"Why do I have a feeling that you and Adam may get along splendidly?"

And the jinx was set. They wouldn't. Obviously.

[College AU] In which Adam and Belle are having sex, lots of it. Then feelings are involved and things get confusing.
Chapter 1

It was in times like this that Belle wondered: just how on earth could they have possibly come to this?

Times when his breath ghosting over the sensitive skin of her neck, calloused fingertips sensually caressing up her back before deft fingers swiftly unclasped her bra. It only took three seconds before she was flipped onto her back, his warm mouth latching onto a nipple. She gasped.

How, really?

She had known of him, of course. It would have been difficult not to when his name was a constant in the room she was sharing with Plumette.

*Lumièr*ère is watching the rugby's semi final. *Adam scored some last minute tickets. Lou will make it up to me, of course.*

*Look, Belle! A pound of Godiva goodness! Adam received a special parcel from his aunt. My Lumièr*ère loves his sweets, but he loves me more and I love you. So here!*

*Lou said he's gonna be late. Adam has a hangover so he's concocting his special potion right now.*

*Lumièr*ère is having a row with *Adam. He sounded so upset over the phone. Is it okay if he drops by for a while?*

It wasn't until one evening when Plumette informed her that Adam would be picking her up because Lumièr*ère was being held up at work that Belle finally got the opportunities to put a face to his name. For all intents and purposes, Belle usually preferred to be well informed, but this Adam was still a mystery, especially as someone who was a close friend of the man her close friend was dating.

"So, you said he’s sharing a flat with Lumièr*ère? Who is this Adam person, really?"

As she would very soon learn about his flair for dramatics, right at that second a hand steadily rapped at their door as though answering her question.

"Oh, that must be him." Plumette checked her make up one last time and flipped her compact close.

"Are you sure you are going to be fine going with him?" Belle asked, putting down her book to look at her roommate, looking all pretty and dolled up in black leather jacket and multicolored layered mini skirt that Belle was sure only Plumette could pull off.

Plumette laughed as if she had said something that was totally hilarious. "He is totally cool. Lumièr*ère and *Adam are like, 'bros for life'," her nose crinkled at how cheesy it sounded. "I forgot you weren't there when we had movie night last month. He voted for a King Arthur flick, but he lost two to one and we watched Shawshank Redemption, followed by one of those Batman Bale movies. He bought pizzas too."

Belle's interest piqued. "Oh? Which King Arthur movie?"
Plumette shook her head, smiling in that loving, resigned way for having gotten Belle, the odd girl, as her best friend. Belle flushed slightly.

"Why do I have a feeling that you and Adam may get along splendidly?"

And the jinx was set. They wouldn't. Obviously.

Plumette opened the door, revealing a tall guy with tousled blond hair in light grey sweater and khakis. Belle was momentarily mesmerized by his eyes - they were as pale blue as frozen lakes, even from across the room. Combined with his attire, he looked almost cold.

Plumette greeted him, accepted a heavy box of theater props and costumes, and asked him to wait for a moment while she went through the content. Lumière was a theater kid, while Plumette’s goal in life was to get a job in the costume and make up department. For Belle, they were a matchmade in heaven.

Belle gave him one last glance before going back to her book, sinking further against the mountains of pillows behind her back, not really reading the words. She knew she should say something, and normally, she would already have. She was no social butterfly, but she knew her manners. Still, there was something about him that was a little bit intimidating.

"Romeo and Juliet? Did they assign that rubbish to read? Don’t tell me it’s for recreational reading?"

Belle blinked. Wai- what?

"I'm sorry?" She raised her head. She hadn't expected him to initiate a conversation, nor had she expected him to start with that. Adam was leaning against the threshold, arms crossed in front of his chest. If she thought he should look misplaced and somewhat awkward being in a girls’ room, he didn’t. Quite the opposite, he looked right at home.

He motioned to the book in her hands. "It’s not even love, is it? It’s infatuation. People die because of the sheer stupidity of it, all in the course of less than a week. Are you even sure that Romeo really loves Juliet? From my point of view, it seems like Juliet is merely a rebound from Rosaline. Don’t even get me started on the pining and heartaches and how they wed a day after they met. Very unrealistic."

To say Belle was shocked would be an understatement. Stunned. Rendered speechless. She didn’t even think it was possible to feel a surge of outrage like this, this fast. She wasn’t one for violence, but she was so very close to hurl her precious volume at the man. He came into her room, insulted her favorite play, and oh Lord, he was smiling!

"You-

"Okay, I’m ready! Lou's waiting!" Plumette who sensed that a World War III was seconds away from blowing up immediately grabbed her purse and pushed Adam out of the room. She flashed Belle a quick smile over her shoulder. “Later, Sweetie, call me if you need me.”

She slammed the door close. Belle could faintly hear her yell ‘what the fuck was that?’ followed with a dull smack.

Getting along splendidly. Right.
"Where were you?" Adam trailed his hands along her sides, leaving goosebumps on their wake and bringing her back from the memory lane. He pressed wet, open-mouthed kisses on her neck, his tongue tracing circles on her pulse point before sucking, hard. "Don't leave me here."

Everywhere he touched tingled deliciously. It wasn't fair how quickly he could bring such reaction out of her.

Belle brought his face up close and kissed him. She wouldn't ever tell him, but she loved kissing him. Being kissed by him. The way their lips fused together, opened only to tangle their tongues in a lazy embrace. So unfair.

The first time happened roughly a week after that first meeting. The whole thing was as cliché as any situations involving sex and alcohol could be. Right down to the whole ‘the girl woke up in an unfamiliar bed, with someone’s arm thrown over her and if she could make the loud banging sound inside her head stopped for one minute, she could probably remember which drink had managed to get herself into such a mess’ bit.

It wasn’t until half an hour later, when she was making her way back to her dorm looking more than slightly rumpled and bedraggled, that everything slowly trickled back in.

Plumette had arranged for a get together down at Winston’s last night, a local pub the students liked to frequent due to its decently priced food and atmosphere. She told her that Adam would like to apologize for his less than tactful comments and come on, Belle, wouldn’t it be great if we could all be friends?

Judging from how Adam was looking half as uncomfortable as she was, and how the so called apology hadn’t happened, it didn’t take a rocket scientist to figure out she had been duped.

She would give Plumette and Lumière, those traitors, five more minutes. No more, no less, before she severed ties with both of them. She would go home, pack Plumette’s belonging and put them out front. Perhaps she would change the lock, too.

“Do you mind?” Belle said after counting to twenty. The weight of his gaze was becoming too much to ignore. She flipped a page.

“You’re reading,” Adam commented, taking a swig of his beer. He looked especially dashing in a white jersey shirt, his dark blazer was draped behind his chair. Belle was annoyed, not blind. “In a bar."

“And what’s wrong with that?” She snapped, throwing him a scathing look.

He sent back a good-natured half smile. “Nothing. Just didn’t think you'd be able to concentrate, what with all of this.” Adam gestured at their surrounding.

“Hhmm.” She made a non-committal noise.

“The fruit of every tale is for to say; They eat and drink, and dance, and sing, and play.”
Belle turned her head so fast her ponytail whipped her cheek, her mouth forming a petite o.

“Please,” Adam waved her off, his expression unreadable. He looked as if everybody in the room had read *The Canterbury Tales* and could have quoted the book, and yet there was a glint of pride in his eyes for having caught her off guard. “I’m afraid that was the extent of my Chaucer’s knowledge. Wanna dance?”

She ignored the last bit. “Are you also an English major?” She was certain she had never seen him in any of her classes before, but if he was friends with Lumière, then he must be a year or two her senior.

“Med. So, about the dance…”

In hindsight, she really should have accepted his invitation. That would have saved her all of the upcoming troubles. Instead, she chose to query him further about his literature knowledge. If he had the gall to insult her favorite play, she wanted to know if he at least had the credibility to back it up.

The conversation started with the works they considered to be Shakespeare’s most tragic play, which immediately launched Belle into a passionate tirade about King Lear and its devastating, grim pessimism about life.

(Adam made a quip about how no plays could be as depressing as Romeo and Juliet because of course he did, and she pushed him until he nearly fell off his chair).

His medical background steered the topic to the potion Juliet had taken to fake her death, and from there it seemed like a natural progression for them to move on to the other deaths in Shakespeare’s work, quizzing each other about every other character who lost their lives between the pages.

“Are there any other games more morbid than this?” Belle watched Adam balancing a tray of tequila shots with wide eyes, the ultimatum to disown Plumette seemed to have escaped her mind entirely. “I don’t think so.”

“May God rest their souls. That’s why we’ll be honoring them with drinks.”

Belle eyed him cautiously. She only drank occasionally, but she got this. He would go home tanked, wasted, three sheets to the wind, and she would earn herself a bragging right. She got this.

“Drink up!”

“Uhh.”

“Desdemona.”

“Stabbed!”

“Cicero was executed.”

“Argh, I don’t remember… was she stabbed?”

“Nope. Drink up.”

“Wait, what do you mean you *never* read Antony and Cleopatra? Never? Never ever?”

“Well, I’m sorry for not being a Shakespeare’s fanboy.”

“I’m pretty certain Cordelia was hanged.”
“Well yes, but she lived in Tate’s version.”

“We’re talking about Shakespeare!”

“But his version was acknowledged for over a century or so.”

“But-

He took his shot, hissing at the way the alcohol burned his throat. “Truce. Drink up.”

“Anybody told you you’re annoying?”

“Lady Montague, bless her soul, died from grief. I feel her. I also feel a deep grief when I-

(This time when Belle pushed him, already slightly tipsy, Adam did fall off his chair. Belle was laughing so hard she almost lost her balance).

Five or ten tequilas later, she woke up in his unfamiliar bed, with his arm thrown over her naked body, with three orchestra bands doing simultaneous medleys inside her head. There were about 18 missed calls and 36 text messages, all from her best friend. The last one was comparatively shorter than the others:

Lou told me you’re spending the night. He, uh, checked. Belle!!!!!!!

She thanked everything holy that she could slip out from under his arm, get dressed and bolt out of Adam’s flat within five minutes, undetected.

“Fuck, Plumette. I’m so fucked. Royally fucked!” Belle rambled into the phone before stopping abruptly, realizing that truer words had never been spoken. She chewed the inside of her cheek. If it was possible, she was blushing to the roots of her hair. “I’m in deep, deep, deep shit. Who knows if we were sober enough to think about condoms! Yes, I’m on the pill. God! Plumette! Can we please not talk about hypothetical babies now?!”

“You taste like coffee,” Belle mumbled against his mouth before he repossessed hers, readily opening his mouth when she sought to deepen the kiss. His hands were still roaming free over the bare expanse of her skin. His arousal throbbed against her thigh and she realized that she was the only one naked in the room. Something had to be done about that. “Clothes off.”

“So demanding.” Adam chuckled, pulling away nonetheless to chuck his shirt off.

"Last week was a mistake. A huge, monstrous mistake of colossal proportions that happened in clear mutual lapse of judgment and will never, ever, happen again."

After five days of avoiding Adam, which hadn’t been easy considering her roommate was practically married to his best friend, Belle finally decided that the best way to go was to grab the bull by the thorns. She found him just when he was finishing up his fencing practice. Fencing.
His damp blond hair looked darker than its usual golden, drips of perspiration hanging from each tip. She wouldn’t say he looked princely in his fencing garbs, but she couldn’t think of another word to describe him at that moment. Adam wiped his face and threw the towel into his bag.

"How long have you been practicing that line?"

Belle narrowed her eyes.

Naturally, it was exactly what did not happen. The whole 'will never ever happen again'. She got a bruise on the lower side of her back from where it was pressed against the lock of someone’s locker.

"It's weird."

"What is?"

Both were trying, albeit semi unsuccessfully, to regulate their breathing back to normal. She stared at the overhead fan, sated and spent, hypnotized by the lazy motion of the blades turning endlessly.

She had lost count on how many times they had ended up in this situation; had stopped telling herself that this could not happen again because four out of five times, the opposite always happened. Her brain had developed a preference to rebel against her will when Adam Duval was concerned. Needless to say, it was disconcerting seeing her resolve getting weaker and weaker each passing day.

Plumette had given up trying to figure things out. You know there’s this thing called dating. It’s a concept. Think about it.

If what you mean by getting along so well is having great sex… those two aren’t necessarily mutually exclusive, you know, P?

Was it so bad to just enjoy things the way they were now? No rules, no strings attached, no labels. Just sex. Lots of it, with some good books thrown in.

And the sex was amazing. Wasn’t it why she kept coming back? Because as much as she hated to admit it, being with Adam was addicting. It was almost like having an out of body experience. Arguing had been a part of their… whatevership since day one, but it was inarguable that they were physically compatible. Sometimes after a long day, such as today, she would find herself looking forward to meeting up with him and decompress, if both of their schedules permitted. Lord, who would have thought she was such a sex fiend!

Adam was okay, for the most part. She might want to smack him upside the head for mocking her taste in literature sometimes, but he was well aware of that at this point, so he knew better than to rile her up. It wasn’t really a stretch, she supposed, to say that they did get along.

It wasn’t difficult to find out more about his upbringing and past lifestyle when she’d set her mind to it - or when she had Plumette as her intel.

His father had been one of the top lecturers in École Normale Supérieure de Paris,

(So what are you doing here?)

Well, we wouldn’t have met if I were all the way down there, my darling. The horror).
and was a major donator and contributor to their science department. His only son, on the other hand, had spent more time partying and having a jolly good time than perusing his textbooks, would have been flunked out on two separate occasions if it weren’t for his father’s influence. He had earned himself quite a reputation.

Then his father had a stroke, a pretty bad one. He’s doing much better now, thank God, but it was a wake up call for Adam. He lost his mother when he was a teenager.

Belle wasn’t stupid; she knew Adam had more than a multitude number of girls vying for his attention. And yet there he was, every other day, sometimes twice a week, or like that one rare instance, three consecutive days in a row. A couple of times now girls had stopped her on her way to class to ask if she was dating Adam, having spotted them together several times in public. Stunning, beautiful girls with legs a mile long who didn’t wear jumpers and worn out jeans to class. Girls that she would have pegged as someone Adam would normally go for.

She had told them what they wanted to hear, that no, she wasn’t, because she wasn’t (jealous) dating him. The truth.

Belle licked her lips, suddenly the idea of a tall glass of root beer and cheeseburger seemed so appealing. She had skipped lunch today. "It's weird how you seem to show up wherever I go. I never even saw you before last month.”

Adam laughed, that low and husky timbre that was making her feel... things. She licked her lips again. She figured if she looked into the mirror now, they would be red and swollen. "I would say it's fate, but your Shakespeare said there's no such thing as. Men at some time are masters of their fates. For the fault is not in the stars, dear Brutus. I've heard of you before."

"Really?"

"Lumière said his girlfriend's roommate was still sleeping with a stuffed animal. A horse?” Adam laughed, his finger tracing sinful patterns on her stomach. She swatted it away - she was ticklish. "He said it looked like it had seen better days. I don’t recall seeing it when I was there, though.”

"I'm going to kill him. I'll hide the body so Plumette won't be able to link his disappearance to me."

"Does it have a name?"

"Philippe, with two p’s and an e."

"Would I get the honor to be introduced to Philippe one day?"

Belle turned crimson - the implication wasn’t missed, as well as the fluttering in her belly. "You're such a pain in my ass."

"It is a nice ass."

"Oh, shut up."

It gave her a bit of a pleasure knowing he would end up with carpet burns for at least two days. Her bruise was now a very faint yellow, but she still felt a dull twinge every time she moved the wrong way. Served him right.

“I'm famished," Adam didn't even wait for an answer. He picked up her, throwing her over his shoulder. "Shower, then Winston’s? You can bring your book.”
“Adam…”

She threw her head back as clever fingers explored her breast. He replaced them with his mouth, raking his teeth over a peaked nipple. He bit hard enough to make her writhe more in his arms, and suckled. Belle held his head to her chest, feeling little sparks of pleasures jolt through her with every lash of his tongue.

Chuckling, Adam moved lower, trekking down the quivering mess of her body. He kissed her hipbone, feathering light kisses along the edge of her panties. The contrast between his soft touches and calloused hands caressing her thighs was intoxicating. It took all of her power not to just shove him down where she needed him the most.

He moved to the cradle of her thighs, nibbling and biting at the soft sensitive skin of her inner thighs, trailing higher and closer to her core with each kiss. The scent of her heady arousal filled his senses and he decided that waiting time was over. He peeled her soaked panties off, threw it somewhere down the floor to join the rest of their discarded clothes and draped her legs over his shoulders, baring her fully to his gaze. Her hips snapped forward, impatiently seeking more of his touch.

He glanced up at Belle. She was watching him, brown eyes glazed over and unfocused, her beautiful face flushed and sweaty filled with exasperation, expectation and want and –

“Ah!”

Her back arched off the bed when he finally dived in, leisurely licking her glistening folds. He gently dipped his tongue inside of her, coating it with her honeyed sweetness, drawing the deepest moan out of her. He languidly dragged his tongue from her slit to her clit, flicking her engorged nub back and forth.

Belle felt like she was on fire. His tongue was moving with deliberate slowness, concentrating on that one particular spot over and over again. He was drawing out her pleasure - by now had known that it would give her one hell of an ending. Her heels dug into his back. The pleasure and pressure in her belly kept building higher until she was helpless but to let go. She thought she would die or something, then he slipped his fingers inside, and she fell over the crest. His name was the only thing in her mind, so she called it out, loudly.

Adam slowed down his tongue bath, not really stopping, lapping at her juices and soothing her still tender clit. A second, smaller orgasm caught her off guard and she had to physically push him away. “Toomuchtoomuch.”

Belle threw her arm over her eyes as she tried to catch her breath. She wasn’t even sure she could move her toes. When Adam had crawled back up on top of her, he looked like the cat that ate the canary.

“That looks like a good one.”

Belle exhaled. His face was so close she could see the sea-green specks on his iris. “Lumière hasn’t returned, has he?”

“Do you know how many times I’ve walked in on him and your friend?”
“Is that supposed to make me feel better? Because it doesn’t,” she gave the tent in his pants a nudge, her heart rates gradually returning to normal. She hummed. “That can’t be comfortable.”

“Are you going to make me feel better?” He grinned as her hands started to work on his belt. She unbuttoned his jeans and shoved her hand inside his shorts.

“Maybe.”

In all honestly, Belle wouldn’t be able to tell the exact moment things were beginning to shift.

Maybe it was when there was a power outage around the complex and he offered to drive her to a Coffee Bean fifteen miles away so she could finish typing up her paper. Buying her three cups of chamomile tea and an extra hot chocolate because you look like you need it while trying not to doze off as the clock finally ticked past one thirty in the morning.

Or perhaps it was when he caught her reading ‘Microelectronics Circuits’ in the library. Answering the questions in his eyes, she reluctantly explained about how the mini fridge in their room was making too much noise that she and Plumette were losing sleep and no, she couldn’t unplug it because it’s a fridge and there was food in it, Adam. The communal fridge was out of the question because did he know how many times people on her floor had stolen her stuff? It was pure nightmare.

Belle was half expecting him to laugh at her, showcase his chivalry by offering to help her fix it, or god forbid, offer to pay for a new fridge. It was no secret that he was filthy rich after all, and used to have things efficiently done for him with a simple snap of fingers (or a phone call).

Adam did none of them. His eyebrows shot up in surprise, but there was nothing but amusement and unhidden awe in those blue eyes. She couldn’t believe she used to think of them as cold. He chuckled. "Maybe you can help Lou fix his hair dryer. The thing electrocuted him for the third time this week this morning."

Belle had to physically hold herself back from reaching out and kissing him.

She kissed his jaw, unable to suppress a moan as his talented fingers strumming patterns over her bundle of nerves. She was so slick already that he didn’t have any troubles finding his way in. Her breath hitched in her throat.

Belle reached down to grasp his velvety steel in her small hand, the move so sudden that his fingers slid in deeper, their moans mingling as her wall closed around his fingers tightly. Her thumb glided over the head of his erection, smearing the moisture gathering at the tip. He was suddenly having troubles breathing.

“Belle…”

“I want you.”
She stroked his throbbing length again, once, twice, enjoying the wonderful feeling of him pulsing in her hand, and slowly eased him inside her. Adam dropped his head onto her shoulder, his breath hot over her neck. “Fuck.”

She closed her eyes at the feeling of him sinking into her so deep, so good. Belle bucked her hips, urging him to start moving, feeling like she might fall apart if he didn’t.

He complied, pumping into her steadily in long, slow strokes that seemed to be driving her crazy. Her short, shapely legs locked around his hips for better purchase as his tongue thrust into her mouth, mimicking the deep pace he was setting. She matched him stroke for stroke, fingers clutching at his hair - the sensation was making them almost delirious with pleasure. She was hot and wet and enveloped him like a second skin. The arms around his neck pulled him into her so tightly he wasn’t sure where he ended and she began.

His pants grew lower, faster, his movements erratic. Belle could feel the coil in her belly wound tighter and tighter. He was hitting her in places she hadn’t known existed and she knew it would all be over before soon.

Her whimper grew louder, a sound somewhere between a moan and a cry. Adam supported his weight with one arm and snaked his hand between them, seeking her swollen clitoris and massaging it lightly. Belle let out a silent scream as her orgasm shattered through her like a tidal wave, white lights and stars exploding behind her eyes. She milked him for all he was worth, her short nails clawing down his back in angry scratches.

Adam released a guttural growl, pistoned into her a couple more times until he reached a crescendo. He shuddered violently, hips jerking forward as he joined her in the spiraling downward of ecstasy. The sheets bunched under his shaking hands, the intensity of his climax knocked his breath away. “Shit, Belle.”

Her inner muscles flexed around his softening cock, making him grunt into her neck. She would be the death of him.

Belle giggled, giddy and slightly dizzy. Her body felt as if it was electrically charged, from the tip of her hair to her toe. He lay slumped on top of her, inside her, for the longest time, as sticky and sweaty as she was. The weight and feel of him felt like a cozy old blanket.

“Stay with me,” Adam muttered, seemingly to have finally found his bearing. He nuzzled her cheek with his nose, sounding almost sheepish. Belle felt a burst of affection for him. “Stay with me tonight.”

The hand that was slowly sifting through his hair paused. So many things went through her mind at once:

I have an early class tomorrow.

Didn’t you say you have to do some readings for Anatomy?

This was supposed to be just sex, Adam. No sleepovers.

I don’t think it’s wise.

We need to talk.

“I’ll have to text Plumette or she’d think someone kidnapped me for my kidneys.” She replied, holding back a yawn. It had been a long day, and she was so comfortable…
Adam snorted, reaching over her to take a small bound leather book from the nightstand and easing off of her. He propped himself up against the headboard and removed the bookmark. She noticed with a skip of a heartbeat that it was the blue hair ribbon she had accidentally left when she was making her quick exit that morning nearly one and a half months ago.

Belle rested her chin on his chest and closed her eyes. She felt as weak as a kitten. He playfully ran a finger down the slope of her nose before starting reading; she could feel the deep baritone of his voice reverberated through his chest.

She walks in beauty, like the night  
Of cloudless climes and starry skies;  
And all that's best of dark and bright  
Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
Thus mellow'd to that tender light  
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

She let out a dreamy sigh and opened her eyes, brown eyes full of mirth and sleep. “If you are so inclined, I wouldn’t mind reading you one of your thick medical books.”

Adam laughed, pushing a strand of loose hair behind her ear and brushing a kiss to her forehead.

Yes, they definitely needed to have that talk.

Tomorrow.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Voilà ~ a second chapter. I didn’t plan to write one, but I felt like I should at least put these two officially together. I worked on it for several days and it grew into almost 6K words (I really think this is the longest oneshot I've ever written ever, so yay) and to think the first idea had been to write a PWP. This chapter is mainly fluff. Like, fluff-induced diabetes. So I’m warning you beforehand. I had fun trying to insert canon BatB things into this modern AU :) 

If in the first chapter the scenes are sort of a mix between flashbacks and present time, this one happens chronologically forward.

Thank you very much for the kudos, comments, and bookmarks! They really make my day and they definitely encouraged and inspired me to write this chapter. I hope you will enjoy this one too.

She knew if Plumette caught her the teasing would last a week at the minimum, and even afterwards, it would occasionally make its way into their conversation (Do you remember that day I found you with a lovesick smile gazing into your phone? I marked the calendar.) but she couldn’t seem to help herself. Belle peeked at her roommate from beneath her blanket. She was sound asleep, her figure a slender lump in the darkness.

Besides, she wasn’t gazing. She was… looking. Intently.

Adam was wearing a doctor’s white coat in the picture, his hand on his chin, brows furrowed as if in deep thoughts, those almost criminally blue eyes boring into hers. The name tag on the coat spelled H. Cogsworth. 

14.15 pm - [The doctor…. is in]
14.22 pm - [Much thanks for the blackmail material you voluntarily surrendered :)]
14.25 pm - [Very funny]
14.25 pm - [*not funny]
14.35 pm - [Dr. Cogsworth is a regular in the library. Def. doesn’t think Juliet is a rebound. We’re such kindred spirits.]
14.36 pm - [You wouldn’t]
14.36 pm - [Is this a dagger which I see before me, the handle toward my hand?]
14.37 pm – [Very cute, Belle, cute]

That had been seven days ago.

Both had quickly been thrown into the whirlwind of hectic schedules and endless project meetings, especially more so for Adam whose workload had seemed to triple this past week. As silly as he
looked in the photo, the grey shadows beneath his eyes were stark on his pale skin, hard to be missed.

Belle chewed her lip, fingers dancing over the screen of her phone, mulling over the conversation that hadn’t been had, the talk that had been postponed and the uncertainty that was still looming over their heads.

Aside from a handful—or two—of times, they generally didn’t actively seek each other out outside of their… worldly arrangement. It was less to do with not enjoying the other’s company and more as an attempt to maintain control. Control that Belle felt was slipping. (Had been slipping for a while now, but Thomas Gray was really on to something when he said ignorance is bliss).

She unlocked her phone.

00.48 am – [ . ]

Her phone vibrated not five minutes later.

00.51 am - [ . ]

Belle buried her face into her pillow.

“Have you ever imagined living in a castle? A real castle.” Belle asked almost wistfully, stretching out on the fantastically comfortable sofa in Lumière and Adam’s living room. The later was currently perched against the other side, her sock clad feet tucked on his lap.

“Not really,” Adam replied absent-mindedly, popping a handful of popcorn into his mouth. “The draft could get pretty horrible.”

The King Arthur movie he had wanted to watch turned out to be the 1963 animated Disney classic, The Sword in the Stone, although Belle saw Excalibur and Monty Python and the Holy Grail on his DVD shelf. The guy had an almost endearing obsession with King Arthur and the Round Table (Knights, men, swords, that kind of things, he had defended) and Belle had graciously told him that she had First Knight in her laptop that they could watch in the future.

Adam had given her an incredulous look.

His hand was loosely wrapped around her left foot, and she squirmed when his fingers touched a sensitive spot. “Wouldn’t it be such an adventure? A change of atmosphere. We can explore the cellars, the dungeons… I bet they also have a marvelous ballroom. A grand hall. Perhaps a library?”

“It would be really cold in the winter,” The look he gave her did not entirely hide his disapproval of her desired rustic holiday destination. Knowing her, the other options were probably ‘too touristy’.

“And there could be mold. You’ll spend the first couple of weeks scrubbing away.”

Belle raised her eyebrow, half amused as Adam barged on as if he had a personal vendetta she didn't know about. “There are stairs, Belle, lots of them. Hundreds of them. Stairs, stairs, and surprise! More stairs.”

“I can carry you up to the bedroom.” She suggested lightly.
He seemed to perk up at the mention of bedrooms. Typical, typical Adam. He shrugged, seemingly considering the offer. “We can take turns.”

“And then we’ll hole up in there until someone comes to fetch us,” she tipped her head to look at him. The lights from the television cast different colors on his face that made him appear more rakish than usual. Much to her disapproval, he had shaved his beard. “Reading each other Shakespeare.”

“I think I’ll brave the stairs.”

Belle laughed and poked his stomach with her toes. He scowled, almost dropping the bowl of popcorn. “Belle.”

She moved her foot southway, passed his belt buckle and down to the beginning of an interesting bulge in his pants. She didn’t believe she possessed what people called feminine allure, but she took a conscious delight in her repeated successful attempts to fluster him. “Oui, monsieur?”

“I’m watching this, do you mind?”

(Belle thought he didn’t look like he minded the new direction the evening was heading).

“Do you really want me to stop?” She gave him a nudge, purposely curling her toes and pressing in slightly.

Adam wrapped his hand around her ankle and if Belle weren’t trying so hard to hold back her laughter (she thought his half annoyed and half aroused expression was utterly adorable), she might have seen him setting down the popcorn on the table, as well as the dangerous look slowly taking over his face.

It happened so fast she didn’t have time to utter a word. Adam pulled at her ankles, her head sliding off the cushion she had been using as a pillow, and trapped both of her legs under his arm. He tickled the soles of her feet mercilessly. She screamed and burst into laughter. Hands flailing, she struggled in his tight hold like a fish out of water. Her attempt to kick him was futile; she was growing weaker and weaker as he continued his assault. Now he was laughing. As a last ditch effort, she forced herself to sit up and grabbed a handful of his shirt, yanking him in and kissing him for all he was worth.

It worked because he was expecting it; his attack ceased as fast as it began. He cupped the back of her head and plundered her mouth in a kiss that made her toes curl. Oh God, had it really been ten days?

“Hold on, hold on,” he gasped around her tongue. He peeled her hand that was still holding onto his shirt and pressed it against the sofa, intertwining their fingers. “This is new. Cashmere.”

Belle snorted. She smoothed down his sweater in an exaggerating manner. “Forgive me, mon prince. Are you going to punish me?”

He growled.

Later on when they were done, end credit rolling although they had stopped paying attention to anything that wasn’t each other roughly forty five minutes ago, and were picking up popcorn kernels from the carpet,

(“That was a nice kick, darling.”

Belle flicked a popcorn at his direction. He didn’t bother to put his shirt back on and it bounced off
his back before falling onto the floor again. He was lean with just the right amount of muscles and she allowed herself another fleeting moment of appreciation before throwing another popcorn at him. “I’m fairly sure you smacked the bowl sometime between the first and second time.”

“Oh, no! That’s not what I meant! The color is really pretty. God knows I can’t ever do this right without looking like I just picked up finger painting or something.”

Belle rested her chin on the edge of her bed from where she was sitting on the floor, quietly watching Plumette dip the brush into her bottle of new OPI nail polish. The color was warm yellow. Looked more like pale golden than yellow in her opinion, and she wasn’t sure about it being her color, but it did suit her mood at the very least: Mellow Yellow.

Thinking she had become as melodramatic as the one person who had caused her all of the headaches rankled her even more.

“It’s nothing, it’s just… you know. Adam.”

The corner of Plumette’s lips curled up at the mention of his name. She blew on her pinky. “What about him?”

“It’s getting complicated,” Belle paused, choosing her words with care. “Or maybe I am making it complicated.”

“Complicated as in it all started out as a really great sex marathon but now you’re beginning to feel something for him complicated?” The was an air of calming patience that accompanied her words that made Belle feel as if her best friend had seen this coming, had been expecting her to open up to her at some point.

Belle’s shoulders sagged. “I should’ve known this could happen. I did know. But what’s the odd? He was so irritating and rude and ugh. How could I have started to feel anything remotely romantic for him? It’s totally absurd.”

Sighing, Plumette replaced the brush and placed a reassuring hand on her shoulder. “To be completely honest with you, I’m not all that surprised it happened. I know you; you wear your heart
on your sleeves. To have a casual relationship like this... you have to have some level of trust to begin with. Besides,” there was a twinkle in her kind brown eyes that was neither judgmental nor accusatory. “I did say you two would get along.”

Belle groaned, dropping her head forward, teeth clenched. When she spoke, her words were muffled by the comforter. “It was supposed to be fun, no strings attached, no titles, no obligations, no dramas, no stupid wondering what-if’s.”

Plumette dipped a q-tip inside the nail polish remover. She began to carefully swipe the excess polish on Belle’s cuticles. “Sometimes, most of the times, physical intimacy will lead to emotional intimacy. It happens. Then again, if he really were as annoying and rude as you said, you wouldn’t have developed feelings for him, or wanted anything to do with him at all. I remember the last time someone was disrespectful to you, you put a handprint on his face.”

Belle winced in disgust, remember a senior, Gaston Wright, to whom the concept of boundaries and personal space just didn’t apply. The day he graduated and left the town to be a quote, hero, unquote, somewhere else, Belle and Plumette went to Winston’s to celebrate. “I went online to get some enlightenment, so to speak, and got more than I bargained for. There were surveys and countless stories...” If her nails weren’t half dry she would bury her face in her hands. She cringed in horror. “I am a walking cliché!”

Plumette snickered, immediately looking apologetic. “I’m sorry, it’s just. It seems like Adam was rubbing off on you a bit.”

“That’s who I am now, an over melodramatic cliché. No thanks to him.”

They shared a laugh and Plumette uncapped her nail polish again, intending to finish what she had started. She expertly painted her nail in three thin strokes; Belle found the constant motion soothing.

“I suppose we sort of settled into a comfortable routine. We started doing things outside of fucking each other, like talking, and turned out we had more similarities than being bookworms, shocking, I know right? I got to know the person he was,”

“And he’s really not that bad.” Plumette finished for her.

“I guess we were getting a little too comfortable? Now it feels like the lines have blurred. I’m getting more aware of things and end up scrutinizing the simplest, most ordinary things I used to do with him without a care in the world. Do I have a right to text him? Do I appear like a clingy girlfriend? But wait, I’m not even his girlfriend, aren’t I? And I don’t want to appear clingy. Am I making this bigger than it is? Perhaps while I’m stuck in a limbo, he’s perfectly content with the arrangement? Oh look, he bought me éclairs, does that mean he cares about me? Éclairs, P, fucking pastry.”

Plumette whistled. “Damn, girl, you have it bad.”

“It’s so pathetic.” Belle agreed. She wasn’t used to feeling so unsure about anything and the feeling was disconcerting. She worried her lip. “Did Lumière ever say something to you?”

“Lou has his loyalty to his friends, just as I do to mine,” Plumette smirked. “We may have a bet going on, though.”

“Oh you!” Belle mock huffed, laughing. Not for the first time in the one and a half years she had known Plumette did Belle feel so grateful for having her around. Their chuckles died down. Plumette moved on to the second layer of coating on her right hand. “If he wanted a relationship, surely he would’ve already been in one? You see him. He has girls lining up longer than a Starbucks queue
wanting to date him. It makes sense to assume he doesn’t want to be tied down. What if I tell him and things get awkward?”

“What you are is overthinking.”

“I’m being logical and considering all of the possibilities.”

“Okay, and did you consider that maybe he’s just as confused as you are? Guys could get pretty dense. It’s like you have to spell out everything for them. Any chance he already thinks you two are dating? Sometimes things just naturally progress forward without any monumental speech or dates. You won’t know when to celebrate your anniversary ‘cos ‘it just happened’."

Belle scrunched up her nose. “Okay, so I am considering the negative possibilities.”

“The thing is, you won’t know for sure until you talk with him, so just be open. Direct communication is a blessing. If I have learned anything in love, talking than guessing would spare you much heartache down the road. If things don’t go the way you’re hoping… well, there are still a lot of roses in the garden.”

"It's funny. One day I was so adamant to talk with him about this. Like. Tomorrow, I’m going to do it. But then something interfered, and the more time passed, the more of a coward I became. It's like being at the dentist and hearing people screaming in pain from the waiting room. I just lost my nerves."

Plumette made a face. “Did you just compare having sex with Adam to having your teeth pulled?”

Belle playfully shoved her away with her elbow, laughing.

“Falling in love is messy enough,” Belle opened her mouth to protest and Plumette raised her hand, effectively shutting down her upcoming “Who says anything about love?” retort. “You factor sex into the equation and well, it could get really messy. Can you keep doing this with him, knowing what you feel? Maybe it's time to stop tearing each other’s clothes for five minutes and have a proper talk.”

“You’re right,” Belle nodded, finding her deflating determination recharged. She wiggled her fingers. The color was growing on her. It did look good. “Enough is enough.”

“Oh, fuc-,”

He had her pinned up against the bookshelf with his weight; her sundress was bunched up around her hips in the most non-elegant way, her legs wrapped around his waist. He relentlessly drove into her up to the hilt, their hips slapping together in a well-practiced rhythm.

Her teeth sunk into her lip in an effort to keep her from screaming, drawing a bit of blood. She could taste it – coppery and salty. He licked it off -Belle didn’t think she had ever seen anything so erotic before - sucked at her lower lip and crashed their mouths together, swallowing her moan.

The back of her shoulders hit the spine of the hardbacks that jutted out of the shelves (she was being fucked against the complete collection of Shakespeare and if she didn’t know him better she would think it was just one of the weird coincidences in life), and her thoughts were a jumbled mess of how
this was a very bad idea and anybody would find them any second and she was going to die if she didn’t come soon please don’t stop don’t stop don’t stop-

She was clawing at him. He was all hard beneath his damp t-shirt and looking at her like she was the only thing existed in the world, his pupils covering almost all of his brilliant blue. Belle reached between them to circle her clit, rubbing fast to fulfill her body’s maddening urgency. She was so close, so very close… Then he grabbed her wrist and pushed it over her head. The next thing she knew, he changed his angle, the move so sudden and caused him to rub along her clit so deliciously she came almost immediately.

Adam slapped a hand over her mouth, muffling her keening pleasure. She mewled, vaguely feeling him suck a spot on her neck to muffle his own seconds later. Mind still cloudy and misty, Belle chuckled, grateful he didn’t drop her.

He released her hand to wrap her in an embrace, his breath wet and hot over her ear. Despite their precarious situation, Belle had never known a feeling so safe before. She bowed her head to place a chaste kiss on his shoulder.

“In the library. Honestly, Adam,” she chided when the pounding in her ears subsided to mild ringing. There was a slight ache on her back. She was going to walk out of this with bruises. Again. Something would have to be done about that.

“I needed some books for my paper, figured I could ask my favorite librarian about them,” Adam didn’t even bother to come up with a better excuse, looking so attractively gorgeous while doing it. He was such a dork.

“We are closed for the day,” Belle informed him as he carefully set her down on her still wobbly legs. She fixed her dress as best as she could, one hand holding onto his arm. She told herself it was for balance and definitely not because of the unquenched thirst for physical contact. “And here I thought you were missing me.” The words slipped out before she could stop them. The easy grin on her face betrayed the hard thumping of her heart.

Adam zipped up his jeans and looked at her (It was the same look he had given her in Winston’s that evening when she was reading her book. The look he had given her when she told him she had successfully fixed the mini fridge in her room. The look that made her feel like time had stopped and she was the only thing in motion still in his universe). He tweaked her nose. “Always.”

Okay, this was it. Nobody was around, Adam was here, when else would she get a better opportunity than this?

“Belle, you okay?”

“How’s class?”

He bristled. “Horrible, although things are winding down now. Actually, I could really use a book or two, if you don’t mind.”

“Not at all.”

Do you really?

Well, she couldn’t very well add to his stress, could she?

You know what you’re doing, Belle. You can’t put it off forever.
“What do you need?”

“Here you go.”

“Thank you.” Adam looked inside the bag, chuckling. He had chosen the one day where he knew Belle had classes all afternoon to pay her roommate a visit. He gave the room a once over, fondly recalling the time he had first landed his eyes on the petite brunette, wide eyed and beautiful and ready to kill him.

Plumette tsked. “I wanted to ask what it’s for, but I figured it would probably best if I didn’t.”

Adam tore his eyes from the photographs Belle had pinned beside her bed. There was also a small painting of a landscape hung above her headboard and he vaguely remembered Belle telling him about her artist father. He wished he could come closer to get a better look at them.

When his eyes met Plumette’s, the mirth in his eyes matched the one in hers. For every time Lumière asked him what is seriously going on with the mademoiselle, he reckoned Belle was also receiving the same interrogation on her end. “You have too wild an imagination. Lumière is a bad influence for you. I can assure you it’s not half as exciting as you think.”

“So should I ask?”

He flashed her a mysterious smile. “Belle would tell you later, I think.”

She pushed herself off the wall, standing a little taller. Her smile never wavered, but there was a spark in her eyes that meant business. “You know that if you hurt her, you’ll have to deal with me, don’t you? That is, after she was done with you.”

“It’ll never come to that. Scout’s honor.”

Plumette looked relieved, and he had a feeling it wasn’t solely because of his promise. Before he could dwell on it some more, however, she pursued, “Were you a boy’s scout? Is that why you are so touchy about castles? Did you cubs encounter some ghostly spirits or something?”

Adam laughed. “No comment. Thanks again. Appreciated it.”

He gave a final wave and walked back to the parking lot. He just settled in his seat, put the shopping bag with the others on the backseat when his phone chimed in his pocket.

12.53 pm - [Adam, check this out!]
12.53 pm - [http://www.natg.com/holiday-destination/8382/top-10-castles-available-for-living]
13.05 pm - [For Christ’s sake, Belle]
13.16 pm - [Did I say there were mice? Mice. Plural]
13.16 pm - [http://www.daily-animal.net/9817h7/diseases-caused-by-rodents]
13.17 pm - [I am a doctor]
13.20 pm - [Not yet.]
13.20 pm - [You know who is?]
13.21 pm - [Doctor H. Cogsworth.]
Belle stood in front of Adam and Lumière’s apartment, hands on either side, counting to twenty to pacify her nerves just a little bit.

16.20 pm – [Belle, are you free this evening?]

16.28 pm – [YES!!]
16.28 pm – [I mean yes, finally.]
16.28 pm – [I mean yes, finally, as in finally I don’t have to do any reading.]
16.29 pm – [You know what I mean.]
16.29 pm – [Why?]

After she finished making a complete fool of herself, he had asked her to meet him at his place. Already familiar with their track records by now, it usually meant they would spend the night away not talking. Which was exactly why she showed up one and a half hour early to do just that. Talking.

Taking a lungful of deep breath, Belle rang the doorbell.

Lumière answered the door, looking slightly taken aback to see her. He recovered quickly, but not fast enough that Belle didn’t see it. Various scenarios jumped in. He had a girl who’s not Plumette in there. Adam had a girl who’s definitely not her. They both had murdered someone and were in the process of hiding their body when she interrupted.

“Belle! Ma chère. It has been a while, hasn’t it? How have you been?”

“Hi, Lou. Good. Busy, but aren’t we all,” her smile slowly faded as he put his hand across the doorway in a not very subtle move to block the entrance. She peered over his shoulder, feeling like the place was a little different but couldn’t put a finger on what was missing. “Is Adam home?”

Right that second, there was a loud crash, followed by a shriek of furniture being dragged across bare floorboard.

Lumière audibly gulped. “Yes, err, see, Adam is-,”

“Is that him? Is he okay?” Not waiting for an answer, Belle ducked under his arm and darted past him, taking his nervousness as a possible bad sign. Lumière was trailing close behind her, sounding positively uneasy now.

“Yes, oh yes, he is fine, he is just-“

She skidded to a stop in front of Adam’s room, suddenly hesitant. The door opened a sliver. What if he really had someone in there?

“Merde!”

That did it. She glanced warily at Lumière who in contrast had a meaningful, encouraging smile on his face. He squeezed her shoulder and left her alone.

“Adam?” Still half alarmed and for the moment throwing any sense of propriety out of the window, she pushed the door open wider.

What greeted her made her gasp. The room looked like a tornado had blown through it. In the center
of it, Adam was lying sprawled on the mattress that had somehow been moved to the floor from the bedframe.

She sprang into action, her bag sliding down her arm as she hurried over to him. She yanked the sheets that had almost buried him. “Adam? Adam! My goodness, are you okay?”

He managed to free himself with her help. When his blue eyes met hers, they went wide like a deer caught in the headlight. “Belle? What are you doing here?” he looked around for the time. “Wait, didn’t I tell you 8 PM? Did I give you the wrong time?”

“You didn't, I was just…” she studied the set up. It looked like some thrift stores had thrown up in Adam’s room. Multicolored linens, patterned sheets, sheer sheets, blankets, pillows, cotton strings, boxes, quilts, the chairs from the dining room, a coat stand…. The light bulb moment was instantaneous. Her heart leaped. “Are you building a blanket fort?”

Adam picked himself up, running his fingers through his hair in a futile attempt to tame it some, and then gave up. “You really shouldn’t have been here to see this.”

“For me?” It came out no louder than a whisper.

He closed his mouth, looking self-conscious all of a sudden. He rubbed the back of his neck. “Well, you would not shut up about your castle—“

Belle threw her arms around his neck, cutting him off. Mixed wonderful feelings were bubbling up inside her chest and it was too much, too much, so she did the one thing she knew. She kissed him, continued to kiss him until he let go of the sheets to wrap his hands around her hips. She didn’t know how long they stood there, could have been minutes or hours for all she cared, but she knew she would have been content to stay right there forevermore.

(It had been previously established that they were both melodramatic fools, so she had no qualms to admit it now).

“- and I thought this would be the next best thing.” Adam finished when she released him.

Belle blinked back the hot tears burning her eyes. She tugged on his shirt, pretending to look angry. It only lasted for five seconds. “I can’t believe you left me out of the most fun part! Well, the second most fun part,” she caressed his cheek, as always finding the feeling of his stubble on her fingertips comforting. She wondered how he’d react if she asked him to grow a beard (and keep it). “Let’s get back to work, shall we?”

In the end they forwent the coat stand and anchored the sheet around the chandelier. Adam was staying in the master bedroom and it was twice as spacious as her living room at home. Having built her own fair share of blanket forts in her life, Belle had a substantially more experiences with them. Still, she let Adam take the lead, not wanting to accidentally bruise his ego by taking over what had originally been his sole project. She followed his directions, offered suggestions when there were rooms to, and oversaw that the structures were solid, everything was properly tucked in, a chair wouldn’t topple down, and sheets wouldn’t suffocate them.

(He was surprisingly excellent with knots).

(But he was always good with his hands...)

...which was a great quality to have, seeing as he would have to handle delicate surgical instruments in his line of work. That’s all).
Then Adam complained about having to watch tutorials on the Internet and browse through Pinterest for ideas (Did you know they forced you to create an account just to do that? Blasphemy.) and he looked so put off that Belle kissed him for another long minute.

It took them another twenty before they were finished. Belle felt like her heartbeat was scattering all over the floor. "Oh, Adam, it’s wonderful."

Adam exhaled, wiping a thin sheen of sweat from his forehead and looking mightily proud of himself. He looked so happy that she was happy and her heart was full with feelings that used to scare her, but not anymore. “Now turn around and close your eyes. I’ve got to do some finishing touches.”

She complied, but not before sending him a curious look. She shouldn’t be held accountable for her actions should she start pouring her heart out then and there because apparently there were more.

Belle could hear him shuffling around his room, running from one corner to the others, opening drawers, closing cabinets, a dull thud, and felt more than ‘saw’ behind closed eyelids the room dim several layers darker. She rocked on heels, shifting her weight from one foot to the other, fingers clutching at her skirt to keep them from fidgeting.

“Okay,” Adam put his hands on her shoulders and turned her back around. He brushed a kiss to her temple. “Open your eyes.”

She did.

The room was now dark, but their makeshift castle was glowing warm with twinkling lights flickering like hundreds of fireflies. The mix of overlaying colors and patterns created an illusion of depth that made the whole thing looked all the more inviting. He kissed her knuckles and announced with a showy flourish bow, "Bienvenue au Château de Villeneuve, mademoiselle."

Giggling, Belle gave her best curtsy, her entire body vibrating with eagerness. “Merci, mon prince.”

She kicked her shoes off, let out an excited squeal and crawled inside the fort. Adam had magically produced four extra pillows from out of nowhere, arranged them just so to create an even cozier nest, and stacked some books -Shakespeare, her favorite, and Stevenson, his- on one side. Sitting on top of the mountain of cushions was a familiar looking face.

"Philippe! Did you kidnap him?"

Adam looked smug. "I have my ways."

Belle rolled her eyes, knowing his only way aside from breaking into her dorm room was making Plumette his accomplice.

Sighing in full contentment, Belle hugged Philippe close to her chest. He had been with her since she was just a skinny child running through the meadow at the tender age of five with scraps and cuts, dragging her birthday present behind her. Philippe had been exposed to what her father called the force of nature more times than it should have that it was a wonder he still looked sturdy enough many years later, albeit looking more gray than its original white. It seemed appropriate to have him here. Belle looked at Adam who was still kneeling by the entrance, looking more entranced by her than his wonderful set up. Her cheeks flushed. “Come here, what are you doing all the way there?”

She moved to lie on her back and tugged him down next to her with an omph!, their limbs a tangle of
shadows and silhouettes in the dark. The feather down pillow was fluffy under her head and everything smelled like him. Well, Belle, he is here and he smells more like him.

"So, Doctor Duval," she whispered, feeling the need to keep her voice down so as not to break the magical spell that had settled all over them. "I have been experiencing some symptoms recently. I wonder if I can bother you with a consultation?"

Adam pushed a few strands of hair behind her ear. "Anything I can help you with, Miss?"

She took his hand and placed it on her chest. "As of late, my heart seems to beat erratically when I’m in a close distance with this one man. He is terribly annoying and can tease my blood pressure to an alarming degree sometimes. Then there’s also the bewildering nausea. It sounds serious enough to me. Does it sound serious for you as well?"

It was his turn to kiss her. He kissed her leisurely, slowly, sensuously, taking his time to explore the depth of her mouth, tasting its sweetness. Accepting and offering. His hand slid up to tangle around her hair and pull her ribbon off. When they broke apart for air, he touched his forehead to hers.

"I’d like to explore the dungeons and cellars with you," Adam rubbed their noses together.

"And you’ll slay the dragon too?"

"If you need a sidekick, sure."

“So it’s not too forward of me to think that perhaps your heart is doing the same thing as mine?"

Adam ran a gentle finger over her swollen lips, giving her a look that conveyed he thought she was being stupid. “I tried to build a blanket fort for this girl, before the said smart, beautiful girl found me and decided I could use some help before I strangled myself with the sheets. What do you think?”

Belle chuckled and pressed a lingering kiss to the corner his lips. “And she was very happy that she got to spare the Prince from such a dreadful fate,” she nuzzled his jaw. “Thank you for being so thoughtful. I love it.”

“You’re welcome.”

They exchanged tender looks, knowing what hadn’t been spoken yet but reflected in their eyes.

Adam cleared his throat, breaking the heavy (loving) atmosphere. “I suppose we will need to christen our castle.”

Belle snorted and pulled him on top of her. She trailed soft kisses on the side of his neck until she reached his ear. She nibbled on his earlobe, feeling him shiver.

"Make love to me."

Belle was walking across the campus yard sale, deciding whether or not to get her father the music box when someone tapped her shoulder from behind. She turned around and saw a tall blonde with her arms crossed over her not very modest chest. (For some reasons they were always taller than her and the extra height differences seemed to give them some weird source of power over her, which, totally wouldn’t do. Especially not now). She sighed. She knew the type. Knew what question was
“Can I help you?” She fixed the sleeve of the grey cashmere sweater she was wearing. It was almost swallowing her petite stature whole, showing only a couple of inches of her knee length skirt.

The blonde gave her a quick appraisal and turned up her nose in distaste, probably recognizing the familiar grey fabric. “So. You and Duval. Are you two like, dating or something?”

Why?

Maybe we are, maybe we aren’t.

Mind your own business.

Why don’t you ask him?

_The course of true love never did run smooth._

(Don’t be mean, Belle).

“Yes, yes we are.”

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**End Notes**

The initial plan was only to write a short PWP cos why not amirite? But then it started to have a little plot and somehow turned into a pretty long (for my writing standard) story. Heh. Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed this. Kudos and comments are loved <3

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