

The Bath

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The Bath

by [Madita1908](#)

Summary

Joan and Palamedes decided, that William needs a bath.

Notes

Welcome to my first TSotINF story!

This was originally in german (written in a 10 minuet project) and I translated it and changed it a bit.

I hope you like it!

"Don't act like a toddler, William", Joan of Arc said, while she looked at her friend. "It's just water!"

"Just water?! Just water?! This might be something done by Perenelle with magic in it!", hissed the poet and moved away from the Frenchwoman. He won't bath! He hadn't bathed for *centuries*, because he believed, that it would wash away important natural oils that were good for his skin and health. The poet didn't think that it might be *unhygienically* not to bath or to shower. That he didn't smell that bad.

"Will! Get in now! Even Francis is using it! It's from Douglas!" The gaze of the Frenchwoman was annoyed, and William hoped she would give up soon. He should have known, that Joan – being who she was – wouldn't give up that easy.

"No way!", he yelled again.

Joan turned away from the English poet, swearing in French (he hadn't assumed that she knew this kind of words), as she disappeared in her house. William Shakespeare expected that he had won this discussion, and climbed down from the table, he had been standing on for at least a quarter hour, but he had completely forgotten about his best friend Palamedes was still there. And with him, Joan was coming out of her house. The saint was smirking, and for a moment William thought, he could run away. Just he was about to run, Palamedes grabbed his buddy and tried to throw him in the pool, where Joan, Sophie Newman and Francis had prepared a bath for him. Their thought had been, if William would fall in by accident, he would have decided to take a bath afterwards. Unfortunately, he had looked through their plan and had jumped onto the new table, making a show, even Francis hadn't seen before.

"NO! PALLY LET IT! NO!", William shouted desperately, clinging to the knight's arm.

"Did you just call me Pally?" Palamedes asked, shaking his arm. Will was a flyweight, but he didn't let go. "Let go of me, Will!"

"NO! Stop shaking your arm, Palamedes! I won't let go of you!" Will shrieked and one of Joan's neighbours appeared at the fence. She smiled enchantingly at the elder man who had a disgusting expression on his face. But Joan didn't mind, before she tried to release Will from Palamedes. It took her more than a few minutes to be successful. William lost the grip around his friends arm and fell down into the pool. The only disadvantage of falling into the pool was, that the French saint fell with him.

"Now you are getting clean!" Laughed Joan after her appearance. She scrubbed Will's ears and kept doing it until the man gasped for air.

William Shakespeare finally had bathed again for centuries.

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