

## Evade Their Jealous Hunt

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# Evade Their Jealous Hunt

by [AgenderAgenda](#)

## Summary

When Sulfria is stranded in the 1890s, she receives assistance from the mysterious individual who goes by Ash.

## Notes

A note on Ash's gender: Being from the actual, real world Victorian era, Ash spends a decent chunk of this fic unaware of their own transness. Different characters will use different pronouns for Ash depending on how they know them and how much they know, given they operates under both male and female identities.

Fic title from Furthest Star by Dirt Poor Robins

Chapter title (chap. 1) from Furthest Star by Dirt Poor Robins

Warnings for this chapter: Nothing beyond the implication of violence

Sulfria hits the ground hard, breath shocked out of her for a minute, knees and hands scraped to bleeding, hair falling in front of their face. Fae curses under her breath as they take stock of her surroundings, pulling faerself to her feet. Where *is* she? The people around faer look, well, like she is not where she intended to be. Or, more accurately, when. Her sudden arrival has certainly caught attention, and they realise, abruptly, that dressed like fae is she's going to run into trouble sooner or later. Fae has to leave. They reach inside faerself, eyes closed, reaching for that spark that enables her to do what fae does. It is there, that was never in doubt, and yet – she cannot step through time. She is stuck in an unfamiliar place and time, dressed for the wrong era. Indeed, she opens her eyes and, judging by the outfits, her clothes are about seventy years too far in the future. They duck into an alley before anyone can approach faer, calculations running in the back of her mind.

What the fuck is she going to do? They have nowhere to stay, nowhere to go. She has little chance of blending in, not injured and, frankly, in a skirt that's scandalously short for this era, to say nothing of faer lack of familiarity with the day-to-day minutiae of this society. In short, she, Sulfria, experienced time-traveller, bane of The Tempus Institute's existence, is utterly fucked.

It is as she is thinking this that they hear footsteps approaching. Well, fuck. Truly, she could not be much more fucked. Swearing up a storm inside her head, she brushes her hair out her face and turns to face whoever is approaching her.

The woman before faer wears an immaculate dress, brown hair perfectly night, and regards Sulfria with a critical eye. They raise their chin, trying not to shrink under her stern gaze. Something like approval crosses her face, and she addresses faer. "What's your name?"

To be honest, or to lie? Her name might raise a few eyebrows, it is true, but she has no real need to hide it here, and it has been so long since fae last heard it. "Sulfria."

"That's an odd name," the woman says, "What on earth were your parents thinking when they named you?"

"I wouldn't know," Sulfria says, trying for disaffected and missing the mark by a country mile.

There is a silence, and then the woman says, voice steady, "My apologies for my rudeness. I am Olivia."

"It's fine," fae says, waving a hand to brush the apology off.

Olivia doesn't look exactly happy about that, but says nothing about it, changing tacks instead. "Can I do anything for you?"

She considers this question, unshakeably aware that her own blood is dripping down her legs and onto the cobblestones. "I don't suppose you know where I could get a little medical

assistance?” she asks lightly.

“I do,” Olivia says, “But forgive me for asking, it seems you are not from around here, so I wonder if perhaps somewhat unofficial forms of assistance might be in your best interests?”

“They probably would be,” fae agrees.

“In that case, follow me.”

She does, walking close behind Olivia through a disorienting network of back-alleys looming with shadows. They walk in silence, passage broken only by the ringing of each of their shoes against the ground. The distance to their destination is, in truth, largely beyond faer ability to estimate. It is hardly short, but far from an unmanageable distance.

Their destination is an unremarkable door in a street of unremarkable doors. Olivia raps on it, once, forceful, and it is opened by a woman with dark brown hair and eyes and, notably, a burn scar on one cheek.

“Afternoon, T,” Olivia greets her. “This is Sulfria, she needs your help.”

They are welcomed inside, and Sulfria is lead off to a private room.

“Just call me physician,” says the woman Olivia called T, “Sulfria, was it?”

“Yes.”

“What happened?”

Fae shrugs. “I fell a not insignificant distance.”

“Right. May I touch you?”

“Yes.”

Sulfria is examined thoroughly, and her injuries are cleaned and bandaged. Having finished this, the physician visibly hesitates, before asking “Do you want me to get you some clothes that stand out less?”

“Please.”

The physician nods, and steps out the room, returning with a dress in her arms. “Here,” she says, handing it over.

“Thank you.” Sulfria changes, finding it fits well enough, and the physician leads her back into the main part of the building, where Olivia waits.

“Now then,” the physician says, “Do take a seat.”

She does, sitting with faer legs crossed.

“Can I ask you a few questions?” the physician asks, and they nod.

“Do you have anywhere to spend the night?”

“No.”

“Do you have paid employment?”

Fae pauses. “Not at present.”

“Are you going to be able to get yourself food?”

“I’ll find a way,” she says, lightly, and Olivia frowns.

“Are you in danger?”

Well, shit. Fuck, even. She will be honest, fae supposes. “Yes. I normally am.”

Olivia and the physician exchange a glance. Fae cannot read their expressions, and something about that unnerves her.

“I have an offer for you, Sulfria,” Olivia says, “If you would care to hear it?”

“I would.”

“An acquaintance of ours may well be able to offer you shelter and protection, but the offer does not come for free. How are you with theft?”

“I’ve stolen things before, if that’s what you’re asking,” fae says, calmly.

Olivia nods. “Alright, I’ll contact him.”

Olivia leaves, and the physician and Sulfria fall into silence.

After what the clock on the wall informs Sulfria is a little under an hour, Olivia returns, accompanied by an individual wrapped in a cloak. They throw back their hood, and Sulfria gets faer first glimpse of the individual she will come to know as Ash.

They are striking, piercing brown eyes studying her, and, she is amused to note, a hat on their head despite the hood they had been wearing only a moment earlier. Even without the hood, they certainly seem to go for concealment; fae can see none of their skin but that on their face. Gloved hands rest on the wheels of their wheelchair and, looking at them, she knows, somehow, that the individual before her is dangerous. Perhaps it is how prepared they seem to move, perhaps it is the visible strength, perhaps it is the way they are studying faer, perhaps it is some combination of the aforementioned attributes, but either way she knows it as truth. They are dangerous. She cannot say fae minds. She and this new individual study each other in dead silence for a while, until they break it. “You can call me Ash. You are?”

“Sulfria.”

“A pleasure to meet you, Sulfria.” Strangely enough, she gets the impression that they mean it, despite everything.

“A pleasure to meet you as well, Ash.” She certainly does.

“These two,” a gesture to Olivia and the physician, “Inform me you are willing to work for me in return for protection and shelter.”

“That is true.”

Ash nods, once, sharp, “Walk with me.”

She does, following them out the door and down yet another network of back alleys. Fae is reassured in the knowledge that, if nothing else, she is armed.

They have gone down a couple of streets, into a particularly narrow alley that certainly appears to be deserted when Ash speaks. “May I be very blunt?”

“Yes.” That is not a permission she would normally give to a stranger, but it feels worth taking the risk. If nothing else, she should know about the person fae will be working for. Besides, for once there’s potential good reason for someone to feel the need for bluntness.

“Olivia did not give me many details, only said what I have told you and that you were injured and not from around here. I have my suspicions that you are truly not from around here.”

Fae is proud of the steadiness of their voice as she replies. “That would be correct.”

“I see.”

There is a moment’s silence, leaving Sulfria decidedly on edge. Ash stops and all she can think is *fuck!*

But whatever she was dreading, it does not come to pass. Ash lifts up leather-clad hands and removes their hat. Their hair, which had been completely obscured by it, is a deep blue. A colour as alien here as Sulfria’s own gold eyes which, she realises with a start, neither Olivia nor the physician had commented on. Then again, if they associate with Ash perhaps that is less of a surprise than it might otherwise be.

“I think we have something in common, you and I,” Ash says.

“I think we do,” fae agrees.

“In that case, follow me.”

She does, and is lead down another few narrow alleys to a door sunk into stone, which Ash opens with a key produced from their belt.

She steps inside a small room, with a couple of seats and a fire blazing away in the corner. Ash gestures faer to a seat and she sits down, pleased by its closeness to the fire.

“So, Sulfria, what’s your story?” Ash’s voice is unhesitant.

“It sounds unbelievable.”

“Try me.”

She inhales, and begins. “I’m a time-traveller and through means I cannot identify I have wound up in the wrong century, unable to leave.”

“You’re right,” Ash says, “That does sound unbelievable. So it’s a good thing I make it my business to deal with all kinds of unbelievable things. After all,” they gesture to the blue of their hair, “I’m pretty unbelievable myself.”

She smiles, unable to help faerself, and Ash smiles back.

A few moments pass, and then Ash asks another question. “I’m sorry to even have to ask this, but is it possible that someone has deliberately trapped you here, with the intention of, well, your never returning.”

“Unfortunately, yes.”

“I *see*.” There is a vicious inflection on that, but Sulfria feels safer than she has in years. Dangerous though Ash evidently is, they are no threat to her. Not now, perhaps not ever.

They talk, for another hour or more, of suspects, Sulfria telling Ash what to look out for in case anyone does check up on her. They talk, too, of what Sulfria needs to do to blend in, and what work she is suited for.

Eventually, night falls, and tiredness creeps gradually on them both.

“I have a spare bed,” Ash says, offer implicit.

So it is that Sulfria falls asleep that night a room away from an all but stranger, comfortable in their spare bed.

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