the ballroom floor, where other couples had begun to dance to the gentle music provided by the musicians playing in the corner.
"For a beautiful young woman such as yourself, who am I refuse?" he replies before he sweeps her out onto the dance floor. "You strike me as a woman who has never been satisfied," you manage to hear him say to her before they move out of hearing range.

Looking back across the room, you see Eliza reluctantly agree to dance with Burr, Peggy no longer by her side. Lafayette, John, and Hercules are one by one swept onto the dance floor by some attractive young women, and soon it's just you.

"Well, if it isn't (Y/N) again," you hear a light voice next to you say jokingly. Turning quickly to the side, you relax and smile as you see that it's the youngest Schuyler sister.

"Oh, hey," you respond, somewhat surprised that she remembered you, let alone your name. After all, you had only had one encounter with the Schuyler sisters, and it was a month or more ago.

She sees your surprised look and giggles softly, a light blush coloring her cheeks. Looking down at her hands, which are nervously clenching, unclenching, and smoothing her light yellow ball gown, she quietly says, "Oh, my apologies, we did meet over a month ago, I should have assumed you wouldn't have remembered me..."

"Oh, no, of course I remember you, Peggy! I was just surprised that you remembered me!" you confess, and her cheerful grin comes back. "Besides, how could I forget the girl that fell for me the moment we met?" you joke, referring to when you had accidentally run into her and knocked her over.

She giggles, and as her blush comes back, you suddenly realize that while you may joke around like that with your friends, she thought you were a boy—wait, did that count as flirting? Hopefully not...

"Anyway," you're pulled out of your thoughts as the Schuyler begins to speak again. "I was wondering if I could, um, have this.... y'know, dance?"

Your eyes widen slightly. "Was not expecting that..." you think. "Oh, I, um... I don't know how to dance..." you say, finishing weakly. Surprisingly, Peggy just giggles and grabs your hand, pulling you after her onto the ballroom floor.

"I'll teach you!" she says, and you can't help but smile at her bubbling attitude despite the slightly-awkward situation you are in. She guides one of your hands to her waist, puts her hand on your shoulder, then pulls away as you wince.

"Oh, sorry, did I hurt you?" she asks nervously.

"No, it's fine, just... old bullet wound. Still kinda hurts," you respond with a grimace.

"Oh, you poor thing..." she says softly. She places her hand in your shoulder, very gently this time, then grabs your other hand and holds it. "Is this okay?" You nod, and she continues. "Alright, just follow my lead! It isn't too hard, actually, you'll pick it up in no time!"

"I, ah..." you trail off, knowing that it would be rude to try to get out of it. Besides, you were hanging out with one of the Schuyler sisters! You had always wanted to meet amazing women, alone with practically everyone in the Hamilton musical, so this was technically a dream come true! "...I just never thought that I'd ever meet them and end up in a situation like this," you finish in your head.

Looking down, you try to follow the same foot movements that you were supposed to replicate, stumbling slightly, but eventually getting the hang of it.
"There you go!" Peggy says as you finally get the footwork right, and you both share a smile.

"-about to change your life." Alexander and Angelica pass by you and Peggy, and Peggy takes her hand off of your shoulder to wave slightly at her older sister.

"Then by all means, lead the way," Alex says with a small smile as Angelica's eyes catch on Peggy's wave, and she gives a halfhearted smile, looking like she had a lot on her mind.

Then it dawns on you. "Like she remembered three fundamental truths at the exact same time..."

Angelica continues to pull Alexander after her, and before he disappears back into the crowd, he finally notices you, looks between you and Peggy, and winks. "Good luck," he mouths, then follows Angelica. Guessing that the two were eventually going to end up with the lonely looking blue-gowned figure in the corner, you look back at Peggy as she begins to talk.

"Wow, Angie looked...." she trails off, and you nod in agreement, knowing exactly what she was talking about. I mean, on one hand, you felt bad for Angelica, but looking over to where Alexander was kissing a blushing Eliza's hand in introduction, you also felt happy that Eliza had gotten the man she was so helpless for.

Throughout the night, you saw Alexander and Eliza talking, dancing, basically spending the entire night joined at the hip. Every time you saw Eliza look at Alexander with a mixture of pure love, devotion and, there was just no other word for it, her pure helplessness for Alexander, you couldn't help but smile at the adorable cinnamon roll she was. Angelica also popped up every once in a while, but you never saw the smile that she had when dancing with Alexander grace her face for the remainder of the night.

"Hey," you say softly, joining Angelica in the corner as she sadly watches Eliza and Alex dance. She turns towards you, forcing a small smile in greeting.

"...(Y/N), correct?" You nod, and you watch her gaze slowly shift back to Alexander, then flicker back to you. "Peggy has been talking about you non-stop ever since we ran into each other a while back." You can tell that she's attempting to sound teasing, but she just comes off as sounding wistful as she again looks back towards Alex.

After a moment of silence, you decide to say what was on your mind. "You're such a selfless sister," you say softly, joining her at looking at the couple across the room.

She jerks towards you, then covers up her moment with a quick, "I'm sure I don't know what you mean."

"I know that you gave up Alexander for Eliza, for one reason or another."

"How did you-" She sighs. "No matter... am I really that easy to read?"

"No, no, I'm sure nobody else notices your glances at Alexander," you quickly assure her.

"Besides, you don't seem like the person to get hung up on one guy."

"I'm not," she says, admittedly. "But Alexander... he's different. He sets my heart aflame, every part aflame. Love is not a game, and I never realized that until that moment." You nod, but stay silent, sensing that this was the moment in Washington's tent, someone just needing someone to listen and understand. "It's just... I remember that moment so clearly, even though it feels like it was forever ago, and I feel like I might regret this night for the rest of my days. Even if all other memories of tonight, I doubt that I'll ever forget the first time I saw his face... I don't think I'll ever be the same.
"His intelligent eyes, and a hunger-pang frame?" you can't help adding, and Angelica cracks a smile.

"Hey, you made it rhyme! And, yes, I'm usually decent with words, but when we began talking, I basically forgot my name... He's just so..." You follow her gaze, which is again locked on Alexander, and nod understandingly. "And, do you know what I mean when I say how refreshing the feeling was to match wits with someone at my level. What the heck is the catch? It's the feeling of freedom of seeing the light, it's Ben Franklin with a key and a kite. You see it, right?" She pauses to make sure that you're following her thoughts, which she is saying as fast as though she was actually rapping, and you nod.

"It's electric," you mumble, looking off to the side where you see a familiar puff of black hair in the crowd, and she nods before continuing.

"The conversation lasted two minutes, maybe three minutes, everything we said in total agreement. It was a dream, it was a bit of a dance, a bit of a posture, it was a bit of a stance. He was a bit of a flirt, but I thought I'd give it a chance. He's handsome, and boy does he know it, peach fuzz and he can't even grow it! I wanted to take him far away from this place, then I turned and saw my sister's face and she was-"

"Helpless," you whisper, and you turn to look at Angelica, who had pain written all throughout her eyes.

"And then... that's when I realized three fundamental truths at the exact same time..." she trails off.

"Number one," you say quietly. "You're a girl in a world in which everyone makes you think that your only job is to marry rich... And Alexander is penniless but... that doesn't mean you want to marry him less." Angelica is too put out to even question how you knew what was going through her mind. She just simply nods. "Number two, he's after you because you're a Schuyler sister, that elevated his status. You'd have to be naïve to set that aside. Maybe that is why you introduced him to Eliza, now that's his bride...."

"Wait, are they already engaged?" Angelica shouts as she grabs your shoulder. Everyone nearby turns to look at you two, but Angelica is too caught up in what you said to pay much attention.

"N-no, n-no, nonononono," you stutter quickly, and everyone gives you one last glance before turning back to their own conversations.

"Then what are you trying to infer?" Angelica asks, the anger in her voice lightly veiling the panic in her tone.

"N-nothing!" you stutter again. "I just, it was a slip of the tongue, a-and..." you trail off, muttering about songs and how you can never do anything right.

She sighs, then puts up a hand to silence you. "It's fine, I'm sorry for reacting so badly..." You can see that she's still puzzling over your statement, though. Anyway, I'm sure you already know this, as you're gotten every single other thing about my feelings right, but..." she takes a deep breath.

"Number three. I know my sister like I know my own mind. You will never find anyone as trusting or as kind. If I tell Eliza that I love Alexander, she'd be silently resigned. He'd be mine... She might say that she was fine, but..."

"She'd be lying..." you finish softly.

"Yes, exactly," she whispers. You both stare off at the happy couple again for a couple of seconds.
before Angelica speaks again. "I don't know how you're doing that... how you're reading my mind, and even sometimes making it rhyme, but..." She looks back at you, and she flashes you a small smile, a real one this time. "Thank you for listening, (Y/N)."

"No problem, Ms. Schuyler," you say quietly, turning to leave. You feel a hand in your shoulder, and you turn to see her smile again.

"Please, call me Angelica. Ms. Schuyler makes me feel old, and I only like people I hate to use it." You give her a questioning glance, and she shrugs. "It's fun to see them squirm as they continually have to be reminded that I am of the wealthy Schuyler family." You laugh quietly, and as her eyes flicker back to Alexander, she says, "I hope to see you around again, (Y/N). I really do enjoy your company." And with that, she was off, probably to go talk to one of her sisters.

Looking after her figure, you softly sing, "she will never be satisfied," then turn to find the rest of your group.

Chapter End Notes

lol I'm so bad at endings of chapters. And just chapters in general XD

So... have I done good? Idk

Also, side note, can anyone think of a better title than 'Hamilton?' Because I'm not good with titles AT. ALL. but I kinda want something less generic than the name of the musical the reader is stuck in. Any ideas? Or is this title good? Idk guys, comment your thoughts?
A wedding?? I LOVE WEDDINGS!!! Drinks all around!!! Basically, the wedding happens, you have a mini bro party, you get a little talk with Burr, and you get an... interesting sleeping arrangement.

Only I would post an entire chapter about not posting for a while, only end up not posting for a week, and then have a two weekish period of no updates. Ugh, sorry, life happened... again. Stupid life. Anyway, this isn't a very good chapter... sorry... BUT THANK YOU ALL SO MUCH FOR THE READS AND COMMENTS AND KUDOS, YOU'RE ALL SO NICE!!!!!!!!!!!! Also, shoutout to all of my readers, as well as the Hamilton and Moana soundtracks for motivating me. Sorry in advance for the chapter.

"Alright, alright, that's what I'm talking about!" John calls out as Alexander and Eliza share their first kiss as a married couple. As a couple of people in the audience chuckle, he ushers them to their seats and motions forward the eldest Schuyler sister. "And now, everyone give it up for the maid of honor, Angelica Schuyler!"

"Aww, is little (Y/N) crying?" Hercules says, nudging you teasingly.

"I'm not crying, you're crying," you mutter, blinking the beginning of tears away. "And it's not my fault that they're so cute! I mean, even Laf is tearing up!" You gesture at the Frenchman, who is seated on the other side of you, and who doesn't even bother trying to hide his tears. "I think that you just don't have a heart," you tease.

"I have a heart! I'm just not a wuss!" he jokes.

"Uh huh. Oh, and nice job with the flower-girling, by the way," you say with a smirk.

"Well, thank you! It's a shame that they couldn't pick anybody before it was too late, though I feel like I made a pretty good stand-in."

You roll your eyes. "Oh, please, we all know that you wanted to be the flower girl from the moment Alexander announced the wedding!"

"And is it a sin if I did?"

"Well-"

You're cut off by Angelica raising a glass into the air. "A toast to the groom!"
"To the groom," everyone repeats, the responses slightly off, creating an echo effect as the "to the groom" slowly trail off.

"To the bride!" Angelica throws a glance at her sister, who is sitting next to Alexander in the front row and smiling broadly. Everyone repeats Angelica in her toast as she continues.

"From your sister, Angelica, who is always by your side!" She raises her glass in the air and continues. "To your union!"

"To your union!" the guests repeat, as you, Lafayette, Hercules, John, and Alex all add "to the revolution!"

"And the hope that you'll provide! And, may you both always be satisfied!" Finishing her toast, you see her smile drop slightly, and as you see her eyes study Alexander as he looks at Eliza, her smile becomes more forced.

After a moment of silence, John stands back up, now also holding a glass. "Well, you heard the woman! Go get yourself a drink and give the lovely couple your congratulations!" He grins at the crowd as everyone begins to move around, but as soon as the majority of people look away, his smile fades slightly as he looks at the couple, and he proceeds to chug his drink. He eventually walks away from the front of the room, and you see him join Angelica, who is standing at the edge of the room, drink still in hand.

Herc and Laf both grab a glass, then join you in watching the couple being congratulated. "Well, that was one whirlwind of a courtship, wasn't it?" Hercules remarks, and you nod in agreement, reflecting on the weeks following the Winter's Ball and preceding the wedding. Few days were actually spent with Eliza, but Alexander was up late every night, pouring out his heart into long letters sent to the woman who was now his wife. He stayed up even later, on some nights, also writing to John, who had been temporarily working in a different camp. (Okay, he was actually a prisoner of war at that point, I believe, but I don't want my little turtle child to be a prisoner so let's just change history like I've done every other chapter in this fic and pretend he was just working at a different camp.) It was like a Disney movie, in a way. Alexander had asked for Eliza's hand in marriage only two weeks after the ball, leading up to the wedding you were currently at.

"Well, the tocat is certainly reliable with the ladies," Lafayette quips, and you laugh.

"Yes, yes he is," you say, glancing over at Angelica, who is still talking to John.

Finally, Hercules manages to steal Alex away. "Where are we going?" he asks as Herc grabs John away from Angelica and leads the group out of the room.

"We have to celebrate with our little Revolutionary group! It's your last night as a free man," Herc jokes. Alex rolls his eyes, but follows.

"You okay?" you whisper to Angelica. She shrugs, but nods slightly.

"I'm fine, I guess," she mutters, throwing another glance at Alex. Giving her a sympathetic glance, you follow the men out of the room.

In only an hour, all of the men, excluding yourself and Alexander, are extremely drunk. Taking another swig, Laurens begins a toast of his own.

"I may not live to see our glory," he says, his words slurring slightly.

"But we've seen wonders great and small," Hercules adds.
"'Cause if the tom cat can get married" John says, as the rest of the men echo with, "If Alexander can get married."

"There's hope for our butts after all," Laurens ends with a smirk, and everyone laughs.

"Raise a glass to freedom!" Lafayette begins singing, and you choke on your drink before remembering that first night that you had arrived in the 1700's. You think that it is surprising that he still remembers it, and you are even more surprised when John jumps in, still carrying the same tune.

"Something you will never see again!"

The men laugh, and Hercules decides to keep it going with, "No matter what she tells you!"

"Let's have another round tonight," the Lafayette adds.

"Raise a glass to the four of us!"

"To the newly non-poor of us!" John quips, and all of the men laugh again.

"We'll tell the story of tonight!" Lafayette says, finishing off with another, "Let's have another round..." everyone trails off into laughter.

"How… did you guys remember that?" you ask questioningly. For one, it was over a month ago when you had ended up teaching them that song. Also, they happened to be drunk at the time.

“How could we forget, mon ami?” Lafayette says with a chuckle.

“It was the first, and only time, I might add, that you shared your amazing talent of song composition with us! You have to admit, it’s a pretty good tune,” John adds.

“Well, yeah, but I didn’t exactly….” You trail off as the door opens, and a familiar figure steps into the room.

Alex stands up and grins. "Well, if it isn't Aaron Burr!"

"Sir!" Burr says with a small smile as he shakes Alexander's hand.

"I didn't think that you would make it!"

"To be sure-"

"Burr?" Lafayette mutters.

John groans. "Who the heck invited him?"

"Pretty sure he just invited himself, I wouldn't put it past him," Hercules says under his breath.

"I came to say congratulations!"

"Spit a verse, Burr," Herc says with a grin.

Burr sits down at the table, ignoring Hercules. "I see the whole gang is here."

"You are the worst, Burr," Lafayette says dryly, and the men laugh.

Alexander waves his hand dismissively at everyone's laughter. "Ignore them, congratulations to
you, Lieutenant Colonel! I wish I had your command instead of manning George's journal!"

"No you don't," Burr scoffs.

"Yes, I do," Alexander says persistently.

"Now, Hamilton, be sensible!" With a wink, he adds, "From what I hear, you've made yourself indispensable."

John pops up behind the two men, and puts an arm around Burr's shoulders. "Well I've heard you've got a special someone on the side, Burr," he slurs in a sing-song voice, drawing out the 'r' in Burr's name.

"Is that so?" Alexander says with a smile, now looking very interested at the mention of the 'special someone' Burr had apparently never mentioned.

"Laurens, you're drunk, get off of me," Burr says in annoyance, throwing off John's arm.

"What are you trying to hide, Burr?" Laurens says with a smirk.

"I should go..." Burr takes a small step towards the door, but Alex quickly stops him.

"No, these guys should go!"

"What?" Hercules speaks up in an exaggerated hurt voice.

"No!" Lafayette says.

"Leave us alone," Alexander says, jokingly giving Laf a push towards the door.

"Man!"

"It's all right Burr, I wish you brought this girl with you-" Alexander's voice becomes muffled as he closes the door, but you already know what is being said in the room.

"So.... Laurens, where did you hear about Burr's love life?" Lafayette asks nonchalantly, leaning against the wall.

The man shrugs from where he's sprawled on the floor. "I just heard a rumor, didn't catch a name though."

"What a shame," Hercules says with a sigh. "I could use something else to tease Aaron about."

As the men settle down outside the door, not having much else to do, you are forced to endure the men's drunk behavior. Hercules starts singing a song that you don't recognize, Lafayette begins flirting with the wall, and John just stays lying on the floor. But, only after maybe 5 minutes have passed, the door opens, and Hamilton and Burr walks out of the room. "Congratulations again, Alexander. Smile more! I'll see you on the other side of the war-"

"I.... I will never understand you," Alex cuts in. "If you love this woman, go get her! What are you waiting for?"

"I'll see you on the other side of the war," Burr repeats, ignoring what Alexander had said.

"Farewell, Burr, thank you again for stopping by," Alex finally says, realizing that Burr isn't going to talk any more about the subject.
"My pleasure, Alexander. Please give my regards to the Schuylers."

"Ah, yes, because they love you so much," Lafayette mumbles, and John bursts into a fit of laughter.

Alexander tries to keep a straight face as he quickly says, "I'll be sure to."

"Thanks." And with that, Burr leaves.

After a quick thought, you step towards the door, looking back at the group. "Umm, I’ll be back, I just... I need to ask Burr something..." Without waiting for a response, you push open the door, shivering as the cold air hits you, noticing that you can see your breath fog the air. You then spot Burr’s figure walking down the street, and jog to catch up to him.

“Hey, uh, Burr,” you begin awkwardly, falling into step beside him.

“Oh, hello, (Y/N),” Burr responds politely, giving you a curious glance. “Is there something bothering you?”

“Well... no... I just...” You try to sort out your thoughts. “I just wanted to say... everything’s going to work out with Theodosia... I mean, that girl you were talking about, just, everything’s going to work out, I don’t want you worrying about that. Everything’s going to work out if... if you just step back and... wait for it.”

He sighs. “Wait for it? And everything will work out? I’m not so sure, (Y/N).” There’s a moment of silence, then Burr begins to speak again. “Everything around me gives me blatant examples that I have to work for everything in life. Life doesn’t discriminate between the sinners and the saints, it just takes... and it takes... and it takes... But I have to keep living anyway, and I have to work for it if I don’t want everything and everyone I love to get taken away from me. I mean...” he pauses, then takes deep breath. “Hamilton doesn’t hesitate. He exhibits no restraint, he takes and he takes and he takes, and he keeps winning anyway. He changes the game, he plays and he raises the stakes. And if there’s a reason that he seems to thrive when so few survive, then gosh dang it—"

“...You’re willing to wait for it,” you cut in calmly, slightly surprised that Burr seems to disagree with the ‘wait for it’ idea. But, maybe if you could convince him, could drive it farther into his brain, on that fateful day of the duel, when Alex aims for the sky, Burr will wait before he shoots. “Eventually, Hamilton’s hot-headedness will get him into trouble.” Catching Burr’s curious look, you quickly add, “I mean, yes, I am his friend, but I’m not sure anybody can deny that his mouth will get him in trouble.”

Burr chuckles quietly. “Yes, you would be right about that.”

“So, seriously, Aaron, just wait for it. Examine the situation before acting. Don’t take the risks like Alex does, you are inimitable, you are an original. You’re not falling behind or running late, you’re not standing still, you’re lying in wait.” You pause, and as Aaron doesn’t respond, you quietly laugh. “Sorry, I’m just ranting at this point, aren’t I? Sorry, I’ll just leave—”

“If there’s a reason I’m still alive, when so many have died, then...” he looks at you, and smiles slightly. “I guess there is a reason to wait for it. You’re right, there’s no point in having a relentless pace, wasting no time... And if there’s a reason that I’m by Theodosia’s side, when so many have tried, then... I guess I’m willing to wait for that too.” Seeing your surprised look, he chuckles quietly again. “I heard you mention her name earlier. I’m not sure how you know, but... Thank you (Y/N), I can see why Washington speaks so highly of you, you have pretty knowledgeable
advice, and you seem to know… well, what I’m thinking."

You smile slightly. “Not really, my ‘advice’ is kinda all over the place, but, thanks.”

After another pause, Burr holds out his hand. “Well, I must be going, but I’ll be sure to keep your advice in mind. Thank you again, (Y/N).” You shake his hand, and then he adds, “And, if anyone is going to be the person to keep Hamilton out of trouble, well, you’d be the one. Fools who run their mouths oft wind up dead. Make sure he doesn’t pick a fight in the few weeks he has off?” he says in a joking, yet slightly serious tone.

“I’ll try,” you say with a laugh. “Goodbye, Burr.”

“Farewell, (Y/N).” Both of you turn and walk your separate ways down the street, you back to the group, and Burr to his home.

As you walk back into the room where the men are, you see Alexander stand up, stretch, then announce, "Well, it's getting pretty late, and Eliza's waiting for me, so I'd better go." He turns, then smiles as he sees you. “Ah, you're back, (Y/N)! What did you and Burr talk about?”

You shrug. “I just… yeah, we just talked.”

"Well, you shouldn't keep your lady waiting. Have a great night, Alexander," Hercules says with a wink. "We’ll take (Y/N) back with us."

"Bonne nuit, mon ami."

"Congratulations, again, Alex."

"Yeah, congratulations."

As the men file out the door, Alex quickly says, "Actually, John, could I speak to you for a second?"

"Sure," John says, and he stays back with Alex as you, Laf, and Herc leave.

"Thank you all again for coming! See you guys tomorrow!" Alex says, and after everyone congratulates him again and wishes him a good night, he closes the door, leaving him and John to talk.

"Yeah, 'talk'" you mutter under your breath, wrapping your arms around yourself and shivering slightly as the cold air hits you once again.

"What was that?" Hercules asks.

"Nothing!"

“Alright then… Well, today’s been a nice day, glad I had you two with me!” Hercules says, putting an arm around both your’s and Lafayette’s shoulders.

“Awww, I’m glad I had the little flower girl and the medic with me too,” Lafayette jokes.

“You say ‘flower girl’ like you don’t think it’s manly or something. What gives, Laf?” Herc jokes.

“Oh, forgive me, mon amie, for not thinking that the very important job of throwing flower petals is ‘manlier’ than being a medic,” Lafayette deadpans.
The two continue to joke around as you all head to your temporary living space. When you all finally reach the room, you are dismayed to see that there’s only one bed in the small room. “Ugh, and I had so been looking forward to sleeping in an actual bed for once,” you gripe internally. Laf and Herc begin to argue who will take the it.

“No, I insist that you take it, garçon de fleurs!” Lafayette says, gesturing towards the bed.

“Oh c’mon Frenchie, I know you want it!”

“Like you and (Y/N) don’t? Besides it’s freezing, and I’m more used to the cold than you two. Look, (Y/N) is shivering!”

You groan. “Ugh, Laf, I’m fine. One of you just take the fricking bed already!” You are cold, though, and you try to stop your shivering.

“Never, mon frissonnant ami! You take the bed!”

After a couple more minutes of bickering, Herc hold up his hands and shouts, “Guys, there’s a simple solution!”

There’s a pause as both you and Lafayette stop arguing, then Hercules slowly begins, “So… we’re all pretty close, right?”

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“Ugh, Herc, move over, you’re crushing me!” Lafayette complains.

“I’ve got nowhere to move to!” Hercule groans.

“Well, this was your idea!” Lafayette shifts away from Hercules in an attempt to get comfortable, and ends up pressed against you, putting you in danger of being shoved off of the side of the bed.

Somehow, the three of you had managed to squeeze into a bed made for maybe two smaller persons at the most. You had almost opped out to sleep on the floor, but the cold, and the men’s insistence that the only way to make this fair was if everyone got the bed, forced you into this situation. To be fair, this way was somewhat practical, and it definitely was warm, but that didn’t make it any less awkward.

“Ugh, there’s nowhere for my arms to go!” Lafayette complains. You feel your face heat up as Lafayette moves his arm from its squished position trapped between your’s and his bodies and stretches it over you, ending up pretty much wrapping an arm around you, and you feel the bed move as Hercules yelps.

“Laf, your hands are freezing! Keep your arms in your space!”

“But then they’re squished!” the Frenchman complains. “And (Y/N) isn’t complaining, why can’t you be more like him?”

“Well, are you cuddling with (Y/N) too, or is that treatment reserved especially for me?”

“Well it’s hard not to, you’re like a giant teddy bear! And what’s wrong with cuddling? I’m just trying to get comfortable!” Laf protests.

“Well, get comfortable more quietly, I’m trying to sleep!”

“If you’re trying to sleep, then why are you complaining about me touching you?”
You roll your eyes at the men’s bickering, then shiver as Herc accidentally yanks the blanket off of you. “Great, Herc, now you’re making (Y/N) cold! Maybe I actually have to cuddle with him to keep him from freezing because of you!”

“I’m fine, Laf,” you say, trying to stop your teeth from chattering. You attempt to pull the blankets back to your side, and then you jump as you feel warm arms wrap around you.

“Mhhh, you’re cold” Lafayette mumbles, snuggling closer to you.

You feel your face burn. “Laf, I’m pretty sure you’re still drunk…” you mutter, but there’s no response from the Frenchman, and his steady breath on your neck makes you think that he’s asleep.

You hear Hercules laugh. “As long as I’m not the ‘teddy bear,’ I’m good,” he says, and you groan. Suddenly realizing how tired you are, you feel your eyelids grow heavier. Lafayette is really warm, and while it is kinda awkward, you have to admit that you’re not cold anymore. Your eyelids close, and you slowly drift off, the only sounds being Laf’s rhythmic breathing, soon joined by Hercules’s quiet snores. You briefly wonder about John and Alex before your brain slowly shuts down, and you drift off into a deep sleep.

Chapter End Notes

Oh yeah, remember how I was talking about changing the title of this fic? Well, I got some amazing ideas!!

Rewind, Lil_Lycanthropy

Put Yourself Into The Narrative, guest Hamfan

Hamil-oh shiz now I gotta blend in with the 18th century men and try not to change history fuuuuuuuuu, Hamulan, DeathByJumpingFrenchman

Rewriting Revolution, guest TinyWingsTim

Idk vote for your favorite? I can't decide... Thanks!
Stay Alive

Chapter Summary

STAY ALIIIIIIIIIIIVE. Got a 'lil bit of Lams and Charles Lee being a turdblossom for you.

Chapter Notes

OH MY GOSH IT'S BEEN, LIKE, 2 MONTHS?? I'M ACTUALLY REALLY DISAPPOINTED IN MYSELF, NOT ONLY BECAUSE I DIDN'T FORCE MYSELF TO WRITE, BUT BECAUSE THIS IS SINGLE HANDEDLY THE WORST THING I'VE WRITTEN IN MY LIFE. Like, I'm actually really sorry about this chapter, guys. I'm really mad at myself for accepting this as an actual chapter for everyone as supportive as you lovelies. But, the truth is, this is probably the best this chapter is gonna get. And, if I don't post now, at 1:31 am, I will probably put it off for another month even though I really like this book. It's complicated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Well, it's official. We're screwed!" Hamilton shouts as he storms into the tent.

Everyone looks up at the furious man. "Mon ami, what happened?" Lafayette asks in concern.

"Charles Lee, that's what happened! Instead of me, he promotes Charles Lee! He makes him second in command!"

You can practically hear Lee 'wheeing' in the background.

"But... why? You may not have as much experience, but anybody's better than Lee!" Hercules says, and everyone nods in agreement.

"I don't know! I asked Washington, but he just said 'no.'"

There's a silence. "Yup, we're screwed," you hear Hercules mutter.

"(Y/N)! (Y/N)!" someone says urgently, and someone nudges you, pulling you back into the present. "Are you feeling well?" Laurens asks, helping lay down the wounded solider next to you.

You shrug. "Yeah, I'm fine. Just a little tired."

There's a loud cannon blast, which you finally don't jump at, having heard the sound repeatedly for the... past year? Day? Hour? You couldn't keep track of how long the battles lasted. All you knew was that you had to keep assisting your fellow medics with whatever they needed. Help, scarf down your meager rations, catch a few minutes of sleep, then repeat. There seemed to be a some sort of battle or skirmish every day now. "Bandages!" someone farther away calls out. "Scalpel, please, I need one now!" someone next to you says urgently, followed by a moan of one of the
soldiers. You quickly grab a scalpel and hand it to the medic.

Looking up at John, you blink as you realize that he isn't there anymore. You hadn't even heard him leave. Shaking your head, trying to clear your head, your eyesight clears just as a bloody scalpel is shoved in front of your vision. "Thanks," the medic mumbles, and you grab it with a shaking hand.

"Scalpel!" someone else shouts. With a groan, you force yourself off the ground and walk over to hand the tool to someone else. As you walk, you wipe off the excess blood as best as you can before handing it to the person. The people in this time period didn't seem to know about the existence of... well, germs, you guess. They shared tools, and the bodily fluids on them, without cleaning them, a fact which really grosses you out. You always get weird looks when you are seen cleaning the tools, but you honestly didn't care. You had tried to explain why clean tools were important, but nobody had listened or seemed to understand.

When you have a moment to take a breather, you hear a faint call of "Attack," followed by a louder scream of "Retreat." Frowning slightly, you curse Lee under your breath. "That idiot... I should have warned Washington... well what good would that have done?" you mutter, and the medic passing you spares you a strange look before rushing off to whatever they needed to do.

By the time you see the troops beginning to file back into camp, you're exhausted and can barely see straight. With a grim smile, you see Lee walk back into the camp, unscathed. "Good thing, too, otherwise I might have 'accidentally' shoved the bullet he was shot with up his-"

"Medic!" someone shouts, and with another hateful glance at Lee, you turn to see who needs help.

When Washington arrives at camp, you see him give Lee a bitter stare before he retreats to his tent, waving off the people asking if he was alright. Noticing that he seemed to be favoriting his left leg as he entered his tent, you take a deep breath and walk over.

"Sir?" you say softly, pushing open the flap of the tent. Your eyes take a moment to adjust to the darker interior of the tent, but as your eyes focus, you see Washington sitting on the edge of a cot, head in his hands.

"Your... excellency, sir?" you repeat, taking a small step into the tent.

Washington looks up, then nods slightly as he sees you. "Ah, (Y/N)." His voice cracks in the middle of your name. "Now may not be the best ti-"

"I'm sorry," you blurt out.

"You... what? You have absolutely nothing to be..."

Noticing the bags under his eyes and the tired way he hid himself, you quickly shush him. "Shhhhh, don't talk. I just came in here to make sure you were alright, sir." Taking another tentative step closer, you notice the small stain of blood on Washington's leg. "Is... uh, your leg okay?"

He looks up at you, then back down at his leg. "Oh. Some shrapnel got me. It's fine, really, (Y/N). Please go get some rest, you look tired."

"Just let me bandage your leg real quick, okay? America can't really afford to have the only competent leading man to be injured."

Washington sighs as the obvious jab at Lee. "I know, I really should have listened to Hamilton. He's always volunteering, but I can't... I can't bring myself to..."
"Because you don't want him to get hurt and he needs to get home to Eliza and his future son, it's absolutely understandable," you finish.

Washington raises an eyebrow, then laughs quietly. "Why am I surprised that you know Eliza's pregnant. From what I've seen, and what Burr mentioned, you can basically read minds."

You feel your face burn, and you quickly just kneel next to Washington and begin to quickly bandage his leg, figuring that would have to work for now. "Umm... lucky guesses?"

"If I didn't know better, I would say you're hiding something," he says in a tired joking tone.

"Nope!" you say quickly, tucking the end of the bandage into itself and standing up. "Sorry for bothering you, sir. Now please, get some rest. The existence of Lee isn't your fault, so please don't beat yourself up for it. Would you like any food?"

The corner of his mouth quirks up, but he shakes his head. "I can't rest, I can't eat until I can provide for my troop. I need to think up a new strategy, a new plan, a new way to wi-"

"Yeah, uh uh, I'm banning you from doing that war thing with anything until you've gotten at least 5 hours of sleep and eaten something," you say absentmindedly as you put the bandages back in your coat pocket. "So, when I return in 30 minutes, I expect you to be sleeping." Rubbing your throbbing forehead, you close your eyes, then jerk them open. "Oh, oh my- I didn't mean to order you to do anything, Geor- I mean, Mr. Washington. Just a... uh, friendly... suggestion?"

You look down to see Washington with his head in his hands, his body shaking. "Uh... sir?" He looks up, and you see he is laughing.

"So, you 'ban me from doing that war thing with anything,' do you?" he says with a small smile, then chuckles again.

You feel your face heat up again. "I'm sorry," you mutter.

"No, you're fine. Okay, I promise I'll sleep and eat something if you go sleep as well; you look like..." he trails off. The grim look had returned to his face, and you suddenly felt really happy you had made him laugh, if only for a moment.

"Yes, sir. Farewell, General Washington," you say respectfully, stepping out of the tent. Once out of his sight, you take a deep breath and run your fingers through your hair nervously, then take out your tight ponytail and redo it. "Well, that could have gone worse," you mumble.

Walking towards your tent, you hear some voices whispering to the side. You continue on, not wanting to ruin anyone's privacy by listening in and really wanting to sleep. Then you stop as you catch a few words.

"Strong words...Lee... ought to hold him to it..." You stop, knowing exactly what conversation was going on. Staying where you were, you stood casually by the entrance to your tent as you listened to the conversation happening on the inside.

"But... John, you know Washington is like a father to me, and I would do anything for him, but... that also includes not disobeying a direct order. I can't do that, John. I just... I can't," you hear Alexander whisper.

"Then I'll do it," John says firmly.

"John! No... you can't..."
"Alexander, you're the closest friend I've got."

"Laurens, you can't throw away your shot at this. When Washington gets wind of this, he'll relieve you of your duty. You know that! I can't... if you..."

Peeking through the small opening between the flaps of the tent, you see Laurens and Hamilton standing close together, eyes closed, foreheads touching as John pulls the shorter man towards him.

"Shhh... don't worry, Alex. I won't get shot. Lee has a terrible aim," John whispers reassuringly, the hand on Hamilton's shoulder reaching up to run through his ponytail. "And I know that there's a risk of me being sent away, but that's a risk I'm willing to take. Washington has done so much for our country, it's only fair I can do this one thing to protect his name."

"I know, and I would too. But, if you do get sent away...." Alexander pulls away and looks up at John. "I might never see you again..."

(This is the point where I'd promptly run out and push them together while shouting 'KISS MY GAY CHILDREN KISS.' But, since I assume you'd be more sensible, you won't be doing that. But, if you would do that... see the stuff in about 4 paragraphs)

"Alexander, I'd like to see anyone try to keep me apart from you," John whispers.

"I... I..." Alex sighs, then his head drops to John's shoulder. John's face turns red, but he doesn't move. "Just promise me one thing."

"Anything for you."

"Just... stay alive for me John. Stay alive."

--------

To make up for me abandoning this story for 2 months, here's for all the people who wouldn't try to suppress any of their impulses, as well as the people who've stuck with me this long. I love you guys. Kudos to you.

"Shhh... don't worry, Alex. I won't get shot. Lee has a terrible aim," John whispers reassuringly, the hand on Hamilton's shoulder reaching up to run through his ponytail. "And I know that there's a risk of me being sent away, but that's a risk I'm willing to take. Washington has done so much for our country, it's only fair I can do this one thing to protect his name."

"I know, and I would too. But, if you do get sent away...." Alexander pulls away and looks up at John. "I might never see you again..."

At that point, you couldn't take it anymore. "SCREW IT!" you shout, jumping out from behind the tent and walked up to John and Alexander. They both jump away, faces burning with blushes as they stammer a weak explanation. But you don't listen. You just grab the two gently by their
ponytails and push their faces together. "For the love of- JUST KISS ALREADY MY SMOL GAY CHILDREN!" you shout, and watch with a wide smile as their lips forcibly connect. John squeaks a little in surprise, glancing quickly between you and Hamilton before closing his eyes and giving in.

John's hand finds his way to Alex's hair, while Alex's hands flutter down to John's waist. "LAMS!" you squeal in delight, taking out your phone and snapping a quick picture before turning and running off. "SCREW IT ALL," you shout once again.

"YOUR MAN BUN IS REALLY HOT," you shout as you jump into Lafayette's lap and play with all the frizzies sticking out.

"Umm... mon ami, what are you doing...?" Lafayette says, laughing nervously.

"AND HERCULES I THINK YOUR PANTS ARE ACTUALLY RLY HOT LIKE SERIOUSLY YOU'RE MY FAV TAILOR," you shout, sliding out of Lafayette's lap and running past a confused Hercules Mulligan and across the camp.

"DON'T WORRY FAM YOU'RE GONNA WIN THE REVOLUTION SO IT'S ALL CHILL." Your fellow soldiers that you shout at as you run past just give you a confused look.

"YOU, MY GOOD SIR, ARE AN-" you proceed with a word that I'm not gonna type because I'm still kinda pure, pointing at Charles Lee, who looks up from a piece of parchment he is scribbling on to give you a glare.

"What the f-"

"AND YOU," you shout, pointing at Aaron Burr, just passing by. "YOU'RE RLY CUTE AND HAVE A GREAT VOICE AND YOUR RELATIONSHIP WITH THE THEODOSIAS MAKES ME CRY, BUT YOU KILLED ALEXANDER, SO-" You kindly flip him off. "BUT I MEAN YOU ALSO TRIED TO TAKE OVER MEXICO AND MAKE YOURSELF EMPEROR SO KUDOS TO YOU FOR THAT."

"ALSO," you continue to shout as you run to the commanders tent. "YOU SHOULD PROBABLY GET RID OF THIS GUY," you shout, pouting at one of the men passing you.

"Who, General Arnold?" Lee scoffs.

"YES, YOU LIMP NOODLE, BENEDICT. HIM," you shout, slapping Lee as you run past.

"HEY WASHINGDADDY." Washington screams and falls back in his chair as you suddenly flop onto his desk, scattering papers all over the floor. Grabbing the arm of his chair and managing to keep him from falling over, you grin and pat his cheek. "You're pretty chill." Bopping him on the nose, you roll of the table and leave the tent.

*time skipparoo*

"AY YO BRITS," you shout at the British army, who just stares at you in confusion as you wave from the center of their camp. The conversation slowly dies out, and all the redcoats turn towards you.

"Wait... how did he... in the camp?" someone mumbles, but you cut them off.

"How does a bastard, orphan, son of a whore, and a Scotsman, dropped in the middle-"
"Umm... sir? What are you-"

"-thE TEN DOLLAR FOUNDiNG FATHEr WITHOUT A FATHEr-"

*1 hour later*

"-HE WILL NEVER BE SATiS-iBe enough- SATiFied SATiFied HiSTORY HAS IT'S EY-why do you assume you're the smartest in the room, why you you assume you're the smartest in the-NON-STOP HE WILL NEVER BE SATiFied- this enough- SATiFied-hiSTory has its ey-WHY DO YOU WRITE LIKE YOU'RE-"

One of the redcoats stares at you in confusion, as he has been for the past hour, then whispers to the man next to him, "What is he doin-"

"Shhh, I'm trying to listen," the man next to him says, staring at you intently. "I am not throwing away my... shot," he mumbles along with you, tapping his foot slightly to the music.

*1 more hour later*

"-lives, who dies you tells your storyyyyyyyyyy..." you trail off, then bring your arm up to slowly dab.

"That was..." one redcoat sobs, bringing his hands together to clap.

"Who the frick is Alexander Hamilton?"

"He's Washington's right hand man, can you even listen?"

"No, but this is real! Have you guys really not heard of him? He's kinda a major figure in the enemy..."

One soldier sighs and puts his hands up, silencing everyone. "Okay, I get it, the... whatever that was, was amazing. But that doesn't make the fact that the enemy was in our camp. We need to take this man as-"

"Um, commander, problem?"

"Yes?" the commander asks, exasperatedly.

"Uh, he's... gone, sir."

*across the ocean*

"Seabury, could you..."

The bishop holds up a hand. "Pardon, your highness, but I think I heard..."

Quietly, echoing in the halls, a muted "Da da da da daaaa," is sung. King George III and the bishop look at each other in confusion before the doors to the throne room burst open.

"I WILL KILL YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY-"

Seabury screams and jumps into King G's arms, who grips him in terror as he squeaks in absolute horror. They watch you spin into the room, still singing with a creepy smile on your face. "-TO REMiND YOU OF MY LOVE-"
*back in America*

"Ah, Jemmy! I can't believe I got a small reprieve of my duties to come visit America for a week!" Jefferson says with a grin as he hugs the smaller man. Madison blushes, curling into Jefferson's embrace.

"Thomas, I've-" He's cut off as Jefferson gasps, Macaroni and Cheese splattering over his fuchsia coat. Madison sneezes, then watches in confusion as you spin in on a swivel chair, peacefully eating Mac&Cheese.

"So... whAT DID I MISS?"

Chapter End Notes

That last past was better than the chapter itself smh

Love you guys!!!
Chapter Summary

Lee's still a bit of a jerk, in case you were wondering. And nobody sees the point in cleaning medical equipment, apparently.

Chapter Notes

NO WORRIES GUYS I AM STILL ALIVE (since I know that you all just LIVE for me and my slow updates XD) Umm.... yeah, idk what I wrote but I wrote a thing and it's basically meet me inside because I didn't know what to do for 10 duel commandments so I just skipped it. Umm.... yeah, I just forced myself to write something so I didn't feel completely useless, so I hope it's okay. Ummm... and that's really.... all for this chapter note, I guess. Hope you enjoy?

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"-number ten, paces, fi-" Your shaking voice is cut off by a deafening gunshot, then a strangled scream as Lee falls to his knees, his hand touching his side and coming away red. You swallow thickly, then turn at the sound of Alexander's voice.

"Lee do you yield?" Hamilton calls from the opposite end of the field, trying to sound official, but unable to hide the relief in his voice. His hand rests on John’s shoulder, who’s flushed face quickly turns down to examine his gun.

“You shot him in the side, yes he yeilds!” Burr says in his usual exasperated tone that he seems to reserve for Hamilton alone as he walks up Lee’s side. Touching him lightly on the shoulder, he asks something quietly, to which Lee grits his teeth and responds. Burr looks up at you, and it takes you a moment to realize that he wants you to come over. Gripping the small pouch you had grabbed from the medical tent, you quickly walk over and kneel next to Lee. You weren’t exactly fond of Lee, but as his usual annoyed expression twisted in suppressed pain as he looked at you, you felt a small twinge in your heart. Whether you loathed him or not, you couldn’t just let him suffer.

“Well then, I’m satisfied!” you barely hear John holler as you quickly dig through your bag and pull out a small pair of scissors, a roll of bandages, a scalpel, and a pair of tweezers. Wrinkling your nose at the amount of caked blood on the scalpel, you set everything down and whip the tool on the edge of your jacket. Taking a couple seconds longer to get some of the firmly stuck blood clots off, you look up to see Burr looking at you strangely.

“(Y/N)... if you haven’t noticed, Lee has been shot,” Burr says in his usual emotionless voice. You give him a ‘yeah no du’ look before Lee cuts in with enough annoyance for both him and Burr.
“(F/N) ******* (L/N) listen here you little ********** I’ve been ******** shot and if you don’t ******** do something the **** about it I’m going to **** the **** out of you you little ******** ************* and you’re gonna wish you were never ******** born you little-”

Supressing the urge to eyeroll, you nod stiffly, trying to not burst out with a few well-chosen words to shoot back at him. “I was just cleaning the scalpel, goodness!”

“Why do you need to clean…” Burr shook his head. “Alright, I’m sorry you two don’t have the best of relationships, but please quit stalling and fix him up already!”

“Hold up, you think I’m stalling on this by cleaning-” Burr ignores you, standing up to take control of the situation.

“We have got to clear the f-”

“YO WE WON!” John shouts from the opposite end of the field, cutting off Burr, who shoots him a glare.

“Here comes the general!” one of the various soldiers that had come to watch the duel shouts, and Burr shakes his head exasperatedly.

“I told him that duels are dumb and immature…. This should be fun,” he mutters as he begins walking to the other end of the field.

Hearing another groan from Lee, you turn back with the scissors. Cutting away his shirt, you pull away the white-turned red fabric, then breath a sigh of relief. “Lucky you, it’s a pretty clean shot.”

“Lucky… me?” Lee hisses, breathing heavily. His chest shudders as he takes another breath, then winces as you exchange the scissors for the now somewhat-clean scalpel.

“Yeah, it didn’t shatter the bone or anything… I think,” you mutter the last two words, but he seems to hear you, digging his fingers into the dirt and shooting you a glare

“What is the meaning of this?” You hear Washington’s familiar voice from behind you and resist the urge to look up. “Mr. Burr, get a medic for the general-”

“Already taken care of, sir,” Burr reasures Washington, who turns towards you and Lee, low-key anger on his face.

"Lee, you will never agree with me, but believe me, these young men don't speak for me! Thank you for your service.” Then he turns around to talk to an overjoyed Hamilton and Laurens.

“Why…. you? You’re not… not even trained,” Lee groans, not even focusing on the fact that he had been dismissed from duty. Then again, he probably expected it at this point. He groans again as the scalpel touches his side, drawing your attention away from Hamilton and Washington’s conversation and back to him.
“Look, if I didn’t have to be here, trust me, I wouldn’t be. Everyone else just so happens to be busy because of, oh I don’t know, how about the huge war going on right now? Which you kinda decided to screw up by retreating, if you don’t remember.”

“Oh, trust me…” He hisses again as you finish the incision and set down the scalpel, picking up the tweezers. “Laurens…. won’t let me for…. forget that for a second…”

Bitting your lip, you stick the tweezers into the incision. You always hated watching the removal of the bullet, but actually doing it was so, so much worse. Feeling sweat bead up on your forehead, you pull the tweezers back out, then let out a breath as you see the bloodied metal of the bullet held between the two pieces of metal. “I… I got it…” you say breathlessly, staring at the bullet.

Looking up at you, biting his cheek in an attempt to not cry out in pain, he glares at you through the tears in his eyes. “Well…” he says, laboriously. “…about time. With the… speed…. you were going, I thought…” He trails off, and then his eyes widen. “Don’t tell me… that wasn’t your first time removing a bullet…” You guiltily nod, and his head drops back onto the grass. “Unbelievable!” he says, looking up at the sky in disbelief. “Un- ******** believable! I would have trusted that ********** tailor more than you! At least he knows how to use his hands, unlike you, you little **********!”

Ignoring him as he continued to cuss you out, you guide him to a sitting position and begin to bandage his middle. Getting a small bit of satisfaction when he winces as you tighten the bandages, you finally finish and shove the tools back into the bag, looping the strap over your chest. Kneeling back down, Lee falls silent as you maneuver his arm around your shoulder and struggle to pull him up.

“Where’s your tent?” you mutter, interally cursing your shortness and the heaviness of Lee, who seems to be putting all of his weight on you.

“I don’t need your help,” he says stubbornly, tugging his arm away from your shoulder and walking towards the camp without you. His strides are powerful, but you notice the way his hand flutters at his side as he tries to resist gripping his side in pain.

“You idiot!” you call after him, but he ignores you and continues walking. “You could’ve at least thanked me, like, for saving your life?” you mutter bitterly as you turn towards the direction of your tent.

Once you step inside, you can immediately tell something is wrong. John and Alexander are both gone, and Lafayette and Hercules are both talking quietly with solemn expressions on their faces.

“Uh… hey guys?” you say cautiously as you step into the tent, letting the flap fall closed behind you. “What’s wrong? I thought you guys would be celebrating John’s victory? Speaking of which, where is he? And where’s Alex?”
“That’s exactly it,” a voice says from behind you. You turn to see John step into the tent, his eyes downcast. “After you started fixing up Lee, the general told Alex to meet him inside his tent. When he came out, he found me and…” You suddenly caught onto what was happening and smiled slightly. “He released Alexander from duty, told him to go home. He just left, said to tell ya goodbye and thank you for everything since he doesn’t know if he’ll ever, uh, see you again…”

Struggling to keep the smile off of your face, you sit down with the guys on the cots and listen to their conversation. As they discuss why Washinton send Hamilton home when it was John who challenged Lee to a duel, you finally had to let the smile crack through. You knew why he was sent home, and you knew he would be back soon.

You only wished you could be there to see the expression on his face when he heard Eliza was pregnant.

Chapter End Notes

Oh wow lookit that, that may be the least-edited chapter I've ever written. Go me. I tried to make this a great chapter to make up for the last chapter but... ah well, next chapter will be a bit spicier with a kinda sub-plot and a certain Frenchman *wink-a-wonk* See y'all in Guns and Ships.... whenever I get around to writing it *^-^* Sorry I'm trash. Anyway, love y'all's! Have a great week, lovelies, you deserve it!
The Last Chapter

Chapter Summary

I'm sorry. I'm so fricking sorry.

Frick yeah I'm sorry. I'm chickening out. But, to be fair, it was pretty obvious this was coming. Honestly, my trademark is to start with a decent idea, write chapters nonstop for about a week, then proceed to pull the story into hell with updates every 200 years or so. So, heck yes, this chick is chickening out.

And by that, I mean I'm doing what should have been done when I didn't update for three months.

In my defense though, that was when my family had the amazing idea to move to Ecuador for three months.

Gotta give me some credit there?

Off topic, sorry. Anyway, yeah, I'm discontinuing this. Which sucks because I met so many amazing people though this and actually got into fanfic writing this way? Like, this was my first ever posted fanfic ever? And...

Oh my gosh you guys, you LIKED it.

Or at least... you pretended to...

Idk whatever even if that's the case you guys cared enough about my pitiful life to pretend to care about my writing and that makes me feel a little better if nothing else XD

But yeah, this story is at a standstill, and while I loved the idea, I've lost all motivation for it. Again, it's kinda my trademark at this point.

But... yeah... just, DANG!

155 kudos???? I've honestly never felt so appreciated in my life for anything I've ever done, even if it was at the hands of a crappily-written I-just-had-this-random-idea-on-a-road-trip fanfic.

And I met so many amazing people through this??? Like RandomFailure? They're amazing. And guest TinyWingsTim? Always brightens my day! And nobody's reading at this point but Lestly and RibShooterBurr and just EVERYONE who read and commented on this little crapnugget! There's too many to name every though I want to acknowledge everyone because you all deserve it! Honestly, thank you all so much. You're too good for this world, you little cinnamon rolls.

So... yeah... peace out, I guess. I'm just gonna cut loose the ties before I pull this down further into
no-standards-writing land.

But... yeah, for those of you who actually care how (Y/N) does, I have a couple (un-edited) excerpts I wrote in my spare time that I'm literally just going to copy-paste from the notes on my phone

Yeah, they're crap. But they're something.

Thanks for the wonderful support, everyone. Even those who didn't stick around and (understandably) fell away after I stopped updating consistently. And especially the ones who did stick around for some reason. Kudos to you.

Anyway, thank you all so much ;-; You're all amazing. Love ya!

KT is out!

Lol this is all crap and unedited but YOLO

[chapter I was going to post but didn't because of the fact that it was trash]

Are you sure?"

"Seriously, I'm fine, Herc, I swear!" you reassure your muscular friend. "Just not feeling too well is all."

"A day in the city is just what you need, then!" Alexander says excitedly. "C'mon, we haven't been near enough to a bar for months now!" You snort. "Now is your chance to mail any letters you need to, to stock up on drinks, maybe sneak something back into camp..."

"Got nobody to send letters to, and I'm perfectly fine with the camp food."

Hercules snorts. "What food? We went though all of if. Seriously," He pokes at your stomach playfully. "You haven't gained back any weight since Winter!"

Rolling your eyes, you slap his hand away and shiver slightly. "Whatever, none of us have."

"All the more reason to now! Put the past of starvation behind us and look towards a future of eating like kings!"

"Pass," you say. "Seriously, just go! I'll be fine here on my own!"

"Your loss!" John chimes in, slinging an arm over Alexander's shoulder. "Cuz we're gonna have fuuuuuuuun tonight!"

"Mon amie, are you alright?" Lafayette says quietly, sitting beside you on your cot.
You nod and smile slightly. "Seriously, I'm fine. A bit of rest and I'll be good as new! Remember who the doctor is around here!"

"If you say so..." He trails off, then smiles at you before standing up and joining the group. "We'll bring you something back!"

"See ya later!" you call, watching them leave the tent, and taking with them the rambunctious attitude that had filled the tent.

And then, it was quiet.

Everyone was in town that day. Even Washington had headed in for a couple hours, which meant...

"I got camp to myself for a day," you say in a singsong voice. Standing up to peek out the tent flaps, you are greeted with an empty, quiet camp. A smile finds its way onto your face, and you almost laugh out loud before going back into the shade of your tent and sitting on your cot.

It wasn't that you didn't love the Revolutionaries, you did, and you loved hanging out with them, but...

Pulling out the hair tie from your hair, you moan as your tight ponytail is set free and run your fingers through it. Massaging your sore head for a moment, you enjoy that moment of bliss before shaking your head and enjoying the feeling of having its weight on your back once again. "Huh, never thought I'd miss that feeling," you muse before taking advantage of the empty camp for something that had bugged you more than the hair.

[another side note: this was written from the first-hand experience of a person (me) who has lived almost all their life in a friggin desert (not gonna say where, of course ;3 Gotta have some sense of secrecy) and has dealt with 100-125 degree temperatures throughout this summer so don't say you wouldn't do this because as a person who still is dying indoors with air conditioning and two fans on while in a tank top and short-shorts, I believe you would because frick that's what I would do. So... ya... sry just wanted to rant because I hate the heat man and nobody's reading this anyway so why the frick not?]

Shedding your jacket, you let out a breath of relief as air hits your sweat soaked upper body and toss the heavy coat aside. "Higher than a hundred is too hot for this crap," you mutter, fingering the top buttons of your undercoat as you toss the idea of removing more layers back and forth. For weeks you had endured the torture of seeing everyone else strip off layers of clothing in the hot, hundred degree heat without being able to take off any layers yourself, creating a namesake of being overly conscious of your body as the summer days had gone on. You hadn't even broken down when you had gotten a mild case of heat stroke, even though that's probably the point you should have.

"-thousand soldiers die in a hundred degree heat, as we snatch a stalemate from the jaws of defeat," you find yourself humming, and under the realization that literally nobody could hear you, continue singing the lyrics.

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"-I go to France with more funds, I come back with more guns, and ships, and so the balance shifts." Laying back in your cot, top of your undershirt unbuttoned to reveal some skin to the air, you switch back to an American accent and slow up slightly. "We rendezvous with Rochambeau, consolidate their gifts." Then you switch back to the French accent. "We can end this war in Yorktown, cut them off at sea, but, for this to succeed, there's someone else we need." American
accent. "I know. Hamilt-"

[Ah this was literally an edited version of the first chapter I wrote for this awe I was so young then]

A small sound pulls you out of your one-woman musical, and you look up curiously only to see the flap of the tent entrance pushed to the side, and someone steps in. "I don't know what you're singing, but are you supposed to be imitating moi, or-" The figure stops as his eyes fall on you. Your voice dies out slowly as you look up at him, quickly sweeping your hair up into its customary ponytail.

"...(Y/N)?" He says questioningly. "Is that...?"

"No!" You squeak, then quickly clear your throat. "I mean, uh, yeah. It's me. (Y/N). Uh, so... what's up?"

"Cieux ci-dessus (Y/N)! Are you... a woman?" he sputters.

It was then you realized why he had been staring at you so strangely. As you quickly button up the front of your undershirt, you see your coat strewn on the floor about a foot away from your leg. Maybe...

Slowly inching your foot closer to the jacket, you look up at Lafayette sheepishly. "Did you just assume my g... I mean, frick dude, I've literally lived with you for a year, why in the world..." Digging your heel into the fabric of the jacket, you pull it closer to your cot. "...would you come up with such a wild accusation? Seriously Laf, what's gotten into you?"

His eyes flitter lower and you glare at him, instinctively putting a hand over your chest. "Laf!"

"Merci, merci!" he quickly apologizes. "So... it is true, then?"

Fighting out an internal war in your mind, you eventually come to a conclusion. You sigh, then pull your hair back out of its ponytail. Standing up from your cot, you curtsy before putting a hand on your hip and gesturing exaggeratedly at yourself. "Presenting the amazing, one-of-kind, 100% fabulous, 100% woman (Y/N)." For the first time since you had stumbled into this century, you say your real name instead of the boyish-nickname form you had always said.

He stays quiet for a moment. Then he slowly nods.

"Well then, Miss (Y/N)," he says in his thick French accent as he takes your hand as kisses it. "Forgive me for saying this, but this actually makes a lot of sense."

[Keep in mind that this is unedited and-

Psh what am I saying nobody's reading this XD. Whatever]

[anywho the next thing is the end written in my usual writing format...

Which is me writing it out like I'm talking to myself...

Frick I'm a mess...]

O K A Y

So, y'know the 'Put Yourself Into The Narrative' fanfic I'm writing? What if it ended at 'The World
Was Wide Enough?' Like, you're there, watching Alex and Burr go through their paces, and you're sobbing, but you can't stop what's happening because of what happened to Philip keeps flashing through your mind. You know that whatever you do, Alex will die, and if you try to stop it, it'll end up happening because of you, just like John and Philip's deaths cuz like you tried to save John but you accidentally were the reason he got shot and when you tried to stop Philip it made him go do it and you startled Eaker and made him accidentally fire at 7 even though that's not cannon but whatever. So, you're sobbing on the ground in the bushes or whatever and you swear time slows down for a minute. You start reciting the words of Hamilton's internal monologue, and just at the 'he aims his pistol at the sky wait-', your vision goes black. Burr's 'Wait!' keeps echoing through your head, and then a flash of pain jabs through your skull. Then you open your eyes. You see your parents standing before you, about to cry as they whisper your name, then attack you with a hug BECAUSE HA PLOT TWIST YOU WERE JUST IN A COMA BECAUSE YOUR FRICKING FRIEND ACCIDENTALLY PUSHE...
were always were willing to help anyone who asked, you entered the battlefield even though it was not your time nor duty. You are so amazing and brave in every way, and I think that is why I fell for you. And also, in little ways, of course. The way you bite your lip in nervousness, the way your eyes light up joyfully when you insert a reference from your musical into a conversation, the way your lips curve in the small smiles we used to share, the list goes on, and that is only when I used to see you. I did not think it possible, but my love for you has grown even more through the beloved letters I eagerly awaited every week. Your snarky comments, your jokes, the way you express yourself through your words that paints an image of you in my mind, the way you respond interestedly in the trivial items in my life, and the way you describe yours, even the way you cross your 't's make me come to adore you.

Simply, my dear (Y/N), I love you. If I never told you that before, it was because of cowardliness and fear of rejection, in which I should have not allowed to stop me. A beautiful, caring, young woman such as yourself deserves to be told that they are loved, to be kissed, to be complimented, to be protected, to be given the world every day, and I only wish I could have been that person.

You will not receive this letter, this I already know. But, I feel that it is fitting that I tell you what I should have told you long ago in the last letter that I will send to you, even if you will never get the chance to read it. I don't know if you were brought back to your time, or if you left the world like I have heard that Alexander did, but no matter the circumstance, I love you. This will never change. My only wish is that you could know my love for you, and I continue to hope, that throughout the strange happenstance of the universe, you will be able to read these words that I have kept to myself all these years and smile your sweet smile. Oh, how I wish I could see that smile again, one last time. Mon amor, you are everything to me and more, and forever shall remain so until the end of my days.

Your dearest,

Lafayette

Probably the most romantic thing I'll ever write in my life tbh *le cry* Like I actually want this to happen tho? I want to get far enough in this story to publish this chapter??? Because???? I genuinely like the letter???? It makes me feel??? So??? Happy??? Inside???

[And I didn't get that far but I worked too hard on that not to publish it so whatever.

Anyway thx for reading. If you have any questions for whatever reason, hit me up in the comments. Or on my tumblr @one-of-many-fandoms. Or catch me at iwantahappilyeverafter@gmail.com because frick stranger danger I'm lonely and I want to talk to people.

Umm... so... yeah... I should probably head to bed... thank you all again for being amazing people and being so supportive. You're all great. Have a great week because y'all's deserve it!

*virtually group hugs all of you*

Thanks!

~KT :3]
[this was written at 1:00 am when I was supposed to be studying for my math final in 7 hours, so please excuse any spelling errors. Thank you!]

End Notes

So... did I do good? Bad? Absolutely horrible? I WILL TAKE ANY ADVICE I AM A SMOL BEAN WHO WANTS TO LEARN HOW TO WRITE GOOD! Thanks, and have a great day/night (I don't time-discriminate or judge when you read fanfiction *laughs nervously as I read gay fanfiction at 2 in the morning*).

Works inspired by this: [see Future Historians Wonder by Juniemunie, Mon Amour by Kizuchi](#)

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