The Sliding of the Rain (My heart beats your name)

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by yourdeargatsby

Summary

By 17:14, news articles get the news.

Grayson Hawthorne, second grand-son of billionaire Tobias Hawthorne, has been hit in a car wreck. The driver is already dead. He’s in unstable condition.

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Or the fic where Grayson gets into a car wreck and Artemis flies halfway across the world in almost record time because that's a normal thing to do for your rival turned crush

Notes

I'm not sure if I should or shouldn't, but this is a trigger warning because there are slightly graphic depictions of wounds and cuts. It also deals with heavy themes since like. People die. Not main cast. But people.

See the end of the work for more notes
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Chapter 1

It was a thursday afternoon. It was a thursday afternoon, when Artemis Fowl got the call, and nobody could really explain why he did get it, in the end.

It’s 16:00, when he picks up the damned phone, his personal one, not his work, which is even why he’s answering in the first place.

It’s 16:30 by the time he’s out of the building and the business deal he was supposed to make was cancelled.

By 17:00, Artemis has pulled up to where he stores his private jet at a local aeroport, and is demanding authorization to fly.

By 17:14, news articles get the news.

Grayson Hawthorne, second grand-son of billionaire Tobias Hawthorne, has been hit in a car wreck. The driver is already dead. He’s in unstable condition.

He can’t explain why he’s running to fly, to get over there. This is a lie. He can. But he won’t admit it. He can’t, hells be damned.

His team is working non-stop to keep the press from hearing about Artemis’ reaction to the news of his rival’s near fatal accident, to prevent Artemis’ rush to get to him from being leaked.

The personal phone is buzzing non-stop, calls from Juliet and Gigi Grayson who had gotten his number from the first, and likely his mother and Butler too, but he wasn’t stopping to look at them, or check. There was no time. He had to get there.

Artemis' heart pounded in his chest, an abnormal resting rate as he ignored texts and calls to refresh on the coding that had the keywords related to Grayson and the crash. If Grayson Hawthorne died, if he died before Artemis got there, Artemis needed to know.

But he wouldn't die.

Grayson Hawthorne was the most stubborn, infuriating bastard Artemis had ever had the misfortune to meet, and all the genius could do was hope and pray he kept that stubborness with him, even now.

The clearance to leave the country came in 5 seconds and 5 years all at once, Artemis' foot tapping impatiently as he debated whether or not to just leave before they cleared him, but it would do no good if he died trying to get there.

Clouds of gray and slight rain fell on the ground as Artemis pushed into the small jet, gulping down the rest of the toxic black coffee the airport kept, knowing he was going to have to be awake for the next ten or so hours to get there.

He strapped himself in, putting on the headset. No passengers were on board to take care of, so he was slightly reckless in getting out.

Air control gave him permission to take off.

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When Artemis Fowl lands, it's only been 8 hours. It's 7 pm in Dallas, and Artemis' body is shaking with lack of sleep and overconsumption of caffeine, but he's so close.

He's shaved off an hour and a half of his flight time, some sort of miracle that could only ever be performed by the great Artemis Fowl, landing and docking at one of the temporary stations. He doesn't own one in Dallas, because he never comes here.
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There’s always been some sort of agreement, between Artemis and Grayson, to not go to each other’s home cities. They’d follow each other anywhere else to fight and argue and debate, but Dallas and Dublin were off limits.

It was unspoken, but it was there, and Artemis had thrown it out of the window with such a velocity there was no way he could have managed it with the frame he consisted of.

Artemis still couldn’t bring himself to care.

He was off the tarmac before they even told him to be, in the fastest car he could rent with money in less than 30 minutes. Hundreds of protocols, legal laws, were being broken, but Artemis had never been a friend of the law, and he wasn’t about to start.

The backroads were dusted as Artemis pushed 185 kilometers an hour, local police stations being told of someone going unbelievably over. When they checked the license plate and called the rental company and the name Fowl was brought up, it was dropped.

This was America. You could get away with anything if you had enough money.

Juliet called him halfway through his drive into downtown Dallas.

“What is it?” He asked, voice much farther strained than he would admit. It was coarse and rough, unlike him.

“The news outlets are being fed misinformation, so that Grayson’s not being swarmed by Team Grayson fans.” She told him, and Artemis scowled, although she couldn’t see it, at the mention of the teams. It was a stupid thing, and Artemis had hated it from the start.

He had never asked Grayson what he thought.

“Send me the location then.” He demanded, too exhausted to use please, too scared to use his manners. He could blame it on the flight later.

“I already have. You’re not too far from it now, though you should be warned that Gigi said-”

Artemis ends the call before she can finish. He doesn’t need to know what Juliet’s ‘name sister’ (as she calls it) says. Gigi Grayson is as annoying to him as her brother, but without the charm or beauty, and Artemis is wholly uninterested.

She hadn’t been lying when she had said it had been close, cutting another ten minutes off.

The hospital was private, and likely privately owned by Avery Grambs, now that Tobias Hawthorne was dead, if Artemis had to guess. Made sense to hold him at a hospital where they had the most jurisdiction.

His parking job was shoddy at best, and the quickened steps into the hospital were followed by flickering streetlights as it got dark, another rainstorm coming into texas, like it had in Dublin.

Well-groomed jet black hair that had been pulled up perfectly just hours earlier was splattered with rain, wet with the water and liquid gel reactivating, strands falling into his face.

Nobody was inside the lobby, except for a nurse who took a look at him and nodded with something he didn’t understand in her eyes.

His phone buzzed with the tone attributed to Juliet Butler, a forwarded text message from Gigi Grayson stating “3406. Why?”

The elevators couldn’t come fast enough, as Artemis walked back and forth. There were six of them, and not a single one came to the first floor.

A ping from one, and a run into it, spamming the third floor button and the close doors.

It was almost a maze, trying to find room 406. He went down hallway after hallway, numbers going up and down in search, finding nothing. One of the last he went into ranged from 390 and continued up, and so he jogged down it, sure he looked a mess.

406.

406.

406.

He found it, halfway down the hall to the east side. The door slammed open with a bang, a continued strength for adrenaline that he couldn't explain where it had come from.

Oh.

He maybe should have listened to Juliet on the call, about what Gigi had to say.

Juliet Grayson and Savannah Grayson seemed to be the only family members of Grayson Hawthorne missing from the room, as his three brothers, Avery Grambs and a large man Artemis subconciously recognized to be John Oren stood around.

The last of the list is who moved first, towards Artemis with the look of "you shouldn't be here."

Artemis Fowl the Second would be damned if he was removed from this room.

"You!" Jameson Hawthorne said first, eyes wide with shock and confusion.

Artemis didn’t grace him with an answer.

“I’m afraid you can’t be in here, young man.” John Oren said, approaching with his hands up like he thought Artemis had the will or the strength to fight him.

Arttemis did not. He did, however have wit, and enough knowledge they could remove him without explicit permission from a family member while the patient was in a state of unconsciousness, or a doctorate in medicine.

Which Artemis, did in fact, happen to have.

“I am a licensed Doctor of Medicine. You can’t remove me from premises unless I do harm to the building, staff, or a patient.” Artemis countered, to which Oren frowned.

“Can he do that? I don’t want him here. Grayson won’t want him here. Grayson hates him, Oren.” Jameson started talking, rambling, and he looked halfway to insanity. Artemis hated Jameson in a different way than Grayson, but no less fastidiously, after the young bastard had poured juice in Artemis’ hair when he had been 5 and Jameson had been 3.

“Jamie, calm down-” Nash Hawthorne started at the same time the youngest, Xander, made a loud buzzing noise that sounded like a poor attempt at an ‘incorrect’ sound from a game show.

The attention turned to him all at once. He shrugged, nibbling on a scone, like he didn’t have enough appetite to eat it.

“Jamie’s wrong. That’s all I’m saying.” And Avery Grambs looked away, like she knew what Xander was talking about, but wasn’t willing to admit it.

“What do you mean, ‘wrong’? Wrong about what?” Jameson asked again, peering into his younger brother like he knew he was missing a piece of information.

“About Artemis being here…?” He spoke, and Artemis used the distraction in the room to take a look at Grayson.

He looked horrible. they had shaved part of his hair behind his left ear to stitch up a wound, and his right eye was almost so swollen that it looked like it had been covered with something else. There was a gash on his upper lip, the type that Minerva and Juliet gossiped about, though it looked different on a man than it did a woman when they talked about it, and there were so many cuts and bruises on his body you couldn’t count them all.

A respirator was attached to his face, an iv in his arm. The bottom of his right leg was held up, and Artemis could tell by looking at it they had to perform surgery. It looked like the type of wound that doctors would say “you’ll never walk again” to.

The beeping of the heart monitor was the only thing keeping Artemis grounded as he walked forward and examined the patients chart at the end of the bed, an outdated practice, but one he was grateful for.

A severe concussion, 3 inch wound on the side of the head, not deep enough to fracture the skull or cut any dangerous nerves. Black eye caused by airbag impact. Half an inch wound on the lip from debris. 4 breaks in the lower fibia, possible cut tendon in lower right calf due to crushed door.

The doctors notes said exactly what Artemis had expected them to say;

‘Unlikely to walk without assitance again. Large amounts of physical therapy after condition is stabilized.’

Artemis wouldn’t accept this. Not because Grayson would be fractured as someone who couldn’t walk on their own, but because Grayson wouldn’t accept this. Which meant that Artemis wouldn’t either.

He moved to draw a pen from his pocket, writing his own notes on the clipboard, before he dropped it out of startle as he was called out of his little world.

“You’re in love with my brother?” Jameson Hawthorne yelled, Avery and Xander cringing, the loud bang of the clipboard hitting the ground as they stared at each other.

Nash Hawthorne looked like someone had just turned on a light in a dark room, before nodding. John Oren remained completely neutral.

Artemis couldn’t think of anything to say. Yes? No? Sorry? None of those things were good enough, and he’d never apologize to Jameson Hawthorne.

Artemis took a deep shuddering breath, bending down to pick up the notes off the floor.

“They don’t think he’s going to be able to walk on his own again.” He says, steadying his voice even though his heart is pounding again. “He’s not going to accept that. There’s a preliminary drug, one that I haven’t really tested yet, that restores muscle fibers. I’m going to order more testing on it in the next two weeks, to see if it’s safe to give it to him.”

This was a lie. Artemis hadn’t invented a drug. But he would.

Avery moved from her spot.

“I’m going to get coffee. Get… some rest. Mr. Fowl.” She addressed him, and he gave her the smallest of nods, stifling a yawn. Sleep would come later.

Jameson still looked completely shocked. Xander didn’t look like he could care less, but was midly interested anyway. Nash looked at him sadly, like he was the one with an almost dead brother on the bed.

“Avery’s right, kid. Get some sleep. God knows how fast you got here, from across the sea.” Before he followed Avery out of the room, pushing his chair towards Artemis.

Xander finally took an actual bite of his scone.

“If it helps, I knew before either of you did. I’m not even sure if Grayson knows now.” Which was cryptic and odd, and Artemis barely understood it, but the adrenaline was finally wearing off.

He sent off a text to Minerva about his supposed drug, to which she gave him thumbs up accompanied by an image of her angry cat, which he interpreted as “you’re a bastard but i’ll do it anyway.”

Jameson’s gaze finally softened, still staring holes into Artemis.

“I still don’t like you.”

“I wouldn’t expect you to. I don’t like you either.” Artemis replied, stealing Nash’s chair. Oren remained in the corner of the room, silent but watching.

Jameson frowned.

“But if you can help Grayson…”

Artemis gave him a look, before leaning forward and putting his head on the end of the bed, so that his forehead just rested his arms, on the mattress. He didn’t look at Jameson as he spoke the next words.

“I swear to you, Hawthorne. If there’s anything in my power that I can do to help your brother, I will.”

There was no response, but he felt a hand on his back after some time, and heard the door click open and shut before he gave into the desperate exhaustion consuming him.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The first thing that Grayson Hawthorne felt when he woke up was pain. It was searing and dull all at once, concentrated and still spread out through his body.

His eyelids felt heavy, and difficult to lift, like they were being held down and forced shut, but Grayson had never given up so easily on something his entire life, and wouldn't start now.

It took longer than it should have, and he couldn't figure out why. He should be in his bed, back at Hawthorne House after he spoke to the local FBLA group..

Grayson couldn't remember speaking to the group. He could remember getting ready, grabbing his things and getting in the car, but the door clicked shut and his memories ended.

Light filtered in. He blinked, still taking a long time to do so, letting his eyes dilate.

His hearing came back slowly, the gentle beeping as a soft lullaby played through a speaker. He was in a hospital.

Grey eyes flicked around the room. He identified it as the Inpatient facility his grandmother had established for anyone to feel welcome during the AIDS crisis, he had visited here before. He hadn't expected to be a patient at any point in his life.

His eyes seemed to be the only thing he had control of at the moment, flicking around processing the room. 5 chairs, a paper plate with a half eaten scone, a lot of paper cups and the lingering scent of coffee.

The logical conclusion to draw would be that his brothers, plus Avery and Oren had been here.

The last thing he drew his eyes upon was the figure at the foot of his bed. Ironic, considering how his right leg was raised in the air, covered in bandages. Concerning.

Less concerning was the ravennette asleep at the edge. His head was ontop of his crossed arms, laid down, asleep. Grayson would recognize Artemis' profile anyway, even in a slowed state of mind.

His hair was down, a way he had never seen it before, but unwashed, like it had fallen out. Grayson wanted to run his fingers through it, and he was going to. He was in a hospital. He'd blame it on the drugs later, fed to him through the IV in his arm.

It was moreso the fact that he couldn't move his hands, to the reason why he didn't do it immeadiately. He knew they were there, and he could feel them, but they weren't responding. Grayson would have frowned if not for the respirator covering his mouth.

But still he tried. He didn't care how long it took, he was moving his damn hand. He got his fingers to twitch first, pointer giving a slight shake, before his wrist became complacent and twisted slightly.

The rest of his fingers followed naturally, and he forced his arm forward slightly, stiff and with a limited range of motion.

In the end, he only got far enough to grab a strand rolling it across his thumb and pointer slowly, not feeling capable of much more. It was soft, a piece hard like there was gel in it.

Grayson looked at the rest of Artemis. He had no idea why he was here. Why his family hadn't kicked him out. According to them, he hated Artemis.

But Artemis was here. And Grayson liked that more than he should.

Artemis turned slightly in his sleep, face shifting forwards to Grayson, and he lost touch of the hair, but he could see Artemis' face now, and it was worth it.

He looked like hell incarnate, sure, deep eyebags under his eyes, slightly smudged mascara that he wouldn't admit he used making it look worse, hair falling into his face. He still wore a full suit, meaning he had rushed there. It was wet from rain.

Artemis Fowl the Second, the world's biggest genii, hell-raiser and Grayson's rival had presumably flown halfway across the world in a hurry to see Grayson. He had walked through rain without an umbrella, ruined his perfect hair and makeup, a suit that cost more than most peoples rent for Grayson.

He didn't know if it was possible at the moment to blush, but it felt like he was.

The beeping on the monitor went up, and an alarm went off, and Grayson cursed himself mentally. Fucking heart rate, increasing rapidly.

People rushed into the room, startling Artemis who woke up wide eyed and suddenly, staring at Grayson with the blue eyes people online said stole your soul.

He was shoved away by a nurse and Jameson, who had seen him awake, and were worried about his blood pressure and heart rate.

They hooked his moving hand and finger up to another machine, taking a prick of blood despite having a fluid bag in him, looking at him like he was dying.

His heart rate had fucking spiked because he was in love with the man in front of him, hells be damned. Not because he was halfway to death.

Jameson gripped his hand with fear harder than he had in a long time, since before Emily.

“Grayson, are you alright? Can you hear me?”

Grayson tried to give him a look, but couldn’t, and he was sure with the tightness he felt on his face, he must have looked quite the sight.

Clearly Grayson was not alright. He was in a fucking hospital. Xander and Nash were there too, Avery stood with Artemis further back.

“Blink once for yes and twice for no, Gray.” Nash said slowly, like he wanted to make sure Grayson was interpretting it.

Grayson blinked once.

“How are you feeling?” Xander asked. Jameson hit him upside the head.

“That’s not a yes or no question, Xan.”

“Oh, right. Do you know where you are?”

Grayson blinked once.

The doctors receded, one pulling Nash away to talk to him. Avery pulled closer, but Artemis just watched, like he wasn’t sure if he was allowed to.

Grayson tuned out Jameson and Xander and just stared at Artemis. He stared back.

Jameson paused, looking between the two of them.

He sighed.

“Xander and Aves really weren’t fucking joking.” He muttered, shoving a chair back at Artemis harshly, with more force than he probably should have. Artemis stepped to the side, avoiding impact, before pulling it back forward slowly, and tentatively.

Grayson continued staring, not awake enough to understand why he was here completely.

“Gray, did you hear what Xander was explaining before?” Avery asked slowly, and Grayson slowly turned his attention to her. He blinked twice.

“I’ll start over.” Xander said, voice soft and slow, unlike him. “Do you know what day it is?”

One blink.

“It’s Friday Morning.”

A day after he was supposed to meet with the group.

“Yesterday morning, at about 9:36 am, you were on an intersection in downtown Dallas when a drunk driver going almost 100 over in a sports car side-swiped you.”

Oh. That would explain it. Grayson had come to that logical conclusion, but it made more sense.

He wondered about Georges, his driver.

“You were transferred to the hospital at 9:43, since an on duty officer was nearby at the time. At 10:30 or so, you went through multiple emergency scans and surgeries.” He said even slower, to make sure he wasn’t shocking Grayson. He paused before he said the next bit. “Nobody else survived, Grayson.”

Guilt washed over him. Georges. He hadn’t deserved that.

“Alisa’s already pressing charges against the agency to whom the car was registered to. It made news yesterday, but we’ve been keeping your exact location a secret.” Avery explained. “Do you want Artemis to go over your injuries with you, or is it too much?”

“That’s not a yes or no, either!” Xander said, raising his voice slightly. Jameson hissed at him, and he backed down.

“Blink once if you want to, and twice if you don’t.” Avery spoke gently.

Grayson pondered.

He blinked once.

Xander nodded, like he expected this, and stood up.

“It might be easier to process with him alone. We’ll be right back. Don’t have a heart attack on us while we’re gone, okay Gray?”

Grayson blinked once.

Artemis scooted closer, still quietly. He picked up a noteboard at the end of the bed, scowling at it.

“Half of this is wrong.” He said, voice strained and tired, but with the smallest joking lilt to it.

Grayson said nothing. He couldn’t.

“I’m going to start from your head and work down, okay?” Artemis asked, and for once he waited for Grayson’s reply diligently. Grayson blinked once. “You have a blunt force concussion from the head rest on the back of your head and neck, which is easy enough to treat. You’ll need to take it easy for that.”

Grayson blinked once. He’d had concussions before. He’d falled out of treehouses, into ravines and ditches, banged his head on things just a bit too hard.

“A piece of glass presumably cut your head as well, on the top of your left ear. You’ve got stitches, the naturally disintegrating kind when it heals. Your hair will have to grow back naturally as well.” Grayson had never wanted to touch his hair so badly.

“A black eye, which will be fine much sooner than everything else. Airbag impact caused that.” He sounded Authoratitive, which was the only way Artemis ever sounded, and it was comforting. Grayson liked the sound of his voice. “A small cut on your lip, which might scar, but isn’t deep enough to require stitches.”

There was a loud pause, and Grayson assumed they were moving on to the leg. His torso felt fine, from what he could feel.

Artemis moved closer, locking eye contact with Grayson.

“Grayson. This next bit of information is the worst of it.” A pause, a flick of his eyes to his legs and back up to Grayson’s face. “What the doctors here think and what I think are two different things… and I want you to know that.”

A blink.

Artemis sighed, continuing.

“Your lower leg was fractured from impact four times, snapping a tendon.” Grayson could tell immeadiately that wasn’t good. “They’ve written down that you won’t be able to walk on your own ever again.”

Grayson’s head felt like ringing. What? There was no way. He couldn’t have to walk with help everywhere. He felt sick.

Artemis must have seen this because suddenly there was a hand on his, not reassuring, not like it was supposed to be, but grounding.

“Breath. That’s what the respirator is there for.” Grayson breathed.

“I told you a minute ago I don’t believe what they’ve said.” Artemis told him. “I’ve got a drug being made for you, to stimulate and create artifical muscle growth. It’s not going to be perfect… but if it works as it should you’ll likely be able to walk with minimal to no assistance after a lot of physical therapy.”

Grayson wanted to cry. He should have said no to Avery. He was overwhelmed.

He didn’t cry. Grayson didn’t cry.

Artemis’ hand stayed on his, close, and he leaned forward.

“You’re the most stubborn bastard I know, Grayson. If anyone can defy what some old guys with degrees just as outdated as they are, you can.”

It was almost motivational, coming from Artemis Fowl.

Grayson tried to smile. He failed.

Artemis gave him a lopsided smile in return, a lot of teeth with no actual grin, and it was stupid. It shouldn't have been so endearing, but Grayson was half sure he fell a whole lot more in love with him then.

"I'll go get your brothers. I'm sure you want to see them."

He said, standing up and withdrawing his grip from Graysons. Grayson wanted to lunge out, and grab his warm hand again, but couldn't move. Artemis just turned his lips up a bit, eyes hung low, bags looking even bigger.

Then the door clicked shut.

It felt like years before anyone came back in.

It was only Xander, and a nurse who was adjusting his IV and medicine levels.

"Nash and Jameson don't want to overwhelm you right now." He said, taking Artemis' spot. "Don't worry about your boyfriend, Avery and Nash won't let Jameson ax-murder him."

Grayson's eyes blew wide.

Xander laughed, a raw and choked sound.

"I've known longer than you have, Gray. It's fine. He flew halfway across the world in record time to be here, did you know that?"

Grayson blinked twice.

“I know you didn’t.” Xander rubbed his hand. “They’re upping your meds so you can get more sleep and hopefully get your eye looking back to normal.” Xander picked up the half eaten and probably stale scone. “We’ll all be here when you get back, Grayson. We love you. All of us.”

His brother was still there was his eyelids got too heavy to hold, and shut with dreams of black hair and blue eyes and reassuring words and the prospect of a lover.

Chapter End Notes

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End Notes

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