

## Oh, The Weather Outside Is Frightful

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/24562462) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/24562462>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Bon Jovi (Band)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Jon Bon Jovi/Richie Sambora</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Richie Sambora</a> , <a href="#">Jon Bon Jovi</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">Snow</a> , <a href="#">Snowball Fight</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2020-06-06 Words: 716 Chapters: 1/1

# Oh, The Weather Outside Is Frightful

by [Queenofneworleans22](#)

## Summary

It's snowing, and what's better to do than to have a snowball fight?

## Notes

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

Out of the corner of his eye, a blur passed, ducking between trees, and Richie whirled around, arm poised, hand raised, and tossed the snowball in the direction where the blur had once been, now replaced by the slowly falling snow, devoid of anybody.

Richie smirked. There was no hiding, now. He knew perfectly well where Jon was, it was just a matter of getting there without being assaulted by whatever ammo Jon had with him from where he was hiding behind a snow-covered tree. It was trying colder with each passing minute, and though Richie had been sure Jon would've surrendered by now so that he could go inside and warm up, it appeared that Jon was even more stubborn than Richie had previously thought, and now, an hour after they'd first trekked out into the backyard, it appeared they'd reached a sort of impasse.

Bending down, Richie gathered a handful of snow and started forming it into a ball, patting it down into a manageable shape. "There's no hiding, Jonny, you might as well give up now." He yelled, knowing full and well that there'd be no surrender, but, rather, testing the waters.

Jon scoffed. "I'd rather lose than surrender, Sambora, you know that."

They were both prideful. There'd be no surrender in their near future, just fighting with all they had until what they had wasn't good enough anymore.

Richie crept forward, hoping to catch Jon by surprise as he kept low to the ground. He'd win this, easy. Whether it be because Jon didn't have a snowball or because his aim was off or something else, Richie was confident in his snowballing skills and wasn't about to lose his record.

With each passing step, Richie struggled with whether or not to go left or right, before figuring that right was called that for a reason and switching sides, the snow crunching underneath his boots, the wind beginning to pick up, hopefully disguising whatever noises that he was making.

Richie was right in front of the tree, now, and he slowly approached further, peering around the corner before going in for the kill. He'd lost one of his gloves earlier, and the tree bark was rough and scratchy under Richie's fingertips when he placed his hand on the tree to keep his balance when he leaned forward....and came face-to-face with Jon, who had a snowball prepped to throw.

"Put the snowball down, and nobody gets hurt." Jon said, obviously ready for a battle.

Richie thought for a minute. Putting down the snowball would be admitting defeat, and he *was not* a quitter, but he also didn't expect Jon to be so ready behind that tree.

Jon shuffled from foot to foot, his face set in determination, and Richie hoped for the best. Whatever might happen, all that could be said was that neither of them had given up. They were both stubborn as mules, that was for sure.

Richie took in a breathe, said a quick prayer, and threw the snowball.

-----  
In the end, neither of them quite won.

Jon had thrown a split second after Richie had, and in a moment of cowardice and pure fear, both had jumped out of the way, fearing the dreaded hit and hoping that nobody was there to see two grown man lunging away from snowballs like they were gunfire. So, yeah, the snowballs missed their mark, and they'd both ended up, embarrassed and, nonetheless, covered in snow from their impromptu dive.

-----  
The fire crackled, the hot chocolate burned, the blankets were scratchy, and, yet, it was one of the best nights Jon had ever experienced.

Outside, the snow fell in a rapid swirl, and the sky quickly grew dark, a beautiful sight to behold.

Beside Jon, sharing the scratchy blanket and drinking his own hot chocolate, Richie smiled and placed his arm around Jon's shoulder in order to share some of his warmth. "Thanks for doing that with me, Babe. I know you don't like the cold."

Jon grinned. He didn't like the cold, but being anywhere with Richie was like heaven.

Richie pulled Jon into a kiss, one that warmed him more than any blanket could, pulling back and giving him a smile. "I Love You."

Jon smiled back. "I Love You, Too."

## End Notes

I love sappy endings.

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