Gossip Rag

by siderealOtaku

Summary

"Son, could you explain to me why there are two tabloid reporters threatening to duel each other to the death in our courtyard?"

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

"Son, could you explain to me why there are two tabloid reporters threatening to duel each other to the death in our courtyard?"

Noctis pulled a pillow over his head, refusing to leave the pile of warm bodies he had awoken in. "Tell them dueling's illegal within Insomnian territory and arrest them both" he grumbled, hoping it would be sufficient to get his father to go away.

"Dueling's illegal in all of Lucis," a sleepy, slightly accented voice from somewhere behind the prince's shoulder corrected him.

"Not entirely," another amended, this one from vaguely in front of Noctis. "Still very much allowed
"Let's never go to Cleigne, then," said a third voice, low and rough.

"Aww, but the fishing's great there," Noctis whined.

"I can't arrest the press, that would make us the least popular rulers since...well, never mind that." It seemed Regis was far from deterred. "When I sent Clarus down to ascertain the reason for their argument, they responded with a rather...interesting piece of news."

Someone stifled their giggles against Noctis's shoulder. Another someone disguised a deep, rumbling laugh as a cough.

"It seems that both reporters had front-page articles published on the exact same day dealing with the exact same topic - namely, how a certain Prince of Lucis spent last Friday night."

"Told you we'd get caught, Noct."

"Yeah, but you always say that. You're no fun."

"It seems," the king continued, "that the Eye of Shiva reported in great detail, complete with several pictures, that the Prince was seen attending a performance of the rather scandalous opera, 'The Rogue Queen's Secret Lover,' arm-in-arm with a certain Shield-to-be. And that their whereabouts were accounted for from...oh yes, what was it? Seven pm until just after eleven?"

"That opera deserves to be banned. Sappy plotless mess" Gladio growled.

"Oh, I don't know, I rather enjoyed it." The warm back in front of Noctis's face rippled with barely-concealed laughter.

"Meanwhile, the Insomnian Enquirer ran a feature regarding how the Prince danced with both a certain Advisor Scientia and a certain Crownsguard Argentum at a charity ball raising money for the preservation of rainbow frogs...which took place, might I add, from seven until eleven PM last Friday."

"Those poor froggies...did we ever find out if they raised enough money?" Prompto pouted.

"Indeed, more than enough, if we count the substantial donation made by the Crown in Noct's name," Ignis affirmed, pressing a kiss against Prompto's shoulder.

"Okay, Dad, so what's the problem?" Noctis groaned, "and why was it so important that you had to wake me up early...."

"Noct, it's noon. Noon is not early. And we have that meeting with the Niflheim delegation in an hour."

"Bet you anything they aren't ready yet, either," the prince mumbled against his pillow, wrapping his arms tighter around the leanly muscled form in front of him. The man chuckled softly, too quietly for the king to hear, as he snuggled closer into Noctis's grip. "Anyway, Dad, one of the tabloids must have made a mistake. That's all. They're always trying to speculate on who I'm dating, anyway, so why not let them mess up once in a while? They deserve it for being so nosy. I mean, wasn't the Insomnian Enquirer the one that used to insist you were having a passionate secret affair with Cor?"

The king made a rather strangled noise. "Er...indeed. I...I'll have Clarus remove both journalists from the palace grounds, and suggest that perhaps they should report on things a bit more important than..."
the Prince's dating life?" Finally, at last, came the thump-thump-thump of the King's cane as he made his way slowly down the hallway, leaving the Prince and his bedroom companions alone.

"He doesn't believe that the tabloids made a mistake," Ignis warned, carding long fingers through his liege's hair. "He won't let the subject drop, I guarantee."

"Worth it," Noctis insisted. "The tabloids have done nothing but speculate about who I'm dating since I was like, twelve. They've tried to put me with Luna, Commodore Highwind, at least half the Glaive, plus every single random noble's kid from Accordo. Astrals above, the Eye of Shiva insisted for a month once that I was dating Ravus Nox Stick-Up-His-Arse! They deserve this being thrown off by a little clever illusion magic once in a while."

The topic settled, he turned his face from the pillow to bury it instead in the cloud of his eldest lover's distinctive crimson hair, dropping kisses against sharp shoulderblades and the back of an elegant neck. "Just pick somewhere else to go next time you're being me. I really don't want to be known as the Prince who has a taste for shitty operas."

"They're not shitty, my dearest Noct, they're an amusing examination into historical inaccuracies," the smooth-voiced man protested.

"Nah, Noct's right. It was shit," Gladio rebutted.

"And that's from the guy who thought Ravaged in Ravatogh was a literary masterpiece!" Prompto added.

The conversation slowly wound to a halt as all five lovers descended into gales of helpless laughter.

End Notes

so I really like this OT5 and am pretty much always open for prompts/requests/commissions of them if you're interested

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