

Light of Hope

Von Chloe

Spoilers for anybody who did not yet reach Sequence 11 in AC: Black Flag.

A little story about the birth of Mary's child. It's inspired by an anon on tumblr and the idea wouldn't let go, so I decided to write something with it. Please enjoy and I'm very sorry, but it just had to be done. Also this is not a happy little story, so be warned. If you liked it, I'd be really happy about some feedback, it's been a very long time since I've last written a story in English.

This is what the anon wrote: "...What if Mary would have used her Eagle Vision when her child was taken from her? She just sat in her cell, her eyes fixed on one point until the small shimmer would fade. And it's like she lost sight of her last hope."

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Endless hours of pain had passed when she heard the cry for the first time. A wave of relief washed over Mary as she lifted the baby with shaking hands into her arms. She was overwhelmed with the feeling of joy that seemed to fill her whole being and she did not care about the tears that were gathering in her eyes.

"Hush, my dear." She gently pressed the small child closer, wiping away some of the dirt and blood before she pressed light kisses onto its head and cheeks. She had to calm her child down, or else the guards would show up. But she did not know how, she did not know how to handle a baby, how to correctly fulfill its needs, how to actually be a mother. All Mary could do was to envelope her child with all the love she felt at that moment, to hold it carefully but with confidence, to make it feel safe and secure. And it all felt so right to her, as she pulled up her clothes to wrap the small baby inside of them.

For the first time Mary took a close look at the baby, carefully touching each little finger counting them in her head for no real reason. They were so small and it made her smile like an idiot. She noticed that it was a little girl and Mary knew at that moment that she had never been so happy before, or loved someone this much.

"I've been waiting for you." She couldn't help the small and happy laugh that escaped her, she had almost forgotten where she was, all that mattered was her daughter, who had finally stopped crying and opened her eyes, revealing the light blue orbs to her mother. The sight caused a small pang in Mary's heart, but she quickly dismissed the feeling, concentrating only on the little girl in her arms.

She heard a voice from somewhere, not registering what it was actually saying, not noticing that it was a warning coming from the cell next to her own. Only as Mary heard the loud rattling of the iron bars did she lift her gaze from her child to see a small group of guards standing in front of her cell and two men entering. Within seconds she remembered where she actually was and what this meant.

"Don't you dare and touch her!" Anger burned in her eyes while she protectively pressed her daughter closer. It all happened too quickly and Mary was too weak to properly defend her child. One man had grabbed her while the other guard quickly ripped the little girl away from her. The baby's screams filled the cell and Mary struggled against the grip on her in vain. She could only watch as they took her daughter away from her and closed the cell behind them.

Her legs were shaking, but she managed to get up and to the iron bars grabbing the cold metal and holding onto it with all her strength. "Give her back you bastards! Or I'll kill you!" She furiously shook the iron bars, but they would not give way no matter what she did. She desperately wanted to get to her daughter, but she was helpless. All Mary could do was scream at the guards and watch as they continued their job. And all they did was laugh at her, taking the crying baby with them as they walked away.

In that moment everything turned black and white and Mary focused all her senses on the small shimmering that belonged to her child. She no longer heard the guards, the shouts from Anne right next to her, or her own voice. She only heard the rushing blood in her ears and the cries of her daughter, everything else was not important and was pushed away. She still held onto the bars with one hand, the other slowly reaching for the shimmering. But she would not be able to reach it, no matter how hard she tried at the end it was all in vain.

But Mary clung to this last hope, if she'd only try harder, if she'd just stretch her arm further, she'd get back to her daughter. Nobody listened to her pleading and the shimmering was getting smaller and smaller with every passing minute, until it disappeared completely. Mary still stared at the now empty spot even as her legs could not carry her any longer and tears started filling her eyes. She sat on the grounds still limply holding the bars while sorrow was rocking her body.

Mary couldn't believe it. She had failed, she had let go of the most important thing. How could she ever think, she could be a mother, if she did not even manage to protect her daughter? She had barely promised herself to keep the small child safe and it was already all over. She let her daughter down, when the little girl needed her the most. And Mary hated herself for being so weak and helpless, she was sure that this was a punishment for her failures, that she deserved all of this.

Nothing mattered anymore. Mary had lost her little girl and all that was left was a big void and an unbearable pain. She knew she would never hold her daughter again, would never see those beautiful eyes again. Her last hope was gone, her fate long since sealed. All that was left of her was a broken shell and Mary did no longer care. It was no use, she had lost and there was nothing she could do any more but wait for the inevitable end. She could only hope that the darkness would take her fast, so that she would not have to bear this pain for long.

Thanks for reading and hope you've enjoyed it!