

# The NatM Fanfic Archive: Volume 4

Compiled by Ian [16 December 2023]

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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 In an effort to preserve these stories, and this early history of the fandom, they have been archived here.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.

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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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# First Halloween

ShiningGalaxy  
Posted 20 December 2013

**Seeing as I've never uploaded anything on ff for awhile I figured it was due time. I apologize everyone. Lately, I have been more focused on my original novels. I think once I have completed at least one or two I'll come back to writing fanfics...not sure when. I miss ya's**

Ahkmenrah stared at Kayleigh with a dumbfounded look plastered on his face. "What is the purpose of this holiday?"

Kayleigh pointed to the bag of candy that was located at the entrance to the Ancient Egyptian Exhibit, ignoring the looks she was receiving from the Jackals, she replied, "For candy of course."

He raised an eyebrow. "That's...all?"

Kayleigh shrugged. "Yep. That's pretty much it, though some believe that the barrier between this world and the next is weakened, which allows all thing paranormal to pass through."

Ahkmenrah sent her a blank stare, she laughed; "I personally love the ghost stories. Not to mention I enjoy seeing all the decorated houses and getting free candy and chips."

"It seems as though this Halloween is a very accepted tradition in this time. There is no other reason for celebration?" He asked, dropping his hands to his side he walked a few steps forward, a smile spreading across his face as he held out his arms, prompting her to step into his embrace. She did so without hesitation.

Resting her head on his chest, Kayleigh sighed with content, wrapping her arms around his chest. A smile spread across her rose colored lips as memories resurfaced; "It was tradition that my dad always took me and my older sister, Jessa out for Halloween. I vaguely remember my very first one. I was five and I dressed up like a teddy bear."

"I bet you were adorable." Ahkmenrah murmured against her ear, a smile forming on his own face as he pictured a younger version of Kayleigh in a teddy bear costume.

"Really?" Kayleigh inquired, tilting her head up to look at him, his kiss caught her off guard, earning him a slight moan as well as a playful smack on the shoulder. "You sneaky little bugger!"

"That I am my princess." It was Kayleigh's turn to be sneaky as she quickly planted a kiss on his lips, he wrapped his arms around her shoulders bringing her body closer to him. "Now, who is the one being sneaky?"

Kayleigh scoffed, sounding slightly offended at his accusation. "Me? Sneaky? Never! Oh shoot! I have to take this bag of candy over to Erica's...I promised Nicky I would take him out Trick-or-treating...you wanna come?"

Ahkmenrah seemed a bit hesitant. "Sure, but would we be back before the sun rises?"

Intertwining her fingers with his, Kayleigh brought his hand up to her lips as she kissed it gently. "Yes, Nicky has school early in the morning so we'll have to be back...by at least 11,

besides...I can't wait for tonight because I get to spend it with two of my favorite men as well...I get to wear my Resident Evil costume."

"Resident Evil?"

"Uh huh. I'll explain to you what it is on the way to Erica's house."

"Alright."

"Where are you two going?" Teddy asked, stroding up to us on his horse.

"Hey Teddy. I promised Erica that I would take Nicky out for Halloween. We have to stop at my place because I'm dressing up too."

"Oh well, you two have fun. Remember Ahkmenrah, get back here before the sun rises."

"He will don't worry. Nicky has to go to school the next day anyways so we're not going to stay out too late." Kayleigh turned to Ahkmenrah. "We have to stop at my Uncle's place."

Before they could leave a familiar whistle and a pair of footsteps caught the couples attention. "Hey Kay, Ahk You two gonna go pick up Nick?"

"Yes we are."

Larry nodded his acknowledgement before heading off towards the stairs before stopping. "Don't forget, Ahk. You have to be here before the sun rises."

Ahkmenrah rolled his eyes before saying something in his native language. Kayleigh laughed. "I think that statement is getting on his nerves."

"You know Ancient Egyptian now?"

"No...but his body language says it all." She replied, sticking her tongue out.

"...Isn't that mature..." Larry muttered to himself, though a smile was showing brightly on his face.

"You know it." Kayleigh giggled before snaking her arm through Ahkmenrah's. "If there isn't anything else you need to tell us before we go?"

Larry made a shooing motion. "Go! Get. Have fun you two. Be careful."

As they headed towards the door Kayleigh called back over her shoulder. "Oh, but that's no fun. Bye!"

"Yeah...bye..."

Ahkmenrah glanced over at Kayleigh, her eyes were twinkling with happiness as they headed to her uncle's apartment. "You seem very happy."

She looked up at him. "Yes, I am...are you?"

"Of course I am. I get to spend it with you!" Ahkmenrah smiled.

It felt like a couple of seconds to get to their destination, though Kayleigh knew it was at least a fifteen minute walk. Jumping up the stairs to at a time she pulled out her house key and inserted it into the lock. As she stepped inside and turned on the light she stopped what she was doing when she realized that Ahkmenrah did not follow her in, her brows furrowed in confusion at him.

"Something the matter Ahkmenrah?"

He blinked a couple times, coming out of his reverie. He stepped into the dwelling. "Sorry my Princess. I have never been in this kind of home before."

She smiled. "Its small...but I wouldn't have it any other way. Make yourself at home while I go upstairs and change into my costume."

Ahkmenrah nodded as he headed to what looked like a bed. "May I sit on this?"

Kayleigh nodded. "Yes of course you can! Silly! Be right back."

Ahkmenrah looked around the living room. It felt welcoming. It felt warm and just cozy. Pictures filled the walls, of Nick, Larry, Kayleigh and other people who he has never seen before. He would have to ask Kayleigh about them when he got the chance.

A few minutes went by before a pair of footsteps could be heard coming down the stairs. Ahkmenrah looked up only to do a double take before his mouth dropped open in awe. "Wha-?"

Giggling, Kayleigh turned around once she reached the main floor. "You like?"

Ahkmenrah didn't know what to say. She was wearing a pair of black boots, black bicycling pants reaching her knees as a pair of pink denim shorts over a top of them, a black turtle-neck t-shirt peaked through a pink denim vest; the same colour as her shorts tucked neatly underneath, a knife holster hanging in plain view on the left side of her chest. She was wearing a pair of black gloves the fingers were cut off. Though what caught his eyes was the fact that the colour of her hair had been changed, to a purplish-red. "This...is your Halloween costume?"

She nodded. "Uh huh. I'm Claire Redfield from the Resident Evil series. She is an awesome character."

"You look stunning as always, my Princess." A thought suddenly dawned on him. "If I am to be participating in this holiday with you...shouldn't I be dressed up like something else?"

She shook her head in response. "Only if you want to, though I really don't have anything for you to wear as a costume. I think what you have is pretty good...It's Halloween...people dress up like mummies for goodness sake."

He shook his head before sighing. "There is so much to learn about the modern world."

She slowly walked over to the couch before kneeling down in front of him. "There is so much to learn about your culture and life to you know...we can do it together...how does that sound?"

"Sounds amazing." He replied, taking her hand within his before kissing her gloved hand gently. "Should we get going, my Princess?"

"We should."

~XxXxXxX~

"Kayleigh! Ahk."

Kayleigh laughed as her younger cousin almost knocked her on the floor. "Hey watch the costume, brat!"

"Awesome, you're being Claire Redfield?"

"Yes! What are you being?" Kayleigh asked as she sat down at one of the stools, located in Erica's kitchen.

"Superman."

"Superman? Really?" Kayleigh laughed, ruffling up the young boys hair, earning a laugh.

"Stop that, Kayleigh!"

"No fun you are."

The sound of someone clearing their throat could be heard as both Kayleigh and Nick turned their attention to the kitchen entrance, only to see Erica leaning against the door, smiling. She stepped forward, looking very relieved.

"Hey Kayleigh. Thanks so much for taking Nicky out for Halloween."

"You're welcome, Erica." Kayleigh replied, standing up from the stool she was sitting on before walking over to Erica and pulling her into a hug. "I missed you too, been so long since I've seen you."

"I know! You have grown so big." Erica suddenly noticed Ahkmenrah standing there, quietly looking at the scene before him. "Who is your friend, Kayleigh?"

"Erica, this is my boyfriend Ahmed. Ahmed this is Erica."

"Nice to meet you, Erica."

"Likewise."

Before anymore could be said Nick had interjected. "Can we go now, Kayleigh? I want to get some candy sometime tonight..."

Rolling her eyes, she let out a heart-felt laugh. "We'll bring him back the way we received him."

"You better."

"We will."

As they bade their goodbyes, Kayleigh pulled Nick into a bear hug as soon as they stepped out onto the sidewalk, causing him to squeal like a teenage girl. This elicited many looks from people with other kids. "So where do you want to go next?"

Ahkmenrah moved to the other side of Kayleigh and reaching down with his left hand he intertwined his fingers with hers. Looking back she rested her head on his shoulder, waiting for her cousin to answer her.

Nick looked around before his gaze landed on a group of kids. A smile overtook his features as he wordlessly trotted towards them, they all turned around a smile forming on each of their faces as a couple of them made their way over to Nick.

Kayleigh and Ahkmenrah exchanged silent glances as they followed Nick closely. One of the younger girls looked at them with a confused expression before leaning her head to her friend and whispering something to the young girl.

The other young girl whom was dressed up in what appeared to be a fairy princess costume muttered something to Nick. Nick turned to Kayleigh. "Guys, this is my cousin Kayleigh and her boyfriend, Ahk...uh Ahmed."

"Hey." Kayleigh gave them a slight wave, while Ahkmenrah nodded.

"Hello."

Introductions was over as fast as they started. They were a couple of feet behind the group so that they could keep a close eye on Nick, but also give him enough personal space with his friends, all of which were chatting about everything and anything.

Ahkmenrah watched as the group walked up to a house, ringing the doorbell. An elderly lady wearing a long black dress came out, a bucket of candy in hand. "When do the children usually go back home?"

Kayleigh needed to think, pulling away from Ahkmenrah she reached into her vest pocket and looked at the time. It read 8:30.

"I would say at least another 2 hours before they usually go home." She replied slowly as she snaked her way back into Ahkmenrah's arms, earning a chuckle from him.

"Kayliegh! Ahkmenrah look at what I got?"

Kayleigh couldn't help but laugh as Nicky held up a small McDonald's toy; a toy of one of her favourite characters from a movie she used to watch many MANY times when she was younger.

B-Bop A-Luna from the Butt Ugly Martians.

"Th-That's awesome Nicky." She choked out. "Oh...um we're gonna be taking you home around 10:30 alright?"

His shoulders sagged about an inch, but stopped. "What time is it now?"

"8:33."

His eyes widened. "We don't have much time then."

"Well you guys better hope to it."

"Are you going trick-or-treating?" Nick asked, his head falling to one side. Both she and Ahkmenrah shook their heads no.

"No. I love Halloween because I get to dress up..." She winked at him. "Besides...I was hoping that seeing as Ahk and I took you out trick-or-treating that you could share your goodies with us..."

"It's a deal." He replied before taking off towards the next house. Ahkmenrah and Kayleigh quickly following behind.

"I've known Larry and Nick for at least a year and a half before I met you Kayleigh...but...I have never witnessed being so..." He stopped, thinking of the right word to say.

"Hyper?" Kayleigh asked, raising her eyebrows.

"Yes, that's it!"

Rolling her eyes Kayleigh laughed. "He does that when he's extremely happy." She glanced at the boy in question whom at this time was talking to a young girl, both of which were laughing and smiling brightly at one another. A thought finally dawned on her;

"I think my little cousin has a crush..."

"What do you mean?"

She nodded her head to the small group. "Well, for one I see how happy he is with talking with her. Two, he has never really left her side since we had met up with his group."

Ahkmenrah looked as though he was in deep thought for a moment before saying anything else. "You know... I never really noticed his behaviour until now."

"Most guys don't..." she muttered to herself. Hoping that it went unheard. Taking a quick glimpse at Ahkmenrah Kayleigh realized that he indeed did not hear her.

The couple lost track of time as they continued to talk about anything and everything. Kayleigh felt as though she was walking around for hours. Snaking out from Ahkmenrah's arms for the third time that night she realized that it was now time to take Nicky home. She called out to him;

"Nicky!"

He turned his attention to him. "Yeah, Kay?"

She ushered for him over as she spoke. "Say bye to your friends it's time to go."

"...okay..." He reluctantly went back to his friends, slowly. Their faces dropped instantly as he said his goodbyes. Kayleigh felt a smile tug at her lips as the girl whom Nick was talking with most of the night, jumped onto him her arms wrapping tightly around his neck.

Letting go of the girl, he said his goodbye one last time as he made his way back over to Kayleigh and Ahkmenrah, his second full pillow case slumped over his shoulder.

Kayleigh couldn't help but make the remark. "Y'know if you had like a sumo wrestlers costume on...a red suit and white wig and a long white beard...you could be like Santa Clause."

Nick's eyes narrowed. "Yeah, yeah very funny."

Kayleigh wrapped her arms around his neck, taking his bag of Halloween Treats and handed it to Ahkmenrah. "Oh, you're such a sour-puss."

"Yeah...whatever." Nick huffed, crossing his arms over his chest. He seemed to brighten up a notch when Kayleigh ruffled up his hair. "Would you stop doing that!"

"Haha, theirs my Nicky!" She planted a kiss on the top of his head. "Besides, you get to see them at school tomorrow."

He only nodded in agreement as they walked back to his house. The walk was pretty quiet, Nick was still very annoyed of having to leave his friends while they could stay out longer. Ahkmenrah was busy looking at the scenery that he too, was a little disappointed about having to leave again so early.

Walking up the steps Kayleigh placed her hand on Nick's shoulder. As he turned around she leaned down and whispered in his ear. "If you like her, Nick...tell her."

Even in the moonlight Kayleigh could tell that he was blushing. She smiled lightly before pulling him into a hug. "How did you know?"

"I just know these things Nicky..." She pressed the doorbell, Erica opened it, leaning against the doorframe looking at them with a smile. "Now get going Nicky. I hope you had fun."

"I did." He replied, hugging his cousin tightly before letting go. He smiled up at Ahkmenrah before going inside.

"Thanks again, Kayleigh. You too Ahmed."

"You're welcome. We had fun." Kayleigh smiled, hugging her Aunt lovingly.

"That's good. Have a good night you two."

"We, will."

The door shut behind them as they headed down the stairs, yet again. They began walking back to the museum. Ahkmenrah was lagging behind. Kayleigh noticed this.

"Something wrong, hun?"

He exhaled sharply through his nose before replying. "No, not really...I'm just not that ready to go back to the museum is all, my Princess."

She smiled. "Well, how about this...we go to the museum, but we go onto the roof? Spend some time together, while looking at the stars?"

Ahkmenrah pulled her into him, his head resting on top of hers. "That sounds good too, my Princess?"

As they arrived back at the museum, arm in arm, they were greeted with Rexy, who had one of his bones clenched in between his mouth, his long tail wagging. Kayleigh looked up at him. "You wanna play Rexy?"

His tail started to shake even more as he dropped the good sized bone in front of her. Giggling at his playfulness, she picked up the bone and threw it down the hall, both her and Ahkmenrah ducked as Rexy's tail came swinging by, flying an inch above their ducked heads.

Taking each others hand they headed up the stairs. A couple times they had to stop because either the Neanderthals getting into the fire-extinguisher foam; or the Huns were trying to rip someone's limb off, seeing as Ahkmenrah spoke Hun, he ordered them to NOT pull

anyone's limbs off, even though they protested against his wishes though Ahkmenrah did coax them not to.

Walking down the hall, Kayleigh couldn't help but laugh. Ahkmenrah looked at her with a confused look, he tilted his head to the side.

"Why are you laughing?"

"I'm laughing at you." She replied, her smile becoming more and more pronounced. Ahkmenrah let out a low chuckle. Opening the door to the roof he motioned of her to go first. "Why thank you. You are such a gentleman."

He followed suit. "I try to be for you, my princess. Now...why were you laughing at me?"

Pushing open the door she laughed, the sound of her voice echoed through out the small stairway. "I couldn't help but noticed, you're adorable when you're trying to convince the Huns to not rip someone's limbs off."

"They are so stubborn at times." He shook his head, his eyebrows furrowing together as he recalled the latest incident with them.

Kicking off her boots, she let her sore feet onto the cool rooftop, she sighed with content as she sat down, leaning her head against the brick wall.

As Ahkmenrah sat down beside her he took her hands in his. "It is quite peaceful out here. Is it not?"

"It is." She replied, staring up at the stars, neither one of them saying a word for a few moments before Kayleigh glanced at his face, her smile brightening. "So..."

He looked down at Kayleigh. "What's on your mind my Princess?"

"How was your first Halloween, Your majesty?" She chuckled at the look on his face.

Laughing he brought his head down and kissed her lips tenderly. "It was amazing. Thank you for sharing your night with me."

She stole his lips with her kiss. "You are most welcome."



# Rivalry

SylviaW1991  
Posted 29 April 2011

Don was baffled. His stepson was almost in tears from being grounded. It was the first Friday night in the two years since his real father had taken back his job as a museum night guard that the boy hadn't been allowed to visit. But what was so damn special about going to a museum at night? Sure the animatronics were pretty clever – better than Don had ever seen anywhere else – but what else was there?

Did Nicky just like being with his father that much? Don's heart sped up at the thought of spending time with Nicky's father, but that was quickly brushed aside as jealousy. Nicky's father was a deadbeat. He'd given up an entire corporation just to guard a bunch of dusty artifacts! As a sensible bond trader, it simply made no sense to him.

His wife walked in the living room, frowning. "I don't understand why you're grounding him. It was a harmless prank."

"My favorite tie is pink." Don sighed, running his hands through neatly trimmed dark hair. "It's only for one night, Erica. He can stand to be away from his father that damn long."

"He hasn't been with him all week! And now Larry's not answering his cell phone. So you grounded him, you'll have to go explain to Larry why his son isn't coming to keep him company." She sighed, placing her hands on his shoulders. "I'm sure a museum gets lonely at night, Don. And Larry's been a wonderful father since he got that night guard job. Give him a chance."

The man sighed and rose slowly. "Fine, fine. I'll go tell him. Maybe Nicky can go to the museum tomorrow *if* he finishes all his homework."

The blonde smiled, rose to her toes and kissed his cheeks, then his lips. It was a warm kiss that Don sank easily into. He'd enjoyed this woman from day one and, after quite a few years of marriage, was just as happy with her as he'd ever been.

In a way, he owed Larry, he supposed. Going down to tell him Nicky wasn't going to be around that night was a small way to repay the man who'd been idiotic enough to let the woman currently lapping at his tongue slip away.

Finally Don drew back, smiled at his wife. "All right, Erica. I'll see you soon."

"I love you!" she called as he vacated their apartment.

"Love you, too!" he replied and was soon pulling into the back lot of the Museum of Natural History. It had been closed the hour before, Don noted with a glance at his car's clock. He flicked the keys and the engine shut down. Hopefully he'd still be able to get in...

Inside, there was an uproar of activity. Huns walked around shouting at people and at each other, laughing and carrying on. Cavemen scrambled around rubbing sticks and stones together in their never-ending quest to create fire.

Sacagawea sat upon a horse, arms wrapped around his owner – President Theodore Roosevelt – who continued to amuse her with his everlasting supply of witty stories. Some of which she doubted, and was most fond of his bear story. In her opinion, not shooting a caged and cornered animal was amazing. She gave him a fond squeeze and was delighted to see

such a worldly man blush. She whispered something in his ear that had the blush deepening and he spurred on his horse. "Hyah, Texas!"

An Egyptian Pharaoh sat upon a bench, conversing with a dark-haired miniature female. His head fell back on a delighted laugh. "Alexia, the charming stories you tell of your fathers are quite delightful."

"All true," she claimed, though they both knew she embellished. Her fathers were, at that moment, locked in a heady embrace in a Western saloon/motel room.

A skeletal tyrannosaurus rex chased after a miniature car, one of its own bones attached to the end. Playing idly with the controls was the night guard, blue eyes deep with thought. He knew just what everyone was doing at that moment – it was almost routine by that time. Sure the Civil War guys would sometimes break a window and it was hell explaining that to his boss, and there was the previous night when Lewis and Clark had wandered outside to search out the Pacific Ocean, believing they could find it before dawn, but...

He sighed. But. It was all routine, and just about all romantic. Jedediah and Octavius had their beautiful daughter Alexia – who had grown at an alarming rate – and were still passionately in love, something which he'd seen with his own eyes more times than he cared to count. He smiled, recalling one instance where he'd stumbled upon the two just after dawn, locked together in a snuggly embrace. The only problem was that they'd both been nude and curled in a spoon position. Hiding them had been relatively easy, but still. Embarrassing.

And it made the guard jealous. He'd lost Rebecca when she'd moved to Seattle after they'd had a big fight about him leaving the museum when he had a few months before. And the only other woman he'd felt anything for was a wax figure – Amelia Earheart – who was housed at the Smithsonian, of all places. He couldn't make that commute every night, for one. For two, he'd need the tablet to bring her to life every night and he'd never take the life away from the guys in the Museum of Natural History.

It'd be like killing off his closest friends... He could never do such a thing...

There was a knock at the revolving doors in front and had the guard up in a shot. *Nicky*, he thought, relieved. His son still made the routine of the museum magical, which was why he hated school months. Nicky never managed to convince his mother – or *Don* – to let him stay on a school night.

But now it was Friday and Nicky would – that wasn't Nicky. Larry's brow furrowed as he unlocked the doors and let the man on the other side in. "Where's Nicky?"

Don tucked his hands in his pockets, looking around. "You keep them on after closing?" he mused. "I'm sure that gets expensive." Though he'd always thought that the T-rex in the center of the main lobby was more...stationary. He blinked, watching it run after a small car.

That...couldn't mean what he thought it did.

Larry scowled. He'd never been fond of his ex-wife's husband. *Bond trader*. Ew. What a lame job... "You didn't answer my question."

"You didn't answer mine."

Larry sighed, tucking his hands in his pockets. "I'm not in the mood for your crap, Don. Where's Nicky? It's Friday."

"Nicky's been grounded for the weekend."

"For what?" he shouted, loud enough for a little capuchin monkey to skid to a stop and cock his head. "Keep on moving, Dexter. It's fine." The monkey chattered and then scampered away, somehow having snatched Larry's keys as he was prone to do.

Don lifted a brow, but said nothing. He was obviously just tired. "For this," he responded to Larry's question, revealing the pink tie.

"What's wrong with it?"

"This morning it was blue." Larry snickered, incensing the other man. "What's so damn funny about it? Somehow he made it start changing colors just as I was in the middle of a very important board meeting!"

"Yeah, I'm sure he planned it just like that." Larry's eyes rolled. "Calm down. You can't ground him for a whole weekend. I have partial custody, you know."

"Not for every weekend," Don pointed out, making Larry grind his teeth out of frustration.

"Nicky loves it here!"

"Which is why I decided to ground him from here." His smile was charming. "It's only two days and he may be able to come back tomorrow."

"This is bullshit!" the guard exploded, hands tossed into the air. "You think you have some kinda right to keep my son from me? I'll fight for full custody of him! How would you like that? I'm financially set now, pal. I can sure as hell give *you* a run for your money!"

As none of them had ever seen Larry so upset before, all of the exhibits currently in the lobby quickly vacated. Even Rexy scurried out, tail between his skeletal legs.

Don, ignoring all of this, jabbed Larry in the chest. "Hey! I'm doing you a goddamn favor by being here right now since you wouldn't answer your damn cell phone when Erica called you!"

"Erica never—" He paled. "Shit. I left my phone on the dresser at home..."

"Exactly!" Don's eyes rolled. "You're welcome, jerk."

Larry's brow furrowed as the man stormed away. He *hated* Don, but that didn't stop him from feeling guilty about yelling as he had. He was just so frustrated, so...lonely. "Don...?"

"What?"

"How would you like a tour...?"

"I've been through here before."

Larry shook his head, a sudden grin forming. Maybe it'd be good if Don knew about the Museum's secret. He'd probably be less likely to ban Nicky from the place.

Either that or the bond trader would flip a gear and ban him permanently...

It was a chance Larry – in his emotional state – was willing to take. Though, halfway through the tour, Don started hyperventilating. Larry shoved him into his office just as Columbus walked past, shouting in Italian.

"What's your problem?" the guard snapped.

"This shit...It's real!"

"Uh...yeah. I know."

"How?"

Sighing, Larry leaned against his desk and began to explain the details of the tablet's power while Don just sat there, eyes growing wider with each word. "There. Now do you get it? History...really comes alive here."

"That's... This is impossible." Don shot to his feet. "You're out of your mind. It's not safe for Nicky to be around you." He made his way to the door, but hadn't even touch the knob before Larry had his arm behind his back and his front pinned to the door.

"You saw them out there. They're not animatronic like everyone wants to think." His lips were brushing against Don's earlobe, making him tense. Larry didn't understand, so hardened her grip, pressed more firmly against the man. "You *know* that this is real. And it's impossible to explain. But you... If you think you can keep Nicky away from me or this place, you're way wrong. 'Cause I'll—"

"You'll wha—" He broke off and he and Larry gazed at each other with wide eyes. Don had turned his head and their lips had brushed, were still touching actually.

"This is real," Larry said again, and Don blew out a breath. Their lips were still touching and when Don nervously licked his lips, he also licked Larry's. The guard's grip tightened even more as he felt himself stirring to life in a place that shouldn't be affected. This was *Don*. The bond trader who had married Larry's ex-wife, who was the "man" in Nicky's life now.

But Larry found himself licking his lips and tasting Don's in the process.

After a few seconds, Don licked his lips again, this time more slowly. Larry, on the other hand, worked fast. In two seconds flat he had Don spun around, his back pressed to the door and only his toes able to reach the ground. Larry got a hold of Don's tongue and suckled it while the man stared at him with wide, dark eyes.

But soon enough Don's eyes slid closed and Larry let his tongue slide down to the man's neck where he suckled and nibbled until there was a small bruise on his skin. A bulge began poking at his hip and Larry, one-handed, managed to unbuckle his slacks and tug them down. His breath panted out desperately. "I'm married," he managed. "I can't..." A fist closed around his shaft and his hips bucked automatically. "Ah!"

Larry's fist pumped several time to ensure that Don's length was as hard as can be and pulsating with need before he unbuckled his own pants and flicked the lock on the door. "We c-can't," Don stuttered. "We're men. I hate you."

"I hate you, too," Larry snapped, rubbing his dick against Don's. The bond trader's eyes rolled back in his head at such a new sensation.

"Stop!" he shouted, hips bucking of their own accord.

"No," Larry growled, teeth going at Don's neck as he tugged away his shirt. With the new skin exposed, the guard eagerly took teeth and tongue over it, suckling at Don's nipple until he cried out for more.

He went to the other nipple, chewing and sucking hard. Don's arms came around him, his fingers curling desperately into his jacket. "Larry, please."

"Please what?" he demanded, thumb massaging the tip of his throbbing member.

"Hurry," he whispered.

"What was that?"

"Hurry! Damn you!" And he found himself on his back on the cold, hard floor. He was entirely naked in front of Larry, who had only his pants open. The jacket fell to the ground slowly, the pants slipping down well-muscled thighs on their own.

Watching the guard undress for him, Don wrapped a hand around his own length and began pumping. The tie was undone slowly, the shirt drawn up just as teasingly and finally, as

Don was very close to the edge, Larry was kneeling before him, Don's legs propped onto his shoulders. The guard cupped his balls, kneading and squeezing until Don whimpered.

His entire body jerked when he felt something slip into his tight hole. Larry moved his hips in a circular motion, using the tip of his dick to loosen the muscles. As Don's eyes grew almost black from pleasure, he pushed further in.

Eyes closing, Don's hands fisted at his sides. Larry's hands pumped his shaft mercilessly, the pre drooling onto his hands to slicken them. Finally, Don cried out, eyes shooting open. He barely held back his orgasm, but managed, gazing into Larry's baby blues, which were dark with satisfaction.

He'd hit a bundle of nerves within Don, the prostate. He rubbed his dick against it, moving quickly while Don's hips pumped desperately. He gasped and groaned and writhed. It felt so wonderfully perfect, but so damn wrong at the same time.

"Fuck!" he shouted and Larry slammed deep, making Don scream with ecstasy. He continued with these deep, hard thrusts, eyes closing, his head falling back, until his seed burst forth, hot and deep within the other man.

Unable to take any more after that, Don came as well, his cum spurting onto his own chest. The man sank against the ground, panting desperately. He felt Larry pull out, but had his eyes closed all the way until he heard a zipper.

His eyes flew open to see Larry, fully dressed once again. "Get off my floor, you idiot. Go get Nicky and bring him over. I'm gettin' kinda bored. Okay?" He unlocked the door and walked out, leaving the dazed man on the floor, covered in his own cum.

"Fuck," he muttered. "I hate you, Larry Daley..."

# That Can Be Arranged

TheJediAshCash  
Posted 30 December 2014

**A/N: Short little Jed/Octavius one-shot that popped in my head because I've been watching Night At The Museum far too much lately. Takes place a couple weeks after the 2nd movie. Please read and review!**

**Disclaimer: I own nothing.**

Things were as normal as they could have been following the events in Washington DC. The tablet was back where it belonged. Ahkmenrah apologized profusely for the actions of his older brother, and then apologized again for not being able to fight with them. The museum now had new extended night hours three nights a week which everyone loved participating in. Surprisingly Attila was wonderful with small children who would often sit to listen to his stories, Teddy gave rides on Texas to any youngster who was willing to try and Sacajawea found herself enjoying the job of leading groups through the museum.

Yes, everyone seemed to have adjusted to the new life at the museum. Everyone except on exhibit. The miniature cowboy Jedediah had not quite been himself since he had returned from the Smithsonian. His usual feisty and excitable demeanor was replaced by one far more quiet and less lively. The usual dedication he put into the construction of the railroad in his exhibit was nowhere to be found. He walked with less confidence and a glint of fear in his eyes, though he tried to hide it. His own home drove him mad. When the sun set at the night he made sure to hightail it away from the sandy landscape of the western exhibit.

Alone.

Jedediah couldn't stand to let anyone see him in the state he found himself in since the hourglass. It made him feel weak. The constant panic attacks he would have as he came alive every night and found himself surrounded by sand were more than he could bear. The miniature cowboy did his best to shake the feelings off but they always found a way back.

Tonight was no different. The sun slowly set replacing the bright orange sky with one of navy blue, covered in sets of cotton white clouds.

As the other exhibits stretched out their bones and came to life, Jedediah jolted up from his slumber. The sand from his exhibit scratched at his neck. His eyes were wide with the same fear that lived in them the last few weeks. As his breath grew shorter, he found himself being consumed in a world of sad again. He blinked his eyes trying to clear his blurring vision. When that didn't work he bolted from the exhibit, running as quickly as his small feet would carry him.

Octavius didn't know what to make of his friend's strange behavior. In the two weeks since they had returned from the Smithsonian the centurion had noticed a drastic change in the cowboy's behavior. He was nowhere near as cocky or sure of himself as he used to be. If he was honest with himself, Octavius was worried for his dear friend. He missed their daily adventures and excursions in their toy car.

As he awoke that night he set it in his mind to see what was going on with his companion. He left his gleaming and pristine city of Rome and made his way over to the Western diorama. There was no sign of the cowboy.

"He bolted as soon as we woke up," said one of the workers. "Been doin' it every night too."

Octavius nodded and left the exhibit. He had no idea where Jedediah might have been. This wasn't like him at all. He had never known the cowboy to abandon his people, or him for that matter. He wandered around the hall of miniatures for several minutes before sitting down on the ledge of a nearby bench.

He worried greatly for his friend. It was difficult for Octavius to think that there was a time where they despised each other. The two would spend hours bickering and fighting over land that wasn't there's to give away in the first place. Now he couldn't bear to think of a life without Jedediah and the cowboy's growing distance was concerning.

Had Octavius done something wrong? He thought he'd been a faithful friend. Could he have been a little more speedy in rescuing Jed from the hourgl-

It hit him. The hourglass. Perhaps that was the source of Jedediah's distant and alarming behavior. Octavius was almost sure of it. The general made his way to the toy car which Larry generally left tucked away in an unnoticed corner of the room. He tucked his helmet in the backseat and stepped into the blue race car.

Octavius sped over the linoleum tiles of the museum searching for his friend. He figured if he was upset he would have tucked himself away in one of the more secluded areas of the museum, away from everyone. Sure enough, after several minutes of driving Octavius spotted a small trembling figure in the second floor gift shop. He stepped out of the car and approached the shaking cowboy who was lying on a multicolored quilt.

It pained Octavius to see Jed like this. He was normally so steadfast and unwavering. Curled on the blanket shaking and whimpering he looked so vulnerable.

He placed a gentle hand on the shoulder of his friend.

"Jedediah?" he asked quietly.

The cowboy thrashed about on the quilt, his whimpers becoming louder. Octavius brushed a few strands of damp blonde hair out of Jed's face. He tried to wake him once more, tapping his shoulder a few times, hoping it would do the job.

Jed sat up quickly. His eyes darted around quickly, taking in his surroundings as he tried to catch his breath. He settled his eyes on his Octavius'. The corners of his lips twitched up in a half smile of relief as he saw his friend.

"Hey Toga-boy," he teased.

Octavius returned the smile, happy to see that his friend was not void of his sense of humor. He took a seat on the quilt next to his friend.

"Do you want to talk about it?" he asked.

Jedediah remained silent. He didn't want to reveal the nightmares and visions he'd been having since the hourglass incident. Maybe if he remained silent Octavius wouldn't ask any more questions.

"It was the hourglass wasn't it? That's what's causing you all these problems isn't it?" Octavius asked softly putting an arm around the cowboy's shoulder.

Jed bit his lip. He didn't want to think about it. He wanted to forget it.

"Its nothin'. Ain't nothin' for you to worry your head about."

"Jedediah, how long have we known each other?"

"A loooooooong time Octavius."

"Then do you not think I would know you better by now?"

Jedediah looked up to the chestnut brown eyes that bore into his blue ones. He felt the comforting hand of his friend running up and down his left arm trying to soothe his still trembling figure. The cowboy anxiously swallowed and sighed.

"I can't shake 'em. Same thing every night. I wake up feelin' like I'm back in that damned hourglass. The sand keeps piling up 'til I can't breathe anymore." He paused.

Octavius sensed his uneasiness and pulled him closer until Jed's head was resting against his chest.

"Is that why you leave you exhibit every night? The sand?" He could feel Jed's head nod yes.

"Why didn't you come to me?" asked Octavius.

"Didn't need you thinkin' of me as weak." Jed replied simply.

Octavius lifted Jed's head off of his chest so that he could face him.

"If I recall correctly the only reason you ended up in that hourglass is because you sacrificed yourself for me. I don't view that as weakness."

"Yeah well you woulda ended up in there with me if I hadn't. Too damn stubborn," he mumbled.

The two of them shared a small laugh before a silence drifted over them again.

"Perhaps if you had something else to think of feeling, when you're panicked?" suggested Octavius, a sudden heat rising in his cheeks.

"Not much else to replace the feelin' of sand drowning you."

"What about this?"

Before Jedediah had time to react or ask what the centurion meant, he found his lips pressed against Octavius'. The kiss took him by surprise but he quickly adjusted to the sensation. He relished the feeling of having the centurion's lips on his. They were gentle and had a faint hint of something minty on them. The cowboy savored the moment. Jed sighed contentedly as the general pulled away, the lingering taste of mint still on his lips.

Jed rested his head back on the general's shoulder. For the first time in weeks he didn't feel panic stricken and anxious. There was no paranoia or fear clawing at the back of his mind. It was just him and Octavius. The way he liked it to be.

"Might needed some reminded of what the feels like every once in a while y'know," Jed teased.

Octavius laughed.

"That can be arranged," he said before kissing the top of the cowboy's head.



# Don't Make Any Sudden Movements

abrainiac

Posted 29 September 2013

(A/N): It's been a while! Here's a pairing I've never written about before, but I ship with all my heart! Slash! Don't like, don't read!

Read, review, ENJOY! :D

\* \* \*

I felt his hot breath on my face, and I gulped hard. His body was so close to mine. Another inch, and every single part of us would be touching. I tried to breathe through my nose to stop myself from hyperventilating, but instead I got a full whiff of his powerful, musky scent. The most thrilling part of it was smelling my own scent of dirt and gunpowder mingling with his smell of Roman soaps and sweat.

I finally opened my eyes to find them penetrated by his chocolate ones. They were focused intensely, no need for them to search my eyes for anything, because he already knew it all. In that one look, I saw that he knew everything.

He knew about all of our battles, how I'd initiate them just so I could touch him. He knew about how I'd watched him from afar, seeing him in all his glory, commanding his troops. He knew about the nights that I'd spent in my tent, panting through clenched teeth, fighting with all my might against the urge to moan his name, imagining my hand was his own as it brought me to completion.

And in that intense gaze, I saw secrets of his. Secrets that would have made me shiver if I didn't fear for my death.

His body was radiating a heat so powerful, it seemed to suck me in. His chest, free from its confining plate, was pressed to mine in an inferno, and his mouth, so so close, was exhaling fiery gusts across my stunned face. His right thigh, from his lunge in a fighting stance, was pressed against my own, somehow creating tantalizing friction without moving.

Contrasting his heat was the iciness of his sword, pressed against my throat. The steel of the blade quivered, though not from his hands, but from my trembling body, telling him in its own Morse code exactly what I felt. One quick slice with that sword and I'd be bleeding out, without the opportunity to make a sound.

That being said, he wasn't much better off, the barrel of my gun resting right on his temple, my finger perched on the trigger.

His hot breath on my face formed into words, growled in a husky voice that brought all parts of me to attention.

"Don't make any sudden movements."

And he leaned in.

\* \* \*

(A/N): HAHA COCKBLOCKED! Anywhosit, I don't really write anymore, but this idea was bugging me when I tried to pass out last night. Oh, and this was Jedediah/Octavius, in case you didn't get that. I think this is safe to be T. Message me if you feel differently. Thank you for reading!

All flames will be used to roast vegan marshmallows!  
**Lesser-Than Three**

# The Night Guard

angellwings  
Posted 9 November 2009

Mia had never really been a big fan of museums. Normally the only history she really took stock in was her own family history. She loved tracing back her genealogy, but other than that she didn't know much about history. She couldn't tell you what number president Lincoln or either of the Roosevelt's were, She did know what night the Titanic sank and the date of the very first production of Peter Pan. She was a drama teacher so knowing her history had never really been a big requirement. Which led her to a question...

Why had she suddenly decided to visit this museum?

She still didn't know why. She had simply felt the urge to come in as she had been walking by. Maybe it was the commotion of the night hours or the fact that everyone else seemed to be enjoying themselves immensely. It didn't really matter though because here she was staring at a museum map with no clue what direction to go in. Her mouth twisted as she stared at the map. It was times like this that made her feel like a ditz. Out of the corner of her eye she noticed the Night Guard give her a strange look. She quickly glanced back down at her brochure as he made his way over to where she was standing. She felt his eyes on her and glanced up at him. She gave him a small awkward smile and then returned to her brochure. She realized he was still staring and glanced back up at him again with a questioning look.

"I'm sorry, I don't mean to stare it's just you look a lot like somebody who I know," he said.

Oh great, another one of *those* guys. Aren't there more creative ways to hit on a woman? She thought as she forced a smile and spoke up.

"I get that a lot."

"Do you?" He asked curiously.

"Yeah, I guess I just...have that kind of face," She said politely.

"Yeah, you're not by any chance related to Amelia Earhart are you?" He asked.

"No," She answered quickly. She had to hand to the guy...she was not expecting him to ask that. Maybe this line would be more creative than she thought.

"No?"

"I don't think so."

"Of course not."

"I don't-I mean I don't know. I mean maybe-I just-"

"I told you I just had to ask."

Mia chuckled as the Night Guard blushed and shook his head in embarrassment. He was kind of cute now that she really looked at him, "She was, uh, the woman who flew across the Pacific."

"Atlantic," He clarified.

"Atlantic, of course." She said as she mentally scolded herself. Now she really looked like a ditz.

"She was the first woman to fly across the Atlantic. She received the Flying Cross, the first woman to do that," He informed her.

"That's very cool," She said with a soft smile. Okay, so he was creative. She couldn't say that she had ever been compared to Amelia Earhart before.

"Actually, she was very cool," He said with an easy going smile. He had a nice smile. As a matter of fact he seemed like a genuinely nice guy which was hard to find in this city. They stood observing each other in silence for a few seconds before he spoke up again. "Hey, you know, what you should check out is the Hall of Miniatures."

This was her opportunity to either get rid of him or learn more about him. He didn't seem like a creeper, and she was relatively new to the city so it's not like she knew many people anyway. At the very least it couldn't hurt to make a friend, right? Besides, she didn't have the first clue on how to get around inside of this place.

"Could you take me there? I'm always getting lost," She asked.

He smiled a little brighter at her as soon as she asked, "Sure, yeah-it's, um, yeah...it's right this way."

She let him lead her toward the Hall of Miniatures and as they left the main hall he extended his hand out for her to shake.

"I'm Larry, by the way."

She smiled brightly and shook his hand in return, "Mia."

"It's nice to meet you, Mia," He said with a smirk.

"And you as well, Larry," She said with a grin.

# Ahkmenrah's speech

bioinfinitedoctorwhofairytales

Posted 9 November 2014

"Isn't he frightened?" Nicky asked the exhibits, Sacagawea replied,

"I think he is. I think he's very frightened."

"I want to help." Nicky walked a bit closer to the pyramid.

"So do I." Sacagawea said. Ahkmenrah was standing in front of the glowing sun that was taken over by Kahmunrah.

"Okay then. That's what I'll do. I'll tell you a story. Can you hear them? All these people who lived in terror of you and your judgment. All these people whose ancestors devoted themselves, sacrificed themselves to you." The sun growled at him.

"Oh you like to think you're a god. But you're not a god. You're just a parasite. Eat now with jealousy and envy and longing for the lives of others. You feed on them. On the memory of love and loss and birth and death and joy and sorrow, so... so come on then. Take mine. Take my memories. But I hope you're got a big a big appetite."

The sun then grinned and one of the his glowing vines then started taking Ahkmenrah's memories.

"Because I've lived a-uh! long life. And I've seen a few things. I walked away from the last great Pyramid War. I marked the passing of the Kings and Queens and Enemies. I saw the birth of Egypt and watched as time ran out, moment by moment, until nothing remained. No time, no more home. Just me! And I watched all of my family disappear and creation burn! I have seen things you wouldn't believe! I have lost things you will never understand!"

Ahkmenrah then had a quick flashback of her friends, his family and his brother all being killed by their enemies.

"And I know things, secrets that must never be told, knowledge that must never be spoken! Knowledge that will make pyramid gods blaze! So come on then! Take it! Take it all! Have it! You have it all!" Then everything started glowing from Ahkmenrah's body and all of his memories was in the sun.

Sacagawea decided to go to the pyramid, she grabbed her book with her leaf inside and ran towards the Pyramid.

She saw Ahkmenrah kneeling, she walked up to the sun and pulled out her leaf,

"Still hungry? Well I brought something for you." She then showed the leaf to the sun, "This. The most important leaf in human history. The most important leaf in human history. It's full of stories. Full of history. And full of a future that never got lived. Days that should have been and never were. Passed on to me. This leaf isn't just the past, it's a whole future that never happened. There are billions and millions of un-lived days for every day we live—an infinity. All the days that never came. And these are all my mother's." The sun just looked at the leaf, Ahkmenrah stood up and said,

"Well? Come on then. Eat up." The sun then looked disgusted and tried feeding onto the leaf, but didn't want to,

"Are you full? I expect so. Because there's quite a difference isn't there? Between what was and what should have been. There's an awful lot of one but there's an infinity of the other. And infinity is too much. Even for your appetite." The sun then started to burn out, and then the original sun came back. **"This is a little review on the sequel of Night at the Museum and The Frozen Heart."**

# Fight scene from the NaTm sequel

bioinfinitedoctorwhofairytales

Posted 14 December 2014

Erica ran through the museum, wanting to get revenge on Larry's girlfriend, Rebecca, and Larry's boss, Mcphee, she ran into the office and saw, Rebecca, Mcphee, Clara Queen and Nicky Daley,

"Well, well, well, isn't this my lucky day? i had come here to kill Larry, but I get to kill the two idiots who started it all!" Erica said as she pointed at Mcphee and Rebecca,

"Hey! I wasn't the one who told Larry about your secret husband!" Mcphee exclaimed.

"Are you selling me out?" Rebecca glared at Mcphee,

"Shut up! You both deserve to die! Not for just what you did, but for your whining, you took my true love from me, now I'm going to return the favor...by taking your baby Miss Hutman..." Erica walked towards the stroller,

"No!" Rebecca yelled.

"Erica!" Mcphee said.

"Please! Erica, that little girl is using you, you don't actually hate Rebecca and Mcphee, do you?" Clara asked Erica,

"It sounds like she has her reasons..."

"Nick!" Clara exclaimed.

"I don't know who you are, but why don't you go where you belong!" Erica then used the tablet to teleport Clara and Nick out of the museum.

"Now...Where was I?" Erica took 2 swords behind her back and tossed it to Rebecca,

"I don't need the tablet to kill you, I want to watch you bleed, En garde Rebecca!" Erica then pointed her sword at Rebecca, and then started fighting, the two ladies started blocking each other swords and dodging it, after a while Erica knocked Rebecca to the ground and walked towards the stroller, the baby did not wake up,

"My, my, aren't you a sleeper?" Erica said as she tried to wake up the baby,

"You think the magic is making me angry? DO NOT WAKE MY BABY!" Rebecca ran towards Erica and pushed her that she fell over the desk, Rebecca pushed her again and this time, Erica went through the glass door, that they started fighting in the lobby, which made everyone screaming and running around the museum...

# With Great Power (Continuation)

bioinfinitedoctorwhofairytales  
Posted 13 December 2014



# As a Pharaoh should be

never-to-see  
Posted 3 January 2015

***For the prompt "Just how a Pharaoh should be" (Larry/Ahk) from an anonymous user on tumblr.***

It had been a good number of weeks since Ahkmenrah had suggested (or rather insisted) that he teach Larry how to fight properly. It had never occurred to the night guard that Ahk would actually know how to fight, he'd assumed that with him being a Pharaoh and all he'd have other people to do the fighting for him. When he told the Pharaoh this he'd just laughed;

"Larry, I was murdered in my sleep, my court was hardly trustworthy. A pharaoh need always know how to protect themselves." Larry had just sort of shrugged in response realising that it was a rather stupid thought now that he considered it. Ever since then Larry had set aside a few hours every night to practice hand to hand combat with the Pharaoh. He'd mentioned something about weapons training, but the idea of going up against Ahkmenrah with any kind of weapon seemed more like a death wish now he'd actually seen him fighting so they'd put that idea aside for another day.

For now they'd cleared a section of the loading bay and put down some of the protective mats used for lining exhibit cases because the one time they went without Larry had some serious bruising for days afterwards.

"Are you ready?" The young Pharaoh asks as he hands up his cloak and takes off his jewellery, Larry watches him, setting his own jacket and flashlight to the side.

"As I'll ever be," he replies with a smile, joining him on the mat. "I'm starting to think you're just doing this for the fun of beating me up every night." Ahkmenrah grins as they begin circling each other on the mats.

"I have been training since I was a child, and I *am* younger than you," he teased, striking forward with a move that Larry easily dodged.

"You are over four thousand years old!" he sounds almost indignant, causing Ahk to laugh as he strikes again. This time Larry blocks the move and strikes out himself, just managing to catch him in the stomach before the other man dodges away.

"Depends on how you look at it, technically yes, but really I'm only just eighteen,"

"Great, so now I'm losing to a child," there's no real malice in his tone, but he does strike forward, Ahkmenrah catches him with a strong hand around his wrist mid-strike, spinning him round and pulling him back against his body.

"I prefer "Pharaoh" or "my liege", some people even go for "Great Lord Ahkmenrah, Ruler of all" but even I admit that's a bit of a mouthful," Larry can't see him but he *knows* the Pharaoh is smirking as he speaks over his shoulder.

"Well *my liege*, feel like letting me go anytime soon?" his tone is dripping with sarcasm and Ahkmenrah presses a kiss to his cheek before pushing him forward. Larry catches his balance just in time to avoid falling face first onto the mat.

"You're improving," he tells the night guard with a genuine smile.

"I don't feel like it," he replies, rolling his eyes.

"That's because I started easy on you. I'm not just going to let you win, where would be the challenge in that?" He strikes fast, catching the guard in his stomach and once in his chest, winding him slightly.

"I bet you were a handful growing up," he says, taking a moment to catch his breath.

"My father certainly thought so-" Larry feigned to the right before striking, catching the Pharaoh off guard mid sentence. He stumbled with the blow but remained upright.

"One day I'm going to catch you out," he tells him with a smile, backing off slowly.

"Well played," he congratulates, "but you're not quite good enough for that yet."

"Yeah? Prove it," it's a challenge, one he knows he'll lose but he enjoys the way Ahkmenrah settles into a more serious stance, he gets a look in his eyes that Larry rarely sees but admires all the same. He watches as the young king looks him up and down, calculating his best chances before attacking.

The strikes are swift and slightly disorientating, intended to hit hard and fast in an attempt to knock him off balance. Larry dodges and blocks as best he can, not bothering to counter strike as he knows it would only be used against him. It feels like a good few minutes but it's only really seconds as Larry dodges backwards and Ahkmenrah uses his momentum to trip him and he lands on his back on the floor, the Pharaoh pinning him down by straddling his stomach.

"Do you give?" he asks, smiling triumphantly.

"What happens if I don't?" he asks, knowing full well the other man has him beaten.

"Hmm," he pretends to ponder it for a moment, "well traditionally I'd have you executed for treason, but I'm sure that won't be necessary." Larry rolls his eyes at the teasing.

"I suppose I don't really have a choice then, do I?" he concedes, and Ahkmenrah releases his arms.

"Ah, to be triumphant in battle, just how any Pharaoh should be," he declares in a mock-regal voice. Larry takes the opportunity to grab him by the waist and flip them over, the Pharaoh letting out a yelp of surprise as he did so.

"You may be triumphant, but this is how I prefer my Pharaohs," he tells him, grinning down at the younger man.

"Do you have many of them?" Ahkmenrah shoots back, hint of a smile on his face.

"Mm, I've met a few, but none have them have quite compared to you *'Oh, great Lord Ahkmenrah, Ruler of all'*" The Pharaoh grins up at him at that.

"You know, when one loses to a Pharaoh, you are supposed to bow and give yourself over to his mercy, but I suppose this time I can settle for a kiss." Larry shakes his head with a smile, leaning down to oblige him.

They were interrupted a few moments later by the sound of Nicky running into the room,

"Dad! You need to come quickly, Dexter is - oh, ew, gross!" he broke off, nose wrinkling in disgust "I'll just ask Teddy," he says as he leaves the room. The two of them break apart, laughing at the sound of Nicky's rapidly retreating footsteps.

"I am never going to hear the end of this," Larry complains, rolling off Ahk and onto the mat.

"Well then, I suppose we should give him something more to complain about," the Pharaoh says, pulling Larry back over.

"You're a terrible influence," he says, no real complaint in his voice.

"I know," he grins, "but you don't seem to mind."

"Can't say I do."

***So, my first foray into this pairing but here we go. I am open to any prompts involving Ahk, including Larry/Ahk but I can't promise they'll be too good as I'm just testing the waters on this. You can find me at Kieren-fucking-walker on tumblr or drop me a comment or a message here. Reviews are love, thank you for reading.***

# Like one of Lancelots' Damsels

never-to-see  
Posted 4 January 2015

***From this anonymous tumblr prompt: "Can you please write an ahk/Larry oneshot about the aftermath of ahk fainting into larry's arms whenever the tablet was corroding and make it cute and fluffy? I'll love you forever."***

***I'm pretending that Ahk came back to New York with them because I couldn't work out the best way to wrte it otherwise.***

***Here you go, darlin'.***

The first time it happens Larry catches him just before he hits the floor. It's a close call, Ahkmenrah reaching out for a wall that isn't there as he doubles over and he's lucky that Larry is close enough to get a hold of him before he goes down. When the Pharaoh manages to right himself he does so with a shy smile, glancing away from the night guards concern.

"I'm fine," he says quietly, answering before he can ask. He's not fine, this much is obvious, and it's only been getting worse as the night wears on. It started with a headache and progressed to various stabbing pains, and he doesn't doubt that Larry had noticed almost as soon as it had started. This was the first time the pain had been enough to make him faint, even if he hadn't quite lost consciousness he feared the next time would only be worse. Larry didn't say anything to the lie, but the way he looked at him let the Pharaoh know that he wasn't buying it. He was thankful for his silence though.

The next time it happens he collapses backwards, Larry has been keeping an eye on him for the past few hours, hovering close by in case it happens again. He feels his legs give out and a pair of strong arms wrapping around his waist before he blacks out completely.

He wakes up a good ten minutes later and he's lying on his back, the lights of the museum hurt his eyes and it takes a moment before he spots the night guard sat beside him, worry etched onto his faced and holding his hand rather tightly.

"What..." he starts, drawing Larry's attention back to him from where he had been talking to Nick.

"Hey, hey, you're okay," the relief in his voice is hard to miss as he smiles down at him. Ahkmenrah sat up slowly. "Oh! You, uh, kinda lost your crown back there," the other man hands the crown back to him and the Pharaoh sets it on his head gently.

"Thank you," he says with a small nod in Larry's direction. Larry stands and holds out his hand to the young King, pulling him up off the floor. He sees the night guard is about to say something so he quickly turns away and asks Nick about how close they are to finding Jed and Octavius, if he notices the disappointment on Larry's face he doesn't acknowledge it.

He's dying all over again, he can feel it. He only has vague memories of what dying felt like the first time round, he was too focused on the shock of seeing his own brother leaning over him to kill him. This time though he can feel himself rotting from the inside out, he briefly wonders how that's possible because all of his organs are in canopic jars buried somewhere in Egypt (as far as he's aware), but the how doesn't seem to matter because it's happening and he can't stop it. He's scared, terrified even, of what will happen if they don't get Lancelot to turn the

centre piece of the tablet. The others have noticed that something is wrong with him, but he thinks he's been at least a little successful in hiding the fact that he's turning back into a corpse rather than simply solidifying back into wax.

Any hope he had that he'd get through the night without anybody seeing him rotting away disappeared when he collapsed against the wall on the rooftop.

"Larry," he starts, knowing these may be the last words he ever says, "we've run out of time."

It only takes Larry a few nights to realise that Ahkmenrah is avoiding him. He didn't see much of the Pharaoh when they got home from London because they didn't have much time to get everyone back into place, but they'd been home for two days now and Larry still hadn't seen him. He couldn't think of anything he'd done that would make the young King want to avoid him, but who knows what kinds of things would be unforgivable to an Ancient Egyptian King; he was just thankful that Ahkmenrah wasn't like the rest of his family when it came to the proper way to address a Pharaoh.

For the third night in a row, Larry stands outside the empty Egypt exhibit wondering where on earth Ahkmenrah had gotten to and deciding that if he didn't get to speak to him tonight then tomorrow he would just have to be in the exhibit before sundown so the Pharaoh couldn't make a quick escape. He is about to give up, turning away with a sigh when he spots Teddy watching him from the other end of the corridor.

"Are you looking for our Young King, Lawrence?" The president asks as he makes his way over, hopping down off his horse. "He seems to be spending a lot of time alone these past few nights," he has that smile on his face that means that he knows more than he's letting on, it's as reassuring as it is frustrating.

"Yeah, I can never seem to find him. Do you know where he's been hiding out?" He hopes Teddy has had more luck than he has at playing hide and seek with Ahkmenrah.

"Naturally," there's that smile again, "it isn't me he is hiding from." Larry refrains from rolling his eyes, knowing that it will get him nowhere.

"He's on the roof," Sacagawea always manages to sneak up on him, he's sure she glides rather than walks, but he's never been happier to see her. Teddy speaks in riddles but she at least is always direct.

"Thank you," he tells her, smiling at the way Teddy is looking at her as he makes his way over to the roof access stairwell.

He sits down next to Ahkmenrah, the Pharaoh in all his regalia looking very out of place against the modern New York skyline. They sit in silence for a few moments before Larry sighs.

"You've been avoiding me," he states, leaving no room for argument. But Ahkmenrah doesn't even try to correct him.

"Yes." He states simply as if that answers everything.

"It's dangerous for you to be up here you know, especially if you lose track of time." There's genuine worry in his voice and he feels slightly guilty at that, looking down at the floor.

"I've been careful, I know when the sun is near rising," he tells him quietly, Larry just watches him.

"Do you want to tell me why you've been hiding out up here?" He doesn't want to push him, if something is bothering him enough to make him avoid all the other museum inhabitants then it might not be something the Pharaoh wants to share. Ahkmenrah sighs heavily.

"When we were in London I am aware I worried you. I apologise for my behaviour." And that is not what Larry was expecting at all.

"Ahk, you can't help being affected by the tablet, everyone was. I worried about you because I care about you, but it's not your fault." He feels like he's missing something but he does his best to comfort him with the information the Pharaoh has given him.

"It's not. I mean. I'm not referring to that exactly." Ahkmenrah trips over his words in a way the night guard has never seen him do before.

"Then what? Because, no offense but I'm kind of out of my depth here." Larry asks, trying not to scare him off because he's never seen the Pharaoh look so young and it's kind of sweet and worrying at the same time.

"Pharaohs need to be the image of strength, they can never show any kind of weakness. If I were to show any weakness my ability rule would be questioned all across Egypt, in fact it already was but that's hardly the point!" By this point Larry is getting more and more confused and it must show on his face because Ahkmenrah just sighs "the point is that I have been trained not to show weakness since I was a child and then a few nights ago I was fainting into your arms like one of Lancelot's damsels!"

The night guard just stares at him for a moment, trying to figure out exactly what Ahkmenrah has just said. The minute he figures it out he finds himself trying not to laugh.

"You mean to tell me, that you've been hiding up here and avoiding me because you're embarrassed?" He is reminded of how young the Pharaoh is when he crosses his eyes and huffs, avoiding his gaze.

"It's not funny," he insists. And it kind of is to Larry but he can see why it might upset the other man.

"Alright. But just so you know, you have nothing to be embarrassed about. You were dying again, that must have been scary. It scared the hell out of me, that's for sure." He admits softly, when he looks up he catches Ahkmenrah looking over at him doubtfully.

"You were scared?" He asks quietly, "of what?" Larry laughs disbelievingly.

"You were passing out and claiming you were fine. I didn't work out what effect the tablet was having on you at first but you think when I worked out that it was killing you that I wouldn't be scared? Of course I was scared. I didn't want to lose you, especially not like that." He hadn't meant to admit quite that much but it was too late now.

"I didn't realise." When Ahkmenrah finally spoke it was quietly.

"What? You thought I'd watch you nearly die and just shrug it off?" He didn't mean for it to come out so harshly. Ahk shrugged.

"You put us all to bed every morning and I go back to being dead. You do that every day, I didn't think it would be that much of a problem." Larry considered that for a moment before speaking.

"Yeah, but I know that I'll see you again the next night because you wake up. If you'd have died then you wouldn't have come back. That's entirely different." He just hopes that this gets sorted out soon, it turns out he doesn't like arguing with the young King.

"I just thought. I didn't want you to be ashamed of me. I mean, my Father would have been, not to mention Kah." Ahkmenrah shrugs. "What you think about me matters to me. So yes, I have been hiding away up here because I embarrassed myself." There's a hint of a smile on his face now and Larry uses the opportunity to move closer and place a hand over his.

"I don't really care what your asshole of a brother would have thought. I'm not ashamed of you, you were dying and you still carried on trying to save your friends, that takes some dedication, not to mention strength. Besides, I don't know how it would be possible to be ashamed of a Pharaoh for god's sake. You ruled a land for two years at the age that most kids these days graduate high school so I'd say that's pretty damn hard to be ashamed of." The Pharaoh is smiling now, and Larry can feel where he's relaxed against him to the point that they're now pressed shoulder to shoulder. He takes it as a crisis averted kind of situation.

"So, now that we've gotten that all sorted out, I believe your DJ-ing skills are required in the main reception. Jed was talking about starting a party?" Ahk sighs but there isn't any weight behind it this time.

"I suppose I can manage that."

***Hope you enjoyed! Reviews are the light of my life and if you want to drop me a prompt then you can either post it here or drop in to my tumblr ask at kieren-fucking-walker. Much love!***

# Locked In

never-to-see  
Posted 2 January 2015

Larry had just finished locking up and making sure everyone was back in their rightful places as he made his way back to the reception. He glanced in at the Egyptian exhibit on his way past and stopped in the doorway when he noticed Ahkmenrah standing there, looking down at his empty sarcophagus. He waited at the entrance, and when the young Pharaoh didn't move for a while he cleared his throat, the Pharaoh spun round, eyes wide in surprise.

"Oh! I didn't realise..." he trailed off with a small smile and Larry smiled back, making his way into the exhibit with a wary glance at the jackals.

"Yeah, I was just locking up. Everyone back in their place or Mr. McPhee will have my head," he stopped next to him, looking the sarcophagus over.

"Tonight is the first night in fifty two years that I haven't spent the night locked in there," Ahkmenrah spoke, breaking the silence. "I was in it for a lot longer before the tomb discovery of course, the locks broke off after a few hundred years and we could get out but we were confined to the tomb. I went to sleep in Egypt with my parents and woke up in Cambridge on my own." He sounded wistful as he spoke and Larry watched him carefully.

"That must have been hard," he said quietly, not wanting to break the atmosphere in the room.

"Yes. It was...confusing to say the least." He paused, "It's been thousands of years since I've seen the sun, but there isn't a darkness like being trapped in there, even the night seems bright in comparison." He stared at the sarcophagus for while longer before turning to Larry with a smile. "Well, best not wait around, wouldn't want you getting into trouble on my account," he teased, climbing back in rather gracefully for a man dressed as he was.

"Yeah, you should probably get some sleep" he agreed, smiling as Ahkmenrah lay down, shuffling into a more comfortable position. Larry placed his hands on the lid, ready to push it back in place as he checked the time, barely a minute to go. When he looked back up the Pharaoh was staring at him intently, and if Larry was honest, a little fearfully.

"Larry," Ahkmenrah paused, voice far too small for a Pharaoh of his standing. "Please, don't lock it." There was a moment where they both just watched each other before Larry nodded.

"Sure thing, Pharaoh," he agreed, "Sleep well."

"Have a good day, Larry," he replied before the lid of the sarcophagus was pushed closed.

The next night Ahkmenrah climbed out of the Sarcophagus on his own for the first time in 52 years.



# Kissy Octy

sebastian2017

Posted 13 January 2015

Neither of them were quite sure how it had started. At the beginning of all of... this – because Octavius still could honestly not think of an appropriate term for what he had with Jedediah – they had been quite secretive about it. They had tried so hard to keep their affection for one another from everyone else, that it had been what had given them away in the end. When they would have usually been incredibly friendly with one another, they had started acting almost stiff with one another, not allowing even the slightest of brushes. When Larry had confronted them about why they were acting so strange, their blushing and stammering had been all the answer he'd needed.

Since then, word had gotten around the museum quite quickly that the two miniatures had *finally* stopped dancing around each other and finally gotten together. Everyone had been a combination of relieved and incredibly happy for the pair and so, Octavius and Jedediah, lightened up a bit on their secretiveness when it came to one another. Unfortunately for Jed, Octavius had taken to this newfound openness very quickly. It had come with no warning as well, as Jed only found out just how PDA friendly Octavius could get when he'd come up behind him one night and pulled him into a kiss. Right there. In front of all his men over in the west, who had quickly started teasing them, though it was no different than how they teased some of the men with girlfriends or wives. Octavius just ignored them as he tugged Jed away from them so they could go play fetch with Rexy, but it took all of Jed to keep him from turning bright red.

"Uh... wha' was that?" he asked, not even caring how stupid he probably sounded with a question like that.

Octavius rolled his eyes. "They're typically called kisses, my love. Everyone knows either way. I'm just reaffirming it." he pointed out.

"Doesn't mean you gotta be kissin' me in front of the boys." Jed grumbled, pouting a little as Octavius helped get down onto the museum floor so they could go exploring for a bit.

"You and your boys." Octavius sighed, shaking his head in disdain. He leaned over and kissed the pout away and Jed found that he really couldn't be upset with his Roman for long.

Before long, their exploring of the museum turned into a session of watching cat videos on YouTube together and having a good laugh over them, leaving the occasional 'LOL' in the comment section. They were sitting together on the desk with the Romans' commenting apparatus ready for whenever they felt the need to say something. They were currently watching a video of a cat playing with some yarn and sharing a good laugh over that.

Octavius smiled, leaning over to kiss Jed's cheek. "We should have another movie night at the Coliseum. Just the two of this time, though." Part of his motivation was, to be honest, liking whenever he had a chance to show off Roman architecture to his cowboy.

Once again, Jedediah turned bright red at the kiss. "Uh... Um, yeah, yeah should be some good fun." he agreed, clearing his throat a bit awkwardly as he willed his blush away.

"You're ridiculous." Octavius rolled his eyes. "This time your men are nowhere to be found and it's mine instead and you're still acting embarrassed when I kiss you."

He knew this could end ugly if he didn't think his answer through and he reworded what he wanted to say before actually speaking. "Jus' didn't expect ya to be so... touchy. Not goin' off of how ya are with some of your boys over in Rome."

"You are far more than just one of my subordinates, Jedediah." Octavius reminded him, rolling his eyes once again as he tried to comprehend how his lover could be so silly. "I've no reason to be affectionate with my men. With you, though? I've all the reason in the world." he told him, kissing his cheek again.

Of course, that made all the sense in the world when Jed thought of it that way. But he hadn't been thinking of it that way and all of Octavius' small kisses and caresses still caught him off guard. They just seemed so out of place coming from a man he'd spent nearly half a century at war with. "Well, I guess ya just gotta give me some time to get used to ya being all kissy an' cuddly, yeah?"

Octavius chuckled at Jed's way of phrasing it and nodded. "Of course. In the meantime, I'm sure some more experience will help you get used to it." He tugged his cowboy closer and kissed him again, the cat videos on YouTube long forgotten by both of them.

# Roman Cowboys and Western Centurions

sebastian2017

Posted 11 January 2015

It was one of those snotty nosed children that visited the museum. It had to have been. Octavius had not been awake during it, but he knew that it *had* to be one of those children. There was no other explanation as to why he'd woken dressed in something that was certainly not his military uniform. It had been the first thing he'd noticed when he'd woken. The excess fabric and how *hot* it seemed in his exhibit. When he'd looked down he saw why.

His uniform was gone, replaced by the strange clothes his friend Jedediah wore. A few of his fellow Romans gave him strange looks, but he shut them all up with a glare. He couldn't help but think that these clothes were awfully constricting. Practically every inch of his body was covered and even his joints were clothed with the same rough material. He could see no benefit to wearing these things and he couldn't begin to comprehend how the cowboys next door could ride with this. It was only after huffing for a few minutes and ridding himself of the hat and gloves and vest and rolling up his sleeves – and still, far too much fabric on him – that he stopped to think. If he had Jedediah's clothes on, then....

Sure enough, he heard his friend bellow his name just a few moments later. "Octy!"

Yes, Octavius had a very good idea where his clothes were. He rushed over to the Western diorama, finding Jedediah quite quickly. He was the odd one out, dressed in Roman armor. And looking quite distressed by the fact. More so than Octavius had been at waking up in these clothes. He supposed it was far more traumatizing to wake up with too little clothes on than with too many.

"Dammit, Octy, ya better not be the reason I'm in a damn skirt right now or I swear, I'll knock ya of the edge of this thing." Jed threatened, gesturing over to the edge of the displays.

Octavius just rolled his eyes. He knew his friend's threats were all empty ones. "I assure you, my friend, I am just as uncomfortable as you are."

"You're not!" Jed snapped. "At least you're dressed like a normal person. A man shouldn't be able t'feel a breeze between his legs! And what'd ya do with the rest of my things?" he asked, seeing a distinct lack of the outer layers.

"It was too hot for them! Bad enough I have to keep all these things on!" he huffed. "You're clothing is far too constricting. Come, your things are back in Rome. We'll go fetch them, change, and quiet our men with bribes and threats. If we change quickly, the rest of the museum will be none the wiser."

Jedediah grumbled a bit under his breath, but he had to agree. He certainly didn't want the others seeing him in these things. He'd never hear the end of it. He let Octavius drag him off to the Roman diorama and picking up the things Octavius had thrown aside, all the while yelling at him for not being careful enough. The fact that Jedediah had done the same with the Roman's helmet was completely irrelevant to the cowboy. Octavius had just ignored him, ushering over to one of the buildings where they found a corner to change in, both feeling far, far more comfortable when they were in their proper clothing.

"There. All fixed and no damage done." Octavius said as they exited the building once more, ready to start the night properly.

"I'm never wearin' a skirt again as long as I live." Jed grumbled, still scowling.

Octavius was about to tell him to stop being so dramatic when Nicky rushed in, cellphone in hand and opened to the camera. He pouted when he caught sight of the two of them. "Aww, man! You changed already!" It was a long, long while before Nicky stopped being harassed by tiny lassos and tiny arrows.