

# Pyrexia

Written for Lucky Week on fanfic.net, prompt #2: Fever,

Pairing: TykixLavi

Von Dango-sama

**Summary:** „This is all your fault.“ Lavi sniffed. When he got no reaction from his lover, he knew it. Sick men were like hurt little kids. TykixLavi (written for Lucky Week prompt #2: Fever)

**Disclaimer:** Because no, I don't own them and yes, the characters used here are Hoshino Katsuras.

**Note:** This is unbeta-ed. So if you find any mistakes, please tell me. : ) And yes, sorry for the awful summary. +is uncreative+

## Pyrexia

„This is all your fault.“

Lavi sniffed disgruntled as he took the boiling pot of water from the heating plate and turned off the stove. A suffering moan from behind his back was the only audible answer he got. He sighed deeply as he filled the hot water into two cups and put a tea bag in each one. Leaving the tea to steep a few minutes he shuffled back to the bed, smoothing out the white oversized button-up shirt he wore along with his boxers.

Sir Tyki Mikk, the personification of Noahs Pleasure, brother of Cyril Camelot, the prime minister of a large country, a deadly killer and murderer of many exorcists, one General and not to mention his lecherous lover... was currently lying sick in bed and whining like a seven-year-old who scraped his knee.

"This is so totally your fault." Lavi said again and sat down crosslegged on the chair next to the bed. "And you even passed it to me, so now we both have fever." He continued complaining to his barely reacting lover who laid face down on the plushy bed, buried in loads of blankets so only a dark curly haired head was visible. Lavi got another grunt.

The redhead brought his knees up in front of his chest and hugged himself. His own

fever had fortunately gone down a bit for the moment but he bet it would come back later in the evening. He had learned that much medicinal knowledge from Bookman. Still, that didn't mean he wasn't already feeling like sh\*t. Somehow his whole body was sore and he was pretty tired most of the time. And his wonderful and vigilant lover occupied the whole bed.

Sighing miserably, he rested his head on his knees and glanced at the other one. Tyki really had gotten it a bit worse than Lavi himself, considering he was currently suffering from a bit of ague and shivering. It was a common side effect of fever and colds. That's probably why he had buried himself in blankets even though his forehead was burning up everytime Lavi checked his temperature. Then again, maybe it was all his groaning and moaning that made it seem much worse than it actually was. Lavi wouldn't put it past the older man. For a moment the redhead wondered if he really was the younger one of the two.

Well, at least the Pleasure had stopped complaining how much his head hurt and how bad he was feeling and was simply reduced to making strange noises instead of whining. Lavi tried to tell himself that it was an improvement ... well, somehow anyway. The good thing was that Tyki at least did stay in bed and rested, unlike a certain other dark-haired man he knew. Allen always complained to him how Kanda wouldn't listen to him when he was sick and how he threatened to literally redesign their flat with Mugen if he had to stay in bed for one more fucking minute. Lavi thought he could hear a barely audible groan come from the general direction of the bed. "Aw, don't be like that. You'll get better eventually, it just takes some time." He tried to pacify his lover.

"I think I remember a certain someone saying that already yesterday." came the surprisingly civilized reply from the fortress of blankets and cushions.

"Hey! Don't try to blame me for it!"

Another deep sigh and the man turned around in his bed, facing his lover but not opening his eyes. "Really..." Lavi mumbled accusingly. "What kind of idiot is horny enough to do the dirty at this time of the year, when it's freezing cold outside. And not to mention behind a bush in the public park!"

"You didn't seem to mind when you started kissing my shoulder and moaning my name." Tyki replied dryly.

The younger one sputtered a bit embarrassed. "B-Because YOU started nibbling at my ear. You *know* how I can't control myself when you do that..." Tyki grinned and chuckled smugly. "Oh yeah..."

Lavi just huffed at that and the room fell to silence once more. In the meanwhile he had unconsciously started picking on one of the many blankets on the bed. Oh, did he already mention that Tyki was occupying the whole bed for himself?

"Can't you just... you know, reject the germs from your body?"

His question was met with more silence. "Can I *what?*"

"Well, use those spiffy Noah powers of yours."

"But how, pray tell, should I... do that??" Tyki gave his young lover a blank look as if he just asked him to jump off of the top of the Black Orders Tower. Lavi made a pouting expression and his cheeks got a slight rosy color as he looked away. "Well, you never had any qualms making my clothes fall offa me..."

The older man just sniffed, turned around and laid with his belly down on the bed, burying his head in his crossed arms. "Hey, don't ignore me!" Lavi yelled.

He got no reaction.

The boy frowned and his eyebrows furrowed. With a determined hand he leaned forward to his lazy significant other claiming the whole bed for himself, reached under the bedspread and pinched his lovers unprotected backside. Hard.

"Gyaaahh!" Lavi watched in awe as the man jumped up as if he was hit by a thunderbolt. He rarely saw Tyki moving from the bed so fast. Well, except for the times he was in dire need of ... certain things when he forgot to fill up the little "stock" in the drawer of his nightstand again.

"What was that for?!" Tyki yelled, holding a hand to his abused flesh and rubbing it softly. The redhead tried suppressing his smug grin, but didn't quite succeed with that. "For ignoring me... *and* for whining so much."

"I'm not *whining*..."

"Yes you are."

The future-Bookman put on a fake thinking expression, bringing one hand to his chin. "But then again, I should've known that. Road did warn me after all."

"She what?! What did she do?" The man asked with a bit of a dumbfounded expression.

Now Lavi couldn't keep the smug grin from his lips anymore. "Oh, she just told me a few little stories of... you and some of your quirks." Tyki fixed him with a suspicious gaze.

"... bunny..." There was a small threatening undertone in his voice.

Suddenly Lavi jumped up. "Ah! The tea is ready!" Hopping over to the stove with a flourish and a sudden energy that made Tyki wonder where the hell he got that from and if the boy was really that ill. And hey, now *he* was the one being ignored?!

As his lover fumbled with the tea cups and a small tablet, Tyki laid back onto the bed with a groan, draping an arm over his eyes to block out the seemingly too bright light

of the bedside lamp.

"There you go. You okay?" The boys voice carried to him from beside the bed and a tray was put onto the nightstand, the cups clanking a bit.

Lavi only got a murmured "Hmhm..." in return. He frowned. "That bad? Has your fever gone up again?" He asked as he tentatively sat down on the edge of the bed and leaned over the form of his lover. Tyki felt his arm being gently removed from his face and he opened his brown eyes to look up at the other. There was true concern on his face as a smaller hand touched his forehead to feel his temperature.

One viridian eye narrowed a bit further. "You really are a bit too warm. You should rest." A small grin wandered onto Tykis face. "Well, who made me jump off the bed?" he humored the other. Immediately a pout replaced the concern on Lavis face, though there was still a bit visible in his eye. "Your fault, baka."

With that the hand on his forehead left and the Pleasure suddenly felt a bit of a missing sensation at the loss of contact. Rolling his head a bit to the side he watched his lover now preparing the tea, taking a spoon of sweet honey from the glass and stirring it into one of the two red cups of tea. "You want some too?" Lavi asked, gesturing to the honey.

Tyki nodded in affirmation. Lavi stirred another spoon of honey into the other cup and the man sat up in his bed, taking the warm brew from his boyfriends hands. He sniffed a bit at it. "What kind of tea is this?"

"It's made from lime-tree blossoms. It's very helpful for fever and colds, though it might taste a bit... strange."

Tyki took a small sip of the hot beverage. The moment he swallowed he grimaced a bit. "Strange indeed." Lavi giggled quietly. "At least the honey makes it a bit better. You need to drink so you won't become dehydrated." he smiled, also taking a sip from the tea. The feeling of warmth trickling down his sore throat was very soothing and pleasant. He sighed contently.

"Hm, you look a bit flushed, bunny." Lavi opened his eye again and looked over at his lover, not even realising he had closed it. "I do?"

"Yes." Tyki watched him with those piercing dark eyes that had always kinda intrigued him. Even in the light of the bedside lamp they seemed to have a bit of a golden glow to them.

The older man took another sip of the tea before he put his cup down onto the tablet again. He leaned forward until their faces were very close and then buried his face in this lovers neck. "Hm, you smell good..." he whispered in the boys ear. Lavi could hear the all-too-familiar smirk in his deep voice, the warm breath at his ear making him shiver slightly. He felt a gentle bite on his throat.

"Ohh, you seem to have gotten better pretty fast, don't you?" he remarked, leaning a

bit into the other mans shoulder. "Only because of your care, lovely. But I don't want you to overexert yourself because of me, you're sick as well. A bit of *bed rest* would probably do you good." A row of warm kisses were planted on the boys throat and onto his shoulder as his white shirt was pushed down for more access.

"I ... " Lavi couldn't quite push away the warm feeling beginning to spread in his body. Something that didn't come from his fever. The mouth on him wandered to his collar bone to gently bite and suck there.

"I think... " Tykis hands had made their way under his shirt in the meanwhile and were now gliding along his sides and back, the one on the small of his back sliding dangerously low to the waistband of his boxers, a few fingers already dipping underneath the elastic cloth.

"I rather think you need a cold bath." With a push to Tykis chest his lover tumbled away and out of their bed, still wrapped up in some of the blankets. Ignoring his surprised yelp of pain, Lavi flung himself onto the now free fluffy bed. Finally it was all his.

Really, he was never that good at babysitting.

### **Omake:**

"I rather think you need a cold bath."

Lavi drawled, pushing suddenly at his lovers chest who fell back and out of the bed in a mess of blankets. As he cuddled into the warmth of the remaining blankets and cushions he took a defiant loud sip of his tea and closed his eye, not looking at his surprised lover on the floor. Tyki could only look incredulously at the bed.

Then, for the umpteenth time that day, he sighed, bringing his hand to his aching head and closing his eyes. Seemed like the headache was slowly coming back.

That or it was the current bad karma of his love life taking physical form.

A narrowed green orb watched him inconspicuously. "Ne Tyki, you look a bit... lifeless there. I think we should take your temperature." For some reason the strangely sinister sounding tone in his usually easygoing lovers voice made the Noah look up. And as he did he wished he hadn't.

"Ehh, hey... why... why are you looking like that?"

The twisted grin on his lovers face grew just a bit wider. A dark chuckle reached his ears.

"Hey, lovely!" Tykis voice was just a little bit higher than usual, but he didn't think about the reasons for that.

Lavi send him a - could it be called evil? - gaze. "You do know how to properly measure the body temperature, ne?" Somehow Tyki felt the room had gotten a bit more chilly at these words. A bad sense of foreboding went through his body but he tried hard to ignore it.

"Ah, of course." the Noah laughed a bit strained. "Eh... under the tongue, right? Or the arm..."

The soon-to-be-Bookman cackled darkly at this as he pulled something out from behind his back, something suspiciously looking like a thermometer. A damn big one, Tyki noted with rising fear.

**"Wrong!"**

And Lavi pounced.

**AN:** Yes, and then Tyki had a outta-body-experience the likes he'd never had before and Lavi was a very lucky uke finally being able to turn the tables around, even if it was in a bit of a different way. I hope you all get what Lavi did to him. XD"

Btw, "pyrexia" simply means fever and is the medical term for it, for those who didn't know. ... what? It sounded like a good title! °-°