

Dracarys

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Dracarys

by [Pixie](#)

Summary

Philippa tells Katrina a bedtime story

Notes

References Katrina Corwell/Gabriel Lorca— Philippa ships it but also she wants to protect Kat. They've all three been friends since the Academy.

"Once upon a time—"

"Ugh." Katrina makes a face over her glass. "I hate fairy tales."

"You do not." Philippa chuckles. It's late and they are already a little tipsy.

"They're unrealistic," Kat complains. "There's no such thing as happy ever after."

"I didn't say happy ever after. I said once upon a time."

Kat purses her lips and restrains from rolling her eyes. There's a— familiar —mystical tone to her friend's voice and she never makes quibbling distinctions without cause. *Bedtime story it is.* She gestures with her glass for Philippa to continue, then drains it before placing it on the table and inching closer to the other woman on the sofa. As Kat curls into the— also familiar —curve of her body, Philippa positions her arm around her shoulders. She brushes a gentle hand through Katrina's hair, and begins.

"Once upon a time, there lived a princess. She was very beautiful but more importantly she was clever. Rulers and knights of every kingdom wanted to marry her but she fell in love with a dragon. It was hard on the princess. Dragons are very powerful but they are better known for destruction than affection."

Philippa's quiet voice fills the room. She comes from a long line of storytellers and likes to provide advice or support couched in narrative. Even her official reports often have a touch of whimsy.

"This one was loyal to the princess. He flew her all around the kingdoms and during the full moon he could turn into a handsome prince so they could make love. But he was still a dragon. A monster and hoarder whose heart would always belong to the sky."

Kat scrunches her nose. She's not sure she wants to hear this story.

"One day a wizard offered the princess a choice. Turn the dragon into the prince permanently, so they might marry and rule together, or turn her into a dragon, so she would forget her responsibility to the kingdom."

She looks down to meet Kat's eyes. "Which do you choose?"

"Are you asking me?" Philippa nods. Kat sits up. "I'm the princess?"

Philippa's eyes twinkle. Annoyingly. "Which do you choose?"

"Why does it have to change?"

"Because it's a fairy tale. Transformation is required."

"I *told you* I don't like fairy tales," Kat harrumphs.

Philippa takes in her defensive posture, the red tinge in her cheeks, and leans in to curl a finger in her hair again. "It's just a story, princess."

Kat does not restrain herself from rolling her eyes this time. "Turn me into a dragon."

"And give up the kingdom?"

"They can get another princess." She'd rather be a dragon anyway. "Making the dragon a prince would diminish him."

Philippa raises an eyebrow. "And making the princess a dragon wouldn't diminish her?"

"You just said dragons are very powerful."

"And I said the princess is clever," she answers with a smile.

Katrina glares. She's tired, a bit lightheaded, and she has no idea what she's supposed to be getting out of this story.

"Fine." She takes a breath. "The princess tells the wizard that she's happy the way it is, and to transform the hearts of all the simple minded people in her kingdom so they will accept that the princess is perfectly capable of ruling alone."

Philippa gives her an encouraging smile.

"And then she moves her dragon into the palace, with a ...launch bay so he can fly off to do what dragons do."

"Burn villages?"

"Only the bad ones."

Philippa laughs. Katrina grins.

"And the wizard keeps her company when he's gone. They all live happily ever after, the end."

"Are you suggesting we brainwash the peasantry?"

"It's just a story, wizard," Kat answers in a sing song representation of Philippa's earlier comment, and advances toward her on the sofa.

"What if—"

"Stop talking."

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