The Thing

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1635.

Rating:	Mature
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Final Fantasy XV
Relationship:	Ignis Scientia/Ravus Nox Fleuret
Characters:	Ravus Nox Fleuret, Ignis Scientia, Lunafreya Nox Fleuret, Prompto Argentum, Gladiolus Amicitia, Noctis Lucis Caelum, Nyx Ulric
Additional Tags:	Miscommunication, Whuffuary, Whuffuary 2026, Angst, Fluff, Humor, Hurt/Comfort, Crack, Chatfic, The Author Regrets Nothing, Jokes, Inside Jokes, Poor Ravus Nox Fleuret, Ravus Nox Fleuret Is Bad At Feelings, Alternate Universe, Alternate Universe - Modified Canon, Canon Divergence, Not Canon Compliant, Everybody Lives, Gay Character(s), Established Relationship(s), Inspired by Tumblr, POV Ravus Nox Fleuret, One Shot, Cross-Posted on AO3, Cross-Posted on SquidgeWorld
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-10 Words: 3,009 Chapters: 2/2

The Thing

by Genly

Summary

What is the thing, and why does everyone keep laughing when they mention it to Ravus? Ravus is determined not to let it get to him. He doesn't care. Really, he doesn't. And he's *certainly* not going to ask anyone what they actually mean by the thing.

Originally posted on AO3 on February 6, 2026

Chapter 1

He sits down at the kitchen table with a groan, not even bothering to put away the groceries, and buries his face in his hand.

Ignis immediately hurries over and sits down next to him, placing a concerned hand on his shoulder. "What's wrong, Kitten?"

He shrugs it off. "Nothing. You have horrible friends, that is all."

Ignis fixes him with a sharp look. "Ravus, we have talked about this. Either you tell me what's bothering you, or you ask me to give you some space. I do not, however, appreciate being pushed away. Be honest with me, and don't make vague statements just to force me into dragging it out of you."

He sighs and takes Ignis' hand, rubbing circles across the back. "You're right. I'm sorry. It truly is nothing, though. I ran into a few of your friends on the way back from the store. Amicitia and that woman, what's her name. Raven. Magpie."

Ignis coughs lightly, but smiles at him nonetheless. "Crowe Altius. Go on."

"Well, seeing as I needed to get back home, I wasn't really in the mood for a chat, but I greeted them politely enough, I thought. But then Amicitia asked me if I could do the thing, and I had no idea what he meant."

"The thing?"

He growls at the memory. "Yes. Those were his exact words. And when I stared at them, they both started laughing like imbeciles, and then they said goodbye and walked off."

Ignis arches an eyebrow. "They said nothing else?"

He shrugs helplessly. "No. Do you have any idea? I know they despise me, but this..."

Ignis leans in and puts his hand on his cheek. "Kitten. Don't be dramatic. My friends may have needed some time to get used to you, but I promise, they *do* like you. I'm sure there is a rational explanation for how they behaved. I will ask them about it."

He closes his eyes. "Please don't blow it out of proportion. I'd die if everyone assumed I sent you to do my dirty work. I'll get over it."

Ignis stands up with a huff. "Nonsense. I'll admit, I'm curious as well. The thing sounds like some sort of inside joke, and if it's about the man I love, I wish to hear it. Now, let's go put away those groceries, shall we?"

It's been a few days and he's put the strange incident entirely out of his mind. Well, almost entirely. Mostly.

Until his phone buzzes with a message from Lunafreya.

[09:27] **Lunaaaa**
hey big bro

[09:35] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
HELLO LUNAFREYA, HOW ARE YOU TODAY? I HOPE YOU ARE WELL. ⚜ LOVE, RAVUS

[09:35] **Lunaaaa**
ffs ray, stop with the shouting already
anyway, noct and me want to know if you and iggy have plans this thursday?

[09:48] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
DEAR LUNAFREYA, I HAVE TOLD YOU MANY TIMES, PLEASE GET A NANNY. YOU ARE ROYALTY AND SHOULD NOT HAVE TO RELY ON FAMILY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR CHILDREN. IT IS IRRESPONSIBLE. ⚜ LOVE, RAVUS

[09:48] **Lunaaaa**
nvm i'll msg iggy
btw have you done the thing today?
love ya xx

[09:51] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
WHAT THING? ⚜ LOVE, RAVUS

[09:57] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
LUNAFREYA, GET BACK HERE. WHAT THING???

It's a good thing Ignis isn't here to see him throw his phone across the living room.

He has made a vow to himself to stop catastrophising about the thing. In fact, he's not even going to ask Ignis if he's found out what it is, yet. They're simply going to have a nice, relaxing dinner at their favourite restaurant and then join a gathering of their friends at the bar. It will not just be Ignis' friends but some of his own as well, so he should at least have someone to talk to. It will be fine.

It stops being fine after the second round of drinks.

The first indication he has that something isn't right, is when Aranea and Lunafreya keep whispering to each other and giggling, while continuously glancing over at him. He excuses himself to go to the bathroom, to check if there is a stain on his shirt, or his hair has become a mess. But no, he looks immaculate.

Disgruntled, he returns to their table, only to find the Galahdian whispering to the blonde with the ample assets whose name he keeps forgetting but who he privately refers to as "Tits McGee", much to Ignis' amusement. For a brief moment, he assumes they're simply flirting, as he's noticed both of them are fond of doing, but then the Galahdian looks directly at him, shakes his head, and starts laughing out loud.

He sits down with enough force that Ignis immediately turns to him and rests a soothing hand on his arm. "Is everything alright, Ravus?"

He grits his teeth. "Yes. I'm fine. We'll talk about it later."

Ignis raises an eyebrow at him, but doesn't press the issue, returning to his previous conversation while gracefully sipping from his glass of red wine.

He's about to do the same, when Prompto addresses him.

"Hey, Ravus! Are you having fun? I gotta say, I think it's nice that you're doing the thing a whole lot more now that you and Iggy are together."

He slams his hand down on the table at the same moment that Ignis practically spits out his drink and starts coughing.

"I've had enough of this! All your little jokes, your sideways looks, your whispered comments. Don't think that I haven't noticed! Feel free to hate me as much as you'd like, but at least do so openly!"

He violently pushes back his chair and grabs his coat. "I'm going home. Unless you give me an apology, don't *ever* speak to me again."

Ignoring the cries of, "Ravus, wait!" behind him, he strides out into the street, fuming. He can't remember the last time he's felt this disrespected. He doesn't care about people not liking him, but this is on another level. *The thing*. What an absolutely disgusting way to make it clear that he's not included in their little group, their little inside jokes.

He's never been more glad that the apartment is only half a street away from the bar. He'd probably stab someone if they so much as glanced at him the wrong way. He doesn't want to be that kind of person anymore, but right now it's taking a massive amount of effort.

Just as he's turning the key inside the lock, he hears hurried footsteps coming closer. Ignis.

"Please, Ravus. I'm so terribly sorry."

He holds up his hand. "I don't want to talk about it here. Let's go inside."

As soon as they've closed the door behind them, Ignis turns towards him. "I truly don't know where to start. I am so sorry for this evening, Ravus."

He takes off his coat and hangs it by the door, irritated that Ignis is trying to play the peacemaker again. "Apologising on behalf of your friends will do nothing to fix this, Ignis. Please stop."

Ignis hesitates. "It's... it's not that. Gods, I hope you'll forgive me, but I know what the joke is. Noctis told me this morning. It's harmless, I assure you, but it seems I underestimated how upset you felt about it."

He turns towards Ignis and stares. "You... you knew?"

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath, tries to count to ten, all things that are supposed to help him control the sudden flare of anger rising up inside him, but to no avail.

"You were in on the joke? And you didn't *tell* me?"

He knows he's shouting far too loudly, but he no longer cares. "No, not a word. Get out. Get out of my sight. Go have fun with your *precious* friends."

He whirls around and stalks towards the living room, throwing himself into an armchair. He can't believe what Ignis has just told him, let alone process his feelings about it in any way, other than pure rage and grief. He places a hand over his eyes and lets out an anguished sob.

Ignis, lying to him.

Betraying his trust.

He should never have told him. He should have just dealt with the problem on his own. It's like that every time. Whenever he decides to trust someone, to be vulnerable with someone and ask them for help, for love, for anything, they always end up hurting him.

It hurts so much. So damn much.

Another wave of tears crashes into him, making it nearly impossible to breathe. He gulps for air in between sobs, pressing his hand against his eyes as if trying to force the tears back down.

What if Ignis had a reason? Maybe it's his own fault, maybe Ignis was afraid of how he'd react, just like he's doing now. He really doesn't deserve someone as nice and caring as Ignis. He knows it, all of Ignis' friends know it. Now Ignis knows it too. He's probably left already, off to tell his friends what a terrible person Ravus is, maybe they'll laugh about it together, congratulate Ignis on finally coming to his senses...

He doesn't even fully register the soft sound of footsteps coming closer, until a hand settles on his knee and a quiet voice says, "I can't stand seeing you like this, Ravus. Please talk to me."

The hand squeezes his knee very gently, not demanding, but not letting go either. He no longer has the energy to pull away, or to tell Ignis to leave him alone. He lets his hand drop away from his face and meets Ignis' eyes. They look shiny behind his glasses, as if he's suppressing his own tears.

He drops his gaze to his lap, unable to maintain eye contact. He's so tired.

"Ignis. Why. Why did you..."

Ignis remains crouched in front of him. As if he's begging for something. No, that's ridiculous. Ignis never begs.

The hand on his knee tightens for a bit, before smoothing out again. Ignis clears his throat.

"Ravus, I... I made a terrible error in judgment. I won't ask you to forgive me, but I will tell you what happened, if you'll let me. Unless you'd rather vent your feelings to me first. In that case, I won't say a word until you're done."

He's too exhausted. He shakes his head, resignedly. "No. Tell me."

Ignis exhales softly. "Alright. When I found out from Noctis, I didn't tell you what the joke was straight away, because I assumed you'd feel embarrassed by it. So I waited until evening, so I could tell you in person. But then, during dinner..."

Ignis pauses, looking for the right words, no doubt. He squeezes his knee again.

"During dinner, you kept doing the thing. The thing I fell in love with. The thing our friends have noticed you doing a lot more, these days. It's your smile, Ravus. Your amazing, relaxed, stunningly beautiful smile."

He lifts his head and looks straight at Ignis, disbelieving.

"My... what?"

This time, it's Ignis who breaks eye contact and looks down at his own hands.

"It was wrong of me to keep you in the dark. But it was so endearing, and I didn't want to make you feel self-conscious about it. It was... gods, I hate myself for saying this, but knowing that everyone has noticed you smiling more, it made me feel... accomplished. Like I'd achieved my goal of making you as happy and comfortable as I possibly could. I'm so sorry, Ravus. I let my own feelings take precedence over what you might feel."

He's still trying to wrap his head around what Ignis is telling him. "Ignis, too many words. My *smile*? This was about me *smiling*?"

Ignis nods quietly. "Ravus, I..."

His hand flies up to his mouth, but too late. A snort of laughter, practically a hysterical giggle, escapes between his fingers. Before he knows what's happening, he's bent almost in half, leaning against Ignis' shoulder and shaking with fits of unhinged laughter.

Before long, he can feel Ignis respond to his giggling. He manages to keep quiet, but his body is trembling with suppressed, involuntary laughter as well. His hands come up to wrap around his back, gently patting and caressing him.

"Ravus?" Ignis' voice is hesitant, slightly unsure, despite the hint of a smile.

He shakes his head, unable to stop laughing.

When he finally manages to catch his breath and calm down a bit, he turns his head a fraction and presses a kiss against Ignis' cheek. "I'm sorry," he murmurs.

Ignis pulls away from him a little bit to look him in the eye. "Please don't apologise, love. Is everything alright? How are you feeling? Where... where did that come from?"

He lets out another helpless giggle. "My *smile*. Gods, I can't believe people are making jokes about that. Are you sure it was just that, and nothing else?"

Ignis nods.

He leans into Ignis' embrace, sighing. "I'm sorry. I made such a fool of myself. I don't know how you put up with me."

Ignis rubs a hand across his back and presses a soft kiss to his temple. "No, Ravus. You had every right to be upset. It was cruel, not telling you what the joke was about. I think you responded entirely within reason, and I'll make sure that everyone involved, myself included, apologises to you. You deserve no less than that."

He leans back and takes a deep breath, feeling much calmer now. He does remember how distraught he was a scant handful of minutes ago, but the feeling is getting hazier and harder to recall by the second.

He quirks an eyebrow at Ignis. "If you wish to apologise to me, how about getting me a nice glass of wine? I somehow didn't get the chance to finish mine, earlier this evening."

Less than an hour later, with two half-full glasses of wine forgotten on the kitchen counter and a trail of discarded clothes marking their route to the bedroom, he's resting his head on Ignis' bare chest and dreamily listening to his heartbeat coming down from its rapid pace.

"That felt so good."

Ignis gives an indistinct hum.

He sighs happily. "I think you hit my tonsils when you came."

Ignis' soft snort of laughter rumbles pleasantly against his ear. "Kitten, that's not possible."

"Hmm, I don't care. You were fucking me even deeper than usual. And you came really, really hard. You even moaned a bit. Gods, I love it so much when I can feel you coming that hard."

Ignis lazily plays with a lock of his hair. "I have to admit, this one was quite... intense. But that's entirely your fault, you know."

He lifts his head to look at Ignis. "Oh?"

Ignis gives him a devious smile. "Yes, your fault. You really need to be more careful when I'm that close to orgasm, Kitten. The moment you looked into my eyes and did the thing, it was game over."

He rears up, throws himself on top of Ignis, and pins his wrists to the mattress with a growl.

"You're going to regret saying that."

Then he leans down and kisses him.

Chapter 2

Dear Ravus,

~~*Please allow me to start this letter by saying that I showed conduct unbecoming of a King*~~
~~*I wish to extend my apologies for the events that transpired on the evening of*~~
~~*On behalf of myself and the people I am honoured to repr*~~

Please forgive me. I didn't know you had no idea what our joke was about. I really didn't mean to hurt you. I feel awful about what happened and I hope we can patch things up.

Kindest regards,

Your brother-in-law,

Noctis Lucis Caelum

P.S. I'm sorry for this mess. Iggy usually writes my official letters for me but he said I was on my own for this one.



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[23:01] **PromPom**
Your Highness Mr. Sir Ravus Nox Fleuret,

[23:02] **PromPom**
The Excellencent Eminency High Commander Nox Fleuret Sir,

[23:03] **PromPom**
Dear Right Honourable Mr. Ravus Nox Fleuret,

[23:04] **PromPom**
fuuuuuuuuuuuuck
i dont know how to do this and moogle isnt helping AT ALL
im so sorry Ravus im screwing this up even more
youre probably aslep
i probably woke you up
fuck fuck fuck
please dont kill me
or acually you can kill me if you want i desrve it

[23:05] **PromPom**
im so sorry
😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭😭

[07:42] **Nyx**
hey man
this is Nyx Ulric
got your phone number off of Iggy, hope you don't mind
just wanted to let you know that we all fucked up last night and I'm really sorry
I don't know you that well but that should have been more reason not to make jokes about you
you do have a very nice smile though ☺
anyway I hope you are okay and that Iggy's taking good care of you

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[08:36] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
DEAR MR. AMICITIA, YOUR FLOWERS HAVE ARRIVED IN PRISTINE CONDITION. I HAVE GIVEN THE DELIVERY PERSON AN ADEQUATE TIP. THANK YOU. ⚜ REGARDS, RAVUS NOX FLEURET

[08:43] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
IGNIS SAYS I SHOULD HAVE ADDED A SMILE. REGARDS, RAVUS NOX FLEURET

[09:03] **Gladio**
No prob. Tell Iggy to refresh the water once a day. He's terrible with flowers.

[10:15] **Lunaaaa**
hey big bro
you gotten over your temper tantrum yet?

[10:16] **Lunaaaa**
anyway the thing's been A Thing for like
the past 8 years
which you would know if you just moogled yourself like a normal person

[10:18] **Lunaaaa**

i'm kinda surprised iggy didn't know
i guess that means your bf respects your privacy! ❤
always look on the bright side babe

[10:21] **Lunaaaa**
[link]
[link]
[link]
[link]
[link]

[10:22] **Lunaaaa**
and yeah i totally reblogged
so now you know who to blame 😆
love ya xx

[10:54] **Ravus Nox Fleuret**
I HATE YOU. ⚜ LOVE, RAVUS

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!