

Moments In Between

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16736646) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16736646>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Multi
Fandom:	Fablehaven Series - Brandon Mull
Relationships:	Bracken/Kendra Sorenson , Warren Burgess/Vanessa Santoro , Mara Tabares/Elise
Characters:	Kendra Sorenson , Seth Sorenson , Warren Burgess , Bracken (Fablehaven) , Vanessa Santoro , Tanugatoa "Tanu" Dufu , Mara Tabares , Trask (Fablehaven) , Elise (Fablehaven)
Additional Tags:	i cant believe there was no trask mara or elise tag , i made them USE THEM , Hurt/Comfort , Fluff , Light Angst , Minor Violence , Minor Injuries , MOSTLY FLUFF I PROMISE , Action/Adventure , Kissing , if that even needs to be tagged , theres no like sex but theres like a light makeout or two and some cute kissing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-11-25 Updated: 2020-04-09 Words: 8,784 Chapters: 6/?

Moments In Between

by [feministkendra](#)

Summary

A collection of one-shots taking place before, during, or after the series. Will be updated as regularly as possible! Cross-posted on FF.NET

Notes

These are a bunch of one-shots I have written over the years, they were posted on FF.NET but I decided to put them here as well! Enjoy!

Lawyer Seth

Kendra always said Seth would be a good lawyer. Years of convincing his parents to water his punishments down, much to her annoyance, proved as much. He got it from their mother, who was also a lawyer. Kendra and her father would always watch as Seth and her mother battled it out, in full on lawyer mode. Even though her mother was the one with the degree, she always seemed to lose to Seth. He was that good at getting punishments lowered and avoiding having to learn from his mistakes. But nothing activated Seth's lawyer mode as much as being told 'no'.

And that is precisely what her Grandpa Sorenson was trying to tell him. Seth had come down this morning with a great big plan on how Warren should show him around the preserve, including the dangerous parts so that he can get the lay of the land "in case of emergency". Warren had been all for it, but her grandfather...

"Seth, I said no!" He exclaimed. His face was becoming red in frustration. They had been at this for around twenty minutes, going back and forth over the kitchen table. Seth wasn't having it, and as usual, didn't listen.

"But Grandpa! Warren would be with me so that it wouldn't be dangerous at all!" Kendra resisted the urge to laugh. That was a weak argument, as much as Kendra loved her cousin, they all knew that Warren could be just as reckless as Seth. The only difference was, Warren didn't mean to get into trouble, trouble found Warren.

"That doesn't make me feel any better!" Stan retorted, apparently thinking the same thing as Kendra.

"Hey!" Warren whined from his seat on the counter. Ignoring him, Grandpa continued.

"Besides, if I allow this, you are just going to use this as an excuse to go into the woods more often!" Stan accused while Seth feigned offense.

"I would never! But, if I were going to, I would have a good point! If I knew my way around, the woods wouldn't be as dangerous! I could avoid all contact from anything that could cause me or the preserve harm!"

Kendra couldn't help but be impressed. Now, if Grandpa continued to say no and Seth went out to the preserve and got hurt, Seth could use this argument to turn the tables on him. She could practically hear Seth's voice now; ("But Grandpa! My arm wouldn't be broken if you had just let Warren show me around that one time! How was I supposed to know there was a river troll near that area!")

"He has a good point." Warren stated. Dragging his hand down his face, Grandpa took a deep breath.

"No one asked you Warren." He snapped, Warren only smirked in response. Just like Kendra, he could tell the old man's resolve was breaking.

“Please Grandpa? I really need to start learning about the preserve now if I ever want to be half the caretaker you are!” Seth pleaded. Kendra raised her eyebrows and shared a look with Warren. Seth played a tough card there.

“Oh sweet lord...fine.” Grandpa Sorenson caved. Seth immediately jumped from his seat and high fived Warren. “You're going to be the death of me someday kid.” He muttered.

“You won’t regret this, gramps! I promise!” Seth shouted as he and Warren all but ran out the door.

“Something tells me I already am.” Her Grandfather sighed. Kendra finally let out a small laugh, having been silent this whole exchange. Grandpa looked at her with a half smile.

“What do you say? Think I made a mistake?”

“Hard to say, all I know is Seth would truly make a good lawyer.” Placing her now empty mug on the table, Kendra leaned forward. “And you were just his latest case, Tanu fell victim last week and he let Seth drink an enlargement potion so that he could wrestle with Hugo.” She stood up and patted his shoulder before walking out of the kitchen.

Stan Sorenson sat there for a second before it hit him.

“Wait, is that how three trees on the edge of the yard got uprooted?!” He shouted after her.

The only response he got was her laugh floating from upstairs. A good lawyer Seth would make, indeed.

What If's

Chapter Notes

I always wondered about what would have happened if Kendra wasn't an actual angel, this was the outcome of that

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Do you ever think about what would’ve happened if Kendra never saved me?” The question came late one night as the lay in bed, the moon illuminating their intertwined bodies.

Warren pulled his head away from Vanessa’s mess of curls on her head to look at her. Of course, she was looking anywhere but him, a habit she had whenever things go even remotely emotional. His eyes searched her face for a moment before answering.

“I don’t particularly like to, but yes, I have.” He has thought about it more times than he would like to admit. What if Kendra had never had mercy on Vanessa all those years ago in the Inverted Tower? Would he even miss Vanessa? Without her shot at redemption would he have ever uncovered all of his old feelings for her? When she had betrayed them - him - he had cut her off. His previously warm feelings had turned cold and cast an icy seal around his heart when it came to the blix. He had been sure it would never be hers again.

Hell, even after she started working for their trust again he was sure her feelings for him had been nothing but fake. But then the small showdown between her and Bracken had happened and he learned that she did have feelings for him. But then she fought beside him at Shoreless Isle, and he couldn’t help but notice the way they slipped right into the old way of fighting side by side. Back then he would never have admitted it but fighting against her had always felt so wrong, even when proven necessary.

Slowly they had worked through their problems, more than once resulting in tears and yelling from both of them, but in the end, it was worth every bit of hurt to get where they were now, but that brought Warren back to the original question. What if? The truth was if Vanessa had died that night Warren would have never forgiven her for her betrayal. She would have died a traitor to him. He couldn’t even say if he would have mourned her death. Cruel as it seemed, Warren had a tendency to lose all love for people who did him wrong, or so he had thought. Deep down he knew that beneath the anger and the hurt, he still loved Vanessa. He had hated himself for it, thinking it meant he was weak, to love someone who did him so wrong.

“You would have never forgiven me.” Vanessa’s voice pulled him from his thoughts, saying exactly what he had been thinking a moment earlier.

“No, I wouldn’t have.” He admitted, there was no use lying. Vanessa drew random patterns on his chest, choosing her next words carefully.

“Do you think...you would have fallen in love with someone else?” She knew it was selfish to expect him to say no. She had lost the right to his heart when she betrayed him, and she spent months chipping through walls to earn it back. But without those months...

“Yes,” Warren spoke the word quietly as if to soften the blow. “But, I would never be as happy as I was - am - with you.”

Finally, Vanessa’s eyes met Warren’s. It was true, no one could ever replace Vanessa, even in those early days, he had known that she would forever change his love life. Never again would just any girl do. Not after Vanessa. She had a fire, a spark of something Warren could never name and he found himself always looking for that in another but never finding it. She was it for him, sure he could love again, but it would never have the same intensity and passion that he had with Vanessa.

“Well, then I guess it’s good Kendra has a heart of gold. I’ll never understand how she found it in herself to save me after I put her family in danger.” Vanessa shook her head. Kendra had always been a mystery to her, Vanessa was glad she had the chance to mend their friendship. She had looked at Kendra like a little sister and now their friendship was stronger than ever.

“She’s too good for this world, Van.” Warren started.

“I swear to the heavens above Warren if you start going on about how she is a ‘cinnamon roll’ again I’m blocking you from the wi-fi.” Vanessa grumbled.

“I wasn’t going to actually, thank you very much for the interruption.” He snipped back, “I was being serious, we owe a lot to her now that I think about it...maybe we should do something nice for her tomorrow.”

He started thinking of nice things to do for Kendra while not raising her suspicion, that girl had a scary ability to always tell when there’s something deeper going on. Warren supposed it was part of being Seth Sorenson’s older sister.

“Oh! What about taking her for ice cream? That’s always fun, what do you say Ness?” No response. “Ness?” He lifted his head and looked back down at Vanessa, who was sound asleep. Rolling his eyes he dropped his head back to his pillow, typical. Always falling asleep in the middle of conversations, typical narcoblix.

As he drifted off to sleep, he thought about all the good Vanessa brought to him; the happiness, the laughter, the fire. He thought of how much more was to come, he thought of the ring nestled in a drawer back at his old cabin. While he didn’t know everything the future held for him, good or bad, he knew one thing. Kendra was definitely getting a hug tomorrow morning.

Chapter End Notes

Ah!!! I love me some Warrenessa! I wrote this so long ago it's great to read it again!

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Warning: talk of Kendra's "death" and talk of funerals a death in general. No actual death really but this is a more heavy chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

It hit her out of the blue. Kendra and Warren were on their way up the driveway, coming back from picking up some take-out as no one had felt like cooking that day when Kendra noticed a small piece of paper under a visor clip. But that isn't what grabbed her attention, what was noticeable about the paper was it had her picture on it. She reached up and pulled it out, revealing the whole picture with her name and two dates under it. Feeling like she had been slapped in the face she realized it was one of those cards they gave out at funerals...it was from her funeral. Flipping it over she read the poem on the back, her vision blurred by tears when she finished reading it.

"Whatcha got there?" Warren's voice pulled her from her mind. Sniffing and wiping tears away, she flipped the paper back over, staring at the picture of her.

"Uh...my in memoriam card?" She answered. Warren glanced over at her.

"Oh, I've been meaning to throw that away, now that we know you're alive and all, but for some reason...I can't bring myself to." He sounded apologetic. Well, she was probably scaring him by crying over it so she can't blame him. Warren never minded when Kendra cried, in fact whenever she was upset he was usually the first person Kendra would run to. But the topic of her death always made him uneasy, Kendra suspected he still had residual guilt from her supposed death.

"It's fine. I'm glad you didn't, although it's weird to look at. I mean how many people have held a copy of their own in memoriam card?" The joke was weak but she didn't know what else to say. She didn't even know how to explain how she was feeling, she didn't even know if there were words to describe it. Kendra turned the card over and stared at the picture. It was a candid picture of her one fall, laughing and playing in the leaves. She looked so happy...that Kendra didn't know what was coming.

Warren parked the car and sighed. Looking over at her, his mouth opened and closed as he tried to find the right words to say. It was a touchy subject, her presumed death. They all could remember the pain of losing her all too well. The car fell silent and Kendra's mind stilled, fixated on her fake death and the repercussions it had reaped.

"So, you went huh?" She finally spoke up. Warren slowly nodded his head.

"Of course I went. I didn't go up and shake your parent's hand's but I went."

“Oh. Was it...nice?” She finished the question awkwardly. Nice? Of course a funeral wasn’t nice. It was a funeral. Warren seemed to know what she meant because he chuckled.

“While I don’t know I would use the word nice to describe it, the service was beautiful. And long, almost half the town showed up.” He said quietly, Kendra wasn’t surprised.

“That’s what happens when you die young.” She voiced her thoughts out loud, earning a surprised look from Warren.

“Well, aren’t we morbid today. Common, enough dwelling over the past. You aren’t actually dead and we are all very happy about it. But we are also hungry, so let’s go eat.” With that, he hopped out of the car. Kendra knew he didn’t mean to be distant, he just had trouble talking about this subject with her. So, she followed Warren’s lead and brought the food in, but the matter of her own funeral remained heavy on her mind throughout the meal. She said little while everyone chatted around her, ate even less.

Warren took notice and gave her a look that screamed; ‘You better start eating or so help me’. She knew he meant well, so she forced a few more bites of the Chinese food they had bought down her throat, but when his attention was diverted she dumped her plate and snuck upstairs, ignoring her brother’s protest on her wasting food. She knew that Warren would notice her absence in a short matter of time and then come looking for her, and she wanted to do something before he did.

She had gained her own bedroom after insisting that she was too old to be sharing a room with her brother. Soon her room became a sanctuary for her when the crazy lifestyle that was Fablehaven got too much. Once inside she closed the door and crossed over to her desk. Pushing aside the papers and books on Silvian and other fairy languages she was studying to get better at distinguishing them from English, she opened her laptop. Upon getting the laptop she had hesitated to see what she could do on it. Social media was sort of a goner since it would raise quite the alarm if she started posting from the dead. She had refrained from looking up anything that had to do with her past life, but now her fingers hesitated over the enter key, staring where she had typed her own name into the search engine.

Summoning up her courage she clicked it. As the results came up she saw some things that were not her but people that shared the same name. But one stood out, seeming to glare at her, tempting her to click it.

‘Kendra Sorenson - Obituary, Rochester Funeral Home’.

She stared at the link, resisting the urge to slam her laptop shut and never open it again. Instead, she clicked it. The obituary popped up and she slowly read it. She read how she was found dead in her home, she read on what seemed to be cliff notes on the cliff notes of her life, the obituary made her seem like another cookie cutter kid gone too soon. They went on about how she played on her high school soccer team, how she was a straight-A student, how she was on the high honor roll, all the stuff that didn’t matter.

There was nothing on how she used to go on long drives with her mother on bad days, there was nothing about how she had danced for ten years of her life, there was nothing on how she loved to sing and play the piano, there was nothing on how she and her brother used to fill the

whole driveway with sidewalk chalk drawings, there was nothing on how she made her friends laugh with small carefully placed jokes in conversations, nothing on what really made her...her. Was this how people going to remember her? She stared at the obituary, willing it to change, to tell her actual story, she didn't want her friends to remember her as a straight A student, or a soccer player but that was the only legacy she left behind. That's all she would ever be known for.

"What are you doing?" A voice appeared beside her. She jumped what felt like a foot in the air, she hadn't even noticed her door opening. Standing there was Warren, of course. "I did knock." He stated.

"Sorry, I didn't hear you." She apologized, reaching for her laptop to hide what she had been looking at, but Warren picked it up first. His eyes quickly scanned the screen and she averted her eyes, she was caught. She heard him sigh and close the laptop.

"Why...would you look that up?" He asked. Truth be told, she didn't know why. She just...needed to. She shrugged, keeping her eyes on the floor.

"Kens, you can't change what happened. Reading your obituary is just going to make things worse...I don't know what even compelled you to look it up." He sounded tired, probably thinking back on painful memories.

"I don't know, I just...wanted to see." She mumbled.

"Wanted to see...see what? A tiny paragraph someone who didn't know you wrote to inform people of your death? How is that a smart move, come on Kens." She felt tears well up in her eyes but she willed them away.

"I just...I want to know how they are going to remember me. I'm not Kendra Sorenson, the Fairy Queen's handmaiden to them, they never knew this side of me. All I am to them is some, straight edge cookie cutter teenager that never got to do anything with her life. How do I know they even remember me at all at this point?" She stood up and collapsed on her bed, hugging her favorite Stitch plushie close, "You're right, it was stupid." At this point, the tears were streaming down her face. She let them fall, what's the point in hiding how upset she was?

"They remember you." She finally lifted her eyes to Warren. He was looking at her with a sad expression on his face.

"How can you be so sure?"

"Because I was there at the funeral, remember? I saw first hand on how upset they were. It had nothing to do with you dying young, Kendra. You took care of these people's children at the daycare, you were their student, their friend, their classmate, their teammate. There's no question about them remembering you. Even if that Kendra Sorenson didn't do something huge like...oh I don't know...defeat a Demon King, you still had a positive impact, even if it pales in comparison to your other accomplishments." He poked her foot, smiling at her and sitting down on the bed next to her.

"I miss them." She said softly. "I know I have you all, and I'm grateful for each and every one of you but...I miss them. I think I could handle not seeing them, but I can't even let them know I'm alive...I can't talk to them...I can't reassure them that everything is okay."

He took her hand, Kendra squeezed it as more tears fell down her face. "I'm so sorry, Kens."

She looked at Warren, his eyes were wet as well. Kendra didn't miss the double meaning of his words. He wasn't just apologizing because she was sad, he was apologizing to her because of his own guilt over her death. Kendra shook her head and frowned at him.

"It wasn't your fault Warr, there was nothing you could do." She said softly, Warren shook his head.

"I should have watched you more carefully at the daycare, I should have grabbed both of the sting-"

"Stop." Kendra cut him off, hating the way Warren looked so guilty. She sat up, looking at him seriously. "You did everything you could, Warr. Think about it this way, if the stingbulb never died, you would have never realized I was kidnapped. Besides, she would have died in a few days time anyway. So please, don't do this to yourself. It kills me to see you rake yourself over the coals over something that was completely out of your hands."

Warren sighed but nodded. "When did my little cousin get so wise and grown up, hm?" He said tucking a loose piece of hair behind her ear.

Kendra didn't respond but smiled back. She looked back down and slowly the smile started to fade as she thought of her old friends, her old life. A week ago, while her parents and Seth had been able to go back to Rochester and gather up their things, and announce that they are moving to live with the Sorenson's, Kendra had to stay at Fablehaven. Her family could visit whenever they wanted, and Seth was still in contact with a few of his old friends from middle school. It killed Kendra inside to not be able to reach out to her old friends, but she tried not to show it. They always avoided this subject, it wasn't happy to think about. In fact, the only person Kendra ever talked to about it was Bracken, since he didn't go through it he was more than willing to let her rant on and on for hours, but she still felt like a brick was weighing on her shoulders.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Warren's voice interrupted her train of thought. Kendra looked back up and thought about it.

"I'm not sure."

"I...I know I usually know what to say but right now...I don't think I do." Warren started. "All I know is this is an extremely painful memory to us, and we haven't been the best at helping you deal with all the repercussions. We never talk about it, we brush it off and pretend like it never happened, leaving you to deal with it all by yourself. And for that, Kendra, I am so so sorry."

Kendra's lip trembled as she fought to keep tears back, she nodded at him, trying to show she appreciated his words. Warren looked up at the ceiling for a moment, sighing once again

before meeting her eyes and continuing.

"We haven't had the chance to dwell on the effects of the fake death because of the world ending, but we should have at least let you talk to us about it after everything was over. I know dealing with this won't be too easy...but I promise, even though it's hard for me, I will always be here to talk to you about it if you need to."

Kendra lost her fight with her emotions as her tears dripped down her face. "I miss them so much, Warr. All my friends...Alyssa...she was my best friend since kindergarten...and now..."

She couldn't control her tears anymore and a sob ripped through her. Warren pulled her into a hug and just held her. They fell silent as Kendra cried into Warren's shoulder. Dealing with this probably wasn't too easy, especially with all of her loved ones avoiding the subject, and now she just needed to grieve. So instead of telling her, everything was okay or something like that, he let her be sad for a moment. He sat there, held her, and just let her miss her friends.

He let her mourn the loss of her old life.

Chapter End Notes

I changed the ending quite a bit opps! Whew, that was heavy...well...bye! xoxo

Royal Reunion

Chapter Notes

I always wanted to see this scene, so I wrote it! Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

What do you say to your four sisters after have been missing for centuries?

That was the problem Bracken was facing at the moment. The Fairy Queen had sent them away from the battle on Shoreless Isle, not willing to let another one of her children fight in it. Bracken knew she was already gritting her teeth about Bracken being so directly involved. Now, a few days after the battle, Bracken was facing a door. A door that would open and reveal to his sisters he had returned.

Mother was insistent about not telling them he was out of prison until after the battle. That way if he died, they wouldn't get their hopes up. Bracken ran a hand through his hair, gathering all the courage he required, he pushed the grand door open.

There he saw his sisters, backs still turned conversing with his mother. He quietly stepped inside, toeing closer in order to hear what they were discussing.

"You mean Father is alive, but not being responsive? How is that better mother? If he is still under that terrible curse, he could be suffering!" His sister Aurelie exclaimed from her stance beside Arabelle, her twin. He had the same worries so he wondered how his mother would answer.

"That is true, but I hold onto hope, one day you father will join us once again in mind. For now, we shall be thankful this disaster has brought him back to us." His mother caught his eye. "Now, you should know your father isn't the only lost family member found this past week."

Following her eyes, his sisters turned to find their brother, standing there, as if he hadn't been gone for centuries.

"Bracken!" His youngest sister Marigold exclaimed, shooting out of her seat to wrap her arms around her big brother in a hug. Bracken swept her off her feet, feeling tears stinging his eyes. He had forgotten how he had missed his family.

They were soon joined by Arabelle and Aurelie. But his last sister fell behind.

"Evangeline." The only one of his sisters that was older than him. She stared at him, face emotionless. He stepped forward towards her, unsure what to say or what was going on in her mind.

Evangeline has always been the smartest child. Always holed up in the royal library. She had watched over Bracken when he was young until he was old enough to take care of himself. He remembered days she spent reading to him under a great oak tree in the courtyard. After their father had died and their mother was left to rule by herself, Evangeline had taken over the role of their mother. She and Bracken had many fights over this, in fact, the last interaction he had with her was a bad one.

“Bracken, no you will not leave this realm, it’s too dangerous!” Bracken clenched his jaw, he couldn’t believe his sister was trying to treat him like a child.

“That shrine has been sealed off and no one is trying to find out why! There is something going on at that preserve and I fully intend to find out what it is, Evangeline.” He snapped at her.

“Mother forbid that any of us leave, brother! You cannot disobey direct orders from the Queen!”

“Yeah? Watch me.” He pushed past her, making his way to the pond where he could open a portal out of this realm.

“Bracken, come back here this instant!” Evangeline demanded, a steely tone entering her voice.

“Good lord, you are not father! You never will be so stop trying to be like him! I gave up my third horn to keep those demons, father’s murderer, in that prison and I will be damned to an entirety in the land of the unforgiving if I let someone open it!” He shouted, surprising even himself with his anger.

“Bracken. Mother cannot lose you too. It will surely break this family, please, brother, stay. We can work out a solution without you risking your life. We need you here.” She pleaded with him, taking his hand in her own. Unfortunately, Bracken was a stubborn person, and he had already had his mind set on going.

“And I need to get away from you. You smother, you scold, you set rules that aren’t yours to set. Father may have died but that does not mean you get to replace him! You haven’t shed a tear for our father, no sorrow emits from you at all! How do you live with yourself? If father could see you now he would be disgusted at your lack of respect for his memory, just as I am. I hope you are content with everything you accomplish with a shelter around your heart.”

He yanked his hand free and turned towards the portal. Without so much as a word, he left the fairy realm, ignoring the yell of his name.

The two eldest of the Fairy Queen stared at each other. Both wondering who would speak first.

“Evangeline,” Bracken said again. “You have my most sincere apology, I assure you. I spent centuries in a prison hating myself for my harsh words against you...you never deserved any of them. I could never apologize to you enough.”

Evangeline looked down, taking in his words. Finally, she looked up at her brother.

“Bracken, I have not felt a drop of anger towards you for quite some time now. You were suffering through a loss of identity after sacrificing your third horn along with the loss of our father. I... have missed so terribly brother.” She stepped forward and embraced him tightly. After a moment she finally let him go.

“Besides, I think this long hair is punishment enough!” She gestured to his head. He feigned offense in good nature.

“Those are dueling words, my dear sister.”

“Please, we both know I would beat you in a second, you're out of practice.” She retorted. Before the conversation could go on, the Fairy Queen stepped up to Bracken, interrupting his comeback.

“Bracken, why don't you go change up. We salvaged some of your old clothes from the past realm, they should be somewhere in the second room to the right on the third floor. And dear, I don't mean to injure but you do look so much more handsome with your hair just a tad shorter.”

He raised his eyebrows at her while his sisters tried (and failed) to hide their laughter.

“Don't look at me like that, I can tell how the length is annoying you. Now off with you, and don't come back until you look like a prince again.” The Fairy Queen nodded her head to the door, leaving no further argument.

Bracken bowed his head respectfully and started towards the door before hearing his mother speak up once more.

“Oh, and son?” He turned towards her, “Welcome home.”

He grinned looking at his mother and his four sisters. He had waited a very long time to hear those words, finally hearing them lifted his heart towards the heavens. Sure, there was a lot left to do to make this demon prison into the same fairy realm he knew and loved, but the words still rang true because he was with his family. Finally, after all these years of missing them and wishing to be in their arms, he was here.

He was home.

Aw, I love this little royal family they are so cute my heart just burst a thousand uwu's, also just imagine that they had at least started building the royal palace in the old demon prison so that they had a place to sleep while they remodeled the demon prison into the fairy realm. I couldn't find a place to add that in naturally. Yikes! Anyway, I hope you enjoyed!

Rainy Days

Chapter Notes

I always thought that Kendra would have a certain love/hate relationship with rain, so I wrote a little one-shot about it! Starts off sad but gets fluffier by the end!

Warning: Slight make-out scene at the end! If you don't wish to read that, don't read further than Kendra saying "Like...now."!

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Rainy days always brought conflicting emotions to Kendra. She never felt like doing much on these days, almost always too deep in her mind to get anything done. Usually, she would keep to herself for as long as the rain fell, but today, Bracken was here. He had been here for a few days, finally getting the time to visit Fablehaven after being tied up with making the finishing touches on the fairy realm for the past few weeks. He would most definitely take notice if she shut herself up in her room alone, so she brought him with her. Currently, she was settled in his arms on her bed, head on his chest, listening to his heartbeat and the rain patter against the window of her room.

Cuddling with Bracken had always made Kendra feel safe, secure and loved. His arms always felt so strong around her but they always held her in the softest way. Sometimes, their eyes would meet and the way he looked at her made it seem like Kendra could tell him anything and he would understand and love her anyway. She started to toy with the idea of letting Bracken know about how rain made her feel. Maybe he would understand. She knew he was curious to why she was so down today, everytime their gazes met Kendra could see his slight worry and confusion in his silver-blue eyes.

"The rain always reminds me of Lena, which I suppose is good, but it also reminds me of other times, when things weren't so good." Kendra mumbled into his chest, deciding if she was going to tell anyone about how rainy days made her feel, Bracken was the one to tell. Kendra felt his fingers playing with her hair, and it was silent for a moment before he spoke.

"Care to elaborate?" He spoke up after she didn't continue, his accented voice, soft. Bracken was always curious to see what was happening in her mind, he constantly asked her what she was thinking, what she thought of things, always looking at her to watch her reaction to whatever was happening. Of course, all he had to do was take her hand to find out her thoughts, but ever the gentleman, he never liked to do so without her permission. He knew it was invading, besides, he likes it when Kendra trusts him enough to tell him something new without being prodded into it.

"It's just, Lena had a thing about rain. I caught her outside in the rain one day without an umbrella, and she said that she loved the rain because if you looked up to the sky it felt like

you were flying. So in that way, rain reminds me of a good memory. It reminds me of Lena.” She traced random patterns on his chest, over his heart. “But with those good memories, there are also bad. On a preserve called Lost Mesa, I had to lead Warren and a few others up the Mesa by what they called the 'Flooded Staircase'. It was terrifying, the Mesa was huge and the catch was the stairs only appeared when it was raining, and it was raining hard that night.”

Kendra knew Bracken had heard of this preserve, in fact, she remembered he had helped bring the preserve back from its fallen state. Nevertheless, he didn't interrupt. Kendra took a deep breath before continuing on.

“There's a point where the stairs become as steep as a ladder. At that point I was sure I was going to fall off, the waterfall was coming down fast and right down on us, the rain made it difficult to see, and I was so tired from the climb already. Of course, we got to the top without issue, but once on top of the Mesa, we saw these humanoid figures dancing around. Apparently, we interrupted their celebration of the rain and they attacked. One of the people with us, Tammy, got thrown off the Mesa. She didn't even have time to scream.”

She stopped for a second, remembering the horrible image of Tammy flying off the Mesa. Bracken's arms tightened around her, waiting patiently for her to continue yet again.

“So yeah, there's one traumatizing experience with rain. The next one isn't quite fair, considering I'm the one who called the rain in the first place.” She paused for a moment, collecting her thoughts, this memory was particularly painful but she couldn't stop now. “It was after Gavin revealed himself as Navarog.”

A few months ago, a week after her nineteenth birthday, she had finally told Bracken the story of Gavin, it was hard, going back through such devastating memories even if it had been many years since it happened. Kendra had cried a lot, and as always, Bracken was there to dry her tears, hold her hand and whisper sweet comforting words in her ear. Afterward, she had felt much better, she had been secretly dreading the inevitable moment when the subject came up. Kendra had feared he would judge her for falling for a demon prince, given that he was a fairy prince and a unicorn, but he had held no judgment or looked at her any differently. In the end, it had made them closer and made their relationship stronger.

“I called the storm, but even after I stopped shaking the stick, it had raged on. The lightning gave Gavin such an evil look, and the thunder was deafening. The rain itself was freezing but it didn't even seem to bother him. Then when he lit the knapsack on fire I remember watching it go up in flames and just thinking, how could there be a fire when it was raining so hard? Of course, now I realize that it was a gasoline fire, so instead of putting it out...it just made it worse.”

Kendra felt Bracken press a soft kiss to the top of her head, she closed her eyes for a moment, feeling greatly comforted by the loving gesture. After he pulled away, he smoothed down her hair, softly combing through it and tucking pieces behind her ear. Kendra was grateful for this as it reminded her she was safe and loved, a huge difference from what she had felt in the memory she was recalling.

Kendra sighed as she started talking again. “I know it's stupid to blame the rain for these memories when really it was only a small factor in these events. I just...I don't know.” She

finished lamely, not quite knowing how to explain her feelings in words.

“You would be surprised on how we can associate little things with bad memories.” Bracken said, his voice rumbling inside his chest. “When I got the news that my father had been defeated by the demon king, I was helping my younger sister pick apples from a tree in the courtyard. She had been bothering me about it for weeks, whining about how I was the only one tall enough to reach the higher ones.”

Kendra smiled softly at the thought of him picking apples with his little sister, she adored hearing stories about his life before she met him, especially if it included his family.

“For centuries I didn’t eat apples.” Bracken admitted. Kendra raised her head, searching his face.

“Really?” She asked and he nodded at her.

“Avoided them like they carried a plague.” He murmured, eyes soft as they peered into hers. Kendra gave him a small smile, which he matched, before laying her head back down on his chest. “My point is, associating rain with bad memories isn’t stupid. It’s normal, tiny things can leave a long-lasting imprint on us.”

“Wow, deep stuff unicorn.” Kendra mumbled, earning a laugh from Bracken. She loved his laugh, he didn’t laugh much, sure he chuckled sometimes, but usually, he would just smile and shake his head at something funny. Years of training to have proper manners in public, as he was a prince, had left Bracken with a strong guard that Kendra truly despised at times. So when he let that guard down and really laughed wholeheartedly, she savored it.

The two fell into a comfortable silence and just laid there for hours, conversations drifting in and out, simply enjoying each other's company. When it finally stopped raining, Kendra blearily sat up. Watching as the room slowly brightened as the sun came out from the clouds. Bracken pulled himself up as well, bending one knee to rest his elbow on it, his hand holding his head. The other hand rubbed circles on her back as Kendra laid her head on his shoulder.

“We should probably do something.” She said.

“Mmmhmm.” Bracken hummed, not moving.

“Like... now.”

“Mmmhmm” Kendra lifted her head up to look at him. She had planned to say something, but looking into his eyes she forgot what she was going to say, the thoughts slipping away. It amazed her that even now she could get lost in Bracken's eyes, the silvery blue captivating Kendra as much as they did the first day she looked into them.

They stayed like that for a moment, before Kendra leaned in and softly pressed her lips to his, hand resting on the side of his neck. That was just another thing that Kendra loved about Bracken. His kiss was special to her, no one would ever compare to the way Bracken kisses her. He cradles her face in one of his hands gently as if she was the most precious thing in the world, the other coming around her back while his lips expertly moved against hers,

convincing her that she doesn't need air, all she needs is him. They broke apart too soon in Kendra's opinion, foreheads still touching.

"We should probably do something." Bracken said, mimicking her words earlier, lips brushing against hers as he spoke.

"Mmmhmm" Kendra replied before pressing her lips to his once more, leaning back down on the bed, effectively silencing any other words he was going to say as he followed her, chasing her lips. She giggled again as she rolled them over so she was leaning over him, hair brushing against his face as they kissed. He nipped at her top lip and she nipped him right back, keeping his bottom lip between her teeth as she pulled back before releasing it.

Opening her eyes, she saw Bracken looking at her in a way that made her stomach do excited flips and her cheeks heat up. Kendra grinned and gave his forehead a soft kiss, then his right cheek, then his left, and then his nose, before finally pressing her lips to his once more, only this time it was more heated. She squealed as Bracken rolled them over, mimicking her actions from before, lowering himself down against her. His lips trailed from her mouth to her cheek, down her jawline to her neck and Kendra let her thoughts go and focused on just feeling.

No, they probably weren't gonna do much today, and for the first time, Kendra was more than okay with that.

Chapter End Notes

Ahhh! I love those two so much!

Also, just so everyone is clear if in any of my fics/one-shots have Bracken and Kendra actually dating in them then please know Kendra will always be at least 18. I love them so much but I agree with Bracken that Kendra should take her time and grow before starting any kind of romantic relationship with him. I just wanted to clear that up since this one-shot has Brackendra dating in it!

Hope you enjoyed!

That Would Be Enough

Chapter Notes

There are so many chapters that I need to edit and add in here but I wrote this today and decided to add it in, hope you guys like it!

Standing in the kitchen, busy making dinner, Kendra found herself playfully arguing with her dear boyfriend, trying to convince him he needed to go to the meeting he was supposed to be attending in the fairy realm.

She was not winning.

"But, I don't want to go," Bracken whined, snuggling his face into Kendra's neck, arms wrapping around her.

Kendra glanced over her shoulder at him, a smile tugging at her lips. "Oh, wow. If only the fairy kingdom knew their prince was such a baby."

"Hey!" Bracken gasped, his head snapping up, an adorable pout on his face. "I am not..."

He seemed to realize just exactly how he was talking and the face he was making at that moment and took a moment to school his expression into his classic poker face and continued in his normal voice.

"...a baby."

Kendra couldn't stop the laugh that escaped her. He was too cute, it wasn't fair. "Uh-huh, sure thing. Now get going to the shrine, I'm sure your mother is waiting for you."

"Let her wait."

"Bracken!"

"Kendra!"

She sighed and went back to chopping vegetables. Well, at least she tried, she could tell the queen that much. There was just no changing Bracken's mind once he was fixated on doing something.

"Well, then what do you want to do then? What's so important to you that you will risk making your mother mad? Hm?"

"Anything but deal with stuck up royals," he mumbled tucking his head into her neck again. Kendra smiled softly, finally putting down the knife, resolving to finish making dinner in a bit.

"I hope for your sake you weren't talking about your own mother."

"Less my family, more like the people we have to work with."

"Ah, I see. Not feeling like being a prince today, huh?" she turned around, ignoring the soft protest from Bracken as he had to lift his head off her shoulder for a moment before replacing it once she was turned around fully.

"Nope," he sighed slightly while he spoke, breath tickling her neck. Kendra immediately understood his mood better and wrapped her arms around him. She knew sometimes he simply hated being a prince and the responsibilities that came with it.

It wasn't that he hated everything about it, but Bracken was more of a free spirit, more rebellious than most unicorns, Sometimes the pressure to uphold a put together and nearly perfect persona took a toll on him.

"Hey," she whispered, hand coming up to run through his hair. "You okay?"

"Mm."

It wasn't really an answer, more of just a noise to show her that he wasn't ignoring her. She let him stay there for a moment longer, knowing if he was willing to bend down to rest his head on her shoulder even though she was much shorter than him, he most likely needed to just hold her for a moment.

After a minute, he straightened, kissing her forehead and giving her a small smile.

"Wanna help me finish up dinner?"

He nodded and together they worked in mostly silence, only broken by Kendra every so often. His silence worried her a bit, wondering if maybe he was a little more down than he showed.

Once dinner was in the oven, she took his hand gently and led him up to her room. Her grandmother had said she would take it out of the oven when it was done so she was free to leave it alone. Bracken followed Kendra without complaint, laying down on her bed on his stomach while she shut the door.

"Talk to me, unicorn," she coaxed, sitting down next to him, her hand running up and down his back. "What's wrong?"

He turned his head to face her, resting it on his arms. "I just...I like it here better. I feel guilty since I love my family and the realm, I truly do...but...here I don't have to be...I don't know."

Kendra waited patiently for him to collect his thoughts, laying down facing him and running her thumb across his cheek.

"When I'm there...it's like I don't belong. Sure, I'm the prince, so they respect me and all that, but there's also just this air of...pity? Almost like they look down on me. And I know it's because I gave up my third horn but you would think they would have realized it was a necessary sacrifice by now but...yeah."

His eyes met hers, and her heart squeezed to see that there was pain and exhaustion in them. "But at the same time, I'm expected to take the sly insults with grace and a smile because I'm a prince and princes don't get mad. Princes have to be diplomatic. Have to not step on toes even when their own are being stomped on."

Kendra knew all too well what he was talking about, she's witnessed these cleverly disguised mocking insults Bracken constantly has to deal with. It angered her every time someone questioned his abilities, or even his character, or worse the state of his mind. And it broke her heart because she knew that while Bracken never lost his temper, and always dealt with them graciously, it hurt him.

Which wasn't fair to him. It wasn't fair he couldn't even stand up for himself without the fear of making it worse or causing a problem for his mother.

"Have you tried talking to your mom about it, B?" she asked when he didn't speak for a minute. "I'm sure she would put a stop to it, she wouldn't want you to have to deal with that abuse."

Bracken closed his eyes and shook his head. "She has enough to deal with. No sense in worrying her simply because I'm soft and can't get over a few insults."

"Hey, I happen to like that you are a big softie and Brack, they aren't just a few insults. You deal with them disrespecting you every time you are there. No one is going to blame you for being hurt."

He reopened his eyes, rolling over onto his back and pulling her into his arms. She rested her head on his chest, taking his hand in one of hers and squeezing it lightly.

"But when I'm here...I just feel more accepted for who I actually am and not who I'm expected to be. I know I'm still a little out of place, being a unicorn, and the fairy prince at that, but-"

"You aren't out of place, baby," she couldn't help but interrupt, raising her head to look at him seriously.

"Thought I told you I'm not a baby," he joked lightly.

"You're my baby, deal with it, unicorn."

Kendra was happy to see the soft smile that crossed his face. "Okay, okay, I'll deal with it then I guess."

She rested her head back down on his chest. "Good, you can continue now."

He laughed softly, one hand coming up to run his fingers through her hair.

"Anyway, as I was saying before I was so rudely interrupted," she smiled at his teasing. "I feel more of myself here. I know that some people still expect me to be this strong prince that is unshakable, but for the most part, I get to forget about being the perfect picture of royalty and just...be."

Kendra looked up at him, he was staring up at the ceiling and biting his lip, which was a nervous tic of his. "Hey, you know you're always welcome here. Anytime."

"I know," he said, looking down at her for a moment, his eyes warm. "I wish I could stay here more often than I do. But..."

"Prince responsibilities?"

His eyes trailed back up to the ceiling. "Yeah..."

She wished she could somehow convince the queen to give him a break from those expectations, but she didn't want to overstep or cause issues. All she could do was make sure that while he was away, he didn't have to worry about things he usually had to worry about.

Sometimes that didn't feel like enough though.

"It's enough," Bracken spoke softly.

"Hm?" Kendra was confused for a moment before she felt him run his thumb across her knuckles and laughed gently. "Hey, you sneak."

"Caught me." She felt him kiss the top of her head.

"It's enough, huh?"

"More than enough. You listen to me complain about little things without judgment, let me be quiet when I need to be, comfort me, make me laugh even when I'm upset, and I could go on. I assure you, the number one reason I like it here so much is you."

Lifting her head again she smiled at him, his eyes left the ceiling and met hers. She leaned down and kissed him lightly. "You know I love you, right?"

"I believe you've told me once or twice," he said.

"Well, I'm telling you again. I love you. A lot."

She loved the way his eyes shined as he grinned, hand cradling her face gently.

"I love you too. A lot."

For the next hour, they laid there until she heard Warren calling upstairs that dinner was ready. While they ate with the others, she kept checking to see how Bracken was doing. She was happy to note that he seemed to be in much brighter spirits, laughing at whatever story Tanu was telling.

She knew there would be hard days in the future, sure he was a unicorn and a prince, but he had feelings. Kendra was determined to figure out a way to help him out more with the situation in the realm, to at least make the insults stop somehow. Especially when he's done so much good for the world and has given up so much just to keep the world safe. He didn't deserve to be insulted or mocked for that.

But for now, she could make sure that Fablehaven was his second home. That much she could do. That would be enough.

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