Blankets

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/869.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandom:	Hetalia: Axis Powers
Relationships:	Germany/South Italy (Hetalia), Germany & North Italy (Hetalia)
Characters:	Germany (Hetalia), South Italy (Hetalia)
Additional Tags:	Fluff, Cuddling, Author Is Sleep Deprived, Mentioned North Italy (Hetalia), Poor writing
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-01 Words: 371 Chapters: 1/1

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by Wonderhoy_but_Oli

Summary

Germano cuddling

Alternative title: me spreading my germano propaganda /j

Notes

Fanfic site so small it doesn't even have hetalia yet I hope you like germano bc seeing how small this site is makes me wanna just make alot of germano (and itapan. Or engitapan. Idk) bc i love it so much it's like 10 pm and I'm sick from eating so much candy uhhh anyways enjoy this slop sorry if my southerner comes out a bit it happened when im tired

Germany had a hard day today.

Not like that's anything new though. He gets up early everyday to train, but for what? For his ally to ignore his instructions and run of to do hell knows what? With how much lazing around Italy does, it's hard to believe he's older than him. All he wanted was to go home and lay down.

But of course, he couldn't even do that in peace. Not with Romano laying dead in the middle of his bed like a cat. Germany had gotten used to Romano being asleep when he got home and laying in the most unusual positions, but that doesn't make it any more convenient. He gently shook Romano's leg, trying to wake him up so he could lay down too, and just barely dodged Romano's thrashing at the disturbance.

"Whhat the fuck..? Who the hells there?" He said, unable to clear the sleepiness from his voice. He sat up to look at Germany. "Uhg, of course it's you". Germany sat on the bed beside him. The two lay down, Romano complanning about his ruined beauty rest or whatever.

"Romano, where are the blankets?" Germany asks, looking to the end of the bed where he thought they were. "I don't fucking know, it's too hot for covers anyways." Romano says, rolling over to face the blonde. Germany sighs, and instead of getting up to look for the blankets like he normally would, he just layed there, which confused the hell out of Romano.

"Why are you just laying there? Aren't you cold?" He asks. "Not really" Germany replies in a very tired tone. "Then why did you ask for the covers, bastard!?" Romano says. "Because they're comfortable, even when I'm not necessarily cold". Damn. "Would you mind being comfortable" Germany asks, trying to not sound weird about it. "What the fuck is that supposed to mean you potato bastard?" Romano says. Instead of clarifying like a normal human person, Germany instead thinks it's a good idea to just. Scoot closer to Romano and cuddle him. Unfortunately, neither of them are normal, so Romano kinda just. Ignores him and tries to sleep. Germany rests his head on Romanos and awwhbhhh they sleep the end

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