

The Price of Peace

Von chelle76

Kapitel 13: Admissions

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Chapter 12: Admissions

"Well, here we are, Saber," Amanda says as they dismount at the back of the house. They lead Steed to a separate garage before going to a back door and entering the house through the kitchen. "Let's go and get your stuff put down upstairs," she says leading him through the kitchen and into a living room, stopping abruptly. "What the?" she looks around to see the place in shambles.

"I take it this is not your normal housekeeping," Saber jokes trying to calm her, grabbing and unsheathing his sword.

"No," Amanda replies dryly. "She looks around the room and sees a vase tipped over. The water has dried and left a stain on the table. "This happened at least a day ago, judging from the water stain on the table."

"We should still proceed with caution," Saber replies. They carefully go through every room. After checking all the rooms, and only finding them ransacked, they make sure all the doors are bolted shut and proceed to clean up the mess. After several hours they make the house livable again and Amanda plops down on a couch and starts crying. Saber comes over to her and pulls her against him, letting her cry.

"I'm sorry, Saber," She finally says after she calms down, her head against his chest.

"It's okay, Amanda. I don't know how you've stayed so upbeat as long as you have. Cry as long as you need to. I'm here and not going anywhere," he says and kisses her forehead.

She relaxes against him for a while, after a long time she sits up, "Are you hungry?" she asks.

He nods, "Actually, yeah. I know it's got to be well past lunch by now."

"How about we go into town and get something, seeing as I have no food here?" she suggests. "We can take my car. It needs to be driven anyways."

"Um, all right," he replies a bit hesitantly.

"What?"

"I just didn't think about you owning a car," he says amused.

"How do you think I got around before I met you?" she replies with a chuckle.

"I hadn't thought about it, actually. But since we're going into town, there is something I'd like to check on, if you don't mind," he replies.

"Okay. Sure. What is it? If I may ask," she replies.

"I had contacted a metal smith about having a sword made for you. I gave him the weight and height of the stick that you had been training with and a description of your stature, and he was going to forge a sword for you. I had intended it to be a birthday gift for you, since I know your birthday is coming up in about a month, but given the current situation, if he's completed it or is almost done with it, I think you should get it early and keep it on you for protection."

She looks at him shocked but eventually nods, "Um, sure. We can stop in," she replies finally.

They make their way to town and eat, talk with the metal smith and get a few groceries. By the time they return, it's late and they are both exhausted. They unload the groceries and head upstairs to her room. "I'm going to change in the bathroom. You can change in here, let me know when you're done and I'll come out once I'm ready." She goes and changes and a short time later they are sitting on her bed talking.

"I figure after lunchtime tomorrow we can go and pick up your sword, if you are okay with that," Saber says.

"Sure. That way, we don't have to get up too early. I'll even cook breakfast in the morning if you want."

He laughs, "At least I know you can do better than April."

She laughs, "Very funny, Saber," she says fighting a yawn.

"You sound tired. Why don't you get some sleep?" Saber says tenderly.

"I suppose I am a bit tired. You look pretty ti-" she stops.

"Amanda? Are you okay?" he asks concerned.

"Um, yeah," she mumbles.

"What's wrong?"

"I just thought of something," she replies barely audible.

"What?" he asks confused.

"I don't know where you're going to sleep." she replies embarrassed.

"There's a couch downstairs. I can sleep there. I noticed that your other bedrooms all had office type things in them, so I assumed I would be taking the couch," he replies simply stating the obvious solution.

"I don't like the idea of you being that far away and in a strange place. You still can't see very well, I don't want you to reinjure yourself," she says.

"I can make a cot here on the floor if you would prefer," he replies.

She starts to say something, then stops several times as she thinks the situation over. After a long silence she speaks up, "We're both adults. Are you afraid of sharing the bed? It's a king, so we could each have our own side. No strings attached. I just would feel weird you sleeping on the floor."

He sits in stunned silence for several minutes mulling over the suggestion. "I suppose that would be all right. If you are comfortable with it," he replies slowly.

She nods, "I am. I know that you would never force yourself on me, so I don't feel awkward suggesting it in the current situation. Besides, we're both clothed."

"Fair enough. Which side is mine then?" he asks.

"I normally sleep towards the this side," she replies.

"Okay. I'll go to that side then," he replies as he heads to the far side of the bed and sits. Feeling her slip into bed and noticing the light switch off he lays down and after great effort, he falls asleep. At some point during the night, he awakes to a pressure on his chest. He tries to move and realizes he can't. He starts to panic when he realizes that Amanda has moved against him in her sleep. After a few minutes, he moves his arm so that it is around her and she relaxes more against him. He feels her relax as he holds her and her breathing lulls him into a restful sleep.

He wakes to the smell of bacon cooking. Rolling over, he notices that Amanda is no longer there. He gets up and changes into day clothes before heading downstairs.

"Good morning," Amanda says cheerfully as he enters the kitchen. "Breakfast is just about ready."

"Good morning to you too," he replies. "Can I help with anything?" he asks heading towards her.

"Nope. Just grab a drink and take a seat," she replies as she dishes out what appears to be an omelet. Placing a plate in front of him and one in front of her seat before sitting down. "I promise you, it's safe," she says with a chuckle as she sees him inspecting the food.

"What?" he asks.

"Nothing," She replies as she takes a bite of her food.

He begins eating and they chat a while. "So, do you have any kind of set plan for today?" Saber asks.

"Not really, other than going back into town to get the sword at some point. And I was thinking, I'm going to put my papers in a safe deposit box I with the bank I use in town. Since I've not been staying here, I don't like the idea of them being left unguarded."

Saber nods as he stands up and takes the used dishes to the sink, "Well, other than getting the sword, I don't care what we do. I'll help you go through things here if you wish."

Amanda looks around and sighs, "I don't know where to begin. I still need to go through my father's things, but I've been putting it off for almost two years. Most of his stuff is in the one room we didn't go into yesterday. I just haven't been able to go in there."

"I understand," he says quietly. "I've still not gone through the last of my parent's things either."

"You've had an excuse. You've been away fighting," she replies. "I've got no such excuse. Other than procrastination."

He chuckles, "Perhaps I've used the excuse a bit to the extreme, but Thomas and Elaine actually handled the bulk of their possessions. There are only a few personal effects that I'm supposed to decide on. I'll help you if you decide you want to tackle it while were here." He sees her shift uncomfortably. "Or we can just laze around and not do anything," he adds with a laugh. "That was the intended purpose of this little trip."

She shrugs, "I suppose we could make an attempt at going through some things," she says with some hesitation as she heads to the living room.

He comes up behind her, placing a hand on her good shoulder, "I can tell you're not ready. Let's just rest, okay? We can attempt it another time," he says quietly. They head over and sit down on the couch. "Is there anything I can do for you? I feel like I should earn my keep while I'm here," he says quietly.

"Just you being here is enough, Saber," Amanda says. "I'm not sure what I'd do if you weren't here right now."

Saber takes her hand, "I don't plan on going anywhere. So I will be here if you need me. I'll do anything I am able to do for you."

"Just be with me, that's all I want," Amanda says. "Come on, let's go into town." she says cheerfully, trying to lighten the mood as she stands up.

Saber gets up a bit slowly, "This is going to be a long day isn't it?" he asks.

"Are you going to be alright without the wheelchair?" Amanda asks concerned.

"It won't be easy. But I'll be all right if we go slow, I think," he replies honestly.

"Would a cane help? I have a couple that belonged to my father," she offers.

"That might not be a bad idea," Saber answers.

Amanda goes and gets him one and hands it to him, "Better?" she asks.

He leans on it a bit then nods, "I think this will help a good bit. Thank you," Saber says and they go out to her car. Saber places his hand on the car. "This is your car? The same one we took last night?"

"Yes. It was my father's," Amanda replies with a smirk.

"It feels like it could use some work," he says.

"It's what's inside that's important," Amanda says as they get in, "Right?"

"Of course," Saber says as Amanda fires the car up, the engine sounds like it's in great condition. "It seems that it runs good."

"It runs great. My dad taught me how to take care of this car, the engine is almost like brand new," Amanda states as she pulls out onto the road.

"Let's get into town then," Saber says and they head into town.

Their first stop is the walk into the bank, and almost immediately an employee walks up to them, "How may I help you two today?" she asks.

"I'd like to get a safety deposit box," Amanda says.

"Do you have an account with us, Ma'am?" the employee asks.

"Of course I do, my name is Amanda Kelly."

The employee pales slightly, "Oh, I'm sorry Ms. Kelly, I wasn't aware of who you were,

please right this way." She leads them to the safety deposit boxes, "By you asking for a safety deposit box I assume you are not aware that your father had one with us?"

"No, ma'am. I had no idea," she replies honestly.

"No offense, but I'm going to need to see some identification, just to verify who you are. Then I can get the spare key to your father's box. If the box meets your needs I'd be more than glad to shift it's ownership to you."

"I understand," Amanda says and pulls out the appropriate paperwork to prove her identity and hands it to the woman.

The employee looks over the paperwork and nods approvingly, "Please take a seat, I'll bring the key."

Saber and Amanda sit at a table, "You had no idea your father had a safety deposit box, did you?" Saber asks quietly.

"I don't know why he would," she replies.

"So you have no idea what he could have in it?" he asks.

"Most likely it's the same kind of thing that I'm looking to put into the box, I'd imagine," she replies.

A few minutes later the employee and a man dressed in a nice suit come in with a box, "Good day Ms. Kelly, I'm the manager here, John O'Brien," the man says extending his hand to her.

"Pleased to meet you, sir," Amanda says taking his hand and shaking it.

"I have some forms I need you to sign before I can let you open your father's box," John says handing Amanda the paperwork, then glancing towards Saber, "Um, I believe that your father's instructions were that you are to be the only person present when the box is opened, madam."

"He is here as my guest, Mr. O'Brien. Captain Rider is staying at my request."

John looks between the two and starts to object, "Did you say, Captain Rider?"

"I did, sir," she replies.

"No problem then, Ms. Kelly," John says, casting Saber a slightly nervous glance.

"Thank you," Amanda takes the paperwork and reads it then signs it and hands it back to John.

He takes the paperwork and nods to the employee who puts the box onto the table. He then hands Amanda the key to the box, "Just let us know when you're done and

we'll return the box to it's resting place." John and the other employee then quietly leave the room.

"Thank you," Amanda says and she takes the key and opens up the box. "Looks like a bunch of paperwork," She mumbles as she starts going through it. "Let's see. This is the deed to our property, well, that's a relief. A bank ledger?" she says puzzled as she opens it "Oh my," she says obviously in shock.

"What is it?" Saber asks and when Amanda doesn't answer immediately, "Perhaps it's not my position to know that."

"It's not that, Saber," Amanda says replies finally getting her voice, "My dad left an account worth almost a million dollars, and my name was the only other one on the account."

Saber whistles, "That's a lot of money."

"Yeah. I know," Amanda says. "That appears to be everything." She puts the box down.

Saber tilts his head to the side, "Wait, let me see that," he grabs the box and tilts it, a slight metal hitting metal sound can be heard. "There's something else in there, Amanda."

Amanda looks inside the box and sees the item in question and reaches in and grabs it, "It's a necklace, it looks very old, it looks like an old shield."

"A shield?" Saber asks interested.

"Yeah, there's something on it, I'm not sure what they are," Amanda replies.

"Let me see, maybe I can make them out," Saber says.

"Saber you can barely see," Amanda replies.

"I shouldn't need to. If I'm right, the items on the shield should be slightly raised. So I should be able to make out the shapes or number of them at least."

"You know what this is?" Amanda asks.

"Does it look something like this?" Saber asks as he reaches into his shirt and pulls out a necklace, a lion imprinted onto a shield.

"Yeah," Amanda says "But the design on mine is different. What is it?"

"A coat of arms," Saber says. "Mine is from the once Scottish royalty, I'm glad you're is different, otherwise we'd technically be related."

"I see. Yeah, that could be awkward," Amanda says and hands him the necklace. "Here."

Saber takes it and runs his fingers over the pendant, "Feels like three fleur-de-lis."

"You recognize it?" she asks curious.

"I believe it may be the coat of arms of the once French royalty," He replies astonished.

"Wait, are you telling me that I'm related to royalty?" Amanda asks in disbelief.

Saber nods, "If this is indeed the coat of arms that I believe it to be, then probably," he replies still inspecting the pendant.

"Probably?" she asks.

"Well, as you know it's not uncommon for jewelry to be stolen, but something like this would be hard to sell, and nearly impossible to fake, check the paperwork again, perhaps there's a letter from your father explaining the necklace."

"Okay..." Amanda goes through the paperwork again, more carefully this time. "I still don't see anything," she says annoyed.

"The box," Saber says thinking aloud. "Can you reach your hand in it and feel around?"

"I could but you couldn't," Amanda answers.

"Do it," he replies.

Amanda reaches her hand back into the box, "Wait, there's something here, it feels like it's taped to the side. I think," she grunts "I got it." She pulls out an envelope, opens it and pulls out a letter and begins to read it silently. "Oh God, Saber," she gasps. "The necklace belonged to my mother, and to her mother, and so on. It's exactly what you say. I'm related to the old French Royalty, my family is of noble blood," she finishes barely above a whisper.

"That's good news," Saber says. "Right?"

"Yes, now you don't have to worry about having fallen in love with the common rabble," Amanda replies with a chuckle.

"Amanda," Saber starts, "you know that I've never cared what your birth status was."

Amanda smiles, "I know Saber, I know."

"Let's do what we came here to do, then," Saber says.

"Right," Amanda says. "We should leave everything here for the time being."

"Probably not a bad idea., Saber replies with a nod.

Amanda puts everything in the box, including the financial information she came with and locks it up. "Let's go Saber," Amanda says and then they get up and leave the bank, stopping to let the manager know they are done.

They go and find a place to eat and after they finish, they head to pick up the sword. "Too bad we didn't know about your coat of arms sooner. I could have had it incorporated on the sword somehow," Saber says as they pull up to the shop.

"We had no way of knowing. Besides, things might not be what they are now between us if we had known all along," Amanda says as they get out. She hears a noise and reaches for her phone. "Damn it. My phone just died," she mutters under her breath.

"What made you think of checking it?" Saber asks.

"I thought I heard it ring, so I went to check and it had died. Maybe I heard the tone it plays when it turns off," Amanda says with a shrug. "I'll charge it when we get back to my place." Saber nods.

They enter the shop and see an older man behind the counter. He looks up as they enter, "Ah, good afternoon Captain Rider, I did the finishing touches on the piece this morning." He says as he heads towards the back, returning a minute or so later with a sword similar in style to Saber's. "This is for you, Miss."

He holds the sword out to her and she takes it, shifting it around in her hand slightly, "I like the weight. It feels about like the stick I've practiced with."

"That was the idea," Saber replies.

Amanda nods, "It's gorgeous, Saber. Thank you."

"You're welcome. I don't want you to go around unarmed. Especially the way things have gone lately."

She nods and turns back to the man behind the counter, "Thank you, sir."

He nods, "Not often I'm asked to make such a sword for a young woman. But when Captain Rider asked me to, I was not going to refuse."

Amanda nods, "Am I allowed to carry this?"

"Wear it, you mean?" Saber asks. She nods. "Yes. As long as you carry it openly, you should be fine. I believe you would have to apply for a weapons permit if you wanted to keep it hidden. That was the reason I wanted you to know how to use it. Do you want to try and wear it now?"

"Yeah. That way I can get used to it being there."

"Here Miss, let me help you with that," The man comes around the counter and shows

her how to position the sword.

They leave the shop and are going back to the car when a young man starts following them. "Hey lady, nice piece you got," he steps in front of her, glancing towards Saber, who was headed to the passenger side of the car. "Give me the sword and I won't hurt either of you," he says menacingly.

"You might want to reconsider threatening people. You never know who you might misjudge," Saber says, slowly inching back towards the front of the car.

The kid rolls his eyes. "Please. A woman and a blind man? Give me the damned sword lady, or I'll shoot both of you," he says becoming agitated and flashing a gun.

"Fine. Here," she unsheathes the sword and makes to hand it to him. The kid goes to grab it and she knocks him to the ground with the blunt end, causing him to drop the gun. She kicks the gun under the car towards Saber. She points the sword at the kid's throat, "Now. As the gentleman said. I'd seriously reconsider your life choices. If you had attacked us, you would have been charged with attacking a military officer. You would have done time in a military facility. Had you actually injured him, you would have made things a lot harder on yourself. Get out of here and we'll pretend this never happened." She sheaths the sword and the kid jumps up and runs off, leaving the gun.

The owner of the shop comes running out, "Captain Rider, Miss, are you all right? I've called the police."

"We're fine. Thank you. No harm done," Saber says quietly.

Amanda comes around beside him and offers him an arm, "You've over done it today."

"Perhaps a bit," he admits begrudgingly.

"Let's go home then. I'll cook us something and you can rest, okay?" Amanda says leading him back to the passenger door.

He nods, and she helps him into the car just as the police arrive.

A cop comes up to the shop owner, "Are you the person who called us about a robbery?" The store owner nods. "What happened here?" the cop asks looking between the three people.

"Some punk kid tried to rob these two. She ran him off though," he replies with a laugh.

The cop turns to Amanda, "Is that what happened, Miss?"

Amanda nods, "Yes, sir. The gun is just under the edge of the car, here," she replies pointing to the ground. "He took off without it."

"Would you like us to run the prints and press charges if we can identify him?" the cop asks.

"No sir. I don't think he'll be giving anyone much trouble now," Amanda replies.

The cop nods, "Very well then. I bid you both good evening."

"Good evening, sir," they both reply and get into the car and drive back to her place. They get out and Saber carefully makes his way inside and flops down onto the couch, physically exhausted.

"Are you going to be all right, Saber?" Amanda asks concerned.

"I think so," he says as if he isn't really sure.

"Will just sandwiches be okay for supper?"

"Sure. Fine with me," he replies.

They eat and after a while, they venture back up the stairs to the bedroom. "Are you going to be able to change by yourself?" she asks seriously, getting a curious look from Saber. "Yes, you look that tired," she says with a chuckle.

"I think I can manage. I'll yell if I change my mind," he replies managing a small smile.

"If you haven't passed out," she retorts as she heads for the bathroom to change. She comes out a few minutes later and finds him laying down, barely awake, but changed. She gets into bed and rolls over to face him after turning out the light, "I see you managed to get changed."

"Barely. Not sure if I put the shirt on right side out or not," he says with a chuckle.

"Well, it's dark and I'm the only one here, so I wouldn't dwell on it. Get some sleep. We'll figure out plans for tomorrow, after breakfast in the morning. Good night, Saber."

"Night," he replies barely a whisper before he falls soundly asleep.

The next morning Amanda wakes and sees Saber still asleep. She lays there for several minutes, not wanting to move. After a little while longer, she starts to roll over so she can get out of bed.

Saber stirs at the movement, "Morning," he says tiredly and reaches for her arm.

She stops and turns back towards him, "Good morning. I didn't mean to wake you."

"You didn't. I just woke up and you were still here," He replies. "I was glad you were, so I said good morning. Did you sleep well?"

She moves so she is right beside him and facing him again and nods, "Probably not as soundly as you, but yes, I slept well."

"I'm glad of that. I wasn't sure if you were actually comfortable with me...you know, being here," he replies.

"I wouldn't have asked you to share the bed if I didn't trust you. I've actually never..." she stops before saying anything else.

He nods, "I know what you mean, Amanda. Neither have I," he says quietly.

"Seriously?" she asks surprised. "But you were engaged to..."

He shakes his head. "I had never really shown her any sort of displays of affection. She was against such actions before marriage," he replies softly. "I could ask the same of you, you know. You were once engaged yourself."

"I didn't believe in being with someone before marriage. I mean, I won't lie, I did kiss him, and once in a while he would hold my hand, but...I don't know. It's different with you. I know we haven't even really kissed, but this... This doesn't feel weird to me." She shakes her head and chuckles, "God, I'm rambling." She flops her head onto her pillow.

He chuckles, "This is rather flustering, isn't it?"

She nods, "I'm so scared that you're going to think less of me."

"Why would I? I have no reason to," he replies.

She blushes, "Well, yesterday I evidently moved against you in my sleep. I woke up and I was sleeping with my head on your chest. I was afraid of how you would have reacted had you woken up. That you might have thought I was hoping for more than I was," she says mumbling the last sentence.

He smiles at her, "I know you were against me. I woke up and went to shift at some point during the night and felt pressure on my chest. At first I was disoriented and started to panic, but then I realized it was you and I moved so that my arm was sort of around you and I fell asleep. It was nice," he replies quietly. "I could get used to that," he adds barely audible.

Amanda nods, and moves a little closer to him, "So it doesn't bother you that I lay close?"

"No. Although I don't think I'm ready to go much further than holding you, I won't complain about you laying against me."

"Good to know," she says and leans toward him to kiss his cheek. He turns so that she kisses him on the lips. They stay that way for a minute before she pulls back and smiles. "I could get used to that," she says as she lays her head on his chest and he

puts his arm carefully around her.

"So could I, Amanda," he says as he brushes some hair from her face. They lay there quietly for a long time, neither one wanting to move.

Please take time to comment. It is appreciated. :-)