

(A Super Paper Mario fanfiction. Inspired by the song “Oh Fionna” by Rebecca Sugar from Adventure Time)

To Timpani

The golden glare of the sun cast its light all throughout the land, and Lord Blumiere rested right against the hill’s tree, appreciating the view. A gradient of oranges, pinks, and blue was redecorating the sky. The sun slowly sank toward the horizon, its once bright glow gradually darkening. Down below, an endless field of grass waved in the evening light, soft breezes grazing right above it. Even the faint rustle of the tree’s leaves was heard, and although the incoming nightly chill made him shiver, Blumiere adored this time of day nonetheless.

Sunset had finally arrived.

For him, watching the setting sun was pure serenity. The honey-colored light, an enjoyable sight, and glorious beginning of night - It was the perfect way to end a day. In fact, Blumiere could have slept right then and there if he chose to, but as of lately, he had been working on something special. He rose from his seat on the hill, leaning against the tree for support, and moved his gaze to the base of the valley. It was a fair distance away, and just like the grassy field, it had been bestowed with the sun’s amber glow. However, a certain element caught his eye. It was out of place yet subtly fitting at the same time, and Blumiere knew exactly what it was:

It was a cottage, the humble home he loved in with the one he loved. Although the man-made structure contrasted with the nature surrounding it, it was still a pleasant presence.

Flowering flora bloomed around the cottage's borders, and its simplicity gave out a calming aura within its environment. It was alone, all by itself with nothing around, but Blumiere knew it was anything but. Soon enough, he smiled, recalling the previous memories his home held. He remembered forming the little garden in its backyard with his partner. There was the time she attempted to bake her own creations, only for him to end up helping her. Of course, there was no forgetting the times they spent at their favorite location atop the hill. There seemed to be no end to the happiness they shared together...

Perhaps it was a good time for another memory to be born.

Blumiere took note of the trail of smoke leaving the cottage's chimney before observing the area around him. The sunset continued to disappear as dusk slowly arrived. Chilled winds came and flew by, and the only sign of movement was the grass rippling down below. The lord then took one last glimpse of the pewter puffs spewing out of his home, and only then did he give out a small sigh of relief. Blumiere's privacy was certain. His beloved knew he enjoyed watching the setting sun from atop the hill.

What she didn't know, however, was the secret gift he was making for her.

Blumiere turned around, shifting his attention toward the back of the tree, and caught sight of the item he was looking for. Only its peak was visible as it rested beside the trunk, but when it was snatched out of its hiding place, the entirety of its form was revealed. It was colored a dark blue, nearly the same shade of twilight, with gold and silver swirls decorating it quite nicely. It was an elegant instrument indeed, and Blumiere held it close to him, lightly resting his fingers atop its strings. After tuning it to his liking, he then closed his eyes and made but a simple strum. The sound was pleasant, coming from a guitar, but to the lord, it was perfect. He

smirked as he clearly envisioned the music in his mind and reopened his eyes. He then readjusted his grip, took a deep breath, and set his eyes toward the setting sun.

“To you, my lady,” Blumiere murmured before beginning to play.

“A mind full of chaos, my madness unending. The void in my heart kept growing and growing. But all of it ended with a bittersweet wedding. Star-crossed forever, finally together, my dearest Timpani.” The lord felt a smile grow across his face as he sang, but he paid no mind to it. Instead, he continued to strum along to the melody, wanting to conclude his song. “The one who brought me out of my dark memories. Attracting my soul with her heart made of purity. Fluttering into view is the loveliest lady. The love of my life, my wonderful wife... My Lady Timpani.”

Although Blumiere’s song was short, he knew it was very sweet, and he ended it with one final strum. The sound of the guitar echoed around him, reverberating within the ares before finally fading away. He appreciated the whistling cheers of the evening gusts, but there was a certain something on his mind. Blumiere peered down at his instrument, his expression now a serious frown. The darkening amber light of dusk gleamed atop of it, and he simply stared at its design, pondering about a thought in his head as he concentrated.

“Fluttering into view...” He mumbled to himself. “Perhaps a different line would be more fitting.”

“Well,” an unexpected voice said, “I thought it sounded nice.”

The lord nearly jumped in surprise when he caught the sound of the voice. He swiftly spun around, hiding the guitar behind him, and faced its source. Only its head peeked out from behind the tree, but Blumiere knew all too well who it was. The future moved to the side, a

slightly mischievous smile on its face, and it was revealing to be none other than Timpani herself. The colorful hues of her dress were now in plain view as they flowed with the soft wind. Her grin, mixed with curiosity and cheerfulness, stayed as her expression, and it took Blumiere a moment to remember his situation and break free of her lovely trance.

He attempted to steady his anxious, quivering tone as he spoke. “T-Timpani, my dear, you startled me. I thought you were taking care of the cottage.”

“Oh, I was, but then I decided to go out and look for you.” The lord stayed put as Timpani approached him, daring to straighten his stance ever so slightly as she neared. Suddenly, he couldn’t help but notice her smile gained the slightest hint of seriousness to it. “I do apologize for frightening you, Blumie,” she added. “I understand you like evening sunsets and all, but when it becomes dark, I begin to get concerned.”

“No worries, my lady. I’ll be sure to return home earlier next time.” Blumiere wished to add one last part to his words, but he hesitated. A certain question had piqued his curiosity, and much to his disliking, it had gotten the best of him. “H-How did you know I was up here anyway?” He found himself spouting.

With Timpani sending a smug look his way, Blumiere realized the consequences of his simple ask. He could only try his best to appear neutral as she teased him, his secret on the verge of being uncovered. “I just had a feeling you’d be at our favorite spot,” the lady said with a giggle. “Plus, I thought I heard something from up here. Something that sounded like your voice, oddly enough... Were you singing some sort of song, Blumie?”

Blumiere stood still as he met Timpani’s adamant gaze. He knew she was determined to discover whatever he was hiding, but the smallest detail caught his eye. Her expression softened

as her curiosity took over, and only then did he let his guard down. “It was supposed to be a surprise,” he sighed, “but I suppose there’s no use in hiding it any longer.”

Bringing out the guitar from behind him, Blumiere displayed it right in front of Timpani, whose eyes were wide with interest. “What a magnificent guitar... Where did you get it from?”

“There was a traveling merchant who came by one evening. I looked at her wares and found it there. She told me its music would work best in a moment as special as the one I loved the most, but...” The lord chuckled just before he finished himself. “That secret has already been revealed, hasn’t it?”

“Well, not exactly.”

“Hm?”

Timpani sent a small, caring smile his way as she delivered her own confession. “While I did enjoy your song, I only heard a part of it.”

“And how much was that, my dear Tippi?”

“Just the ending, really. I remember you said something about a ‘heart made of purity,’ but you finished as soon as I came up here.”

Blumiere looked at the lady with a thoughtful gaze before moving it elsewhere to ponder. He brought the instrument back to himself, giving it a quick glance, and suddenly, an idea came to mind. A smirk swiftly grew on his face, and before his partner knew it herself, he crouched down on one knee, holding the guitar close to him as if ready to play.

“Would you like to hear my serenade for you then, Lady Timpani.”

Her reaction was anything but simple. Her cheeks flushed red in the darkening evening light, and her ecstatic grin already told him what her response would be.

“Lord Blumiere... Of course.”

Upon hearing her answer, Blumiere looked down and plucked on the strings, introducing the music to the new scene. He started off with playing one luxurious note after another. The tune swirled around them, growing as he continued, and it would not take long for him to strum and formally bring the melody to life.

“A mind full of chaos, my madness unending. The void in my heart kept growing and growing. But all of it ended with a bittersweet wedding. Star-crossed forever, finally together, my dearest Timpani.”

“Blumie...”

He felt himself blush when he caught sight of her enamored gaze aimed right at him. Nonetheless, he smiled and continued to play his music. “The one who brought me out of my dark memories,” he mused. “Attracting my soul with her heart made of purity. Fluttering into view is the loveliest lady. The love of my life, my wonderful wife...”

All of a sudden, Blumiere stopped, pausing only to come face-to-face with the lady in front of him. He allowed his final strum to reverberate as he rose. He then cupped her cheek, her expression lovely and mystified, and quietly hummed the finale.

“My Lady Timpani.”

The lord brought his head toward hers, the lady doing the same, and the two of them kissed. Blumiere made sure it was gentle as Timpani’s soft, pleasant lips pressed against his. In that moment, all was perfect as the world around them faded away, and the both of them felt completely content in the other’s company. However, they needed to return to reality eventually.

Soon enough, Blumiere slowly and reluctantly pulled away from the kiss, only to get pulled into a large, loving hug.

“Thank you for that song, Blumie,” timpani murmured, nuzzling him. “I love it, but not as much as I love you.”

The lord held her close as he returned the embrace. “Anything for you, Timpani,” he said. “I love you too.”