Furnace of your Heart

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/989.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Slash (M/M)
Fandoms:	Artemis Fowl - Eoin Colfer, The Inheritance Games - Jennifer Lynn Barnes
Relationships:	Artemis Fowl II/Grayson Hawthorne, Juliet "Gigi" Grayson & Grayson Hawthorne, Juliet Butler & Artemis Fowl II
Characters:	Artemis Fowl II, Grayson Hawthorne, Mentioned and Background Characters, Juliet Butler, Juliet "Gigi" Grayson
Additional Tags:	Cuddling & Snuggling, Accidental Cuddling, Huddling for Warmth, It's fuckass cold in alaska, The Juliets planned this, Enemies to Lovers, Pre-Relationship, Pre-Slash, Crackship, Graytemis, trust you guys are sleeping on this ship, intelligent x intelligent, Secret Crush
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-02 Words: 1,630 Chapters: 1/1

Furnace of your Heart

by yourdeargatsby

Summary

PreSlash ship where the heater is broken and well. You don't want to freeze to death when your intelligent rival who you kind of like is right there. Do you?

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Artemis approached first.

“I’m here to check in.” He said, his voice not harsh, but cold and uncaring. He wanted a warm shower and bed, and not to chit chat. The woman looked up and smiled, too bright for this type of weather.

“What would the name be on that room?” She asked him, clacking at her computer.

“Artemis Fowl the Second.” He told her, and she smiled even brighter.

“Ah, yes! We’ve been expecting you, Mr. Fowl. I assume the young man behind you is your companion Mr. Hawthorne?” She exclaimed, excitedly, and continued before Artemis had time to explaint they weren’t together. “We’ve prepared your connected rooms, as requested.”

Notes

Originally uploaded to ao3 on 24th of august 2025. posted to ff.lol on november 2nd 2026

See the end of the work for more notes
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If you asked either one of the men, it would be the others fault. Of course it was.

It was Artemis' fault because he had chosen to do the stupid convention in Alaska in December, and Grayson just as well couldn't let him get ahead. So, he had followed.

It was Grayson's fault because of course he just had to announce that he was going to the same convention Artemis was, and he had been so preoccupied thinking about it, he had let himself get behind.

It was unheard of, for Artemis Fowl.

It was also unheard of for Grayson Hawthorne to be so preoccupied with how he's going to upstage his self-declared rival to forget to book a hotel. Or a plane. And somehow, Gigi, who said she had it taken care of, just managed to get him on the same plan as Artemis himself.

He was going to kill her when he got back.

If he got back.

According to Artemis, when they had landed, Juliet Butler, a friend that Grayson had rarely seen, had booked the hotel. Gigi had convienently done the same! Grayson was wondering about which inhumane way he could torture her.

She knew.

She had to know. She had to know about his stupid little crush and the stupid rivalry and the stupid fact that he couldn't be queer because he was Grayson Hawthorne and so she had decided to deal with it herself.

Similarily, Artemis Fowl was already trying to execute ways to torture Juliet Butler. Just one extra passenger, she had said. Not that big of a deal.

Not that big of a deal if the passenger wasn't Grayson Davenport Hawthorne.

He had just been lucky he hadn't been informed until after he had landed the damn plane, or he might have crashed it.

In the end, both of them came to the conclusion that it was equally the others, and Juliet's fault.

Of course, things have never been so simple for either the 19 year old or the 20 year old, and so it only got worse from there.

The supposed hotel was far enough away that it got cold even in the shared car as the chaffeur dropped them off, and Artemis' skin almost immeadiately froze. It was worse for Grayson, who rarely experienced such a deep cold.

The journey from the car to the door seemed almost daunting, and Artemis grabbed his small rolling bag (with a minor struggle he wouldn't admit), and Grayson grabbed his slightly larger one.

Snow piled at their feet, Grayson's boots and Artemis' dress shoes, which became soaked quickly. He said nothing in complaint.

It was a worse struggle to open the door, Artemis pulling once, before Grayson pushed in, and gave him a self-serving look. Artemis scowled, frown lines etched deep in his face.

The lobby was a quiet place, only one worker at the desk, a dark ambience to it.

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What.

Ironically, it could have gone worse.

Juliet could have put both of them in the same room. She might have known that Artemis might actually gotten his hands dirty and killed her if she did that.

Behind him, as the lady checked them both in, Grayson Hawthorne had gone slack jawed and wide eyed. He didn’t have the mental consicience for this. He couldn’t do it. This would be the end of him.

The plan had been to show up, outdress and outwit Artemis, maybe impress him a bit, and then retreat back to texas and yearn and mourn the doomed crush he harboured.

She handed the cards to Artemis first, who slowly turned around, as shocked as Grayson was, to hand him the second card.

He moved to step away, but the ladies voice pulled them both back.

“Oh! We tried to call you ahead of time to inform you, but our heating is currently broken. We are beyond sorry and any extra blankets you need will be delivered to you.” She spoke like it was a minor issue, and they weren’t currently in a snow storm, and both men’s days had gotten so much worse in a matter of seconds.

Artemis grit his jaw, clenching his teeth into an animalistic smile for pretenses.

“Great. Thank you.”

The elevator ride was slow and long up to the fourth floor, and they had both prayed when they discovered you could shut the connecting doors in between the rooms from the inside, separating each other.

It had to be the only good thing about that night.

Artemis showered, water no more than luke warm, before redressing in a night set that was too expensive to normally buy, but they lasted so long he had had this one for almost 4 years, well worn and soft to the touch still.

He of course had his skincare, but he wouldn’t admit that, so you didn’t hear it from me.

Grayson took less time, scrubbing his hair and just rinsing, before splashing water on his face and getting dressed in an old t-shirt Xander had given him a year prior for the holidays, a joke about a chinese meal printed on it.

It was thick, and Grayson mentally thanked his past self for bringing it.

They did in fact come around with more blankets, which both men took gratefully, and went to sleep.

Tried, perhaps, would be a better word. By 11:30, both men had been laid in bed for two hours, tossing and turning and freezing.

God fuck Alaska and the worst storms either of them had ever seen.

It was the first idea that popped into both of their heads. They did, of course, dismiss it right away. It was a horrible idea. Their dignity would be ruined.

But time passed. Midnight. 12:30. It only got colder. At 12:41, Grayson stood up, teeth stuck together to prevent chattering, moving slowly to the door.

At 12:43, Artemis stood up, clutching a pillow and moving quickly. They opened at the same time, moving forward and crashing into each other in shock.

Grayson, better on his feet than Artemis, reached out and caught the older from falling over.

They looked each other in the eyes, blue on grey, and innately knew what they had both come to propose.

“My bed.” Artemis said first. Grayson frowned.

“No. We’ll go to mine.” Grayson rebutted.

“Absolutely not, I will no-” Artemis started, but Grayson grabbed his free wrist and yanked him forward quickly.

“I am not bickering with you like this when it is cold enough to kill a man, Fowl. Get in the bed.” He said, letting go of his wrist when he deemed Artemis close enough, and moving back to the rumpled side.

The retort Artemis would have usually used died on his tongue, frozen with the air, and he shut up and climbed into bed. It wasn't abnormally warmer, but he could feel the body heat practically radiating off Grayson, and as he became sleepier, unconsciously shifted towards it.

Grayson could feel the same thing, if not hotter. It was like stepping into a hottub after walking in the snow.

He could see out of the corner of his eyes, that Artemis had already fallen asleep and turned over towards him, but Grayson really couldn't find it in him to care. He looked so peaceful sleeping, raven hair not done up and falling over his face.

It should be moved, so it didn't bother him.

His tanner hand reached over, to pull the strand out of the way, and he did, but he was very tired, and Artemis was warm. He needed sleep anyway…

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The first thing Grayson found when he woke up, was that Artemis Fowl the Second, was a cuddler. He had abandoned his pillow sometime in the night, replacing Grayson with it instead, when the younger woke up with a mouth full of dark hair.

He couldn't say much, arm draped across Artemis' back as he was practically covered like a blanket by the irishman, rendered completely immobile. The clock on the side said 7:28, two minutes from Grayson's alarm going off.

It was almost a pity, to let Artemis wake up and leave the warmth.

It was still freezing in the room, but it felt like the heater had come back on at some point in the night, and Grayson was grateful.
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The alarm buzzed, and Artemis roused, slowly, blue eyes opening and flicking back and forth a few times before registering how he was laid, and moving away so fast it was probably a record time.

He could, standing up, muttering an apology Grayson didn’t hear, and disappearing back into his own room.

In the end, neither man talked to the other again. Artemis switched to a different hotel the next day, and they avoided each other like the plague.

Both were so distracted by the events neither took best speaker or won the attention, which was sure ot make the news headlines with some interesting theories about why.

Nobody would ever guess, though.

Nobody would know except Grayson and Artemis.

Oh, and the Juliets.

End Notes

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