

Scars

By avi17

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Old scars hold lots of old memories. Path of Radiance, TibarnxReyson

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Title: Scars

Game: Path of Radiance

Pairing: TibarnxReyson

Setting: Phoenicis, 2 years pre-game

Disclaimer: Fire Emblem: Path of Radiance is not mine. Although, even if it was, I'm not sure that these two could get any more obvious than they were.

Notes: Written as a bit of a Christmas gift to my good friend and slash-writing partner, Eralk Fang. She loves this pairing, as do I. Heh, this is another story that I just kinda sat down and wrote. (happy sigh) I love inspiration.

This might become part of a collection if I get more ideas, but for now, it stands by itself.

“I remember that one.”

Soft, milk-white fingers brush over rough, tanned skin as Reyson's hand seeks out the spot in question on his lover's bare chest. He finds it, gently poking at the pink-tinged scar that lies just below Tibarn's collarbone. The hawk king looks thoughtful for a moment before nodding slowly and stating, “Training with Janaff and Ulki, I believe.” Closing his eyes, he smiles slightly and shakes his head. “I'm still not entirely sure how Janaff scored such a good hit on me.”

Reyson only smirks, leaning back slightly so that his shining, golden-blond hair pools on the loosely-woven sheets of the bed on which the two sit. Using an excruciatingly polite voice, he inquires, “Could it have possibly been because you weren't paying as much attention as you should have been?”

Tibarn gives the younger man a look that, although he does not voice it, clearly translates as, "Oh, shut it." Afterwards, however, his lips break into a smirk even wider than Reyson's, and in a surprise move, he slips his hand under the other's shirt. The heron prince shivers slightly as rough fingertips brush over the skin of his back and long, talon-like fingernails gently tickle the soft, downy feathers at the base of his white wings. After only a quick moment of searching, Tibarn's hand finds its target- a scar, somewhat similar in size and shape to his own.

Reyson groans, flapping his feathered wings in a vaguely hopeless gesture. "Do you have to remind me of that?"

The sound of beads clinking together can be heard as the brown-haired man throws his head back and laughs. "Oh, it wasn't all that bad; you were only a little nestling then! Still, though...I can't believe you...just fell out of the tree..." For a moment, he is overcome by a fit of laughter, and the other man just sighs, eye twitching slightly in annoyance.

After the laughter dies down, however, a silence pervades the room- not a particularly uncomfortable one, but certainly an unnatural one. Soft, white feathers brush sturdier brown ones as Reyson scoots closer to Tibarn, reaching out a slender hand to trace the identifying feature of his lover's face. It is yet another scar, this one thin and stretching over both cheekbones and the bridge of his nose, then crossing over the left eye. "But this..." The heron's pale, mint-green eyes are half-lidded as he whispers, "It's hard to believe it's been eighteen years."

"Mmm." Tibarn makes a general murmur of assent as he reaches his own hand up to his cheek and gently removes Reyson's. The smaller man lets his hand linger in the other's closing his eyes and shaking his head.

"You were a damnable fool that day, you know," He says quietly.

Tibarn turns to his lover, smiling slightly, and says, "But you know, I got this scar for you."

Blushing slightly, Reyson crosses his arms on his chest and turns to face the opposite wall from the other man. In a half-hearted attempt to retain his dignity, he says in a huff, "That's what I meant! F-fool..."

Tibarn only chuckles, slipping an arm around Reyson's slim waist and pulling him in for a kiss. He knows that this is Reyson's way of saying "Thank you."

Owari

Oh, I'm happy. That was the first time I ever wrote a story containing a kiss! (is happy) :D

Review, please?