

Sillies

By C. Jade Wyton

A short story, written as a valentines gift for my wife! Sillies is a short story written as a gift for my wife. It is not considered an official event that has happened in the timeline.

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It was a beautiful day.

A little too warm for Snow'Sparkle.... But beautiful.

The sun's rays fell in golden flickers that stretched across the hilly farmland in a way so beautiful it almost brought tears to her eyes.

She took a deep breath.

She wasn't going to cry. Not again. It was silly to cry from being happy.

But oh, sometimes she just couldn't help it.

This world was so beautiful. So kind and loving and large.

It had given her all she could have ever wanted.

A life. A home. Friends.

And love.

It had given her *so much* love.

'Snow'Sparkle!' Bayek's voice rung from the house, and Snow'Sparkle rolled uselessly in the grass. 'Need a hand?'

'I am good!' Snow'Sparkle responded, finally finding her balance and rolling to her knees— And then, well past her knees and down the hill a little.

'You sure?' a twinkle shone in Bayek's eyes. Cheeky and playful, she closed the door behind her and squat next to the half-avio. She did nothing to hide her wagging tail, which only moved faster as Snow'Sparkle's own began to twitch. 'I think you might need a hand.'

'I am good,' repeated Snow'Sparkle. Though, she took Bayek's hand this time and let herself be helped to her feet. 'See? I am good! I am not going to fall over this time—'

Bayek barely managed to catch her as she slipped.

'Maybe I am going to fall over a *little bit*,' a giggle escaped the woman as Bayek pulled her upright again. 'Thank you very much. I love you.'

'I love you too,' Bayek snickered. 'Where's your cane?'

'Uh, I am not very sure,' Snow'Sparkle replied, glancing around the grass. 'It is gone? Oh no!'

'*Oh no!*' Bayek mimicked with a grin. When Snow'Sparkle gasped and looked to her, her eyes wide and mouth open in feigned offence, she pressed her nose against the avio's and giggled. 'You're silly.'

'*You are silly!*' retorted Snow'Sparkle, brushing the foxen's curly blue hair to the side so she could see her eyes better. 'Very *very* silly!'

'I'm not the one with the *fall overs!*' Bayek bent her knees and pulled Snow'Sparkle down. Her laugh was covered by her girlfriend's squeal as she swayed the uneasy woman side to side.

‘We are going to fall down!’ Snow’Sparkle exclaimed. ‘Bayek! Do not knock us down!’

‘Don’t tell me what to do!’ Bayek retorted, tugging Snow’Sparkle sideways as she flung herself down the hill.

‘*BAYEK!*’ Snow’Sparkle’s voice was so high it was almost inaudible as the pair tumbled down the steep incline.

They flattened the long grass behind them and sent a flourish of petals into the air as they slowed to a stop at the bottom of the hill. For a minute the two lay still as their heads caught up to their bodies and they slowly gathered their bearings— Then they giggled. And the giggle rose into hearty laughter that filled the otherwise quiet air and sent butterflies and grasshoppers scattering as Bayek grabbed Snow’Sparkle again and rolled to and fro in the grass.

‘Bayek! You are making me queasy!’ Snow’Sparkle laughed, collapsing heavily onto her girlfriend and knocking the wind out of her. ‘Stop! Stop it now before I am sick on you!’

‘Oh, please don’t,’ Bayek responded, her giggles dying down as she released Snow’Sparkle and pushed back her messy hair. ‘Don’t throw up on me!’

‘Then do not roll me!’ Snow’Sparkle responded, shaking herself down. A few feathers flew into the air as she did and she let out a mock-cry. ‘You loosened them! Oh, Bayek! How could you do this to me? That is so *mean!*’

‘You’re fine,’ Bayek snickered, putting her hand around the back of Snow’Sparkle’s head and pulling her close.

They stared deeply into each others eyes before Snow’Sparkle giggled, and Bayek took the opportunity to quickly kiss her nose.

‘Your cheeks are so *fluffy*,’ teased Bayek, planting more kisses over Snow’Sparkle’s face as she wiggled and squeaked with joy. ‘You’re so perfect....’

‘*You are more perfect!*’ replied Snow’Sparkle, finally escaping her girlfriend’s grasp and stumbling to her feet. She managed to walk a few paces before collapsing back into the grass and rolling onto her back to stare at the sky.

Bayek shuffled over to join her, and rested her head on Snow’Sparkle’s chest. ‘I love you.’

‘I love you too— Oh! My cane!’ Snow’Sparkle rolled so quick Bayek nearly ended up with a mouth full of grass. ‘Bayek! Look! It is my cane!’

‘Awesome,’ Bayek grinned. ‘Hey. You look warm; let’s go inside.’

‘I am *very* warm!’ Snow’Sparkle confirmed.

She tried to get to her feet, only managing to get herself upright when Bayek slid her arms around her and hefted her onto her feet. Then she shook herself down and lent on her cane as she examined the hill.

‘You alright, babe?’

‘I do not enjoy hills,’ Snow’Sparkle admitted.

Bayek snorted a laugh and offered Snow’Sparkle a hand. Slowly, giving her time to find sturdy footing with each step, Bayek guided her up the hill and to the house. Snow’Sparkle let her girlfriend open the door for her and gasped when she stepped inside.

Small soulstone candles were placed carefully around the darkened house, giving off dim light that barely illuminated the room. And in the darkened atmosphere the well-lit table and it’s decorations stood out all too beautifully; the

bouquet of flowers and glowing rock placed in its centre made it the first thing Snow'Sparkle saw.

Two plates. Two cups. Two chairs.

'You have made me a *date!*' Snow'Sparkle exclaimed, almost letting her legs buckle in her excitement. 'Oh! Oh Bayek! You are so sweet! What is the occasion? Have I forgotten something important?'

'No occasion,' Bayek grinned and motioned for Snow'Sparkle to sit. 'I just love you. A lot.'

'You are sweet!' Snow'Sparkle exclaimed.

'Also starving,' replied Bayek. 'Come on. Let's eat.'

Snow'Sparkle giggled as Bayek lead her to her seat and sat her down.

All night they talked.

About everything.

And about nothing in particular.

—END—

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