



A Gift For My Sister

She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018) · Not Rated · 724 words

by Arukir

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Fandom: She-Ra and the Princesses of Power (2018) Rating: Not Rated Category: Gen

Warnings: Creator chose not to add warnings

Relationships: Hordak & Imp (She-Ra)

Characters: Hordak (She-Ra), Imp (She-Ra), Shadow Weaver | Light Spinner (She-Ra)

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Just a little moment in Hordak's life, before the beginning of the series, as he works in his lab.

Written for my sister, let's call her Kitty (sorry it's not long, sis, hope you like it anyways).

My first She-Ra fanfic ever!

My 125th fanfic overall.

Hordak sat in his Sanctum, working furiously on a new part for the clone tanks. He was almost at a breakthrough, he was sure of it!

"My Lord." Who? Oh, right, Shadow Weaver. He reluctantly looked up from his work, scowling at having been interrupted.

"What is it?" He snapped, impatient.

"Our forces have gained yet another victory." She replied in the smooth, falsely subservient yet smug tone that set his teeth on edge. "We have now conquered over half the planet; how do you wish to proceed?"

"Conquer the rest." Wasn't that obvious? He waved his hand dismissively, turning back to his work. "Now leave me to-"

"How?"

"What?" He asked, looking at her again, standing to his full intimidating height. At this point, he accepted he probably wasn't going to get anything done for a while.

"How do you wish to conquer the rest, Lord Hordak?" She clarified, her exasperation barely covered with meekness in her tone. "Should we march to the West? Resupply our farthest troops? Burn the-"

"Yes, yes, whatever." He growled, trying to hide the fact he honestly didn't know. Prime had always made these sorts of decisions, he just relayed them or carried them out. "Don't waste my time with such trivia, use your own judgement. That is why I keep you around, after all."

"Very well, My Lord." Shadow Weaver half bowed, slinking out of the room in a much-too-pleased manner. Maybe he should've been worried but he couldn't care -- so long as the planet was conquered by the time Horde Prime came, what did the methods used to do it matter?

He waited until he was absolutely sure she was gone and wasn't coming back, then collapsed into his chair. His damaged muscles ached from holding up his armor for so long, another reminder of how defective he was.

Forcibly pushing such thoughts out of his head, he returned to his work, once again certain he was close to a breakthrough. Time held no meaning as he got lost in the process of calculations, programming, and building -- he only stopped when Imp started divebombing him, insistently repeating 'lunch' over and over.

"I haven't skipped *that* many meals." He grumbled, trying and failing to stand up. Using the wall and furniture, he supported himself as he dizzyingly stumbled to where his food had been left as usual. "Okay, so maybe I have skipped a few too many."

It was so hard to remember things like eating. He felt a pang of nostalgia for the times when he was fed by his sleeping chamber, ready upon awakening to serve Prime in whatever manner required. Sitting down to eat, he comforted himself with the idea that it wouldn't be too long before he was home.

"...why I keep you around..." Imp chittered in Hordak's own voice, repeating his words with a smug look as he perched on his shoulder.

"Yes, I'd be lost without you, Brother." Hordak rolled his eyes, pandering to the creature's ego for reasons he didn't fully understand. "Or I'd starve without you, at least." He admitted, patting the other's head.

Imp chittered happily, nuzzling the side of Hordak's head. Hordak chuckled, immediately double checking that no one had entered the Sanctum. Content that no one was watching, he breathed out a sigh of relief, mentally cursing himself for it.

He used to be so much more disciplined. He didn't growl, or chuckle, or sigh -- such expressions of emotion were for Horde Prime alone. In fact, *any* expression of emotion was for Prime alone, unless being used to intimidate opponents.

He was weakening, letting feelings such as frustration or *fondness* into his mind, and the failed clone on his shoulder was just making it worse. He should shove the thing away, finish his meal as quickly as possible, and get back to work.

Imp yawned in a way that was certainly not adorable, sliding into Hordak's lap to curl up, his tiny chest soon gently moving with snores. His hands seeming to move of their own volition, Hordak put aside his plate and started gently petting the other's head.

Maybe his work could wait just a little while longer...

— end of "A Gift For My Sister" —