

Lazy Afternoons

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After a busy morning of training, everyone needs the afternoon to just relax. (extremely fluffy, RathxWil)

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Chapter 1 - Lazy Afternoons

2

1 - Lazy Afternoons

Konnichi'wa!

It's been a while since I wrote Fire Emblem fanfiction, that's for sure. I don't normally write things that do not contain death/mutilation in some way, but I just had this idea, and I couldn't resist!

Warnings: The only real warning for this is that it contains shounen ai of the RathxWil kind. Other than that, all I can say is that this is so sweet it may make your teeth fall out.

I've always wanted to write something fluffy for this couple, because I think they're adorable, but there are so many deathfics of them! So, I hope you like it!

Disclaimer: There would be many changes to be made if Fire Emblem belonged to me...Eheheh... However, it does not. Phooey.

xxxxx

Perhaps luck was on the side of Eliwood's Elite that day- it certainly seemed that way. As the makeshift army camped in a lightly wooded area near the border separating Lycia from the plains of Sacae, the circumstances were a welcome change. The one o'clock sun was shining brightly in a clear blue sky, but the temperature was not too hot, just pleasantly warm. Not to mention the fact that there were no enemies in sight. After several weeks of heavy rain and bloody battles, it seemed like a perfect day.

Rebecca mused over the rarity that good weather was as she slowly walked through the trees, smiling and laughing lightly as several twittering bluebirds flitted through the lush foliage. Humming quietly along with their song, she continued to walk until she reached her destination, which was Wil's tent. She figured that, since it was an off day, she ought to go and visit her friend.

As she emerged from the wood and approached the tent, she noticed Wil's tent-mate Rath crouching on the ground and working on his bow just outside the tent's opening. He leaned back slightly as she approached, twanging his newly-strung bowstring several times before nodding curtly and turning to her. She gave him a pleasant smile and said, "Hi, Rath! Where's Wil?"

The forest green-haired nomad nodded in the direction of the tent, but, before Rebecca could pull aside the tent flap and go in, he raised a finger to his lips, indicating for her to stay quiet. Tilting her head to the side and blinking slightly in confusion, she pulled the tent flap open, more gently than before.

Wil was curled up on a mat in the corner of the small tent, peacefully napping. His auburn hair was a bit messy, and his eyelashes fluttered gently along with his even breathing. Much of his gear had been removed, and he held his almost-empty quiver of arrows almost as if it were a stuffed animal. The corners of his lips curled into a small smile as the fletching on one of his arrows tickled the sensitive skin of his cheek. Rebecca smiled at how childishly cute he looked when he was like this. Though they weren't related and he was actually her elder, the way he acted often made her think of him as a little brother. One thing she noticed that appeared out of place, however, was that one of Wil's ankles was wrapped tightly in white bandages and, though a small wooden board was wrapped in the bandages to act as a splint, it still seemed to be sticking out at a rather odd angle.

"So, what happened?" Rebecca asked, turning back to the nomad. "Were you out trying to teach him to ride on horseback again?"

Rath frowned a bit. "...Yes."

"Well?" She prompted, gesturing to the sleeping boy's foot. "What happened?"

"He fell off..." Rath muttered, glancing at Wil, "...They think he twisted it."

Rebecca smiled and shook her head. "He can be such an idiot sometimes, no?"

The tiniest hint of a smile appeared on Rath's face as well as he answered, "...I suppose. However...it was not his fault..."

Rebecca giggled a bit. "I suppose the horse just threw him off, then?" Rath twitched slightly.

"...Sort of."

Rebecca only laughed harder. "Well, when he wakes up, tell him that Lowen made a late lunch. You should both come out and get something, before Bartre eats it all." She made a face and walked off back towards the rest of camp, still giggling slightly.

Rath wasn't particularly hungry, but after that morning's events, he bet that Wil probably was. Pulling aside the tent flap that had fallen back over the opening, he walked inside. Kneeling next to the smaller boy, he gently shook his shoulder and said quietly, "Wil...wake up..."

"Mmmmmmm..." Wil smiled slightly and, rolling over onto his back, he rested his cheek against the nomad's hand. Rath had to wonder just how asleep Wil actually was. Shaking the archer's shoulder a bit more forcefully, he said again, "Wil...it's time to wake up." Wil didn't bother to open his eyes, but continued to cuddle Rath's hand. The nomad chuckled softly- now he *knew* Wil wasn't asleep. At that

moment, more soft laughter was heard as the archer's warm, brown eyes slid open and he laughed along with his nomad companion.

"...How long...have you been awake?" Rath asked, leaning back to sit cross-legged next to the mat.

Wil yawned. "Not too long," he said. "I did hear you and Rebecca talking, though." He lazily stretched his arms and legs, however, when he tried to move his right foot...crack!

"Owww..." The archer sat up and pulled his right leg in close to his body, wincing. Rath brushed his fingers over the bandages around Wil's ankle and, frowning, asked sympathetically, "...Still hurts?"

"Yeah," Wil muttered, pouting slightly. "But seriously, Rath! I think your horse must hate me or something, because I always seem to fall off! Even when I think I'm doing everything right, I can never stay on! And," He added, "I don't think the horse is helping. At *all*."

Rath shook his head, slightly amused at Wil's indignant chatter. The younger boy noticed his expression and pouted even more, crossing his arms and resting them on his right knee. "What's so funny?!"

Rath had to stifle another chuckle as he answered, "You are." It was true- normally, Rath didn't even talk very much, let alone laugh, but when he was around Wil, everything seemed so much more light-hearted. That was one of the things he loved most about the young archer.

"Oh, I give up! It's too early for this." Wil exclaimed, yawning and lying back to rest his head on Rath's knee. Rath sighed, pulling his leather gloves off and setting them on the earthen floor of their tent. Smiling wryly, he slowly ran his fingers through Wil's still-messy, auburn hair.

"...It's almost mid-afternoon."

"Oh." For a time, it was silent in the small tent, but the silence was not an awkward one. Several quiet minutes passed before Wil spoke again. "What did Rebecca have to say, anyways? I said I heard you two talking, and I did, but I couldn't really tell what you were saying..."

"...She asked us to come to lunch."

Wil blinked a bit before replying. "But didn't you just say it was mid-afternoon? Isn't that awfully late for lunch?"

"..." Rath choose not to answer, opting instead to wrap his arms around Wil's waist, pulling the smaller boy into his lap. Wil sighed lazily, wrapping his arms around Rath's neck and resting his head on the other's shoulder. For once, he didn't really feel like talking anymore- it seemed like it would disturb the peaceful mood. Mind you, the fairly tactless archer didn't usually care much about that. Who knew?

Maybe, he thought as he snuggled closer in to Rath's chest, he was just tired.

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Despite the fact that this was practically plot-less, I still like how it came out. Deathfics and all those bloody and depressing things are my specialty, but fluff is definitely fun to write!

Read and review, please!