Refrigerator Hearts

by orphan_account

Summary

Fleetingly, amidst the distant clamor swarming around him (“Arthur?! Can you hear me?!”, “Oh God, he’s not breathing.” “Gwen, Morgana, someone call the fucking ambulance!” “Shite, Arthur, focus mate, look at me.” “Arthur you’ll be okay, you’re gonna be okay.”), he thought that the weight that had settled suddenly on his entirety was the heaviest weight he had ever felt.

Obviously not. He’d yet to meet Merlin.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

Really now. It was supposed to nothing more than a simple game of footie. An easy (albeit competitive, of course) three-on-three game of footie with the boys right before the weekend ended and they all had to return to their (large) desks and (corner) offices.

Seriously. All there was left for him to do was to receive the brilliant pass from Lance, feint a quick left to trick Gwaine and then send the ball past Percival and into the goal. Nothing to it. To the victors went the spoils, and yet another game added to their tally. Team Pendragon would cheer much too wildly for men their age; Team Gwaine would groan and empty their pockets once again.
Morgana and Gwen would scoff at their antics before nagging them to clear the field so that they could hurry it up to the pub before the sun completely set. They’d make their way to the familiar pub, all laughs and arms around necks. Settle into their usual crevice before sending Captain Gwaine to fetch their drinks. Pass around whatever happenings occurred during the week and share more laughs. They’d all drink a couple of rounds, some more than others and some less, before finally using their mature discretion to cease the flow of alcohol and retire back to their personal living spaces for another week before repeating their routine.

Simple as can be. They’d all throw hugs and kisses in parting. Gwen and Lance would walk hand in hand around the corner to their studio loft; Percival would stagger out the door with Gwaine in tow around his shoulder back to their apartment; Elyan would head down the stairs and take the tube back to his uni; Leon and Morgana would call a cab back to the city; and Arthur (always with one beer under his belt) would jump start his motorcycle to life and head back to the city, always passing Leon and Morgana's cab on the way.

But of course not. While Arthur received the brilliant pass, he did not feint a quick left and send the ball sailing into the goal. Instead he paused for a second too long, as if in contemplation of his next move to everyone around him, and dropped to the ground, face to the darkening sky as a weight fell on him, crushing the breath out of him and squeezing his already palpitating heart. Fleetingly, amidst the distant clamor swarming around him (“Arthur?! Can you hear me?!”, “Oh God, he's not breathing.” “Gwen, Morgana, someone call the fucking ambulance!” “Shite, Arthur, focus mate, look at me.” “Arthur you’ll be okay, you’re gonna be okay.”), he thought that the weight that had settled suddenly on his entirety was the heaviest weight he had ever felt.

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End Notes

I've decided to give writing a bit of a go now that I've had more than my fair share of reading here on AO3.

This will be a work in progress, so if you're willing, stick along for the ride! This is the beginning, and I know how this is going to end, but the middle is a bit of a mystery to me as much as it is going to be for you.

Also, I suppose my work will be unbeta'd, so if anyone becomes interested, by all means, let me know!

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