

A Knight's Compromise

- [Page 1](#)
- [Page 2](#)
- [Page 3](#)
- [Page 4](#)
- [Page 5](#)

Page 1

The Rava had made sure no one was around. Mulling around in her office, the bunny knew she had to do this. Her spiritual guide convinced her as such. Thinking back on the last time that she called them both out freely. Thinking how they fought together to protect innocents in Tuliyoallal. Taking a deep breath, she reached inside.

I need you both out here. We need to talk.

Oh? Now you wish to talk to us? Miss too high and mighty for us except when she needs us to protect weaklings who ca-

The voice went silent for a moment.

What do you need of us? Are we finally going to do it? Are we finally going to die and put us out of everyone's misery?

No, this is... Just come out. I promise I won't yell...

Ashlyn could feel Justice laugh slightly inside.

Fat fucking load that promise is. What's from stopping you to...

Once more she was cut off. After a few moments, the bunny felt the telltale draw. Closing her sapphire eyes, Ashlyn took a deep exhale. As she opened them, there stood the two spectres.

"Fine you fucking brat, we're out here." Justice fired off to Regret who seemingly ignored the older bunny. *"So what do you need of us? If we're not going to neck ourselves our use our blades on our own throats, why do you require us?"* She asked rather pointedly.

Ashlyn took a few deep breaths. "I... Want to make peace with you two. I will be honest. When Yaya made me experience inner piece, it was unlike anything I ever felt before. Having all of the strength we have to protect others, without the fighting ourselves. It was incredible."

She sat down within her high backed chair. Lacing her fingers together, the bunny looked between them both over the lenses of her glasses.

"And how do you suppose to get this? You know her and I won't get along. We're too much opposites. Not to mention that I refuse to give up on trying to get you to give up on... This" Justice waved her hand around the office. It was rather dark, The evening sun setting in the windows behind Ashlyn's desk casting a faint glow of orange. The Rava sighed.

Page 2

"Well, it's... Kind of about that. You two were 'asleep' due to Yaya but she suggested I do things to become at peace with both of you. Regret, for example. I know you think we're irredeemable and a monster. Yet, can you deny that without us, had we succeeded all those summers ago at ending our life, that more people in Tuliyoallal would have died?"

Regret thinks for a moment. "

We killed over six hundred, how many of them innocents? How many of them didn't deserve their death? I can't deny we did kill some worthy of it. Yet, others who came after us just because it was their job. Those who had reasons that we were too blind to see, or even were in the wrong place at the wrong time and we unjustly murdered them. How many? Can we truly say?"

Ashlyn looks down upon the fine wood desk. She stays silent for a moment, the chronometer on the desk breaking the silence at it ticks away.

After a while, the bunny finally had a response. "I cannot give a number to that, and I know you will say that's why we need to die. Yet... had we died Regret, had we perished back when we were just twenty-nine summers. Would there not be more dead people in Tuliyoallal? You can argue the suffering of Ruby is our fault, and maybe to a lesser extent, the pain that Kira went through is our fault. Sure, they might be better off had we just died. Sure, others as well would have had better lives. Yet, Selina... she still would have died... but she would have died alone. She wouldn't have had a loving wife until the end... until... well even now I still love her and hope she is with Father in the Heaven of Ice..."

Ashlyn paused for a moment. Her voice was shaking as she talked about her late wife. Regret could feel the emotions rising. The pain that the bunny felt for her long lost Midlander wife.

"Look, I won't pretend we didn't do wrong. I won't pretend we don't deserve every ounce of vitriol and hate we have sent to us. Yet, look at Istrone. She is growing into a wonderful knight because of us. Four more summers and she'll be fully grown and able to become a knight. She'll do House Ishina proud too."

"

Your dear squire whom you are looking for a dark knight soul stone for? The one you are going to push down your path of torment and darkness, despite promising her father you wouldn't?" Regret simply answered.

Ashlyn knew she will be breaking her word to Istrone's father, yet...

"I am doing so only because she desires it so deeply. I'll be teaching her the things no one taught me. I'll be teaching her to have a better control over it. I'll be teaching her to use the powers responsibly. Once she is trained too, I'll begin training my own, and after

Page 3

a few summers I'll encourage her to take her own squire. From the work we are doing, Regret... we can save hundreds... nay... thousands of lives. I just know it. Look at the impact we've had with our generosity. Hells... Istrone may not even be alive were it not for us taking her in..."

Regret stood there, not knowing what to say, not knowing how to respond. Ashlyn knew that the young gunbreaker was cornered. "Think of it Regret, we... can truly do good."

The spectre's fist remained balled up

"How can I trust that we won't just go back to our old ways? How can I trust that we can actually seek penance." She simply says softly. *"Only with our death, do I have that guarantee."* Ashlyn then remembered something Yaya mentioned.

"Then why have you not killed us yet?" She asked softly. Her sapphire eyes moved to become half-lidded. The younger bunny gasped. "You both are able to wrest control from me for seconds at a time and steal our body. There have been many a time, like back at the Great Gubal, when we first came across Rinandra and I told her to push me off that ledge should she wish to seek to kill me for her later wife. Why not just throw ourselves off? That surely would have ended our lives, would it not? It would have been all over then and there. There have been many opportunities you could have taken to kill us... why do you want me to do it? Why can't you?"

Regret's arms trembled as the Viera stood there. She couldn't answer it because she knew the truth. They all knew the truth. For it was something they knew deep down. Even through their own suicide attempts when they were but twenty-nine summers, even with how much abandon they fought until recently. There was one truth that kept them still here. They feared death. They feared the veil. They feared what may happen to them once they cross that threshold. In their heart of hearts, all three of them fully expected to never see the light of the heavens, nor even the suffering of the hells to later get redemption.

No, all three of them knew the answer, that was that they fully expected to be torn asunder in the void, to feel utter oblivion. An uncomfortable silence fell over the group as Ashlyn remained in place. Finally, she slowly moved up to the spectre of her guilt. Placing a soft leather on the younger bunny's shoulder, the now fifty-two summer old just looked down at the reflection of young her. Kneeling, she pulled the sixteen summer old into a hug.

"I know Regret, I know why... this is why we need to keep pressing on. We can't just try to take the coward's way. We... need to keep working together. I know you worry about us falling to our old ways, but I'm an older Viera now. I'm not the same kit I was. I've..."

Page 4

learned... I have a family now, I have lovers whom I care about. I have learned the importance of understanding what is going on, and the importance of a second chance..." She whispered. Soft tears fall down from her sapphire eyes.

The spectre gasp, her own storm grey portals widening. "*I... I...*" The girl stammered. After a moment, she just wrapped her own arms around Ashlyn. Still trembling, she understood the Rava. "*Promise me... promise us... that we won't kill any unless we have to. Promise... that we will never kill an innocent, or at least someone who deserves another chance... again.*" She requested.

The Viera took a moment before she pulled back to look her younger self in the face. "Regret, I promise you. On Father's name, on his honor, and on the honor of Bozja. I promise we will never fall to what we had done. I'm... sorry... you had to be born this way... I truly am... Your life must be full sorrow, only feeling the regret and pain that we caused. I... wish I could take it away, I wish I could give you the joy I feel in my heart when I spend time with one of our lovers. Yet... I can't..." Once more, tears silently fall. The simulacrum begins crying more loudly.

"*You don't understand what it's like to be me, you'll... never understand. Yet... if this is my role to play in our life... as long as you keep your word... it's one I will play...*" Her words were soft, trembling. It even caused the normally hostile spectre to soften

"So... if we're not gonna go back to bringing justice, why did you bring me?"

Ashlyn closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I'll get to you in a moment. I... need to make a deal with both of you. I need... we... need... to work together." She stated softly. It was clear this constant war has been taxing her. Yet, she's seen how much it has been affecting her loved ones even more. The Rava took a few moments. Processing everything. "Regret, I will need you to understand, this promise is slightly conditional." She finally added. "Because of what I need to discuss with

**her*, we will need to pick up the blade again..." She stated. Justice's ears perked and Regret gasped, almost seeming broken hearted "*but...*" The Rava lifts one finger to the simulacrum's lips. "Let me finish..."

Letting go of the smaller one, the Viera moved over to the more heavily armored spectre. "We will pick up the blade, but we will no longer be judge, jury, and executioner. Not all on our own at least. We know these lands are infested with people who are unrepentant, people who seek to harm and kill others. We all know this to be the case. People we picked up the blade over, and people that even you, Regret, would agree need to be dealt with."

Page 5

Ashlyn took a deep sigh, "But I cannot trust us to be infallible. What I **can** trust, is General Tarupin's decisions. He knows where there are camps of people who seek to do this. He would know where there may be justice needing to be met out. If we let ourselves become the blade in the dark for General Tarupin, we let him free up Immortal Flame resources to be used elsewhere. We take something off his chest, and these people are outlaws anyways. They have already had their chances."

The Viera took a moment to pull herself together. "That's why, I want the three of us to band together. To unite as one, to help bring this land to safety, but do so in a way, to not cause more regret." She looked between the pair.

"But what about the families of those bandits? What about the ones we will hurt in the crossfire of it? How is this any different?" Regret instantly began asking.

"Those bandits have done irreparable harm. Unlike us, they have no sense of remorse, nor a desire to change. Yes, people's feelings will be caught in the crossfire, but think of those innocents who will **die** if we do nothing."

The smaller spectre fell silent. Finally, Justice spoke once more.

"So, your plan is for us to pick the blade up, but not to go back to how we once were, but as blades for one of the corrupt city-states? How is that any different to being criminals? Would we not just be executing those they themselves deem unworthy?" She asked raising a brow.

Ashlyn shook her head. "Not the city-state. But specifically General Tarupin. I trust Pipin to have good judgement. He is not corrupt like the monetarists on the Syndicate. While yes, the Brass Blades are under the Immortal Flames, they're a subdivision. He is too busy with other issues to be able to handle that. Maybe... just maybe... us doing this can let him deal with that."

The two contemplated her words.

"Okay, I'm in. As long as we are dispensing justice and working to keep the star safer as was our goal when we picked up that crystal. Then it's fine. I'll... cool on the push of us going back to how we were back then..."

"Likewise, as long as we aren't taking it fully into our hands, as long as we are using someone else's judgement, we could save a lot of lives... I... think this could help the regret and pain we feel..."

Ashlyn nodded solemnly. "Then we are agree. This will be our path forward, our path... to healing..."