Two Crows and One Dove

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by Sushipillar

Summary

Long after the game, when Can Town has finally been built, a dove rises from her nest.

The light shines in from the window as her eyes open. She blinks a couple times, letting her vision adjust, and turns to face the sleeping body on her right.

The Renegade's soft snoring is the only sound that fills the room, and it's soothing enough that the Monarch begins to feel the pull of sleep tug at the back of her head. Alas, she has things to do, things too important to let herself be distracted by the comfort and warmth of the bed beneath her.

She sits up, rubbing the last of the sleep out of her eyes, and takes a second to appreciate the sleeping body beside her. The Renegade doesn't get enough sleep, she thinks, always busy with whatever court activities he has. She can't blame him, though, she and the Vagabond are the same way with their respective passions.

Speaking of the Vagabond, she should go check on him, make sure he hasn't already gone to work before they could kiss him goodbye. PM pulls the covers off of herself, and shivers as she stands and stretches, letting out a yawn. She tries to be quiet as she pads out of their shared bedroom, gently opening and closing the door to prevent the Renegade's sleep from being disturbed.

As she heads towards the kitchen, PM notices the sound and smell of eggs being fried, which confirms that WV had yet to leave for work, and had even decided to cook them breakfast.

PM feels a smile form on her face as she's reminded just why she and the Renegade fell for the Vagabond in the first place. He's caring, the type of carapace to go above and beyond for the people he loved so deeply. PM just hopes he didn't wake himself up too early for this.

When she reaches the kitchen, she's greeted with the sight of WV hovering over the stove, scrambling eggs with their old spatula. PM creeps up behind him, gently wraps him in a hug, and places a kiss to his head. "Morning."

"Good morning" WV whispers, "Did I wake you?" PM shakes her head no, moving so her chin is resting atop WV's head. "No, AR's still asleep." WV lets out a sigh of relief, and sets the spatula down so he can place his hands over PM's. "Wanna help me set the table?" He asks, looking up at her.

PM nods, but doesn't move. Although she'd love to help her boyfriend with the morning chores, she'd much rather stay like this, holding him and gently swaying while listening to the crackling of the frying eggs.

She looks down at WV, and feels her heart swell. After everything thats happened, she still has a hard time believing that they're really alive, and that everything is okay. PM never thought she'd have a life like this, a house where she's safe and two lovely men who she absolutely adores, and who adore her all the same.

"Whatcha thinking about?" WV asks, having completely forgotten about the food cooking in front of him. PM gives him a soft smile, and gives his head another kiss "How much I love you," a tired pause, "and AR."

“That’s the cheesiest thing I’ve ever heard.” A third voice calls from the doorway, and the two carapaces turn to see their third lover, clearly still tired, yet awake and awaiting breakfast.

“Well, i’m cheesy.” PM lets WV go to greet AR, while the former Vagabond turns the stove off to prevent the eggs from burning, and opens the cabinet door to grab three plates. “Morning, handsome.” PM kisses AR on the cheek, and he gently moves to kiss her on the lips.

WV sets the plates down on the table, and strides across the room to AR. “Thought you went to work.” AR states, having already opened up his arms to wrap WV in a hug and give him his good morning kiss.

“Didn’t. Decided to spend today with you two.” Oh, so he called off. PM blushes as she helps herself the food WV made, her favorite sliced strawberries included. It’s not like him to actively choose not to do his mayoral duties, so for him to call in sick just to spend some time with them makes her heart flutter, and she considers calling off sick tomorrow herself.

AR doesn’t say anything, he just gives WV another appreciative kiss and goes over to grab his own plate of food, and thats when PM notices the small plate of bacon. WV’s a vegetarian, and PM doesn’t like really bacon, so the obvious conclusion that it was made solely for AR.

“I know bacon’s your favorite” WV confirms PM’s assumption, and she looks to see a him hovering near AR, a noticeable blush forming on his face. The former Renegade takes the majority of the meat, saving a few strips for later, and gives WV another small kiss.

“Have I ever told you how much I love you?” It sounds like a joke, but PM and WV can tell he means it. “Yes. Everyday.” WV replies, setting his own plate of food down on the table.

“Not enough.” PM decides, and kisses WV for the fourth time that morning. “I love you.” And WV, even after spending years with them, still hasn’t gotten used to all of the affection they give him, so he just nervously smiles and settles in his seat. “I love you both too.”

“Well, let’s eat.” AR sits in his chair, and PM joins them, sitting in her seat at the other end of the table, facing AR. Over the course of their meal, they would plan out their activities for that day, and PM would silently marvel in the fact that they don’t have to worry about their next meal, or the monsters they may face in the night. They can take things day by day, and together the three former exiles are free to enjoy their breakfast, content.

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