

(Every character depicted in the story below is a consenting legal adult over the age of 18)

A/N: A moment of peace and comfort to send us off.

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“The children are all abed now.”

Thomas smiles as Eloise and Seevi step into the room together. Holding Anna’s hand as the two of them sit on a couch side by side, he gives them a nod.

“Thank you. You really didn’t have to do it yourselves... but I appreciate the personal touch.”

Seevi scoffs, shaking her head.

“Your nannies are ill-equipped to handle a half-elf, especially of that age. It was no trouble for us.”

Thomas grins, even as Anna laughs and Eloise smiles. Despite ten years having passed, there were some things about Seevi that had never changed. Her ability to incidentally insult someone while bluntly stating what she perceived to be fact remained firmly intact, for instance.

“Well, either way, we’re grateful aren’t we Anna?”

His wife and Queen nods along easily enough, her thumb stroking circles in the back of his hand as they sit there all but cuddling with one another.

“Indeed we are. Camilla should be here soon, I imagine. She was held up by her duties but-!”

Anna’s explanation is cut off mid-word as the very woman she’s speaking about steps into the room. Camilla Ackinworth, Lady Commander and Grand Master of the Order of the Saints, has dressed down from her usual knightly attire and

armor and is wearing a simple pair of trousers along with a top. She still has a sword at her waist however, though she takes it off and sets it aside upon entering the space.

“Apologies for my tardiness. Those responsible for taking up my time have been punished most severely.”

Thomas lets out a light laugh.

“You didn’t have to do that for our sake, Camilla. I’m sure it was important.”

The red head fixes him with an exasperated stare.

“I did not do it for your sake. I did it for mine. It was not important enough for them to force me to miss dinner with all of you and your children. A week or so of latrine duty will hopefully set them straight.”

He grins all over again at that. While it’s entirely possible that Camilla is talking about a rowdy group of squires making problems she had to solve, it’s much more likely she’s talking about full fledged knights, or even knight commanders. Imagining some of the most prestigious men and women of her Order being on ‘latrine duty’... it’s amusing to say the least.

Anna, meanwhile, is as good a host as ever.

“Well, at least you’re here now, Camilla. And we saved a plate for you too.”

She gestures over to a cloche sitting on a nearby table. It’s a testament to Camilla’s hunger but also how comfortable she’s gotten with them over the years that she doesn’t even hesitate to stalk over and pull the cloche off of the hot plate of food.

Eloise and Sevvie move closer to sit down, even as Camilla quietly begins to eat. Silence falls over them all for a moment... but it’s not awkward in Thomas’ opinion. Rather, there’s a sort of comfort to it, to being with four of the most important women in the world to him.

Not THE most important women in the world mind you... after all, Thomas had a daughter now. Sevi's, in fact. She was half-dark elf, half-human and at this point was four years old going on five. Then there were his sons by Anna and Eloise, nine and eight respectively. One would be King one day after him. The other would be Lord of the city of Last Hope at some point in the future.

Camilla, meanwhile, remained childless even after all these years. Her choice, of course, and one that Thomas fully respected. She not only considered it her duty to remain in a combat ready state at all times... she simply wasn't interested in motherhood. She was simply happier with a sword in her hand rather than a babe at her teat.

"It's good that we were all able to be together like this again. I can't remember the last time all five of us were able to be in the same room. Especially since *someone* is always on the move."

Anna's happy, warm tone fills the space as she smiles at everyone, Thomas included despite the slight teasing in her last words. Thomas smiles back, feeling much the same. To be fair, circumstances constantly conspired to keep them apart, didn't they?

On the one hand, the room currently held some of the most powerful people in the Kingdom. The King and Queen. A Dark Elf Princess who doubled as the Kingdom's secret Spymistress. The Lady and ruler of the fastest growing city in their lands. And of course, the Lady Commander of their greatest knightly order.

And yet, with great power came great responsibility, to steal a line from his old world. None of them were inclined to tyranny or injustice. None of them were the sort to rest on their laurels and let others do the work for them. Least of all Thomas himself.

They called him the Wanderer King and Thomas had to admit; it sort of made sense. He was constantly on the move, flitting from one place to the other. While he made sure to stay in one place for a while after each of his children was born

so he could be there for them in the first months of their life, eventually he found himself moving again.

There was just too much to do. The Kingdom was well on the road to recovery, having reclaimed the whole of the Rotlands and resettled large swathes of it, but it would still take decades for things to truly get better. In the meantime, all it would take for things to get worse was for good people to do nothing... or at rather, for good people to do less than they could.

Thomas in particular could do a lot. And so he did. His Gift of Relentless Potential kept him growing at a somewhat constant rate, and for him not to use his skills to help the people that had come to rely on him... well, that would be unconscionable.

Sliding his hand free of Anna's, he instead reaches around her shoulders and pulls her in close, smiling at her. The moment doesn't quite last however... as Sevvie speaks up a moment later.

"My mother initiated contact again the other day."

Thomas' smile slips and so does Anna's. All eyes turn towards Sevvie, including Camilla's. The female knight even stops eating for the moment, her gaze turning intense.

Admittedly, it wasn't the first time Klynirra had called. For all that Sevvie's people were incredibly long lived and her mother in particular had been alive for over a thousand years... the woman seemed to be incredibly impatient when it came to Sevvie. She liked to call every few months and in the interest of keeping the verbal treaty they'd made intact; Sevvie had taken it upon herself to humor her.

Thomas had to admit; he would have liked to be able to tell Sevvie she didn't have to do so. But even now, even after ten years... he wasn't confident that they could survive a full assault from the Dark Elf Kingdom. If Klynirra was roused from her lazy ways and brought to bear the entire weight of her people's martial might against them... well, Thomas could promise that they would make

them bleed for it. But he could not promise anything more, even with all his might.

With ninety more years though... that could very well change things.

Eloise eventually breaks the awkward silence that ensues, asking what they're all thinking.

"What did she want?"

Offering a half-shrug, Sevvu grunts.

"The usual. I gave her as little as possible, of course. And I could detect some frustration from her... I'm fairly certain that whatever sources she's kept in touch with within my sister's old army are starting to cease contact with her as time goes on. We're turning them away from her, bit by bit."

Thomas can't help smiling at that. Yes, the Dark Elves left behind in human lands after Synestra's temper tantrum were... well, assimilated might be too strong of a word, but they were at least well on their way. In the ten years that had passed, he'd worked tirelessly along with Sevvu to make sure that her people earned their place among his. And with that work had come results.

There was still bigotry of course. It was impossible to stamp out prejudice altogether no matter how hard he tried. But by and large humans and Dark Elves got along surprisingly well and Thomas fully believed that if Klynirra did ever darken their doorstep with her armies, the Dark Elves currently living in human lands would fight on the side of the humans by and large.

"Eventually, I hope to be able to let you tell her to fuck off, Sevvu."

Sevvu smiles at Thomas' words, even as Anna snorts in a distinctly unladylike manner.

"Can it really be long now? The last time you came back from a hunting trip, you brought the corpse of a Dire Wolf the size of Last Hope's castle back with you.

Your ventures into the Darkwoods seem to bear increasingly large and terrifying fruit.”

Thomas chuckles in remembrance. Yes, that was one of the things he did with his ‘wandering’, though only once or twice a year. With Sevv’s Gift of Shadowstep, the two of them ventured as deep into the Darkwoods as possible... so that Thomas could hone himself against enemies who were still capable of killing him. He still had reason to get stronger after all... and his Gift of Relentless Potential would not let him stagnate so long as he continued to put one foot in front of the other.

An amusing idea comes to him and he can’t help but share it with his women.

“Perhaps one day Sevv can slip me into her mother’s chambers and I can leave the head of such a creature laying under her bedding for her to happen upon when she tries to lay down to rest.”

Camilla arches a brow while Eloise and Anna give him disgusted, slightly bewildered looks. Only Sevv actually lets out a bark of laughter. Admittedly, it’s a joke from his old world, but apparently it lands better with his favorite Dark Elf than it does with his fellow humans.

“In her bed? Seriously?”

“That’s a little gross... isn’t it?”

But Sevv shakes her head at Anna and Eloise’s objections.

“I think my mother actually might respect such a move. If we could pull it off, that is.”

At that last part, Sevv looks a bit more doubtful, prompting Thomas to nod and shrug.

“Perhaps not yet... but we’ll get there eventually. Just need a few more hunting trips under our belt, I’d say.”

Indeed, every time they went into the Darkwoods together, Thomas got stronger and Sevvie became better at using her Gift of Shadows. She no longer got tired transporting other people with her at this point, for instance.

Camilla, meanwhile, just grunts.

“Speaking of beds... I’m finished eating. Are we just going to sit around talking... or...”

Her leading tone makes it abundantly clear what she’s asking about. Thomas raises an amused brow, half-expecting Eloise and Anna to object because they’re still a little disgusted by his previous suggestion. But no. Instead, Eloise perks up... while his Queen rises from the couch fluidly, escaping his arms.

“I’d say that Camilla is right. We’ve chatted long enough... but there is no reason to continue to hold ourselves back now is there? Our children are all abed, the night has grown late, and we have this moment with one another. I say... we enjoy it~”

Thomas chuckles as hands begin moving to take off clothes. He rises to his feet and starts to do the same, even as a smile graces his lips.

He was the luckiest, wealthiest man in the world, there was no doubt about that. And with his Gift, he fully intended to protect all of that ‘wealth’ to his dying breath. Not just from Sevvie’s mother, but from anyone else who would dare try to take it from him.

The five of them come together soon after that... and words fall to the wayside as actions take over.

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A/N: And that’s all he wrote folks. Thank you for coming along on this adventure with me. I had a lot of fun writing it and the positive response to it was honestly really affirming.

Hopefully people aren't too upset by the lack of actual NSFW scenes in these final chapters. I wanted to try my hand at writing an epilogue of fluff instead of smut. How did I do?

Also just to be clear, there won't be anything replacing this story immediately, I need to be truly inspired by an idea before I start a new daily write, and I also need a bit to recharge from this last one.

Still, hope you all enjoyed the story and I'll see you in the next one!