

Nightmares and Late Night Advice by RobinGirl

Author's Chapter Notes:

I know it's against my morals to be nice to Allura- but I am trying! :) And this is one of my ways!

Nightmares And Late Night Advice
By Robin Girl

(Everyone give me credit! :D I am being nice to Allura. xD I've decided to be more open with her and this was one way for me- to explain why she took the blue lion! :) Please review and let me know how I did!)

Sven couldn't sleep. He was restless for some reason. Besides the fact that he was in an unknown Castle on a planet that was getting it's rear kicked by a blue alien- something else was wrong. He pulled his knees up to his chest and looked out the nearly broken window. The moon shone down giving the room a bit of light.

He sighed and laid his head on his knees closing his eyes. As soon as they were closed that dream he'd been having for the past week showed up again. He was dead and everyone was mourning. No wait, not dead, injured. Was this an omen?

His stomach growled and he shook his head to clear it and stood up walking towards the door. Only stopping once to check and make sure he was at least presentable. Even though it was late at night, Sven had been raised to *always* be presentable.

Making his way down the dark hallways he saw the space mice but that was it. Getting into the Castle Kitchen he searched around for something quick. Instead he got a figure. "Oh, couldn't sleep either? Sven right?"

It was the Princess. She was in her night gown with a cup in her hands that was steaming. He bowed and quietly agreed. She smiled and patted a chair beside her. "Come on sit. I won't bite!"

"You're Highness.."

"Sven, please. I am just like everyone else. Just sit. Would you like some tea? I made too much for just myself!" The pretty blonde Princess hopped up and got Sven a hot cup before he could respond. "My father and I used to do this at night. So what's your reason?"

He looked down into his tea slightly embarrassed now. "Um..vell....I guess...bad dreams..ehm...nightmares I suppose." He sipped at his tea trying not to make eye contact with the pretty girl in front of him.

"Nothing to be shy about- everyone has those sometimes." Allura responded sitting indian style. She patted his arm comfortingly. "Want to talk about it?"

"Vell, it was almost...like I was supposed to be warned about something."

"Tell me, Sven, I'm listening!"

Sven went on to recount his horrible dream and by the end of it felt a little more on edge than he had been before. Saying what had happened outloud was even more morbid then keeping it to himself. "I guess- I'm just scared. I mean- if I got injured who would take over?"

"We'd find someone.." Allura started then quickly stopped in mid sentence. What she said obviously hurt his feelings. "I mean it wouldn't be easy. Everyone including me would miss you. My father had these kind of dreams and he'd never talk about them to anyone but me. But he'd always say "Allie, this is war and people are going to die and if it's me- let me be the one who dies in honor." and I believe he did and if you get injured you will do it in honor of Arus and against Zarcon. "

"Dat doesn't make it any easier." Sven hung his head and before he could stop them tears started sliding down his cheeks.

"Sven," Allura got out of her chair and put a hand on his shoulder. "I know it's not easy, and these dreams could mean anything or they could mean anything at all. It's alright to cry but please don't dwell on it."

"How can vone not dwell on something like dis?"

"You be happy for who you are and where you are!"

Her smile caught him off guard and he sighed. "I guess I'd feel a bit better if I knew of someone who would take over." They were silent and then he stood up. "You could do it."

"ME?" Allura started to laugh and tried to walk towards the sink but he grabbed her arm. "..You're serious about this aren't you?"

He held her by her shoulders and looked down into her eyes keeping contact with him. "Dead serious. I trust you an' Keith could train you."

"Sven, stop, seriously, Coran would have a heart attack if I did it." Allura tried to laugh it off again but still Sven wasn't letting up.

"So let him 'ave a heart attack. It's better dan Voltron having a strange man drivin' da blue lion." Sven countered.

"I am sure that if need be suitable replacements could be found." Allura pulled away and went to wash out her cup.

Behind her Sven leaned against the table arms crossed. "So it's true den? Princess' are all talk and no play."

"I'm sorry?" She didn't look up.

"I've always wanted to see a Princess actually take action for her people instead of saying she vill and den sending men off ta do it."

She stopped scrubbing at her cup and took a deep breath. "I would do anything for my people."

"Except fly a robot lion."

"Sven, that wasn't fair." She turned around glaring. "I have duties at the Palace to attend to."

"Because Coran tells you to. Let me tell you some-ding, Princess. I'd admire a Princess more if she got up and did some-ding instead of sittin' and making her subjects do what she said." He dropped his arms and picked up his cup taking a huge swallow.

"So what do you want me to do? You are over reacting on a dream!"

"I am taking precautions to make sure that a world that is already in shambles doesn't become a waste land." He put the cup in the sink and then started towards the doors, "But if the Princess won't even fight then our tries are useless."

"Sven, I'm sorry.."

"Yeh, vell, I'm sorry to. Good night Princess." He gave a slight bow then went back to his room.

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After Sven left the Princess took her time walking back to her room. Why did what Sven said back there bother her so much? A Princess didn't go out and fight. Did she?

She slid to her knees in the hall way tears streaming. "Father, what would you tell me to do?" In her mind she kept hearing "Follow your heart, my child." She stood up and staggered to Sven's room. Lifting her hand she hesitated then knocked.

"Vhat? Pidge if you are going ta throw someting at me go ta bed or I'll smother you vith a pillow." Sven's heavily accented voice echoed through the door.

He didn't come to the door and she knocked again. This time the door unlatched. "Oh, Princess. Can I help you?"

"About...About what you said.." She started then started to cry. Sven sighed and helped her in to his room shutting the door behind them. He helped her sit on his bed and he leaned agaisnt the wall in his usual crossed arms stance.

"Vhat did I say? I ramble a lot." He tried to joke. Girls crying made him uncomfortable. "And if you could understand me if must 'ave meant I vas either veddy drunk or veddy sleepy."

She let out a tiny smile but shook her head. "No, you were right- I understood you perfectly. If anything happens to you...or anyone else- I *will* take your place until you return. I promise. I need to start defending my people and stop hiding."

"Are you just saying that?"

"No I mean it, Sven. And thank you." She stood up and hugged him. "You were the one who talked sense to me." He just smiled blushing bright red. "I hope your dream was wrong- because I don't know what I'd do without your advice."

"It may have been my advice, Princess, but it was your decision." He finally replied.

"Hee. Thanks. Guess we'd better get to bed, huh?"

"Guess so. Thank you Princess. I can go to bed better now." Allura got to the door and was about to leave before he sat up. "Vait!"

She turned around, "Hm?"

"Don't tell Keith or da others. I don't vant dem to worry about me. Just let it be our secret?"

Allura smiled warmly, "Of course, Sven, of course."

The End