

Silly Little Blacksmith

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Kate loves Will, but she doesnt think he loves her back, because she's just a silly little blacksmith. But does he? Will/Kate

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WillxKate

I know I should be writing more of 'The SheL' but I wanted to write a story for this couple, its William Thatcher and Kate from A Knight's Tale. I always liked this couple and I HATED Jocelyn!! She's a b***h!

So here we go, its gunna be horrible tho I just know it...:

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Kate was mad at him. Is he an idiot or something? Why would he do that? First he gives up a tournament, hurting himself so MUCH, and then he gives himself up to the authorities. And it's all for her.

His precious Jocelyn.

She doesn't like her, she knows she's evil in the way she sacrifices Will for her own selfish gain. She's not blind. He might be, but neither she, nor the rest of the group is. True love, no matter what they say, is definitely not that. He shouldn't have to prove his love to her like that.

She's standing in the rough, loud crowd, just staring at him. He is in the stocks with his head down, just standing there.

This is not the William Thatcher she knows. And she should know, after all, she did claim, silently, that she loves him. He doesn't know, as she stated earlier, she will not tell a soul. But she will express it through her actions. Which is why she's walking out of the crowd, hammers in hand, and over to him. She's the first to walk to him and the crowd quiets a little.

The whole time over, she just stares, thinking over the mistakes he and she made. And the biggest mistake he made? Trusting and loving that whore, Jocelyn.

He thought the girl was beautiful and caring and selfless.

He was wrong. Those. Are. Such. Lies.

Is she here now? Is she helping him out of this mess? Was she ever there, loving him? No, she wasn't, she never showed any sort of emotion other than deceit and betrayal, and she lied to him!

But she, Kate, was always there for him. She was always there to help him, she's here now right? She was protecting him all the time, even when jousting. She made the armor that shields him from harm. Even when she's not there, she's there.

She's in front of him now, just staring. No one in the crowd is even whispering. She bends down, eye level with him, seeing as he has not lifted his head.

His eyes do not hold that spark she used to see. These eyes are not his. His are happy, and hold warmth, and hope, and they have FEELING. These...these eyes are not like that, these eyes are... Empty...

These eyes don't have hope. And this is not how she wants to see him. She maneuvers her hand under his chin and tilts it up. They stare into each other's eyes for a moment.

She speaks, "This was why we didn't want to see you turn yourself in....," she shakes her head and smiles softly. "You're such an idiot....," she admits affectionately. She ran her fingers through his hair. Shock comes into those empty eyes, and he looks at her for a moment then grins sheepishly, as if saying, 'I know...'

“.....I’m proud of you though,” she admitted. He looked up and stared at her. He thought she was angry, after all she told him to run. They all did. “You did what you thought was right, no matter how stupid this choice was, you did it because it’s what you believed in. You kept your pride, and I am proud of you for that. We will help you, for we are your friends, and it is what we do. We care for you Will, remember that.”

“...thank you...” came his reply. “...sorry, Kate, for putting you all in this mess...I just...I wanted to change my—my stars...” He trembled a little, but no tears came, he was a knight, and knights are strong. Physically and Emotionally.

She chuckled, and patted his blonde curly hair, “Oh William, you did. You changed your stars so much, and you should also be proud of that.” He looked up at her and after a second, grinned a huge grin, just for her, just for her being there.

“Thank you, Kate,” he murmured. She nodded and stood up. The crowd was getting angrier; they wanted to laugh at the stupid peasant who thought he could pass as a noble. She turned around and saw all of their friends: Roland, Chaucer, and Wat; staring back up at her. They were ready to help at any time. They were true friends.

She chuckled darkly at a random thought that popped into her head, ‘Now, is Jocelyn here to help? I think not.’ Another reason William should choose wisely when picking a girl.

Taking a deep breath, she yelled, “Disperse! There is nothing to see here!” The others walked out of the crowd and stood by her and William, blocking them from the people. Said people, got angry at that and pulled out food from nowhere and started chucking at them.

Kate covered William’s head from the blows, he was defenseless, after all, and they were there to protect him. A large fruit hit her in the back exceptionally hard, and she let out a groan.

“You ok, Kate?” William looked up at her through his hair. She just nodded and was confused when all of a sudden the crowd went silent again. She turned to look only to see The Black Prince walk forward.

=====THAT WHOLE ‘SIR WILLIAM’ SCENE=====

Kate was proud of him now, more proud than ever. She was also thankful to Edward for allowing him to keep competing. She stood near him to get ready for the armor to come on. Once he did she walked up to him.

But before she put the helmet on, she took a deep breath and took a chance and kissed him softly on the lips. It was chaste and only a few seconds long, but Kate knew that was all she could do, he belonged to her. But she would treasure that moment, even if he did not want it. She whispered ‘good luck’ and walked away from their stares. She knew they were. Who wouldn’t? Kate the ordinary blacksmith had just kissed ‘Sir Ulrich von Lichtenstein’ a.k.a: William Thatcher. They knew, had a hunch that she had liked him, but never thought she had the guts to actually kiss him, especially since they were in a HUGE tournament arena where bunches of people were. Not to mention, Jocelyn, William’s lady. Bleh

When she was far enough away from questions she turned around to see his face a cute-looking red color, and widened eyes. He put the helmet on right (she had put it on wrong in her haste to get away) and shook his head a little. Wat handed him his lance and got ready to defeat Adhemar.

=====AFTER JOUSTING SCENE=====

He had WON! William had beaten Adhemar! He beat that bastard! Kate was jumping up and down. She was so happy and excited that she couldn’t keep still. She quickly went searching for Will. The crowd had ran out onto the grounds and started celebrating, as well for William’s triumph. As she was maneuvering throughout the people she got butterflies in her stomach, she remembered that she had kissed him before. She blushed just thinking about it.

Right when she got out from behind some person, though, she came face-to-face with the sight of William and Jocelyn running towards each other. She watched as they embraced. And she watched as

they kissed passionately.

She stared in shock, and felt her heart breaking. She should've known though. She should've known that he would never stop loving her, that he'd ever forget Jocelyn for her, Kate. It was not possible, and she was stupid for thinking it.

She felt tears start to stream down her face. This—this has not happened in a while. She hasn't cried since her husband's death, and even then she didn't cry much. This pain hurt more.

She ran away, cowardly, she knew, but she had to. This raw pain hurt too much for her to stand. And when she started sobbing she wanted to be alone.

She was running through the crowd, getting elbowed and hit every so often. She could easily stand that pain, it wasn't hard, but she had to get away! She needed to....

She ran right into Chaucer's back and he turned around. She looked up quickly then back down. She was embarrassed now.

"Kate? What's wrong? Are you crying?" He put his hands on her shoulders. "You alright?" He looked over her shoulder and caught a glimpse of Will and Jocelyn, and quickly understood.

"Ah, I see. So that is the case. Come on, let's go talk. Friend-to-friend," he led her out towards the stands and to a spot no one could see unless they were purposely looking for it.

"So, our dear Katie has fallen for our Sir Knight, William?" she kept her head down but nodded. He was her friend, she could tell him. Besides, he already knew, she knew that.

"Have you said anything to him?" He was curious; after all, he wanted his friends to get together.

They'd sure as hell make a better couple than William with Jocelyn. He like Kate and everyone else in their group did not like the woman; especially after that 'losing the tournament' fiasco.

She looked up finally and said, "What do you think? That kiss was like a spur of the moment, added with enough courage to complete that task. He still loves her. Why would he ever like me, Kate the silly little girl? I'm just a common blacksmith who is not even half as pretty as her," she sniffled.

"Not true, he does like you, and we all know that that 'love' is not going to last. He will soon come to realize how bad she is for him," he nodded, very sure with his answer.

She sat for a minute, then started, "It's funny how I can't believe you."

He sighed; this was to be expected from her. "Just believe me; it'll all work out for you. Trust me," he messed up her hair; which was down, since it fell out when she was running. She nodded. She really did need someone to trust right now.

"Kay."

=====LATER=====

She was sitting just outside her tent. Everyone else was sleeping; after all they did party pretty hard. Maybe that was why she wasn't sleeping, because she didn't bother partying or celebrating. After their conversation, Chaucer had left and she had stayed sitting there thinking about her life, and where she went wrong. How she could've ended up husband-less and broken-hearted, when the whole time she was, has been, promised happiness. Another lie perhaps.

She sighed, again. (She's been doing that a lot lately.) She wished she was never in this mess.

Footsteps echoed behind her and she briefly turned around to see William. When she turned back around, she blushed. What's he doing here?

"Hey, Kate, what are you doing up?"

She flinched. He knew why she was up, he was just acting oblivious.

"Nothing, just couldn't sleep," if he was acting naïve, then so would she.

"Ah...Geoff told me that you wanted to talk to me. What is it?"

She choked. What?! Why did Chaucer say that? Why? She didn't want to talk to Will!

"Um, I don't know where he got that from. Maybe he's finally lost it. You know those writers, always a loose screw up there," she bonked her head lightly while smiled sheepishly, making it into a joke.

“Kate, I’ve been around you long enough to know when you are lying, what’s up?” he sat next to her with his legs bent up. He rested his arms on them and turned her way. She had her knees drawn up to her chest, her chin on top. “It’s nothing William, go to your lady, she would probably want to spend time with you.”

They sat in silence, each lost in their thoughts. Will spoke up, “Is that what is wrong? Is it Jocelyn?” Kate shook her head frantically. She sucked at lying, she knew.

He sighed, “Geoff told me about that too. Kate, do you...have feelings for me?” he looked over towards her, same question in his eyes.

She stiffened. She couldn’t tell him. She’d be shot down for sure. No she would lie. Just they lie.

“N-no, where would you get that idea? You’re just a friend, besides, you have Jocelyn.”

He was quiet for a moment then, “Really? Is that all you feel for me? If you’re not telling the truth because of Jocelyn, then don’t. I don’t love her anymore,” that’s all he would say. It seems everyone was right, she wasn’t worth it.

She was shocked, and happy. Can you blame her? The man she loves has just told her he’s unattached.

“Um....well, if that is the case, then....yes, I do. I-I love you....,” she smiled; it felt good to tell him that.

Silence surrounded them, and Kate took back her last thought, now she was nervous. She closed her eyes; he probably didn’t feel the same, even if he did break up with Jocelyn.

She heard movement on his part and then after a few seconds, felt pressure applied to her mouth. She opened her eyes and saw that William Thatcher, was indeed, kissing her.

Quickly reacting, she kissed back. Maybe he did feel the same; she smiled into the kiss.

He retracted and in a breathless voice said, “...I love you, too, Kate, you silly little blacksmith”

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And DONE! There, that’s it! ^^ hope you liked it, I got bored at the end and got angry with it so that’s probably why it turned out so sucky...I just wanted to get it done....ok, well WILLxKATE forever!! xD