

Silk Chiffon

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Silk Chiffon

by [griddlebutch](#)

Summary

Harrow's pulling another all-nighter for her biochemistry homework and loses track of the time. Gideon convinces her to go the fuck to bed.

Notes

Title is from the song "Silk Chiffon" by MUNA featuring Phoebe Bridgers. Heavily inspired by the painting "Le Lit" by Toulouse-Lautrec.

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

Harrow, out of sheer force of habit, shifts her eyes to check the clock on the wall without realizing she turned it over and hid it in the darkest corner of the closet over what must've been a few hours ago, now. Harrow surmised, after many nights of experiment, that her body only *acted* tired when she glanced at her clock and knew how late it was, and her body would then shut down and she'd fall asleep at her desk. Her usual tipping point was when her eyes read four or five on the analog clock above her desk, or she saw the stripes of dawn peak above the plains through her window. The natural solution to appease the disgusting, aggravating needs of one's flesh suit was to get rid of the clock. She thought she could trick her brain into not being tired as long as there wasn't a stupid, socially constructed number assigned to when she needed to "go to bed." If only Gideon hadn't put these nagging, inhibiting rules in her head, words like "nutrition," "bedtime," and (worst of all) "self-care."

There were some...incentives to "self-care," Harrow had to admit. Gideon always smiled a bit wider into the crook of Harrow's neck when they both went to bed at the same time. For Gideon, this was usually eleven o'clock, maybe earlier. That's over a third of Harrow's day wasted by something as useless as sleeping. She got her best theorem work done at night, and here Gideon was, dragging her to bed with kind eyes and warm hands. It's easy to lose yourself in Gideon Nav's touch, as all-encompassing and soothing as a tranquillizer dart. Harrow would always seize and lock herself in Gideon's arms, her head resting on her roommate's shoulder. Throughout all hours of the day, Harrow bounced her leg at her desk and ruminated endlessly over biochemistry readings. It was...surprisingly easy to fall asleep with Gideon. Harrow could stay still, let Gideon rub at the prickly stubs of her recently shaved head, and drift away ever so slowly.

Before Harrow knows it, her head hits the desk. She yelps in shock, and rubs at her sore forehead. Her eyes burn, her head stinging from the desk-slam, but it can't be that late. *It's not that late*, Harrow convinces herself, *I've got to keep working*. It could be as early as two o'clock as far as she knows. She still has time. She just needs to haul herself up and keep. Her eyes. Open. She digs her fingernails into her arm to jolt her awake. It's no time for distractions. She must solve this before Palamedes does, or -

Harrow is suddenly grabbed by an unseen force, her body wrapped in some kind of bag, surely off to kidnap her and take her to some secondary location. She waits for the punches to come, the blindfold to cover her eyes, or even the chloroform to suffocate her nose and mouth. She almost starts screaming, flailing her elbows to whoever has groped her from behind, and hoisted her into the air, until she turns to see -

Gideon smiles gently as she cradles the cocoon she's made of Harrow's favorite blanket. It's black background is covered in a bone pattern, with white candles and skulls appearing throughout. Harrow has a pair of socks that match. Gideon got the set for her for Christmas last year. Harrow was fearing for her life just a few seconds ago, and now she has to fight back a smile.

"Shit, sorry I scared you! I thought you were already asleep," Gideon chuckles at the startled look still in Harrow's eyes. "If I knew you were still awake, I would have screamed sneak attack before I wrapped you in the blankie."

Harrow hates (loves) how Gideon refers to it as a *blankie*. "Why would you want to scream 'sneak attack?' Doesn't that defeat the purpose of the attack?"

Gideon doesn't answer. She hadn't thought that far. She shrugs in her *I dunno, thought it'd be funny* way, and wraps her arms around Harrow to keep her from squirming free from the blanket burrito.

"Nav, what are you-ugh, what are you doing?"

Gideon takes the ends of the blanket and wraps them under Harrow's toes, sockless and frigid. Gideon adjusts how she's holding Harrow, moving to cup the rest of Harrow's body in one fell swoop, suddenly carrying her bridal style.

"Making you go to sleep, night boss. It's half past five. Way past your bedtime." There's that vexing word again. Harrow hates the way it rolls out of Gideon's mouth, too full of concern. Like a tempting, seductive red carpet leading her to a soft, warm bed.

"Griddle, I need to finish this theorem. I'm right about to crack it, I feel it."

"You said that six hours ago." Gideon looks down at Harrow with a heavy sigh. She forces a small smirk that doesn't reach her eyes, a dim yellow above a crescent of purple-tinted wrinkles. Seeing the bags under Gideon's eyes is what breaks Harrow. The knowledge that Harrow is keeping *Gideon* up too, is...unforgivable. Didn't Gideon have a field hockey game tomorrow? Or some exam she surely didn't study for? Gideon needs to rest, have a good breakfast in the morning, and -

Oh. Harrow gets it, suddenly. She loosens her tight grip on Gideon's arms, and settles herself in the layers of blanket surrounding her. All at once, she stops resisting. She...she can understand how Gideon feels, when she does this. "I'm sorry," Harrow hears herself say, "I'm sorry if I kept you up."

"You didn't keep me up, sugar lips. Well, not initially. I was asleep until I heard a thunk in your study. Figured you fell asleep at your desk again." Well, she wasn't wrong. Gideon starts walking towards the door, and Harrow flicks the light off on their way out. Harrow's ears tinge red and she wraps her arms around Gideon's neck to keep herself steady.

Though Harrow can't see it, Gideon surely winks when she says, "Yours or mine?" It's such a silly question. The answer is always, "Yours. I don't know why you even ask anymore."

"Gotta give the princess of darkness what she wants. I'm no mind-reader. Just doing my job."

Harrow settles her cheekbone on the top of Gideon's shoulder blade, her eyes so heavy that Harrow feels she's about to melt to the ground. She knows Gideon won't let her fall, so she lets them droop shut - just this once. Before Harrow can truly fall asleep, Gideon lays her down in bed and gets in on the other side. Gideon's sheets always feel so soft, and smell faintly of the lavender laundry detergent they both use. The other half of the smell is something distinctly Gideon - an undertone of sage, tree bark, and grocery store cologne. It's the right amount of musky and mysterious that Harrow buries her nose into the pillow.

Gideon whispers so tenderly it hurts, "Wait, Harrow, lift your head up for a second."

Harrow's surprised at how difficult it is to hold her head up, or to keep her eyes open. Her body feels so light compared to the weight of her eyes - each a solid, dense thing like a sack of coins, or a large, glass marble. She hears quick ruffling, then feels the pillow slide back under her head - bigger this time. "Did you...did you fluff my pillow?"

"Well, yeah. Can't sleep on a flat pillow, Nonagesimus."

It's so simple, so small, but so thoughtful. Harrow didn't need to ask. Gideon did it anyway. She knew what Harrow wanted before Harrow even knew it herself. It's such a tiny, miniscule thing, but Harrow feels the tears swell up from the exhaustion, the gratitude -

Harrow is suddenly overcome with so much stinging, fluttering love that her heart bursts into a ball of electricity that takes control of her hands, her fingers lunging to the side of Gideon's face, her thumb tracing her cheekbone, before she can even realize what she's doing. She missed Gideon so much, even when she was just two rooms away. She can't believe she starved herself of this soft bed and this wonderful, thoughtful Gideon. This blessing of a woman, this answer to all her prayers, just fluffed her pillow and that's all it took to turn Harrowhark Nonagesimus into a hopelessly romantic lovebug. Harrow can't believe she made Gideon wait for all this, woke her up in the middle of the night, right before dawn - such a molecular gesture has sent Harrow into hysterics. She must be in that stage of sleep deprivation where everything is funny and everything is heart-wrenching: where the brain can't think anymore and the body leans into every touch available in the dark. She smiles and whispers a soft, "Thank you," right before she comes to her senses.

And before she can pull her hand away, fingerprints tingling with residual adrenaline, Gideon puts her hand atop Harrow's. Gideon rubs her thumb along the outside of Harrow's hand, as if to say *hey, it's okay. You can touch*. Gideon brings her other hand underneath Harrow's hips, holding the small of her back - pressing her closer. *You're not being too much*. Like this, Harrow's head is on the edge of Gideon's pillow, her hand is being soothed by Gideon's own, and her hips are being cradled by Gideon's forearm. *I like when you get all touchy-feely like this*. The weight of her cheek sinks into the pillow - soft enough to be comfortable, sturdy enough to support the neck and align the spine. *I hope you like it, too*.

Gideon touches her forehead to Harrow's, voice below a whisper. "Just go to sleep, gloom mistress."

Harrow worries her fingertips at the nape of Gideon's neck, feeling the stubble from when she just got her hair cut. "Maybe for just a bit..."

"No, for longer than a bit, baby." The *baby* rolls off of Gideon's tongue like the end of a prayer, and Harrow softens under the sound. It makes her heart ache for a reason she can't name. Not yet.

Harrow watches the way Gideon's red hair dances across her pillow through half-lidded eyes, "Wake me up at eight. I still have work to do."

"Nope. Not happening. It's the weekend. Weekends were made for sleeping in."

"Nine o'clock, then."

"Nope. No can do. You'll wake up when you wake up. How's that sound?"

"But Griddle, I need to get this done-"

"*Baby,*" There's that god damn word again, she must know what she's doing- "You need sleep. Everything else can come later. Your work will suffer if you're sleep deprived."

Harrow can't really argue with that, and it's not just because she's fighting to form words. Harrow tries to respond, but her mouth overtakes her and yawns big and wide. Gideon is overcome with the image that she looks just like a black cat when she's sleepy. Her eyebrows scrunch up in the cutest way, as if still trying to solve equations behind her eyelids.

Gideon lets go of Harrow's hand to cradle the back of her head like a precious egg. She runs her hands over the scar that runs behind one ear to the other. Harrow closes her eyes, letting herself sink under Gideon's touch - the only touch that makes her feel safe.

Harrow slurs her words, drool starting to pool on Gideon's pillow, "Don't you have a game tomorrow?"

"Nope. That's next weekend." Gideon smiles to herself, knowing that Harrow tries to remember her game schedule. She goes sometimes, when her course work allows it, and Gideon plays better because of it. She's like Gideon's secret goth cheerleader. Last time, Harrow even kissed her in the passenger's seat of Gideon's car as rewards for winning. Gideon's lips still tingle just remembering it. She's been practicing even harder ever since.

Harrow wraps her arms around Gideon's neck, closing the distance between them. "Good. You better be here when I wake up."

"I will," Gideon promises. "I will." Gideon presses a kiss to the crook of Harrow's neck, and they both sigh into each other's skin. In a tangle of limbs and heart beats, they slip into a long, warm dream. Outside, thick morning dewdrops settle onto blades of grass. The edges of the sun pink the sky and peak above the line of the horizon that cuts the world in two. It is morning, and it is time to sleep.

End Notes

thanks for reading!! comments and kudos are greatly appreciated and obsessed over with love
<3

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