

# The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 3

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The following PDF is a compilation of several fics posted to FanFiction.net between the years 2006 to 2014. In an effort to preserve these stories, and this early history of the fandom, they have been archived here. They are unedited from their original state, including grammar and spelling errors.


Unlike previous entries in the Fanfic Archive, the works present in this document were deleted, whether by their authors deleting the stories or their accounts. They have been retrieved via the database of Fanfiction.net works available on archive.org: [x]

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Some works archived here are NSFW, in that they contain sexually explicit content. They may also contain violence, harsh language, and other adult topics.

Some fics present are not in English. They will be marked with a language marker.

The NatM Search extends their thanks to these authors for shaping the early fandom, and their thanks to Entropy11235813 for archiving these works in 2016.

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# Drive

AmyCoolz

Posted 18 June 2009

Jedediah and Octavius were celebrating the defeat of Cecil and his gang of night guards up on the roof of the museum. The full moon was out and was casting an ethereal glow on the two leaders.

"Hey, Octavius?" Jed asked, splitting the comfortable silence with his raspy voice.

"Yes, Jedediah?" came the breathy reply.

"Well, I was thinkin'," Jed started, trying to get his head straight. Since even before they were forced to become friends, Jed had had a fascination with the Roman General. He thought he was brave and loyal and wise and – dare he say it – quite attractive for a man. "And I wanted to thank you for tonight."

Octavius looked at him, puzzled. "Whatever for?"

"For bein' my friend." Jed looked back at the Roman just in time to see the wide eyes return to normal size.

"Well, I... I don't know what to say..." he stuttered. He composed himself and then sat upright. "I am honored that you consider me a friend, Jedediah, as I do you."

"Jed," Jedediah responded. "Th' name's Jed."

"Right... Jed."

Jedediah smiled upon hearing his nickname. "So, Ockie," he continued, chuckling as Octavius narrowed his eyes. "Where do you think our relationship is headed?"

As soon as he said it, he mentally kicked himself. *Where'n the hell did that come from? What relationship?*

"What relationship?" Octavius all but whispered.

"This," Jed said, and spread his hands out in the air over the both of them.

"Our friendship? Well, I think it's heading down a long and glorious path to victory."

"Do you reckon it will ever be anythin' more?" Jed whispered.

Octavius swallowed. "Do you want it to be?" he asked, his voice somewhat husky.

They didn't notice that they were getting closer and closer to each other. Now only a few millimeters separated their faces.

"I'd like that a lot, partner..." Jed stated, and just as Octavius was about to close the distance, Jedediah pulled back. "But it can never be."

"What?!" Octavius demanded, slightly disappointed.

"Our own countries are fightin' 'gainst each other, Ockie. It could never work."

"Maybe if they saw that we were being civil towards each other, they might take our lead. You are a mighty leader, Jedediah, and I know your countrymen only want what's best for you; they'll follow you every step of the way, as will mine."

"Wow, Ockie..." Jed said in amazement and amusement. "I never knew how preachy you could be."

"Oh, do shut up." Octavius ordered, and then grabbed the back of Jed's head and brought him in for a kiss. He smoothed his hands down Jed's back as they continued their tongue-fight for dominance.

When they broke apart, they saw that the sun was threatening to rise above the trees.

"We need to get back inside before we both turn to dust," Octavius pointed out, standing up and reaching out a hand for Jed.

The cowboy accepted the hand, pulling himself up and into Octavius's arms. They kissed sweetly one last time before heading down into the building.

They were holding hands in the Hall of African Mammals when everything around them stopped moving and then they, too, were frozen.

"Jed!" Larry called, wandering through the halls. "Jed! Octavius! Oh, where are you guys...?" He turned the corner into the African exhibit and saw that the two were frozen on the spot in mid-step, holding hands. He looked at them adoringly before picking them up and bringing them back to the diorama room.

*The next night...*

After the sun went down on the museum, the two small heroes found themselves able to move again. When they realized that they were holding hands, they glanced at each other and smiled.

"Hey, Jed, Octavius. Glad to see you two are getting along so well," Larry said, smirking at their linked hands. "I moved you guys from your dioramas because of... well, I think you get the idea."

Jedediah blushed slightly but squeezed Octavius's hand a little more tightly. "Thanks, Gigantor."

"Yeah," Larry looked around at the Mayans, who were getting anxious to escape. "Well, I'm going to go check on all the other exhibits. Don't get into too much trouble..." With that he left the two figurines alone.

"So..." Jedediah started, only to be silenced with a small kiss from Octavius. He smiled as hands encircled his waist to rest at the small of his back. "Whadda we do now?"

"Oh," Octavius said, kissing and nipping at Jed's neck. "I can think of a few things..."

"Octavius!" Jed whispered urgently, looking around at their surroundings.

"What?! I meant we could play fetch with Rexy," he replied. "But I want to try this driving thing tonight."

"Uh, I don't know 'bout that, Ockie... S'pretty dangerous."

"*You* do it all the time."

"Tha's 'cause I know *how* ta drive."

"Where did you learn?"

"From... s'not important."

"Exactly. I'm driving."

Jedediah sighed heavily; it really was futile trying to fight with the Roman when he had his mind set on something. "Fine. But if we crash, you ain't never drivin' again, ya hear?"

"I won't crash us." At Jed's death glare, he insisted, "I *promise* I won't crash us."

Defeated, Jedediah said, "Fine," and handed Octavius the little plastic keys. As Octavius reached for them, Jed grabbed his arm and brought him in for a fierce kiss.

"What was that for?" Octavius questioned, soothing his slightly bruised lip with his tongue.

"In case we *do* crash."

Octavius smirked and jumped into the driver's seat of the blue and red sports car. He patted the seat next to him, urging Jedediah to hop in as well. "Come on, my friend! We're burning moonlight!"

Jedediah couldn't help but smile as he climbed in next to his new friend-made-boyfriend. "Okay, let's see what ya got, Ock." He barely had time to sit down when they peeled off in the direction of the office. "Uh, Ock, where are we headin'?"

Octavius just laughed, slamming his foot on the gas pedal. The car propelled forward until Octavius skidded to a halt in the night guard's office. "Here, my friend, is where we are going."

Jed chuckled as he stepped out of the car. "All righ'... Why?"

"Privacy."

"But we'd have plenty 'o privacy back at the-mmph!" He was cut off as Octavius brought their lips together again, threading his fingers through Jed's dirty-blond hair. It was a frantic kiss, lips connecting and disconnecting over and over; tongues battling for dominance, exploring every inch of the other's mouth; and hands memorizing every crevice of the other's body.

Octavius' hands dropped to undo Jed's vest, throwing it to the floor; he then unbuttoned his shirt, skirting his hands over the expanse of the muscled chest. He took his own breastplate off, dropping it to the floor with a loud – to them – bang. They were shedding their clothes one article at a time, all the while backing up toward the desk. They were completely naked by the time Jed's back connected with the dark wood of Larry's desk.

"Octavius..." Jed moaned as the Roman palmed the cowboy's growing erection. He bucked, trying to get more of the delicious friction Octavius was creating. He dropped his head to the general's neck, sucking and biting and moaning as Octavius squeezed his member, stroking up and down slowly. "Nnn... Stop *teasin'*, Ockie..."

The Roman gave Jed a cheeky grin before dropping to his knees in front of him, skirting his hands along the cowboy's legs as he did so. Jedediah's head connected with the desk rather violently when Octavius licked the underside of his cock. His eyes were squeezed shut, his teeth clenched in an attempt not to scream out at the intense pleasure. He was in heaven... and then it stopped.

He looked down at Octavius who was staring up at him with a smile. All of a sudden Octavius stood back up, the grin disappearing. "Turn around," he said, motioning to Jed to do so. The cowboy wasted no time in turning and pressing his front against the wood.

"Octavius, what're you-OH!" One of Octavius' fingers, wet with his own saliva, pushed its way past the tight muscles at Jed's opening. He tried gripping the desk in desperation, the feeling of intrusion a new thing for him. He panted heavily when another finger made its way inside, scissoring and stretching. Octavius' fingers brushed over a spot in Jedediah that made the blond-haired man shriek and buck into the wood. "Christ! Wha' was tha'?!"

Octavius just smirked and grazed his fingers over that spot again, chuckling at Jed's reaction. He removed his fingers a moment later, licking the palm of his hand and stroking his own cock a few times. "Are you ready, my friend?"

"Ready for wha-AH!" Octavius slowly pushed himself into Jed, watching as the other man squirmed at the uncomfortable and painful intrusion. "Unh... Hmm... Agh..." he moaned, as inch-by-inch Octavius entered him.

"Shh..." Octavius soothed, running one hand up and down Jed's back, the other one resting on the blonde's stomach, lightly pulling him back. "Relax." Octavius waited for a minute before thrusting the rest of the way in.

"Oooow!" Jed cried, pushing his forehead into the desk. Octavius pulled out a bit before thrusting in again, slowly. He brushed up against that bundle of nerves once again and Jed screamed again, though this time in pleasure-laced pain. "Huuuh... Ockie..."

The Roman continued to thrust in and out of Jedediah, creating a rhythm acceptable for the both of them. Jed constantly voiced his pleasure through moans, groans, and screams. Octavius snaked his hand around Jed's waist, gripping his forgotten erection. Jed yelled out again and bucked into the hand wrapped around him. The general stroked at the same speed he was thrusting.

"Hmmmmm..." Jed groaned again. He didn't give Octavius any warning as he shouted and then squirts of his essence soaked the side of the desk; Octavius stroked him until he was spent and then thrust a couple more times before spilling his own load inside Jed.

The two slumped to the floor, embracing each other lovingly. Octavius pressed a kiss to Jedediah's forehead, red from pressing against the desk. "Jedediah?"

"Hm?"

Octavius sighed. "I love you," he whispered in his ear.

Jed shifted so as to hide his face from the Roman, his ears turning a bright red. He muttered something into Octavius' arm.

"What was that?" Octavius asked, a smile evident in his voice.

"I said I love ya, too, ya great coot."

Octavius, though confused at what a coot was, smiled anyway and gave Jedediah a loving kiss. "We've got to get back to the diorama room," he whispered when they broke apart.

"Hmm... Don' wanna." Jed moaned, rolling back over to snuggle into Octavius' side.

"I'll let you drive."

Jedediah jumped up at those words, pulling his clothes on faster than anyone had ever seen. He was already in the car as Octavius pulled on his tunic. "Well, les go, Toga Boy! We ain't got all night!" He revved the engine and Octavius smiled again. How he loved to drive...

# Crash

Dark-Lady-Devinity  
Posted 19 February 2009

**Author's Note:** No one's going to read this story, are they?

I am Canadian, so I thought it be fun to throw in the war of 1812. Cause we won.

## Crash

It had been a long night. Jedediah lay sprawled out on the hard plastic floor of the Wild West display. He was so tired that even his sense of "Manifest Destiny" was not bothered by the little Canadian and British miniatures that were burning down the White House in the Washington display. He didn't even know when the museum had gotten that display and he hadn't gotten a chance to meet any of the miniature presidents that lived there. However, it was amusing to watch Larry learn that there were Canadians in another display and that they remembered the war of 1812 very well.

If it wasn't for Octavius, Jed would have been feeling pretty energetic and would have been in the middle of the battle between Americans, Canadians and the poor, frazzled night guard. Never mind that the Canadians won the war of 1812. It was the defending of American honour that counted.

Of course, as Octavius had contended, it was Jed's own fault for the events that occurred that night. The two leaders had been good friends since the night that they helped Larry save Akhmenrah's tablet and thus their ability to come alive at night. So it was not uncommon to find the two together, driving around in the remote control car that they got from Larry and playing fetch with Remy. They had been doing that for a while and there was a warm, fuzzy feeling that had been growing in the pit of Jed's stomach every time he was with Octavius. It was a feeling that only the Roman general could create with one flashy smile.

That night he realized what, exactly, the warm fuzzy feeling was. He had been using the car to play fetch with Remy again and Octavius was beside him, laughing. The Roman general had one foot planted firmly on the car floor but the other was some millimetres off the floor as that leg's knee was pressed into the dashboard. Oct was leaned back, tears of mirth in his eyes. And the skirt of his toga had ridden up a few millimetres. He didn't notice. And Jed realized that, for a man, Octavius was pretty damn good looking.

He was so shocked, he served to the left; nearly getting them stepped on by the mastodon before he crashed into the main information desk. Teddy Roosevelt hurried over and saw that the two were alright, except for Jed's damaged pride and Octavius' displeased expression.

"That is the second time you have crashed one of these things. And granted, the first time was because we were trying to stop Cecil, but can you really drive one of these contraptions?"

"Better than you can, Toga Boy!"

The two started in on name calling and Teddy had to bring them back to their own exhibits so that they didn't try to kill each other. Thus, Jedediah had found himself back in the Wild West, watching the Canadians bring their evil.

Why were there Canadians in an American museum anyway?

"Did you hurt yourself in the crash?" Jed heard the Roman general's voice before the man stepped into his field of view. He leaned over so that they could look each other directly in the eyes and, subconsciously, so that Jed couldn't look up his skirt.

"No, I'm right as rain." Jed said. "Watchcha doing over here anyway?"

"I did not see you assisting Larry with the saving of your house of politics. I believed that one so devoted to their people would only avoid such conflict if they were very seriously injured."

"Nah. Just didn't feel up to it."

"I would ask if you were ill if it was not for the fact that we are not really alive." Octavius said, as he moved back and sat down alongside Jedediah.

Jed sat up and, looking over at the burning house of government, asked, "You ever think about men in... in the way that one should only think of a woman?"

"Excuse me?" Octavius' voice held confusion.

Jedediah sighed but he had already started in on what was on his mind and there was no turning back. He had come to the conclusion that he found the general attractive and now he was going to do something about it. If Octavius thought that homosexuality was disgusting, then that would be the end of it. If not... well, Teddy and Sacajawea got together so why couldn't he bed himself a Roman General?

"I mean, have you ever found a man attractive?"

There was a long pause. Finally, Octavius said, "Jedediah, I am a general of the Roman Empire."

"So..."

"So you should know that it is not unusual for the men in my culture to take on other men as lovers. *My* people are not as uptight as *yours*." Octavius said. "Well, until that Christianity phenomena hit, or so I have been told."

"Did you... did you just insult my culture?" Jedediah asked. "'Cause, you know, I was gonna kiss you but know I'm not so sure. You're not proving yourself to be a very thoughtful lover."

Octavius stared at Jed, his dark brown eyes wider than should have been possible for a plastic figurine. The cowboy gave him a hurt look, but it was only pretend, as a smirk was trying to break onto his face.

"Wha... what, pray tell, brought this on?" the Roman asked.

"Well, there aren't many women in my display here and you look so pretty in that there skirt you got on. You'd make a fine lady." Jed said. "And here we are, sat before the fire, all romantic. I just thought I'd ask, milady."

"Now you are insult... oh to Pluto with it all. I'll show you how much of a woman I am." Octavius said and threw himself at Jedediah with vigour.

Octavius straddled Jedediah's waist as he shoved his tongue into the cowboy's mouth. The cowboy, however, had no qualms about being in the more subordinate position as he was able to slip his hands underneath the toga and feel the muscles of the Roman's firm, pale thighs. Also, maybe one of those hands went a little farther north than just a thigh.

The two leaders broke away from each other when the Canadians started booing. Larry had put out the fire and managed to keep the west wing of the White House standing.

"He's going to have fun explaining to the curator what happened there." Jedediah said.

"Hmm..." Octavius nodded.

"You know, maybe we should go somewhere less public eye." Jedediah pointed out. As Octavius nodded his agreement once more, the cowboy found that he wasn't as tired anymore. Smirking, he took in the Roman miniature and said;

"I should come to car-crashing revelations more often."

**END**



# Aint No Love Story Like Our Story

Dark-Lady-Devinity  
Posted 26 June 2009

**A/n:** To all those people that wanted another Night at the Museum fic; here you go. With work and my Hetalia projects, this will be the last one for a long time. Still, when I wrote Crash, the fandom was so small. But Crash is in my top three most successful stories... Thank you to everyone who has reviewed! All my love is for you.

## **Ain't No Love Story Like Our Story**

It was hard to get away from the crowds milling about the museum. Larry's idea to make the night exhibit an "interactive exhibit" after his adventures in the Smithsonian was brilliant; but it made it hard to get some quiet one on one time with old friends. Thus, Jedediah's current issue with the world at large.

He hadn't seen Octavius since the night of the re-opening. They didn't take the model car out anymore because it was a safety hazard; a child might trip over the car or, worse yet, Remy might step on someone while playing fetch. However, Jed really needed to talk to the little Roman general. Somehow, throughout their long lives as museum pieces, they had been tied together in everything. They had been enemies at first; Octavius was a leader in a culture that was very advanced and a leader to a people that were skilled warriors while Jed lived the air of "Manifest Destiny" and always felt the need to expand. Two dominant worlds collided and the mini men were at each other's throats, fighting for each other's blood, though they could not bleed. Then Lawrence Daley walked through the front door in search of a job and changed their lives. No other night guard had ever tried to get the two miniatures to get along. They just sort of gave up. Then the entire museum had to work together to save the tablet or face the cold reality that they would never be alive again. Octavius and Jedediah made a natural team.

And Jed's words now came back to haunt him; "I ain't quitting you."

He never realised that having to quit something likely meant that you were addicted.

That was the problem. He was addicted to that screw ball of a general. They had been best friends for years and being shipped to the Smithsonian would not have changed that for the world. But Jed never realised he was in love until it was almost too late. Oh, he had found Octavius to be a sexual being; the accent was orgasmic and that quirky smile was something else... then there were those *thighs*... but Jed had an excuse for all that. The accent was sexy because it was exotic and something Jed wasn't use to, the quirky smile was unique and a unique person wasn't a boring one. As for the thighs, well, that was not homosexual interest in the least. It was just that Jed had never seen so much leg before. Frontier men wore jeans and chaps while the women wore long skirts. Any hot blooded man would be bothered by those long, pale, *naked legs*. But Jed knew it was love when they escaped from the transport bin in the Smithsonian museum and were instantly surrounded by the black and white gangsters. The notion that Octavius might be captured had caused Jed's stomach to drop and his throat to dry out and nearly caused a panic attack. His proud and beautiful Octavius could not be captured and potentially destroyed by Kahmunrah. It was better to die himself then to see it happen. So he forced Octavius into running away and sealed his fate. But Larry and Octavius saved him.

He was going to make Octavius cry with the story of how their relationship had changed, fighting to say his dying words as the sand of the hourglass stole his breath away. He wanted to say, "There ain't no love story like our story."

But Octavius was as shy of brains as a terrapin is of feathers and completely annihilated the mood without even realising it. Well, at least it was nice to see him remove that ridiculous helmet and show off more of that lovely face, even if it was only for a few seconds.

"Godamnit, I wanted to tell that idiot I love him!" Jedediah yelled in his frustration. "So why can't I find him when I really need him!"

"Well, it's about time!" proclaimed an accented voice from above Jed's head. The cowboy refused to blush as he looked up at a copy of Venus de Milo. From somewhere behind Venny came the Easter Island Head's voice, "Dum-dum finally came to senses."

"Did ya'all know 'bout my feelings?" Jed asked suspiciously.

"Well, I am modeled after the goddess of love." Venny said. "But we've all heard about how you gallantly threw yourself into danger's way to save Octavius and failed to give any thought or concern to his feelings."

Jed blinked and thought about that for a moment. Then something clicked in his head and he cried out, "He's been avoiding me, hasn't he?"

"He is very mad at you." Venny admitted. "He thinks that you either failed to respect his ability as a warrior or that you did not think that he cared as deeply as you about your friendship."

"Where is he? I really should tell him why I did what I did." Jed said. "I was gonna tell him but he never let me!"

Venny shrugged. "He's somewhere in the African Mammal exhibit. It's pretty far and I can't carry you- no arms." She wiggled her shoulders to make her point.

Jed sighed in aggravation and then made the mad journey across the wild museum, trying to avoid being crushed, and keeping an eye out for a familiar red uniform. And ran smack into Octavius, who had hitched a ride back to his own exhibit with Ahkmenrah. Jed was flustered to find the other man so soon and was about to launch into another of his long winded rants that were filled with lingo that Octavius couldn't possibly understand; all in order to say I love you. Octavius was having none of it.

The Roman general grabbed Jed by the shirt collar and pulled him close to kiss him deeply. Then he angrily pushed Jed away and yelled, "I love you, you bloody pants wearing barbarian. So do not ever sacrifice yourself for me ever again or I will throw you into the coliseum to fight the lions."

Yep, Jed thought as he returned Octavius' kiss, there weren't ever a love story as crazy as theirs.

**\*\*End\*\***

I don't think it's as good as Crash but I like Venny. Hope everyone enjoys this one.

# Snow and Clovers

FloatingPizza  
Posted 13 February 2010

We stand in front of old man Piccardo's flower shop, looking in through frosted windows. Roses. Lilies. Irises. Violets. The colors of the blossoms are muted pastels, soft and light. So many blooms, even in the dead of winter, and I don't have a name for half of them.

But her copper hair is more stunning than any flower I've ever seen, those green eyes brighter than the freshest leaves.

It's snowing, light and feathery, the sweet type of snow I know she likes. I don't think it snowed much over in Ireland... she seems pretty fascinated, even by the quick flurries that play around in the corners of your vision like something from a dream.

The wind flares and she leans up against me, trying to get out of the breeze or using the excuse to get closer, I don't know which.

I don't really care.

We stand like this for a while, side by side, weathering the storm.

It passes.

Nothing changes.

Then she leans that crimson head back on my shoulder and looks up, gazing right through me with those gorgeous eyes. I look right back, savoring the moment, then whisper a question.

"Which ones should I get for ya, Mae? Roses or lilies?"

She smiles. So perfectly. "Surprise me, Al. You know how I am about surprises."

I smile. Not that perfectly, I know. But it won't matter to her. "I certainly do."

So I snatch off my fedora and put it on her head, then drop down on one knee, right there in the middle of the sidewalk. People stop and look, but I'm blind to everything but her now. I reach a hand into my coat and draw out a bouquet of clovers, thick and sweet and dew-sprinkled, pale flowers bursting forth from the emerald like white-faced angels. She looks down at me, touched. But she hasn't seen everything yet.

Her dainty hand moves forward to take the gift, then stops. She gasps, this little huff of air that blossoms in the cold like a crystal gem, and I know she's seen it. Those amazing, perfect eyes of hers meet mine, for this heartbeat time left behind.

Then her hand comes forward again, and plucks the diamond ring from among the buds. The ragged sunbeams find their way down from the heavens, hitting that diamond just right and setting its rainbow of colors aflame. I don't know which is sparkling brighter, the ring or her eyes.

I draw a breath, the shakiest in my life.

"Mae Coughlin, will you marry me?"

Time has stopped again, if it ever started back.

She looks back up, and I see her pure pink lips splitting apart, a smile growing larger and larger despite the tears in her eyes.

Then, I hear the sweetest phrase ever to reach my ears.

"Oh, Alphonse, I do!"

I barley have time to breathe again before she grabs me by my outstretched arm, pulling me up and over into a long, loving kiss.

And it's perfect, just perfect. We're perfect.

Somewhere, in this other world, the people around us are applauding.

But my ears are ringing, my heart's caught in a wrestling match with my ribs, and I'm in another universe.

\* \* \*

**Author's Note:\*\* Happy Valentine's Day, everybody! ^^ Hope you enjoyed.**

# Guns and Roses

FloatingPizza  
Posted 18 May 2012

Mae Capone, née Coughlin, sat unmoving at the table and kneaded her red handkerchief into her palms. She was anxious.

It was late in the long Chicago night, later than was normal even for him. The ticking of the kitchen clock had wound its way into the background long hours ago, before the hand had swept past twelve. Irregular light cast warped shadows into the room. Sonny was asleep in his bed. She was alone.

The echoing chatter of machine guns on far-away streets, more common than they had a right to be, punctured the darkness on occasion. She jumped every time. She was sweating.

No one had a right to sweat on a February night.

Trying to keep her mind off the tension, Mae bit her lip and let her eyes rove over the kitchen.

The cold stove. No light in the windows. Roses and clovers wilting in their vase. The red petals dropping down, dark, dark blooms, pooling on the white tablecloth, she could see them congealing, a liquid sheen coming onto their skins, smoothing, viscous, bloody, a ringing in her ears-

Then the door opened and her husband stepped inside.

The relief was a river. She rushed up to meet him, feeling her breath return, stopping just short of embrace. Her eyes examined him like a mother's, taking in every detail, fresh or stale. She lingered long on that swarthy face.

His face was much rounder and his features less prominent than they had been in his youth, and his dark gray eyes were sunk deep into their sockets. There were lines on his face and dustings of silver in his hair, testaments to the stress of managing darkness. Still, his eyes sparkled with roguish intelligence and insight and there was a strength and a magnet somewhere within him that no amount of wear or tear could ever eradicate. He was an enigma, he was her enigma, and he was safe.

She knew he was late for a reason and asked as much, haltingly, not sure where the boundary was.

There was a peculiar depth to his eyes and he hesitated a moment before answering, out of touch with his usual confidence. His lips pursed before giving her an answer. "I'm afraid there was a tragedy in one of the other families." He finally admitted, voice husky.

"Oh, I'm- I'm so sorry." It was such a paper statement, weak and pale. But what more was she to say- she kept out of her husband's business, as much in regards to her own sanity than anything else. It was that same 'business', the inherent danger, the risk, playing king of sharks, that kept her from upbraiding him for being late, on tonight of all nights. The two thoughts combined, much as they always did, the push and pull of her anger at his neglect of family life and shame from her willful isolation. The heat of latent anger and latent fear crept into her cheeks, and she wasn't sure what to call the emotion.

Then, to her surprise, he laughed, came forward and enveloped her in his arms. The scent of him swept over her like a soft, well-worn quilt, full of familiarity and comfort, laced as it was with cold places and iron.

He leaned his face next to hers, and she could feel the smile contracting his cheeks.

"Don't worry," he whispered, "I sent flowers."

\* \* \*

**Author's Note:** This was meant to be published on Valentine's Day 2012 and my apologies for not delivering it then- I hope y'all enjoy it now, regardless. I used a bit of a different style with this than I did with Snow and Clovers, less sweet, more words, different viewpoint. I'd like to hear your thoughts on the matter, and as always, thanks for reading!

# Headcount

Lee Whimsy  
Posted 8 May 2010

Warnings. No action. Conversation porn. Pre-slash.

Rating: Eh. T for language, I suppose.

Disclaimer: Nah, not mine. My headspace is too crowded as it is.

A/N: Written for the lj community chest\_bump as a completely unsolicited "thank-you" for keeping me sane during finals. (Go and check them out!) Comments and critiques are loved; this hasn't been beta'ed, so I apologize for any suckitude that I failed to edit out.

—  
\* \* \*

—  
It wasn't quite like waking up, but what else was there to call it?

Eyes open, head up, paws moving automatically to a pistol that—well, that *looked* like it would fire, and that had to count for something. Feet moved and muscles flexed as the miniature cowboy stretched and twisted experimentally, working out imaginary kinks from a day of not-being.

Yeah, Jedediah decided, it was pretty much like waking up.

"Heya, boss. Good to see ya 'round."

Jed turned to face the speaker: Ellis, the foreman of the blasting crew. The other man was sitting on the ground by the fence, his weathered face turned towards his *de facto* leader and a crooked smile on his lips.

"Good to *be* around," Jed replied, running a hand over his soot-smudged face. "It got pretty hairy out there last night."

Around them, the rest of the diorama was stirring to life, noise and motion echoing against the glass case to fill the vacuum left behind by a frozen, silent day. Conversation was louder than usual, and there was a good deal of backslapping between the boys who'd been a part of the last night's action--and a fair bit of plain old slapping from their worried-to-death wives and sweethearts.

His people greeted him as they passed, all reveling in the most excitement that the Western Diorama had enjoyed in thirty-odd years.

"Swell thing, wasn't it?"

"That was some fancy footwork last night, boss!"

"Heya, sir! How'd that battle last night suit ya? Grand, en't it?"

Jed grinned and nodded at all of them, tossing back comments of his own and tipping his hat to the steady stream of female admirers. Leaning against El's fence, he let his eyes rove around the small town-world, quickly cataloging the fellows and ladies as they began their daily routines.

*John and Johnnie, over there by the well; Markie and Warren and their kids out by the corral. Jenine and her girls are in the saloon, and that's Louis out by the tracks.*

*Eleven, twelve, thirteen-fourteen-fifteen—*

It was all well and good to fill out a checklist of caribou and elephants, after all, but the miniatures tended to get overlooked in the bigger world, and Jedediah would never forgive himself if one of his people hadn't made it back inside before dawn.

*There's Katie, and Jack with his new ladyfriend—Ellie, I think. Jimmy is setting up the bar, and there's Lettie whitewashing the fences.*

*thirty-nine, forty, forty-one-two-three—*

"You think that giant'll be back tonight?" El asked idly, pulling out two lucifers and offering Jed one. "Place was a right mess come morning, as I recall."

Jed frowned, lighting the proffered cigarette and taking a slow drag. "Dunno. Hope so, though. Gigantor...well, he's an okay sort."

"Better than those other jackasses," El snorted through a cloud of smoke. "Least the giant lets us out when we fancy it. And he did right fine by us last night."

"He pulled our hides out of the fire, I guess," Jed admitted grudgingly. "I don't reckon he had much of an obligation to do it, either."

"You and that poncy Roman sure did give him a rough time of it," El said. "Not that I'm complaining. It's fine entertainment for the rest of us."

*One hundred forty-four, one hundred forty-five. Octavius.*

Guilt surged through Jed at the name. He hadn't spared a single thought for the Roman since he'd woken; not one, when the man had saved his life only last night. And sure, they'd both made it back inside, but what if the other man had been hurt worse than he'd said? He'd been limping when he and Jed were hiking through the snow back to the museum, and he was just the sort of fellow who'd keep quiet about everything from a bruise to a gut shot...

"Hell," Jed blurted out, shoving himself away from the fence and towards the edge of the diorama. "I gotta go check on Octavius!"

El took another drag on his cigarette and watched the blond cowboy as he vaulted the fence and ran towards the ledge, snagging up a coil of rope along the way.

"Idiot boy," he muttered. "Been falling all over that foreign soldier-boy for the last twenty years, and he still don't have the sense to realize it."

\* \* \*

Octavius was working in his quarters when he heard the knock.

"Agorix, my lord," came the muffled voice from the other side of the door. "Permission to enter?"

"Granted," he said, leaning back in his chair. If the tallies from his centurions were correct, then all his men were present and accounted for; the civilian numbers would take more time, but the orders had already gone out for a household census.

The well-oiled door opened silently, and Agorix entered, offering a brief salute as he stepped inside.

"The barbarian leader is requesting an audience with you, General," he said, tone quiet but unapologetic. "Your guards are restraining him at the moment, but he remains quite insistent."

Octavius raised an eyebrow. He could well imagine the kind of 'requests' that Jedediah was verbally assaulting his beleaguered soldiers with.

"By all means, let him in," he said, rolling his eyes in a thoroughly modern gesture of resigned irritation. "I'm sure he'll manage it eventually regardless."



Agorix was too well trained to voice his disapproval, but his slight frown told how inappropriate he thought it was, that his general would indulge the whims of a such an uncouth, belligerent foreigner. Saluting again, he vanished out the door, and within minutes he returned with a sooty-faced, filthy-clothed man whom Octavius supposed \_might\_ be Jedediah.

"It appears that bathing has fallen out of style in your period of history," Octavius noted dryly. "I could provide you with safe passage to the thermae, if you'd like."

"The what now?" Jed asked, confusion and irritation warring on his features; he couldn't decide whether to pout or start shouting obscenities. He was, Octavius thought, really a nauseating easy man to read.

"The public baths," he said. "You look like you could use it. I suppose I could even join you, if you'd like the company."

Underneath the grime, an inexplicable blush reddened the cowboy's face.

"Er, I reckon I'm just fine," he stammered.

"Oh?"

"Yeah, I said so," he said, loud and blustery. "You and your dandified Romans might not be able to handle a little grit, but us Westerners can take anything."

"I'm quite sure you can," Octavius said, in his best Jedediah-you-are-an-idiot voice. "Not to be curt, but did you come here for any real reason, or are you just exploring new and exciting ways in which to distract me from my very important work?"

"Hey, there's no call to be rude," Jedediah protested. "And what're you yammering about, 'important work'? You're a glorified pansy."

"I," said Octavius with great dignity, "am a servant and soldier of the Roman Empire. Your purpose for being here?"

The blond reddened again, staring down at his boots. "I--I just. You know. Big night last night."

Octavius blinked.

"Er, yes. Are you well, Jedediah? You're looking rather flushed." He stood up and walked towards the other man, a worrying thought entering his mind. "You didn't catch a sickness out in the snow last night, did you? A fever? My personal physician--"

He reached out to brush a hand against Jedediah's forehead, but the other man leapt away from the touch.

"No, I'm fine. Peachy, actually. Feelin' mighty keen," Jed babbled. "No physician necessary. Er. I'll be going now."

Octavius stepped around him and blocked the door. Now he really \_was\_ worried. "Jed, what did you come here for?" he asked again.

Jed hesitated and then swore, his boots suddenly an object worthy of close study.

"Nothing, all right?" he snapped. "I just wanted to make sure you were--well, you know. Fine. Doing whatever Roman-ish things you spend your day doing. I'll just be going now."

He made another break for the door. Octavius blocked him.

"You mean to say that you left your land, crossed into enemy territory, and verbally harassed my guards, all in order to ensure that I was unharmed?"

Jed crossed his arms over his chest. "Well, I didn't reckon that we were still enemies," he muttered. "Seems to me that a man has a right to check up on his pal after a dust-up like we had last night."

"I--well, I suppose he does," Octavius said. There was a slow, warm happiness rising up in chest. "I assure you that apart from a few bruises, I'm quite healthy. As I hope that you are."

Jed smiled, though the expression uncharacteristically uncertain.

"Yeah, buddy," he said. "I'm real good."

The two men were grinning goofily at one another when there was a polite cough from outside the door.

"The night watchman is here," Agorix said. "He's requested your presence, General, as well as that of--" he hesitated "--of Lord Jedediah."

*Lord?* Jed mouthed incredulously. Octavius shrugged.

"We shall be there presently," he said. "My thanks."

As the two leaders left, walking side-by-side down the elegant Roman streets, Agorix was left standing by the doorway, tracking their progress towards the edge of the diorama.

"You are a foolish man, General," he murmured, "for allowing yourself to associate with a man such as that. But you are twice greater a fool for not seeing how well he loves you."

# Longitude, Latitude

Lee Whimsy  
Posted 14 July 2010

Warnings: Angst, attempted suicide, historical slash (Clark/Lewis), run-on sentences

Rating: T

Disclaimer: Lewis and Clark own themselves. The 'verse is owned by whoever owns

NatM

A/N: Inspired by (and written to) a song called "Like Lions Do" by the magnificent band Right Away, Great Captain. The section dividers are lyrics from the aforementioned song. Unbeta'd, as always.

\* \* \*

## i. *Writing almost every day that I've been gone*

Three weeks after That Night, the night that everyone talks about and no one really understands, Clark hands Lewis a three-subject notebook (college ruled) and a pack of black Bic pens. When Lewis, baffled, asks how he got them, Clark smiles and shuffles his feet and says that he asked Larry about it.

"So it's not really a present from *me*," he adds, "not yet. I haven't found a way to pay him back. But I thought you might—well. You know."

Lewis doesn't know, in fact, but he manages a smile and a polite *thank you* anyway, and Clark leaves for another night of exploration with a spring in his step. It's become a ritual, those long rambles around the museum halls—he only stays at their exhibit long enough to glare at President Roosevelt when he comes to pick up Sacagawea for their nightly rendezvous, and he's gone as soon as they are.

Clark doesn't like Theodore very much. Lewis thinks that Clark has made a career out of being overprotective. Theodore, though he never says as much, is slightly scared of them both.

No one understands all this but Sacagawea herself, and she never discusses it. Instead, she smiles a lot and lets Theodore do silly things like hold doors for her. Lewis, who has seen her climb mountains, crew riverboats, hunt game, and give birth, thinks occasionally that Theodore is something of an idiot.

But he makes Sacagawea smile, and Clark is always happier when his Janey is content. So Lewis sits alone in their exhibit, flips through the blank, lined pages of his new notebook, and doesn't say much of anything to anybody.

## ii. *My flesh and blood are traitors to you*

One night, Lewis opens his eyes and realizes that he doesn't remember sunlight.

He remembers the *idea*, of course—of light and gentle warmth and the smell of the forest in summer—but the reality of it is beyond him, lost to the dreamless stasis of the museum's artificial lights. Hands trembling and heart pounding, he closes his eyes and tries to visualize the sun burning in the noon sky, painful intensity against the surrounding blue, eyes squinted and air hot against sunburned skin...

Nothing.

The mountain wind against his bare arms, biting and frigid; the acrid smell of gunpowder and the dull, sudden ache of a shotgun's recoil; running water, deep and strong and clear, and the bursting, terrifying feel of being underwater for a second too long; the coppery taste of blood and the crushing intensity of a bruising kiss, of calloused hands lingering on muscled, imperfect skin, trembling and beautiful. The images flit by in a vague, uncertain jumble, like wine robbed of its taste or a wasp with no sting. Empty words.

He hasn't come so close to crying since his father died.

iii. *Try to break the silence*

A month later, Clark gives him another notebook, tossing it in his general direction before leaning up against the glass walls of their enclosure with all the grace of a satisfied panther. This one is bright yellow, and it has a large, senseless design on the front that Clark informs him is a smiley face.

"You're always shut up in here with a pen and that journal," he says. "I figure that you've just about filled it up, so I got you a new one. Or Larry did, rather," he adds, scrupulously fair.

Lewis blinks, impulsively glancing between the battered, empty notebook lying on the ground beside him and the slightly newer one a few feet away. "Oh," he says, trying to sound sincere. "Thank you."

Clark's grin fades. "You...you have used it, have you?"

"A bit," Lewis says, because reassuring William Clark has suddenly become the most important thing in the whole of the world. "It's—it's just taking a while to get back into the habit, that's all. It feels strange."

Clark doesn't look convinced. Lewis tries again, scrambling up to his feet in order to look the other man in the eye. "Maybe I could sketch some of the other museum exhibits, to start with," he says. "It's not quite drawing paper, these flimsy sheets, but I'm sure I could manage something. There's so much to catalogue here that I hardly know where to begin."

That does it. Clark smiles again, and claps Lewis on the back. "That's the spirit," he says. "Just like old times."

Lewis bites back the hysterical laugh that's trying to force its way past his throat. "Another adventure."

Clark beams. "Exactly. Does that mean you're coming to explore with me tonight?"

"I—I don't think tonight. I might as well start my sketches here. Perhaps tomorrow?"

"Of course," Clark agrees, but his eyes are troubled.

And Lewis doesn't know what hurts more: that William cares enough to worry, or that he leaves anyway.

iv. *You've been throwing history to hell*

He thinks, sometimes, about what they look like during the day. Clark tells him everything he could possibly want to know about the marble interior of their prison—long, rambling tales of foreign leaders and men the size of thimbles, of talking statues and the moving skeletons of monsters long dead. Lewis, in turn, imagines rows upon rows of silent figures, perfectly motionless, soulless shells without even a trace of a claim to life or breath.

And in his mind's eye, he sees faces, hundreds of them, indistinct and identical. They stare up at those unbreathing dolls, babbling and gawking and pressing dirty hands against the exhibit walls: temporary visitors, soon vanishing back into the real world that the macabre dolls can't touch.

He hates the museum's visitors for that: for being free.

And in the darkest hours, when he's sitting alone behind glass panes and the world is bounded around him smaller than a nutshell, he hates Clark for the same reason.

v. *Or help me swallow pride*

"I'm sorry," Sacagawea says.

Lewis looks up from his empty notebook, startled. "For what?"

She shrugs. "For leaving you behind."

Lewis thinks of long days alone in the woods, surrounded by life and the unknown. He used to enjoy solitude; he remembers that much.

"Teddy is very kind to me," she adds, incongruously. "Like Captain Clark."

He forces a smile. After all, he abandoned her first.

"It's nothing," he says. "I'm glad that you're happy."

And to his own surprise, he means it.

vi. *A girl you don't speak of*

In the fifty years before Larry, they lived as a disconnected family of three, uncertain and alone, with only one another for eternal company. In those days, Lewis couldn't stand watching William and Sacagawea take care of one another.

He knew that he shouldn't resent them their measure of happiness, but it hurt to see William love so easily and so well. Once, a long time ago, Lewis had counted himself lucky to hold the affections of such a man. But fifty years of arguments and silent captivity were enough to blight even the strongest of loyalties, and Lewis knew that for Clark, the memories of their old friendship were dulled by thirty-odd years of life without him: a life with a wife and children and enough joy to make it all worthwhile.

Beyond even that, festering and sore and unspoken, was that after all they had been through—after travelling to the Pacific and back, after eating tallow candles to survive and living as savages for years on end—Lewis had been the one to give up.

They never talk about the suicide. And as the years pass, Lewis finds that there isn't anything else to say, either.

vii. *We wade under the tow like diamonds*

One day, Lewis tries to kill himself.

It doesn't work, of course. He's not alive enough to die.

Larry is baffled, and Teddy is quietly horrified. Nicky doesn't understand, because he's ten years old and his life still makes sense. Clark shouts for a while and then punches Lewis in the face.

No one understands it, not even Sacagawea, but she cries a little and stays silent a lot, and lets Clark do silly things like tear every single page—empty and worn—out of both of Lewis' blank notebooks.

viii. *While you're making love with violence*

"You left me," Clark says. "You went off to Grinder's Stand and shot yourself in the heart and left me."

They're sitting in one of the maintenance hallways, just enough fluorescent light spilling in from the back entrance of their exhibit to turn William's red hair a glowing crimson. No matter where he looks, the luminescence catches his eye, drawing him back to William's haggard face like a moth to flame.

"It wasn't about you," Lewis says, and it's not quite a lie. "I suppose you were too damnably selfish to believe anything else."

"And then I got you back," Clack continues, indefatigable. "It was a miracle, an act of God, because all three of us were together again, and the world didn't make sense but it didn't need to. We were *together* again, and you—"

His voice breaks, and he falls silent.

"I'm not sorry," Lewis says.

*You can't take that from me, too.*

And it's strange, but Lewis has never—not once—seen William Clark look more determined.

ix. *Like lions do*

The next night, William refuses to leave the exhibit without Lewis, and Lewis refuses to go. So they sit in silence from sunset until sunrise, and this time Clark doesn't glower at the President when he comes to pick up Sacagawea.

The night after that, Clark leaves early in the night and returns a few minutes later to toss a blank notebook in Lewis' direction. He leans against the glass and waits, eyes dark and serious.

Lewis doesn't get up.

Sunset, sunrise, sunset, sunrise, sunset—and they both wait. On the seventh day, Lewis breaks.

"Where should we go first?" he asks, wincing slightly as he struggles to stand. Clark automatically proffers a hand to help him out. A grin, slow and incredulous, is spreading across his face.

"Let's get lost," he says.

But they never get far enough along to manage it, because Lewis spends the next six hours sketching out every plant and animal in the Hall of African Mammals. And when Dexter steals his pencil, Lewis finally remembers to smile back.

x. *So to captains—oh, my captain*

Someday, Lewis will tell Clark everything that he's afraid of: of forgetting the sunlight and losing himself in the dark; of trying to live again, because he knows that's how you get hurt.

Someday, Clark will describe the world to him, slow and enthralling, his smooth tenor reminding Lewis of everything that it means to be alive and free. He'll dump a bucket of cold water over his head, and convince Larry to bring in a gun that Lewis can practice with—

*And he'll trust him with it, because sometimes you can't do anything but try.*

—and someday, William Clark will kiss him, bite his lower lip hard enough to break the skin, remind Lewis of everything that blood and pain and love taste like, run calloused hands over his bare shoulders and whisper him all the promises that he's never been able to keep.

No one will understand it, except maybe Sacagawea, and even if she does, she won't do anything but smile: smile a lot, and cry a little, and let them do the silliest thing in the world.

She'll let them fall back in love.

# Poker Nights

Lee Whimsy  
Posted 7 November 2010

Warnings: Violence, sex, and foul language, all very vague because apparently I can't write actual stories anymore. Also, slash. Is that even a warning in this fandom?

Rating: T

Disclaimer: Not mine. Promise.

A/N: A (belated) birthday gift for hoc\_voluerunt, who deserves much better fic than I am capable of writing. I hope I did at least partial justice to your original prompt, bb!

\* \* \*

They lived in a world of monsters—monsters and adventures and all the romance of ten thousand years of history—but theirs was not a love story.

Instead, it was the smell of leather, blond hair turned golden under the artificial glow that could never be sunlight; it was calloused fingers fumbling over armor and tracing patterns on fading bruises, a litany too plain for words. It was gunpowder and knock-down-drag-out fights—it was whisky and sex and nights spent sitting side-by-side on the hood of an anachronistic car, watching the moonlight play out across the night sky.

(Theirs was not a love story. Instead, it went something like this.)

o0o

One particularly dull Wednesday night, Jedediah dragged Octavius to the fanciest saloon in town ("the *only* saloon in town," Octavius pointed out, but Jedediah punched him in the shoulder and told him not get uppity) and they sat at the bar and drank their way through a bottle of whisky, trading dirty jokes and spinning lies into all their best war stories.

Then, sometime around midnight, Jed tried to teach Octavius to play poker: rambled about the rules and the tricks and the easiest ways to cheat while he shuffled and dealt. He was as good with cards as he was with his guns (and he *was*, he insisted, he was the best damn shot on the frontier) but Octavius was a natural, and *Romans* didn't cheat.

That was a lie. Three hands and five dollars later, Jedediah called him on it. And within ten minutes, the night's easy camaraderie had degraded into an enthusiastically violent bar fight, punctuated with angry shouting and several broken chairs.

"Get out before I throw you out, idiots," said the barkeeper, brandishing a scowl and a shotgun, and confiscated both their weapons and their whiskey when they took it into their heads to argue.

They tumbled out the door and into the street. Battered, laughing, and too drunk to walk in a straight line, Octavius cast around for a convenient weapon, before—struck with sudden inspiration—he dunked the cowboy's head in a nearby horse trough. Dripping and spluttering, Jedediah kicked Octavius in the shins and stole his helmet, spitting out mouthfuls of dirty water in between curses. They both swore never to speak to the other again.

Wednesday nights were poker nights, after that.

o0o

When Octavius first kissed Jedediah, it was brief and absentminded, a brush of chapped lips against the other man's cheek. Their car, idling just in front of the Roman exhibit, was an island of quiet amid the predawn chaos, and even Larry's booming voice over the PA system ("*five minutes 'till the sun's up, guys!*") was strangely distant.

"Until tomorrow, then," Octavius said—not really a question, because it hadn't been a question for months—and leaned over the gearshift to kiss him, the kind of automatic affection that fifty years in the museum's cultural soup hadn't yet repressed.

A brief pause followed, and Octavius opened the passenger door, mind already returning to the training rosters that he'd been contemplating for most of the night. Distracted and thoroughly comfortable in the cowboy's presence, he didn't react to the sudden movement behind him until it was too late.

Jedediah punched him so hard that he was knocked back onto the marble floor, stars exploding into blackness behind his eyes.

By the time Octavius staggered back onto his feet, one hand clapped to his face, Jedediah was gone, the car speeding across the expanse between their two dioramas in an ear-splitting screech of tires. As blood dripped through Octavius' fingers and splattered onto the white marble below him—*wonderful*, he thought, *a broken nose*—he trudged back towards Rome.

*("One minute and counting, people!")*

o0o

When Octavius dropped by for poker night that Wednesday, Jedediah was nowhere to be seen.

Rebecca called it "culture shock", but the way that the cowboy was avoiding him—and the things that he said whenever they *did* cross paths—felt less like miscommunication and more like a sharp blow to the chest.

*More like loss*, Octavius thought, and tried to ignore the obvious conclusion by shouting himself hoarse at the first unfortunate soldier to walk by.

o0o

Things changed again when Larry left.

They never talked about it—about anything that mattered, really—but for his part Jedediah stopped hurling insults at Octavius, suggestions that were only shameful because of the ugly way he said them, and Octavius stopped muttering rude phrases in Latin whenever Jedediah passed by.

(Neither of them ever said "*I'm sorry*". Instead, Jedediah let Octavius win at poker occasionally, and Octavius was painstakingly careful to never so much as brush against Jedediah as they walked, penance and apology and trepidation wrapped into one.)

It hurt more than it should have, but Octavius was getting better at pretending: pretending that he didn't mind never being able to touch his best friend, pretending that the aforementioned best friend wasn't the man he was falling in love with, pretending that it didn't matter that Jedediah would probably kill him if he so much as held his hand.

They got into a lot of fights in those days, with each other and with their men and with the world around them. They were good at things like that.

o0o



Late one rainy night when nothing in particular was happening—sprawled silent on the hood of the car in an abandoned exhibit—Jedediah leaned across the inches of space that separated them and pulled Octavius into an awkward, one-armed hug.

Octavius, for one brief, delirious moment, wondered if he was dreaming.

"You're m'best friend," Jedediah muttered, his breath warm against the pale skin of Octavius' throat. "M'best friend in the whole damn world. You know that, right?"

"I—of course," Octavius said, trying very hard to ignore the way it felt to have the blond cowboy pressed so close against him. "Of course, Jedediah."

A sudden crack of thunder made the both jump, and Jedediah pulled back as if he'd been burned, a blush tingeing his face pink. "Good," he said, clearing his throat. "I just—yeah. Hell of a storm tonight, innit?"

"It—it certainly is," Octavius managed, the words thick in his throat.

He wanted to laugh, to cry, to take Jedediah back into his arms and kiss him senseless, to put his years of rhetoric training to good use and tell the cowboy exactly what he meant to him. Instead, he leaned back against the windshield and listened to Jedediah's slow, even breathing, a steady counterpoint to the rain that pounded in irregular torrents against the distant roof.

It was enough.

o0o

Sand was everywhere—on the floor and in the creases of Jedediah's worn old clothes and ground into his golden hair, but neither of them noticed. The whole world was laughing, triumphant, and Jedediah was laughing too, wrapping his arms around Octavius and holding him so tight that Octavius thought his ribs might crack.

They'd won the day. Didn't they always?

*I love you*, Octavius thought, body thrumming with adrenaline and relief. *I love you I love you I love you*.

Jedediah pulled back seconds later, of course, because he was Jedediah: he could drink and fight and curse in full measure, but he couldn't let himself fall in love with his best friend.

(He could bed him, though. And that's exactly what he did—their first night back at the museum, and the second, and the third.

It took weeks to get the sand out of their clothes.)

o0o

They never said it aloud, and they didn't celebrate their anniversary because they didn't have one. Octavius didn't bring Jedediah flowers and Jedediah always forgot Octavius' birthday.

Instead, they got drunk and played poker together on Wednesdays; they fought and had sex and drove aimlessly around the museum until the sky was shot through with predawn color.

(This was their love story.)

\* \* \*

I love reviews. So does Jedediah. They make him feel special.

# Secrets of the Tablet- A Night at the Museum oneshot

MajorWhitlocklvr89  
Posted 19 July 2013

**AN: Okay, I know that this story probably won't make any sense and frankly, I'm wondering how my mind ever came up with it, but here it is. It's an Ahkmenrah/OC pairing, but in a point of view where you don't get to know her name. Call it the ramblings of a person who no longer sleeps at night. The ending might creep you out, but bear with my mind. It's a HEA with just a weird way of getting there**

**Enjoy and I look forward to hearing what y'all think ~MajorWhitlocklvr89~**

**Secrets of the Tablet**

**A Night at the Museum Oneshot**

The corridor was dark, the only light coming from the small lanterns near the sarcophagus. She knew she shouldn't be there, but the rumors about the museum, particularly this wing of it, had fascinated her for months now and she had decided to risk it all to stay after it closed. She wanted to see the truth.

She had come to the museum night after night, gathering her courage for what she was about to do. She knew all about the Tablet and what it did to the exhibits after the sun went down. But she also knew something else about the Tablet. After seeing the effects of it for the first time, she did research to find at what else it could do. She found it a few weeks later. Not only did the Tablet have the ability to bring the exhibits to life, but it also made them human for one night out of the year. One night where they could live as humans, just as they did many years ago.

Her favorite exhibit was of the Egyptian Pharaoh Ahkmenrah. The museum had long since taken him out of his wrappings for the night hours, so she had seen every night how handsome and good looking he was. She sometimes worried about her state of mind when she thought of him, but shook it off and compared it to having a celebrity crush.

He was pleasant to talk to when she went to the museum and his memories of his life in Egypt fascinated her. Life during his time must have been wonderful and it made her wonder what it would be like to have lived during his reign. When the museum featured him, she was there every night to hear his tales of his life as Pharaoh of Egypt. His voice made her crave him even more and once she discovered the other secret, it made her crush on the Pharaoh even worse. She didn't even want to think about the dreams she had started to have once she completed her research.

She calculated and waited for the night in question and when it arrived, she made her plans. Hiding in one of the supply closets, she waited for the museum to shut down and for all the employees to go home. Even Larry, who was the best night guard she had ever seen at the museum, didn't stay that night. Once she was sure that everyone who worked there was gone, she left the supply closet and went to Ahkmenrah's wing of the museum. She didn't know how he would react to her information, or her other confession, but she needed to do it before she

went insane with want for a man that was well, dead in all ways. Slightly creepy, but she couldn't help it.

As she got closer to his resting place, her nerves came back full force. What if he didn't believe her? What if she had been wrong about her calculations and tonight wasn't the night? Her biggest fear was, what if he rejected her? Wouldn't be the first time a man had done so, but considering the fact that the man she currently wanted to be with was a mummy, she figured it would hurt more. She froze, a few feet away from his sarcophagus, paralyzed with fear. Maybe this was a mistake. She panicked and began to back track.

She was shocked when as she backtracked, her back collided with Ahkmenrah's chest. The Pharaoh had seen her and had decided to sneak up behind her, his curiosity at her presence getting the better of him. She gave a small shriek, making his hand come up to cover mouth quickly so that she wouldn't be overheard by any of the other exhibits. She slowly turned in his arms and upon seeing him bare chested and wearing only the long bottom tunic that was the customary sleepwear of Egyptians during his time, she blushed.

The next few moments were mere whispers. Ahkmenrah didn't want her discovered by the others and she didn't want to shout out anything where she could be embarrassed. She revealed her research and why she had begun it. She also revealed her feelings for him. The feelings that she felt that she shouldn't be having since he was a dead man, but ones she couldn't help but having.

Ahkmenrah was silent for the longest time, leading her to believe that she had made the biggest mistake of her life. Not wanting him to see her tears, she made to move past him, heading back to the supply closet for the night and sneaking out when the museum opened the next day. Ahkmenrah shocked her again by grabbing her arm and pulling her back to him. Lifting her head up with his other hand, he looked into her eyes and searched for the truth, doubting her only because he had been feeling the same. He had not felt such feelings for so long that he doubted them for fear of never feeling them again.

The next few hours passed in whispers, moans and passion. The magic of the Tablet began shortly after her confession and Ahkmenrah had pounced, centuries of pent up passion let free. He was a gentle, yet passionate lover, his centuries of knowledge helping him pleasure her in ways she had never been pleased before. The entire wing of his exhibit wasn't safe from them as Ahkmenrah and his lover made love over every inch of it, barring his sarcophagus of course. Even he wouldn't go that far.

Their passion finally slowed down a few hours before dawn. Ahkmenrah helped her dress and then helped her get out of the museum. Neither knew if he would remember their passionate night the next day, but they held hope that he would. His lover went back to her apartment, dreaming of the night she just had and hoping for a future of more, no matter what the cost.

Sadly, it was not to be, at least for a time. The museum decided that Ahkmenrah, the Tablet, Larry and the rest of the exhibits would be sent to another museum for a few months while the board decided whether or not the building was worth keeping open. Until then, they were going back to the Smithsonian to be featured. The nights before his departure, Ahkmenrah and his lover spent them together in each other's arms, with her sobbing at the possibility of never seeing him again.

The night before he was to leave, she and Ahkmenrah decided to tell Larry of what occurred between them, and the truth behind the power of the Tablet. He would be the go between for Ahkmenrah and his love, delivering what messages he could to help pass the time until they could see each other again. Strangely, something else happened that night. The Tablet's magic acted again, giving them another night of unbridled and tearful passion. Near dawn, as she left, she didn't say goodbye and neither did Ahkmenrah. They just prayed that they would be reunited soon.

That hope was not to be. Ahkmenrah and his lady were separated for nearly a whole year, the battle between Larry and the board going on for months. Since he was the biggest donor to the museum, he had a say. It didn't matter that he was an employee of the museum, he had a big say in what happened to it and the exhibits within. When Larry wasn't battling the board, he was working with the exhibits at the Smithsonian and trying to keep Ahkmenrah and his lover happy and together.

Then something else happened, something that she never imagined would happen. About two months after Ahkmenrah was taken from her, his lover discovered that she was pregnant. Knowing that Ahkmenrah was the ONLY man she had ever made love with, she knew that the baby growing inside of her was his. But how was this possible? She immediately went back to her research on the Tablet and looked into it even further to see what other secrets it had. Boy, was she surprised at what else she discovered.

She had not gone far enough in her original research. When she looked again into the Tablet's inscriptions and those that had surrounded it in its original place, she found another secret, actually two more, that would change her life, and Ahkmenrah's even further. The Tablet, when active on the one night when the exhibits could be fully human, not only could bring them to life, but also give them the ability to procreate. Not something that was widely known about the Tablet, but a fact nonetheless. It was in her shock that she also read the last and biggest secret of the Tablet. If an exhibit brought to life by the Tablet desired it enough, they could be brought to life permanently. They could become human again and stay that way for a human lifetime.

She tried to contact Larry to tell him the new facts, but was unable to reach him or get word to Ahkmenrah. He had left for the Smithsonian permanently, which left Ahkmenrah, his lover and the rest of the exhibits in the dust. So she fought for not only her love, but for their child as well. She carried the child as if it were a priceless treasure and fought the board daily to get Ahkmenrah and the rest of the exhibits back to the museum.

Eleven months after Ahkmenrah and his lover had been cruelly separated, their fates were decided. She also went into labor the very same day. As she gave birth to a beautiful baby boy, a friend on the board gave her the news. The museum would stay open, under HER control and all of the original exhibits were to be restored to their places inside the museum. So she waited with baited breath for Ahkmenrah's return. Her son, named Amun, grew and was a happy, healthy child.

The day the exhibits returned was a nervous day for her. Not only was she welcoming the man she loved back, she was also introducing him to his son that shouldn't even exist and telling him of the hope that he could be with them for good as a human. She dressed for the opening, appearing as an Egyptian queen and carrying her son in a bundle of white cloth, as

was tradition for presenting a king's heir to him. Good thing she had planned the reopening as a costume ball.

She waited as the patrons gazed upon their favorite exhibits, not wanting to shock Ahkmenrah in front of the paying visitors. He had seen her, but not with their son in her arms. As the hours ticked by, her nervousness at presenting him with her surprise began to get to her. She was nervous, fearing that he wouldn't believe their son was his. Not that she would blame him if he did, considering that Amun shouldn't exist in the first place.

Finally, the evening's visitors left, leaving her alone for the clean up and reunion. As she walked with Amun in her arms, she realized that Larry had revealed something to the rest of the exhibits, because they all moved to the lower levels of the museum which left her and Ahkmenrah alone in his wing. Carrying her bundle wrapped in the white gauzy fabric, she walked into Ahkmenrah's wing and waited for whatever happened next to happen.

Ahkmenrah was overjoyed to see her, but was curious as to the bundle in her arms. It hadn't escaped his notice during the reopening party that she had been dressed as a Queen of Egypt. He had noticed the bundle in her arms that night and the color of the cloth intrigued him. He remembered the ways of his old life and as she walked towards him later that night, he realized what it was. A child, HIS child if she was following the tradition in truth.

At his look of shock at the baby in her arms, she quickly told him what else she had discovered about the Tablet. His eyes went wide as she told him of the additional powers of the Tablet. He believed her, knowing that she would never lie to him about such a thing and after remembering some of the own legends he'd heard about the Tablet during his human life. His lover then gently placed the baby in his arms.

He had held children before, his siblings and their own children during his human life. So when she placed the child in his arms, it was a familiar movement. He rocked the child gently as his love told him every detail he had missed since his forced departure. He was ecstatic at the fact that he had a son and smiled at the name she had given the babe. His joy turned to sadness, because he realized that he wouldn't be able to see his son grow up, or truly be with the woman he loved.

At the sad look on his face, she spilled her last secret. Or rather the last secret the Tablet held. Ahkmenrah could be with his lover and his son, if that is what he truly desired. It was a big decision and one not to be taken lightly. Ahkmenrah didn't have to think about it. He knew what he wanted and what he wanted was to spend his days, and nights with the woman he loved and the child she had given him. So they went to Tablet and did what the notes she had made said.

Ahkmenrah kneeled in front of the Tablet as she pressed the sections necessary to begin the 'ritual'. The Tablet glowed and a voice echoed in the hall. It asked Ahkmenrah what his heart's desire was. Ahkmenrah told the Tablet that he wanted to be human so that he could be with the woman he loved and be a true father to his son and heir. The Tablet glowed even brighter and the voice said, "So shall it be done!" Part of the glow engulfed Ahkmenrah and soon filled the whole room. His love shielded herself and the child from the bright light.

When the light faded enough, she looked at where Ahkmenrah had been kneeling, to see what had happened. Dawn leaked through the small windows, leaving her to fear that his request had been too late. The glow from the Tablet faded completely and she saw Ahkmenrah, laying flat on his back, his eyes closed. Strangely, he no longer wore the robes of his past office.

He now wore a pair of loose trousers and an open poet's shirt. She feared the worst until he took a deep, gasping breath and sat up with wide eyes.

Ahkmenrah turned to his lover and saw her staring at him, seemingly waiting for the worst. He smiled and pulled her closer to him, carefully not squishing the child between them. He kissed her hard and hugged her close to him.. It had worked. He was alive, human and with the family he had always craved in his former life. His love slowly helped him to his feet and they walked slowly out of the museum.

The next few months were interesting to say the least. The first thing they took care of was getting some legal documents and identification papers for Ahkmenrah. Then there was the task of reintroducing him to the human world and how to be a human. Ahkmenrah spent the next few months relearning how to eat, drink, sleep and other functions necessary to live a healthy human life. Going to a doctor was necessary to make sure that everything was in working order considering the fact that he had once been a mummy.

After that, Ahkmenrah and his lover lived their lives as one family. To say that the others at the museum were shocked to see Ahkmenrah alive and well past dawn. He and his lover raised their son and were happy. A few months later, they married at the museum. A public ceremony for her friends and family during the day, and another at night with Teddy Roosevelt officiating. The museum had been a big part of both of their lives and had been the place where their love had begun.

Ahkmenrah and his love worked at the museum for the rest of their lives and were able to keep the original exhibits there for the rest of their lives. She was even able to purchase the museum using a few legal tricks and upon her and Ahkmenrah's death, left the museum to their children, on the condition that the museum exhibits were never replaced and that it would stay in the family.

Their love was seemingly a fairy tale, something that never should have happened. A child born of chance and magic. A second chance at life. Has this tale been a rumor? A legend? Only those who witnessed it can tell us...and they aren't talking.

Believe in whatever you will, but mostly, believe in love. For love can do the most impossible things...

# I swear

Lightning Bee  
Posted 25 January 2011

## USUAL DISCLAIMERS APPLY

**A/N: This is actually a re-uploaded piece from my other account 'Cowgirl of Egypt'. Due to password issues and emails not being received to my email address, this account is now my only active one, as oppose to my read-only account. Any work expected to be written by my old account will now be posted through this one. Thanks.**

Octavius watched Jedediah wandering around the miniature Ancient Rome display from his palace roof with a sense of great satisfaction. *He* had saved the cowboy from certain death and although there was a party in the main hall Jedediah was looking for *him*. He was extremely smug. The cow boy fascinated Octavius greatly. It was strange that such courage, determination and fire could be so easily summarised into one word. Jedediah. That was probably why Octavius enjoyed watching and spying on him so much.

The roman general watched Jed carefully as a band of pretty roman women surrounded him, speaking in high pitched voices and even higher pitched giggles.

"Why don't you come to the party with us?" one girl asked the cowboy, tossing back her long golden hair. Octavius felt a sharp spike of envy pierce through him when Jed smiled at the girl but it was quickly replaced with satisfaction once more when Jed gave her an answer.

"Not today. I got myself a roman general to find. Any idea where Octavius could be?"

"He could be at the party," another girl suggested slyly "We could help you look for him." Jed must have seen the dishonesty in her eyes because he shook his head.

"Nah, he doesn't really like parties. You go and enjoy yourselves," he replied. The girls left looking disappointed and Jed continued his search. Surprised and rather pleased at the cowboy's devotion to finding him Octavius decided to give Jed a helping hand by going over to him. He slipped down off the palace roof silently just as Jed decided to look elsewhere and turned to leave. Octavius hurried after him quickly and tapped him on the shoulder. Jed whipped round in surprise then smiled when he realised who it was. Octavius smiled back at him.

"Dance with me?" the roman asked suddenly, instead of a greeting.

"W-what?" Jed spluttered.

"Dance with me," Octavius repeated patiently. Jed shook his head.

"Cowboys don't-" Octavius silenced him by placing a finger on his lips. Jed looked at him uncertainly.

"Humour me," Octavius said quietly, slipping his arms around the cowboy's waist as a new song began to play in the hall. Jed sighed and muttered something about "Romans and their weird ways" before letting Octavius take control of the dancing, if you could call revolving in a circle dancing. A voice started singing along with the melody and Octavius chuckled, realising how appropriate the song was. Especially when Jed looked straight into his eyes, confusion etched onto his features.

*I see the questions in your eyes,*

*I know what's weighing on your mind,*

*But you can be sure that I know my part,  
'Cause I'll stand by you through the years.  
You'll only cry those happy tears,  
And though I make mistakes,  
I'll never break your heart.*

"See, this isn't too bad is it?" Octavius asked as they revolved slowly to the music.

"S'pose not," Jed admitted grudgingly.

"Better than going off with those women?" Octavius questioned quickly whilst unconsciously pulling the cowboy slightly closer.

"Yeah, I guess" Jed replied. Octavius smiled and Jed realised exactly what Octavius had just said. "Wait a minute...was you spyin' on me?"

Watching is a more appropriate word. I must admit it was rather enjoyable watching you Jedediah."

"Yeah? Don't do it again Toga boy." Octavius shook his head slightly.

"Not possible. There's something about you that makes it impossible to look away," Octavius confessed quietly. Jed was silent.

*I swear,  
By the moon and the stars in the sky,  
I'll be there.  
And I swear,  
Like the shadow that's by your side,  
I'll be there.  
For better or worse,  
Till death do us part,  
I'll love you with every beat of my heart.  
I swear.*

"Sounds like you've got a bit of a crush on me partner," Jed said suddenly, breaking the silence. Octavius smiled slightly.

"Yes, I suppose it does."

"I wouldn't have thought you the type," Jed muttered "with all your prim and proper ways." Octavius smirked at him.

"You thought wrong then didn't you?" he murmured "And you're not exactly beating me off are you?" Jed didn't answer so Octavius pulled him closer, the distance between them reduced to their faces being mere centimetres apart. "Are you?" Octavius repeated.

"No," Jed admitted "I'm not."

"Good," Octavius breathed. They lapsed into silence once again.

*I'll give you everything I can  
I'll build your dreams with these two hands  
We'll hang some memories on the wall  
An when there's silver in your hair  
You won't have to ask if I still care  
'Cause as time turns the page  
My love won't age at all*



"You know...I would do almost anything for you, is that not strange?" Octavius muttered tightening his hold on Jed.

"That is strange," Jed told him "Very strange. Almost as strange as us dancin' together." Octavius rolled his eyes but his heart wasn't in it. Jed was reacting well to what he had to say and Octavius found himself wishing their dance would never end. Without thinking about what he was doing until he had done it Octavius pulled Jedediah into a kiss. For a second the cowboy froze in shock then kissed the roman back softly. All dancing forgotten they continued to kiss for a long moment.

*I swear,  
By the moon and the stars in the sky,  
I'll be there.  
And I swear,  
Like the shadow that's by your side,  
I'll be there.  
For better or worse,  
Till death do us part,  
I'll love you with every beat of my heart.  
I swear.*

When they broke apart Octavius smirked at the cowboy with satisfaction. Jed smiled at him, dazed. "Y-you kissed me!" he exclaimed. Octavius laughed.

"You kissed me back," he reminded the cowboy smugly. Jed frowned.

"I did...didn't I?" he asked quietly "Oh my God!" The roman grinned at him.

"Personally I enjoyed it," Octavius confessed. Jed sighed.

"Want to know a secret?" The roman nodded "So did I." Octavius' grin widened.

"Does this mean we have a union?"

"Absolutely," Jed replied, pulling him into another kiss.

*I swear,  
By the moon and the stars in the sky,  
I'll be there.  
And I swear,  
Like the shadow that's by your side,  
I'll be there.  
For better or worse,  
Till death do us part,  
I'll love you with every beat of my heart.  
I swear.*

Larry walked quietly into the doorway and smiled when he saw the two miniature leaders together. At least one good think had come out of their troubles at the Smithsonian. Jed and Octavius had finally admitted how they felt about on another.

*I swear...*

# Hold Him Close To Feel His Heartbeat

Loki's-Phantom-x  
Posted 28 October 2009

A/N: *italics* is Octavius singing, **bold** is Jedediah, ***bold italics*** is both! XD Also, its cheesy and romantic, just as it should be. So don't like it, don't read it. Song is 'Tell Him' by Celine Dion and Barbra Streisand.

-x-

Late one Friday evening, Larry Daley sat at his desk in the middle of the grand entrance hall of the Museum of Natural History. See, Larry was the night watchman. He sighed gently, before looking at his watch. He smiled to himself. His eyes flicked up just to see the gigantic skeleton of the Tyrannosaurus Rex come to life.

"Rexy," he shouted, causing the dinosaur to look round, and jump around excitedly, as Larry produced the giant rib-bone from underneath his desk, before throwing it for the giddy dinosaur.

"Good boy," he said. "I'll go get the car." Larry jumped up from his seat before heading around the museum to do his rounds. He passed the Easter Island Head, who badgered him for 'gum-gum', which he did not have any of. The big head had eaten his last gum the night before.

"Sorry, fat-head," he joked. He walked away, hearing 'dumb-dumb' muttered as he did. He walked into the diorama room, catching glimpse of the miniatures going about their business. He moved over to the Roman Empire diorama first.

"Evening, Octavius," he said to the miniature Roman General, who was sitting on the fountain in the middle, apparently lost in thought. But he jumped up and smiled when he saw Larry.

"Good evening, my liege," he said, drawing a fist up to his chest before bowing lightly. "Is it time to play with Rexy?" Larry nodded, stretching out his hand and letting the little general climb aboard.

"Let's get Jedediah," Larry said, moving over to the western diorama. There was cheering and cursing coming from the western, but Jedediah emerged from his tent, placing his hat upon his head as he did so.

"Hey, Gigantor," he shouted when he saw Larry. He ran forward and Larry put his hand out from Jed to climb onto. Jed saw Octavius already sitting on Larry's hand, looking quite happy.

"Evenin' Octavius," he said with a grin, before planting himself next to the general. Larry carried them back to the main hall, to collect the little remote control sports car. Jed looked up at Larry.

"Hey, Gigantor! Ain't there nothin' else we can do, jus' for one night. We're always drivin' that car round, playing with that big ol' dinosaur. Can't we do somethin' else for a night?" Jed asked, before looking at Octavius, who nodded in agreement.

"Indeed, it is pretty tiresome doing the same thing every night. That dinosaur never wants to stop," Octavius said.

"What would you like to do?" Larry asked, as he let them off his hand and onto the desk. He sat down on his chair, looking down at the two miniatures. Jedediah shrugged his shoulder, and Octavius had his confused face on.

"Well, I dunno, Gigantor. It was just a suggestion. Can you not find somethin' for us?" Jed asked, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Okay Jed! Okay, I'll make sure I have something for tomorrow night," he said. "But right now you have to get in the car. There is a very impatient dinosaur in the entrance hall," he said, with a smile. He put the remote control car onto the floor, before tying the string to the back. He set the two miniatures on the floor, who both ran to get into the car.

"We better go get the bone," Larry said, walking in front, as Jed fired up the engine of the plastic car, racing off into the museum.

-x-

"What in the blue blazes is that thing, Gigantor?" Jed exclaimed, the following night, as Larry dragged a large square object behind him, along with a plastic bag.

"This ... is what I brought for tonight," Larry said, setting the bag on his desk before setting up what was in the box. There was a small screen TV in the large plastic bag, along with microphones, cables, CD's. Then, out of the box, Larry pulled out...

"A karaoke machine," Larry exclaimed excitedly. Jed and Octavius just stared at him.

"What, my liege, is a karaoke machine?" Octavius asking, peeking his head over the edge of the desk to look at the contraption Larry had brought.

"Well, what you do is you plug in these," he said, holding up the microphones. "You then pick a song from one of the CD's and you sing it into the microphone, reading the words off the TV."

"Oh no," Jedediah piped up. "O! Jedediah don't sing, partner."

"Jedediah, it will be fun," Octavius tried to reason.

"That's easy for you to say, Ockie. I've heard you before, singin' to yerself. You're good at it," Jed said, noticing the colour rising in Octavius' cheeks from the compliment.

"You have heard me in the past?" he clarified.

"Yeah, Ockie. You were pacin' around the empire, and I came lookin' for you ..." Jed admitted. "And I heard you." If it was possible, Octavius turned an even deeper shade of red. Redder than the colour of his tunic. Jed couldn't help but smile. "Aww, Ockie's so cute when he's blushin'," he teased.

"Come on, guys," Larry said. "You said you wanted to do something else other than play with Remy. I looked through everything at my apartment. This is the only think I could find." Jed crossed his arms over his chest, sighing dramatically.

"How about we get the rest of the guys and they can have a go first, see how fun it is," Larry suggested. "Then you can decide whether you want to sing or not."

"Fine, fine, Gigantor," Jed said. Larry smiled before he went to get the rest of the residents of the museum. Jed and Octavius just looked at each other. This would be fun.

-x-

Soon enough, the karaoke was underway. Larry, himself, started first, murdering a song called 'I Wanna Dance with Somebody' by Whitney Houston. Jed had put his hat over his face. He was embarrassed for Larry. Octavius simply wanted to cut his ears off. But he knew he had to grin and bear it. Then Attila the Hun got up and simply grunted his way through 'My Heart Will

Go On', which made half of the residents all snigger and laugh. Ahkmenrah had decided to get up and join in, and sang 'Somebody to Love', by Queen before Teddy Roosevelt and Sacagawea got up and sang 'Don't Go Breakin' My Heart', laughing and holding hands as they did. Larry laughed happily, as the residents were all enjoying themselves.

Octavius looked over at Jed. "Why not sing with me?" Jed looked up quickly, rather surprised.

"You mean, t'gether?" he asked, taking off his hat and worrying the rim gently. "I dunno, Ockie. I can't sing."

"I won't do it myself. Please, Jedediah," Octavius asked. Jed looked him in the eye, almost losing himself in the chocolate brown of those eyes, God, those eyes. A moment passed before he realised he was staring at the Roman general, who hadn't seemed to notice much.

"Octavius, you wanna go next, buddy?" Larry asked. Octavius nodded.

"Pick a duet, my liege. Jedediah will be singing with me," he said, noting the look of surprise on Larry's face before he smiled and nodded. Octavius grabbed Jedediah by the sleeve and pulled him over to the microphone. Larry laid the microphone down on the desk so the miniatures could have easy access, before he pressed shuffle on the songs, coming up with their song choice. Larry pressed play, and the song started up.

"Octavius, you go first," Larry said, smiling when the Roman nodded. He watched the screen intently as the words started up;

*'I'm scared*

*So afraid to show I care*

*Will he think me weak*

*If I tremble when I speak.'*

Jedediah couldn't believe what he was hearing. Octavius had such an amazing singing voice. He had only heard him sing quietly to himself before, but to hear his voice through a microphone in the grand entrance hall made him shiver. He watched with awe as he carried on singing.

*'What if there's another one he's thinking of?*

*Maybe he's in love,*

*I'd feel like a fool,*

*Life can be so cruel,*

*I don't know what to do.'*

Octavius had looked over at Jed whilst he had been singing. That's when Jedediah realised; the song was about him. About him and Octavius. About Octavius' feelings for him. He realised it was his turn and looked at the words on the screen.

**'I've been there,**

**With my heart out in my hand,**

**But what you must understand**

**You can't let the chance**

**To love him pass you by ...'**

Both miniatures looked at each other once more, Octavius blown away by Jedediah's voice. Why he told him he couldn't sing, would be a mystery to anyone. Larry watched them from next to Teddy and could tell there was something going on. He smiled. He liked to play

matchmaker. The Roman and the cowboy looked at the screen and saw the word 'both' come up, their voices mingling together for the first time.

***'Tell him***

***Tell him that the sun and moon rise in his eyes***

***Reach out to him***

***And whisper tender words so soft and sweet'***

*'I'll hold him close to feel his heartbeat'*

***'Love will be the gift you give yourself.'***

Jedediah shuffled closer to Octavius while the instrumental played. They stared into each other's eyes for a moment, as if no one else was in the room, before Jedediah turned back to sing again.

***'Touch him,***

***With the gentleness you feel inside'***

*'I feel it ...'*

***'Your love can't be denied,***

***The truth will set you free,***

***You'll have what's meant to be***

***All in time you'll see.'***

*'I love him'*

***'Then show him'***

*'Of that much I can be sure'*

***'Hold him close to you'***

*'I don't think I could endure,*

*If I let him walk away,*

*When I have so much to say.'*

Jedediah cast another glance at the roman, who looked back at him. There was love and adoration in his eyes. He had no idea about the general's feelings.

***'Tell him,***

***Tell him that the sun and moon rise in his eyes,***

***Reach out to him***

***And whisper tender words so soft and sweet'***

***'Hold him close to feel his heartbeat'***

*'Love will be the gift you give yourself,*

*Love is light that surely glows,*

*In the hearts of those who know,*

*It's a steady flame that grows.'*

***'Feed the fire with all the passion***

***You can show.'***

*'Tonight love will assume it's place'*

***'This memory time will not erase'***

***'Your faith will lead love where it has to go'***

Larry watched the two of them in awe, getting lost in the music and lost in the gazes they were sending each other between looking at the words on the TV screen and the other. Their

voices were incredible together. The roman soldiers and cowboys who had come to watch were cheering for their leaders, in between wolf whistles and cat calls.

***'Tell him,  
Tell him that the sun and moon rise in his eyes,  
Reach out to him  
And whisper tender words so soft and sweet,  
'Hold him close to feel his heartbeat'  
'Love will be the gift you give yourself.'***

The roman and the cowboy looked at each other once more, before Octavius reached over and he took Jedediah's hand in his own, caressing the back of his hand with his thumb.

***'Never let him go ...'***

Jedediah closed the gap between them, his lips pressing to the Roman's, delicately. There was silence around them as they kissed, before the entrance hall erupted into applause, making the two miniatures break apart. They both looked around at their audience with a smile.

"Way to go, guys!" Larry called out, clapping and smiling. Octavius turned to Jed, moving him away from the microphone so they weren't heard.

"I need you, alone, right now!" he said, with a smile. "I love you, Jedediah."

"I love you too, Ockie. My place or yours, boss?" Jed asked, grinning from ear to ear.

"Either," Octavius said, both of them rushing for the sports car and speeding off the diorama room. Larry shook his head. They may be miniatures, but that was one scene he didn't want to walk in on.

# Everybody's Always Talkin' 'Bout Who's on Top

Mythicalnightguard  
Posted 8 February 2014

It was just another night in the Hall of Miniatures, and Jedediah was excited. Tonight was the night that he would get to show Octavius what football was. He went over to the Roman exhibit.

"Evnin' Octavius. Ya ready?"

"Um, sure."

"Ya don't sound very confident."

Octavius frowned. "That's because I'm not. I don't know anything about feetbowl."

"Its football. And you don't need to know about it. Just when someone scores a touchdown."

" A touchdown? You mean like this?" Octavius said bending down to touch the ground.

"Uh, sort of. Never mind that. Let's go."

As they walked, Octavius became more and more uncertain.

" Who is playing?"

"The Patriots and the Steelers."

"Oh. Who are you cheering for?"

"The Steelers."

During the game, the Patriots were pulling ahead 5-8. And Jedediah's anger was waiting to explode. Unfortunately, Octavius didn't know how passionate Jedediah was about this sport.

"So Octavius, who are you cheering for."

"Um, Patriots."

"WHAT!" Jedediah yelled. "WHY in the WORLD would you cheer for them!?"

"Because,...because,...they are doing better than the Steelers." Octavius stammered. Immediately he regretted saying that.

"How dare you!" Jedediah said outraged. He stood and pushed Octavius backwards. He didn't mean to do it hard, but apparently it was hard enough. Larry had brought in a new portable T.V., and everyone was watching the game. The miniatures, since they were small, had to sit up high on the stairs and shelves to be able to see. Jedediah watched in shock as Octavius stumbled backwards off the shelf they were on.

"Octavius!" He cried. He got the attention of one of the Civil War men, and he helped him down. When Jedediah got down, he found Octavius crying. He ran to his side.

"Oh my gosh! Are you OK? I'm sorry!" He said quickly. He was unsure why Octavius was crying. Then he noticed he was holding his wrist. It was red and swollen. Jedediah reached out to examine it, but Octavius pulled it away.

"Octavius! Let me see!"

"No!" He wailed. Jedediah couldn't blame him for being mad. Jedediah was also mad at himself. He nearly killed Octavius. Over what? A football game!

"Listen Octavius. I'm sorry. I want to help you. Now let me see."

Octavius hesitated, then slowly extended his wrist to Jedediah. Jedediah looked it over carefully. He pulled off his bandana and wrapped it around Octavius' injured wrist.

"There. All bet..."

But he didn't finish. Suddenly, a shadow passed over them as someone went to put his foot down. Jedediah grabbed Octavius' injured wrist and ran to safety. Octavius screamed. His wrist hurt like hades. When they were safely out the way, Jedediah finished fastening the makeshift brace. Octavius had stopped whimpering, but he still held his wrist. The two sat down.

"I'm sorry." Jedediah began. "I shouldn't have let my anger get the better of me."

"That's okay. I forgive you." Octavius said truthfully.

"It's not OK! I could have killed you over a game! I'm not a good friend."

Octavius frowned. "No. You are a good friend."

Jedediah gave Octavius an incredulous look.

"Hey, if you were a bad friend, you would have left me. You wouldn't have sacrificed missing the game to help me." Octavius smiled. "And you would've saved yourself when that foot came down."

"Ya know," Jedediah said, "Larry should put up caution signs so we don't get stepped on."

They both laughed. Jedediah glanced back at the screen. The Patriots were still winning by two points. But it didn't matter. It wasn't worth fighting over. Besides, it was Octavius' first game, he wanted him to remember it in a positive way.



# Dégoûtation

Ongi

Posted 7 January 2011

Ecrite dans le cadre de la Nuit du Fof (Vendredi 07 janvier 2011) pour le 3° thème:  
Lampe.

**Bonne lecture!**

\* \* \*

...

\* \* \*

***Ce soir votre chaîne préférée vous renseigne sur tous les bons plans et appareils. Tout d'abord une promotion exceptionnel du nouvel objet innovateur de Monsieur Larry Daley ! La lampe qui brille dans le noir !***

\* \* \*

Jedediah secoua la tête, un faux air navré sur le visage et cria aussi fort qu'il le put :  
« Octavius, viens voir ! Le géant grand passe à la télé ! »  
« J'arrive, camarade ! Fi, fi !!! A l'assaut ! » et le petit romain entreprit d'escalader la table basse pour rejoindre son camarade miniaturisé.

« J'arrive pas à croire que cette andouille nous a lâché pour ce truc qui brille !! », se récria Jedediah, indigné, « Ca me fend l'cul de voir ça ! A quoi ça lui sert en plus ? ! Puisqu'il est plus là pour qu'le ousiti en culotté la lui pique sa putain d'lampe. »

Cour-age, arf, compagnon ! » il haletait de son escalade ardue, « Ne baissons pas les bras Larry finira bien par se rendre à l'évidence ! Regarde plutôt qui ose impunément envahir notre vaste empire ! Sus !! Sus, camarade ! Défendons notre empire contre ce monstre poilu et puant ! »

« Ouais t'as raison, mec ! J'vais pas m'laisser tirer dans l'dos par ce géant emmerdeur ! Et toi là, le macaque ! Tu veux te battre ? Non, attention, attention !!!!! Arrrrrrrrrg !! »

« NON !! JEBEDIAH ! ! ! ! », hurla Octavius en se précipitant au rebord de la table pour essayer d'apercevoir son ami, « Jebediah ! Tu vas bien ? ! »

...

« Ca roule, mec ... »

\* \* \*

**Euuuuuh le pire OS des 4 je crois... XD C'est déjà un grand honneur si vous avez pris la peine de lire.**

# How We Pass the Time

OneDarkandStormyNight  
Posted 24 December 2014

It was nearly noon, minutes until they would break for lunch, and she was so cross-eyed from wiping down hundreds of miniatures (how many miniatures did one Hall of Miniatures actually need?) and hungry for that cucumber crostini in her backpack that she almost missed it.

Checking over her shoulder to make sure none of her colleagues would see her possibly damaging museum property, she moved a bit of the tiny Roman wall away and peered into the tiny Roman room.

She blinked just in case she was seeing things, but no, that really was one of the cowboys from the neighboring display, complete with a red bandana and an oversized belt buckle. He sat on the floor with his back against the wall, mop of blonde hair fully visible since his hat was in his lap rather than on his head, and though the faces of these tiny figurines were never very specific, his features seemed to be relaxed in slumber. Beside him—and this was where she really got confused—a Roman general rested his head on the cowboy's shoulder, his body half-turned toward his out-of-place companion and his helmet secure under one hand at his side.

She thought that certainly it must have been a practical joke, and reached in to pull them apart, only to realize she couldn't.

Half-hidden under the ten-gallon hat, the cowboy and the Roman were holding hands.

\* \* \*

*Jedediah: "We fight, okay? That's what we do!"<br>Octavius: "It's kind of how we pass the time."*