

## Like Incarnations of the Stars

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# Like Incarnations of the Stars

by [hatchetfieldgay](#).

## Summary

Some Morgwen fluff, and then some Morgwen angst

## Notes

title from percy shelley's "adonais"

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i wrote this at 1 in the morning last night, made myself cry, and not once did editing it cross my mind

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

Gwen sleeps in Morgana's bed, sometimes.

Is it wrong? She does not know. But whatever the answer, does she care? No.

She would have, once. Years ago. Uther will already have Morgana killed in a heartbeat if he knew about her magic. Gwen doesn't want to give him another reason.

Their love is a secret. Gwen has never been very good at acting, so Morgana does most of it. They pretend, in public, to be nothing more than lady and maid. But they will return to the lady's chambers in the evening, and Morgana will kiss away all of Gwen's worries. They will fall asleep together, and Gwen can't imagine knowing anything different.

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They sneak out to the forest, sometimes.

Morgana will bring the food—and occasionally, two swords. Gwen admires her as she fights with grace. And every time, she finds Morgana staring at her, wearing a shining smile of pure adoration.

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They watch the stars together, sometimes.

They will sit by the windowsill in Morgana's chambers, Morgana curled up in Gwen's lap. She lets herself be vulnerable, and Gwen loves her for it.

They whisper soft proclamations of love and fall asleep together beneath the moonlight. Sometimes, Gwen will wake and carry Morgana to her bed. Sometimes, they will wake there together in the morning, and do it all over again.

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Gwen misses her, sometimes.

On uneventful days she will wander the corridors of the castle, remembering. She will sit in the forest, alone. She will take walks at night and find herself in Morgana's old chambers. She will fall asleep on the windowsill. Sometimes, it is Arthur or Merlin who finds her. Sometimes, she wakes there in the morning with an ache in her chest.

Her cell in the Dark Tower has a small window. Gwen looks through it one night, casting a glance up at the dark sky. The stars stare back. A heartbreaking sob escapes her throat, and she turns her back to the moon.

When Morgana speaks to her, it is with an air of desperation. She wants Gwen back. She wants revenge, yes, and she wants to be safe, certainly—but above that, she wants Gwen. She wants another soft night with her, just one. She wants to be the old Morgana again, even for just a few hours. She wants to go back, she wants Gwen to love her again.

*Old friend*, she wants to say.

*Old love*, she wants to say.

*I'm sorry*, she wants to say.

She doesn't say it.

## End Notes

i cried while writing this, so i hope you cried while reading it because i don't want my tears to be for nothing

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