

# A Titanic Love Story

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## Chapter 1

The young black haired lady looked at the big wooden ship that was laying in the harbor , slowly moved by the small waves in the big ocean. She was not really impressed by the size of this ship and to be honest it was scaring her as this ship was going to be her home for the next two weeks. The lady never had been traveling by ship before but she already heard many stories from her father's visitors. She got her greenish eyes away from the ship and the ocean and saw her brother talking to some people who looked like service people of the ship. And her thought had been right as they soon started carrying all the baggage into the hull of the ship. She looked around and saw her father talking with a man who looked like he could be the captain.

'Milady?' A voice made her snap out of her thoughts. It was the servant of her brother, he grinned at her, holding his hand out to help her off the horse. The young lady smiled at him and took his hand. As soon as she was down her horse she felt the eyes of her father on her and she turned around to see what he wanted.

'Morgana, come here and greet the captain.' he father said. Again her thoughts had been right, she developed a certain knowledge of people through the ages. There never had been much for her to do at their home. Most time it was all about having a nice smile up, being present when visitors were coming, greeting important people and shutting up when her father made decisions. That was the life of a princess in Camelot. Her brother, Arthur, the prince of Camelot and also a knight of the same, had more to do, but she never minded that, she had her maid to spend the days with. Her father was the king, he had much influence but though she hated him sometimes. Uther hated any kind of magic and executed so many people already and was still doing that. She lost a lot of her trust in her father when she discovered that she has magic herself. Nobody knows it and she will never tell anybody that was sure.

Morgana greeted the captain, always with a nice smile on although she didn't feel like smiling. Still the thought of the upcoming two weeks on the water were scaring her a lot. Her brother appeared next to him, also greeted the captain, then looked at her.

'We should get in before the people of the upper town come here. One of the servants said that it's going to be pretty many.' Morgana looked at him, just nodding. She was not in a talking mood for several reasons. The first was still her fear of the ship, second, her maid was not coming with them so she would be pretty lonely. Sure, Merlin, Arthur's servant was there but this wouldn't be holidays for him.

The blonde prince smiled at her, linked his arm with hers and walked into the ship with her. She looked back as soon as they were in, already missing to have firm floor under her feet. Her brother talked to her while they were walking but she was not really listening to him, more she was stuck in his thoughts about the reason for this travel. When they arrived at the next harbor in two weeks there would be a foreign man waiting for her to take her as his wife. She never met him, she even didn't know how he looked like but though Uther wanted her to marry this man so there was no thing she could do. Morgana was pretty unsatisfied with this marriage for the kingdom's well-being and she told this to Arthur, to Merlin, to Gwen, her maid. They all understood her but they couldn't do anything to prevent it. Now it was too late, she had entered the ship, she would marry in two and a half week, a man she never saw before. How could this be fair? She had asked herself this question about a million times since she knew she would marry. But the kingdom's well-being always had been the most important thing in Uther Pendragon's life. Not his daughter, not his son, no, the kingdom, loyalty, was on the first position. There was no sense in complaining, Morgana knew that, though she tried so often, but never succeeded.

They arrived at big room in the back of the ship. It was all wooden, some furniture was in there. Actually this room looked a lot like a living-room. A table and some chairs were standing there, some bookshelves, a fireplace, which was really dangerous for a wooden ship, she thought, and five other doors. Arthur went on with her to the second door at the opposite wall. He opened the wooden door and Morgana saw a big bed standing in this room. It all smelled new on this ship, at least one good point about it. A closet was standing on the wall left to the bed, a table right to the bed. The room looked nice, it smelled all pretty good and the young lady started liking the ship a little. The other rooms must be one for Arthur, one for their father, a room for bathing and probably a room to put important things in.

'I leave you alone then.' Arthur said. 'Don't forget to dress for the dinner, there will be some other royal people. And be in time, I'll get you there.' He gave her another smile and left her alone then. Morgana looked around the room, it was great, yes, but not comparable to her chambers in Camelot. Sure, it was just a ship, not a castle.

Still in her thought, Camelot's princess began to change the room a little to make it nicer than it already had been. There was still time until dinner so she had no hurry.

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A man with longer brown hair was sitting in a tavern. He could see the big ship that was laying in the harbor. The man wasn't really impressed, it was just a ship with a lot of royal people on it. He chugged his mead down and put the cards on the table he was holding in his other hand.

'I won.' he said, smirking. 'Now, where's my price?' A dirty looking small man shrugged his shoulders.

'You are telling me that you don't have the money you bet?' The small man nodded and tried to get up and flee.

'You were not really trying to trick me, or? Nobody tricks Gwaine!' The small man looked at Gwaine, afraid what would happen now.

'So, what do you have in your pockets?' He raised both eyebrows, looking at the stranger who immediately started to empty his pockets. Gwaine's brown eyes fell on a paper which looked at least a little more valuable than the other stuff the stranger put out of his pockets.

'I want this. What is it?'

'It's a ticket for the ship. A two weeks journey.'

Gwaine raised his eyebrow. 'I thought the ship is just for the royals. You don't really look royal.'

'There are many people going with it, they just let the royals in first.' the stranger explained and handed him the paper for the ship.

'Don't bet when you don't have money with you next time, got me?' The stranger nodded and ran out of the tavern. Smirking, Gwaine paid the drinks he had and walked out of the tavern with his bag on his back. He looked at the ship and he noticed how he slightly got impressed. Now that he knew that not only royals were going he was excited, he wanted to have this travel on the same ship as the high society had.

He was not sure where to go so he just followed some people who had the same papers in their hands as he had. Most of them looked quite poor and so Gwaine wondered what they would want over there in the other kingdom which was a lot more expensive than this one. The thoughts didn't stay in his mind for long as some very bad smelling man ran into him. The brown haired man glared at the tackling stranger and walked further, very careful not to lose the paper which probably would be the entrance to a new world, maybe an even better tavern was waiting for him in the target kingdom the ship would bring him. Smirking all over his bearded face he stood in the queue between an all fighting couple and a mother who looked very unable to cope her three little children, all boys, running around her, not listening to what she was saying. Gwaine wondered where their father was but it seemed like there was no father anymore as he saw the young mother grabbing only four entrance papers out of a pocket of her jacket. The woman softly pushed their boys onto the ship and walked after a young guy who seemed to have the function to show the people their cabins. It was his turn now to show his paper to the strict looking man who was wearing a chain mail. A chain mail on a ship. Gwaine smirked at the man and handed him his paper.

'Name?' he asked in a rough tone.

'Gwaine.' he just answered and watched a small man, probably a servant, noting his name. For what? He thought but was told to go further to go to his cabin so the other passengers would also have their chance to get on the ship. Gwaine followed the very tall, overworked and underpaid looking man deep into the ship. He never expected

the cabins of the 'normal' people being at the top of the ship but he went down really deep, several stairs, several gates made of some metal. He wondered for what they were down here but not more upstairs but also this thought was vanished out of his head when they reached his cabin. The service guy disappeared again.

The brown haired man looked at the door, all wooden, like the rest of the ship. He heard kids yelling, babies crying, people talking when he stood in the hallway in front of his cabin. Could get fun, he thought and sighed deeply.

Gwaine opened the door and just wanted to throw his bag on the bed when he viewed another man sitting in the room.

'Excuse me, my room?' he said, raised his eyebrow looking at the stranger.

The other man raised his eyebrow as well. 'No, we have to share.'

'Don't you know a nice lady which would swap rooms with you?'

'No, I'm all alone. Problems with sharing the room with me? I'm Lancelot by the way.'

Gwaine made a sound that sounded like a murmur before he answered. 'The name's Gwaine. No, not at all, I just cherish the presence of a nice lady. Problems with that?'

That Lancelot gave him a small smirk. 'Not at all.'

Gwaine smirked back. 'Then we understand each other, eh?'

'Sure.' Lancelot answered. 'How you come here?'

'I took the paper from an idiot who tried to trick me. He bet on a small card game but had no money with him so I got the paper. How about you?'

The other man shrugged his shoulders. 'I bought it with the rests of my money. I like traveling around.'

'Same here.' Gwaine smirked. 'Taverns are really different from kingdom to kingdom.'

Lancelot chuckled a little then he stood up his bed. 'I go up on the deck so you can get used to the cabin. It's quite small, but better than nothing. See you.'

Then he left, leaving Gwaine alone in the wooden cabin who just finally threw his bag on one of the empty beds and himself on another empty bed. He looked up at the ceiling and smirking. This was totally going to be a good trip, even food was for free with the entrance paper. And dinner was set in two hours.