

## Confine

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/44416816) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/44416816>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Content SMP</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">arathain/doctor4t</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Arathain</a> , <a href="#">Doctor4t</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Hair Brushing</a> , <a href="#">Cuddling &amp; Snuggling</a> , <a href="#">i dont know how to explain this one. just read it</a> , <a href="#">Them/them pronouns for arathain</a> , <a href="#">forgot to tag that one sorry</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-01-20 Words: 1,174 Chapters: 1/1

## Confine

by [ros\\_is\\_writing](#)

### Summary

Arathain's first coherent thought from where they sat trapped under Rat's legs with one of his silk covered hands running through their hair, was that this is not how their plan was supposed to end.

### Notes

Out of all the characters I am the least qualified to write, Arathain is definitely at the top of the list

On that note please enjoy my Arathain pov maidson one shot

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Arathain's first coherent thought from where they sat trapped under Rat's legs with one of his silk covered hands running through their hair, was that this is *not* how their plan was supposed to end.

Not that Arathain was complaining! In fact, just because they could, they slumped a little and leaned their head onto Rat's chest, much to his amusement. It was just a little bit uncomfortable, but Arathain really could care less right now. Evidently Rat didn't think the same though, as he began adjusting his back against the wall to try to remove the crink in Arathain's neck. Which was sweet of him, Arathain guessed, but they would really like his hands back in their hair.

Arathain had originally pulled Rat onto their lap as a joke, trying to get a loud reaction out of him. He had been hiding in the stronghold for *days*, probably working on a new project. And while that was well and good for him, the server was rather boring without him bouncing around, wielding the largest and most unnecessary fire trident Arathain had ever seen.

Which is why Arathain paid him a little visit to hopefully break up the monotony of coding. And annoy him of course. Really, what else would Arathain do when they walked in and saw Rat sitting on the floor, surrounded by floating screens of code? Their immediate reaction was to sit down adjacent to him and scoop him into their lap. For fun. But instead of reacting in a predictable panic with limbs flying everywhere and inevitably an elbow in Arathain's face, Rat had simply sighed in defeat and relaxed into Arathain's hold.

Around them the screens had slowly disappeared, removing the faint pink glow in the room and revealing how dark it really was in here. That's right, Arathain remembered, Rat's base was mainly underground, since it housed the end portal.

Arathain was a little frozen from Rat's reaction, one arm still scooped under his legs and the other looped around his back. They had really expected him to struggle at least a little... how tired was he?

At this height, Rat was able to set his head on top of Arathain's, which again, Arathain was not expecting, but definitely not against. One of Rat's hands gently ran up Arathain's arm and slipped into their hair. His hand moved up Arathain's head to about halfway to the top and slowly began combing outwards to untangle their hair. Distantly Arathain noticed their head lolling towards Rat's shoulder.

Was this what people meant by an off switch?

Arathain didn't get much time to take care of their hair. Sure they washed it regularly, but brushing it wasn't exactly at the top of their checklist. Whenever their hair got too knotted, they just cut a couple inches off. It would grow back eventually. Arathain was sure Rat took good care of his hair, after all, he had about twice the amount of it as Arathain did. Maybe he had someone do this to him and that's why he was so good at it, or maybe he was just messing around. Arathain didn't know and honestly did not have the brainpower to ponder that question right now.

There was something about the way Rat sifted through their hair and moved the follicles in directions that they didn't normally lay, that was just completely filling Arathain's brain with fuzz. Which was definitely not a problem, as long as Rat kept doing it.

Getting impatient, Arathain angled their head upwards to bump Rat's chin and hopefully signal him to start again with his hands. Rat muttered something intelligible in response and knocked Arathain's head in return with his chin. Once he finished rearranging both of their bodies, Rat finally moved his hands back into Arathain's hair.

This time Arathain felt tiny claws sorting through their hair and scratching gently at their scalp, which felt amazing to be honest. Rat must have taken off one of his gloves, because his claws were normally covered by them. Arathain almost felt pride that Rat felt comfortable enough around them to take his gloves off, but their entire brain right now was filled with an endless loop of white-noise. If Arathain could purr, they definitely would be right now.

Through the haze of hair petting induced emotions Arathain noticed that Rat had slightly changed their positions. Originally, Rat had been seated sideways on Arathain's lap, so that his legs slung off one side. In effort to straighten out Arathain's spine however, he had scooted off their lap, but left his legs draped across. This way, Arathain could lay at an angle on his chest and not be contorted. Arathain was getting to the point where they were sure that their entire weight was on Rat's reclined body, but he didn't seem to mind, so it was okay.

Rat's fingers crested the side of Arathain's head and scratched a little at the hairline behind their ear, drawing out a rumbling hum involuntarily. With their head directly on his chest, Arathain felt Rat's heart rate increasing ever so slightly. After a short pause Rat scratched again, and this time Arathain rubbed their cheek on Rat's chest in answer.

"Are you a cat?" Rat barked, accidentally shaking Arathain's entire body with his laughter. Needing to respond but not trusting themselves with words yet, Arathain just bumped Rat's chin again. Was Arathain like a cat? They weren't sure. Maybe? What was considered cat behavior?

Arathain's thoughts were immediately derailed when Rat hesitantly slipped an arm around their waist. Arathain pushed down the instinctual panic from being held down near their center of gravity, and forced themselves to focus. What Rat had done quickly changed Arathain's position from laying on top of Rat to being... held by Rat. As opposed to every other change Rat had made, Arathain decided this one was slightly less welcome. Not entirely unwelcome, just slightly less than than every other development.

While Arathain was trying to decide how they felt about being held, Rat began to retract his arm from around Arathain, seeing their stillness as a bad sign. Without even thinking, Arathain squirmed to try to tell Rat to *stay where he was*. Rat laughed uneasily, not sure what to do with the mixed signals Arathain was giving him. But a head to chin bump later, Rat's arm slowly returned to its previous position, this time with slightly more weight as his confidence got stronger. If it was possible, Arathain relaxed even more with a strong exhale.

Needless to say, this was not what Arathain expected to happen when they came here specifically to bully Rat into a break. Regardless of the end product, he wasn't working on his project now, so maybe Arathain's plan worked anyway. It certainly all worked out for Arathain though, as they had never felt more calm in their life. Rat's hands reaching a new spot on Arathain's scalp dragged another hum from them.

They have got to figure out how to purr.

## End Notes

Please lmk if my writing style is too formal, I'm suffering from curse of professional writing from school D:

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!