Chasing Dreams

by EmpressOfEdge

Summary

Carmilla loses her brother, Will, while shopping. Laura, IKEA employee helps her find him. What happens after that? I guess we'll all find out! (Music. Music happens.)

Basically a Battle of the Bands fluffy Hollstein AU. It's a lot of fun. You should read it ;)

Notes

Hey guys! This is my first time writing a fic so I'm open to suggestions to make it better! Please let me know what you think and if anything looks like it could use work, don't be afraid to let me know in the comments! Okay, Thanks! Enjoy! :)
“Shit.”

Carmilla quickly paced the length of the IKEA store once more, eyes darting down every aisle. She’d only needed to pick up a couch for her new apartment. Carmilla had just moved to the town of Silas a week ago, and hadn’t realized how unprepared she had been for the move. Her plan had been to simply run to the nearest store and pick up a big reclining chair, but Mother had insisted that Carmilla invest in a couch because, “A Karnstein is always prepared for company!”, or some shit like that. Since her mother was staying in town until Carmilla was settled, she made a mad dash to the store. However, much to Carmilla’s dismay, her younger brother, Will, insisted on helping pick out the new furniture. At first Carmilla shot him down, his track record of getting her in trouble with their mother whenever they were together outweighed anything positive that could come from the experience. But he insisted, saying that he would “be good this time” and “he’s a teenager now, not a child”.

Pfft. Yeah “teenager”, that should’ve turned me off to this idiotic idea entirely. Carmilla thought.

Needless to say, despite his “mature teenager ways”, Will had managed to get himself separated from his sister.

*I swear to God, if I have to go back to Mother and tell her I lost you…*

Carmilla rounded a corner quickly and barreled into an employee who had, evidently, been holding way more than she could carry, which was unsurprising, given her size. The boxes of lightbulbs the blonde had been holding hit the floor with a crash.

“Dammit!” the blonde said, trying to stay on her feet.

Carmilla, having already gained her balance back, grabbed the blonde’s shoulders to steady her, before she could fall into the pile of shattered glass on the ground. Carmilla studied the girl quickly, she was cute, really cute. She was a few inches shorter than Carmilla, with blonde hair, pulled into a messy ponytail, a few stray pieces framing her face and she had really pretty light brown eyes that just...

Carmilla shook the thought from her head and let her eyes wander quickly, seeing that the girl was wearing an employee uniform, with a name tag that read, “Laura”.

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Laura’s eyes darted up as she felt the strong grip on her shoulders and she looked at the girl it belonged to. She was beautiful.

*No. Not beautiful, gorgeous.* Laura thought.

The girl’s dark black hair fell over her shoulders lightly and she had bangs that almost covered her eyes, which would have been a real shame, because wow, her eyes… deep brown eyes that had a spark of *something* in them, but Laura couldn’t quite place what it was, beautiful brown eyes, that Laura couldn’t help but notice, were staring directly back into hers. They stood like that a moment,
before the dark-haired girl released her grip from Laura’s shoulders and started to walk by her.

“Geez, watch where you’re going, spaz,” Carmilla said under her breath. Laura spun around, grabbing the brunette’s wrist.

“Hey!” she said, “you’re just gonna walk away? I mean you ran into me! Can’t you at least give me a hand?” Laura gestured to the mess of broken glass on the floor. Carmilla looked down at the mess and cocked and eyebrow.

“I would, but I have... things to do,” she said. Carmilla looked back up to Laura, who had an incredulous look on her face. “Sorry, cutie, nothing personal,” she added with a shrug before she turned to walk away.

Laura sighed and bent down to clean up the mess. She wasn’t sure why she had even tried to get the girl to help her, she didn’t work there, Laura did. Maybe it was just the fact she had been rude, or the way she gave her stupid condescending nicknames, or because she had those beautiful brown eyes that-No.

Laura shook the thought from her head and concentrated on trying not to cut herself on the broken glass.

“Need some help there, Hollis?”

Laura looked up, way up, from her spot on the ground to make eye contact with the insanely tall, Danny Lawrence, her best friend. They had tried going out for a while in their Freshman year of college, but in the end they just made better friends, and decided that’s all they should be. She flashed Danny a smile.

“Yeah, actually,” she said, standing up. “Could you just stay here a second so I can run and get a broom from the back? I just don’t want anyone running into the mess and getting hurt and then I won’t have a job and I need this job, if I lose it I’ll end up living on the street and I don’t think I’d fair very well out th-”

Danny chuckled and cut Laura off. “Breathe, Laura! Breathe!”

Laura smiled at Danny. "Right, sorry. I'll be right back then!"

Danny nodded and Laura took off for the storage room.

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Carmilla stopped walking and put her hands on her head with a deep exhale. She pursed her lips and nodded silently to herself before muttering under her breath.

"Yep. I'm dead." She sighed, pulled her phone out of her back pocket to check the time and nearly facepalmed at the realization that she hadn't even tried to call her brother. Scrolling quickly through her contacts, she found Will's number and hit dial. As she picked the phone up to her ear she held her breath, tapping her foot nervously on the ground as her free hand ran through her hair. It doesn't even ring once before she hears the words she was dreading.

"Hey, it's Will, leave a message!” BEEP.
"Ugh, dammit!" Carmilla groaned and hung up, not bothering to leave a message. As much as she hated to admit it she was actually starting to get worried about Will, he was a jackass, sure, but he was her jackass. She spun around and started to speed the other way, again, when a door flung open and whacked Carmilla back onto her ass. She landed with a hard "thud" on the title floor and raised a hand to her head where the door had smacked her.

"Oh my God! I'm so sorry! I didn't see you there!"

Carmilla looked up to find a worried Laura standing in front of her, one hand still holding the door open while the other was gripping a broom. The worried look on Laura's face turned into one of horror at the realization of who she hit. It was so cute, Carmilla couldn't help but chuckle at the girl's reaction.

"Guess were even now, huh cutie?" Carmilla said with a smirk.

Laura seemed to relax a little and let the door shut, extending a hand to Carmilla, to help her up. Carmilla hesitated slightly but took Laura's hand, she tried to ignore the butterflies she felt at the contact.

"Oh. So, when it's actually my fault you aren't all mad and grumpy?" Laura asked.

Carmilla brushed herself off before answering. "I wasn't mad and grumpy."

Laura raised her eyebrows and Carmilla sighed.

"Look, I'm just a little stressed, alright?"

"Oh. Having trouble finding something? Maybe I could help you?"

Carmilla laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"Oh, nothing," Carmilla said.

Laura sighed. "Look, do you need help finding something or not?"

Carmilla looked at Laura for a moment, she hated having to ask for help but she was starting to get desperate. Besides if she was going to get help from anyone it might as well be a cute girl.

"I can't find my brother," Carmilla mumbled it, slightly ashamed by the confession.

"What?" Laura asked.

Carmilla rolled her eyes and spoke up. "My brother, Will, he came with me today and the little bastard ran off. I can't find him anywhere, and evidently he's the only teenager in the world that doesn't bother to keep his phone charged."

"You want me to help you find your brother?"

Carmilla ran a hand through her hair, wincing a little as her hand grazed over the bump that was forming on her forehead from where the door had struck her earlier.

"Well," Carmilla said, "as much as I hate to admit it, I don't really have any other options and I can't just leave without him."
Laura nodded. "Okay, come with me, I have to run this," she said holding the broom up, "back to my friend Danny, then we can find your brother."

Carmilla groaned. "Fine, but make it quick."

"Hey! If someone hadn't ran into me earlier, there would be no mess to clean up!"

"Well, if someone didn't try to carry a stack of boxes taller than herself... oh, but that'd be pretty hard, wouldn't it, seeing how you're so... tiny." Carmilla smirked at the annoyed look growing on the girl's face. Carmilla made a mental note that Laura was absolutely adorable when irritated.

"You are only, like, an inch taller than me!"

"Mhmm." Carmilla chuckled and started to walk past Laura, towards the place of their earlier collision. "Whatever, you say, cupcake."

Carmilla's smirk widened as she heard Laura groan and move to catch up with her.
The Search (pt1)

Chapter Notes

Hey! Just letting you know updates are going to be kind of all over the place! I'm a college student so I get pretty busy sometimes. But I'll always try to update every week! Okay that's all! On with the show!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

As they made their way back to Danny, Laura couldn't help but fill the silence.

"So, you just moved here."

Carmilla smirked and raised an eyebrow. "What gave me away?"

"Well, I've lived here all my life and it's a small town. I don't think I'd forget someone who looks like you." Laura blushed and Carmilla's smirk grew. "I- I mean someone that has your style and stuff! Not many people from around here would wear leather pants." Laura gestured to the brunette's attire. Carmilla chuckled and Laura blushed harder at the sound. "Not many people wore them where I'm from either, cutie," Carmilla said, "being able to wear leather pants is a skill. One of many that I have." She added with a wink and Laura's eyes almost burst from their sockets. Carmilla couldn't help but notice how flustered the little blonde was getting, and she loved every second of it. Carmilla had always been a bit of a flirt, mostly because she was never fond of relationships. Every relationship she had ever seen had always ended badly, someone's heart got shattered by a messy break-up or a death. Neither scenario sounded like a good time to her, so she stuck with simple hook-ups and flirting, it was always enough, and didn't end in crying and stuffing her face with ice cream while watching stupid rom-coms.

"Oh," was all Laura could manage to squeak out.

Carmilla chuckled again and Laura internally groaned at herself.

Come on, Hollis. Girl the Hell up!

Luckily for Laura they were nearing their destination, thus saving her from having to respond to Carmilla's flirting.

Wait flirting? Was she really just-

"There you are! 'Bout time you got back, Hollis! Thought you might have gotten lost in the stockroom again." Danny said with a laugh, cutting off Laura's thought.

Carmilla let out a small laugh and Laura rolled her eyes. "It was one time," Laura grumbled as she handed Danny the broom and dust pan.

Danny laughed and took the items. "Yeah but I'll never forget the text, 'stuck in stockroom, bring crowbar'."
"Crowbar?" Carmilla asked, raising an eyebrow.

Danny turned to her and chuckled. "Yeah, you see it was her first week working here, and we asked her to go get some boxes out of the back, well we didn't know they were on the top shelf of one of the units, so-

Laura cut Danny off. "OH-kay, we would really love to stay and chat, Danny, but I have to help..."

"Carmilla," she filled in her name.

"Right! I have to help Carmilla, here, find some stuff." She gestured to the broken light bulbs, still scattered on the ground."You can take care of this, right? Right! Knew I could count on you! Later, Danny!" Laura said with a smile as she grabbed Carmilla's arm and started to lead her away. As they walked away, Laura heard Danny protest slightly to being left with the mess and Carmilla laugh, once again.

Laura dragged Carmilla along until she was sure they were out of earshot of Danny.

"Sorry about that," Laura said, stopping by a model living room that was set up. "Danny doesn't really know when it's time to not embarrass me, apparently."

"Hey don't worry about it, cutie," Carmilla drawled, "you're adorable when you're flustered."

Laura looked up at Carmilla and found her staring right back, shamelessly biting her lower lip. She was sure she had never seen anyone so beautiful in her life. The brunette's eyes sparkled and, even under the harsh florescent lights of the store, she looked absolutely flawless. Laura could feel her face start to heat up again as she looked over Carmilla's features over and over.

Finally Carmilla cleared her throat. "Not that I don't love the admiration, but I actually do need to find my brother today."

Laura snapped out of her daze and let go of Carmilla's arm, which she had (apparently) still been holding onto.

"Right! Right, of course. Where was the last place you saw him?"

"Uh, I'm not sure. We were looking at couches and then I turned around and he was just gone." Carmilla shrugged.

"You don't seem very concerned," Laura said. Could she really be this indifferent about her own brother going missing?

Carmilla laughed suddenly and loud.

_Yep. Everything about her is gorgeous._

"Sorry, cutie," Carmilla said as her laughter subsided. "But, no. I'm not that concerned. He does this all the time. He just lives to make my life hell, I swear."

"Oh, okay then, let's go check out the sofa aisles first."

Carmilla and Laura made their way through the aisles of packaged furniture with no luck and moved
on to search the sets of living room furniture that was being modeled on the floor. Carmilla and Laura searched under the couches and tables that were on display, coming up with nothing each time.

Finally after a half hour of looking with no luck, Carmilla let out a groan.

"This is ridiculous. He never stays lost this long." Carmilla plopped down onto one of the couches and looked up at the ceiling.

Laura walked over and sat next to her with a sigh. "We'll find him."

Carmilla looked over at Laura and couldn't help but grin at the look of determination on her face. Had circumstances been different, Carmilla may have turned on her charm again, but the only thing she could think about was what happened to Will. She was actually starting to get worried, like for real, worried. She looked down at the floor. Her palms started sweating at the thought of something bad actually happening to her little brother and she rubbed them over her thighs to dry them off. Carmilla could feel her heart start to race as her imagination got the better of her, picturing Will, dead in some alley or locked up in some psycho's basement. She let out a shakey breath, trying to steady her nerves.

*C'mon, Karnstein. He's probably just hiding 'cause he knows it'll piss you off. He's fine. He's gonna be fine. He's got to be fine.*

She kept telling herself this over and over again in her head, but it wasn't helping. She let out another breath and this time Laura seemed to notice.

"Hey," Laura said softly at first.

Carmilla didn't answer and closed her eyes as she leaned forward and buried her face in her hands.

"Hey," Laura said again, a little louder.

Still no response.

"Carmilla?" Laura put a hand on the girl's shoulder and was a little shocked when Carmilla flinched at the touch.

Carmilla looked up at Laura and the look in her eyes nearly shattered the blonde's heart. Laura could see the worry seeping through, but there was something else there, too.

Fear?

With a blink, the emotions were gone, and Carmilla's hard exterior was back up. She put on a smirk.

"What's up, cupcake?"

"We're gonna find him, okay? I promise."

Carmilla couldn't figure out why the blonde would care so much about a perfect stranger, but it only made her more endearing. She gave the girl a small smile that only grew when Laura smiled back. Carmilla could feel the butterflies in her stomach.

*What the hell? Cut it out, Karnstein. You don't do feelings.*

Carmilla cleared her throat and straightened up, causing Laura to retract her hand from Carmilla's shoulder. Maybe now she could actually think.
"We should get back to looking," Carmilla said as she started to stand up. Laura reached a hand out to stop her.

"No, wait, I've got an idea." Laura paused.

"I'm listening."

"Why don't you stick around here, okay? Look for whatever you need to buy and maybe he'll come wandering back. I'll look around the rest of the place. I've worked here for a while now, I now all the kids' hiding places." Laura smiled.

"I- I couldn't ask you to do that," Carmilla said. She was always awful at asking for or accepting help.

"I'm offering, silly!" Laura giggled and playfully swatted at Carmilla's arm. "I promise, it's no trouble. And it's actually more productive for both of us!"

"Well... okay. Thanks, I guess."

"Of course," Laura replied with a smile.

Carmilla felt her heart skip a beat.

_Wow. I knew she was cute... but was she this pretty earlier?_

She shook the thought from her head as the blonde got up to leave.

As she was walking away, Laura turned back to Carmilla.

"Oh, right, almost forgot..." she said, making her way back towards the couch.

Carmilla raised an eyebrow.

"Uhm, what exactly does he look like? And what's his name?"

Carmilla chuckled and pulled out her phone.

"His name's Will," she said, bringing up a picture of him on her phone and handing it to Laura.

Laura looked at the screen for a moment before answering. "Hey, you mind if I send this to myself?"

"If you want my number, cutie, all you have to do is ask," Carmilla said in a low voice.

Laura rolled her eyes and sent the picture to herself. "Does that line usually work?"

Carmilla shrugged. "Sometimes."

Laura chuckled and handed Carmilla her phone back.

"I'll call you if I find him," Laura said as she turned to leave.

"Hey," Carmilla called out and Laura turned back to look at her. "Thanks."

"Anytime, cutie," Laura mocked as she smirked and turned to walk away.

Carmilla smiled and looked down at her phone, causing her to smile wider as she saw her new contact:
Good? Bad? I welcome any kind of feedback! And thank you so much for reading! :)}
The Search (pt2)

Chapter Notes

Hi! Sorry this took so long! I had a really busy weekend and wasn't able to really work on it! But I'm so happy about the feedback you guys have been giving me! :) Thanks so much. And now...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Holy shit.

Laura's mind raced as she walked away from the brunette beauty. Did she really just do that? Give her number to an absolute stranger? It was so against everything her father ever taught her about safety. Carmilla could be some psychopath, using her 'lost brother' as a way to lure unsuspecting girls in so that she could sacrifice them to some angry god or something! Laura highly doubted that was the case, given Carmilla's small breakdown on the couch, but still! She knew absolutely nothing about this girl!

Except that she is totally gorgeous and actually kinda sweet and-

Laura shook her head. She had been doing that a lot today.

No. She had given Carmilla her number for the sake of the current problem. Nothing more. It was strictly a professional reason. Laura was simply being a responsible employee, trying to give her customer a satisfying experience.

She blushed slightly at her thoughts and let out a long breath. Honestly, she couldn't even convince herself that she gave Carmilla her number for 'professional' reasons only and that made Laura's heart speed.

She pulled her phone out of her pocket and opened the message containing the picture of Will, hoping working on finding the boy would give her mind something else to think about. Laura examined the features on the teenager and realized this probably wasn't going to take her mind off of Carmilla. His hair was dark brown and fell just above his deep brown eyes. Much like his sister, he was very pale and seemed to only own a smirk as a smile. Laura figured, based on the picture, that he couldn't be much older than 14, but that definitely narrowed down where exactly he could be hiding, or more likely, sleeping.

Pocketing her phone, Laura set out for the bedroom furniture.

Carmilla sat back on the couch, still grinning stupidly at her phone. There was just something about this 'Laura Hollis' that had her mesmerized. Even her name made Carmilla feel all giddy. Laura. Laura Hollis. Carmilla's grin widened as the name rolled smoothly through her head.
Realizing what she was doing Carmilla's grin quickly vanished into a scowl and she locked her phone, and shoved it into her pocket. This was ridiculous, Carmilla Karnstein did not develop crushes. Especially on perky little blondes she had just met a couple of hours ago. And she definitely did not get crushes on warm golden eyes and comforting touches and...

Carmilla sighed and stood up, running her fingers through her hair. She just needed to walk it off, it was nothing. She was nothing but a little blip on Carmilla's radar.

Just thinking the words about Laura made Carmilla's stomach twist with guilt.

"Ugh," she groaned and pinched the bridge of her nose.

What the fuck is wrong with me today?

She turned to look at the couches that were being modeled on the floor. All she needed was to keep her mind off of the blonde and she'd be fine. It'll pass. After all, Carmilla Karnstein doesn't do feelings.

Laura reached the section of the store where the model beds were set up, odds were that Will had gotten bored, as most teenagers do, and decided to hop in for a little nap. It certainly wouldn't be the first time it happened. As she neared the display she recognized one of her co-workers, and long time friend, Wilson Kirsch, was wandering the area.

"Kirsch!" Laura called out as she approached.

Kirsch's head shot up in her direction and he greeted her with a big puppy dog smile.

"Hey, little hottie!"

"Now, how would Danny feel if she knew her boyfriend went around calling other girls 'hottie'?" Laura said, crossing her arms.

Kirsch rolled his eyes. "C'mon Laura, you're not, like, a 'girl girl', you're my bro!"

Laura cocked an eyebrow, "I'll choose to take that as a compliment."

"As it should be!" Kirsch said with a beaming smile.

Laura couldn't help but smile back. Kirsch had always been a great friend to her, ever since her first year at college. They met at one of Kirsch's frat parties and he kept her from trying to jump into a giant kiddie pool filled with creamed corn when she was drunk off her ass. Even though he could seem a bit like a total frat bro sometimes, deep down Kirsch cared about other people. Therefore, since saving Laura's dignity, they had been friends ever since.

"Anyway, what are you doing over here? I thought you were working stock today?" Kirsch asked.

"Yeah! No! I totally was! But actually I'm helping a customer right now! She's looking for her little brother who wandered off." Laura reached into her pocket and pulled out her phone. Bringing up the picture of Will, she turned her phone over to Kirsch. "Have you seen him anywhere?"
Kirsch took the phone and examined the picture for a moment before shaking his head and handing her phone back to her.

"Sorry, Laura. Can't say I have. Actually there haven't been any 'sleepers' here today."

Laura's face fell slightly.

"Right. Thanks, Kirsch," she said, putting her cell back in her pocket.

"I'll keep an eye out though! Let you know if I see the little bro."

"Thanks," she said again.

_Shit. Where the hell could this kid be?_

It had been nearly a half hour since Laura had gone off to look for Will and there was still radio silence. Carmilla was starting to get a little impatient, she already decided on what couch to buy (the one her and Laura sat on together, a moment that had _nothing_ to do with her decision) and now she was left with time to look around hopelessly, for Will. With a frustrated huff Carmilla whipped out her phone and shot a text off to Laura.

_Carmilla: Hey. Any luck?_

The response was almost immediate.

_Laura: Not yet... sorry :( _

"Shit," Carmilla sighed.

_Carmilla: Okay. Well I picked out the couch I need. Think you could help me out? Then maybe we can look for him together again?

_Laura: Definitely! I'll be there soon. sorry again..._

Carmilla sat back down on the couch to wait for Laura. She gave herself some time to think about what she was going to say to her mother if she had to return without Will. "Sorry" initially crossed her mind, but she didn't feel that was quite adequate for the situation. How about "Well I know you wish it was me, but Will is the one missing"? No. Despite what a pain in the ass Will was she still cared about him enough to not make his disappearance all about her. She could always keep it simple and honest. "I turned around for one second and when I looked back he was just gone." Mother knew how Will could be, he always wandered off, and she wasn't a completely unreasonable woman. But when it came to Carmilla... well she probably would just blame her for not watching him like a hawk.

She closed her eyes and let out a breath. All of this was strictly hypothetical, Carmilla reminded herself, Will was probably just being a smart ass and hiding somewhere in the store and he'd pop up
at the entrance and make fun of her for being so worried.

And then she'd kill him.

Carmilla chuckled to herself at the thought.

"Something funny?"

Carmilla's eyes shot open in shock at the sudden voice to find Laura Hollis standing in front of her, with a small grin across her lips. She couldn't stop the corners of her mouth from quirking up and she scowled internally at herself.

_Jesus Christ, pull it together Karnstein._

"Nope. Just coming to terms with being fucked, cutie," Carmilla said, standing up from the couch. She saw Laura blush deep red and shiver slightly.

"Metaphorically, of course," she added with a smirk.

Laura's eyes widened and she struggled to compose herself. Which Carmilla refused to admit was adorable.

"Uh, yeah, r-right, of course. So this is the couch you want then? I think we keep them over, uh, over in that aisle over there. You know the ones that are boxed and that people take home and then you have to actually assemble it yourself which I think is kind of a pain..." Laura trailed off realizing she was rambling.

"Oh, don't worry about it. I'm good with my hands," Carmilla said with a wink as she walked by Laura towards the correct aisle.

She heard Laura mutter, "Fucking hell..." under her breath and Carmilla's smirk grew wider.

_Too easy._

At least the ruthless flirting was taking her mind off of her missing brother.

Laura jogged to catch up with Carmilla and helped her move one of the boxed couches onto a cart and brought her to the front to ring her up.

"Okay! So that'll be... $1,500!" Laura said with a smile.

Carmilla's jaw dropped. "Seriously? It's a 3 seat sofa!"

Laura wrinkled her nose. "Well... it's leather..."

Carmilla fished through her wallet for her credit card and rolled her eyes.

"Yeah, sure. For this price you better come with it..." Carmilla said with a smirk, handing Laura her card.

Laura blushed again and ran the card through.

"So... you need help getting it in your car?"

Carmilla looked over at the large box, as much as she hated to admit it she probably couldn't lift it...
into her car alone. She shrugged.
"Yeah, sure."

Laura's face broke into a smile and she ducked her head to hide it.

As they moved into the parking lot Laura pushed the cart as Carmilla dug around her pockets for her car keys. She checked the pockets of her leather jacket three times before she groaned.

"Fuck," she said. She stopped walking and patted her pockets once more.

"Problem?" Laura turned around and quirked an eyebrow.

Carmilla looked up at Laura, completely defeated. The look on her face was almost comical and Laura had to bite her cheek to keep from laughing.

"I can't find my goddamn keys." Carmilla admitted.

Laura offered her a warm smile. "Maybe you left them in your car?"

Carmilla looked doubtful.

"C'mon, we'll go check," she added as she placed a hand on Carmilla's shoulder.

Carmilla ignored the butterflies she got from the contact and nodded.

Once they got closer to her car Carmilla held her breath hoping by some chance Laura was right and she just forgot them in her car. She wasn't sure she could face the humiliation of losing two things in one day. However, once she was able to see into her car all of her nerves washed away into relief and then anger.

Sleeping in the back seat of the car was Will, with her car keys resting on his chest.

Chapter End Notes

As always I welcome any and all feedback! :) Thanks!

I'm also gonna try to be a little more consistent with my updates.
Hey! Decided to work overtime this weekend, since I waited so long between updates before! Enjoy! :)

Carmilla's face burned red with anger at the sight of her little brother sleeping peacefully. Like he hadn't caused her to nearly have a full fledged panic attack in the middle of a store. She went to pull open the car door so she could yell at him only to find it locked, which only made her fume more. Carmilla banged on the window three times. Hard. For a moment she was surprised that she hadn't broken the glass.

Will shot up, startled by the noise, but quickly became aware of his surroundings, giving Carmilla a small smirk and laying back down on the seat.

He wiggled his fingers in a wave and mouthed a "Hey, Kitty" from his lounged position.

Carmilla was anything but amused.

"Open the damn door, Will. Now!" She shouted.

A flash of concern crossed Will's face and Carmilla didn't blame him for being worried. Hell, he should be terrified, because she was seconds away from breaking in the window and killing him. However, his concern quickly vanished into an eye roll, as he clicked a button on the keys, causing the doors to unlock.

Carmilla threw the door open and leaned in, grabbing Will's shirt, forcing him to sit up and get out of the car.

"Hey! Watch it! You're gonna rip my shirt," Will said as he smoothed it out where Carmilla had gripped him.

"Are you fucking kidding me?! Whether or not your shirt's ruined is the least of your problems right now, Willy boy." Carmilla's voice was low and menacing.

"Oh, calm down, Kitty!" Will said with another roll of his eyes. "You don't have to be so dramatic all the time."

Carmilla's eyes shot wide and her jaw dropped in disbelief.

"Dramatic?! Really? Will, do you know how long I've been looking for you?! Hours! I've been looking for hours! You can't just run off whenever you feel like it, without telling me! Oh! And you not only decided running off was a good enough idea, no, you had to take my car keys too! Will, what the hell were you thinking?!"

She stepped closer to Will as she yelled and he leaned back against the car.

"I was just bored... figured I could just catch a few Zs while you were looking around," Will said.
"And you couldn't just tap me on the shoulder and say, 'Hey! Heading out to the car! Don't worry!'?"

His lips formed into a thin, straight line and his eyes looked apologetic.

"I... I didn't..."

Carmilla sighed and her face softened slightly.

*At least he's okay.* She reminded herself.

Carmilla reached out and pulled Will in for a hug.

"I- I'm sorry, sis," Will said returning her hug.

"It's okay..." She said. Then, remembering how angry she should be, Carmilla pushed Will away, her face hardening again. "Don't ever pull that bullshit on me again. Or I'll feed you your own spleen. Got it?"

Will's eyes widened and he quickly nodded.

"Uh. Yeah, got it."

Carmilla hesitated for a moment before pulling him in for one more hug. Yeah, she was extremely pissed at him, but he was still safe, which was a relief. Will chuckled and hugged her back. Suddenly he shot back to look her in the eye.

"Wait. You're not gonna tell Mother, are you?"

There was a look of horror written across his face that completely confused her, after all he was a totally mama's boy, Mother wouldn't even get mad at him. Carmilla let out a short laugh.

"And get yelled at for you making my life hell? Nah. I'm good."

Will looked at her with concern in his eyes.

"Sis..."

She sighed and rolled her eyes. "Look, just get in the car before I change my mind."

Will hesitated and looked towards the trunk of the car, his worried expression was quickly replaced with a smirk. Carmilla followed his gaze and saw Laura leaning against the cart, looking at the ground.

She brought her attention back to Will. "Car. Now."

He raised an eyebrow and chuckled as he made his way for the passenger's side.

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Laura sat silently against the cart, not wanting to get involved in a sibling matter. She didn't have any brothers and sisters of her own, but she knew that it was probably not a good idea to get involved. Especially with the look of 'murder' that had been in Carmilla's eyes when they found Will fast asleep in her car. She watched as Carmilla yelled at Will, but she didn't hear any of the words that
were coming out of the brunette's mouth. Instead she found herself fixated on the way Carmilla’s shoulders tensed and how her jaw flexed when she squinted at whatever lame excuse Will was giving her. Laura had to admit, angry Carmilla was insanely hot. But when she saw Carmilla's face soften and pull Will in for a hug Laura knew she was sunk. She groaned internally at herself, she’d only known this girl for a few hours!

**Worst. Crush. EVER.**

Laura watched silently for a few more moments seeing Carmilla push Will away only to bring him back in for another hug. She really would never understand sibling relationships. Then suddenly the boy was looking over in her direction, a smirk pulling at the corner of his lips. Laura quickly averted her gaze, the ground suddenly becoming much more interesting.

"Hey."

The voice was so close Laura jumped at the sound. She looked up to find a smirking Carmilla in front of her.

"Hey," she replied.

"Sorry about that little scene," She said pointing back at the car with her thumb. "And, uh, wasting the better half of your day."

Laura gave her a small smile. "Nah. It was only the better half of my day because of you." The words were out before Laura could stop them. She looked down at the ground and she could feel her face heating up. She couldn't tell if she was blushing because of what a terrible play on words it was, or because she had just very blatantly flirted with the beautiful girl in front of her. She decided it was probably a little of both. But when she looked back up and saw that Carmilla's cheeks were red too, she didn't really care what the reason was.

Carmilla gave her a shy smile as she stuffed her hands into her pockets. "Does that line usually work?" she said, copying what Laura had said to her earlier.

Laura put on her best smirk and dropped her voice to sound like Carmilla. "Sometimes," she said with an exaggerated shrug.

Carmilla laughed. Like genuinely laughed. And Laura thought it was the most beautiful sound in the world.

"I do not sound like that, cutie."

"You totally sound like that."

Carmilla just rolled her eyes and brushed past Laura towards the cart holding her new couch.

"Just help me get this into my car, would you?"

She popped open the trunk and lowered the back seats forward to make room for the box. Laura couldn't stop herself from taking a look at her ass while she leaned over. Carmilla was right, wearing leather pants definitely was a skill, one she had very much mastered.

Laura heard a low chuckle and looked to see that Carmilla was looking right at her, eyebrows raised.
"See something you like, cutie?"

Laura blushed again. That was getting really annoying. She ignored the brunette's question and moved towards the box instead. Carmilla chuckled, evidently taking Laura's silence as a 'yes'. She moved to the side opposite Laura and put two hands underneath the box, a move which Laura mirrored.

"Okay," Laura said,"lift on three."

Carmilla nodded, waiting for the blonde's count.

"One. Two. Three!"

They hoisted up the box and moved towards Carmilla's car. Once they reached the edge of the trunk, Carmilla rested her end of the box on the car and moved around to the other end to help Laura push.

"C'mon, help me push it in," Laura said as Carmilla was taking her sweet time moving to help.

As she came over to help she muttered in a low raspy voice,"That's what she said."

Laura huffed and rolled her eyes.

"Should've see that one coming."

Carmilla snickered as she helped push the couch completely into the back of her car. She shut the trunk triumphantly, and turned to Laura.

"If I have any problems with that thing you can expect a very angry rant via text message," she said.

"Or, you know some people may say 'thanks' to the employee who helped them? I don't know. Really just a suggestion," Laura countered with a shrug.

It was silent for a moment and Laura looked into Carmilla's eyes. She saw it there, only for a brief moment, but she saw it. That look from earlier, when they had first bumped into each other, was shining in her eyes, and again it was gone too quickly for Laura to name it.

Carmilla gave her a small smile. "Thanks, cutie."

"Anytime!" Laura said. And before she had the chance to talk herself out of it she added,"I mean it! You've got my number and you're new in town, so you know if you ever need something or... I don't know... want to hang out? Just uh, let me know!"

Carmilla's smile widened. "I think I'd like that very much. Oh, and here." She reached into her pocket and pulled a ten out of her wallet, handing it to Laura, and then turned on her heal and made her way to the driver's side of her car, not giving the blonde a chance to fight her on the tip. Carmilla smiled at Laura one last time. "So... I'll see you later, cutie."

"Definitely." Laura smiled.

With that the brunette disappeared into her car and pulled out of the parking lot. Leaving a beaming Laura with butterflies in her stomach.
I'm open to any and all feedback. Thanks for reading!

Also! I'm probably going to start making the chapters a little longer so I'm going to try and have a chapter out every Sunday. (college schedule permitting :) )
Okay this is like the 20th time I've tried to write this chapter. I've been having a lot of trouble with my laptop and it kept crashing/updating whenever I would start before I saved! So I'm really sorry for the like 2 week delay! This one is a little longer to make up for the gap! So here we go! Chapter 5! ...hopefully...

Carmilla pulled out of the IKEA parking lot, a small smile still pulling at the corner of her lips. Despite the stress of the day, Carmilla actually felt rather happy. She couldn't help but wonder if her mood had anything to do with meeting Laura. Perky, hyper, sweet, Laura. Laura, with her warm smile and offer of help and friendship.

Friendship.

Carmilla squinted as she thought about the word. She never really had a lot of friends. Not that she cared, Carmilla was simply happier on her own. It gave her the freedom she craved. But she always had people to talk to, whether it was Will, her Mother or a few acquaintances from back home in the city. Now as she thought about it, having Laura as a friend didn't seem like such a bad thing. Especially since she'd be miles away from her family and old home. Plus, Laura was nice and absolutely adorable. If she had to be friends with anyone, she thinks she lucked out.

Carmilla was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't realize that she was now actually smiling ear to ear like an idiot. At least not until Will looked at her with a cocked eyebrow and chuckled, shaking his head.

Carmilla's smile was wiped off her face instantly, being replaced with her normal, snarky, expression. "What?" She asked.

Will turned his attention to the window, a smirk plastered to his face. "Oh, nothing," he replied, chuckling once again.

"Whatever." She rolled her eyes.

Will spoke again after a moment. "Just never saw you smile like that before... She must have been some girl if you're actually crushing on her."

"Whoa whoa whoa whoa! Slow down there, Willy boy. I'm not crushing on anyone."

"Seriously, Kitty?" Will raised his eyebrows and then proceeded to mimic Carmilla's face, grinning wide with love struck eyes.

Carmilla slapped his shoulder with the back of her hand and he pretended it actually hurt. She rolled her eyes and smirked.

"I do not look like that," Carmilla said, turning her attention to the road once more.

"You totally did," He said with a smug grin.
"Shut it, Will. You already pissed me off for hours today. Do it again and you'll be walking back."

"Easy there, sis," Will said putting his hands up in surrender. He hesitated before adding, "I'm just saying it's... nice. To see you look happy..."

Hearing the seriousness in his tone, Carmilla glanced over at her little brother. Will gave her a genuine grin, and she returned it with a small smile of her own.

She muttered a quick 'thanks' before turning back to the road.

The rest of the car ride was rather uneventful, aside from the merciless teasing Carmilla had to endure from Will. However, she didn't have to deal with it long, as they pulled up outside her apartment building. She quickly parked and got out of the car, away from Will's torment, focusing instead on getting the box out of her car.

"Hey. Can you quit your babbling for five seconds and help me get this thing out of the car?" Carmilla said.

Will, who was still sitting in the car, rolled his eyes and cut his sentence about Laura and Carmilla short, moving to look towards the back of the car.

"Fine," he said, "what do you want me to do?"

"Just push from that side."

Soon enough Carmilla and Will managed to free the box from the car. It now sat, resting against the still open trunk. Carmilla stared at it, wondering how the hell they were going to get that up to her third floor apartment. Will got out of the car and wiped his brow.

"So! You have a plan to get that upstairs? Yes?" Will asked.

Carmilla glared at Will. "Yeah," she said moving to one end of the box, "we carry it."

Will's jaw dropped. "Are you kidding?!"

"Nope." Carmilla smirked. "Now come on. The sooner we do this the better."

"But-"

"Now Will!"

Will and Carmilla picked up the box and made their way to the building, Will groaning the whole way.

"Oh come on, Willy boy! Don't be such a baby."

Will grumbled an insult under his breath and Carmilla couldn't help but snicker.

...
"OW! Dammit Will I didn't say to put it down!"

"Sorry!"

...

"Pivot."

"I'm trying!"

"Pivot! Dammit! Pivot!"

"The box doesn't bend like that, sis!"

"Which is why we need to **pivot**, moron!"

"I can't! Just hang on!"

"Pivot. Pivot! Pivot!"

"Shut up. Shut up! Shut Up!"

...

Finally Carmilla and Will made it up to the third floor, the box (and themselves), surprisingly, still in one piece.

"Okay just rest it against the wall," Carmilla said.

They both leaned the box against the wall and sighed with relief. Will shook his arms out and Carmilla took out her keys and unlocked the door to apartment 307. She flung the door open and her and Will turned the box on its side and slid it into her new apartment, leaning it against the back wall. Carmilla stood and observed her new apartment. The place was rather small but nice, the front door opened up to a living room with a large window stretching along the back wall. Just to the right of the living room was the kitchen that had a small counter that separated the two rooms. Then to the left of the living room was a door that lead to the bedroom, which had the bathroom attached to it. It wasn't much, but Carmilla was happy with it.

"You've finally returned, my darling girl! I was beginning to worry."

Carmilla sighed and turned to face the woman behind her, putting on her best smile.

"Just took a while to find the right one, Mother," Carmilla said, placing her hand on the box next to her. Will gave his sister a grateful look and she threw him a grin and a wink. She looked back at her mother who was examining the furniture Carmilla had bought. Her mother sighed.

"Leather, Carmilla?"

"Yes. Is that a problem?" Carmilla quirked an eyebrow.

"It's rather... improper. Wouldn't you agree?"
"What?"

Mother sighed again. "The way one presents their apartment says a lot about who they are, dear..."

"Then I think I made a good decision. I'm not a very proper girl, Mother." Carmilla's voice had bit of bite behind it that she was having trouble hiding.

Her mother gave her a glare. "Clearly."

This dynamic was nothing new to either of them. Carmilla knew that her mother did not approve of anything she did. It all started with her wanting to pursue her music. Being the eldest Karnstein child, it was always expected that Carmilla would take her mother's place at the family business one day, but Carmilla had no intentions of ever turning into a businesswoman. All proper and meeting important people and always having to say the 'right thing' rather than express her actual views, it was never in the cards for Carmilla, no way. Instead, she picked up a guitar at school and fell in love. Music was freeing, it was expressive, and as someone who wasn't always good with feelings, music was a great outlet for Carmilla. Her mother didn't think so. She saw Carmilla's love and passion for music as nothing more than a distraction, and she didn't hesitate to let her know how strongly she disapproved of Carmilla's decision. They would fight for hours on end. Once it had gotten so bad that her mother actually broke her guitar, telling her that she couldn't make a living with a hobby, and that she should stop dreaming and grow up. She was only 16 at the time and was entirely devastated. It had taken her all summer to save up enough money to buy her own guitar and she cried for hours at the sight of it smashed on the ground. After another summer of working Carmilla was able to buy another guitar and kept it in her closet, only playing when she knew no one was home. One good thing that had come out of a summer without her instrument was that she had practiced her singing, taking time to learn how to properly control her voice, so when she finally got her new guitar she was able to sing along to the songs she played. Eventually her mother found out she was still playing. She had come home early from a business trip to find Carmilla on the couch playing a song for some girl, who she later found out was Carmilla's girlfriend at the time, yet another thing she did not approve of. They fought for hours that night, and, in the end, Carmilla and her mother had to agree to disagree.

Since then, Carmilla's mother had accepted that she was not going to get her daughter to change. However, she made it clear everyday that she would never approve of what she was doing with her life. As far as Carmilla was concerned, that was completely fine. She didn't need mommy dearest's approval. One of the reasons Carmilla had decided to move away was so that she didn't have to be around the negativity of her mother anymore. Not exactly the best emotional situation to inspire a young musician.

She returned her mother's glare and not a word was spoken for a solid 60 seconds. Feeling like a bomb was about to go off, Will finally broke the tension.

"Mother, we should probably get going if we're going to make it to the train station on time."

Their mother responded without taking her eyes off of Carmilla. "Yes, of course, William."

She finally turned away to retrieve her purse from the counter and Carmilla let out a breath she didn't realize she was holding. She turned to her brother and gave him a small smile before opening her arms wide.

"C'mon, Willy boy."
Will rolled his eyes and chuckled before wrapping his arms around his big sister.

"Just leaving the city made you all soft, Kitty."

Carmilla let go and punched him in the shoulder, laughing when he rubbed it.

"Ow!"

"Don't call me soft." Carmilla shrugged.

Will laughed and then looked down at his shoes before coming to meet his sister's eyes.

"Hey, keep in touch, yeah?"

Carmilla gave him a small smile. "Of course."

"Are you ready, William?"

Carmilla and Will both turned to see their mother standing by the door, ready to leave.

"Yes, mother," Will said. He turned to Carmilla again. "Love ya, sis," he dropped his voice and added, "tell your girl I said thanks for keeping you from killing me."

Carmilla gave him a glare that only made him laugh as he backed out the door and disappeared into the hallway. She looked at her mother who stood by the door.

"Behave yourself, darling," she said and she stepped into the hallway, closing the door behind her.

Carmilla smiled looking over at the couch, still packed away in the box. "I just might."

Laura had just gotten home from work and was absolutely exhausted. She tossed her keys onto the table beside her door and shrugged off her jacket, letting out a sigh. The rest of her day after Carmilla left had been really boring, stacking boxes, helping people find stuff, taking inventory...Or maybe it had just been... normal. Carmilla had come in like a hurricane, throwing chaos into an average day, with the help of perfect facial structures and leather pants.

Leather pants. Something Laura couldn't seem to keep off of her mind, and she scolded herself for it. She was never the type of girl that openly gawked at people or concentrated only on looks, but dammit, there was no way around it with Carmilla, she was just completely gorgeous. And from what little she was able to gather about the girl personally, she seemed really sweet.

Laura groaned, trying to shake the brunette from her thoughts. She went to the kitchen and made herself a mug of hot cocoa, before going to her couch and curling up. She was about to start watching Doctor Who when she heard her phone buzz on the counter. The blonde let out a string of grumbled words and she got off the couch. Laura assumed it was her dad, he was always calling or texting to make sure she was okay, or to see if she needed him to send her more day-of-the-week bear spray. When she picked up her phone she was shocked to see it was actually Carmilla's name that popped up on the screen, and she couldn't help the smile that spread across her face or the butterflies that fluttered in her stomach.
**Carmilla:** What the fuck kind of prank are these instructions?! People don't look anything like that! And... are there even words on this? ! Did you rip me off here, cutie?

Laura laughed at the thought of Carmilla frustrated surrounded by the clutter of the furniture.

**Laura:** I suppose this is the angry rant I was to be expecting? I have to admit I expected better from you.

**Carmilla:** Well I expected better from these instructions! Guess we're both gonna have to live with being a little disappointed.

Laura laughed because she was the farthest thing from 'disappointed' as humanly possible.

**Laura:** How could I possibly disappointed with you texting me?

Laura hit 'send' before she even realized what she wrote.

"Oh my god. No no no no! Pleeeaaase come back..." She looked at her phone pleading with it to undo her action. She now cursed herself for convincing her father to let her get a smart phone after years of using a flip phone. Who the hell decided it was a good idea to not be able to cancel messages?!

Laura held her breath as the little dots came up, showing that Carmilla was typing.

**Carmilla:** Hmm... didn't realize I made you that happy. Or maybe you were just picturing the leather pants again? ;)

Laura's mouth went dry and she turned red. She tried typing a few things but couldn't find any words that worked, because, yeah, she kinda was, but she definitely didn't want Carmilla knowing that. Laura was saved from having to answer when her phone buzzed again.

**Carmilla:** I was only kidding cutie. Geez I can sense you're blushing from my apartment!

**Laura:** I'm not blushing!

**Carmilla:** Mhmm, sure

**Laura:** I'm not!

**Carmilla:** What ever you say. But red looks good on you. ;)

**Laura:** Now you're just doing it on purpose!

**Carmilla:** Maybe...

**Laura:** God I can feel you smirking right now

**Carmilla:** Crazy how well we can already read each other isn't it? hmm, I might have to start being a little less predictable. Don't want to lose my air of mystery.

Laura smiled and rolled her eyes.

**Laura:** Build your couch Carmilla.

**Carmilla:** hmm... well I think I've deciphered this part here. Looks like its telling me it requires two
people to put this shit together... So! Know anyone who's willing to help? Maybe an employee? Cute? Short?

**Laura:** ONE INCH! YOU ARE TALLER BY ONE INCH!

**Carmilla:** An inch is an inch cutie! Now are you gonna help me or not? Cause I'm actually starting to get really frustrated.

Laura looked over at her clock. It was almost 11 and she was exhausted. She sighed and typed out her message.

**Laura:** What's your address?

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Chapter End Notes

Feedback is always welcome here! :) Thank you for reading! (I also apologize if it's not as good as the other chapters. I hit a little bit of writer's block)
Sofas and Songs

Chapter Notes

WHAT?!! An update that's actually ON TIME?! It's amazing how much I can get done when I'm procrastinating my 8 page Lit final...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Carmilla sat on her living room floor, staring at the instructions in her hand through squinted eyes. About twenty minutes had passed since she sent Laura her address and she was trying to at least have something put together properly before the blonde arrived. However, as she looked at the manual and then back at the pieces of couch surrounding her, she began to think it was, in fact, impossible to put this stupid thing together.

Carmilla let out a groan and stood up, tossing the manual on to the floor next to the clutter. She stretched her arms up, arching her back. After sitting on the floor for hours trying to figure out the instructions, her body had gotten extremely stiff. With a sigh she dropped her arms and made her way into her kitchen to grab a beer from the fridge. She popped open the bottle and took a sip, the bitter alcohol helping to relax her muscles.

After a couple more sips, Carmilla made her way back over to her mess of a living room, just in time to hear her phone buzz with an incoming text. She picked her phone up off the floor, smiled at the name that popped up and opened the message.

Laura: I'm here! ...I think

Carmilla: I'll buzz you in cutie

With that Carmilla buzzed the lock long enough that Laura should have been able to make it inside. She undid the chain and deadbolt on her door and moved back to her mess of a couch.

C'mon Karnstein. Have something put together before she gets here!

Carmilla picked up the directions one more time, trying desperately to make sense of the stupid pictures that passed themselves off as instructions. She let out another frustrated growl when she tried to find the bolt needed for the armrest and couldn't, for the life of her, figure out which one it was. The sound of three knocks at her door made her jump.

"It's open!" she called from her place on the floor.

Laura walked up to apartment 307 and took a deep breath. She couldn't figure out why she was so nervous, considering she was only helping a new friend put together a couch. A very attractive new friend... who liked to flirt with her... and who she was helping in her apartment... at nearly 11:30 at night. Laura bit her lip and sighed.

"Here goes nothing," she said.
She knocked on the door and a few seconds later was met with Carmilla's voice yelling from inside.

"It's open!"

Laura took one more breath before she turned the doorknob and walked inside. Any nerves she felt before washed away once she opened the door. Looking at the scene before her Laura couldn't help but giggle. Carmilla sat in the middle of her living room, completely surrounded by pieces of the couch that appeared to not have any progress being built, at all. Carmilla herself, however, is what really had Laura giggling. She looked so frustrated as she focused on the booklet in her hands, resembling a child who couldn't figure out how to put together their LEGOs.

At the sound of Laura's laughter Carmilla looked up with a raised eyebrow.

"You gonna stand in my doorway and laugh at me? Or you gonna help?" Carmilla said with a small smile.

Laura shut the door and cleared her throat.

"Right, sorry!" Laura walked over and crouched down next to Carmilla in the middle of the mess. She surveyed the area trying to figure out if there was method to the madness, but given the current state of the brunette, she figured there wasn't.

Carmilla tossed the instructions over to Laura and took a sip of her beer.

"Okay IKEA employee! Help me out! And by 'help me out' I mean 'please get this stupid ass couch built'."

Laura gave Carmilla a quick glare before looking down at the instructions in the booklet, that she knew she wouldn't even need. Being an employee at the IKEA in town since high school, Laura had built a crap ton of couches and other pieces of furniture for the in-store displays. After a quick glance at the booklet Laura tossed it aside and turned to Carmilla who had raised her eyebrows at the blonde's actions.

"Okay, so were going to move those two parts," Laura motioned to the main pieces,"over onto the rug so that nothing breaks."

Carmilla and Laura both stood up to move the pieces over to the carpeted area.

"Wow, glad I made friends with the couch guru of IKEA," Carmilla murmured with a smirk.

Laura gave her a quick smile before getting right back to business. "Right, so I need you grab me four of---"

After about thirty minutes Laura and Carmilla had almost finished building the couch. Or, well, Laura had almost finished building the couch with Carmilla there for emotional support and beer. All that was left was to attach the chaise and other armrest and it would be done. Laura was actually working up a sweat, she hadn't had time to change out of her button up from work before coming over, so she rolled her sleeves up to her elbows before taking a sip of her beer. Carmilla watched Laura carefully as she worked. With her sleeves now exposing her arms a little, Carmilla could see that Laura actually had some decent muscles, probably from years of working in stockrooms and building furniture. Her forearms flexed as she screwed the chaise to the main part of the sofa and her tongue was sticking out in concentration. Sweat was beading on her forehead and small grunts came from the back of her throat as the screw became harder to turn. Carmilla couldn't stop herself from staring as the blonde worked.
Fuck it. She's hot. I'm allowed to look. Why am I making such a big deal out of this?

Laura looked up at Carmilla and Carmilla didn't miss the blush that crossed her cheeks when she realized she was being watched. Damn, she was really pretty when she blushed.

Aaaaaaand that's why.

"You know," Laura said as she went back to work, "if there was less staring on your part and a little more helping, we might have been done by now."

Carmilla hummed. "Maybe. Or we might have had a broken couch." She paused before adding,"Or a hospital visit."

Laura laughed. "You're probably right. You've been on a bit of an accident streak today."

"Excuse me, but I think every time something happened to me today you were involved as well, cutie."

Laura kept focused on her work while she spoke. "That first one was totally not my fault! You ran into me!"

"Yeah. Which you probably could have avoided if you weren't carrying a stack of light bulbs taller than yourself."

"We are not going down the height road again," Laura said shaking her head.

Carmilla chuckled and the conversation died out. Usually Carmilla found lulls in conversation to be awkward, however, in Laura's company it felt comfortable. Which ultimately made Carmilla extremely uncomfortable. Carmilla sighed and stood up, placing her beer on the ground before making her way to her bedroom. A few moments later she came back out to the living room, guitar in hand. Laura was still working on the couch as Carmilla wandered over to one of the stools situated at her counter and sat down. She quickly tuned her guitar up and started strumming out a riff to fill the silence. A few bars in she closed her eyes and hummed a melody to the tune. She’d always loved doing this, riffing, not worrying about words, just letting the music tell the story. The tune was slow and sweet and happy, something that Carmilla hadn't heard coming from her music in a long time. She really tried not to over think why this is the riff she chose. Although, deep down, she really knew. She opened her eyes as her humming became quiet and the music from her guitar started to fade into an end. Laura was looking at her with a smile on her lips, eyes bright with childlike wonder.

"Wow, Carm that was..." Laura trailed off smile growing,"I had no idea you played."

Carmilla laughed and strummed lightly again. "Well, we've only known each other a day, cutie."

"I know! It just feels like longer," Laura said.

Carmilla nodded with a small smile. It really does.

They stayed like that for a moment, Laura looking up into Carmilla's eyes as she looked right back and strummed a soft tune on her guitar. She stopped strumming and placed her guitar on the counter, breaking the moment.

"So, we almost done with that couch?"

Laura didn't miss a beat. "Yes. I am almost done building your couch."
Carmilla hopped off of her stool and grabbed two more beers from the fridge, making her way back over to Laura.

"Excellent!" Carmilla said, handing one of the beers to Laura who happily took a few sips before continuing her work.

"Yep! Just gotta... tighten the... armrest... here... aaaaand," Laura pulled away from the couch and clapped her hands, a huge smile on her face. "Done!"

Carmilla looked over at her couch, all that was missing were the cushions that were sprawled out on the floor. Laura moved to pick up the cushions off the floor and place them on the couch when Carmilla put an arm on her shoulder stopping her.

"I've got this."

Carmilla quickly placed the cushions into the proper places and looked at Laura who was looking at her as if to say "seriously?".

"What?" Carmilla said. "I helped! Now I can say we both built it."

Laura let out a small laugh. "Uh huh."

Carmilla rolled her eyes and looked back at the couch. "Okay, well let's see how good you're handiwork really is."

Without waiting for a reply, Carmilla fell back onto the couch.

Wow. This is actually really fucking comfortable.

"Hmm, nice work, cutie. Might have to sleep here!" She put her hands behind her head and closed her eyes.

"So I pass then?" Laura said.

Carmilla opened her eyes. "I'd say yes, but maybe you should judge it for yourself." She patted the seat next to her as an invitation for Laura to sit down.

"Oh wow, yeah, I do good work," Laura said as she settled into the couch, closing her eyes and yawning.

Carmilla smiled and looked over at the clock.

12:20 am

"Shit, I didn't realize how late it was."

Laura opened her eyes and looked at the time.

"Crap, I should go home."

Carmilla looked over at the empty beer bottles on the counter and then back to the small blonde with dark circles under her eyes.

"No way, creampuff-"

"Creampuff?" Laura raised an eyebrow.
"Hey! It's late and I've been drinking, don't question my nicknames."

Laura giggled.

***Oh my god that was adorable. Fuck. No. Focus Carmilla.***

"Anyway, as I was saying, there's no way I'm letting you go home tonight. It's late, there was alcohol and..." Carmilla's tone turned a little more serious,"and I don't want anything to... happen to you."

Laura looked at her a moment before answering. Probably wondering where the sudden seriousness and concern came from. "Yeah. Yeah okay."

"Okay," Carmilla replied, getting up off the couch. "Hang on I'll get you something you can sleep in."

A few moments later Carmilla gave Laura and old band tee and some shorts to sleep in. They both got changed and then Carmilla came out into the living room with pillows and blankets for both of them. Laura gave her a confused look as Carmilla settled onto the chaise.

"What? I was serious. This couch is nicer than my bed!"

Laura laughed and laid down so that her head was resting by Carmilla's lap. They both snuggled into the couch, their exhaustion of the day finally sinking in.

"Thanks, Carm," Laura said quietly.

"Anytime, cutie," Carmilla whispered.

Both girls smiled as they finally drifted off to sleep.

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**Chapter End Notes**

As always feedback is welcome! Thanks for reading! Also if you want to know my tumblr for any reason (don't go there I warn you it's a mess...) it's menzelcastlefan! have a nice day... or night... or afternoon :)
Okay so obviously I suck with updating times. But I'd rather give you guys quality work :) I'm done with school for the summer now! So that should help at least a little! Thanks so much for all the good feedback! It really means a lot to hear what you guys think :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Carmilla woke up snuggled into the armrest of the chaise. She let out a groan as she tried to sit up, realizing she had slept wrong and was now blessed with a stiff neck.

"Fuck," she mumbled, bringing up a hand to rub the pain away. She let out a breath and grabbed her phone to check the time.

8:16 am.

"Fuck," She said again. Another shot of pain went through her neck.

_Ugh why the fuck did I ever think sleeping out here was a-

Carmilla's thought cut off as she remembered why she actually wanted to sleep out on the couch last night. She turned to her right and saw that the space that Laura had been sleeping in the night before was now vacant. Carmilla let out a sigh.

_of course she left. Probably had work, or anything else. Why would she-

"Mmm. Oh! Mornin' Carm!"

Carmilla's eyes shot up to look at her bedroom door, where Laura stood clad in Carmilla's athletic shorts and Rolling Stones tee that hung off of one of her shoulders. Her hair was slightly tousled from sleep and she ran a hand through it as she stretched, which revealed part of her toned stomach. Carmilla couldn't help but stare, despite every fiber of her being telling her to look away. Laura just looked so... hot.

Shit.

Carmilla forced her eyes to look up at Laura's face, which had turned a light shade of red.

_Double shit. Totally saw you staring. Smooth Karnstein...-

"Morning, cutie," Carmilla said, trying to regain some dignity.

Laura gave her a small smile before speaking, "I hope you don't mind, I had to use your bathroom, and it's connected to the bedroom and I just don't want you to think that I was snooping around your room 'cause you know we've only just met yesterday and-"

"Whoa whoa whoa, slow down, you're gonna pass out from lack of oxygen! And I'm not driving to a hospital right now," Carmilla said with a chuckle.
Laura sighed and covered her eyes with one hand. "Crap, sorry."

Carmilla smiled, but it fell as she stood up with yet another groan. She closed her eyes and grabbed her neck again. Sleeping on that couch was definitely a terrible idea.

"Are you alright?"

Carmilla looked up to find Laura making her way over to her with a concerned look in her eyes.

"Yeah, yeah. I'm fi- OW!" Carmilla tried to straighten up and stretch out, but it only made the pain worse. She closed her eyes again trying to make the ache go away.

"Oh yeah, totally fine," Laura chuckled.

Carmilla opened her mouth to make a snarky response but she felt hands on her neck and shoulder, working out the muscle there, causing whatever sentence she was about to say to turn into a moan. Carmilla felt Laura's hands stop moving and heard her breath hitch. She let her eyes flutter open and was met with Laura's eyes staring right back. Although her hands had stilled Laura still held them to Carmilla's neck and shoulder. Carmilla could feel the tension building, and knew that Laura had to feel it too. Their faces were inches apart and Carmilla knew she was blushing just as hard as the blonde in front of her. She watched Laura's eyes flicker down to her lips for a brief second before coming back up to look at her again. Carmilla chanced a glance down at Laura's lips, they looked soft and oh so close and in that moment all she wanted was to know how those lips would feel on hers. All she would have to do was lean in just a little further...

Just as she was about to close the gap Laura's phone rang, causing the girl to jump away.

Fuck.

"S-sorry, I... uh... I should get that," Laura stuttered out.

Carmilla let out a breath as Laura made her way to the counter to answer her phone. She ran a hand through her hair and walked to her bathroom. She shut the door behind her and leaned against it, closing her eyes and taking another deep breath. Finally, she opened her eyes and looked in the mirror. Her face was flushed red and her hair was all over the place. Carmilla sighed as she turned the water on and splashed some cold water onto her face to cool down. When she looked back up she hissed at the pain coming from her neck.

"God dammit."

She massaged the sore spot herself, it didn't feel anywhere near as good as Laura's hands had. Carmilla rolled her eyes at herself. She had barely known the girl for one day and yet almost every thought she had was about Laura. Is this what it was like to have a crush?

Carmilla's eyes went wide as she looked at herself in the mirror.

_Crap. I have a crush on Laura._

The realization sent butterflies through the brunette's stomach.

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Laura hated her phone. A lot. She was almost positive Carmilla had been about to kiss her when that infernal jingle went off. There was nothing she wanted to do more than just ignore the sound and kiss the beautiful girl that had been in front of her, however, after she jumped at the sound, Carmilla
had stiffened and Laura could tell she had put her guard back up. The moment was lost and Laura was pissed. Why was someone even calling her before 9am on a Saturday?

When she looked at the caller ID she groaned and knew what this was going to be about. Laura accepted the call and brought the phone to her ear.

"Hey, LaF. What's up?"

"L! Man I'm glad you're up! Think you could swing by and help out today? Betty keeps bailing out on her shifts, girl parties too much, think I might have to lay her off..."

Laura sighed. LaFontaine was one of her best friends, they graduated from Silas University a couple of years ago and had opened a small music store right after. Laura always helped them out when she wasn't working at the IKEA or busy with classes and papers. However, its been happening a lot more frequently and Laura was starting to get exhausted from all the extra work, not that she minded helping her friend out, but she was running on empty.

"LaF..." Laura shook her head.

"Laur, please. I'm desperate. It's just Per and me here, and you know how weekends get. I promise I'll pay you," LaF pleaded.

"Look, I totally would, I just-"

Carmilla came waltzing out of her bedroom fully dressed, wearing black ripped jeans, combat boots and a black v-neck. A light bulb went off in Laura's head.

"Hey, um LaF, give me like two seconds and I'll call you back, okay?" Laura said, watching as Carmilla made her way into the kitchen. She met Laura's eyes and threw her a wink, which the blonde responded to with a shy smile.

"Okay, does this mean you're coming?" LaF asked hopefully.

"Maybe. I'll call you right back, promise!" Laura ended the call and turned to Carmilla, who was now making herself a cup of coffee.

"So..." Laura started as she sat down on one of the stools at the counter. She wasn't really sure how to bring this discussion up. There was silence for several seconds.

When she didn't continue Carmilla looked over her shoulder at the girl and raised an eyebrow.

"Cat got your tongue, cutie?"

Laura snapped out of her thoughts and cleared her throat. "Uh, no! Just thinking about how I want to ask this..."

Carmilla grabbed her mug and moved over to the counter, leaning forward on it with her forearms.

"Ask what?" Carmilla said as she brought her black coffee to her lips.

Laura's face scrunched up at the thought of drinking black coffee. She could barely stand coffee with cream and sugar, it was too bitter. Cocoa was way better.

"How do you drink that?" she asked without thinking.

Carmilla let out a big laugh and Laura's heart fluttered.
"All that time spent thinking and that's the big question?" Carmilla asked, her laughter subsiding.

"No. But it's an important one if we're gonna be friends!"

*Friends. Right? Friends?*

Carmilla gave Laura a small smile, but her eyes were sparkling. Laura knew she was done.

...*Friends can flirt and kiss and go on dates and have sex and get married and stuff...right?*

She could feel her face heating up and, wow, was that seriously getting annoying.

Carmilla leaned in a little further. "Is my taste in caffeine going to hurt my chances of seeing you more?"

Laura gulped. "Well... I mean... probably not."

Carmilla smiled and let out a small breathy laugh as she looked down into her mug, a small blush spreading on her cheeks.

"Good." She said it so quietly Laura barely heard her. The blonde couldn't stop the smile from growing on her face.

There was tension building again, which Carmilla quickly broke by standing up a little straighter and clearing her throat.

"Anyway, what was the actual question, cutie?" She asked before taking another sip from her mug.

"Oh, right," Laura said, getting back on track,"I was just wondering, y'know since you just moved here and all, if you had a job yet or something?"

"I think we both know I'm not really cut out for working with furniture..." Carmilla said with a smirk.

Laura laughed. "Definitely not! But actually I have a friend that owns a music shop in town and they're looking for new employees."

Carmilla perked up, a little more interested now. "What's the gig? What would I have to do?"

"Well, you'd have to check with them for sure, but the girl they're letting go gave guitar lessons."

"Hmm, I dunno if I'd make that great of a teacher, cutie..."

"Don't be ridiculous, Carm! I heard you play last night, you're amazing!"

The brunette smiled. "You think?"

"Hell yes," Laura said with a smile.

Carmilla squinted, her smile turning into a smirk.

Laura bit her lip. "So?"

"I guess it couldn't hurt to check it out... I am painfully unemployed," Carmilla said with a nod. A moment later she added, "And I'm not so fond of the 'starving artist' lifestyle."
Laura giggled and picked up her phone. "I'll give my friend LaF a call, let them know you're coming in today."

Carmilla nearly spit out her coffee. "Whoa whoa whoa, hang on, cupcake. Today?"

"Yeah! Don't worry they won't have you really working or anything. They'll probably just talk to you, see if you can do the job," Laura looked up from her phone,"which you are totally over qualified for. Trust me. And then after that they'll probably just stick you with me til the end of the day and I can show you how to use the register and basic trainee stuff, y'know?"

Laura was about to hit send to call LaFontaine when she noticed Carmilla had gotten very quiet and hadn't responded to her rambling. She looked up at the brunette and noticed that her brow was furrowed and she was staring at the counter top.

"Hey, you okay? Crap, do you have something you have to do today? You probably do! You just moved here, I mean you didn't even have a couch until yesterday. I'm sorry, Carm, I shouldn't have assumed that you could be ready to go out and get a job today. I mean..."

Carmilla's eyebrows shot up and her mouth hung open slightly as she listened to Laura keep going. Because, wow, who can talk that fast without tripping over words? Evidently, Laura Hollis.

"...And I just kinda didn't even think about whether or not."

Carmilla finally cut the shorter girl off. "Hey, whoa, Laura." She put her hand over Laura's and the blonde shut up instantly, trying desperately to ignore the swarm of butterflies in her stomach as she looked up at Carmilla, who was wearing a smirk (shocking). "Do we need to have a talk about oxygen again?"

Laura chuckled nervously. "No. Sorry, I just felt bad for assuming."

Carmilla smiled. "No need to apologize, cutie. It's just, if you're going to be training me today, I'd rather you be able to do it consciously."

Laura let out a laugh. "Yeah, that's probably best."

They sat there for a moment smiling at each other, hands still touching on the counter top. Finally, Carmilla broke eye contact and drew her hand away to put her mug in the sink. Laura frowned at the loss of contact.

"Go ahead and make your call. Then we can get going."

Laura punched in LaF's number and they picked up after the first ring. "That was way more than two seconds," they teased.

"Yeah. Yeah. But I think you'll be thanking me later. I know someone who'd love the job."

"Really?! Score! Wait, they'll actually show up, right? I do not need another Betty case."

"Trust me she'll be great!" Laura promised.

"Oh, by the way you can just borrow some of my clothes today, cutie. That way we won't have to make and stops," Carmilla said with a wink.

Laura gave her a smile and a nod to say thank you.

"Uh, who's that?" LaF asked. Laura could hear the grin on their face.
"That's Carmilla, the girl you're going to be hiring," Laura said.

Carmilla glanced up at the mention of her name.

"Oh, didn't realize I was hiring your girlfriend, L," LaF teased.

Laura looked at Carmilla who was still looking at her from the sink. The blonde turned and tried to hide the blush from spreading on her cheeks. She lowered her voice, responding to her friend.

"Oh my gosh, LaF, stop. It isn't like that."

She heard Carmilla chuckle as she left the kitchen, making her way to the bedroom.

"Look, she's really good at guitar and new to town, so she needs this job. I promise you won't be disappointed!" Laura continued once the brunette was out of earshot.

"Alright bring her by, we'll see how it goes."

Laura let out a squeal. "Thanks! I'll let her know!"

"You're just excited you won't have to work here anymore."

"'Work' would imply that you pay me. Which doesn't usually happen."

"And the fact you keep helping is why you're my best friend! Now hurry up, get your girlfriend and get over here! It's getting busy."

Laura groaned. "Please don't say that around her..."

"No promises, L! See you soon!"

With that they hung up. Laura let out a deep breath and looked up at Carmilla who was approaching her, clothes in hand and a small smile on her lips.

Oh man. It's gonna be a long day...

Chapter End Notes

Thanks again for reading! Feedback is always welcome! :) (tumblr is menzelcastlefan)
Small Town Celebrations

Chapter Notes

ugh. I swear writer's block will be the death of me. As always sorry for the delay, this one is a little longer though! Also, season 2 is tomorrow. TOMORROW. Oh god. If I die I'm sorry...

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Carmilla could really get used to the sight of Laura Hollis wearing her clothes. She had given Laura a pair of black jeans, a black tank top and her red flannel. And damn did it look good on her.

"So, their store is actually pretty close to here and it's really nice out today. I was thinking maybe we could just walk," Laura said as she put on her shoes.

"Sounds like a plan, cutie."

Once Laura was ready, Carmilla threw on her leather jacket, grabbed her guitar and they set out for the music store. They walked in silence for a few moments before Laura started speaking.

"You feeling better?" she asked.

"Huh?" Carmilla turned to her with a raised eyebrow.

"You know, with your..." Laura gestured to her neck.

"Oh! Oh, yeah, uh I'm fine," Carmilla mumbled, "thanks."

Carmilla rubbed her neck, remembering how good Laura's hands had felt on it earlier. And what had almost happened because of it. Carmilla blushed at the memory, wishing it had gone down a little different.

She must realize what almost happened earlier, too... and she brought the situation up... does that mean she-

Carmilla didn't let her mind wander any further than that.

What the hell Karnstein. Stop over analyzing. She's just being nice...

"Good," Laura said with a small smile, "I'd hate to be a pain in your neck."

Laura waggled her eyebrows at the terrible attempt of a joke and Carmilla couldn't help but laugh. This girl was too much.

"Cutie, you couldn't be, even if you tried."

"Oh, I'm gonna make you eat those words, Karnstein!" Laura said. "You just wait."

Carmilla raised an eyebrow at the shorter girl. "You want to irritate me?"

"Not want to per say. But I certainly could if I tried." Laura shrugged. "I'm simply going to take your
words as a challenge."

Although Carmilla found the idea silly she couldn't help but feel a little happy. If Laura was going to try to annoy her, that means they'd be hanging out more. That was something she had absolutely no problem with whatsoever.

Carmilla chuckled. "Good luck."

"Pfft. Like I need luck. You get grumpy so easily!"

"I guess we'll see," Carmilla said as she shot Laura a sideways grin.

The blonde smiled in return.

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A short while later Laura and Carmilla arrived at LaF's music shop, Silas Sound. Laura stopped just out front and turned to Carmilla.

"Okay! Here we are! Ready?"

Carmilla looked at the shop then back to Laura. She took a deep breathe before answering.

"Yeah."

She looked down at her feet. Even though she had played for other people a million times it was different when it was practically an audition. Carmilla was used to riffing, just letting the music lead her, but it was different when she actually had to play a song. In songs she had to lead the music, lead the words. Not that she wasn't capable, she knew she was, it just always made her a little bit nervous. And now a job was on the line.

Laura placed a hand on Carmilla's shoulder, her eyes immediately shot up to meet the blonde's. Laura was wearing a kind smile and Carmilla could feel her body relax. The girl just had that effect, she guessed.

"You got it. Don't worry," Laura said, squeezing the brunette's shoulder lightly before letting go and leading her into the shop.

The inside of the store was pretty small, but completely packed with merchandise. The walls were covered with guitars and basses, and drum sets were displayed in the front of the shop. Further back, on the right side of the store, there were records and CDs for sale. Also, along the right wall, there were three doors that Carmilla figured were the lesson rooms.

Laura lead her over to the counter, where a short-haired ginger was helping a customer with a sale. They caught a glimpse of Laura over the customer's shoulder and gave her a smile.

"One second, L."

Laura nodded and smiled back. LaF finished up with their customer and then came around the counter to greet the two girls.

"Hey! Thanks for coming in, guys."

"When have I ever said 'no'?" Laura chuckled.

"Well, hopefully I won't have to ask you again," LaF said. They turned to Carmilla and gave her a
once over. "You must be Laura's friend," they stuck out their hand and Carmilla shook it.

"Must I be?"

LaF cocked an eyebrow, Laura nudged Carm in the side. The brunette quickly cleared her throat.

"I mean, yeah. Yeah. I'm Carmilla."


"Cool. I'm LaFontaine, but you can just call me LaF. So, how long have you been playing?" They asked, nodding at Carmilla's guitar.

"Since I was 12. So, like 11 years?"

LaF smiled. "Excellent! So you probably actually know what you're doing!"

"I'm telling you, LaF! She's amazing!" Laura interjected.

Carmilla looked over at the blonde with a small grin and LaFontaine raised an eyebrow.

"Well, I'll still need to hear your girlfriend here play before I hire. But I think it's gonna work."

Carmilla and Laura both whipped their heads to look at the ginger. The brunette had a smirk plastered to her face while watching a flustered Laura try and correct her friend. LaF simply chuckled.

"I'll be right back. Just gotta go get Per," they said before going into one of the rooms on the right of the store.

Carmilla turned to a blushing Laura, which only made her smirk grow.

"What's the matter, cutie? Don't want to be my girlfriend?" She teased. After the words came out a sudden wave of nervousness washed over her as she waited for the blonde's response.

*Oh. Oh, this shit sucks....*

Laura looked up at Carmilla, clearly thrown by the question.

"What? I- I mean... well..."

Holy crap. She was stuttering, actually stuttering. Flustered speechless, even though Carmilla had only meant the question as a joke. Maybe it wasn't one-sided? This whole 'crush' thing? The thought that Laura might actually like her back, and this wasn't just all in her head, hit Carmilla hard and it scared the shit out of her. She could feel the smirk on her face falter a moment as the blonde looked into her eyes, trying to come up with a coherent sentence for Carm's teasing. The brunette quickly put her smirk back in place and backpedaled.

She chuckled lightly. "Easy there, cupcake. I'm just teasing. No need for all this... twitchiness." She said, gesturing to Laura's current state.

"What?! I'm not twitchy! There is an absence of twitching!"

Carmilla smirked and raised an eyebrow. Before either girl could speak again, LaFontaine returned with another ginger.
"Hey Perry!" Laura greeted the new ginger happily.

"Hello, Laura."

"So, this is Lola Perry. We own this place together. She gives bass lessons here, and also makes sure no one... destroys anything," LaF said, smiling brightly at Perry. Perry smiled lovingly back.

Right. So, Ginger 1 and Ginger 2 are a thing. Noted.

Carmilla nodded. Not trusting herself not to say anything snarky. She actually wanted this job. Sure, it wasn't ideal. Being a teacher was definitely not something she would ever see herself doing, but at least she'd be playing music and getting paid for it. It also didn't hurt that these were Laura's friends and that she'd probably get to see her more if she was working for them.

"Okay. So, why don't you come with me and we'll see if Laura needs to get her ears checked or not," LaF said with a chuckle.

The brunette laughed as she saw Laura's face scrunch up.

LaF started walking to one of the practice rooms and motioned for Carmilla to follow. She took and deep breath and followed the ginger to the door. As they were unlocking it, she glanced back over at Laura. The blonde gave her an encouraging smile and a thumbs up and Carmilla couldn't help it, she smiled and threw a wink at the girl. She saw Laura blush and smile shyly, biting her lip.

Fuck, she's beautiful.

She kept that image of Laura in her mind as she entered the practice room with LaFontaine. She kept that image as the ginger asked her to play through scales and chords on her guitar. She kept that image as she closed her eyes and played "The Only Exception" by Paramore. And, even though she knew she didn't have to, she found herself singing out the lyrics, and they never made as much sense as they did right then.

"Maybe I know, somewhere
Deep in my soul
That love never lasts
And we've got to find other ways
To make it alone
But keep a straight face
And I've always lived like this
Keeping a comfortable, distance
And up until now
I had sworn to myself that I'm content
With loneliness

Because none of it was ever worth the risk

But, you are, the only exception
You are, the only exception
You are, the only exception
You are, the only exception"

Carmilla finished out the song, Laura never leaving her mind. When she finally hit the last chord and
opened her eyes, she saw LaFontaine nodding with a smile on their face.

"Come on! It'll be fun! Besides we have to celebrate!" Laura said, walking backwards in front of Carmilla.

They had just left Silas Sound. Laura had spent the day teaching Carmilla how to work the register and the front of the shop, while LaF and Perry took over lessons for the day. It was about 7 o'clock by the time they got to leave and the blonde was determined to hang out with Carmilla for at least a little while, while they were not stuck working in the music store.

The brunette raised her eyebrows. "What's there to celebrate exactly?"

"You just got employed! You're not going to be a starving artist!"

"So, we celebrate everyday life in small towns?" Carmilla said with a smirk. "Help me out, cutie. This 'small town' life is all so new to me."

Laura smiled. "We celebrate everything in small towns, Carm."

Carmilla chuckled. "Oh, yeah?"

Laura nodded.

"And what exactly would this 'celebration' entail?" Carmilla asked, before giving the shorter girl a flirty look and biting her lip.

Laura felt herself blush slightly, but was determined not to be thrown by Carmilla's charm tonight. She'd handled it before, when they first met.

Holy crap... was that really just yesterday?

Laura couldn't really believe it. She felt like she'd known this woman forever. Like they've always been friends.

That flirt.

A lot.

She shook of the obvious innuendo that Carmilla had made. "You trust me?"

Carmilla squinted, a small smile playing at the corner of her lips. Finally, she nodded. "Yeah. Yeah I do."

Laura's expression lit up and her smile was blinding as she took the other girl's hand and pulled her along a little faster. Her heart sped up as she felt Carmilla lace their fingers together. She tugged on the brunette's hand to get her to fall in step next to her. Once they were side by side Laura chanced a glance over at Carmilla. She was looking down at the ground, but she was smiling. Like truly smiling. It was the most beautiful thing Laura had ever seen. She was sure of it.

Suddenly, Laura realized that the other girl's eyes were on her. She totally got caught staring. But she couldn't find it in herself to even care. That dazzling smile was still firmly in place and Laura smiled back. She squeezed the hand in hers lightly before looking forward again and leading them to their destination. It wasn't too far from Silas Sound, so Laura had been there plenty of times before. On the outside the diner looked entirely run down, and like it had closed like, twenty years ago. And, if she was being honest, the inside wasn't too much better. But there was no denying it was the best
place to get food in the whole town. Carmilla raised and eyebrow as they approached the diner and gave Laura a questioning look.

"You said you trust me. Right?"

Carmilla looked back at the building and shrugged.

"Alright, cutie..."

Laura smiled and let go of Carmilla's hand, moving forward to open the door for her. Carmilla smiled shyly and muttered a 'thank you' to Laura, as she walked into the restaurant. The two girls were greeted by a perky blonde waitress.

"Hey, Laura! Good to see you! Haven't been around in awhile!"

Laura smiled. "Elsie! Hey! Yeah. Y'know... college... work. Haven't had a lot of time to go out. But tonight is special!" she said with a little more enthusiasm. "We're celebrating employment!" she announced, wrapping an arm around Carmilla's shoulders.

Elsie turned her attention to Carmilla and Laura didn't miss the way her eyes trailed over her body. It made her feel a little... uneasy? Jealous? No. That'd be ridiculous. It wasn't like they were together or anything...

Snap OUT of it Hollis!

"Well, congratulations. Don't think we've ever met...

"Carmilla," she said, extending her hand to shake Elsie's. "I'm new to town."

"Then welcome to Silas! Lord knows we could always use some fresh faces around here," Elsie said with a wink.

Carmilla rubbed the back of her neck. And gave the girl a tight lipped smile. Laura felt relieved that Carmilla wasn't really showing interest in Elsie.

Good. Maybe... maybe I can do this.

Elsie led the two to a booth towards the back of the diner and gave them menus. She took their drink orders, two grape sodas, and left the table.

Laura skimmed the menu, already knowing what she wanted.

"So, what's not going to give me food poisoning here?" Carmilla said, smirking over the top of her menu.

Laura rolled her eyes. "Oh please. I wouldn't take you anywhere that'd make you sick!" she paused for a moment before adding "Maybe just... stay away from seafood..."

Carmilla laughed. "Noted."

"Also, I recommend you get a burger. Best in town. Not kidding. Not exaggerating."

The brunette folded up her menu and leaned forward on her forearms, smiling at Laura. "Great. Looks like I won't have to worry then."

Laura smiled back at her, leaning forward on the table as well.
Just then Elsie came back with their drinks and took their orders. Paying extra attention to Carmilla, which Laura totally did not notice. She rolled her eyes as the blonde walked away. Carmilla snickered.

"What?"

"Hmm? Oh. Nothing," Carmilla shook her head and failed miserably at trying to fight off a smile.

"What's so funny?"

The brunette shrugged still chuckling.

"Oh, come on, what is so funny?"

"You," She said, looking up at Laura through her lashes.

"Me?! What... do I have something on my face?" Laura asked, quickly wiping at her face.

Carmilla laughed again at her reaction. "No, cutie. Your face is absolutely perfect." She gave Laura a wink, and the blonde could swear she saw her blushing.

Before Laura could even think about what that meant, Carmilla cleared her throat and held up her drink.

"To me!" She proclaimed with a smirk.

Laura laughed and clinked their glasses together. "To you."

Soon their dinner was served and the girls spent the entire meal talking about anything and everything. Laura told Carmilla about how she met Kirsch, which the brunette found hilarious, like wouldn't stop laughing at the image of little Freshman Laura Hollis trying to dive into the kiddie pool of creamed corn at a Frat party. The brunette wasn't too happy to find out that Laura also dated the Amazon from IKEA, but she shook it off. If Laura said they were done, she believed her. She also told her about her parents who lived in town. However, Laura had a dorm on campus. She needed to be "out of the nest", overprotective dad and all. Luckily her mom stopped him from just "popping in" on several occasions. She then went into how she was majoring in English with a concentration in Investigative Journalism. The way Laura talked about it remined Carmilla about how she was with her music. The girl's eyes sparkled and the brunette's heart warmed at the sight of Laura's passion. Carmilla told Laura about growing up in the city. How it actually got way too quiet around here with no blaring sirens at 4 am. She told her about falling in love with music and the problems it caused between her and her mother. Laura listened intently, and, for Carmilla, it was refreshing to be able to vent about this without being judged. There was just something about little Laura Hollis that made her open up. Normally that would scare her, and it did for a while, but now... she kind of liked it.

Dinner flew by and, when the bill came, Laura insisted on paying for them both.

"It's a celebration for you, I got this!" Laura smiled, signed the bill and looked back at Carmilla.

"You can pick up the bill next time."

Laura walked Carmilla home, where her car was still parked from the night before. As they got to the entrance of the building Laura hesitated before reaching out and taking Carmilla's hand in hers. Forcing the brunette to face her.

Laura's eyebrows knitted in concentration as she stared at the ground between them. She knew what she wanted to do, but she was having trouble getting the courage to actually do it.
"Laura?" Carmilla's voice was so quiet, barely a whisper. And it was the sweetest, most gentle way anyone had ever said her name. It made the blonde feel all fuzzy and warm inside, giving her the courage to look up into Carmilla's eyes. Which, whoa, did she step closer? Deep brown eyes bore into Laura's light brown ones, searching for a signal. Anything. Laura leaned a little closer, letting her nose brush against the taller woman's. Carmilla's breath hitched and her eyes fluttered shut. Laura looked down at her lips and closed the gap. The kiss was sweet, lips brushing against one another gently. Carmilla let go of the blonde's hand in favor of cupping her cheeks and Laura let her hands travel down the other girl's arms. Her lips were so soft against her own, nothing like Laura had expected, and she forgot she needed air until Carmilla pulled away gently, resting her forehead against Laura's. Both girls opened their eyes and were met with beaming smiles, causing them to giggle. Carmilla gave Laura another quick kiss, before pulling away and sighing contentedly.

"You know. I think I could get to like these small town celebrations."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading! As always feedback is welcome :) Have a great day! PREMIERE TOMORROW HOW ABOUT THAT SHIT?!
Carmilla sighed as she settled into her couch and flipped through channels on her TV. She had scanned through all the channels countless times and was starting to get really frustrated.

"For fuck's sake. Over a thousand channels you'd think there'd be *something* on that isn't cringe worthy," she mumbled to herself.

She was going on yet another run through when there was a knock at her door. Carmilla groaned as she stood up and tossed the remote back onto the couch, making her way to answer the door.

I barely even know anyone in this fucking town. Who the hell-

Carmilla's thought was cut short as she looked through the peep hole and saw who was on the other side of the door. She smiled and pulled it open. Laura's eyes shot up to Carmilla's and she returned her smile.

"Hey," Laura said with a small wave.

"Hey, cutie. What are you doing here?"

"Oh! I was just going home from work! Figured I should stop in!" Laura explained, her smile growing.

Carmilla gave her a smirk and moved aside to let the blonde into her apartment. She shut the door and grabbed Laura's hand, pulling her in close. She jumped at the sudden movement, but settled into Carmilla's arms nonetheless. Laura snaked her arms around the taller woman's neck while Carmilla's hands settled on Laura's hips, her thumbs brushing the soft skin just under the hem of the blonde's shirt. She leaned down a little further and pressed her forehead to Laura's before shifting so that she could capture her lips with her own. Laura kissed her back, playing with the hair at the nape of the other girl's neck. The touch sent a shiver down Carmilla's spine and she deepened their kiss, tugging Laura forward so that their bodies were flush against each other. Laura gasped at the closeness, which broke their lips apart. Carmilla took the opportunity to pepper kisses down Laura's jawline, before pulling back and looking at the shorter girl. Her eyes were slightly hooded and her pupils were blown wide. Carmilla's eyes drifted to her lips which were still slightly parted, her breath coming through a little uneven.

"Hey," Laura whispered.

Carmilla chuckled. "Hey."

Before Carmilla could even think about doing anything else, Laura's hands were on her shoulders, pushing her backwards.
"Unf," Carmilla grunted as her back made contact with the door. It might have hurt, but she'll never know because the next second Laura's lips were back on hers, kissing with a passion. Her hands tangled in Carmilla's hair and she tugged gently while running her tongue along Carmilla's lower lip. She quickly granted the blonde access and moaned into the kiss. Her hands moved higher under the girl's shirt, ghosting along her toned stomach until she reached her chest. Carmilla ran her thumb along the bottom of Laura's bra and the blonde disconnected their lips and let go of her grip on Carmilla's hair. The brunette was about to protest when all contact between them was lost, but the words died in her throat when Laura tugged her shirt over her head and discarded it on the floor, before also removing her bra, leaving a very topless Laura standing in front of her. Carmilla let her eyes roam over the shorter girl's form. Both of them were breathing heavily, and the heaving of Laura's chest was not helping Carmilla to stop staring. Finally Laura stepped close to her again and gave her a quick heated kiss. She moved her mouth to Carmilla's ear, tugging at the bottom of her t-shirt.

"I think this has to go," Laura whispered before biting lightly on her earlobe.

Carmilla whimpered, but managed to nod, moving her hands to help Laura get her shirt over her head. Once the offending garment was removed Laura's lips were kissing the newly exposed skin of Carm's chest. She made her way up to her collarbone and sucked gently on the skin there while moving her hands to undo the clasp of the brunette's bra. Once unhooked Carmilla tossed her bra aside and brought Laura's body against hers once more. The feel of skin on skin made Carmilla groan and she felt a tug deep in her belly. Laura pecked Carmilla's lips once before leaving a trail of kisses down her neck. Carmilla tugged her hands in the blonde's hair as she reached her breasts and took a nipple into her mouth. Laura swirled her tongue and Carmilla let out a gasp, clutching harder to her hair. Laura kissed her way across Carmilla's chest and repeated the motion on the other side.

"Fuck," Carm breathed.

She could feel Laura smile against her skin as she detached herself from her breast and started kissing her way down her stomach, finally ending up on her knees in front of Carmilla. Laura looked up at her, eyes filled with lust. Carmilla ran a hand through Laura's hair and Laura leaned forward, kissing from one hip to the other and back, hands on Carmilla's ass, pulling her forward, the whole time. The brunette was getting impatient as the heat building up inside of her was becoming unbearable.

"Fuck. Laura, come on!" she whined. Not a proud moment. But she couldn't find it in herself to even care.

Laura chuckled against her skin, just above the waistband of her pants, and Carmilla's head thudded back against the door. The shorter girl made quick work of the button and zipper on Carm's pants and lowered them bellow her ass. Head against the wall and eyes shut, Carmilla could feel Laura's breath at her core. Her hand that was in the blonde's hair tightened as she felt her plant a kiss on her through her underwear.

Which were ruined. Great.

"Please..." Carmilla urged, looking down at the beautiful woman kneeling in front of her.

Laura looped her fingers into the waistband of Carmilla's underwear and slowly pulled them, and her pants, all the way down to her ankles. She kissed up Carmilla's thighs, and hovered above her center. Carmilla was seriously about to lose it if Laura didn't touch her soon.

Laura muttered, "You're so beautiful." As she looked up at Carmilla through her lashes, still letting her breath linger on the girl's sex.
Carmilla's breathing was ragged and she was a complete mess against the door as Laura FINALLY started to lean forward, and-

**BEEP. BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.**

Carmilla grumbled as she tried to make sense of the sound that was ringing through her ears like nails on a chalkboard. She finally opened her eyes and saw that she was in her bed, alone, fully clothed (and fully turned on), with her alarm clock blaring on the nightstand next to her.

7:30 a.m.

"Ugh, *fuck. Seriously?!*"

She slammed the 'off' button on the alarm and rubbed her eyes. She had been working at Silas Sound for two weeks now, and was still not too fond of having to get up at this ungodly hour. And the dreams she's been having certainly haven't helped her mental state either. Especially considering the fact that her and Laura weren't even technically a thing. After their kiss that night neither of them had really had the opportunity to see the other, what with Laura working and attending college and Carm having a pretty loaded work schedule since the shop was still understaffed. They texted. A lot. But it wasn't anything more than casual flirting and small talk.

Bottom line? This relationship is confusing as fuck and things need to become really fucking clear, like, now. Because this whole 'sexual frustration' thing was not boding well with Carmilla. Hell, it wasn't even the lack of sex that was really killing her at the moment. She just really needed to see a certain little ball of sunshine.

Carmilla covered her face with both hands and groaned. She could almost hear how whipped she was.

Letting out a long sigh she managed to roll out of bed and stumble into her bathroom for a cold shower. A short time later she was dressed and standing in her kitchen waiting for her coffee to brew. Stupid coffee maker was ancient and she probably would end up having to leave before it started working. She was just dozing off while leaning against her counter when there was a knock at the door. Her head snapped up and eyes squinted in confusion, not sure if she had heard correctly. But sure enough three more knocks sounded at the door. She pushed of the counter with a sigh and pulled the door open.

"Look, this had better be g-" her snarky greeting was cut short when she saw who was on the other side of the door.

"Carm!" Laura threw one arm around the taller girl's neck, bringing her in for a hug. Carmilla automatically wrapped her arms around the tiny girl, burying her face in her neck.

"Hey, cutie! What're you doing here?" Carmilla asked pulling back from the hug.

"Well! It's my day off, and we haven't seen each other in, like, forever, so I thought... maybe I could walk you to work?" Laura said. The smile stretching across her face was huge and her eyes were sparkling as she awaited Carmilla's reply.

She tried. She really fucking tried to just say anything. But after not seeing Laura for two weeks and with all the sexual frustration coursing through her body, Carmilla found herself leaning forward and
connecting her lips to Laura's. A wave of relief crashed over her when she realized that Laura was kissing her back. She brought her hand to the back of Laura's neck and deepened the kiss. They kissed for a little while before Laura chuckled and Carmilla pulled back, slightly out of breath.

"What?" she asked, searching the blonde's eyes.

Laura looked down.

"Nothing," she said, playing with the bottom of Carmilla's shirt. Laura looked back up at Carmilla before leaning in and giving her a lingering kiss on the lips. "I missed you, too," she whispered, smiling. Carmilla smiled back and then stood there for a moment, Carni's hands on the back of Laura's neck and Laura's right hand toying with Carmilla's shirt. A look of realization finally crossed the blonde's face.

"Oh! Right, I picked you up a coffee!" She said, holding out the cup for Carmilla to take. The brunette let her hands drop from Laura's neck and she happily grabbed the cup and brought it to her lips. She smiled as she swallowed a sip.

*Black. She remembered.*

"Thanks, cutie," Carmilla said, brushing some of Laura's hair behind her ear.

"Anytime."

Carmilla looked at the clock on her cable box.

**8:10 a.m.**

She sighed. "Well, let's go."

"Don't you need your guitar?" Laura asked, with a raised eyebrow.

"Left it there yesterday," Carmilla said. She shut the door behind them and locked it before grabbing Laura's hand and lacing their fingers together. She took another sip of her coffee. "Glad I did, too," she added with a wink as she gave Laura's hand a squeeze. The blush forming on the blonde's face was adorable and Carmilla chuckled and planted a quick kiss on her cheek.

The walk to Silas Sound was filled with a comfortable silence. Both girls lost a little in their own thoughts. As they finally approached the store Carmilla tossed her coffee cup and pulled Laura close looking her in the eyes. She brushed her thumb over her cheekbone and mustered up the courage to say what she wanted.

"Go out with me tonight."

Laura smiled and held Carmilla's hand a little tighter. "What, like... a date?"

Carmilla gave her a small honest smile and the tiniest nod, but it still had her beaming.

"Yeah. Yeah, okay."

The brunette's smile grew and her eyes sparkled. "Great! Just come by here at 6? I've got an idea of what we can do."

Laura laughed. "Okay. 6 it is."

Before she could overthink it, Carmilla leaned in and pecked Laura's lips.
Fuck this. I'm Carmilla Karnstein.

With that thought she let go of Laura's hand and moved it to rest on the curve of her ass as she leaned in close and brought her lips to the other girl's ear.

"See you then, cutie," she whispered, her voice low and raspy. She felt Laura shiver slightly and pulled back, highly satisfied with how affected Laura appeared to be. Finally Carmilla gave her a wink before disappearing into the music shop.

Chapter End Notes

Also how about season 2?! I'm DYING. Also, scared to death for episode five on tuesday. or really excited. Gah! I just can't wait. Plot for this I feel will really pick up next chapter! Promise! As always thank you all for reading! Feedback=Hella Welcomed! Have a great day :) btw never wrote anything even remotely smutty before so I apologize.... I also feel the need to shower.... a lot.... (How does the author of 50 Shades of Grey look her mother in the eye?!)
Favors from Friends

Chapter Notes

Hey! So yeah working sucks because I've had like zero free time. BUT I mean... MONEY. haha so here's the next chapter! Enjoy! :)

Carmilla cringed at the sound coming from the guitar of the boy sitting across from her in the lesson room. She was trying to teach her student, Kevin, some basic chords, but he didn't seem to understand the concept of frets. His fingers were on the right strings... just not on the right frets. He strummed again and Carmilla couldn't hide the look of pain on her face. And it was especially loud considering he was using an electric guitar, and so was hooked up to an amp.

That's fine. I didn't need to use my eardrums this century anyway.

"Uh... Like that?" He asked.

He went to strum again and Carmilla quickly switched off his amplifier. Thankfully saving her eardrums.

"No. Not like that." She placed her fingers properly on her guitar and strummed a C chord.

Kevin looked at her hand placement and then at his own, the confused look on his face told Carmilla he wasn't getting it. She sighed and rolled her eyes before moving her chair closer to her student and sliding his hand down the neck of the guitar to the proper frets. She sat back and strummed a C on her guitar before gesturing him to do the same. He gave her a worried look but strummed anyway, letting out a weak, but proper, C chord. The boy's face lit up as he played the chord a few more times.

"Hah! Cool!"

"Yeah. You just have to remember frets actually serve a purpose," Carmilla said.

"Right..." He said as he looked at the position of his hand, probably trying to burn the chord into his memory.

The alarm on Carmilla's phone went off.

"Okay. Well looks like the hour's up kid. Keep working on your scales and try to read over a few chord charts," she sat back in her chair with a smirk, "pay special attention to which frets you should be at for each."

The boy smiled and rolled his eyes as he packed up his guitar. "You got it, Miss. K."

Carmilla stood up and put her guitar on its stand before stretching her back out.

"You know. I had you pegged for more of an electric guitar type," Kevin said, eying Carmilla's instrument.
Carmilla shrugged. She really always wanted to play electric. Hard rock and roll. But it was easier to hide an acoustic guitar growing up. It hadn't really occurred to her that that wasn't a factor now.

"Actually, I've been thinking about buying one, kid."

"You totally should," he said slinging his case on his shoulder, "it'd be so hot."

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow and crossed her arms.

_Ah 15 year old boys._

"Yeah?"

"Totally hot."

"Well, I'll test it out on my girlfriend later." Carmilla smirked. Much to Carmilla's surprise the boy didn't miss a beat.

"Telling you, she'll think it's hot... Well! Let me know how it goes Miss. K! If you don't get laid, I'll be shocked. See ya next week!"

She nodded her head in a 'goodbye' as Kevin walked out of the lesson room. She looked at the time on her phone.

5 p.m.

With only an hour to get ready, Carmilla quickly straightened up the lesson room and went out into the main part of the store. There were a few people browsing but it was pretty slow for 5 o'clock on a Saturday. She made her way to the counter, where Lafontaine was cleaning off the glass counter top. In one swift motion, Carmilla glided over the counter and onto the stool that was sitting behind it.

"Whoa-" LaF said jumping back. Carmilla was ready to get chewed out for pulling that stunt. "Dude, you gotta show me how to do that!"

Carmilla was caught off guard by the statement but chuckled as she leaned back and kicked her feet up onto the ledge of the counter.

Okay. So Ginger 1 isn't too bad...

Perry came up to the counter from the back and placed a basket of guitar picks on the counter, near the register.

"Oh. Carmilla, sweetie, don't put your boots on the glass, it's going to scuff it up!"

_Ginger 2 on the other hand..._

She rolled her eyes and let out a heavy sigh but brought her feet down nonetheless. LaF snickered and went back to cleaning off the glass as Perry smiled and scampered off to the backroom again.

"So, I've been thinking about getting an electric guitar," Carmilla said, picking at her nails, "any recommendations?"

LaF looked up from their work and gave Carmilla a grin.

She cocked an eyebrow. "What?"
"Are you trying to impress a little blonde with some heavy power chords or something?" LaF said with a smug smile.

"No. I've always wanted to play electric. Just... never really... had the opportunity until now."

"Suuuuure."

Carmilla groaned. "Look, you have a recommendation or not?"

LaF squinted, considering something briefly before answering. "Watch the counter for a second. I'll be right back."

A short time later LaFontaine came back with a guitar case in their hand. Carmilla raised an eyebrow in interest as she looked over the guitar case. LaF spun a combination out on the lock and the tabs popped open. She'd never admit it but the suspense was kind of killing her as she tried to imagine what could possibly be in-

"Wow..."

Sitting in the case was a Gretsch Black Penguin. In mint condition. Carmilla's heart nearly stopped. She slowly reached out and let her fingers brush along the guitar's body. Black with gold hardware, it was by far the most beautiful instrument Carmilla had ever seen. She had done extensive research on guitars in the past, and knew this one was certainly one of the best money could buy. Suddenly her heart dropped. 'The best money could buy', assuming you hit the lottery, or it was your last day on earth. The only way Carmilla was getting this beauty was if she sold her soul.

"Yeah. Thought you might like that one," LaF said, watching Carmilla drool over the guitar.

"Of course I like it. Why the hell would you dangle this in front of me?! There's no way I can afford it."

LaF's expression turned serious. They looked down at the guitar. Carmilla wasn't sure what her current emotion was. She was excited, angry and disappointed all at once. Her fingers traced slowly over the strings, savoring the moment she had with this beautiful piece of art.

"Five hundred," LaF finally said.

Carmilla looked up. "Huh?"

"Five hundred dollars. And you get to take her home tonight."

"You've got to be kidding me. This is worth thousands!"

"You can make payments twice a month until you pay it off, then. But Five hundred tonight, and she's yours."

Carmilla looked down at the guitar in front of her, then back to LaF.

"How much do you want long term?"

"I'm thinking... $3,500. But with tonight's payment? It'd be $3,000."

"The price on this is closer to $4,500... I couldn't just-"

"Dude. You want the guitar or not?!"
Carmilla didn't even hesitate. She reached into her wallet and handed LaF her card. They gave her a smirk and ran the card.

"She's all yours. Payments will start end of the month, Karnstein."

Carmilla traced over every inch of her guitar again before looking up at LaF.

"Why?"

They simply shrugged. "It's going to waste here. Besides... you've got... something. Talent. I think you're going places. So, you know just pay me back when you get there."

LaF handed Carmilla back her card and she gave them a beaming smile.

"Whoa. Didn't know smiling was something you did for people other than Laura."

Carmilla's smile quickly turned into a glare and LaF snorted.

"By the way. Laura's gonna love it," they said, gesturing to the guitar. "Trust me."

"What makes you think I like the cupcake like that anyway?"

"So... you go around kissing all of your friends in public? Cause I mean, I thought we were at least sort of friends, Karnstein. And I do believe there has been zero lip locks here..."

"Shit. You saw that?" Carmilla mumbled.

"Of course I did! The front wall in a window!"

She groaned and rubbed the back of her neck.

"Hey. I think you two might work. In some weird way... y'know like... Yin and Yang!"

Well, the fact that Ginger 1 was pooling for them made what Carmilla was about to say a little easier.

"We uh... we have a date tonight. Me and Laura."

"Yeah? That's great! Where you guys going?"

"Can I ask a favor, actually?"

"Ugh, Crap!"

Laura had been rummaging through her wardrobe for what felt like hours, trying to decide what to wear. Carmilla had given her absolutely no clue as to what they were going to be doing or where they were going, making picking an outfit next to impossible. Finally she gave up on trying to blindly find something and pulled out her phone.

**Laura: Soooo where are we going tonight?**

Laura put her phone down and went to brush her teeth as she waited for a response. It was going to be something snarky and absolutely one hundred and fifty percent unhelpful, she was sure of it. A couple minutes later Laura picked up her phone with a message from Carmilla waiting to be opened.

**Carm: Telling you that kind of defeats the point of it being a surprise, cutie**
Laura sighed.

_Yep. That was completely unhelpful._

**Laura:** _Well could you AT LEAST tell me what I'm supposed to wear?_

**Carm:** _hmmm. I don't know... you're giving me a lot of power here, sweetheart. What if I were to say 'nothing'? ;)_

Laura blushed, but Carmilla didn't need to know that. Two could play this game.

**Laura:** _Ooooo! Are we going skinny dipping? I love skinny dipping, especially when it's under the moonlight._

_Hah! Suck on that Karnstein!_

There was a short pause in the conversation. Laura sat on her bed with a smug grin, feeling pretty good about herself for that one.

**Carm:** _Damn. Now I'm gonna have to change my plans I think..._

**Carm:** _Definitely something to keep in mind for the future._

Laura giggled and bit her lip.

**Laura:** _Agreed_

**Carm:** _As of right now however... just wear what's comfortable Cupcake. Maybe those clothes I lent you? You know I will be needing them back eventually._

Laura blushed. She hadn't really given them back yet because, well, for one she hadn't honestly had the time, but she'd be lying if she said she didn't like having a little piece of Carmilla home with her. Especially that flannel. She must have worn it _a lot_ because it smelled strongly of her perfume.

**Laura:** _Right sorry! I'll get those back to you. So just comfort then?_

**Carm:** _Yes Laura. Comfort. Jeans? T-shirts? All things would be appropriate._

**Laura:** _Right! Okay. Cool! Soooo I guess I'll see you soon then! :)_

**Carm:** _See you soon cutie. Looking forward to it._

Laura sat smiling at her phone for a moment before rolling her eyes at herself and going to her closet.

*Okay, Hollis. Let's do this.*

Carmilla jogged back into Silas Sound, red-faced and slightly out of breath.

"Everything, set?" LaF asked.

"I... I think so?" Carmilla said, trying to steady her breathing.

LaF let out a short chuckle. "Okay then lady-killer. Here's the extra key," they said, handing the key
to Carmilla. "And look, don't break anything and no sex on the counter, okay? I eat there."

Carmilla laughed. "Hmm. Maybe I'll eat there tonight..."

LaF gave her a look. And she put her hands up in surrender.

"Kidding!"

"Seriously, those are my two rules, okay? I trust Laura, but you? Well... not in that sense."

"Look, boss," Carmilla raised her right hand and cleared her throat, "I, Carmilla Karnstein, do solemnly swear, not to break any of the merchandise in this store, or partake in sexual intercourse on the front counter." She let her hand fall to her side with a smirk. "Happy?"

LaF squinted. "Smartass."

The brunette chuckled before growing serious. "And uh, seriously, thanks for this."

"You got it. L's gonna love it. Trust me."

LaF walked back to the counter to ring up a customer, leaving Carmilla near the front of the shop. She took a deep breath and ran a hand through her hair.

"I hope so."

She looked at her phone.

5:45 p.m.

"Ah, shit. Hey! LaF, would you mind if I cut out now so I could change?"

"Nah, go for it. It's slow tonight."

Without another word, Carmilla started heading for her apartment.

Laura leaned back into the seat of her car and closed her eyes as she took a deep breath. This was ridiculous. She had hung out with Carmilla before. Hell, she's kissed her and slept over at her house! And yet the concept of actually going on an official date was causing her stomach to do back flips. She'd be okay once she got there... right? Because puking on your date's shoes probably isn't the best thing to do.

The loud honk of a horn caused Laura's eyes to snap open and she quickly realized the light had turned green. She groaned and shook her head as she started driving towards Silas Sound again. She pulled up to the curb outside the store and looked down at her attire. Jeans and a button up blue shirt that was tied to show off the bottom of her midriff. Taking one more deep breath, Laura opened her car door and walked into the store.

"Hey, L!"

Laura looked to her right to see LaF waving from behind the counter. She gave them a smile.

"Hey, LaF. Is Carm here?"

"She went home to change," they said as they made their way over to Laura. "Damn Frosh. You're looking hot tonight. Your girl's gonna love it."
Laura blushed and gave them a shy smile.

"I'm a senior now, LaF. You can't keep calling me 'frosh'." Laura said, choosing to ignore the other comments made.

LaF gave her a playful punch to the shoulder. "You'll always be my little Frosh, L."

Laura rolled her eyes. "Yeah. Yeah."

"So! I went over this with Carmilla earlier. But I don't trust her to follow my two very specific and important rules."

"Which are...?"

"No breaking stuff and no sex on the counter."

Laura coughed and her face turned red. "Uh... LaF... I don't think..."

The bell on the door rang and they both turned to see who had entered. Laura's jaw nearly hit the floor at the sight before her. Carmilla stood by the doorway clad in her boots, leather pants (there's a surprise) and a tight black corset. With her leather jacket on, Laura wasn't sure if her eyes were deceiving her, but sure enough when the brunette shrugged the jacket off she was wearing a corset. Laura finally forced her eyes up to meet Carmilla's and she realized that the other girl's eyes were trailing over her body, lingering for a moment on her exposed stomach before finally meeting her gaze. A sudden wave of relief washed over Laura as she looked into Carmilla's eyes.

"Hey, cutie," Carmilla said, walking over to give the blonde a kiss on the cheek. She pulled back and the look she gave Laura almost made her heart stop. "You look absolutely gorgeous."

Laura laughed nervously. "Yeah. Well, I'm not the one wearing a corset... which... wow."

Carmilla chuckled and tucked a strand of hair behind Laura's ear. "Ready to get going?"

"Yeah! Totally!"

Carmilla smiled and offered her arm, which Laura happily took as the brunette led them to leave the store.

"Make good choices you two!" LaF called out.

"I only make the best choices," Carmilla said with a smirk, making Laura giggle.

As the two made their way out of the store and down the street LaF sighed and looked down at the front counter.

"I am so going to have to clean this again tomorrow morning..."

Chapter End Notes

As always feedback is SO welcomed! I love all of you who read this :) Thanks for sticking with me through the strangest of update schedules! (Also BIG FUCKING DAY YESTERDAY, HERE IN THE U.S.! #LoveWins!)
Carmilla let out a long breath as her and Laura made their way down the street. Part of her couldn't really believe that this was officially a date. It had been years since Carmilla had had an actual date, and not just a one night stand. Suddenly she felt rather nervous. She had put a lot of effort into this date tonight and she prayed it was enough to make the girl walking arm-in-arm with her happy. Carmilla chanced a glance at Laura, her eyes were gazing at the ground and she was biting her lip, fighting off a small smile while her cheeks were an adorable shade of pink. Carmilla could feel her heart warm and a smile spread across her face. She freed her arm from Laura's only to put it around the smaller girl's shoulders, hugging her close to her side before planting a kiss to her temple. Laura giggled and hooked her arm around Carmilla's waist.

"So..." Laura said, "do I get to know where we're going yet?"

Carmilla chuckled. "Patience, cutie."

"Ughhh, fiiiiine."

Carmilla looked at the girl pouting next to her and sighed. "It's gonna be fun, Laura. Just wait and see."

"Fun?"

"Uh, yes. Fun. You know, that thing when you enjoy something?"

Laura rolled her eyes and swatted at Carmilla's hip. "I know what 'fun' is. I just... I dunno you struck me as more of a 'romantic date' kind of person, I guess."

Carmilla smirked and gave Laura a kiss on the cheek before moving to her ear to whisper, "Don't worry cutie, part two of tonight is way more romantic."

Laura smirked and looked at Carmilla. "Hmm, so you are the sappy romantic. Knew it."

"Only for you," Carmilla replied gazing into Laura's eyes.

Laura smiled and looked back in front of her, tightening her grip around Carmilla's waist.

"So, how was work today?" Laura asked after a few moments.

Carmilla shrugged. "Eh, it was okay. You know, teaching kids... playing... things..."

Laura laughed. "Sounds absolutely thrilling."

Carmilla smiled. "It's one of the best jobs I've had. So, thank you, cutie."

"Mmm, glad I could help."
"What about you? What did you get up to today? No kiddie pool creamed corn incidents I take it?" Carmilla said smirking.

Laura groaned and Carmilla let out a laugh. She couldn't help it, Laura was absolutely adorable when annoyed.

"No. There was no creamed corn. I'm a senior now Carm," she paused. "Now if it were a vat of Jell-O, I mean, a girl's only in college once..."

Carmilla gulped as she tried to flush some rather inappropriate thoughts from her mind. This girl never failed to surprise her.

"Anyway, I didn't do much. Binged a little Netflix then got ready for tonight."

Carmilla was glad that if Laura noticed her flustered state, she chose to ignore it.

"Netflix, huh? What'd you watch?"

"Doctor Who."

"That crummy British show?"

Laura snapped her head to look at Carmilla, nearly causing both of them to trip and fall.

"Jesus, cupcake!"

"Excuse you, 'crummy'?!"

"Uh..."

"It is a thing of brilliance!"

"Uh huh..."

Laura stopped walking, causing Carmilla to stop too. She pulled away to look at the other girl.

"Wait. You've never even seen it. Have you?!"

Carmilla chuckled nervously. Laura looked way too serious about this, and she feared the truth might actually ruin the night. Then Laura's face broke into a smile and Carmilla felt herself relax again. That is, until she was laughing.

"Sorry, I just- The look on your face. You looked absolutely terrified!"

"Well you looked pretty damn serious, cutie."

Laura grabbed Carmilla's hand and started walking again.

"Oh, I was! You're totally gonna have to watch with me sometime!"

"Hmm, sorry no way," Carmilla said, intertwining their fingers.

Laura smiled, "We'll see about that."

"Here we are!"
Ten minutes of walking later and the girls had finally reached their destination. Laura's face lit up and Carmilla felt her heart swell at the sight.

*One point to Karnstein!*

"Thought this might be your kind of place," Carmilla said looking up at the sign on the building.

*Lustig Arcade, Mini-golf, Go-Karts and More!*

"Oh my god, Carm I've loved this place since I was a kid!"

"Glad to hear it."

"C'mon! You're gonna love this!" Laura said, tightening her grip on Carmilla's hand as she pulled her into the arcade building.

They walked up to a change machine to get money for the games. As Laura tried to pull out her wallet, Carmilla grabbed her arm to stop her.

"Ah, ah, cupcake. My turn, remember?" Carmilla said pulling out her wallet and handing Laura a twenty. "Tonight is on me."

Laura smiled and gave her a quick peck on the cheek before turning back to put the money in the machine, missing the blush spreading on Carmilla's face.

After receiving their change, Laura pulled Carmilla over to the Skee Ball machines.

"Y'know," Laura started after putting her cup of quarters down at a lane,"I actually hold the high score here in Skee Ball."

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "Oh really?"

"Mhmm, you're kinda on a date with a local legend," Laura said, gesturing to herself.

Carmilla took a step closer, placing her hands on Laura's hips. "That so?"

"Yep." Laura said, placing her arms loosely around Carmilla's neck.

"Prove it," Carmilla whispered.

Laura smiled and leaned in, ghosting her lips over Carmilla's.

"I plan on it," She whispered against her lips.

Carmilla's eyes were shut, anticipating Laura to close the gap and kiss her. However, she was very disappointed when she, instead, felt the girl withdraw her arms and body away from her. She groaned and heard Laura giggle.

"C'mon. This is the 'fun' part remember? Plenty of time for smooching later," Laura said as she fed quarters to the machine.

"Smooching is fun," Carmilla muttered as she put quarters in her machine as well.

She felt a pair of hands on either side of her face, forcing her to turn her head, where she was then graced with a pair of lips against her own. She brought one hand up to Laura's face and smiled into the kiss, feeling Laura do the same. The blonde pulled back slowly, running her thumbs along
Carmilla's cheekbones. She pecked her lips once more.

"I agree," she said with a smile before standing up and beginning to play.

Carmilla watched as Laura effortlessly rolled every ball up into the 100 point cup, hitting almost every bonus.

"Damn, cutie."

"Told ya," Laura said with a wink as she rolled yet another ball in for 100 points.

Carmilla turned to her game and rolled the ball down the lane, it hopped around a little before falling into the ten point ring. She tried again. And again. Each time only gaining 10 points a ball. She looked over to Laura who was still sinking 100s.

"Boom!" Laura said as her ball went into the 100 point hole again, throwing her hands down for emphasis. She looked over to Carmilla, a beaming smile plastered on her face. The brunette's frustration quickly subsided at seeing how happy Laura was and how much fun she was having, she gave her a small smile back before rolling her ball down the lane and again scoring 10 points.

"Ugh. This game sucks."

"You're only saying that because you're not doing well," Laura said, stepping next to Carmilla.

"Well, then, maybe you should show me how it's done, oh skee-ball master," Carmilla said with a grin.

Laura smiled and took another step towards her. "Well, I mean, I suppose I could help with your form."

She placed her hands on Carmilla's hips and tugged down slightly while murmuring in her ear, "Bend your knees, squat a little."

Carmilla did as Laura instructed.

"Perfect. Just like that," Laura said, "Now just gently bring your arm back..." Laura reached along Carmilla's arm from behind to grab her wrist, effectively bringing the front of her body flush against the other girl's back, causing Carmilla's heart to race. "And finally remember to follow through," Laura whispered in her ear. She took a step back, finally allowing Carmilla's mind to clear enough to process how to roll a ball. She followed Laura's instruction and made sure to follow through to where she wanted the ball to go. It danced around the top of the hole for 50 points before finally falling in.

"Fucking Finally!" Carmilla said, probably a little too loud considering the amount of kids around.

Laura laughed. "Not bad. Maybe you'll beat my score someday?"

She rolled another ball, hitting 100 yet again before looking back at Carmilla who had gone back to scoring tens.

"Or... y'know... maybe not?"

----

After a few more rounds of skee-ball, that involved merciless smack talk from Laura, Carmilla decided enough was enough.
"Okay, cutie. You got me beat with this little game," she said gesturing to the machine. "But now I think it's my turn."

A devilish smirk spread across Carmilla's face as she grabbed Laura's hand and dragged her out of the arcade and back outside towards the go-kart track.

"I should've known you would be into racing," Laura said as they got in line.

"I'm not into racing. I'm into winning."

"Which you clearly were not doing at skee-ball," Laura said, gently poking Carmilla in the ribs. "Hope you realize I know this track like the back of my hand. I've got the advantage."

"Oh. You're going down, Hollis."

"You wish I was going down," Laura countered, unsure where the sudden confidence was coming from.

Carmilla stepped into Laura's space, careful not to touch her. "Night's still young, cupcake," she said with a wink.

Laura gulped as Carmilla smirked, clearly pleased with the reaction.

Before either girl could speak again the person running the track spoke up, telling them it was their turn. Carmilla hopped into a kart that was black with a panther logo on the side, while Laura got a blue kart with the number 1698 on the side. As the go-kart instructor spoke about safety rules Laura found herself staring at Carmilla. The sun was beginning to set and the way the sunlight hit her made her look more stunning than usual. Her hair shone and her dark brown eyes somehow seemed to be a little lighter, with infinite colors in her irises. She was so caught up in staring at Carmilla that it wasn't until the girl peeled out of the starting line that Laura had realized the race had started. Quickly, she slammed on the accelerator, hoping to somehow get back in this race. Every time Laura would come to a turn Carmilla had just made, there would be a moment where the two could lock eyes, and usually Carmilla would have a smug expression or be sticking her tongue out like a child. However, there were moments Laura would catch her smiling or laughing as the wind whipped through her hair, blowing it back in the most glorious way, and wow... losing never felt so much like winning as they parked their karts at the end, and Carmilla hopped up out of her kart with a blinding smile and beautifully wind blown hair. Yeah, so Carmilla won that race. She made her way over to Laura, extending her hand to help the smaller girl out of her kart.

"You were a little late off the starting line there, cutie," She said as she wrapped an arm around Laura's shoulders.

"Yeah... well I was a little distracted I guess," Laura said, snuggling into Carmilla's side. She looked up and noticed a small blush forming on the taller girl's cheeks.

"Good to know."

--

Laura and Carmilla wandered around the arcade a little longer until finally Laura realized they had a Rockband game now set up.

"C'mon Carm! It'll be fun!" Laura pleaded.

"No way," Carmilla said crossing her arms. "I can play a real instrument and sing. I don't need to
"Ughhh! One song? So I can play with you?" Laura said, batting her eyelashes slightly.

Carmilla groaned. "Fine. One song. And I get to pick since I'm stuck singing."

Laura beamed and flung herself onto Carm who happily hugged her back before making her way the the mic. She scanned a few of the choices before finally settling on one.

Laura chose to play guitar on medium after seeing what Carmilla had decided to do.

"You sure about this one, Carm?"

"You doubting my vocal abilities?" Carmilla asked with a raised eyebrow and a smirk.

"No! I just-"

Carmilla chuckled and pressed Expert for vocals. "Don't worry cutie. I got this."

The name of the song flashed up on the screen again before the music started.

*I Get Off*  
by Halestorm

Carmilla leaned into the microphone as the lyrics began to roll.

"You don't know that I know  
You watch me every night  
And I just can't resist the urge  
To stand here in the light  
Your greedy eyes upon me  
And then I come undone  
I could close the curtain  
But this is too much fun,"

Carmilla took the mic off the stand and walked over by Laura, before wailing out the chorus.

"I get off on you  
Getting off on me  
Give you what you want  
But nothing is for free  
It's a give and take  
Kind of love we make  
When the line is crossed  
I get off  
I get off  

There's so much left unspoken  
Between the two of us  
It's so much more exciting  
To look when you can't touch,"

She locked eyes with the blonde, but denied herself to touch her at all.
"You could say I'm different
Maybe I'm a freak
But I know how to twist you
To bring you to your knees,"

She made her way back to the mic stand, putting it back in place before nailing the rest of the song.

"I get off on you
Getting off on me
Give you what you want
But nothing is for free
It's a give and take
Kind of love we make
When the line is crossed
I get off
I get off

What you don't know
What you can't see
Is what I do for you
I do for me

I get off on you
Getting off on me
Give you what you want
But nothing is for free
It's a give and take
Kind of love we make
When the line is crossed
I get off
I get off!"

After the song finished Laura stood there gawking at the girl in front of her. Carmilla looked up at her with a small grin, still slightly out of breath from her performance.

"What?" She said after Laura didn't say anything.

"Carm. That was incredible! I had no idea you could do THAT!" Laura said flailing her hands slightly.

Carmilla let out a chuckle. "Told ya," she said throwing in a wink.

Laura rolled her eyes and looked up at the score. "Oh my god. You got a 100% on expert!"

"Yes, I can sing, cutie."

Laura gazed at Carmilla for a moment. "You're absolutely amazing, Carm."

The way Laura was looking at her, with the softest eyes ever was enough to make Carmilla melt right then and there. She smiled and took Laura's hand before checking the time on her phone. It was nearly 8 o'clock and the sun had finally set. Carmilla tugged Laura close and she giggled and God that was a sound Carmilla wouldn't mind hearing everyday.
"Come on, Laura," she whispered against her lips, "part two awaits."

Laura hummed and captured Carmilla's lips with her own briefly. "Sap," she said smiling against her lips.

"Shhhh," Carmilla protested, "Let's go."

Carmilla and Laura left the arcade hand in hand.

Laura smiled at Carmilla as they walked and gripped her hand a little tighter.

"I can't wait to see what's next," Laura finally said.

Carmilla couldn't do anything but smile. She couldn't wait for her to see either.

Chapter End Notes

Feedback is welcomed as always! Love you guys, thanks for reading!! And yeah, please leave a comment or reach out to me on tumblr! (Tumblr is menzelcastlefan.) Hearing from you guys really makes my day! Have a great day/night <33 also i realize that song would not be on rockband lol but I had to Halestorm just always makes me think of Carmilla/Hollstein. They fit so well.
First Dates (pt2)

Chapter Notes

Hey! Look at this! I actually updated within a reasonable time-window! Get ready for part 2 guys! :) Also wow this one was long and I didn't even put in all I wanted! WOW! Okay enjoy guys!

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

As they neared their destination Carmilla's heart started hammering in her chest. She wasn't sure what she had planned was as great as she had been building it up to be, but the first half of the night had gone incredibly well, and that eased her mind enough to keep her from being a nervous wreck. Well, that, and the fact that Laura was, yet again, tucked perfectly into her side, with her head resting against Carmilla's shoulder. They hadn't had more than a few inches between them almost all night and Carmilla almost wanted to punch herself for how grossly adorable they had been. But when Laura lifted her head from her shoulder Carmilla would have done anything to bring back even that little bit of contact.

"Wait, why are we-?"

Carmilla cut off her question.

"Jesus, cupcake, do you ever stop asking questions?" She asked as she dug around her pockets, looking for the spare key LaF had given her earlier.

"I'm just trying to figure out why we're at your place of employment on our date," Laura said, crossing her arms.

Carmilla stopped fumbling with her keys to look at Laura. She almost looked hurt, and Carmilla realized that her words may have come out a little harsher than she intended. She stepped a little closer to Laura, giving her a small smile as she brought one hand up to caress her face, her other hand landed on the other girl's hip. Laura's shoulders relaxed a little, but she still kept her arms crossed in front of her chest.

"And I'm just trying," she plants a kiss to her forehead, "to," another one to her cheek, "surprise," she kissed her nose and Laura giggled before cupping Carmilla's face in her hands. Their noses brushed against each other as Carmilla looked into Laura's eyes before whispering, "you." She leaned in and kissed her on the lips. When they drew back Laura sighed and looked up at Carmilla as she let her thumbs brush over her cheekbones.

"I want to be an investigative journalist, Carm. I kind of suck with surprises."

Carmilla laughed lightly and took a step back, going to unlock the door. "Well, I just need to grab one thing and then you can be out of your misery. Okay, cutie?"

She opened the door, stepped inside and flicked on the lights. Laura followed her in as she made her way behind the counter and grabbed the backpack she had stashed there earlier. She slung the bag onto her shoulder and grabbed a few guitar picks from the counter top, which she quickly shoved into her pocket without Laura noticing. Laura was too busy looking at the guitars that were hanging
along the walls of the store. Carmilla watched as she ran her fingers over the wooden body of one of the acoustics. Laura turned around and looked at Carmilla.

"This one is exactly like yours," Laura said turning back to examine the instrument again.

"Same model," She said,"but no story. No character."

Carmilla walked over to Laura and looked at the guitar in front of her. Laura gave Carmilla a confused look.

"What do you mean?"

The brunette smiled and took the instrument off of the wall.

"Look," she said,"the wood is perfectly polished, it's absolutely 100% shiny, not a scratch on it. It's never been touched, or spoiled, or treated like shit. It's never been loved, or cared for, or given the opportunity to show off what it's capable of." She ran her hand along the body of the guitar. "There's no marks from picks scraping against wood, there's no marks from someone hitting it to make a beat. It's a blank canvas. It's... pure. Untainted." She placed it back on the stand and let her fingers trail across the strings, causing a god awful sound to ring out. Laura winced and Carmilla chuckled.

"And, of course, untuned."

Laura laughed briefly before getting serious again. "So... it hasn't lived yet."

Carmilla smiled and looked over at the girl next to her, she grabbed her hand and gave it a light squeeze. "Exactly, cupcake."

Carmilla was beginning to feel the weight of the conversation and hoisted the backpack higher onto her shoulder before tugging on Laura's hand, urging her to follow.

"C'mon."

She flicked off the lights and quickly locked the door behind them before starting to walk again. Carmilla could feel Laura about to spontaneously combust, trying not to ask where they were going or what they were going to do and she had to bite her cheek to keep from laughing.

"Don't worry, cutie. We're almost there," she said as she rounded the corner of the building.

Laura shot her a confused look. "Um... Carm? There's nothing back this way except for the back of the building."

"Yes. I know." Carmilla said, still fighting a smile.

"Oh. O-okay... so, yeah, the surprise isn't like... you trying to kill me... right?"

She couldn't hold back anymore. Carmilla let out a loud laugh that rang out clear in the night air.

"I would not go through all of this trouble just to murder you, cupcake," she paused. "Besides... I kind of like you, so probably best I don't go around killing people I like who actually... uh... I mean... maybe like me back."

Carmilla had looked away from Laura, praying that the ground would open up and swallow her because, fuck, that was embarrassing.

She heard Laura chuckle. "Of course I like you."
Carmilla threw Laura a smile before coming to a stop at the back of the building. She let go of her hand and unlocked the release to the ladder that led to the roof of the shop. It came down and hit the ground with a loud clang. Carmilla looked back to Laura with a smirk before stepping to the side and gesturing for her to climb up. The blonde raised an eyebrow.

"You going to trap me up on the roof?"

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "No more kisses for the rest of the night if you don't stop asking questions and climb that ladder, Hollis."

Laura took a step closer to Carmilla and the brunette tried to ignore how good she smelled and how beautiful she looked and how kissable her lips appeared to be.

"Is that really a threat you're willing to follow up on, Carm?" Laura whispered.

Carmilla's eyes shifted down to look at her lips.

"No," she said.

Laura giggled and took a step back to climb the ladder. Leaving Carmilla standing there, flustered and a little frustrated. She shook herself off and quickly pulled the backpack on completely before heading up the ladder. As she looked up to see her progress she felt a smirk cross her face at the view.

"Must say. I am a big fan of those jeans, cutie."

Laura twisted her body to look down and give her a look. Carmilla shrugged. "What? I have an appreciation for clothing."

Laura rolled her eyes and laughed before turning to continue her ascent.

"I'm sure."

"I do! Especially when it's strewn across the floor..."

"There it is!"

Carmilla laughed. She saw Laura climb up onto the roof of the building and quickly followed, making sure to cover Laura's eyes with her hands before she could see anything. Laura groaned.

"Okay," Carmilla said, "now, I know you are really getting tired of this whole 'surprise' thing. But please just... keep your eyes closed for just a few seconds?"

"Of course, Carm."

Carmilla smiled and removed her hands from Laura's eyes.

"I'll let you know when," she said.

Laura nodded.

Carmilla quickly went over to the area she had set up earlier and laid out the finishing touches she brought up in her backpack. When everything was set up and Carmilla felt satisfied with the way it looked she let out a long breath. She really really hoped Laura was going to like this.

"Okay, cutie. Open your eyes."
Laura let her eyes flutter open and her breath caught at the sight before her. There were pillows and blankets spread out on the rooftop and a couple of lawn chairs set up next to them. In between the chairs there was a small fold-up table holding a bottle of some fancy looking champagne and two glasses. Scattered amongst the set up were a few flickering candles that provided enough light so that Laura could see the beautiful girl who had put this all together, standing in front of her set up, holding a single red rose and a hopeful expression. Laura wanted to say something sweet, something nice, something to show how amazing it was that she put all of this together just for her. But her voice was stuck in her throat and when she saw Carmilla's expression falter she blurted out the first words she could muster.

"Holy crap."

Ugh smooth like crunchy peanut butter. Way to go, Laura.

She seriously wanted to slap herself, until she heard Carmilla's quiet laughter.

"I'll take that to mean you like it, then?" Carmilla asked, walking forward to hand Laura the rose.

She took the flower and brought it to her nose, inhaling the sweet aroma and giving the brunette a shy smile, before bringing her hand to the back of Carmilla's neck and pulling her in for a quick kiss. They broke away smiling.

"Of course I like it. I love it! How did you get all of this up here?"

"Here's a hint," Carmilla said, leaning in dramatically before whispering, "that ladder we just used? It's the only way on and off this roof."

Laura's jaw dropped. "Carm, you didn't have t-"

Carmilla held up a hand to silence her. "No, no. Enough of that, I did it and now..." she said holding out a hand which Laura happily took as she pulled her over to the lawn chairs. "We're going to enjoy it."

They both sat and Carmilla poured out some champagne for each of them. Laura took her glass and raised it to Carmilla's before taking a sip.

"Oh my God. Carm that's incredible!" she took a closer look at the bottle. Wow. Wow. This was some seriously expensive stuff. "Where did you even get this?"

Carmilla took another sip from her glass and shrugged.

"Mother gave it to me as a memento of the first party I ever attended as a professional Karnstein woman." She smirked. "Also the last."

"Sounds like you had a blast," Laura said.

"Yeah... good times," Carmilla said, still smirking.

Laura let her eyes wander around the set up again and spotted Carmilla's guitar case on the ground next to her.

"Could you teach me how to play?" Laura asked.

Carmilla raised an eyebrow mid-sip. "Hmm?"
"Guitar I mean."

Carmilla put down her glass of champagne and smiled as she reached for her guitar case and pulled out her old acoustic.

"Of course," she said as she tuned it up real quick. "Though it would certainly take more than one night."

Laura smiled. "I think I like the sound of that."

Carmilla smiled back. "Me too."

She started strumming gently as she continued to speak to Laura.

"You know... I've always loved the stars," she said as she looked up into the night sky. With the only light for miles illuminating from the few lit candles on the ground there was a clear view of the moon and stars shining above. "It's amazing. Being able to see them every night now. There was way too much light pollution in the city and we would only visit our lakeside cabin once every few years. I always thought they were the most beautiful things in the universe. Shining bright like that," she brought her attention to Laura and the way her eyes bore into her made the blonde's heart flutter, "but looks like there is one thing more beautiful than even the stars," she said quietly with a small, genuine smile. Before Laura could say anything, Carmilla broke into a song on her guitar. She kept her eyes on her guitar as she started singing.

"Do you wanna go to Heaven tonight?

Leave the evidence far behind

Say alright, alright

Do you wanna be my lover tonight?

We can leave everybody else behind

Say alright, alright,"

She strummed the chords out hard before breaking into the chorus, and looking Laura in the eyes. Laura couldn't help but notice how honest and open Carmilla looked when she played. And especially when she sang.

"Do you wanna go to Heaven tonight?

Underneath those lights you will look so beautiful

Do you wanna see the stars before they fall, See the stars before they fall?

Do you wanna be my love tonight?

And for all my life it could be so wonderful

Do you wanna see the stars before they fall, See the stars before they fall?"
Laura listened intently to every lyric and note Carmilla played and watched how beautiful she looked in this moment. With the light of the candles casting soft shadows on her face as she poured everything into her music. This was a side of Carmilla that Laura knew she didn't share with everyone and she wanted to soak up every minute of it to remember forever.

"Maybe we should just run away

Never look back as the world decays

Say alright, alright

Nothing matters ever since the day

You pulled the pin in my heart like a hand grenade

Say alright, alright.

Do you wanna see Heaven tonight?

Underneath those lights you will look so beautiful,"

Carmilla was smiling as she sang through the chorus again, strumming with even more enthusiasm than before. The rasp in her voice also became more pronounced, making Laura question whether or not it was even possible for this woman to be so hot.

"Do you wanna see the stars before they fall,

See the stars before they fall?

Do you wanna be my love tonight?

And for all my life it could be so wonderful

Do you wanna see the stars before they fall,

See the stars before they fall,"

Carmilla went into the bridge of the song.

"Fall out of the atmosphere

Let's run

Run until we disappear

Never let them come and get you

Never let them take away our stars."

After a quick and simple solo Carmilla sang the chorus one more time before slowly bring the song down and ending it. Both girls sat in silence for a moment. The only sounds that could be heard were the sounds of bugs chirping and Carmilla's ragged breathing. Laura watched as Carmilla looked down at her guitar, as if it held all of the answers. She studied her face. Her brow was furrowed and her lips slightly parted to suck in a little extra air. Finally she looked up at Laura and was back to her old self, wearing her signature smirk. She scooted her chair closer to Laura's.
"Carm... that was... just... incredible."

Carmilla smiled warmly but otherwise ignored the comment.

"C'mon, cutie. I'll teach you how to play a few chords."

After a couple of hours Carmilla had managed to teach Laura how to play three simple chords and she was catching on rather fast, but her fingers started to get raw from pushing on the strings so Carmilla decided to call it a night with teaching. Making a lewd comment about the importance of keeping Laura's fingers safe.

So, Carmilla packed her guitar away in its case, just in case the weather turned bad, and her and Laura curled up on the pillows and blankets to gaze at the stars. After about ten minutes of chit chat Carmilla finally lost her patience and sought Laura's lips with her own. The kiss started off slow and sweet, like all of theirs had been so far, but, with a swipe of her tongue against Laura's bottom lip Carmilla sought to deepen the kiss. Laura, who had been lying down, pushed her self up a little and leaned on one arm while her other hand reached to tangle in Carmilla's hair and pull her closer as she granted her access. The sensation of Laura's tongue against her own had Carmilla moaning into her mouth, and moving her hands to cradle Laura's face. The position quickly became uncomfortable for both girls and Carmilla swung her leg over Laura's lap so that she was now straddling her. Laura broke their kiss and sighed, both hands now playing with Carmilla's tangled curls. Carmilla looked Laura in the eyes as she traced patterns over her cheekbones with her thumbs.

"Hey," she said through what she could tell was a completely blissed-out smile.

Laura returned a similar look and giggled. "Hey."

*Whoa. Deja vu,* Carmilla thought as she remembered her dream. Part of her hoped it would continue on as that dream had, but another part of her was relieved when Laura leaned up slowly and kissed her forehead, then her eyelids, then her cheeks, before finally planting a soft kiss to her lips. That's when Carmilla knew there was no way she was sleeping with Laura tonight. She wanted her, definitely, and it may or may not be killing her not to act on it, but she really wanted to do this right. She didn't want to jump in hot and heavy with no foundation. She didn't want to risk losing her shot to be with Laura. So, she swung herself off of Laura's lap and laid down on her back, tugging Laura down to lay in the crook of her arm. She snuggled up to Carmilla and kissed up and down her neck lazily a few times before relaxing. Carmilla could feel the tickle of Laura's breath on her neck and found a great amount of comfort in it as she closed her eyes and started to drift off as well.

"Thank you for tonight, Carm," Laura whispered as she was overcome by sleep.

Carmilla managed to mumble out "Anytime, cupcake," before being consumed by sleep herself.

Chapter End Notes

I know we could all use a little fluff after that tuesgay... yeesh! Okay well as always I love to hear from you guys so please please comment! or hit me up on tumblr menzelcastlefan! Love you! have a great day/night!
Falling asleep on the roof was a terrible idea. Her back hurt, her head hurt, her neck hurt and there was a slight chill in the air, but with Laura’s breath tickling her neck, Carmilla really couldn’t complain. She refused to move, not wanting to disturb the girl who was still sound asleep with her head on her chest. Instead, Carmilla relaxed, breathing in the smell of Laura's shampoo as she thought about the previous night. A smile crept across her face as she remembered how cute Laura had looked when she was pouting after losing the go-kart race and then how gorgeous she looked in the candle light on the roof top, how her eyes lit up as she took in the set up Carmilla had put together. Last night had really been... perfect.

Carmilla felt more than heard the chuckle Laura let out. "What are you thinking about?"

The brunette opened her eyes and looked down at the girl who was still laying on her chest, eyes closed, with a huge smile on her face.

"Last night," Carmilla said. "Why?"

Laura shifted to look at Carmilla. "Your heart started beating really fast."

Carmilla blushed and ran her fingers through Laura's hair, choosing to ignore that comment. "God, you're beautiful in the morning."

"You're not so bad yourself," Laura said with a smirk as she brushed Carm's bangs out of her eyes.

Carmilla opened her mouth to speak when she felt something wet hit her forehead. She looked up and noticed, for the first time, that the sky was dark and cloudy. Laura followed her gaze to the sky and they were met with a few more raindrops.

"Shit," Carmilla said as she started to get up, pulling the blonde with her.

As soon as the girls stood, the sky opened up and they were met with a torrential downpour. Carmilla quickly grabbed her guitar and then Laura's hand, dragging her to the ladder. She gave Laura the keys to the shop and let her down the ladder first.

"Hurry! Go get inside!"

Carmilla watched as Laura descended the ladder and she followed quickly after. Once their feet hit the ground the girls were hightailing it to the front of the store. The rain had picked up even more and it might as well have been a sheet of water falling from the sky. At the front door Laura fumbled with the keys for a second before she was able to properly unlock the door. Once she got it unlocked Carmilla pushed the door open from behind her, while simultaneously pulling the blonde into the shop for safety. Carmilla quickly made her way to behind the counter and turned the heat up on the
thermostat before putting her guitar case down and turning around to look at Laura who was still standing by the door. Laura looked up to meet Carmilla's gaze, her expression completely unreadable until she suddenly broke out into laughter. Carmilla's face broke into a smile and she started to laugh too, relieved that the sudden storm hadn't seemed to upset the smaller girl.

"Wow," Laura said as she looked outside at the storm. Carmilla watched her look outside from the counter and she noticed that the girl was starting to shiver.

"Hey, come over here, cutie."

Laura grinned and made her way over to Carmilla, who wrapped her up in her arms.

"You looked cold," Carmilla mumbled into Laura's hair as she moved her hands up and down the other girl's back, trying to create some heat, which was next to impossible considering their clothing was soaked. Suddenly she felt hands on her back doing the same.

"You're sh-shivering too, C-Carm."

Carmilla sighed and pulled back from Laura as she reached for the zipper on the back of her corset. Realizing she was never going to be able to zip it down on her own with her fingers as numb as they were, she turned her back to face Laura and swept her hair over her shoulder.

"Unzip me, cupcake?"

There was a moment of hesitation before she felt Laura's hands working at the zipper. As the article of clothing came loose, Carmilla remembered she was in fact not wearing a bra. Luckily, the store sold a few band t-shirts and Carmilla quickly grabbed one as she let her corset fall to the floor. Before she could slip the shirt over her head, Carmilla felt fingertips gently tracing over her bare back. She stiffened at the contact at first but quickly began to relax as Laura continued to let her fingers dance over her skin. So the soft touches began to get a little harder as Laura rubbed up and down Carmilla's back and arms, trying to warm her up. After a couple of minutes Laura spoke.

"God, Carm. You're still shivering..."

Carmilla snorted. "Yeah... well... it's not really 'cause I'm cold, Laura."

Laura's hands stilled and Carmilla thought she might have been a little too forward with that. However, before she could explain, she felt lips pressing against the back of her shoulder. Laura kissed across Carmilla's back slowly, shoulder to shoulder. The brunette tried to control her breathing as it started to become a little ragged at the sensation of Laura dragging her lips across her bare skin. Carmilla closed her eyes as she felt Laura's hands settle on her hips as she started to trail kisses up her neck. Suddenly, Carmilla had went from 'possibly suffering from hypothermia' to 'holy shit I'm standing on the surface of the sun'.

Crap. Come on, remember what you said to yourself last night. Slow. Take things slow.

A moan escaped Carmilla's mouth as Laura started gently sucking on her pulse point, and she let a hand tangle in the blonde's hair, keeping her in place. Laura smirked against her neck and let her arms wrap around the girl's waist completely, putting her front in contact with Carmilla's back. Feeling Laura's soaked, cold shirt against her skin was enough to snap Carmilla out of the trance she was in.

"Fuck, cutie... you're freezing."

"N-no. I'm o-okay." Laura tried to play like she was fine, and leaned in to kiss Carmilla's neck again.
But the stutter in her voice gave her away and Carmilla chuckled as she wiggled out of Laura's grasp and finally threw the shirt on over her head. The blonde groaned, which only made Carmilla laugh harder. She turned around to face Laura and was met with a pout.

"Come on, none of that," She said as she tucked some of Laura's hair behind her ear. Laura smiled in spite of herself and Carmilla returned it before realizing that Laura was full on shivering, jaw chattering now and all. She reached for the buttons on Laura's shirt. "We have to get this off of you." Carmilla quickly undid the buttons on Laura's shirt, trying not to think about the fact she was undressing her as Laura watched her with what could only be described as heart eyes. The shirt fell to the floor with a wet "plop" and Carmilla couldn't stop herself from letting her eyes roam over Laura's body. And holy shit the real thing was so much better than a dream. She was wearing a black lacy bra that didn't leave much up to the imagination, especially considering how cold she was at the moment. Laura's arms moved to cover her chest, but Carmilla gently grabbed her wrists, stopping the movement before bringing her eyes up to meet Laura's. The blonde was blushing furiously, and the girl who had been mercilessly kissing and nipping Carmilla's neck just seconds ago was gone.

"Carm..." Laura muttered, squirming under Carmilla's intense gaze.

Carmilla let go of Laura's wrists and trailed her hands up Laura's arms and neck until she was cradling her jaw. She brushed her thumbs over Laura's jawline a few times.

"You're so beautiful, Laura," she whispered.

Laura smiled up at Carmilla for a moment before a shiver racked through her body, effectively breaking the moment. Carmilla let her hands drop from the smaller girl's face and she let out a short chuckle.

"Though, you're definitely more beautiful when you're not freezing to death."

"Ugh, these jeans are just clinging the cold to my legs."

Carmilla looked down to see that the already tight jeans looked like they were practically painted on to Laura's legs. Which... dear God. Her self control was really getting tested today. She swallowed hard before forcing her eyes to meet Laura's. Thankfully, she didn't seem to notice Carmilla's staring.

"Take them off. I'll find you a shirt," Carmilla said as she turned to rummage through the shirts behind the counter. She grabbed a large shirt for Laura so that it could cover most of her until her jeans dried a bit. When she turned around to give the shirt to Laura she failed at stifling a laugh at the girl's current position. She had barely gotten her jeans bellow her underwear and they were ruthlessly clinging to her skin as she tried helplessly to wriggle out of them.

Laura shot Carmilla a death stare which only made her laugh harder.

"Ehem, I'm sorry, cutie, but you're adorable when you're angry."

Laura groaned as she continued to try and get her jeans off. "Look, I already like you. We've gone on a date and I'd love to do it again. So, can you maybe stop with the flirting for five seconds and help me get out of my pants?"

Carmilla raised an eyebrow as she stepped closer to the shorter girl. "Stop flirting and help me out of my pants', my my Laura..."

Laura blushed. "That... that's not what I-"

Carmilla chuckled as she grabbed the sides of Laura's jeans and began to wiggle them down her legs.
She finally got them over Laura's butt and they were now clinging to her thighs.

"Fuck..." Carmilla said as she continued to try and yank down on the material.

Laura covered her face with both hands and groaned as she mumbled something into them.

"What was that, cupcake?"

Laura sighed and ran both of her hands through her hair. "I said, 'this isn't embarrassing or anything'."

Carmilla let out a short laugh and continued to work on freeing Laura from her pants. "Please, I should be embarrassed," she looked up to give Laura a smirk,"I can't get a beautiful girl out of her pants."

Laura rolled her eyes and playfully smacked Carmilla on the arm. Carmilla gave her a smile as she got her pants down about an inch lower.

"You know what?" Carmilla said, pulling back and grabbing another shirt. "Here, maybe this'll work better." She placed the shirt on the glass counter top and motioned for Laura to sit down. Laura awkwardly hopped onto the counter as gently as she could and once she was situated Carmilla kneeled down and grabbed onto her jeans again and started pulling them down her legs. The pulling motion was a lot easier with Laura seated and Carmilla peeled her jeans from her skin in no time, tossing them onto the edge of the counter to dry before standing up. It was only then that Carmilla realized she was standing in between Laura's legs, her hands resting on her bare thighs, while the girl wore nothing but her underwear.

She cleared her throat and looked down. "Um... so yeah. Got it."

Laura let out a short breathy laugh and tried to get Carmilla to look her in the eye. "You okay there, Carm?"

Carmilla sighed and looked up to see Laura smirking at her. "Oh, I'm more than okay cutie," she said leaning in a little closer.

Laura giggled and put her arms around Carmilla's neck.

"Good," she whispered against her lips.

Carmilla quickly closed the gap and locked their lips together in a deep kiss.

*This is okay... it's not sex... we're just making out. Slow doesn't mean 'do absolutely nothing'*. 

Laura unhooked her arms from Carmilla's neck and grabbed her shirt to tug her closer. Carmilla's hips bumped into the side of the counter and she groaned into the kiss before hooking her hands under Laura's thighs and dragging her forward so that her body was flush against her own. Laura broke away first, lungs burning for air. Carmilla didn't let that deter her from what was happening, she took the opportunity to start leaving hot open-mouthed kisses down Laura's neck and across her chest, she felt the blonde's hands tangle into her hair and that only encouraged her to keep going. Once she kissed her way back up Laura's neck she stopped to suck on her pulse point, not enough to leave a mark, but enough to have the blonde whimpering and pulling her closer. She released the skin and ran her tongue over it to soothe any pain, before coming up to pull Laura in for another passion fueled kiss. Laura's hands moved from Carmilla's hair to the hem of her shirt, seeking to remove it. Carmilla tensed and pulled back, leaving a good three feet between the two of them. No one spoke for a moment, there was only the sounds of their ragged breathing and the rain pattering
against the roof. Carmilla looked into Laura's eyes, which were now full of insecurity and hurt and worry, and her heart ached knowing she caused it.

"I... I'm sorry-" Laura began to stutter out as she brought her arms up to cover her chest.

Carmilla stepped up to Laura again, quickly closing the three foot distance she had just put between them. "No, Laura, you have nothing to apologize for," she said as she ran her fingers through the blonde's hair. "I just..." Carmilla let out a sigh and shook her head at the ground.

"Hey." Carmilla felt Laura's hand under her chin, guiding her to look her in the eyes. "What's going on, Carm? You can tell me."

Carmilla gave Laura a small smile. "Okay."

Laura nodded for the girl to continue. Carmilla took her one hand in both of hers.

"Look, I just... I want to take this, whatever this is, slow, okay? And trust me it's not because I don't want you. Because, holy shit do I want you," Carmilla said, eliciting a small laugh from the blonde. "But... I want to do this right. I think this could be something, y'know?" Carmilla said, letting her eyes drop to where she was still playing with Laura's hand. "And... I don't usually do the whole 'feelings' thing, but... I think I want to, with you."

"I think this could be something too," Laura said, causing the brunette to look up at her.

"Yeah?" She asked.

Laura nodded, a small smile pulling at the corner of her lips. "Yeah."

Carmilla smiled wide and dropped the smaller girl's hand in favor of wrapping her arms around her body and nuzzling her face into the crook of her neck. Laura hugged her back and giggled.

Finally she drew back and looked Laura in the eyes as she played with the ends of her hair. "So, you're okay with holding off on sex for a little while?"

Laura smiled and nodded. "As long as you need, Carm."

Carmilla smiled back and leaned in to place a kiss on the girl's lips, which she happily returned. When they pulled apart neither one moved more than an inch away.

"You know," Laura whispered,"I was only trying to take off your shirt. It's not like I was going for your pants."

Carmilla chuckled and kissed her again before whispering against her lips, "I really didn't trust myself to stop once my shirt was gone."

Carmilla kissed her again and Laura hummed into the kiss.

"Hmm, and what about now?" Laura asked as she let her hands slip under the material of Carm's shirt and rest against the smooth skin of her stomach. "Think you can control yourself?"

Carmilla shivered and leaned in to press her lips to Laura's once more. She pulled back with a groan.

"Not really," she admitted.

"Dammit Carmilla, how is it fair I'm sitting here in my *underwear* and you're still fully clothed?" Laura said, flailing her hands as a gesture to Carmilla's lack of undress.
The brunette couldn't help the laugh that escaped from her mouth at how upset Laura sounded.

"I'm not wearing a *bra*, cupcake. You seeing that much of me would be entirely unfair," Carmilla said with a smirk. "But I'll tell you what, how about since my pants are still soaked from the rain, I'll take them off?"

*Just 'cause we're not gonna have sex doesn't mean we can't have a little fun...*

Laura gulped and her eyes flickered down to Carmilla's leather clad legs before coming back up to meet Carmilla's lust filled eyes.

"Sure." Her voice cracked and she cleared her throat and tried again. "I mean, yeah."

Carmilla smirked as she backed away from Laura and kicked off her boots, before popping the button on her leather pants open and slowly guiding the zipper down, holding Laura's gaze the whole time. However, as Carmilla quickly learned, if there was one thing harder to pull from your legs than wet jeans, it was a pair of wet leather pants.

*Well. This went from sexy to embarrassing real fast...*

"Do you want some help with-"

"No. I got it," Carmilla said, quickly cutting off the smaller girl.

Carmilla tugged on her pants for a couple of minutes as Laura watched her struggle from the counter, trying desperately to stifle her laughter. After a good three minutes, Carmilla managed to pry the leather from her legs.

"Aha!" she said as she tossed them on the counter next to Laura's jeans. "Now, where were we?"

She made her way to settle in between Laura's legs again and placed her hands on the girl's bare waist, leaning in so that their noses grazed against one another.

"Mmm," Laura said, playing with the hair at the nape of Carmilla's neck, "I think we were about..."

As Laura started to close the gap between them, the door to the shop flung open.

"Holy shit it's really storming out th- GUYS! TWO RULES! I GAVE YOU TWO RULES!" LaF said as they caught sight of the position the girls were in.

Carmilla quickly took a step back, letting Laura jump down from the counter and throw a large shirt over her head.

"It's really not what it looks like," Carmilla said.

"Yeah," Laura piped in, "we fell asleep up on the roof last night, which wow, Carm really went all out, and then this morning after we woke up it started pouring, so we had to come in here, but then our clothes were drenched and we were freezing which is why we're, like, naked... and yeah we were just trying to get warm is all."

Carmilla stared at Laura. She would never get used to the amount of words that girl could get out in one breath.

LaF cocked an eyebrow. "Is that what they're calling it? 'Trying to get warm'?"

"Look we really weren't-"
"Hey. It's okay. But you're the one cleaning the counter today," they said pointing at Carmilla.

Carmilla sighed. "Fine."

"I should uh... get home. I've got work in a few hours and I need a shower," Laura said as she gathered up her clothing, "You need a ride, Carm?"

"Actually, yeah, that'd be great," she said before turning to LaF. "I'll be back in a couple hours, just need to shower and change," after Laura stepped outside she added,"and thanks for the roof last night. I really appreciate it."

LaF smiled, "Yeah. Well next time keep the non-pg13 stuff on the roof?"

"We weren't-"

"Get outta here and get ready, I need you in and the counter cleaned before Perry gets here," LaF said, not letting Carmilla finish her sentence. "You know how she gets about cleaning..."

"Right, back in a bit, boss," Carmilla said as she scooped up her clothes.

Carmilla made her way out to the car where Laura was waiting. She quickly slipped into the passengers side and shook some of the water from her hair.

"Thanks for the ride, cutie," she said as Laura pulled away from the curb. "Walking home in this would've been a bitch."

"Of course, Carm," Laura said. She reached out and grabbed Carmilla's hand, interlocking their fingers together as she drove. Carmilla smiled and brought Laura's hand up to her lips, placing a gentle kiss to the back of her hand, not missing the adorable blush that crept across the blonde's cheeks.

The drive to Carmilla's apartment was filled with a comfortable silence, filled only with music playing quietly out of the car's stereo. As Laura pulled up to the front of Carmilla's building, both girls let out a sigh, not wanting to leave the other quite yet.

"Walk you up?" Laura offered.

"Sure," Carmilla said with a smile,"I can lend you some pants for your drive home."

Laura laughed and turned off the engine before getting out and quickly making her way over to the other side of the car to open Carmilla's door for her.

"Such a gentlewoman..." Carmilla said as she stood up.

"I try," Laura said with a shrug.

The pair quickly ran to building, and out of the rain, hand-in-hand. They continued that way up the three flights of stairs that led to Carmilla's apartment, only breaking contact when Carmilla had to unlock her door.

"Come on in, I'll get you something for your legs," Carmilla said as she walked through her door. She went straight for her bedroom and dug out and old pair of comfy sweats for Laura. When she came back out into the living room Laura was sitting on Carmilla's couch, letting her hands roam over the leather. Carmilla smiled and walked over to Laura, extending the sweatpants out for her to take.
"Here you go, cutie. Don't want you catching a cold."

Laura stood up and wrapped her arms around Carmilla's neck, the taller woman quickly hugged Laura's waist and planted a soft kiss to her shoulder.

"Thanks, Carm. For everything," Laura said before pulling back enough to give Carmilla a kiss on the cheek. "I look forward to doing it again sometime."

Carmilla smiled. "Definitely."

Laura leaned in and placed a chaste kiss to Carmilla's lips before pulling away and slipping into the sweatpants she handed to her. The sight of Laura in her clothes was something Carmilla thought she would never get tired of. She walked the smaller girl to her apartment door and kissed her once more before she said goodbye and closed her door. As the door clicked shut Carmilla couldn't stop a huge smile from spreading across her face. Little did she know, just a floor away, Laura was wearing one to match.

Chapter End Notes

As always I LIVE to hear from you guys so please leave a comment or hit me up on tumblr! OH! I changed my url it's now carmillamenzel! So yeah hope you're enjoying the story as much as I enjoy writing it! Love you guys! Thank you!!!

P.S. for sassyvanlis on tumblr,
I nearly had a heart attack when I saw I made your list of fics. THANK YOU SO MUCH!!!
I'm SO sorry for the hella long delay on this update guys! I had written part of it and then I had to update my virus protection and my computer restarted aaaaand I had forgotten to save ... BUT now it's here! :) Thank you so much for sticking with this story it means so much to me! And OH MY FUCKING GOD this has over 10,000 hits!!! I was too pumped for that! Anyway now that my nonsensical rambling has concluded please enjoy chapter 14 :)
"Well, do I know her? C'mon, Hollis! I need details!"

Laura chuckled. "You've... met."

"Oh really! Who? Give me a name!"

Laura rolled her eyes and went back to work, not wanting to look at Danny throughout this embarrassing interrogation. "Um, Carmilla."

Danny squinted at the name. "Carmilla? I mean it sort of sounds familiar... Oh! OH! That chick with all the eyeliner, right?! The one that lost her brother here a few weeks back!"

Laura's smile widened a little bit at the memory as she nodded her confirmation to Danny. "So... if you didn't get laid. What happened that has you grinning like an idiot?"

Laura shrugged. "We had a date."

_A really fantastic date..._

"Well good for you, Hollis. I was beginning to worry that I ruined all other women for you," Danny said with a chuckle as she started to help Laura build the couch again.

Laura smirked. "Well, I think I did ruin all other women for you. You are dating Kirsch now."

Danny squinted at the small blonde for a moment before replying. "Shut up."

Laura couldn't stop her self from bursting out in a fit of laughter, earning her a playful shove from Danny. "Now come on, I want to hear all about this epic little date of yours."

Laura smiled wide as she began recounting the events of the previous evening to Danny.

Carmilla let out a sigh. She had thought that since she had just been with Laura for about 12 hours, she would be able to make it through her shift a little more happily. However, it turned out that it was actually ten times more excruciating. All the brunette could think about was how much longer she had to wait before she could either text or see the smaller girl. She was unsure if that was a little creepy or not, but at this point she couldn't care less. Work was slow today because of the huge storm and there was no lessons scheduled for Sundays, so Carmilla was left to handle the counter while Laf and Perry went over stock and bills. In the five hours Carmilla had been working today a whopping total of three costumers had come in. The first was a guy in large framed glasses, a flannel and a beanie that bought some acoustic strings and a pick. Total hipster, made Carmilla want to gag. The second customer was a little girl and her father that bought a beginners guitar. Carmilla had smiled at that purchase. She always wished someone had actually encouraged her to get involved with music, rather than tell her what a waste of time and money it was. And finally the last purchase was a pair of drumsticks to some brunette that kept giving Carmilla heart eyes. Any other time and Carmilla would've jumped at that one. She was hot, and played the drums, that says something about... stamina and... rhythm. Carmilla always did have a thing for drummers because of that. But she barely payed the girl any attention other than what was necessary to complete the transaction. Though Carmilla's lack of conversation did not stop the girl from writing her phone number on her receipt with a heart and a "call me". Carmilla had pretended not to see it as she shoved the signed copy in the register.
So maybe she was being a little ridiculous. This thing she had with Laura wasn't necessarily exclusive. They certainly weren't an official couple or anything, but she really wished they were. She didn't want to look at other girls, or kiss other girls, hell she barely wanted to talk to other girls. But, really, it was too soon to make what ever her and Laura had official. They'd been on one real date and had barely known each other for a little over a month. Yet, Carmilla had to admit it felt like so much longer. Sometimes she would actually forget that she didn't know Laura all her life. It was that kind of connection that just felt so special and strong and comfortable and just... natural. The connection they shared was natural, like they were meant to be in each others' lives.

Carmilla scoffed at herself. She was turning into a sappy mess over this girl. But, deep down, she didn't even mind. Laura was totally worth it.

With another deep sigh, Carmilla leaned on the counter, resting her chin on one hand while her fingers drummed against the glass with the other. The storm outside had picked up and was once again raging full force.

*It'd be nice to snuggle up on the couch right now. Read a book. Or have Laura over and watch a movie...*

She let her mind wander to her and Laura snuggled up on her couch, storm raging outside while they only half watch whatever was on the screen, too busy stealing soft kisses from one another.

"Hey, Carmilla."

Carmilla jumped at the sound of her name, being a little too caught up in her daydream.

"Whoa, calm down," Laf said with a chuckle. "I was just gonna send you home. We're losing money by staying open and I know there's probably... other things you'd rather be doing right now."

Carmilla glared at their grin for a moment before rolling her eyes.

"Even if I did want to be doing 'other things', I can't. She's working today."

"Yeah. Well, doesn't change the fact you can't stay here, Karnstein. So, go home," Laf said, playfully pushing Carmilla out from behind the counter. "Or to the IKEA. Y'know, to christen Laura's place of employment as well..."

Carmilla groaned. "I already told you, that's not what-"

"Don't care! You have your version, I have mine."

Carmilla let out a small laugh as she grabbed her jacket and walked to the door. "Well, your version is wrong."

"Tell that to the ass print that was on the counter this morning."

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "I put a shirt down for her."

"Oh that reminds me, you gotta pay for those. Can't sell a shirt someone sat on..."

"Take it out of my pay."

Laf shrugged. "Works for me."

"Great. Later, boss," Carmilla turned to walk out the door.
"Wait, don't forget your new baby." Laf held out the case containing Carmilla's new electric guitar as well as a larger case that was more of a box. Carmilla pointed at the bulkier case.

"What's that?"

Laf smiled. "What good is a guitar without an amp, yeah? And before you start to worry about prices, don't. It's free. One of my old ones I don't use anymore."

Carmilla took the two cases and looked at the ginger in front of her in awe. "Wow. Uh... thank you."

"Yeah, don't mention it. Really, it's not that big a deal." They said, rubbing the back of their neck.

"Right. Well, I'll see you tomorrow, boss," Carmilla said smiling.

"Later, Karnstein."

With that Carmilla walked out to her car, quickly put the items in her backseat and hopped in, ready to go home and try out her new instrument.

Laura stared at the clock. Today could literally not have gone by any slower, and she still had about a half an hour left in her shift. As usual, Laura had put off her thirty minute break as long as possible so that she at least wouldn't have to do anything except sit and relax for the last half hour. Usually it got the last half hour over fast, but today it was still dragging. With a huff, Laura sunk into the couch in the break room and pulled out her phone. She frowned when she saw there were no new messages. Not that she was expecting any from a certain brunette, after all the girl was probably still at her own job, but still, after a day of working at this godforsaken place she needed a bit of a pick-me-up. Laura wasn't usually one to complain about doing work. In fact she took pride in her hard work and a job well done. However, if she learned one thing in her many years working at this IKEA, it was that other people didn't give a shit how hard you worked that day or not. If the customer was unhappy and you were closest and wearing that god awful yellow and blue employee shirt... it was your fault. Laura had really learned to grin and bear it, but it still sucked to be yelled at because something was out of stock. Like, sorry you can't get that specific desk today, we'll probably have it tomorrow, and if not there's fifty other models that are almost identical.

One thing Laura feared most was getting stuck in this tiny town and working at the IKEA her whole life. Even though she knew she had the potential to be a great journalist and was even going to college for it, part of her knew Silas was a town where people got stuck. She'd seen it so many times before, and it even happened in her own family. Her mother had always dreamed of being able to pursue her art career. She had attended Silas University too and graduated with her degree in art, ready to move to the big city and take the world by storm. But, life happened. Laura happened. Once her parents had found out that they were expecting, they put off moving and put aside that money for the baby. Saying that one day, when the child was old enough, they'd move to the city. But, again, life happened. Laura was born and they put all their time and money into her and ended up staying in Silas since the city was too expensive for a family of three and they wanted their daughter to grow up somewhere safe. Even though her mother still tells her she doesn't regret it for one second, she can still see the sadness behind her eyes, wondering about the 'what ifs' in the big city. Laura always kind of took that burden on herself, the reason her mother couldn't pursue her dreams was because she was born, after all. But each time she would voice it her, her mother would simply look at her and wipe the tears from her eyes as she told her she wouldn't change any of it for the world. For the longest time Laura didn't believe her. How could someone be okay with their life when they weren't doing what they loved? How could they possibly forgive the person responsible for holding them back?
Laura was snapped out of her zone by her phone buzzing.

Carm: You busy tonight?

Laura smiled before typing out her message.

Laura: Miss me already?

Carm: Don't get a big head, cutie. I've got something I want to show you.

Carm: But yeah... maybe a little. Don't act like the feeling isn't mutual, cupcake. I remember how... eager... you were this morning ;)

Laura blushed. Yeah, her self-control was kind of gone this morning.

Laura: You were the one who took off her shirt without a bra! A girl only has so much self-control...

Carm: Oh yeah? Why don't you come by tonight, then? Let's work on that self-control issue of yours :) and I can show you what I wanted to show you.

Laura nearly choked reading Carmilla's message. And, wow, when did it get so hot in here?

Laura: What do you want to show me?

Carm: You are familiar with surprises, cutie? It's one of those again.

Laura: Ughhh. You know I hate surprises.

Carm: You didn't end up hating it last night. Come on. Trust me. Just come by after work.

Carm: You won't regret it.

Laura sighed with a grin on her face.

Laura: Be there in an hour. :)

Carm: Excellent.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it! As always I love hearing from you guys! So leave a comment or hit me up on tumblr @ carmillamenzel! I'm so not ready for today's ep. If I die, know I love
you all. Anyway, thanks for reading and have a great day/night all you wonderful people! :) xo
I Love Rock N' Roll

Chapter Notes

I know... I'm late again... sorry! Kinda suck at this in case you haven't noticed yet! Also school has started for me now so that's been annoying. BUT I SHALL KEEP WRITING!!!!... And I know not a lot happened in the last chapter, sorry about that. But I did want to touch on Laura's background at least a little. So thank you all for your kind words :) and please enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

**Cutie: Here!**

Carmilla smiled as the message lit up her phone and quickly buzzed Laura into the building. While she waited for the smaller girl to come up, she went to her fridge and grabbed two beers, opening one for herself and leaving the second one on the counter for Laura, if she wanted it. She took a sip from her bottle as there was a knock on the door. Carmilla placed her beer on the counter and slid across her hardwood floors to answer the door, a smile already on her face just thinking about the girl on the other side. She swung the door open and managed to fight back her beaming smile to her classic smirk.

"Hey cutie," she drawled.

Laura was smiling full force and it made Carmilla's heart flutter. "Hey."

Carmilla opened the door a little more and motioned with her head for Laura to enter. "Come on in."

As Laura started to move past her Carmilla grabbed her hand, while shutting her door with the other, and pulled her into her side, moving her arm to wrap around her waist. She quickly planted a kiss to the blonde's cheek, and watched her smile grow. "There's pizza and beer on the counter if you're interested, cupcake."

"Ugh, yes please! I didn't have time to eat yet," Laura said, untangling herself from Carmilla's grasp and making her way towards the food.

Carmilla chuckled. "You could have eaten before coming by. Don't want you dying on me," she said as she grabbed her beer off of the counter and took a swig.

Laura grabbed a slice of pizza and took a bite before shrugging. "It was either eat or shower and change. I figured you'd have some form of food here, and I did not want to come over in my work clothes again... so..."

Carmilla hummed and ran a finger along Laura's arm, leaving a trail of goosebumps. "Oh I dunno. I think you look hot in your work clothes."

Laura laughed. "You think I look hot in a blue and yellow button-up and khakis?"

Carmilla smirked and nodded.

Laura rolled her eyes, but blushed nonetheless.
Carmilla's smile turned genuine and she tucked some of Laura's hair behind her ear. "God, you really don't know how beautiful you are, do you?"

Laura looked up into Carmilla's eyes and swallowed her food with a gulp. Carmilla let her fingers massage the nape of Laura's neck as she stared right back, her small smile still playing at her lips. After a moment, Laura cleared her throat and broke eye contact.

"Do you have a bottle opener?" she asked, grabbing the unopened beer bottle from the counter.

Carmilla shrugged. "Probably. But I'm not looking for it right now. So, here." Carmilla held out her hand for Laura's bottle. The blonde quirked an eyebrow but handed her the bottle. Carmilla placed the underside of the cap on the edge of her counter and hit the palm of her hand against the top of the cap, causing it to pop off. She placed the now open bottle back in front of Laura and smirked.

Laura rolled her eyes and grabbed her beer. "That how you impress all the ladies?" she asked before taking a sip.

"I only pull that one out for the cute ones," Carmilla said with a wink.

Laura chuckled. "God, you are relentless tonight."

Carmilla smiled and took a sip of her own beer. "So how was work today, cutie?"

"Ugh. I thought it would never end," Laura said as she finished off her slice of pizza. "What about you?"

The dark-haired girl shrugged. "Slow as fuck. Literally, there was three sales today. I thought I was going to die."

"Well I'm glad you made it through," Laura laughed. She paused before adding, "So... uh... you didn't get in trouble, right?"

Carmilla squinted at the smaller girl. "Why would I-?" her eyes widened as she remembered the events of the morning. "Oh. OH! Uh, no. No, no trouble. I just had to clean the counter and pay for those shirts."

"Laf made you pay for those shirts? How much were they?" Laura asked as she grabbed her bag and looked for her wallet.

Carmilla put a hand on her arm. "Cutie, don't be ridiculous."

"Carm, I'm the one who used two," Laura said.

"Don't care. That date was on me, remember? Consider the shirts a souvenir." Carmilla's hand traveled down Laura's arm and met her hand. She laced their fingers together and pulled her hand out of her bag. Carmilla brought the back of her hand to her lips and placed a gentle kiss there before giving a blushing Laura a grin.

The blonde rolled her eyes and sighed. "Fine."

"What? Don't want something to remember our incredible first date?" Carmilla teased. Though, after she said the words, she found herself nervous to hear the answer. What if Laura hadn't felt what she felt? What if this was just her? She tried to ration with herself that if Laura didn't have a good time last night she wouldn't have come by tonight. But then again Laura was just all in all a good person, so she could just have been being kind by accepting Carmilla's invitation.
Laura gave Carmilla a shy smile and tightened her grip on her hand. "I think I'd rather just hang on to the girl I shared that night with."

Oh.

Carmilla felt a weight lifted off of her at hearing Laura's words. She tugged the girl from her stool and into her arms, wrapping her in a tight embrace. Laura buried her face into Carmilla's neck, and Carmilla could feel her smiling against her skin. They stood there for a moment just enjoying the closeness, before Laura planted a soft kiss to Carmilla's neck and pulled back. Carmilla let out a content sigh as she released the girl from her grasp. Laura made sure to lace their fingers together once again. They looked into each others' eyes for a moment before Carmilla cleared her throat and put her smirk back on her face.

"Smooth talker," she said as she reached for her beer with her free hand and took a sip.

Laura smiled and shook her head. She glanced down at the ground. "I mean it, Carm. You... you're wonderful."

Carmilla's smirk was wiped clean off her face. She had completely forgotten what this felt like. The falling. The swarm of butterflies in her gut that were awful, yet amazing at the same time. Heat rose to her cheeks as she was at a complete loss for words. Laura was still gazing at the floor and Carmilla gave herself a moment to appreciate Laura's features. Her eyes danced across Laura's face, seeing the pink tint to her cheeks and her nervously chewing at her lower lip. It was then that Carmilla realized she should probably say something. But she just couldn't. She never was one with words. So instead, she put a finger under Laura's chin and tilted her head up to meet her gaze. Laura's light brown eyes frantically searched Carmilla's for any sign that she had over stepped, but all Carmilla gave the smaller girl was a loving look before she gently leaned in and pressed their lips together. Carmilla could feel Laura smile against her lips as she relaxed into the kiss. She brought her hand up to cradle Laura's jaw as she kissed her again, a smile crept onto her face as well. The blonde's hands found their way to Carmilla's hips and she tugged her forward slightly, lessening the distance between their bodies while their lips danced against each other. Carmilla hummed into the kiss and blindly felt around for the counter to put her bottle down. She managed to succeed without breaking the kiss or the bottle and she brought her other hand up to the other side of Laura's face. The blonde let out a small gasp and quickly pulled her face away from Carmilla's. The brunette's eyes shot open and she lifted her hands in the air, being careful not to touch the other girl at all. Panic quickly coursed through her body as she examined Laura with worried eyes, terrified she had done something wrong. After a quick once over nothing appeared to be wrong, and her hands were still firmly planted on Carmilla's hips...

"Sorry," Laura said,"your hand was really cold."

Carmilla let out a sigh of relief and felt her body relax. She smirked and brought her hands to her mouth, she breathed into them and rubbed them together, trying to warm them up.

"Sorry, cutie," she said with a wink before placing her hands back on Laura's jawline. "Better?" she whispered, leaning in so that their noses brushed against one another.

Laura giggled and nodded, turning their closeness into an Eskimo kiss. Carmilla couldn't help but notice how adorable Laura was in that moment, but the thought was short-lived as Laura attached their lips once more and brought her body snug against Carmilla's. The brunette felt a tongue grazing against her lower lip and chuckled before pulling back a little to find a rather confused Laura looking up at her.
"I thought you wanted to work on your self-control," Carmilla said with a smirk as she let her thumb stroke Laura's jaw.

Laura smiled. "That was your idea, I believe. I'm perfectly fine with having no self-control."

Carmilla laughed lightly at that, planted a kiss to Laura's forehead and pulled away. She grabbed her beer from the counter and took another sip while Laura sighed and sat back down on her stool.

"Sooooo..." Laura said, slowly looking up to meet Carmilla's gaze.

The brunette raised an eyebrow.

"Uh..."

"Having trouble finding your words there, cutie?" Carmilla said as she sipped from her bottle again.

Laura gave Carmilla a quick glare before continuing. "It's just... you maybe mentioned that you wanted to show me something, earlier..."

Carmilla laughed and shook her head. "I gotta admit, I'm impressed you made it this long without asking."

"So, there is something? I was half expecting it to just be a ploy to get me over here."

Carmilla scoffed as she set her bottle down on the counter and leaned forward into Laura's space. She heard the blonde's breath hitch and grinned smugly at the affect she had on her. She looked down at Laura's lips.

"As if I needed to give you a reason to want to come," Carmilla whispered in a husky voice, letting her eyes wander up to meet Laura's through her lashes. She watched Laura gulp as her face began to turn a light shade of red. Carmilla smirked and pulled back, quite pleased with herself. "But, yes. I do in fact have something I want to show you."

Without waiting for a reply, she winked and turned to go to her room. "I'll be right back. Don't go anywhere, cutie," she said as she walked into her bedroom adding an extra sway to her hips.

Laura sat at the counter dumbstruck. She couldn't help the way her eyes locked to Carmilla's body as she disappeared into the other room. The girl was seriously just not fair.

The blonde let out a breath and grabbed her beer from the counter, taking a few generous swigs to calm herself down. The bitter and cold helped clear her mind of the various dirty thoughts coursing through it after her rather brief encounter with Carmilla thus far.

She wants to take it slow. Calm yourself.

Laura groaned and pinched the bridge of her nose, her face crinkling up in frustration.

"That bunched up face you're making is adorable, buttercup."

Laura turned to see Carmilla emerging from her room with a guitar case and... an amplifier?

"You get so creative with the nicknames when you drink," Laura teased, before she took a sip from her bottle.

Carmilla gave her a grin. "Nicknames aren't the only thing I get creative with." She ended that statement with a wink as she set down the amp.
Laura stared at her, mouth hanging open slightly. Carmilla chuckled and plugged the amp into the outlet by the couch.

"Okay, cutie, get over here," Carmilla said, patting the spot on the couch next to her. She placed the guitar case along the chaise and looked at Laura expectantly. Finally managing to shake Carmilla's previous comment from her head, Laura got up, grabbed both her beer and Carmilla's and made her way to the couch.

Carmilla smiled as Laura handed her her drink. She muttered a quiet 'thank you', before taking a sip from her drink and setting it down on the floor. Laura plopped down on the seat next to her and situated herself so that she was crossed-legged, leaning her back against the armrest, facing Carmilla. She held her bottle with both hands and leaned forward.

"Okay. I'm ready!"

Carmilla laughed and paused with her hands on the latches of the case. She looked to Laura. "Are you? Are you ready?"

Laura nodded and smiled wide. "Totally."

Carmilla laughed again and shook her head, a huge smile gracing her lips as well.

Laura forgot what was actually going on for a moment as she got lost in the beauty of Carmilla's genuine smile.

 Seriously, isn't it illegal to look that good?

Carmilla popped the latches on her case and slowly lifted the top, as if to prolong the suspense. Laura couldn't help but think of how a drum roll leading up to the moment the case was opened would have fit in nicely. Finally the top of the case was fully opened to reveal a guitar sitting inside. Laura couldn't help but think of how a drum roll leading up to the moment the case was opened would have fit in nicely. Finally the top of the case was fully opened to reveal a guitar sitting inside. Laura leaned forward to get a better look at the instrument while Carmilla took it out of its case, handling it as if it was the most precious thing in the world. When it became completely visible to Laura she suddenly understood why. She knew next to nothing about guitars and instruments, but it didn't take a musical genius to put together that this thing was worth a good amount of cash. Laura let her eyes wander over the sleek black body of the guitar as Carmilla threw the strap over her head and reached for the chord to the amplifier. The instrument really was a beauty, the gold on it shining bright against the dark black, but another thing that added to its beauty was the girl wearing it. Damn, it matched Carmilla perfectly, like she was born to own it. The dark haired girl reached over to plug the chord into the amp. She looked up at Laura as she set everything up.

"What do ya think?" she murmured out, her words muffled due to the guitar pick resting in the corner of her mouth.

Laura was having a hard time with words with the image before her. It seemed every time Laura thought Carmilla couldn't get any hotter she just had to prove her wrong.

... Not that she was complaining...

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow at Laura's silence as she sat up and plugged the other end of the chord into her guitar. The blonde shook her head and tried to concentrate on forming words. After about thirty seconds of internal flailing, she finally managed to speak.

"Wow."

 Oh. Well that was eloquent.
Carmilla huffed out a small laugh and started picking at the strings of the guitar and tuning it up.

"I mean 'wow' as in, y'know, that's a... uh... slick new guitar you got there. Yeah! Yeah, the guitar. Wow!" Laura's eyes widened after her short burst of words and she quickly stared down at her beer bottle.

*Oh my God. PLEASE STOP SAYING WORDS.*

She heard Carmilla laugh again as her fingers continued to dance across the strings.

"Please don't hurt yourself, cutie. I haven't even turned it on yet."

Laura looked up to see Carmilla smirking at her.

*Well the guitar might not be turned on but-*

Her thought was cut short as Carmilla looked back down at her guitar and strummed all six strings loudly a few times. Giving a nod of satisfaction at the sound, Carmilla quickly glanced at Laura once more and winked. She then leaned forward and switched the amp on. Carmilla took her pick and strummed a few basic chords, her brow furrowed in concentration. Laura watched as Carmilla settled into playing the guitar. After going through a few chords Carmilla stopped playing and smiled up at the blonde.

"So, any requests?"

Laura stared at her for a moment. She remembered last night and how amazing Carmilla's voice sounded singing *Halestorm* on Rockband. The subject matter of said song didn't hurt either... but that wasn't the point.

Laura sipped from her bottle before answering. "Any song by *Halestorm.*"

Carmilla smiled. "Ah. The lady has taste."

Laura giggled as Carmilla tried to situate herself comfortably on the couch. After a moment Carmilla sighed and stood up. Laura raised an eyebrow.

"Congratulations, cutie. You get the full concert vibe since I can't really sink into a couch and sing Lzzy Hale."

Laura sat up a little as she watched Carmilla adjust the strap on her guitar.

"Oooooh. Yippie for me!" she said.

Carmilla smiled wide and Laura's heart raced. God, what she'd do to keep that smile in place forever.

Eventually Carmilla averted her eyes from Laura and looked down at her guitar. Laura loved the look Carmilla had whenever she was about to start playing. It was confidence and passion and love all rolled into one and it sent the smaller girl's heart into overdrive. Carmilla started to strum a few chords and she looked up at Laura.

"Can you hear me?"

Laura nodded a confirmation that she could hear Carmilla's voice over the noise of the electric guitar. Carmilla grinned and gave a nod back before finally starting to play the intro to the song she had chosen.
"A fire’s gotta burn
The world is gonna turn
A rain has gotta fall
Fate is gonna call
But I just keep on breathing
Long as my heart is beating,"

Laura let out a small gasp at the sound of Carmilla's voice. Even though she had heard her sing Halestorm once before, nothing could have prepared her for how raspy Carmilla's voice sounded.

" Someone's gotta hate
It's never gonna change
Gets harder everyday
This is one hell of a place
Keep your heart from freezing
To keep yourself believing,"

Carmilla closed her eyes, getting ready for the chorus.

"But I won't run
I'm not afraid
I'll look em in the eye
Gonna hear me say
It's...

My life
My love
My sex
My drug
My lust
My god it ain't no sin
Can I get it
Can I get an Amen
My grace
My church
My pain
My tears
My hurt
My god, I'll say it again
Can I get it
Can I get an Amen,"

She rocked her body back and forth as she sang and played, stomping her heal to the ground on each beat to keep time. Laura could see Carmilla's rock star persona shining through the performance. She could almost hear the crowd chanting her name as she continued to shred on her guitar and wail out the lyrics.

"Can I get it? Can I get an Amen?
Can I get it? Can I get an Amen?
Life has gotta kill
Faith is gonna blind
Hope is gonna fade
The truth is gonna lie
Sometimes there's no reason
To justify the meaning,"

The emotion in Carmilla's voice took Laura off guard. It made her sad that this wonderful and talented girl in front of her might have a strong connection to those lyrics. There was pain there, and all Laura wanted to do was hug the other woman until she didn't feel it anymore. However, in the next few lines Laura saw Carmilla demeanor shift again, back to confidence and... maybe a hint of anger? Didn't really matter, it still send a shiver down Laura's spine.

"But I won't run
I'm not ashamed
It's gonna take more than this for me to break

My life
My love
My sex
My drug
My lust
My god it ain't no sin
Can I get it?
Can I get an Amen?
My grace
My church
My pain
My tears
My hurt
My god, I'll say it again
Can I get it?
Can I get an Amen?"

Carmilla launched into a quick guitar solo, watching her fingers fly over the strings had Laura staring in awe. This was nothing like when Carmilla had played for her before. This was primal, fast paced and loud and so very Carmilla. If Laura hadn't seen Carmilla play like this first hand... she wasn't sure she would even believe it's possible.

The solo ended and Carmilla clicked out a few muffled chords. But nothing could have prepared Laura for what followed.

"My life, my love, my sex, my drug
My luuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu
"Well? What'd you think, cutie?"

Laura could see the anxiousness in Carmilla's eyes. Did she really think that could possibly be seen as anything less than stellar?

It took the blonde a moment to answer, as she tried to get the image of how hot 'rock' Carmilla was out of her head long enough to form a coherent response.

"That was... how are you not famous yet?!"

Carmilla relaxed, visibly relieved that Laura had liked her performance. She let out a chuckle. "So, good then?"

Laura stood up from her spot on the couch and took a sip of her beer before placing it on the floor by Carmilla's. She walked over, cupped Carmilla's cheeks in her hands and brought her in for a kiss. When Laura pulled back there was still only a few inches between them and Laura looked at Carmilla whose eyes were still shut with a small smile gracing her lips. Laura smiled too and leaned back in to give her a peck.

"Incredible," Laura whispered against her lips.

A sudden pounding at Carmilla's door caused both girls to jump. Carmilla smirked at the shorter girl and took her guitar off, gently placing it along the chaise before flicking the switch on the amp off. The person pounded on the door again and Carmilla sighed and rolled her eyes.

"Jesus, I'm coming. Chill," she muttered under her breath. She flung her door open to reveal a little old lady standing in front of her. Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "Uh... can I help you?"

"You need to keep that racket down, do you hear me young lady?! It is nearly 8:30! Mr.Fluffernutter and Sir Wiskerkins need to get their beauty sleep and they can't do that if you're over here making all that noise!"

Carmilla stood in shock at the lecture she was getting from this woman. "Mr.What and Sir Who-?"

The woman cut Carmilla off. "My precious little pussy cats! They cannot relax with you making all of that ungodly noise! Honestly! You must keep it down at such a late hour!"

"Uh..."

Carmilla heard Laura holding back laughter.

"Keep it to reasonable hours from now on please! Or I will not hesitate to file a noise complaint!"

With that the woman turned and hobbled to her apartment next door.

Carmilla stood in her doorway for a moment, completely at a loss as to what just happened. Suddenly Laura burst into a fit of laughter.

"Oh- my god, Carm! You- totally -got chewed out by- an 80 year old!" Laura choked out between giggle fits.

Carmilla rolled her eyes and shut the door as she moved to her couch to put her guitar away.

"Yeah, yeah. Laugh it up, Hollis," Carmilla said with a pout.

Laura calmed her laughter, but a huge smile was still firmly planted across her lips. She walked over to Carmilla and pulled her into her arms.
"Aw, c'mon. Don't be like that, Carm. It was really funny."

Carmilla sighed and clasped her fingers together behind Laura's neck. "I suppose. I mean, I guess I'd get pretty irritable too if Mr. Fluffernutter and Sir Wiskerkins were the only kind of pussy I was getting in life anymore."

Laura felt her face go red as she rolled her eyes. "You are terrible," she said with a giggle.

Carmilla hummed and leaned in, capturing Laura's lips with her own. She pulled back after a moment and smiled. She then quickly planted a kiss to Laura's forehead and turned to finish packing up her guitar and amp.

"Since I don't feel like getting yelled at again, why don't we just throw on Netflix and chill for awhile?"

Laura laughed. "Netflix and chill?"

Carmilla looked over at Laura and cocked an eyebrow. "What? I thought you'd be all over Netflix."

Laura couldn't help but laugh at how not in touch with the internet Carmilla was. "Of course! Oh my god! You totally have to see Doctor Who!"

Carmilla groaned as she lock the latches on her guitar case. "Oh come on cutie. Do we have to?"

"Absolutely! I promised I would get you to watch it! And now I'm following through!"

The dark-haired girl sighed as she placed her guitar and amp on the side of the couch.

"Oh, you'll love it! Don't be so broody!"

Laura grabbed the remote to Carmilla's TV and brought up Netflix, quickly finding the show and selecting the first episode.

"Ugh, I'm gonna need another beer," Carmilla said, making her way to the kitchen. "Refill, cutie?"

Laura smiled at Carmilla from the couch. "Yes, please!"

Carmilla reached into the fridge and grabbed two bottles. She popped them open and joined Laura on the couch, handing her one of the bottles. Laura smiled and planted a kiss to Carmilla's cheek.

"Thanks, Carm."

Carmilla wrapped and arm around Laura's shoulders and sighed contently when the girl snuggled into her side. She took a sip of her beer and looked at the show on the screen. She had no idea what was going on, but with Laura tucked up against her, she didn't really care.
Chapter End Notes

Fluffy AF cause I can't handle the show right now. My god... I AM DYING SEND HELP!!!! Anyway! Thank you so much for reading! Hope you enjoyed the chapter! PLEASE LEAVE A COMMENT! I love hearing from you guys! If you have any questions or if you wanna say hi, hit me up on tumblr at carmillamenzel! As always have a great day/night! Love you all! (and i am again REALLY REALLY sorry for the delay. Life happens sometimes y'know?)
Broody and the Ginger Twins

Chapter Notes

So, with the high levels of angst that have fallen upon us towards the end of this season, I've decided to work extra hard in making sure this gets updated sooner rather than later. (I know I failed this time... sorry!) The best I can do is promise to try! Without further ado I bring you chapter 16! (Kinda wish it was chapter 22 cause then... that would've rhymed. *shrug* oh well.)

Laura awoke to feel a weight on her chest... and side... and really along almost the whole left side of her body. Confused by the odd sensation, the blonde slowly opened her eyes and looked down the length of her body. Her gaze immediately fell on a mess of dark hair and a warm smile stretched across her lips. Carmilla was practically sleeping on top of her, which, even though it was rather endearing, was not the most comfortable position in the world. The dark haired girl had her head on Laura's chest, left arm draped over her waist and their legs tangled together. When Laura tried to move to get into a more comfortable position Carmilla practically growled as she tightened her grip on Laura's waist and snuggled further into her chest. Laura held back the chuckle that threatened to escape her lips and brought her right hand up to brush some of the hair out of Carmilla's face. Carmilla sighed in her sleep and relaxed into Laura's touch as she continued to run her fingers through the brunette's locks.

Laura continued to absentmindedly stroke Carmilla's hair while she became aware of her surroundings. She realized that they were still in Carmilla's living room. The TV glowed dimly on a grey screen that asked if they were still watching the show, and the sun was just starting to peek through the large window behind the couch, the light casting soft shadows across Carmilla's face that made her look very peaceful. Laura smiled as she stared at the girl on top of her again. She could really get used to this. Waking up with Carmilla wrapped around her every morning? Yeah. Definitely something Laura wouldn't mind happening.

She stopped stroking Carmilla's hair to be met with a grumble. Laura watched as Carmilla, with her eyes still closed, reached around for Laura's hand. After finding it, she grabbed her wrist and placed it back on her head. The blonde laughed quietly as she began to stroke Carmilla's hair again. The low moan that the brunette breathed out was practically a purr.

Wow. She's like a cat... No wonder her brother called her 'kitty'...

Carmilla shifted slightly so that her nose brushed along Laura's collarbone. Laura watched as her expression went from peaceful to confused. Carmilla's brow furrowed and her lips turned down slightly. It was honestly one of the cutest expressions Laura had seen cross Carmilla's face. Carmilla's eyes squinted open slowly and Laura tucked some of her hair behind her ear. Carmilla's sleepy gaze met Laura's and the blonde felt her heart skip a beat. She smiled down at Carmilla while playing with the end of her dark hair.

"Morning sleepyhead," Laura said.

Carmilla huffed and let her head fall back down onto Laura's chest. She grumbled out a "no", but a grin was plastered to her face. Laura laughed and kissed the top of Carmilla's head before attempting
to sit up. She felt Carmilla's grip tighten around her waist, effectively keeping her in place.

"No," Carmilla repeated as she nuzzled into Laura's neck.

"Carm-" Laura's thought was quickly forgotten at the sensation of Carmilla's lips kissing softly up her neck.

"C'mon, cutie. Just stay a little longer." She murmured against Laura's skin.

Laura hummed as Carmilla continued to kiss her skin softly. She craned her neck to give Carmilla more access and that's when she noticed the time flashing on the cable box.

"Oh shit!" Laura said, quickly sitting upright, effectively throwing Carmilla onto her back.

"Geez, cutie if you didn't want me to kiss you you could've just said something."

Laura looked over to meet Carmilla's eye. Her voice was teasing but her eyes showed her insecurity.

"No no! It's not that," Laura said popping up from the couch and straightening out her clothes. "It's just, I have class at 8!"

Carmilla looked over at her clock. "It's 8:30. You're already-" her eyes widened. "It's 8:30?!"

Suddenly Carmilla was off the couch and running into her bedroom. Laura sat on the couch in awe. She was pretty sure she'd never seen the broody girl move so fast.

"Uh... Carm? You okay?" Laura called from the living room. She heard some muffled curses coming from Carmilla's room along with the slamming of, what she assumed must be, dresser drawers. Laura stifled a chuckle and made her way over to lean in the bedroom doorway, which she regretted almost instantly as she took in the view before her. Carmilla was flying around her room, toothbrush lounging in the corner of her mouth. Her purple jeans were on but not zipped or buttoned, giving Laura a peek at some lacy black underwear, and all she had on her torso was a bra. Laura's mouth went dry. She imagined plucking the toothbrush from Carmilla's mouth and leading her to the bed instead. She imagined peeling those purple jeans from her legs before discarding of those lacy black panties with her teeth. She imagined kissing up Carmilla's thighs, her stomach, her chest, her neck, every inch of her body, until she was nothing more than a panting and moaning mess underneath her, just begging to be...

Laura shook her head and let out a shaky breath, bringing herself back to reality. She really had to get to at least her second class, and didn't have time to swing home for an ice cold shower, so she couldn't afford to keep daydreaming. Thankfully, that was going to be at least a little easier since, in the time her mind was wandering, Carmilla had managed to button up her jeans and throw on a black t-shirt. She glanced over at Laura who was still leaning in the doorway.

"Didn't you need to get to class, cutie?" She asked, raising an eyebrow.

"Huh? Oh, um, yeah, I think I'll just go to my second class. There's really no point in going now, there'd only be like thirty minutes left."

Carmilla smirked as she sat down on her bed to slip on her boots. "You know, I think I'm a bad influence on you."

Laura rolled her eyes. "Like I've never skipped class before."

"Oh, you little rebel!" Carmilla said.
"You don't know me. I could be a world renowned bank robber!"

"You're right. I mean, obviously that's what you do in your spare time, when you're not holding the high score in Skee Ball."

Laura glared at Carmilla who sat on her bed with a smug grin. "Shut up."

Carmilla let out a laugh before crossing the room to wrap Laura in her arms. Laura nudged her away halfheartedly with her hand.

"Oh no. You don't get to make fun of me then get all snuggley! No way Karnstein!"

Carmilla pouted and tried to hug Laura again only to have the same result.

"Nope!"

Laura saw her try once more and this time when she swatted at her arms it was with a smile and when Carmilla smiled back she lost all of her will power to keep teasing. She wrapped her arms around the taller girl's neck and burrowed her face into its crook. Laura felt Carmilla snake her arms around her waist and let out a breathy laugh into her ear. The blonde planted a kiss to Carmilla's neck before pulling back so that she could kiss her properly. Their lips met in a sweet kiss that turned into several sweet kisses as the girls stood in the doorway, completely wrapped up in each other. Carmilla was the one to pull away with a sigh.

"As much as I would love to stay here all day and kiss you I've gotta get going if I'm going to make it to work."

"I could drive you," Laura said as she tucked some of Carmilla's hair behind her ear.

"I will take that offer," Carmilla said with a smile before swooping in to give her a quick peck on the lips.

Laura smiled and laced their fingers together. "Good."

After Laura dropped Carmilla off at the music store she drove to the Silas University campus. When she arrived she still had half an hour before her next class, so she decided to head over to the student center to grab a hot cocoa from The Bean's List. Drink in hand, Laura wandered around for a while. She came to a board that listed several on-campus events that were going to be taking place over the next couple of months. Her eyes roamed over the many colorful flyers from clubs and athletics. There was one from the Alchemy Club looking for some volunteers for their latest experiments, but Laura knew better than to mess with that... definitely not worth only $50. The Adonis Festival and Hunt were coming up, courtesy of the Summer Society and it looked like the Zetas were about to throw a huge party next weekend. But the flyer that really caught her eye was the one announcing Silas University's annual "Battle of the Bands". The one they held every year, allowing local bands and artists to compete for a chance to open for the University's annual Concert on Campus, which they were usually able to get a decent band to perform for the students. Last year it was Panic! at the Disco. Not Laura's favorite band, but for $10 tickets? Hell, yeah.

Laura sighed as she looked at the flyer. It was too bad Carmilla wasn't a Silas student, it was a great opportunity. One that she would blow the competition out of the water at. That's when the blonde noticed the fine print at the bottom of the flyer. She squinted to make sure she read it right before smiling and ripping the flyer from the bulletin board and shoving it into her bag. Laura practically
skipped down the hall to her class, she couldn't wait for these next two hours to be over so that she could go see Carmilla.

After a morning full of lessons, Carmilla was relieved when her final student left. Monday morning lessons were rough because the majority of them were adults trying to find something new to do with their time. Teaching adults was way harder than teaching kids and teenagers. It was impossible for Carmilla to tell them when they did anything wrong because they were older than her, and just obviously knew better. She didn't care though, she got paid by the hour and it was their own money they were wasting.

Carmilla packed her old acoustic back into its case and leaned it against the wall of the practice room before making her way out into the shop. She chanced a glance at the clock on the wall.

1:08 pm

She let out a groan.

"Ah. Never look at the clock Karnstein. It never has good news when you want it to."

Carmilla looked over to Laf, who was behind the counter.

"Well. At least my lessons for the day are over. I swear if I had to listen to one more forty-something going through a mid-life crisis tell me how to play my guitar, you were going to have to find a new employee."

Laf cocked an eyebrow. "You would quit that easily?"

Carmilla shook her head and leaned forward on the counter with her forearms. She smirked. "No. I would have killed someone and gone to jail."

Lafontaine let out a laugh. The bell on the door rang as someone entered the shop and Laf looked over Carmilla's shoulder, their smile turning into a smirk.

"Well. Well. Look who it is."

Carmilla glanced over to the door to see Laura making her way to the front counter. She stood up straight and smiled at the blonde.

"Hey, Laf," Laura said with a small wave. She looked up at Carmilla and Carmilla felt her heart flutter when her smile grew and her eyes lit up. "Hey, Carm."

Laura leaned forward and quickly planted a kiss on Carmilla's cheek. "Hey, cutie."

They stared at each other for a couple of seconds before they heard Lafontaine groan, gaining both of their attentions.

"You two are absolutely disgusting. Please, take your heart eyes elsewhere."

"Oh. Good! So you won't mind if I steal her away from work for lunch?" Laura said, looping an arm around Carmilla's waist. The dark haired girl was a little surprised by the closeness and could feel a blush settling on her cheeks.
Carmilla hooked her arm over Laura’s shoulders and looked down at her profile. She smiled, suddenly not giving two shits about the color of her face as long as Laura was tucked into her side.

"Yeah. Just have her back before two," Laf said. They paused before adding, "And for the love of god please get the heart eyes out of your system over lunch."

Carmilla snapped her head to look at Laf, a little embarrassed at getting caught again. "Uh, right. Will-do. See you in an hour, boss."

Laura and Carmilla drove to the diner for lunch. Once they were tucked away in their corner booth, food ordered, Carmilla noticed Laura was definitely trying to hold something back. The blonde was extra smiley and her legs were bouncing under the table so fast her entire body was moving.

"Okay, what has you so hyped up, cupcake?" Carmilla said, playing with the straw in her drink.

Laura stopped bouncing her legs and gave Carmilla a mischievous smile.

Oh. This should be good.

Carmilla raised an eyebrow, waiting for Laura's reply.

"It's a surprise," she said, taking a sip from her soda.

Carmilla groaned. She really should've seen something like this coming.

"Well, when do I get this surprise?"

"Hmm..." Laura squinted and leaned forward, motioning for Carmilla to do the same. With a smile and a roll of her eyes, she obliged and leaned in close to Laura. She watched as the blonde's eyes darted to her lips before pressing her own against them. Carmilla smiled into the kiss before Laura leaned back a little, disconnecting their lips. They looked at each other for a moment, with hooded eyes and lazy smiles, before retreating to their own sides of the booth. Laura sighed. "When our food comes."

Carmilla gave her a confused look. She was still a little blissed-out from the sensation of Laura's lips on her own. Laura simply giggled.

"I'll give you your surprise when our food comes," she clarified.

Carmilla's mouth formed into the shape of an 'o' and Laura giggled again.

"You mean that kiss wasn't my surprise?"

Laura sipped her drink and shook her head. Carmilla smirked and leaned forward again.

"Can I have one more then?" She asked with a hopeful smile.

Laura bit her lip as if she was actually considering saying 'no', before she smiled and leaned in to connect their lips once more. This time Carmilla cupped Laura's cheek and deepened the kiss slightly, but it was still short lived, given the fact she wasn't sure how Laura really felt about PDA, especially when they weren't technically together. Carmilla frowned at the thought. She knew she wasn't seeing anybody else, and wasn't planning to, but she had no idea where Laura was.
"Hey, what's wrong?"

She opened her eyes to see Laura's face still a few inches away, with a look of concern painted across her features.

"Nothing's wrong, cutie. Why would you think that?" Carmilla asked, tucking a loose strand of hair behind Laura's ear.

Laura's fingers reached up and ran over Carmilla's mouth lightly. "You're frowning," Laura said, a frown of her own crossing her lips.

_Nope. That's not okay. Can't have a sad Laura._

Carmilla sighed.

_Well, time to girl the hell up, Karnstein._

"Look, Laura, are you-?"

"Burger, medium-well for, Laura! And burger, rare, for Carmilla!" Elsie put their food down in front of them and from the look in Laura's eye, she had completely forgotten about their current conversation. Instead too focused on the juicy burger sitting in front of her. Carmilla wasn't sure if she was relieved or sad that she didn't get to ask Laura her question.

"Can I get you two anything else?"

Laura had already taken a huge bite of her food and looked up at Elsie, eyes wide and mouth full, only managing to shake her head 'no'. Carmilla grinned, she really was adorable.

"What about you, beautiful? Anything?"

Carmilla's head snapped to look at Elsie, not missing the daggers that Laura was shooting from her eyes at the nickname.

"Uh, no. Thanks," Carmilla said, reaching over the table and grabbing one of Laura's hands in her own, gently letting her thumb trace patterns over the back of her hand. She could feel Laura's eyes shift to look at her instead, as she kept eye contact with Elsie and gave her a tight lipped smile.

Elsie's eyes darted to the girls' hands on the table. "Right. Well, have a nice meal then," she said before quickly making her exit.

Carmilla let out a breath and relaxed.

Why had she been tense?

She looked down to where her hand was still linked with Laura's.

Oh, right. That's why.

Slowly she shifted her gaze to meet the blonde's, who hadn't taken her eyes off of Carmilla since their hands touched. She had finished her bite of food and put her burger down. Her stare was intense and Carmilla had no idea what was going through the other girl's mind. She couldn't help but wonder if she crossed a line.

"I'm sorry. I know we're not, uh... I mean, that technically we aren't actually..." Carmilla rambled as she started to withdraw her hand from Laura's, eyes looking everywhere but at the blonde. Laura
tightened her grip on Carmilla's hand, not letting her pull it away. The dark haired girl forced herself to look at Laura, she still had that intense stare going and Carmilla shifted slightly, unsure of what it meant. Usually it was the other way around, Carmilla would be the one with a heavy gaze on Laura as she attempted to stumble through some kind of explanation. Carmilla didn't really like it this way. At all. Actually, it full on sucked.

Suddenly Laura stood up and Carmilla's heart sunk.

_Great. You managed to drive her away in no time flat._

Her self deprecating rant in her head was cut short when she felt the booth dip next to her. She turned her head and was instantly met with Laura's lips against hers, and Laura's hands in her hair, and Laura's scent engulfing her in the best way. She reacted immediately, kissing her back while letting her hand move up to the back of Laura's neck, pulling her in further. Laura let out a small moan, quiet enough that Carmilla was sure if Laura's lips weren't on hers she wouldn't have even heard it. But they were. And she did. And holy shit was it getting hot in here?

When Laura went to pull away, Carmilla bit down gently on her bottom lip, effectively bringing her back into another kiss. She grinned smugly at how smooth that was on her part. Laura must have picked up on her smugness because she giggled against her lips and pulled back, resting their foreheads together. With a smile still on her face Carmilla allowed it this time, her need for air finally winning out. She opened her eyes to see Laura smiling at her. With what just happened Carmilla felt a sudden flood of confidence.

"Hey, Laura?" She whispered, not wanting to break whatever little spell they seemed under.

"Yeah?"

"Are you... seeing anyone else?"

Evidently it wasn't the question Laura was expecting. She pulled back a little more to look Carmilla in the eye. Suddenly Carmilla felt uneasy again. "Oh. Uh, no. Why? Are you?"

"No," she answered immediately. Laura seemed to relax at her answer.

"Well... good. That... that's good."

"Yeah," Carmilla said.

"Yeah."

_Well. This is awkward._

Carmilla sighed and ran a hand through her hair.

_Made it this far... might as well just go for it._

"So," Carmilla said. She reached out and took Laura's hand, holding it so that her palm was facing up. With both her thumbs she began tracing the lines on Laura's hand. She could feel Laura's gaze falling heavy on her again. She swallowed hard before she continued. "If I'm not seeing anyone else... and you're not seeing anyone else..." Carmilla paused, she knew she should really look up into Laura's eyes, but she just couldn't do it yet. "Maybe... we could agree to... you know... just see each other?"

Carmilla finally got the courage to glance up. It was out there now, the ball was in Laura's court.
And Carmilla could not for the life of her read Laura's expression. Her thumbs stilled on Laura's palms as she stared into her warm brown eyes.

*She hasn't pulled her hand away. That's probably a good sign...*

"So, you mean, like, girlfriends?" Laura finally asked.

"Well I mean, yeah I guess, technically. But, we don't have to label it or anything if you're not comfortable with-"

Carmilla was cut off with the feeling of soft lips against her own. She smiled.

"Oh hell no," Laura said, "if I'm going to be exclusive with Carmilla Karnstein you better believe I'm going to call her my girlfriend."

Carmilla's smile grew and she gave Laura another quick peck. She would have kissed her properly, but they were both smiling too wide, and besides, she was her girlfriend now. Plenty of time for kissing.

Carmilla's heart thumped faster at the thought of the word.

*Girlfriend. Laura Hollis is my fucking girlfriend.*

After a moment Laura's eyes widened and she smacked Carmilla on the arm lightly.

"Oh! Right, your surprise!" Laura said as she darted back over to the other side of the booth to grab her bag. Carmilla instantly missed her warmth.

"It's okay, cutie, forget about it. I'd rather have you over here," Carmilla said in a flirtatious tone. When Laura met her gaze Carmilla made sure to put on her seduction eyes. Which she knew were way stronger than her heart eyes, especially judging by the fact Laura was now blushing bright red.

With a smirk Laura grabbed her bag and sat back down in the booth next to Carmilla. "Why not both?" She said, waggling her eyebrows. Carmilla let out a small chuckle and wrapped her arm around Laura's shoulders.

"Okay, hit me with it."

Laura took a piece of paper out of her bag, rolled it into a tube and booped Carmilla on the nose. The brunette scrunched up her face.

"There," Laura said, "I hit you with it." She laughed at her own joke and Carmilla shook her head.

"Dork."

Laura smiled and kissed Carmilla's cheek before handing her the paper in her hand. "Here."

Carmilla took her arm from around Laura to unroll the flyer she had been handed.

"Silas University's Battle of the Bands?"

"Mhmm!" Laura said, she had moved her burger in front of her and taken another bite.

Carmilla popped a fry into her mouth as she read over the flyer. It was nice of Laura to think of her,
and the opportunity sounded incredible, but there was no way she could compete.

"Cutie, I really appreciate that you thought of me and everything, but... I can't compete. I'm not a student."

Laura's mischievous smile crept back onto her face. "Read the fine print, Carm."

Carmilla looked at the bottom of the flyer where Laura was pointing.

"At least one contestant from each band/group must be either a Silas University Student, Silas University Alumni, or a member of the Silas University Staff."

"Yeah, uh, cupcake I'm not any of those."

"True... but... we know a few musicians who qualify."

"What are you-?"

Carmilla's eyes widen. The penny drops.

"Laura, you have got to be kidding me."

"Oh, come on! You'd be great together!"

Carmilla gave Laura an incredulous look. "You want me to go out on stage with the Bobbsey twins as my band?"

"Yes! You like them well enough! And don't you dare try and deny it! Besides, it's an amazing opportunity, Carm!"

Carmilla stared at Laura and shook her head. "You're insane."

Laura nodded. "Quite possibly. But you have to admit... it'll be awesome when you win."

Carmilla sighed and looked down at the flyer in her hands. It really was a great opportunity. She looked over at Laura whose eyes were shining full of hope and... adoration? Definitely adoration. And Carmilla knew she was sunk. She let out a long breath and smirked.

"Fine. I'll go recruit the band."

Laura was in her space again in an instant, wrapping her up in a tight hug and planting a kiss to her lips.

"You're gonna be awesome, babe," She whispered against her lips.

Carmilla hummed and captured Laura's lips with hers once more. She would never get enough of kissing Laura. Of kissing her girlfriend.

Finally they pulled away and smiled at each other before settling into the booth to eat their food. Carmilla put her arm around Laura's shoulders once again and took a bite of her food.

"Only thing to do now is name the band," Laura said in between bites.

Carmilla smirked. "How about 'Carmilla and the Ginger Twins'."

Laura laughed. "More like 'Broody and the Ginger Twins'."
"I do not brood!"

"You totally brood!"

Carmilla growled and angrily bit into a french fry, a scowl on her face.

After a moment Laura glanced over and snickered. Carmilla looked at her and raised an eyebrow. Laura shrugged.

"You're brooding," She said with a smirk.

Carmilla wrinkled her nose, she really couldn't argue at this point. "Shut up," she mumbled, locking eyes with Laura and smiling.

Laura smiled back and let her eyes shift down to look at Carmilla's lips. "Make me."

The brunette grinned and leaned in, happy to oblige.

Chapter End Notes

So how about that huh? worth the wait? I wrote this over the course of like two weeks so if I fucked up with something (Like if I contradicted myself) please let me know lol. As always thank you so much for reading! I absolutely adore you guys AND LIVE TO READ YOUR COMMENTS SO PRETTY PLEASE LEAVE ONE!!! (if you wanna) also feel free to hit me up on tumblr @carmillamenzel! Have a great day/night creampuffs!
Well... Practice Makes Perfect

Chapter Notes

Season 2 was amazing yeah? Who else is pumped for season zero?! Dear god the sexual tension between Hollstein is fucking REAL. lol ANYWAY! On with the show :) Hope you enjoy the chapter! (Get ready it's a long one)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Carm, relax it's gonna be fine."

Carmilla sighed. It had been a week since she asked Laf and Perry if they'd help her out with the Battle of the Bands and she was now standing outside of their house about to attend their first practice as a band. Both gingers had been not only willing, but extremely eager to get to participate in the event, having never had the opportunity while they were both attending Silas. Carmilla on the other hand was still a little unsure of the idea. Although she loved her bosses she wasn't sure if they'd all be able to actually work together well enough as a band to be ready for the competition which was only about three months away. There would be bands competing that had been together for years, how the hell could Carmilla and her two red-headed friends possibly stand a chance?

Laura's arms wrapping around her waist pulled Carmilla out of her head and back into reality. She smiled to herself and leaned back into the embrace, resting her hands on Laura's forearms.

"I know, cutie. It's just nerves. I've never really had to play with other people before. Ah, the joys of the acoustic guitar."

Laura laughed and kissed Carmilla's shoulder. "Yes, but you were born to play that electric guitar. I mean have you seen you play? Damn..."

Now it was Carmilla's turn to laugh, she craned her head so she could look at her girlfriend. "That good, huh?" Carmilla said, cocking an eyebrow.

Laura grinned and nodded. "Definitely that good."

Carmilla smirked and leaned in to press her lips to Laura's. The past week had been fantastic with Laura as her girlfriend. Sometimes Carmilla still couldn't believe that Laura was, in fact, her girlfriend. Hell, she couldn't believe she had a girlfriend. It was something that had never been appealing to her once in her life and suddenly this tiny ball of energy shows up in her life and she's head over heels. Carmilla couldn't explain what happened if she tried, and she knew if she thought about it too hard she'd probably just explode, so she chose not to really question it. And with Laura's soft, warm lips moving slowly against hers, not questioning it was extremely easy. Carmilla broke the kiss and leaned her forehead against Laura's, taking a deep breath through her nose.

"Can't you stay though?" Carmilla asked, turning around in Laura's arms so that she could wrap her arms around her neck.

Laura giggled and let her fingers start tracing patterns along Carmilla's lower back. "Carm, I've got to go to work. I had to get my schedule changed 'cause I have a big exam on Friday."
Carmilla whined and rubbed her cheek against Laura's, eliciting another giggle from the blonde. "Stop being cute! I have to go!"

"Nooooo, stay with me," Carmilla said, cupping the back of Laura's neck and staring into her eyes. She let her eyes drop to Laura's lips after a moment, lowering her voice to be more husky, she added, "I promise I'll make it worth your while."

Laura's breath hitched and Carmilla fought off her smirk, wanting to keep the air of seduction about her.

"Come on, Laura," she whispered, ghosting her lips over the blonde's. "You can listen to me play. And then maybe later, we can play." She nipped at Laura's bottom lip and felt the girl's body shiver.

"Carm..." Laura whined.

Carmilla chuckled, slowly letting her hands travel down the sides of the smaller girl's body. "Yes, cutie?"

Laura groaned when Carmilla's hand snaked under her shirt to rest on her flat stomach. "G-go back to being cute."

Carmilla laughed at that, but didn't remove her hand from Laura's skin. Instead she scraped her nails along her stomach, when she reach the waistband of Laura's jeans she put a finger through one of her belt loops and pulled their hips flush together, a wicked smirk pulling at the corner of her lips. Laura leaned up and kissed her, moving her hands to tangle in Carmilla's hair, something Carmilla noticed Laura really liked to do. Luckily she just so happened to really like when Laura did that, too.

Carmilla sighed as she kissed her back, sweeping her tongue into the blonde's mouth. She could kiss Laura all day, everyday, and be perfectly content with her life. Laura's grip tightened on Carmilla's locks, and she pulled their bodies even closer together. Carmilla moaned and fisted her hands into the back of Laura's shirt.

That was another thing that changed after Carmilla solidified her relationship with Laura. She was having a harder time holding herself back, physically. It was like every part of her being was just screaming at her to bring Laura back to her place and fuck her.

No. Not fuck her. Worship her?

The desire Carmilla held for Laura ran so much deeper than anything she had ever felt before. It was honestly terrifying. Normally when she wanted to sleep with a girl, she felt the need to be quick and fast and rough. But when she thought about Laura... She wanted soft touches that lingered and slow deep movements. She wanted to take her time and map every inch of Laura's body with her lips before showing her a whole galaxy behind her eyelids. No. She didn't want to fuck Laura. She wanted it to matter. She wanted... she wanted...

"Really? On the front porch?"

Carmilla felt Laura jump back from her quickly. The brunette quickly sucked in a ragged breath, clearing her thoughts before turning to be face-to-face with Laf who was standing in the front doorway with a raised eyebrow. Carmilla quickly put a smirk on her face and ran a hand through her now tousled hair.

"Oh, hey Laf we were... we were just-"

Laf cut Laura's sentence short. "Making out in front of my house?"
"Uh..."

Laf rolled their eyes. "Look, I'm not trying to get in the way of your weird courtship ritual, but Perr is starting to get anxious about getting this practice underway."

"Anxious?" Carmilla asked at the same time Laura said "Courtship ritual?"

Laf ignored Laura's comment. "She's made about five batches of brownies, and has cleaned every room in the house twice. So... the sooner we start playing the better."

"Yeah, I have to get going to work anyway," Laura said, checking the time on her phone. "As of right now I'll just make it."

She turned and planted a quick kiss to Carmilla's cheek. The brunette smiled despite herself.

"Good luck, Carm" Laura said. She paused before adding,"Want to come by tonight after my shift? You haven't seen my place yet."

Carmilla's smile grew. "Sure, I'll see you tonight, cutie."

Laura's face broke into a smile of her own, she quickly kissed Carmilla on the lips and then started to make her way to her car. With a small wave Laura pulled away from Laf and Perry's house. Once her car was out of sight Carmilla finally turned to Lafontaine once again. They were giving her an odd look.

"What?"

"You are so whipped."

"What? Uh. No, Carmilla Karnstein does not get whipped." Carmilla said crossing her arms.

Laf sighed. "Keep telling yourself that, Karnstein. Come on, in. We should get our practice started."

Carmilla walked past Lafontaine into the house. It was a nice. As she walked in the stairs leading up to the second floor were directly in front of her, to the left was a hallway that lead to the back of the house where the living room and dining room were. About halfway down that hallway on the left was a doorway that opened into a kitchen. Carmilla could hear the sounds of pots and pans clanging from that room.

"Head out to the garage and set up. I'll grab Perry."

Carmilla gave them a nod and turned to the door to her right, that Laf had pointed out as the door that led to the garage. She quickly descended the three steps into the garage and flicked on the light switch. The garage looked to be built to only house one car, but the only thing Carmilla saw was how many instruments laid inside instead. There were a mix of ten different guitars and basses hanging along the back wall and a rather impressive drum kit sitting in the left corner of the room. Amps and microphones were scattered about in the open space and Carmilla was in heaven. She moved over to one of the amps and started setting her guitar up. Just as she sat down to tune up Laf and Perry came in through the doorway.

"But- but I need to-"

"Perr, relax, the bathroom can be scrubbed down again later," Laf said with a chuckle. Perry huffed. "That's not what I was going to say!"
Laf cocked an eyebrow. "Oh? What were you going to say? The kitchen?"

Perry looked away from them. "Maybe..."

Lafontaine laughed and wrapped an arm around Perry's shoulders, leading her down into the garage. "That can wait too, Perr. I promise the mess will still be there in a couple of hours."

Carmilla grinned at their interaction. For how different they were, the two really did make a great couple, balancing each other out almost perfectly.

"Ready to get this rehearsal started?" Carmilla asked as she finished tuning her guitar and stood up.

Laf threw her a smile as they separated from Perry and made their way to the drum kit. "Oh yeah!"

Perry grabbed a bass off of the back walk and slung it over her shoulder, she walked over to the free amplifier and plugged in, quickly tuning her bass. Laf kicked their bass pedal a few times and did a quick roll around their drums to check if they sounded tuned. Once everyone was happy with the way their instruments sounded they exchanged some glances. Finally Carmilla shrugged her shoulders and smirked.

"Well, here goes nothing."

As far as first practices go, Carmilla assumed it could have gone worse. They had ended up practicing for about double the time they had originally intended because it took them two hours just to figure out how to get everyone on the same page to actually play something loosely resembling a song. Being able to play an instrument and being able to perform with others were two completely separate skills, which Carmilla was not aware of. Eventually they clicked and had a decent jam session, even if they didn't manage to actually work on practicing a real song, it was at least some progress. After a four hour practice session Carmilla's fingers were left feeling raw, despite their years of experience along the strings of a guitar. Perry was getting tired too and Laf looked like if they tried to play another beat their arms might fall off. They all decided it was probably a good idea to stop for the day. Carmilla packed up her guitar as Laf and Perry straightened up their respective places. After Carmilla had her instrument packed away she looked at her phone and sighed. Laura still wouldn't be out of work for a few more hours.

"Oh, is something wrong, Carmilla?" Perry asked, noticing the frown on Carmilla's face.

Before she had the chance to reply Laf cut in. "She's just broody because she can't see her tiny gay yet."

Carmilla glared at Laf who wore a smug grin.

"Sweetie, leave her alone, don't you remember what you were like back when we started dating?"

Laf turned bright red, a look of horror crossing their features. Carmilla couldn't hold in her laugh.

"Oh, this I have to hear," Carmilla said.

"Well, we were friends since we were little."

"Uh, Perr, isn't there still a mess in the kitchen you wanted to take care of?" Laf asked.

Perry instantly forgot whatever story she was about to tell. "Oh, right! Thank you, sweetie! I almost forgot! I should really go take care of that before the batter from the brownies is forever caked onto
that bowl." With that, Perry hurried back into the house. Laf let out a breath of relief.

"Nice save, brainiac," Carmilla said with a chuckle. "Don't think you've escaped that story forever though."

Laf sighed. "Come on, let's go inside. We can eat some of the dozens of brownies Perry made today."

"I dunno, maybe I should just get going... I've got to get ready to see Laura and-"

"Dude, Laura's not going to be done work for another couple hours, and I'm offering you free brownies. Perry's free brownies. You don't pass that up."

Laf smiled and flung an arm around Carmilla's shoulder ushering her into the house.

"Besides," they continued, "bonding with your bandmates is just as important as practicing."

Carmilla shoved her hands in her pockets and smiled. "I guess a few brownies couldn't hurt..."

"Now that's what I like to hear!"

Once Carmilla and Laf reached the dining room Laf unhooked Carmilla from their grasp and made their way to one of the plates of brownies stacked on the table. They took one and sat back in a chair, popping a bite into their mouth. Carmilla sat across from them and started eating one of the brownies too. They were good. Really good.

"Oh my god." Carmilla said, taking another bite.

"Told you they were good," Lafontaine said with a chuckle.

Carmilla and Laf continued munching on brownies while Perry finished cleaning up the kitchen. The three of them talked a lot about the Battle of the Bands competition. Carmilla was curious about how the competition was set up, and Laf and Perry had attended it every year while they were at Silas. Even though they couldn't compete it was a fun time, and a good excuse for some free musical entertainment. Each band got to perform three songs for the crowd and judges, two of which were allowed to be covers, but the band had to perform at least one original song, then the judges would score them on their musical ability, compatibility with the main band playing the show, and their stage presence with the crowd. The thing that had Carmilla the most nervous was having to write an original song. The music came easy to her, but words were another thing entirely.

Eventually, Laf brought up the fact that they still had to name the band.

"We can't just go on stage without a band name. We won't even stand a chance then."

"Well, Laura had suggested Broody and the Ginger Twins, but I get the feeling that was a joke," Carmilla said.

"Actually, that's not bad..."

Carmilla's looked at Laf with a stern expression. "No."

"What? We can maybe-"

"Are you kidding?!"

"Just listen! Maybe we can abbreviate it. Like BGT, y'know? No one has to know what it means."
Carmilla thought about it for a moment. There were certainly worse options.

"Oh, and initials would look awesome on the front of my drums," Laf said, obviously daydreaming some rockstar fantasy.

Carmilla shrugged. "What do you think, Curly Sue?" she called to Perry who was still trying to scrub batter off of the mixing bowl.

"I think I may need to get a power washer to get this off actually."

Laf smiled and rolled their eyes. "About the band name, Perr."

Perry looked over to the table with a red tint to her cheeks. "Oh. I'm fine with whatever you two decide." She said before going back to scrubbing away at the bowl.

Laf looked over to Carmilla and smiled. "Looks like we have a band, huh?"

Carmilla smiled back and took another brownie. "Looks like it."

Carmilla stood outside of dorm A21 on the Silas campus. She double checked the message Laura had sent her to make sure it was the right place before knocking on the door. She heard some rustling on the other side of the door and smiled. Then there was a small 'thud' followed by a tiny 'oof' and Carmilla couldn't stop herself from laughing.

"Do you need some help answering the door, cutie?" Carmilla called out.

The door swung open to reveal a slightly disheveled Laura wearing a green tanktop, blue jeans, and a beaming smile.

"Hey!"

Carmilla chuckled and smirked. "Hey," she said, leaning against the doorway. "You usually have trouble answering the door for people?"

Laura fought off a smile and shook her head. "Only when I know there's a pretty girl on the other side."

Carmilla's smirk fell and was replaced with a small, honest smile. She hadn't been expecting a line like that from Laura and she could feel her face heating up. She looked down at the floor and rubbed the back of her neck. Laura rolled her eyes and grabbed Carmilla's arm, pulling her out of the doorway and into her apartment. Carmilla stumbled slightly and moved her arm to wrap around Laura's waist to steady herself. Laura kicked the door shut behind them and gestured to her place.

"Welcome to my humble abode," Laura said.

Carmilla took a second to look at the place. It was way bigger than she was expecting.

"Uh... can you really call this place a dorm?"

It was really more of an apartment. The small living room was directly to the left of the door and straight ahead looked like a small kitchen. There was a door to the far left of the living room and another door on the wall adjacent that Carmilla assumed were her bedroom and bathroom.

Laura shrugged. "On campus apartment?"
"Certainly more accurate..." Carmilla said taking in the place once more before finding Laura's eyes.

Laura leaned up and gave Carmilla a quick peck on the lips. She sighed as she pulled away. "Hi, Carm."

Carmilla laughed and squeezed Laura's hip. "Hi, cutie." She pressed her lips to the top of Laura's head. "I missed you today."

Laura giggled and pushed Carmilla off of her playfully before making her way over to the fridge. "It was only, like, six hours."

Carmilla walked over to Laura's couch and plopped down on it with a pout. "Longest six hours ever."

Laura chuckled. "Do you want anything to drink?"

"Water's fine."

Carmilla looked around the apartment once again, this time taking in the small things about it that just made it seem so... Laura. On the wall above the T.V. was a framed poster having something to do with that Doctor Who show that Laura had made Carmilla suffer in silence through. Although, according to Laura, 'suffer in silence' would entail not making fun of the silly plot or pointing out the stupid decisions the characters make. There were a few more posters ranging from things in the Marvel Universe to a poster of the cast of Orange is the New Black. The one thing that really caught Carmilla's attention though was the picture sitting in the frame on the table next to the couch. Carmilla sat up a little straighter and picked up the photo to get a better look. There was a man with brown hair and brown eyes smiling wide in the picture, as well as a woman with blonde hair and brown eyes. What was making Carmilla smile, however, was the third and final person in the picture. Wedged in between the man and woman was a little Laura Hollis, in her cap and gown gripping her diploma and smiling the same big smile as the man, which Carmilla assumed must be her father.

Laura walked over and set Carmilla's water down on the table next to her before falling onto the couch and snuggling into her side. Carmilla put her arm around Laura as they got comfortable.

"You were so adorable," Carmilla said still looking at the picture in her hands.

"Excuse me, 'were'?" Laura said with a laugh.

Carmilla rolled her eyes and looked at her girlfriend with a smile before kissing her on the cheek.

"Don't worry, cupcake. You're still adorable. I just meant that you looked so innocent and hopeful."

Laura sighed and reached out to hold one side of the frame. "Yeah well, that was before four years of obtaining crippling college debt," Laura said teasingly.

"I sometimes wonder if I should have gone to college."

"You didn't?"

Carmilla shook her head. "Mother always just expected me to take over the family business. College wasn't a necessity if she could avoid the expenses and just train me herself."

Carmilla stared hard at the picture. Her high school graduation hadn't been anything special. She got her diploma and that was that. No celebration with her family, no pictures. Just a fancy piece of paper saying she managed to stay in school until she was eighteen. She wondered what it might have
been like if her mother had come to the ceremony and cheered for her as she received her diploma. Carmilla sighed there were so many 'what ifs' down that train of thought she decided not to even bother thinking about it at all.

"Well, you know it's never too late," Laura said, squeezing Carmilla's knee lightly.

Carmilla smiled sadly. "Nah, I think I'm past my school days, sweetheart."

"What do you think you would have majored in? Music?"

"Probably not. If it turns into school work it stops being fun, right? No. I think maybe... philosophy."

"Really?"

Carmilla nodded. "Yeah. I've always loved reading philosophy. There's such a beauty in it. Like the stars. They can make you feel small and insignificant, but yet there's a comfort in knowing that, in the grand scheme of things, you are."

It was silent a moment before Laura pulled back, letting her hand slide from the picture frame, so that she could look at Carmilla's face. Carmilla looked back at her and couldn't really read Laura's expression. Finally Laura took the picture out of Carmilla's hands and placed it back on the table before swinging a leg over Carmilla's waist so that she was straddling her on the couch. Carmilla's hands instantly found her thighs as Laura cradled her jaw with both hands and brought her in for a deep kiss. After kissing for a few moments Laura drew back just enough for them to breathe and murmured against her lips.

"You are anything but insignificant, Carmilla Karnstein."

And with those words Carmilla was gone. Her heart soared into oblivion and there was simply no more holding back. She reconnected their lips and pulled Laura forward by her hips so that their bodies were snug against each other. Laura moved her hands to tangle in Carmilla's hair and gave a gentle tug. Carmilla moaned and swept her tongue into Laura's mouth, letting her fingers dig into the blonde's sides briefly before moving her hands along the flat of her stomach until she was able to cup Laura's breasts over her shirt. Carmilla broke the kiss momentarily and looked up at Laura. Her eyes were hooded with lust and her lips swollen from kissing. No sight had ever been more beautiful.

Finally Carmilla managed to whisper, "Is this okay?"

Laura looked at her and grinned while shaking her head and removing her hands from Carmilla's hair. The brunettes hands were off Laura's breasts in an instant, only to be grabbed by Laura and led underneath her tanktop. Carmilla sucked in a breath feeling Laura's stomach muscles twitch under her touch. She leaned forward and buried her face in the crook of Laura's neck as the blonde continued to guide Carmilla's hands to her chest. She planted a few feather-light kisses along Laura's neck before she felt her hands cradling the swell of Laura's breasts over only her bra. They were at a bit of a standstill now. Laura's hands resting on Carmilla's over her breasts. Carmilla was nervous, she didn't know why, because Laura had taken the lead and was obviously very okay with everything that was happening, but she just couldn't shake the feeling. It all felt like the first time. Like she'd never done any of this before. And suddenly it clicked that she hadn't. She hadn't done anything like this before, not with someone she actually cared about. And that scared the shit out of her. But with a gentle squeeze of Laura's hands over her own her stomach stopped doing backflips and settled for butterflies. Carmilla squeezed again, slowly, on her own this time. Laura let out a low moan and wrapped her arms loosely around Carmilla's neck, finding her lips once more. As Laura's tongue found it's way into her mouth it was Carmilla's turn to moan. She doubled her efforts on Laura's breasts, feeling a rush of confidence. After a moment Carmilla pulled back and chuckled
after hearing the whine that escaped Laura's lips.

"Sorry, cutie. I was just thinking that there is far too much clothing on right now," Carmilla husked out against Laura's ear. She felt Laura nod and smiled before pulling back to help Laura remove her shirt. Once the shirt fell to the floor Carmilla wrapped her hands around Laura's waist and dipped her head down to kiss across her chest. Her lips lingered a little longer over Laura's heart before she whispered, "You're so beautiful, Laura," against her skin. Laura cupped Carmilla's face in her hands and planted a kiss to the top of her head, before gently pushing her so that she would move back. Carmilla rested her back against the couch, her hands resting on Laura's hips as she let the blonde take the lead once more. Laura's hands traveled from Carmilla's face, to her neck, to her collarbones over her breasts and down her stomach before finally stopping at the hem of her shirt. Carmilla reached down to help Laura remove it. As it was coming off Carmilla's necklace got caught in her hair.

"Ow ow, wait," she said reaching up to untangle the chain from her hair and fix it back on her neck while also disposing of her shirt.

Laura giggled and brushed her fingers through Carmilla's hair untangling the knots caused by the necklace.

"Sorry," Laura said, planting a kiss to Carmilla's hair.

Carmilla chuckled. "Death by necklace avoided. Now... where were we...?" She said as she started to walk her fingers up Laura's side.

Laura smiled and leaned down to kiss Carmilla, pinning her body up against her own. The feeling of skin on skin was overwhelming as both girls let out moans into their kiss. Carmilla wrapped her arms around Laura's waist tightly as Laura gripped the back of her sofa. Suddenly Carmilla nibbled down on Laura's lip and the blonde automatically rolled her hips the friction causing a breathy whine to escape her lips. Carmilla could have had a heart attack if she wasn't so busy concentrating on the sounds coming out of Laura's mouth as she started grinding on her. Instead she moved her hands to Laura's hips and helped guide her thrusts while she kissed her way down to start sucking and biting at her neck. Laura's breath was ragged against her ear and her pulse was thundering under her lips, and Carmilla had never felt so turned on in her whole life. She dragged her nails up Laura's back to her bra and quickly unhooked it.

_First try. Way to go Karnstein._

Laura stopped rolling her hips into Carmilla and Carmilla had to physically hold back the whine threatening to escape from her throat. Her complaints were completely forgotten, however, when she caught the sound of Laura's bra hitting the floor. She slowly leaned back so that she could take Laura in. Her breath caught in her throat and she realized she might have been staring too long when Laura started to turn red and began to move her hands to cover herself. Carmilla gently grabbed Laura's hands and lowered them, her eyes never leaving the blonde's. She shook her head and pulled Laura forward, placing her hands to rest on the back of the couch again. Laura quirked an eyebrow and Carmilla smirked as she placed her hands back on Laura's hips. When she didn't start moving again Carmilla thrust her own hips up into Laura, who quickly received the message and began to grind down into the brunette's lap. Carmilla wasted no time in leaning forward and kissing her way across Laura's chest again before finally taking a nipple into her mouth. Carmilla swirled her tongue around it a few times before scraping her teeth along the now hardened peak. She felt one of Laura's hands fly from the back of the couch to her hair. And particularly hard thrust from Laura nearly had a moan ripping from her throat that she forced back into a small one in favor of hearing the loud one that came from Laura.
"Fuck, Carm."

Carmilla chuckled and detached her lips from her nipple, bringing her hand up to pinch and roll the other one while she whispered in Laura's ear. "We're getting there, sweetheart."

Laura whined as Carmilla planted her lips to her neck and began running her hands down her body, stopping only when she reached the waistband of Laura's jeans. Carmilla leaned back and looked at Laura before she went any further. Her unspoken question answered with a quick nod. The brunette popped the button on Laura's jeans open and slowly slid her zipper down. Carmilla's heart was thrashing in her chest and she couldn't find the courage to move her hands.

"Hey," Laura said, bringing Carmilla's attention to her face. She tried to hide her nerves but Laura must have seen right through it as her hands came up to cradle her jaw. Carmilla gave Laura a small smile, her fingers scratching at the material of Laura's jeans.

Laura leaned forward and connected their foreheads, brushing her nose against Carmilla's, causing the brunette to break out into a full smile.

"It's just me, Carm," Laura said. She planted a small kiss to Carmilla's lips and leaned back to look at her.

Carmilla was still smiling but she shook her head 'no'.

"Exactly. It's you," Carmilla whispered. "And if you were anyone else we'd already be done here tonight," she continued with a laugh. "But you're not anyone else, Laura. You've got me feeling things I didn't even know I was capable of feeling. And I just- I don't know what to..."

Laura slid her hands down to Carmilla's and gently grabbed her right hand, bringing it closer to her core. She looked up into Carmilla's eyes.

"Show me. Show me how you feel, Carm. If- if you want to..."

Carmilla glanced into Laura's eyes before letting her guide her hand to cup her through her underwear. Laura's breathing picked up instantly and Carmilla let her head fall onto Laura's shoulder. Her fingers stroked lightly over Laura's covered center and she groaned at how wet Laura was.

"Fucking hell, Laur..." Carmilla said as she started to rub circles over Laura's clit through her underwear. Laura rocking into Carmilla's hand and let out a whimper.

As Carmilla started to pick up the pace there were three sharp knocks at the door. The brunette groaned and was about to pull her hand away when she felt Laura grab her wrist and keep it between her thighs.

"Whoever it is can fucking come back," she rushed out, eyes pleading with Carmilla to continue. She obliged and started rubbing circles over Laura's underwear again. "God, Carm. Please..." Laura whimpered in her ear as her hands dug into her girlfriend's shoulders. A few more knocks sounded at the door. "Damn it, babe, don't stop, please."

Carmilla wasn't sure she could even if she wanted to now, with Laura rocking into her hand, she was on autopilot.

"Touch me, Carm. P-please. Touch me."

Just as Carmilla was about to push Laura's underwear to the side and give her everything she
wanted, the person knocked at the door again, only this time the knocks were followed by a voice. A
deep voice.

"Laura? Laura? Are you in there?"

Laura turned stiff in Carmilla's arms and the brunette stilled her movements.

"Shit." Laura said, taking Carmilla's hands out of her pants and standing up, frantically trying to get

"Laura?" The man called again.

"She's probably out with friends, dear. This is why I tell you to text her before you come here,"
another voice said from outside, this one sounding more feminine.

Laura's eyes widened as she finally got her bra back in place. "Oh, you have got to be kidding me."
Carmilla sat on the couch awkwardly, trying to put together what was happening.

Three more knocks sounded at the door. "Laura!"

Laura was quickly buttoning up her pants and grabbing both hers and Carmilla's shirt off the floor
when she answered.

"Just a minute, dad!"

Carmilla eyes nearly popped out of her head as she sprung off the couch.

_Did she just say 'dad'? As in DAD dad?!_

"Wait, 'dad'?" Carmilla stuttered out.

Laura gave Carmilla an apologetic look and tossed her her shirt. She quickly slipped it over her head
and ran a hand through her hair. Laura stepped into her space and gave her a tight hug.

"Sorry, Carm," She said. She pulled back and pecked Carmilla on the lips once before resting her
forehead against Carmilla's. "I promise I'll make this up to you," she added before pulling away from
her girlfriend entirely and starting to make her way to the door.

Carmilla took a deep breath. "So... Meet the parents, cupcake?"

Laura stopped with her hand on the handle and smiled. "I promise, they're going to love you."

_Great..._

Carmilla ran her fingers through her hair, trying to tame the mess Laura had made out of it just a few
moments ago. With a huff she gave up and hoped it looked good enough.

_Well..._

Laura opened the door and smiled at her parents.

_Here goes nothing._
Chapter End Notes

I'm only kind of sorry for that one hahahaha. But hey, good things COME to those who wait. ;) ANYWAY hope you enjoyed the chapter! PLEASE LEAVE A COMMENT THEY MAKE MY DAY!!!! I ABSOLUTELY LOVE HEARING FROM YOU GUYS!!! You can also hit me up on tumblr @carmillamenzel. Thank you for reading and I hope you have a great day/night!

P.S.
Sorry this took so long and really wasn't anything spectacular... I had a lot going on at school so I pretty much wrote like almost all of this today.
Laura took a deep breath, trying to calm herself down a little before she opened the door to face her parents. This was less than an ideal situation, and certainly not the way Laura had imagined Carmilla meeting her parents for the first time. She glanced at the girl standing in her living room once more. Carmilla looked like she was seconds away from possibly passing out, so Laura decided not to waste any more time and swung the door open, plastering a huge smile onto her face.

"Hey guys! What're you doing here?" Laura asked as she leaned her weight against the door.

Laura's father smiled at her and put his hands on his hips. "What? We can't come and see our daughter whom we love so dearly?" He teased.

Laura chuckled in response. "Of course. It's just... you guys usually call or something!"

"Your father thought it would be a nice surprise to take you out for dinner tonight. I told him to call..." Laura's mother said, looking pointedly at her husband who smiled shyly. She turned back to Laura before continuing. "I hope we didn't interrupt any plans, sweetheart. We can always go a different day."

It was a perfect opportunity to back out and part of Laura was screaming to take it and go back to her earlier activities with her girlfriend. However, a larger part of her was telling her to let the night play out. She didn't want Carmilla getting offended if she didn't introduce her to her parents. So Laura fought off her desires for the "greater good" of the night.

"Um... no actually, it's okay! There's kind of someone here I want you guys to meet," Laura said as she ushered her parents into her apartment.

She shut the door behind them before making her way to the living room where Carmilla stood awkwardly with her hands shoved in her pockets. Laura could tell she was practically sweating bullets.

"Wow it's like she's never done the whole 'meet the parents' thing before..."

Laura gave Carmilla a smile and put a hand at the small of her back. She felt the brunette relax slightly at her touch and turned to face her parents.

"Mom, Dad, this is Carmilla, my girlfriend."

Carmilla gave Laura's parents a nervous smile and extended her hand out. She swallowed hard, trying to get the dryness to leave her throat.
Mr. and Mrs. Hollis shook Carmilla's hand with a smile.

"Hi, Mr. and Mrs. Hollis. It's... it's a uh, a pleasure to meet you both," Carmilla stammered out, mentally facepalming.

Laura drew circles on Carmilla's lower back with her thumb, trying to get her to relax.

"Nice to meet you, too, Carmilla. Laura hasn't stopped talking about you for weeks," Mr. Hollis said.

Laura stopped tracing patterns on Carmilla's back when she saw an all too familiar smirk spread across the brunette's lips. Laura, meanwhile, had turned a violent shade of red. She only mentioned Carmilla maybe a total of like, ten times... in the last two days... or was that just today...? Shit.

"Oh, really?" Carmilla said, turning her attention to Laura and raising an eyebrow.

"Um, didn't you mention something about dinner?" Laura said to her mother, quickly trying to change the subject. She let out a nervous chuckle. "I mean I dunno about you guys but I'm starving!"

As if reading her daughter's mind, Laura's mother smiled.

"You know I'm pretty hungry, too. They opened this new little steakhouse just across town that looks absolutely amazing," she said. She looked to Carmilla. "Would steak be okay with you, dear?"

Carmilla blushed slightly. "Oh, um... I wouldn't want to impose on time with your daughter, ma'am."

Mrs. Hollis shook her head and smiled. "Don't be silly, it's no imposition, Carmilla. We'd be thrilled to have you."

"Besides, if you don't come I doubt our daughter will," Mr. Hollis said with a smirk.

"Dad!"

Laura's father laughed loudly and Carmilla tried to stifle hers as she felt Laura's eyes glaring at the side of her head. The brunette cleared her throat.

"Steak sounds amazing," she said with a smile.

Mrs. Hollis was pretty awesome. Carmilla had instantly clicked with her, especially when they started discussing how Carmilla was a musician. Carmilla had initially been afraid to bring up that particular fact, thinking that Laura's parents might not approve of her career choice, much like her own mother. However, it turned out that Laura's mother was an artist herself. Sure, painting and playing guitar didn't exactly go hand in hand, but the passion for their art was enough for them to find some equal footing. Laura had already boasted about the fact that Carmilla was a "brilliant musician", which, when brought up, had brought a blush to both girls' face. Laura's mother had smiled and said that she would love to hear Carmilla play sometime.

"Oh! Actually, Carm just joined a band with Laf and Perry!" Laura said before stuffing a piece of steak into her mouth.

"Really?" Mr. Hollis said, looking over to Carmilla.

She nodded. "Yeah, thanks to Laura here, we're going to be performing in the Battle of the Bands at Silas."

Laura bounced excitedly in her spot in the booth, next to Carmilla, quickly swallowing her food so
that she could talk.

"Mmm! Yeah! And when they win they'll be opening for whoever is performing the Concert on Campus!"

"If we win. There's a lot of other bands competing, Laura. Who've been playing together way longer than me, Laf and Perry," Carmilla said.

Laura's unyielding confidence that Carmilla, Laf and Perry were going to win this competition was adorable and heartwarming to Carmilla, but it also made her nervous. Carmilla was confident in herself as a musician, she was good at it, she knew that, and would never deny it. And over the last several weeks working for Lafontaine and Perry she learned that they were excellent musicians too. But just because three people are good at playing instruments doesn't mean they can automatically form some sort of super-band. These things take time, which was something that Carmilla understood. Many bands practice for months before even trying to book a gig. Yet Carmilla and her merry band of misfits had to be ready by January. She really didn't want Laura to get upset if they didn't end up winning. She smirked at the thought.

*I can just see it now... me having to comfort Laura after I lose.*

"I know you guys can do it, though," Laura said, placing a hand on Carmilla's thigh under the table.

Carmilla coughed slightly, not expecting the contact from Laura, and quickly reached for her water, taking a few generous gulps. Normally, that tiny bit of affection would only send butterflies throughout the brunette's stomach. Just a happy little bunch of butterflies. However, Carmilla was still a little on edge from their time together earlier in the night and so, naturally, her body decided to overreact.

"You alright, there, Carmilla?"

Carmilla put her glass down and looked up at Laura's mother, who was looking at her with concern.

"Uh, yes. Yeah. Sorry, wrong pipe," Carmilla said, blushing a furious shade of red.

Laura snickered next to her and Carmilla nudged the blonde with her elbow.

"Shut it, cupcake," Carmilla muttered, a small smile gracing her lips.

Laura chuckled and then went back to her meal with a smug grin on her face.

"So, uh, when's the competition?" Mr. Hollis asked, trying to get the conversation rolling again.

"January 21st," Carmilla replied.

Laura's mom smiled. "Well three months is a lot of time for talented musicians, I don't see why you can't win."

*Ah. So the eternal optimism comes from her mother.*

"Thank you, ma'am," Carmilla said with a huge grin. Even if Carmilla still wasn't sure about the competition it was nice to have Laura and her family so enthusiastic about her odds.

Mrs. Hollis smiled and nodded before speaking again.

"Enough with this 'ma'am' business," she said with a chuckle. "Please, call me Emily."
Carmilla's smile widened. "Okay."

When Carmilla looked down at her plate again Laura caught her mother's eye and smiled. Emily returned the gesture with a wink and a smile of her own.

The rest of dinner went by quickly, and was full of stories and laughs, only two of which were embarrassing moments from Laura's childhood, which she was definitely going to take as a win. Normally her father never shut up about how accident prone Laura was as a kid. Although, he may have cut the stories short because of the absolute death stare Laura was shooting in his direction throughout each story. In retrospect, Laura almost wished she had let her dad continue telling those stories. Whenever he got to the most embarrassing moment, Carmilla's face would light up and a genuine laugh would escape those beautiful lips of hers. Just the thought of it made Laura's heart flutter. Maybe next time she'd let her dad tell all of them, it'd be worth it just to be able to watch Carmilla's reaction.

When the bill came Carmilla shifted in her seat to take her wallet out of her back pocket.

"What's my portion of the bill?" She asked, thumbing through the money in her wallet.

"Oh, no, this is on us, Carmilla. Don't even worry about it," Mr. Hollis said.

Carmilla's head snapped up to meet his gaze. "Are... are you sure?"

Laura's father smiled. "Absolutely."

Carmilla folded her wallet and put it back in her pocket. "Thank you, sir."

"Of course, kid. And please, call me Jim."

Laura smiled. Since he was super protective, her dad usually didn't warm up to her girlfriends this quickly. Not that she'd had many, but the couple she had in the past never got past 'Mr. Hollis'. Danny didn't even make it past 'sir' until they were already broken up and just pursuing a friendship. Carmilla really is something special. She already knew that, but this was just further proof of the fact.

"Thank you, Jim," Carmilla said with a smile before she excused herself to go to the bathroom. Laura got out of the booth to let Carmilla out. When the dark-haired girl stood, she mumbled a 'thanks, cutie' before giving her a peck on the cheek and walking off towards the restroom. Laura remained standing, her gaze following Carmilla's path until she heard her father clear his throat, which caused her attention to snap back to her parents, who were looking at her knowingly. Laura blushed as she scrambled back into her seat.

There was a pause before Laura's mother finally spoke.

"She seems wonderful, sweetheart."

Laura perked up at her mother's words. She had been seriously stressed about how tonight would go, considering there had been no time for mental preparation for either her or Carmilla. Besides, Carmilla did not have the best track record with her attitude towards new people, so Laura really wasn't sure what to expect from her. She should have known that she'd be great, and honestly Laura felt bad for ever doubting her.

"She is, mom. She really is," Laura said.

"This one really makes you happy, doesn't she?" Her father asked with a smirk.
Laura laughed. "What gave me away?" She paused before adding, "You told her to call you by your first name..."

He smiled at his daughter. "She's a catch, Laura. Hold on to this one."

Laura smiled wide and saw Carmilla heading back towards the table, she scooted over so that Carmilla could sit back down.

*I plan on it.*

"So, did I miss anything good?" Carmilla asked. She hooked her arm around Laura's shoulders. "Maybe another fantastic tale from this one's childhood?" she continued and waggled her eyebrows.

Laura groaned as her parents laughed.

The blonde wasn't really even upset when her dad rattled off one more story from her past. She was too busy staring at Carmilla's smile and how cute it was when her nose would crinkle when she laughed.

After dinner they decided to head back to Laura's apartment for a while, she really hadn't had a real visit with them in a while. Laura assumed that Carmilla would want to head home after dinner. Her parents were talking in the kitchen while helping themselves to some water and Laura went to say goodbye Carmilla. However, the girl simply smirked and cocked her head to the side.

"What? Trying to get rid of me, cutie?"

"W-what? No! Never, I- I just assumed that you'd, y'know, want to get home, or at least away from my parents... I mean neither one of us were exactly prepared for this tonight and you seemed so nervous earlier and I didn't want you to feel-"

As Laura continued rambling an amused smile was forming on Carmilla's lips.

*God, she's so cute when she rambles...*

After a couple more seconds Carmilla finally decided if Laura were to continue any longer she might pass out, so she cut her off by chuckling and putting her index finger to her lips.

"Cupcake, I love to hear to speak, don't get me wrong, but I'm afraid if you continue any longer without breathing you might actually lose consciousness."

Laura rolled her eyes and kissed the finger pressed against her lips. Carmilla smiled and slid her hand to cradle Laura's face while her other hand found Laura's and laced their fingers together.

"Now," she said, stroking her thumb over Laura's cheek, "If you want to spend some time alone with your parents, I understand. But if this is just for my sake...? I'd really like to stay..."

Laura smiled up at Carmilla and before Carmilla knew it, Laura's lips were pressed lightly against hers. She automatically kissed her girlfriend back until she remembered they weren't alone in the apartment and quickly pulled back. She looked over Laura's shoulder to see that her parents were still talking in the kitchen and hadn't seemed to notice. Suddenly, she heard Laura giggling and snapped her attention back to her.

"What?" Carmilla asked, her heartbeat finally returning to normal after her brief moment of panic.
She dropped her hand from Laura's face but left their other hands intertwined.

"You- you should've seen your face," Laura said in between giggles.

Carmilla raised an eyebrow.

"You looked terrified," Laura continued.

"Oh, well glad my horror could cause you amusement, cutie," Carmilla said with a pout.

Laura calmed her giggles enough to reply normally. "Hey, no pouting, it was just really really freakin' cute."

Carmilla's face went serious. "Excuse me, I am not 'cute'."

Laura laughed. "Of course you are! You're adorable! Especially when you look all frazzled like you just did."

"No, Laura. You're the cute one in this relationship," Carmilla said, poking Laura gently in the chest.

The blonde smirked. "Oh? So then what does that make you?"

"The cool one, obviously," Carmilla said, gesturing to her all black attire.

"The cool one?"

"Yeah, you're a complete dork," Carmilla said.

"So are you!" Laura said, letting out a laugh.

"Excuse me, I'm a musician. Plus twenty cool points," Carmilla said with a smirk.

"And you just used the term 'cool points'," Laura said, "that is plus fifty dork points."

"That's not how it-"

"Hey, Carmilla," Laura's mother called from the kitchen, causing both girls to jump.

Carmilla smiled over at her. "Yes?"

"Could I talk to you for a moment?"

Carmilla gulped. She had a feeling that she had already gotten into Laura's parent's good graces for the most part, but that didn't keep her from being nervous of a one on one talk with her mother.

"O-of course."

Laura squeezed Carmilla's hand once before letting go and making her way over to her couch where her father had sat down.

Carmilla walked over to Emily and smiled.

"Um, what's up?" she asked, shoving her hands into her pockets.

Emily smirked and leaned against the counter. "Don't be so nervous, dear," she said with a chuckle. "I just wanted to ask you if you'd be interested in something."
Carmilla must have visibly relaxed because Emily let out another laugh.

"I was wondering if you'd be interested in playing a gig at the bar me and my husband own," she continued.

Carmilla's heart sped up, she couldn't yet tell if that was due to excitement or nerves. Though those two things weren't mutually exclusive.

"Now, I'd obviously have to hear your band play before signing you up to perform, but I know how talented Laf and Perry are, and if they are willing to work with you then I have no doubt you guys will pass my auditions."

Both. Definitely both.

"I- um I mean yeah! Yeah! I think we'd love to, I just... I should ask the other two first, but yeah!"

Emily smiled at Carmilla. "I know you're a new band and all so I probably wouldn't look to book you for at least another month. But I figured playing at least one live show together before the Battle of the Bands would make it a little easier on all of you."

Carmilla could only smile, she never had this kind of support before. She never had someone in her life willing to give her a chance, looking to encourage her musical career. The fact that Laura's mother was giving her and her band an opportunity made her heart feel warm and she was shocked to find that she was having to hold back tears from how grateful she felt.

"Thank you so much, Mrs- Emily. Thank you so much, Emily," Carmilla said with a small snuffle and a huge smile.

"Of course, Carmilla. You're a great kid, and I can see how passionate you are about the things you care about," she said, glancing over at the couch where Laura and her father were talking and laughing. She turned back to Carmilla. "I believe with the kind of heart you have, you're going to go places. Just... don't lose that heart when you get where you're going."

Carmilla looked into Emily's eyes, she knew what she meant. Carmilla nodded. "I won't."

"Good," Emily said. She took a deep breath and smiled, breaking the seriousness of the moment. "Now, what do you say we join our dorks?"

Carmilla laughed and nodded.

As Emily entered the living room with her arm around Carmilla's shoulders Laura couldn't stop the huge smile from spreading on her face. She couldn't help but think she was looking forward to nights like this for years and years to come.

Chapter End Notes

Again I really want to apologize for how long it took to get this done! I feel horrible but I swear it'll NEVER be over a month again! As always thank you so much for reading and sticking with me. I LIVE TO READ YOUR COMMENTS. So please leave one! :) even if you just wanna say hi or yell at me for the month long wait :) Love you all! If you wanna talk hit me up on tumblr @carmillamenzel. Again, love you guys! Have a great day/night!! :)}
Oh my god... this took forever. Sorry I didn't really proof read this one considering I'm just finishing it now at like... 3:13am. And yeah, I know it's been a while again :( finals have been killing me as well as some family stuff. BUT I think this one was probably worth the wait. Definitely the longest chapter so far. SO buckle up creampuffs! And enjoy chapter 19!

"Ugh! Stop! Stop!" Carmilla shouted, bringing her hand across her throat to emphasize to Laf to cut off the beat. She turned the volume on her guitar down so that she didn't get any feedback from the amp and then ran a hand through her hair and let out a sigh.

They'd been practicing together for about three weeks now and were making some amazing progress. Carmilla had buckled down with Laf and they managed to actually write a song. Or at least the instrumental part of it. Lyrics had been left completely to Carmilla and she was still working out the bugs, hence the abrupt halt of their practice.

After a moment Carmilla looked up at her bandmates. "Maybe we should just start over," Carmilla said with a shrug, "scrap that song and start new."

"There's nothing wrong with the song, Carmilla," Perry said.

"Yeah," Laf piped in, "don't be so damn hard on yourself."

The brunette groaned. "Well something here obviously isn't working! I'm not a lyricist, one of you should be writing."

Carmilla had been working on writing the lyrics since they had the song written and she just wasn't getting anywhere with them. The words were awkward and really didn't fit the feel of the song.

"Hey, you got this, Karnstein. Just... don't worry so much," Laf said. When Carmilla huffed and rolled her eyes they tried again. "When you listen to the music, what do you feel? What do you think of? 'Cause whatever it is, it sure as hell has nothing to do with what you're singing into that microphone."

Carmilla shrugged. "I dunno-"

"Stop that! You know exactly what you get from it so stop acting like that and just say it! We're a band, Carmilla, and as the lead singer you need to step up and just-"

"Look, it's kinda personal okay?" Carmilla snapped, cutting Laf off.

"Well good! Lyrics are supposed to be felt! Now come on, no secrets between bandmates!"

Carmilla bit her lip, she wasn't sure if she really wanted to have this conversation with Laf and Perry. Laf would probably just smirk, but she really didn't need a lecture on 'safe sex' from Ginger 2.
Laf looked at Carmilla expectantly, "Well... out with it, Karnstein!"

Carmilla sighed.

*Oh, well.*

"Uh, a few weeks ago me and uh and Laura... Well we got really close to... you know..." Carmilla wanted to facepalm. Sex wasn't something she usually had a hard time talking about, but for some reason talking about her "almost sex with Laura" to her friends felt wildly embarrassing.

When neither of them cut in to lecture her Carmilla cleared her throat and shrugged. "I guess I just feel that unresolved tension... I dunno, that's probably stupid..."

"It's not stupid." To Carmilla's surprise, it was Perry who spoke up. "If that's what *you* can feel through that song then that's what you write about. It's music, Carmilla, you can't worry about what other people are going to think. You need to do it for yourself."

Carmilla stood dumbfounded at what Perry had said. Even Lafontaine seemed a little surprised at Perry's insight.

"Damn, Perr," Laf said with a chuckle, "look at you with all the deep and meaningful bullshit."

Perry smiled over at Laf and Carmilla grinned and shook her head.

*Maybe Ginger 2 is okay after all...*

Carmilla cleared her throat.

"Well, in that case, there was a set of lyrics I wanted to try..." Carmilla pulled a crumpled piece of paper out of her back pocket. "But I'm gonna need you guys on some back up vocals I think."

She unfolded the paper and handed it over to Perry. Carmilla couldn't help the chuckle that escaped her when she saw the blush spreading across the ginger's face.

"Oh. Um, yes, of course," Perry said.

Laf cocked an eyebrow from behind their drums. They reached their hand out for the paper which Perry quickly handed over. Laf read over Carmilla's lyrics and smirked at the page before handing them back to Carmilla. They snickered.

"Come on, Perr. It's just a song," they said.

Perry rolled her eyes.

"You sure you're okay with it, Raggedy Anne?" Carmilla asked, smirking.

"Of course I am! It's only two words!"

Carmilla laughed. "Yeah. But make sure you really sell 'em." She winked before turning the volume on her guitar back up and stepping up to the microphone.

"Alright, losers," Carmilla said before counting them into the song, "One, two, three, four, two, two!"
Laura was starting to become really fond of Thursdays. She only had classes until two and the music shop was closed, so Carmilla was free all day after band practice. Over the past few weeks it had started to become ritual for Laura to swing by Laf and Perry's and listen in on the end of their practice, before her and Carmilla would take off to go to dinner or watch a movie. Since both of their schedules were pretty full every other day of the week, Laura savored their Thursday nights together.

She pulled up outside of Laf and Perry's, parking her car on the side of the road before making her way inside. When she entered the house, Laura could instantly hear music blaring from the garage. She smiled as she quietly opened the garage door and peeked in. Laura had never heard the song that they were playing, but it sounded really good. The beat was strong and loud. The bass was simple and rhythmic. And the guitar... with the way Carmilla was sliding from chord to chord, blending them together the only word Laura could really think of to describe what it sounded like was... dirty.

The three musicians were so wrapped up in getting the song right that they didn't even notice as Laura closed the door and sat down on the stairs to observe. Just as she sat down Carmilla hit a few chords hard before leaning into one of the microphones. Her guitar cut off as she started singing, leaving Perry's heavy bass notes to carry the instrumental part of the song, her guitar only cutting back in every couple lines or so.

"We've been here too long, tryin' to get along
Pretendin' that you're oh, so shy.
I'm a natural ma'am, doin' all I can
My temperature is runnin' high.
Cry at night, no one in sight
An' we got so much to share
Talkin's fine, if you got the time
But I ain't got the time to spare, yeah,"

Laura's throat went dry at watching and listening to Carmilla sing the two opening verses. Her voice was raspy, as usual, and she was definitely getting really into the song if her body language was any indication. Her legs were spread in a wide, power stance and her guitar hung just below her hips. Every time she'd lean in close to the microphone and sing, Laura would see that trademark smirk etch across her lips, which only added to the badass guitarist attitude that was emanating from the brunette. Which, by the way, was extremely hot. Laura thought that the opening of the song had to be the worst of it, but sure enough when Carmilla launched into the chorus, she was proven wrong.

One of these days I think her hotness really will kill me. Just... burn me to a crisp.

"Do you wanna touch?"

Laf and Perry shouted "yeah"s into their own mics every time Carmilla repeated the line.

"Do you wanna touch?
Do you wanna touch me there, where?
Do you wanna touch?"
(yeah)

*Do you wanna touch?*

(yeah)

*Do you wanna touch me there, where, there, yeah?*

Laura gulped. *Surely it couldn't-*

Just then Carmilla made eye contact with Laura. Her dark eyes bore into Laura's and her smirk grew as she practically *moaned* her next lines into the mic, Laf and Perry singing the lines with her.

"*Yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah,*

*yeah, oh yeah, oh yeah.*"

*Of course it could.* Carmilla hit a few quick chords again before singing the next verse.

"*Every girl an' boy, needs a little joy*

*All you do is sit an' stare,*"

She winked over in Laura's direction.

"*Beggin' on my knees, baby won't you please*

*Run your fingers through my hair?*

Laura chalked up heart attack number three of the afternoon as Carmilla ran her own hand through her thick locks.

"*My, my, my, whiskey and rye*

*Don't it make you feel so fine?*

Carmilla's gaze traveled up and down Laura's body as she sang the next line.

"*Right or wrong, don't it turn you on*

*Can't you see were wastin' time, yeah?*

After that they ran through the chorus once more but all Laura was focused on was Carmilla. The way she moved. The way her voice sounded. The way her eyes were practically burning a hole through Laura's head. And when the song was finally ending, the way Carmilla was moaning her lyrics into the microphone had deep blush forming across Laura’s cheeks. As the final chord of the song rang out there was a huge smile on Carmilla's face.

"*Dude! That rocked!*" Laf said, jumping up from behind their drum kit. They pointed at Carmilla with their drumsticks. "*'Not a writer' my ass! That was perfect! We fuckin' RULE!*

Carmilla laughed at Lafontaine's outburst.

"*Lafontaine, sweetie, I think you need to take a nice calming breath,*" Perry said, trying to coax Laf down from their adrenaline high.

They ignored Perry, too excited about the first song that they all just successfully wrote and played.
"I can't be calm, Perr! That was awesome! We wrote a song and it doesn't sound like shit! GET PUMPED!" They said with a huge grin on their face. They walked around their drums and pulled Perry into a huge hug, while she continued to try and calm them down.

Laura chuckled and shook her head at the scene. Those two had always been so stop and go in the past that, moments like these, where they were so in love, always brought warmth to Laura's heart and a smile to her face. Her eyes then flickered over to Carmilla who was making her way over to where Laura was sitting and her heart fluttered. Sure, they'd only been dating for a few weeks, but surely this is what falling in love felt like.

Laura's smile slipped a little and her eyes widened.

_Wait. Love?_

"Hey, cutie," Carmilla said as she plopped down on the stairs, next to Laura.

Laura smiled wide and leaned into Carmilla's side as the brunette wrapped her arm around her shoulders.

"Mmm, hello," Laura hummed, running her nose along Carmilla neck before placing a kiss to her jawline, reveling in the shiver that coursed through Carmilla's body at the act.

Carmilla turned and placed a kiss to Laura's temple. "So, the ginger twins obviously seem pretty thrilled with our song," she said, chuckling while watching Laf and Perry's interaction. "But," she turned to Laura, "I'd much rather have your opinion." She smirked before leaning in to whisper in Laura's ear. "You were the inspiration after all."

Laura let out a ragged breath and gulped, hoping to reply without her voice cracking. "I thought it was great, Carm. Like, really _really_ great."

Carmilla let out a low chuckle. "So, do you?" She asked, turning to place her free hand on Laura's thigh.

"Wh-what?" Laura was having a hard time concentrating on anything but Carmilla's hand on her thigh and breath in her ear.

Carmilla pulled back just enough to make eye contact with Laura and whispered, "Do you want to touch me?"

Laura's brain stopped functioning properly at that, but she could still feel her cheeks turning a violent shade of red, a clear indication of every single dirty thought running through her mind. Thoughts that could be happening very _very_ soon if she could just find her voice. She went to speak but when she opened her mouth only a few stutters of nonsense rolled out and Carmilla smirked. Laura clamped her mouth shut.

_Stupid, sexy, musician. Gotta be all smooth and good at this seduction thing._

Laura stared down at Carmilla's lips for a moment. She might not have been able to find her voice, but there were certainly other methods to answering Carmilla's question. She quickly leaned forward and connected Carmilla's lips with her own in a hard and heated kiss. A kiss that took Carmilla off-guard if her gasp was any indication. Laura took the window of opportunity to run her tongue along Carmilla's, drawling out a low moan from the brunette. Laura felt Carmilla's grip on her thigh tighten and reached up to tangle her hand in Carmilla's hair, pulling them even closer together. Carmilla responded by dragging her nails down Laura's still-clothed back. Laura whined quietly and disconnected her lips from Carmilla's, letting her forehead rest against the brunette's. As much as she
wanted to continue this string of activities, she figured on the stairs of her best friends' garage, while they were present, probably wasn't the best place to do so. She took a few deep breaths before opening her eyes only to see Carmilla's warm brown eyes staring back at her. The way she was looking at her reminded Laura of the first day they had met, back in the IKEA. She had looked at her the same exact way and whatever emotion lay in that gaze was lost as quickly as it appeared. This time it lingered, as Carmilla stared into Laura's eyes. She didn't throw her walls back up as often anymore, which was something Laura was really happy about, but when Carmilla closed her eyes and bumped Laura's nose with her own, Laura realized whatever was going through Carmilla's beautiful mind while she gazed upon her like that was not something she was ready to share with her just yet. Laura peeked out of the corner of her eye and saw that Laf and Perry hadn't seemed to have noticed what just transpired, too wrapped up in each other to notice anything going on around them. Relieved at that fact, Laura quickly planted a kiss to Carmilla's lips before whispering, "Let's get out of here."

If Carmilla had to use one word to describe the car ride back to her apartment it would be "torture". She took the opportunity at a red light to nip up and down Laura's neck, only to be swatted away when the light turned green because apparently Laura couldn't drive and have her "latching onto her neck like a vampire". Carmilla chuckled against Laura's skin, sending a shiver through the blonde. "Drive faster, cutie," she mumbled before placing one more gentle kiss on Laura's neck and falling back into her seat.

Laura groaned and stepped down on the accelerator a little harder.

Finally, they pulled up in front of Carmilla's apartment building. As soon as Laura had the car in park, Carmilla took Laura's face between her hands and crashed their lips together. It was sloppy, all teeth and tongues, but nothing had ever felt more perfect, and when Laura laced her fingers through Carmilla's hair and held her closer, Carmilla thought her heart may very well just explode. She brought Laura's bottom lip between her teeth and gave a gentle tug, drawling a whimper from the blonde. Carmilla broke the kiss and moved her hands from Laura's face down to ball them up in her shirt, trailing kisses along Laura's jawline.

"Carm..." Laura said.

"Mmm?" Carmilla hummed, unwilling to take her lips off of the beautiful woman she got to call her girlfriend.

Laura's breathing was picking up as Carmilla started to move her hands under Laura's shirt, her thumbs tracing circles into the smooth skin of her hips. Whatever Laura had wanted to say moments prior was completely forgotten at the action, as she pulled Carmilla away from her jaw and back to her lips for another heated and hungry kiss. It took a little work, but Carmilla managed to help Laura over the center console so that she was straddling her lap. They stayed like that for a while, kissing each other senseless until they absolutely had to break apart to breathe properly. Carmilla leaned her forehead against Laura's as they both panted, trying to catch their breath.

"Bedroom."

It was one word. A common one at that. But the way Laura said it, voice low and commanding, made heat pool in the pit of Carmilla's stomach. She'd never heard Laura sound like that before. That was Carmilla's thing, the seductive tone... the voice that just screamed sex. Laura never ceased to amaze her though, and all she could do was nod vigorously in agreement. The blonde on her lap giggled before reaching over to take the keys out of the ignition. Laura kissed Carmilla on the cheek
and winked before opening the car door and not so gracefully stumbling out of it. Carmilla held back a chuckle and followed behind Laura and she made her way towards Carmilla's building. Carmilla's gaze wandered down Laura's back side, and she bit her lip as she watched Laura's hips sway. With a few quick steps Carmilla was right behind the smaller girl, pressing her front into her back as she wrapped her arms around Laura's waist and continued to walk forward. Laura let out a startled squeal at the act but relaxed into Carmilla's arms and giggled as she led them towards the door. Carmilla turned her head and smirked into the skin of Laura's neck, planting a single kiss there before pulling her body away from Laura's to unlock the door.

Once inside, Carmilla laced her fingers with Laura's and they practically ran up the three flights of stairs to Carmilla's floor. When they reached Carmilla's door she groaned as she let go of Laura's hand to unlock her apartment. Laura laughed and leaned against the wall, as Carmilla struggled with getting her door unlocked. She squinted at the lock as she tried to get the key to go into the slot, getting more frustrated with every failed attempt. Her hands were shaking too much- wait- why were her hands shaking? Carmilla grunted and it was only then that she realized she was breathing rather heavily, too, and that her heart was thundering in her chest. She felt a warm hand on her arm and looked up to see Laura smiling at her, gently. The blonde nodded to the keys in her hands.

"Need a hand?" she asked as she put her hand out for the keys. Carmilla sighed and dropped them into Laura's hand. Laura smiled and quickly unlocked the door, pulling Carmilla in behind her.

"I would've gotten it eventually, creampu-oof!" Carmilla was cut short by Laura closing the door by pinning Carmilla against it and kissing her deeply. Carmilla's hands flew to tangle in the blonde's hair as she kissed her back.

Laura broke away just enough to speak against Carmilla's lips. "But I want you now," she said as she ran her fingernails down Carmilla's back, to her ass, before slipping her hands into the back pockets of Carmilla's jeans.

Carmilla groaned and surged forward, reconnecting their lips, any nerves having left her for the time being. She pushed herself off of her door and started guiding Laura backwards in the direction of her bedroom. After Laura stumbled for the third time, Carmilla grunted and pulled back from their kiss. She untangled her fingers from Laura's hair and gently guided Laura's hands out of her back pockets so that she could wrap her arms around her neck instead. Carmilla smirked as Laura raised an eyebrow at her before she grabbed Laura's thighs and lifted her up. On instinct Laura's grip around Carmilla's neck tightened and she wrapped her legs around the girl's waist with a startled gasp.

"Jesus, Carm!" Laura said, still gripping Carmilla as tightly as possible.

Carmilla chuckled as she walked into her bedroom and kicked the door shut with her foot, before stumbling a final few steps and falling forward onto her bed with Laura underneath her. Laura giggled and Carmilla couldn't help but smile at the sound before leaning down to capture her lips in a kiss. She supported herself on her forearms, so as to not completely crush the tiny girl underneath her. Laura's grip around Carmilla had loosened so that she could lace her fingers behind the brunette's neck. She tilted her head a little more to the side and pulled Carmilla closer, effectively slipping her tongue into her mouth. Carmilla moaned and her hands found Laura's sides, she let her fingers press into the thin material of Laura's shirt, doing everything in her power to get closer to her. Her nails raked down Laura's sides and the blonde arched into Carmilla, causing her hips to grind against Carmilla's. Laura let out a small whine as she rolled her hips again, seeking more friction. This time Carmilla rolled her hips at the same time and Laura's lips disconnected from hers with a gasp. Carmilla's eyes were still closed, her breath mingling with Laura's as she repeated the motion again, her heart racing at the small whimpers coming from the blonde beneath her. Her hands trailed a little lower, slipping under the material of Laura's shirt. They quickly made their way to cup Laura's
breasts over her bra, sending a shiver throughout Laura's body. She gave Laura's breasts a gentle squeeze, only to rake her nails down Laura's stomach and out from under her shirt.

Carmilla sat up on her knees. Laura's legs were still firmly wrapped around her waist, keeping her from going any further away and Carmilla couldn't stop the chuckle that made its way past her lips because, god being away from Laura was the last thing she wanted right now. She looked down at the girl who was slowly becoming her world and smiled. She was truly beautiful in that moment. Lips swollen from kissing, golden hair fanned out, creating a galaxy across Carmilla's dark black sheets, her chest rising and falling rapidly, and her bright brown eyes almost completely lost to the black of her pupils. Carmilla smiled down at her and tugged on the bottom of her shirt with one hand.

"Sit up, cutie."

Laura was quick to comply, she unwrapped her legs from Carmilla's waist so that her feet were flat on the mattress, thighs still framing the brunette's hips, and sat up. Carmilla reached down and tugged at the bottom of the blonde's shirt again. Laura raised her arms and Carmilla tugged the shirt over Laura's head and tossed it somewhere behind her, then she cupped Laura's face in her hands and brought their lips together again. Laura's hands found Carmilla's hips as she leaned up into the kiss and she let her thumbs brush under her girlfriend's shirt as their kiss deepened.

Eventually, Laura broke away with a grunt of frustration. Carmilla looked down at her, an eyebrow raised in question. Laura scooted back and sat up so that she too was on her knees. Her hands reached out for the bottom of Carmilla's shirt and she looked up at the brunette, a slight blush to her cheeks.

"We are still wearing way too many clothes," she muttered.

Carmilla huffed a laugh through her nose and grinned as she helped Laura remove her own shirt. Once her shirt accompanied Laura's on the floor, Carmilla brought a hand to her back and undid the clasp on her bra. She shimmied out of it and tossed it onto the floor before looking back up into Laura's eyes. Or... trying to look into Laura's eyes. She stifled a laugh when she saw the girl gawking at her chest like a 12 year old seeing breasts for the first time.

Carmilla cleared her throat. "Enjoying the view?"

Laura's eyes snapped up to Carmilla's and she blushed slightly before biting her lip and nodding as she slowly walked forward on her knees so that her lips were by Carmilla's ear. She settled her hands on Carmilla's hips.

"Very much," she breathed, her lips just grazing the shell of Carmilla's ear.

Carmilla let out a shaky breath as Laura started kissing down her jaw and neck. Laura tugged Carmilla closer by her hips so that their bodies were flush against one another. Carmilla instantly clutched onto Laura, one hand pressed flat to the small of her back, the other one lost in her golden locks. With their chests pressed together, Carmilla could actually feel Laura's heart hammering against her own and the thought that that was because of her made her heart race even faster. She wanted to be as close to Laura as possible in that moment, finally understanding Laura's earlier frustration with clothes. She slowly brought her hand up to the clasp of Laura's bra, which was no small task considering the sinful things Laura was doing to Carmilla's neck with her teeth and tongue, and unhooked it on the first try.

Yep. Still got it.
Laura detached herself from Carmilla and tossed her bra to the floor with the growing pile of clothes. Laura's eyes met Carmilla's briefly before she huffed out a "fuck it" and reached for the button on her jeans. Carmilla watched with hooded eyes as Laura slipped out of her shoes, jeans, and socks, leaving her in only her underwear. When she stopped there, Carmilla realized that Laura was looking at her, probably expecting her to do the same. Her eyes widened in a moment of realization and she kicked off her own shoes and brought her hands to undo the button and zipper on her jeans. After trying three times to get her pants unbuttoned with no success, Carmilla let out a frustrated growl. The shaking in her hands had come back, and wow was that getting annoying. Suddenly, there were soft hands covering her own and Carmilla looked up to find sunny brown eyes looking back at her with all the care in the world. Laura gave her a small smile before popping the button on her jeans open and undoing the zipper.

Carmilla smiled and went to slip out of her pants when a question from Laura stopped her.

"Are... are you sure you want to do this?"

Was she sure? Of course she was. She was never this sure about anything in her life.

"Of course," she said, looking up into Laura's eyes. "Why? Are you not ready? 'Cause we can wait if-"

Laura's eyes widened to the point it was almost comical. "NO! God no! I'm good. I'm ready."

Carmilla smiled. "Good."

"Good!"

Carmilla quickly slipped out of her jeans and socks and sat back up on her knees. She looked up at Laura to find the girl looking everywhere but at her, a fact she definitely wanted to change as soon as possible. She inched forward on her knees so that they were almost chest to chest and reached out to lace their fingers together. Carmilla saw a small smile spread on Laura's face and her eyes finally flicked up to meet her own. Carmilla closed her eyes, leaned forward and rested her forehead against Laura's bumping the smaller girl's nose with her own, eliciting a small giggle from the blonde. Carmilla smiled and leaned forward, connecting her lips with Laura's. Laura reacted instantly, bringing one hand away from Carmilla's in order to cup Carmilla's jawline. With her own free hand, Carmilla pulled Laura forward so that their bodies pressed together. Both girls moaned at the contact and Laura tangled both of her hands into Carmilla's hair, while Carmilla pressed both of her hands into Laura's back, holding her as close to her body as possible. When Laura pulled away to breathe, Carmilla only let her pull back the minimum distance necessary, not willing to give her up for a second.

It was then that the mood in the room shifted. They were so close that when Carmilla opened her eyes, she could see her own reflection in Laura's golden eyes and it made the moment feel one hundred times more intimate than before. Carmilla was so aware of everything that was happening now, and that in this moment, it was only her and Laura that mattered. Laura must have felt the mood shift too, because when she reconnected her lips to Carmilla's there was no sense of urgency, the kiss lingered and slowly morphed into a string of slow drawn-out kisses. Carmilla gently shifted so that she could guide Laura onto her back without breaking their lips apart. Carmilla's hips settled between Laura's legs as she moved her mouth away from Laura's to start leaving hot open-mouthed kisses along the blonde's neck and chest, nipping at her skin every so often.

Once Laura's breathing had picked up again Carmilla ducked her head a little lower, kissing Laura's breasts, but avoiding her nipples.
"Come on, I'm not begging this soon," Laura huffed in frustration at Carmilla's actions.

Carmilla smirked against her skin, but decided not to tease her too much, after all she wanted this so bad herself, she wasn't sure she could hold out much longer. Without much warning Carmilla took one of Laura's nipples into her mouth, flicking her tongue over the bud as it stiffened into a peak. When her teeth accidentally scraped across the hardened bud, Laura let out a high pitched whine and arched her back of the bed, into Carmilla's touch. Carmilla released the nipple with a wet 'pop' and looked up at Laura's face to see half-lidded eyes staring back at her, pleading with her not to stop. With a grin, Carmilla repeated her motions on the other side, feeling rather prideful when she scraped her teeth against Laura's nipple and pulled the same enthusiastic response from her as before.

Releasing Laura's nipple from her mouth, Carmilla slowly started to kiss her way down Laura's body, leaving marks all along her toned stomach and hipbones. Laura was panting, trying to catch her breath as Carmilla kept sucking marks into her skin. With every mark came a moan or whine of Carmilla's name, and the brunette was high on that sound. She shifted down lower so that her head was settled between Laura's thighs. She heard Laura's breath hitch as she pressed a kiss to the inside of Laura's thigh. The blonde's grip in her hair tightened, and she tried to guide her to where she really wanted her mouth. Carmilla smirked and turned her head to place a couple of kisses up the inside of Laura's other thigh instead, causing a half groan half moan from the girl above her.

She chuckled. "Patience, cutie."

Laura grumbled something under her breath that Carmilla didn't quite catch, she removed her mouth from Laura's thigh and looked up at her.

"What was that?" Carmilla asked.

Laura looked down at her in horror, "Dear God, forget it! Please, please, just keep going!"

Any other day, any other person, Carmilla would have continued to tease her, but this was Laura. This girl deserved the world- no- the universe, and Carmilla intended to give it to her. With a soft smile Carmilla placed a kiss just above the elastic of Laura's underwear before looping her fingers into their sides. Laura lifted her hips so that Carmilla could easily slide her underwear down and off her legs. Carmilla tossed them onto the floor with the rest of their clothes before settling back down between Laura's legs. Carmilla hitched each of Laura's legs over her shoulders and licked her lips in anticipation of what was to come.

Heh, or who is to come...

Laura's hand found its way back into Carmilla's curls as she pushed the hair out of the brunette's face. Carmilla settled her hands on Laura's hips and looked up into her eyes briefly, while planting a kiss to the inside of her thigh.

"You, are so beautiful, Laura Hollis," she murmured against her skin. She smiled as she saw the blush creeping onto Laura's face. It was amazing that she could have a woman between her legs and not blush, but the slightest compliment would set her cheeks aflame. Carmilla hoped that wasn't a self-conscious thing, because Laura really was the most beautiful girl she had ever laid eyes on, and she deserved to know how incredible she was. The thought that Laura possibly thought less of herself made Carmilla's heart ache, so she did the only thing she could think of to make sure Laura knew just how special she was.

Carmilla ducked her head back down and dragged her tongue through Laura's folds, starting with slow broad licks, that had Laura's hips rutting up and hand grasping at the bed sheets. Carmilla moaned at the taste of Laura on her tongue, she feared that the girl might actually be addictive as she
continued to taste her.

"Fuck, Carm," Laura whined as the vibrations from Carmilla's moans traveled through her.

Carmilla licked up Laura's slit one more time, stopping to suck Laura's clit between her lips, her tongue tracing patterns across the bundle of nerves. Laura moaned loud and her hips bucked off of the bed. Carmilla re-situated herself so that her left arm was holding Laura's hips in place as she brought her right hand to the girl's entrance. Her fingertips teased at Laura's entrance while Carmilla drew lazy patterns across her clit with her tongue. Carmilla watched Laura from her position between her legs, her body was coated in a sheet of sweat, hands grasping at the sheet and Carmilla's hair, and her eye's screwed shut in pleasure. That last one definitely had to change.

Carmilla continued to tease her fingertips against Laura but pulled away from the girl's clit with her mouth. Laura whined in protest at the loss, her eyes snapping open to look at Carmilla.

"Noooo! Please, please, don't stop!" Laura whined, her eyes pleading with Carmilla.

"You want me to keep going? You keep your eyes on me," Carmilla said, her breath blowing over Laura's clit as she spoke.

Laura shivered at the sensation and her eyes fluttered shut.

"Look. At. Me," Carmilla repeated, Laura met her gaze again and Carmilla's voice softened as she added, "I want to see how beautiful you are when you come."

Laura gulped, but nodded. Carmilla gently pushed two fingers into Laura, who let out a low moan at being filled. Carmilla started pumping her fingers in and out of Laura slowly at first, loving the way she felt around her. Carmilla couldn't help it, she let a moan of her own out.

"God, Laura..." She whispered as her fingers began to pick up speed.

"Carm, fuck- feels, feels so good," Laura moaned out, looking directly into Carmilla's deep brown eyes. "Don't stop, please, don't stop."

Stopping was the farthest thing from Carmilla's mind as she felt Laura's walls start pulsing around her fingers. She doubled her efforts with her fingers, and tried desperately to keep Laura's hips from bucking off the bed.

"God Carmilla, so close, I- I'm so close."

Carmilla brought her lips back down to Laura's clit and that was enough to send the other girl careening over the edge, with a long, drawn out moan of Carmilla's name passing through her lips. Carmilla watched as the waves of pleasure crashed over Laura, eyes half lidded trying to look at Carmilla, lips parted and brow furrowed. She was a vision. And that's when Carmilla realized what had been obvious since the start.

She was falling head over heels in love with this girl.

Carmilla slowly brought Laura down from her orgasm before slipping her fingers out of her and licking them clean. She then crawled up Laura's body and smiled down at her before leaning in and kissing her. Laura hummed against Carmilla's lips and the next thing Carmilla knew she was on her back with Laura hanging over her, a playful smile etched onto her lips.

"I thought I was supposed to be touching you," Laura said with a giggle.
Carmilla smiled and shrugged. "Well... night's still young, cutie."

Laura leaned down and pecked Carmilla's lips before looking back down at her with a smile. "That it is, beautiful," she said before starting to kiss her way down Carmilla's body.

The last coherent thought Carmilla had for the next couple of hours, was how much she loved the way that nickname sounded coming from Laura's lips.

Chapter End Notes

AYYYYY Hollstein did the do! Sorry if that wasn't so great... never actually wrote a full-smut scene before, but I tried... I'd really love to get some feedback from you guys! As always I LOVE to see what you all have to say! And comments literally make my day. Also! If you wanna hit me up on tumblr, it's carmillamenzel! Uhhhh.. Oh yeah!
The song! I linked it. It's a Joan Jett song and one of my all-time faves. Most of Carmilla's originals will be from things that Joan Jett has done, just FYI! Uh... okay, yeah, think that's it? Idk it's almost 3:30am here sooooo.... Goodnight! And have a great day/night my lovely people!
Okay, so first of all I really really suck. Like terrible human being over here and I'm so sorry. But there were some unforeseen circumstances that kept me from writing, as well as shitty work hours, and of course I MAY have been slightly distracted with the xbox one I got for Christmas. But I just want to make it clear that I'll NEVER abandon this work. I don't believe in not finishing what I started, assuming it doesn't suck lol. Which actually leads me to my NEXT point! HOLY SHIT. HOLY FUCKING SHIT OVER 1k kudos?! You guys are amazing. Seriously thank you all for the support it doesn't go unnoticed and it really brings a smile to my face so THANK YOU!!! If I could hug you all I would! But I can't so I shan't!

Okay. Now that I've managed to basically write an entire chapter in the notes yet again, please enjoy chapter 20! :)

"Oh god! Laur- Laura, oh... fuck! L- Laura... hnnng..."

Yeah, Laura had a new favorite sound. Nothing could compare to how her name sounded on Carmilla's lips when she was running her tongue through her folds, greedily lapping up every bit of arousal that Carmilla had to offer. It was incredible, to be reminded that she was the reason Carmilla was making those noises, that she was turning her into a beautiful, moaning, wreck.

Laura groaned as Carmilla gripped onto her hair tighter, her fingernails scratching the blonde's scalp as her back arched off of the bed for the fourth time that night. Laura continued licking at the brunette, letting her ride out the aftershocks of her orgasm. Slowly Carmilla's death grip on Laura's hair loosened.

"God... " Carmilla breathed. She fought off a moan with a chuckle before adding, "Sweetheart, stop. Stop. You're gonna kill me."

Laura laughed and pressed one more light kiss to Carmilla's clit before trailing kisses up her body. Carmilla giggled as Laura's hair brushed across her sides, causing Laura to smile against her skin.

"Carmilla Karnstein, are you ticklish?" she asked, her lips brushing just above Carmilla's bellybutton.

The brunette failed at stifling another giggle as she replied with a "no". Seeing straight through Carmilla's half-assed lie, Laura brought her hands up to her sides and glanced up at her through her lashes, a devilish grin on her lips. Carmilla gave Laura a glare.

"Don't even think about it, cutie."

But it was too late, Laura tickled Carmilla's ribs, causing the brunette to erupt into a fit of giggles. Laura thought she had never heard anything so adorable from the broody girl before, she couldn't help but laugh too.

"Cup-cupcake... s-stop," Carmilla wheezed around her laughter. Her hands flailed around before
they finally found Laura's wrists, in one fluid motion Carmilla rolled them over so that she was straddling the blonde's waist while also pinning her hands above her head. Both girls' laughter started to die out as they looked at one another. Laura got lost in the way Carmilla was staring down at her with bright and happy eyes, in the way her breath ghosted lightly against her lips, in the way her nose nuded against the side of her's, and in the way her bare chest was just inches away from her own. Carmilla loosened her grip on Laura's wrists, sliding her hands up to lace their fingers together instead. Laura smiled and gave Carmilla's hands a light squeeze while dropping her gaze to the brunette's lips. Carmilla smiled back and dipped her head down to capture Laura's lips with her own in a soft, sweet kiss. Laura practically melted at Carmilla's gentleness, it was one of her favorite things about the brunette; that she could go from the sexy seductress to the most gentle and caring woman Laura had ever met.

Carmilla pulled away from the kiss with a sigh and rested her forehead against Laura's briefly before rolling off of her to lay on her back. Carmilla kept her one hand intertwined with Laura's in order to pull the blonde into her side. Laura giggled and wrapped her arm around Carmilla's waist, resting her head on her chest. She hummed contentedly when Carmilla started to run her fingers through her hair and snuggled closer. Carmilla let out a chuckle and pressed her lips to the top of Laura's head, taking a deep breath through her nose before resting her head back on her pillow. The numerous rounds of mind blowing sex finally caught up with her as she felt her exhaustion seeping in. She glanced down at where Laura was resting on her chest and saw her eyelids drooping shut.

"Nap, cutie?" she asked with a small smile.

Laura adjusted herself slightly against Carmilla before nodding. "Mhmm."

With that, Carmilla hooked the comforter with her foot and kicked it up to her hand so that she could cover their bodies from the rapidly cooling room. Once they were snuggled under the warmth of the blanket, Carmilla felt Laura's even breaths tickle her skin, before she was consumed by sleep herself.

Carmilla woke up from their nap first. She found that she was no longer on her back, but rather on her side, with Laura wrapped in her arms. Waking up in the comfort of her bed, with Laura burrowed into her chest, was definitely a welcome change to how the couple had woken up all other times before, tangled uncomfortably in a mess of limbs on one of their couches. Carmilla smiled to herself and nuzzled her nose into Laura's hair, inhaling the scent of her shampoo. She heard Laura hum and felt lips press against her chest before Laura was pulling back and looking up at Carmilla. Carmilla met her gaze and started tucking strands of blonde hair behind Laura's ear, a lazy smile on her lips.

Laura smiled back. "Hey."

"Hey." Carmilla's smile grew. "You know, you have some incredible sex hair."

Laura blushed and giggled, wiggling so that she was closer to Carmilla again, her head tucked under the brunette's chin while she continued to comb her fingers through honey blonde hair. After a moment Carmilla sighed and planted a kiss to the top of Laura's head. Her head was swimming with thoughts, ones most likely brought on from the gogginess of sleep and the intimacy of the moment. She wished she could just relax, and enjoy her time with Laura, but her mind wouldn't stop questioning everything. How did she manage to get so lucky? She wasn't all that special, and she came with a heap of baggage and inexperience with relationships. So how on earth did she get to be with Laura? Sweet, caring, bubbly Laura.

"I don't know what you're thinking about, but try not to fry your brain. I kinda like having you around," Laura said as she pulled back to look at Carmilla with a smirk. Carmilla must have been
doing a poor job of hiding her insecurities however, because that teasing smirk was quickly replaced
with a look of concern. Laura reached a hand up to cup Carmilla's face, her thumb running lightly
over her cheekbone. "Hey, what's wrong?"

Carmilla quickly threw on the best smile she could manage. "Nothing's wrong, cutie."

Laura raised her eyebrow, clearly not buying Carmilla's lie.

Carmilla sighed and rolled her eyes. "It's nothing. Just some stupid thoughts."

Laura let her hand trail down Carmilla's side to her hand, to intertwine their fingers together. "It's not
stupid if it's bothering you, Carm. So, come on, what's going on in that pretty little head of yours?"

Carmilla couldn't stop a small smile from spreading on her lips as she looked down at the blonde.
She sighed before trying to explain. "I don't know. I just... I don't get it."

"Don't get what?" Laura asked, her brow furrowed.

Carmilla looked down at their hands that were linked together, her fingers fidgeting against Laura's.
"Us. We... we don't make sense... I'm broody and dark and nine times out of ten a complete
pessimist," she looked up at Laura with a soft gaze, one she found herself wearing more and more
around the tiny girl. "And you. You're bubbly and bright, an optimist in every respect. And you're
smart and a talented writer, and a scholar." She looked back down at their hands. "I mean... it doesn't
make sense, us being together. But I..." She took a deep breath and looked up at Laura once more,
her golden brown eyes were locked on Carmilla and she could tell she was listening intently to every
word that passed her lips. "I..."

Love you.

Those were the words bouncing around in Carmilla's head, but she couldn't say them. Not yet. It was
too soon, wasn't it? And she wasn't even completely sure if that's what she was feeling, but whatever
emotion was building inside her whenever she looked at Laura sure as hell felt a lot like love.

"I... don't want to lose you," is what Carmilla settled on saying instead.

"You're not going to lose me, Carm." Laura said as soon as the words left Carmilla's mouth. "I'm not
going anywhere," she added, squeezing the brunette's hand. Carmilla felt her body relax a little.
Laura took a breath before continuing. "As for the 'we don't make sense' thing... why do we have to?
Some things just work, Carmilla. They don't have to make sense. They just... go together. Like... yin
and yang."

Laura wiggled closer to Carmilla again and pressed a light kiss to her lips.

"Night and day?" Carmilla whispered against Laura's lips. They both smiled as they kissed again.

"Hot and cold."

Another kiss.

"Right and wrong," Carmilla gave Laura a devilish smirk, making the blonde giggle before kissing
her again.

"Chocolate and peanut butter," Laura said, all too seriously. Carmilla laughed and Laura was quick
to join.
The brunette captured Laura's lips in another kiss, before pulling away to look at her.

"Carmilla and Laura?" she whispered, getting caught up in the way Laura's eyes sparkled.

Laura nodded and kissed Carmilla's lips once more. "Carmilla and Laura."

Carmilla rested her forehead against Laura's and let out a long breath before tucking the blonde under her chin again. Laura sighed contentedly and snuggled into Carmilla, while she let her fingers rub circles into Carmilla's lower back.

After a moment Laura spoke up again. "So... you admit that you're broody?"

Carmilla let out a laugh and kissed the top of Laura's head. "Don't tell anyone, cutie." she said, feeling Laura smile against her chest.

Laura pulled back and looked at Carmilla. "I don't know... some people might pay pretty well for that information."

Carmilla smirked. "I bet I can give you something even better for your silence."

Laura bit her lip. "Oh, really?"

"Mhmm," Carmilla said, dropping her lips to Laura's neck.

Laura shuttered out a breath. "I think I might like this payment..."

Carmilla rolled so that she was hovering over Laura, she let out a low chuckle against her skin. "Oh, sweetheart, I guarantee you're gonna love it."

A while later Laura and Carmilla laid next to each other, panting, trying to recover from their activities. Laura let out a shaky laugh.

"Wow."

Carmilla laughed too and nodded. "Yeah."

"I mean that thing you did with the..." She said making a gesture with her hand. "Just... wow."

Carmilla laughed again and rolled to press a kiss to Laura's cheek before beginning to slip out of her bed. Laura caught her wrist and pulled her back down.

"Hey, where do you think you're going?" She asked before pulling Carmilla in for a kiss.

The brunette chuckled against her lips. "Well," she said, once they broke their kiss,"I have a very beautiful woman in my bed, and we just had a day of pretty amazing sex, so I figured I do something nice for her."

Laura smirked. "Oh, I don't know, I think you did plenty of nice things for me just a few moments ago," she said, toying with the end of Carmilla's hair.

"Hmm, not sure I'd count that last bit as 'nice' when it was oh so naughty..."

Laura blushed picturing what was surely going through the other woman's mind.

Carmilla smiled down at Laura and tucked some of her hair behind her ear before planting another
kiss to her lips.

"Now, I want you to stay right here," she said, giving Laura a little boop on the nose. "Okay?"

Laura's nose scrunched up and she let out a huff. "Fine."

Carmilla's smile widened and she pressed a quick kiss to Laura's cheek before rolling out of her bed and throwing on some black leggings and a black tank top. Laura sat up on her elbows and sighed as she watched Carmilla get dressed, already missing the feeling of her skin against her own. Carmilla turned and winked at Laura before walking towards her bedroom door.

"Don't worry, cutie," she said as she opened the door, "I won't be long. I know how much you love surprises." She smirked and made her way out into her apartment.

Laura smiled to herself as the door clicked shut behind her girlfriend. She let out a small, happy squeal as she let herself flop back onto the pillows. Today had been amazing. Absolutely one hundred and fifty percent amazing. Carmilla was amazing. And sex with Carmilla? Beyond words. Laura could literally not contain her happiness as she ran her fingers through her hair and laughed quietly to herself. She let out a deep breath and turned to look at the clock, a blissed out smile still firmly on her lips.

8:27 pm

Wow.

Laura's eyebrows shot up, Carmilla wasn't kidding when she said they spent the day having sex.

She lasted about another minute before she got out of bed. She slipped into her underwear and threw on Carmilla's red flannel, which she had managed to get back to her eventually... after much debate from both parties. Laura didn't bother buttoning it as she slowly opened the door to the rest of the apartment. She spotted Carmilla in the kitchen instantly and tip toed through the small living room, to join her in the kitchen. The sweet smell of pancakes filled the air as Laura wrapped her arms around Carmilla's waist from behind. The brunette let out a small chuckle.

"I thought I told you to wait in the bedroom," she said, not taking her eyes off of her cooking.

"I got bored," Laura said, resting her chin on Carmilla's shoulder.

Laura felt Carmilla's smile as she turned her head and planted a kiss to the blonde's temple.

"I suppose I could let it slide tonight," she said, bringing her focus back to the pancakes, "you caught me in a very good mood."

Laura giggled and pressed a kiss to Carmilla's shoulder, squeezing her a little tighter.

"Why don't you go sit down, cutie? These are almost done."

Laura hummed and let go of Carmilla to go sit at the counter, missing the way Carmilla's smile grew as she watched the shorter girl practically skip over to her seat in nothing but her underwear and Carmilla's flannel.

"Ugh they smell delicious," Laura said as she settled into her seat. She hadn't realized how hungry she had gotten, her mind having been otherwise preoccupied.

"Well, I'm no chef, but I can add water to pancake mix," Carmilla said, dishing the pancakes out
onto two plates. She glanced up at Laura with a shy smile. "I hope they taste as good as they smell."

Laura smiled as Carmilla placed a stack of pancakes in front of her, as well as a bottle of maple syrup. She was quick to pop open the bottle and smother her pancakes in syrup. She felt eyes on her and looked up to find Carmilla staring at her with an amused expression.

"What?"

"Is there any form of sugar that you don't like?" Carmilla teased as she took a seat next to Laura.

Laura rolled her eyes and cut into her pancake, taking a bite and moaning her approval, before shoveling a few more bites into her mouth. She had really managed to work up an appetite.

She glanced over at Carmilla who was eating her own meal and gasped, horrified at the scene before her.

"How on earth do you eat that with no syrup?!"

Carmilla raised an eyebrow at the outburst but simply shrugged and took another bite.

Laura shook her head. "First black coffee and now this?! What am I going to do with you, Karnstein?"

Carmilla laughed at that and made a show of popping another plain piece of pancake into her mouth. Laura's nose scrunched up, causing the brunette to laugh harder.

"I dunno, cupcake. I've never been a fan of sweet things," Carmilla said with a shrug. She looked at Laura. "Well, not until recently that is..."

Laura blushed and looked down at her plate, taking another bite of her food. When she swallowed she looked back over at Carmilla, who was staring intently at her lips. The brunette leaned a little closer and whispered, "You got a little..." before pressing her lips to Laura's. Laura felt Carmilla's tongue glide over her lips and into her mouth, a low hum coming from the back of her throat all the while. When Carmilla pulled back her eyes were still shut as she licked her own lips. She let out a slow breath and opened her eyes. Laura expected her to say something after that, but was only met with a grin before she turned back to her meal.

A few seconds later Carmilla reached for the syrup bottle, drizzling some over the remainder of her pancakes. Laura gave her a knowing look, to which the brunette rolled her eyes, while a smile pulled at the corner of her lips.

A little while later, Carmilla and Laura sat curled up together on the sofa, with Orange is the New Black playing on the TV.

"What kind of parent would name their kid Pussy?" Carmilla asked.

"It's Poussey, Carm." Laura said. "Now shhh and watch!"

Carmilla huffed and threw her arm around Laura's shoulder. She looked over at the blonde instead of the TV. Laura had buttoned up Carmilla's red flannel and stolen a pair of her sweat pants, and she looked absolutely adorable at the moment. Carmilla watched her with a soft smile.

"You're not watching," Laura giggled as she turned her head to face Carmilla.

Carmilla's grin widened and she shook her head. "You are far more interesting."
Laura rolled her eyes but leaned in to peck Carmilla's lips anyway. "Sap," she muttered.

Carmilla kissed Laura again. "Only for you."

Laura smiled before adjusting to watch the TV again. Carmilla tried, she really did, and the show wasn't actually too bad, but she just had a one track mind today, evidently. She started simple, planting a kiss to Laura's temple, then one to her cheek, her jaw, slowly working her way down the side of the blonde's face. Laura didn't seem to mind, given the fact she was smiling ear-to-ear so Carmilla continued, moving on to lay kisses to her neck, starting up below her ear and trailing her lips down slowly. She heard Laura's breathing become a little more labored and smirked against her skin.

Too easy.

She nipped at Laura's neck, relishing in the feeling of the girl's grip on her thigh tightening.

"God, you are just insatiable tonight," Laura mumbled.

Carmilla chuckled. "You can't blame me when you look so fucking sexy in my clothes."

"I'm literally in sweats and a flannel. I probably look like a mess!"

"A hot mess..." Carmilla said, letting her left hand come up to start undoing the buttons on Laura's shirt. "Literally..."

Laura groaned in defeat as she turned her head to kiss Carmilla's lips. The brunette smiled into the kiss triumphantly, celebrating her ability to gain Laura's full attention. They slowly shifted until Carmilla's hips were settled in between Laura's legs as Laura laid back against the armrest of the couch. Carmilla quickly finished with the buttons of the flannel and slid it over so that Laura's shoulder was exposed. She kissed her way along her shoulder, scraping her teeth against Laura's skin as she moved her way back to the blonde's neck to suck on her pulse point.

Suddenly Laura's phone started ringing from the table next to the couch.

"Crap," Laura said as she reached over her head to grab her phone. Carmilla blatantly ignored the ringing, focusing instead on what sounds she could pull from the little blonde. She scraped her nails down Laura's thighs, causing Laura to let out a small whimper.

"Shit, it's my mom," Laura said.

Carmilla detached herself from Laura's neck and glanced up at her through her lashes, chest rising and falling rapidly as she tried to catch her breath. The blonde was staring at her phone for a second before she gave Carmilla an apologetic glance.

"Just... gimme one second, babe," Laura said. She paused for a moment before adding, "And behave."

Carmilla scoffed and sat back on her knees between Laura's legs. Laura swiped to accept the call.

"Hey, mom," she said. "Oh, not much."

Carmilla looked up at that. Obviously her mother asked her what she was doing, and she replied with 'not much'?

Oh, I'll show her 'not much'...
Carmilla stretched her back out, making a show of the way she pushed out her chest, and making sure her top rode up enough to show some skin. She let out a little moan at the end of her stretch and watched as Laura eyed her. Carmilla cocked an eyebrow and Laura rolled her eyes.

"Just hanging out with Carm," she added.

Carmilla grinned smugly and settled her body on top of Laura's again, burying her face into the crook of Laura's neck. Fingers started to comb through her hair and she hummed happily before starting to leave soft kisses on Laura's skin. Soon the innocent kisses turned into bites however, as Carmilla was dead set on making Laura squirm.

"Um, y'know, she's uh... actually kinda busy at the moment. Some thing with work or something, but uh, what'd you wanna ask her?"

Carmilla chuckled and started trailing kisses over Laura's collarbones instead, sucking marks into her skin as she went.

"Oh!" Laura's voice cracked as Carmilla sucked on a rather sensitive area of skin, but she was able to play it off as enthusiasm. "I- I mean I'm sure she'd love to! Um, when did you say that was again?"

Carmilla laughed again and looked up at Laura who was giving her a playful glare. She slowly started to kiss her way down Laura's body, paying close attention to the tops of her breasts and the valley between them. Laura's grip in her hair tightened and the blonde cleared her throat before responding to her mother on the phone.

"Yeah! I think she'd love to! Um yeah totally! What? No, I'm fine! Um, y'know I gotta go actually I think I hear Carm calling me, probably needs help with that song. Oh? Right I meant work thing. Yeah I'll make sure to tell her! I'llTalkToYouLaterMomLoveYouGottaGoBye!" Laura rushed out as Carmilla's lips were getting dangerously close to her nipple. She hung up the phone just in time as a small whine escaped her throat.

Carmilla popped her head up to look at Laura, a devilish smirk on her lips.

"You're evil! That was my mom Carm!"

Carmilla shrugged. "You really need to work on your acting, cutie," she said as she started to lower her lips to Laura's body again.

"Wait! Wait!" Laura said.

Carmilla sighed and looked up at her. "What?"

"I need to ask you something, but I want to be able to think while I say it," Laura said, running her fingers through Carmilla's hair.

Carmilla smirked and waited for Laura to continue.

"So, there was kinda a last minute cancellation with one of the bands my mom booked for the Saturday show at the bar. The back up band has a different gig and can't make it, so she was wondering if you guys would like the spot. It's a Saturday show, Carm. That's like the best night to be booked!"

Carmilla sat up a little. "Really? She'd give us the spot, just like that?"

"I've grown up around live bands, Carmilla. My mom trusts my judgment. She said to swing by early
on Saturday for sound check if you say yes."

Carmilla's smile after hearing that was on full blast. She tugged Laura upright and held her close. Laura wrapped her arms around Carmilla's waist and squeezed her tight.

"Hell, yeah, cupcake. I'll talk to the gingers about it tomorrow. But for now," she said as she pushed Laura back onto the couch. "I think it's time to celebrate."

Laura smiled and pulled Carmilla on top of her by her shirt. "Me too," she murmured.

Carmilla grinned and kissed Laura's lips before winking and getting back to working on making Laura squirm.

Chapter End Notes

I know it wasn't probably my best chapter and not a lot happened besides copious amounts of fluff but I wanted to give you guys SOMETHING. AS ALWAYS I LIVE TO READ WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE TO SAY SO PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE LEAVE A COMMENT, WHETHER ITS GOOD BAD OR IN BETWEEN IT ALWAYS LEAVES ME SMILING. Um, If you wanna hit me up on tumblr and yell at me to write my tumblr is @carmillamenzel. I think that's it? Have a great day/night!

P.S.
I just can't apologize enough for how long this took and I really do feel bad about it. But I want to make sure I'm giving you guys quality work, not something I forced. So, please forgive my creampuff self. Love you all and thank you so much for the continued support of this story. :)}
Hey! Not many things to be said at the moment! Chapter might be a tiny bit shorter than usual? But I've been dealing with the usual copious amounts of writers block... sooo... yeah! Anyway, I hope you enjoy the chapter :) I can't tell you how much you guys rock for sticking with me!

Carmilla sat behind the counter of Silas Sound with her feet kicked up and acoustic guitar in hand. It was relatively early into her Friday shift and business didn't usually pick up until after lunch time, when kids would get out of school, so she was spending the morning riffing on her old guitar, something she didn't get to do a whole lot of anymore between work, band rehearsals and spending time with Laura. It was nice to finally sit back and let herself feel the music again, without the pressure of having to make it work as a song.

"Okay, you have been playing that same chord progression for the past hour, what gives?" Laf asked as they refilled the basket of picks next to the register.

Carmilla glanced up, her fingers coming to a halt on the strings.

"I was?" She asked.

"Uh, yeah," Laf said. They leaned on the counter with their forearms. "You been working on a new song or something? I mean it sounds pretty good."

Carmilla scoffed. "No way. I'm just riffing," she said, going back to working her fingers over the strings.

Laf furrowed their eyebrows, and pursed their lips. "Y'know," they said, catching Carmilla's attention again, "some of the best songs are written on a whim." They looked up at Carmilla who had stopped playing and simply stared at the ginger. They shrugged before turning to make their exit. "Just saying."

Carmilla watched as Lafontaine wandered away into the backroom. She looked down at her guitar before slowly starting to play the same chord progression again. Her mind was racing with the memories of the day before, what Laura had said to her about their relationship to reassure her when she was full of doubt. She thought about how she almost let an 'I love you' slip from her lips because it was all she could think about when looking into Laura's big golden-brown eyes. A month really wasn't enough time to know for certain if that's what it was she was feeling, though. There was still so much about Laura she wanted to know before she opened her heart like that. Being in a serious relationship at all still made Carmilla nervous. She wasn't used to being this open with people, it made her vulnerable, which is something she always tried to stay away from. When you're vulnerable you can get hurt, and Carmilla was done with being hurt. She'd been hurt enough throughout her life, but something told her that, with Laura, she was safe. So she settled on the idea that she thinks she could love her. The thought warmed her heart.
Abruptly, Carmilla stopped strumming. She sat upright, leaned her guitar against the wall and quickly grabbed a pen and a piece of paper from the counter.

"She's absolutely incredible," Laura said, gazing at the ceiling of the backroom at the IKEA. Her, Danny and Kirsch were supposed to be putting together new model furniture for the floor designs, but Laura was having trouble paying attention for more than ten seconds at a time, her mind constantly on the brunette. To avoid some sort of accident, Danny insisted Laura simply be there for moral support, she couldn't be having to watch after Laura and Kirsch, so the blonde was laying on a couch that Danny and Kirsch were putting the finishing touches on, babbling on about Carmilla.

"You've mentioned that, little nerd hottie," Kirsch said with a grin.

"I know," Laura sighed, "but it's just so... so true!" She rolled onto her stomach to look at Kirsch. "I've never met anyone like her. She's beautiful, talented, caring, hell she's one of the sweetest people I've ever met. Not to mention my parents love her," Laura smiled as she continued,"I can't even remember what it was like not to have her in my life."

Danny caught Kirsch's eye from the other end of the couch, behind Laura, a knowing look on her face. Kirsch gave her a confused look.

"What's that face for, D-bear?"

Danny rolled her eyes. "Kirsch, how many times do I have to tell you, 'D-bear' is not an okay nickname."

"But it's a pet name! We're dating! Don't I get to do that?"

Laura glanced over her shoulder at Danny, "At least he doesn't call you by every sugary treat in existence," she said.

Danny's face paled. "Oh, please don't give him any ideas-

"Oh! I can totally do that kinda stuff! What do you think, muffin?" Kirsch said, a huge grin on his face.

Danny sighed and looked back to Laura. "I'm going to kill you."

Laura giggled before flopping back onto her back. "It's not so bad. The sweet nicknames have actually kind of grown on me."

Danny smirked. "Well, well. Someone's in love."

Laura jerked upright at the word. "Whoa, whoa, whoa, no one said anything about love."

"Oh, please," Danny said, "who do you think you're fooling, Hollis? I dated you, remember? You never let me call you by anything other than your first or last name because you told me, and I quote, 'I hate pet names, it's like you're letting the other person decide who you are.'"

A blush crept across Laura's cheeks. "I- I was younger then and all 'figuring myself out', things change! It doesn't have to do with... with love."

"I... I don't love Carmilla. It's too soon for that... isn't it? I was with Danny for months and we never said 'I love you'... There's no way. It's too fast for it to be love. Right?"

"Aw! Little Laura's in love!" Kirsch exclaimed happily. He gave her a smack on the back. "Way to
go, Laur! I'm happy for you!"

"I'm- I'm *not* in love," Laura stammered out.

Her mind was still racing at the idea. Could she really love Carmilla already? She certainly had strong feelings for the other girl, that much was clear. But to call it love? Laura wasn't sure she could. She let her mind focus on Carmilla, her big brown eyes and soft dark hair, the way she'd smirk when she knew she'd gotten a rise out of Laura, the way she would look at her when she thought she wasn't paying attention, the way her eyes lit up and her nose crinkled when she laughed, the way she held Laura like she was the most precious thing in the world and the way she would kiss her like it was not just something she wanted, but something she *needed*. Then Laura thought about the day before. No one had ever made her feel more wanted than Carmilla had, no had been ever been so gentle yet so passionate with her. And no one had ever made Laura feel the way Carmilla did in general. So... maybe it was love that was making her heart skip a beat whenever she thought of or saw the other girl? *Maybe*. Laura was willing to settle on maybe.

"Earth to Laura! You okay?" Danny asked, waving her hand in front of Laura's face, effectively pulling the blonde out of her own head.

Laura shook her head to clear her thoughts. "What? Yeah. Yeah I'm good."

"She was probably just thinking too hard about Carm-sexy, weren't you?" Kirsch teased as he wiggled his eyebrows.

Laura rolled her eyes and shoved his shoulder. "Shut up," she said with a giggle.

"Damn it, Kirsch. Still with the frat bro nicknames?" Danny said.

Kirsch shrugged and put his fist to his chest. "Once a Zeta, always a Zeta, babe."

Danny rolled her eyes.

"But don't worry, you're the only hottie I got my eyes on," he said with a wink.

Danny couldn't hold back her smile. He wasn't perfect, but he certainly tried.

"Ugh," Laura said, causing both Danny and Kirsch to look at her instead. "Talk about being in love. You two are sickening," she teased, smirking when she saw Danny blush and Kirsch nearly drop the wrench he was holding.

After that, they definitely let the conversation about 'love' drop. But Laura couldn't stop thinking that, yeah, maybe she could love Carmilla.

After work, Laf, Perry and Carmilla went back to the house for practice. They had a show tomorrow and needed to get as much rehearsal time in as possible if they were going to be ready. When they got to Laf and Perry's, Laf and Carmilla headed for the garage while Perry went to grab some water. Carmilla took a deep breath before pulling a folded up piece of paper out of her pocket. She had been working on the lyrics on that page for her entire shift, and the paper was more scribbles than words, but it was there. She'd finished it, now came the hard part; *sharing* it. Carmilla stared down at the page, her feelings poured out in the words scrawled across the paper. She took a deep breath and handed the sheet to Laf.

"Um, here, I was just thinking, maybe we could learn this for the show tomorrow? I mean, it's not long or anything, so I figured we'd be able to learn it pretty quickly. Oh, and it's not that hard to play
or anything, so y'know I think we can get it by today, but I kinda already said that didn't I?" Carmilla shook her head.

*My god, the cupcake is starting to rub off on me.*

Laf smirked for a minute before looking at the lyrics in their hands. As their eyes skimmed over the words their smirk faded.

"You wrote this?" Laf asked, looking up from the page Carmilla had handed them.

To say Carmilla was nervous about sharing this song was the understatement of the century. A large part of her heart was put into writing it, and the thought of someone finding it silly, or rejecting it made her want to throw up. Yet somehow she had managed to convince herself to show what she had to Lafontaine. Even though they teased her constantly, Carmilla had a great amount of respect for her boss, hell she'd even consider them to be her friend. So, she was trusting them to be honest. Even if that honesty was going to rip her heart out.

Carmilla shrugged and nodded her head.

Laf raised their eyebrows and looked back to the page of lyrics.

"Did you already have music in mind for it?" Laf asked after a moment.

Carmilla's heart sped. "Yeah."

"Let's work out the bass and drums then."

Carmilla nodded.

"Alright, hang on," Laf said. They ran over to their garage door and called inside the house. "Perr, get out here, we got a gig tomorrow and we're learning a new song!"

A few seconds later Perry walked into the garage, placing a cooler full of waters down next to the stairs.

"A new song?" She asked as she grabbed her bass and made sure it was in tune.

"Yeah, Carmilla wrote one at work today, she was just about to run through it so we can figure out the drums and bass." They looked at Carmilla. "May I?" They asked, gesturing to the lyrics in their hand.

"Sure," Carmilla said with a shrug as she plugged in her guitar.

Laf handed the paper over to Perry who studied it briefly, a small smile stretching across her face.

"Carmilla..."

Carmilla looked up at the curly-haired red head, she wore a knowing smile and her eyes shined.

"Laura is going to love this," Perry said.

The brunette rolled her eyes, but couldn't hide the blush that crept across her cheeks.

"Yeah, yeah," She said, snatching the lyrics from Perry's hands. "Let's just get going with this. We don't have much time, and I want to get it right."
Laf scrambled to get behind their drum kit and that's when Carmilla saw it.

"Laf?"

"'Sup, Karnstein?" They asked as they twirled their drumsticks.

"What's on your bass drum?" Carmilla asked, gesturing to the decal that was now on the front of the drum. The letters and design were black, a stark contrast to the bright white of the drum skin. The main focus was the black heart, that was in the center of the drum, while the letters "WBGT" were set in an arch over it, in a scratchy looking font.

Laf grinned. "You like it? I had Laura's mom draw us up a design and sent it to get print about a week ago. Thought it'd be cool to go on stage for the Battle of the Bands looking semi-professional."

"It's awesome," Carmilla said, she cocked her eyebrow, "but what's up with the 'W'?"

Perry sighed as Laf's grin grew.

"It stands for part of our band name, of course!" Laf said.

Carmilla squinted at the ginger. "Uh huh... so remind me, what was the band name we agreed on?"

"Whipped Broody and the Ginger Twins!" Laf said, trying to hold in their laughter.

Carmilla stood dumbfounded. "You- you're... kidding right?"

Laf burst out laughing at Carmilla's reaction.

Perry sighed again. "I tried to tell them not to, but once they have an idea in their head..." she looked over to Carmilla apologetically, "I'm sorry, there was just no stopping them."

Carmilla glanced back at the design. It was awesome, she couldn't deny it. The heart was anatomically correct, the bulk of it being in black, while a few key details were highlighted in white. She sighed, one extra letter wasn't worth getting upset over... no matter how incorrect what it stood for was.

"Whatever," Carmilla grumbled as she finished tuning up her guitar. She shot a glare over at Laf, who was almost in tears from laughing. "Yo! Ginger 1! Pull yourself together, we got a song to finish."

"Oh c'mon! You should've seen your face man!"

"Lafontaine," Perry said, giving them a stern look.

Laf sighed and their shoulders sagged as they stopped laughing and got ready to play. "Yes, dear..."

Carmilla snickered under her breath.

Yeah. And I'm whipped.

After practice, the band sat in Laf and Perry's living room to discuss what their set list should be for the next day. As always, they were great at staying on topic...

"That's not how that works!" Carmilla said as she peeled back the skin of her blood orange.
"No! I'm not saying that's how I'd do it! I'm just saying that it's totally possible," Laf said. They swung their arm around Perry's shoulder as she sat down next to them on the couch. She groaned and popped her headphones in when she realized what subject had been brought up.

Carmilla leaned back in her chair and kicked her feet up onto the coffee table, she popped a wedge of orange into her mouth and shook her head. "You can't reanimate a dead body!"

"Not with the same consciousness but if I had a different one that was without a body I could put that consciousness into said 'dead body' and BOOM reanimated!"

"Oh, of course. How could I be so dimwitted as to not see that," Carmilla said with a smirk.

"Laugh it up all you want Karnstein, but if you become a disembodied consciousness stuck in some flash drive or something, don't come crying to me."

Carmilla chuckled and shook her head. "You are actually a mad scientist, aren't you?"

Laf grinned. "I was a bio major."

"Really?" Carmilla said. She popped another piece of orange into her mouth. "How does a bio major end up running a music shop?"

Laf shrugged. "Biology isn't exactly where I need it to be in order to do the kind of work I'm interested in."

Perry took her head phones out and joined the conversation, it's not like they were good at blocking out voices anyway.

"What Lafontaine means by that is that it's not yet socially acceptable to ask people if they wouldn't mind having a minimally invasive procedure done on the side of the street."

"It wasn't on the street, Perr! We were in Target!"

"That's even worse, sweetie," Perry said, placing a comforting hand on Laf's thigh.

They frowned and crossed their arms over their chest with a huff. Carmilla stifled a laugh.

"Anyway," Laf said, "music is great too. I mean I might not be creating minions, but I'm creating music! So that's pretty cool."

Carmilla smiled and nodded. "What about you, Curly Sue?" she asked, turning her attention to Perry. "What's your story?"

Perry looked at Carmilla in shock. They had been playing in the same band and working together for quite some time now, but the two had never really grown that close. Carmilla didn't have anything against her per say, quite the contrary, Carmilla held a lot of respect for Perry. She worked hard and settled for nothing but the best, especially in her music. The problem was that their personalities just didn't mesh well. Carmilla was chaotic, impulsive and messy, whereas Perry was organized and always had a plan. The brunette had seen how Perry writes music, first hand, it was well organized, usually done in pencil, and neatly written out on the lines. Meanwhile, Carmilla's writing was done in pen with a number of scribbles and arrows pointing every which way. Honestly, it was a miracle either of them could actually read the finished product of her latest song. Still, Carmilla couldn't help but feel she should try to understand the other woman better. There had to be something under that prim and proper style and attitude that made Perry tick. Carmilla was used to being the mystery, it was weird to be on the other end, and she was determined to figure it out.
"My story?" Perry asked.

"Yeah," Carmilla said, snacking on yet another orange wedge. "How'd you end up running a music shop?"

"Well, I majored in German... so, not a lot to do with that. I always wanted to teach the language, but it's been difficult to find an open position in any nearby schools," Perry said, a hint of sadness to her voice, but she cheered up slightly as she continued, "teaching people how to play music is just as rewarding though. I think I really just wanted to help people learn something new."

Carmilla nodded, it wasn't the whole story, there was definitely more there, but it was a start.

"What about you, Miss. Broody Britches," Laf said with a smirk.

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "What about me?"

"What's your story? 'Talented musician moves to small town from big city', it's a little backwards if you ask me."

"I have my reasons," Carmilla said. She noticed that Laf was about to speak and cut them off before they could. "Personal reasons. Try another day, Lafonbrain."

They laughed. "Oh, man I like that one! I approve of that nickname, Karnstein."

Carmilla smirked and finished off her snack, "You promise never to call me Miss. Broody Britches again, and maybe I'll use it more often."

Laf chuckled and held out a fist. "Deal."

Carmilla smiled and leaned forward to touch her knuckles to Laf's.

"Weren't we working on a set list?" Perry asked.

"Ughhh," Laf said at the same time Carmilla groaned "Damn."

Carmilla reached for the pen and paper that was sitting on the coffee table.

"Okay, so, we need four songs that we don't suck at..."

Carmilla got home two hours later and stumbled into her bedroom before falling face first into her mattress. She let out a long hum into the comforter, grateful to finally be able to relax. The day had been exhausting and she was buzzing with nerves about the show the next day. Her phone buzzed in her back pocket and she swiped the screen to accept the call.

"Hello?" she mumbled into the phone, not bothering to pick her head up.

The giggle on the other end caught her attention though and she smiled.

"Hello, to you too!" Laura said, muffling her 'hello' to mimic Carmilla.

The brunette flipped over onto her back and ran a hand through her hair. "Mockery is not flattering on you, cutie."

Laura giggled again. "Oh, hush, you think everything is flattering on me."
"Full of yourself, much?" Carmilla teased.

"Hmm, I'd rather be full of you," Laura said.

Carmilla felt her heartbeat quicken. "That can definitely be arranged, get your cute ass over here."

"Carm, you need to rest, you have a big day tomorrow. I just wanted to call to make sure you're okay."

Carmilla sighed. "I'm... a little nervous," she admitted, "but, some stress relief would do wonders. So, my invitation still stands..."

Laura laughed. "Carmilla."

"What?" she asked, a huge smile etched onto her face.

"You need to sleep, don't tempt me."

"Excuse me, but I believe it was you who started the tempting tonight, cupcake."

"Whoops," Laura giggled into the phone.

"That was the most unconvincing 'whoops' I have ever heard in my life," Carmilla said.

"Probably because I didn't mean it."

Carmilla sighed happily. It was quiet for a moment before she finally said, "Come over, sweetheart. Please. We can just sleep if you actually don't want to do anything, but I really want you here right now, Laura. I... need you."

There was a short pause before Laura replied. "I'm on my way," she said.

"See you soon, cutie," Carmilla said around a huge smile, "be safe."

"See you, Carm. Mwah."

Carmilla giggled at Laura blowing a kiss into the phone before hanging up. Sex or no sex Carmilla was giddy about the fact she'd get to hold Laura as she slept tonight. Tomorrow was a big day and being around Laura just always seemed to make her calm, even without sex. She dropped her phone onto the bed next to her and sat up with a sigh before running to the bathroom take a shower...

_Just in case._
As always I LOVE TO HEAR WHAT YOU GUYS HAVE TO SAY! SO PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE FEEL FREE TO LEAVE A COMMENT! Any comment! Good? Bad? Question? Whatever you wanna say about the story (or anything else) I wanna hear! And if you wanna hit me up on tumblr that's great too @carmillamenzel! Thank you so so much for reading! More is on the way! So stay tuned and have a great day/night! :) 

P.S.
The black heart emblem for the band is kinda just a little shout out to Joan Jett and the Blackhearts since I'm using a lot of the songs they wrote/covered for Carmilla's "Originals".
Laura sighed as she stretched out on her stomach, the blanket settled around her waist left her bare back exposed to the coolness of the room, causing a shiver to run down her spine. She slid closer to the other side of the bed, expecting to find the warmth of another body there, but was surprised to feel nothing but cooling sheets. Her eyes squinted open to confirm that Carmilla was in fact not in bed with her. Confused, Laura turned over and sat up, pulling the covers to her chest to keep her warm against the coldness of the morning.

*Has Carmilla not heard of a little thing called 'heating'?

She took a quick glance around the room and smiled to herself when she saw the trail of clothes leading to the bed. So much for 'not doing anything' last night. Not that she actually cared at all. Her eyes danced across the walls, still completely bare. Carmilla had lived here for nearly two months and Laura swore her place hadn't changed since the day they met. Carmilla had called it 'homeowner's choice' and Laura had called it 'Carmilla being lazy'. Same difference really, but Laura still found it strange how Carmilla's space felt so cold, compared to how expressive she really was. Laura found herself wondering if she should offer to help Carmilla decorate her apartment a little, to make it feel less like a jail cell and more like a home.

She blew a strand of hair off of her face and noticed that the bathroom light was on, and the door was cracked open slightly. Laura slowly slid out of bed and tiptoed over to the bathroom as quietly as possible. She peeked through the crack and saw Carmilla standing in front of the mirror, gripping the sides of the sink so tightly her knuckles were turning white. She looked like a textbook definition of the word "tense", her jaw was locked, body rigid, and Laura could tell every muscle in her body was tensed since she hadn't bothered to get dressed yet either. But what really got Laura was the look in her eyes. She looked scared, vulnerable, unsure, everything Carmilla wasn't, or at least everything she pretended not to be. Laura knew better, but that didn't mean she wanted to see her like this. The blonde gently nudged the door open and wrapped her arms around Carmilla's waist, pressing her front to her back. She left a few kisses on the taller woman's shoulders, causing some of the tension in Carmilla's body to dissipate.

Laura placed her chin on Carmilla's shoulder and tucked some of the brunette's hair behind her ear. "You, okay?"

Carmilla sighed. "Yeah, cutie. All good."

Laura caught her gaze in the mirror. "You expect me to actually believe that?" she asked with a chuckle.
"I'm fine, Laura," Carmilla sighed, shrugging out of Laura's arms.

Laura reached out and grabbed her arm before she could leave the bathroom. "Hey," she said, pulling the brunette to look at her. Carmilla looked at her, her expression unreadable. "You know you can talk to me, Carm."

"There's nothing to talk about. I already told you, everything's fine," Carmilla said, pulling her arm from Laura's hold and continuing out into her bedroom.

Laura cocked an eyebrow in disbelief. Carmilla hadn't acted like this toward her since the day they met, but suddenly she had thrown her walls back up again, something the blonde was not about to let happen. She followed her into the bedroom, where Carmilla began to throw on clothes for the day.

"It's okay to be nervous, you know," Laura said, leaning against the dresser.

Carmilla scoffed and rolled her eyes. "I'm not nervous. Like I keep saying, I'm fine. Now can you please just let it go?"

Her words were sharp and cold, and Carmilla's attitude was really starting to get under Laura's skin, considering she was only trying to help.

"I'm only trying to help, Carmilla," Laura said, folding her arms across her chest.

"I never asked for your help," the brunette snapped, "and I don't need it. So you can stop trying."

Carmilla regretted saying those words the minute they passed her lips. Before she could even manage to apologize, Laura was scouring the floor for her clothes.

Carmilla let out a sigh. "Laur, I'm-"

"You know what? No. I really don't want to hear it right now, okay?" Laura said, spinning to look at the other girl. "I'm not the one who asked to come over here last night. You are. So yeah, you know what? You did ask for my help, and when I tried to give it to you, you just shut me out! I'm not dealing with that bullshit, Carmilla. I don't deserve it. You should be thanking me! If it weren't for me you'd never have gotten the chance to perform tonight!"

Carmilla took a half a step toward the smaller girl. "I know. Please, Laura, I'm-"

"Uh, excuse me but I can do whatever the hell I want. If I don't want to tell you something, maybe
there's a damn reason for it, Laura! Has that even occurred to you? That maybe I can't go to you with this?"

Laura's gaze softened a little, and she tried to hide the twinge of pain that shot through her heart at what Carmilla said. She'd hoped that Carmilla felt comfortable enough to come to her with anything that might be bothering her, the fact that she didn't made the blonde question if Carmilla was as serious about them as she was.

"I- I'm sorry. You're right. You're absolutely right," Laura said with a sniffle. She glanced around at the floor, trying not to let tears escape her eyes. "Um, I should... I should probably just go," she said as she gathered her clothes from the floor.

Carmilla sighed and walked over to Laura who was struggling, trying to figure out how her shirt was tangled. She gently pulled the shirt from Laura's hands and tossed it onto her bed before reaching out and taking Laura's hands in her own. The blonde refused to look up at Carmilla, sure that if she looked into her eyes she wouldn't be able to hold back her tears, so instead she focused on their hands, and how their fingers interlocked perfectly.

"Laura?" Carmilla said gently, trying to get her to look at her. When she didn't look up from their hands, Carmilla took her right hand and brought it to Laura's chin, using it to tilt Laura's head up to meet her gaze. When she finally looked into her eyes, Carmilla could see that her eyes were brimming with tears, her heart practically shattered at the sight. "Oh, sweetheart, don't cry." She tugged Laura forward and wrapped her arms around her waist tightly. Laura hesitated briefly before she threw her arms around Carmilla's shoulders and buried her face into the crook of her neck.

Carmilla held the girl in her arms tighter as she felt tears hit her neck. Regardless of their fight, Carmilla didn't want to ever see Laura cry, and she especially didn't want to be the cause of it.

After a moment Laura let out a groan and pulled back with a sniffle, wiping her eyes frantically and trying to calm down. "Sorry," she said.

Carmilla shook her head and reached up to wipe away Laura's tears with her thumbs. "No, cutie. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to make you cry. You were trying to help and-"

"And nothing, I should've just backed off. I guess I was just hoping..."

"Hoping what?"

Laura looked up at Carmilla. She wasn't sure what she was hoping. That Carmilla wouldn't ever shut her out? That she would always be open about everything? That she loved Laura as much as Laura loved her?

Laura stiffened. There was that word again. For some reason she'd been thinking about it more and more, and how maybe, just maybe she was in love.

She shook it off. Now was definitely not the time to be bringing that up.

"I guess I was just hoping that... I don't know, you could come to me with the big stuff too? I want to be here for you."

Carmilla chuckled and cupped Laura's face in her hands. "Cutie, you are there for me. More than anyone in my life has ever been. And I can't thank you enough for that. But, there's just... there's some things I can't go to you for."

Laura frowned. "Like what?"
Carmilla smirked. "Like things that maybe involve you..."

"But if they involve me, shouldn't I, y'know, be informed?"

"I'm afraid that's not exactly how it works, cutie," Carmilla said with a sigh.

"Wait, am I the reason you're upset this morning?"

"I'm not upset, sweetheart. I'm... nervous," she said, twirling a piece of Laura's hair through her fingers.

"Because of me?" Laura asked, wide-eyed. "I didn't mean to make you nervous, Carm."

Carmilla chuckled. "Trust me, cutie. It's not your fault," she said, still focused on the blonde hair she was fidgeting with.

"But... you are nervous because of me?"

"Perhaps, indirectly. Yes," Carmilla said.

Laura bit her lip. "Well, I mean can I do anything? To make you, like, not nervous?"

Carmilla's brow furrowed and she contemplated just singing Laura her song now. Maybe it would be better in a private setting, if things didn't come out in Carmilla's favor at least she wouldn't have to deal with it in a bar full of people. But she worked so hard getting it right with Laf and Perry that she didn't want to half-ass it with only her guitar. So, instead, Carmilla licked her lips and looked up into Laura's eyes.

"Kiss me?" she asked with a grin.

Laura rolled her eyes, but leaned in and gave Carmilla a soft kiss on the lips. Carmilla smiled against Laura's lips and cupped the back of her neck to draw her in closer. Laura hummed happily and wrapped her arms around Carmilla's waist, kissing her softly over and over again.

Finally Carmilla pulled back and rested her forehead against Laura's. She gazed into the blonde's eyes with a dopey smile as she played with the hair at the nape of Laura's neck.

"Well, we made it safely through our first fight, cutie," Carmilla teased.

Laura chuckled lightly. "I guess we did. You know what that means?"

Carmilla smirked and trailed her hands down Laura's back to cup her ass. "Make up sex?"

Laura bit her lip and nodded before pushing Carmilla back onto the bed. Carmilla sat up on her elbows as Laura crawled over her. She let out a low moan as Laura slipped a thigh between her legs and ghosted her lips over her own. The brunette surged up and captured Laura's lips in a heated kiss. Laura pulled away and smiled down at Carmilla, whose smile matched her own. She found herself getting lost in Carmilla's eyes again, they had a way of hypnotizing her. Maybe because that's where she could always figure out what Carmilla was thinking and feeling. When she let her guard down, Carmilla's eyes gave everything away, and right now, the look in them was the visual equivalent of everything that Laura was feeling. She felt her heart flutter at the implication of what that meant.

Evidently she'd been staring too long because the next thing she knew, Laura was on her back, Carmilla's body above hers pushing her into the mattress as she nibbled her way up her neck to her ear.
"Y'know," Carmilla whispered, "We don't have all day. And I really want to show you how sorry I am." Her grip on Laura's hips tightened for emphasis, causing Laura to dig her nails into Carmilla's back with a whimper.

"By all means, get a move on," Laura chuckled.

Carmilla drew back just enough to give Laura a devilish grin. "Happily."

Laura sighed as she stretched out onto her stomach. "We should totally fight more."

Carmilla laughed as she stood next to the bed and pulled on her leather pants. She glanced over her shoulder at Laura, who was staring at her with a smile on her face.

"I dunno, cupcake. I think we can still do that without fighting first."

Laura stood up on her knees and walked over to the edge of the bed, she ran her hands gently down Carmilla's back, watching as goosebumps rose along her skin. "Yeah... but you have to admit, that was... hot."

Carmilla turned around and put her arms loosely around Laura's neck while Laura's hands settled on the brunette's hips. Carmilla dipped her head down and placed a lingering kiss to Laura's lips. She pulled back with a smile.

"Insanely hot." she agreed.

Laura smiled back and kissed her again, wrapping her arms around her waist and pulling her against her body. Their kiss quickly got heated and Carmilla pulled back with a chuckle.

"Cutie-" Laura cut her off with another kiss. She laughed and pulled away again. "I have to-" another kiss, "Go to-" another, "Sound check," she finished before Laura kissed her again.

Laura pulled back slightly and looked up at her. "You done?"

Carmilla nodded.

"Good," Laura said before bringing their lips together again.

Carmilla kissed her back with matching enthusiasm, her hands quickly tangled in blonde locks as Laura slowly scooted backwards so that Carmilla could kneel on the bed with her. Laura slowly laid down on her back, bringing Carmilla with her, careful not to break their kiss. Carmilla hummed and hitched a leg over Laura's body so that she was straddling her hips. She had a way of getting lost in Laura's kisses. Kissing wasn't something Carmilla ever really desired from someone, not until Laura. She got lost in how soft the girl's lips were, and how she was gentle yet demanding in the way she moved them against her own. Kissing Laura was like breathing, she needed to do it, and it was the most natural thing in the world. Ironically, she had to not kiss Laura in order to breathe. She pulled her lips away gently, sucking in air as she ghosted them across Laura's chin and jaw.

"God, I lo-"

Carmilla's phone started to ring and it was only then that she realized what she almost said out loud. She took a moment to collect herself as Laura looked at her curiously.

"I... have to get that," Carmilla said.

Laura groaned as Carmilla reached over to the nightstand and picked up her phone.
"Hello?" she answered, settling back on Laura's lap. The blonde smirked.

"Karnstein! Where the hell are you? We kinda need you to do sound check for your vocals."

"Fuck," Carmilla muttered looking over at her clock as Laura reached for the button on her leather pants. The brunette slapped her hand away with a smirk and got up off the bed, grabbing a bra and a clean t-shirt from her dresser. "I'll be there in ten, boss."

Lafontaine sighed. "I somehow doubt that..."

Carmilla laughed and hung up the phone, quickly putting her bra on. She might have to thank Laf for their impeccable timing. She had gotten caught up in the moment and almost told Laura she loved her. Maybe it was a sign from the universe that Laf called. Either way, she was kind of grateful it wasn't something she had to deal with at this exact moment.

"So, leaving already?" Laura said, lounging on the bed.

Carmilla chuckled as she threw her t-shirt over her head. "Afraid so, cutie."

"Damn," she sighed, "and here I thought you actually cared about me. But I see how it is! Hit it and quit it! No time for cuddling."

Carmilla laughed and sat on the edge of her bed, leaning back so that Laura was in between her one arm and her body. Laura smiled back at her and tucked some of her hair behind her ear.

"I promise we'll have all the cuddle time you want after tonight, okay?" Carmilla said.

Laura's smile grew and she moved her hand from Carmilla's hair to cup her face, her heart warming as she felt Carmilla lean into her touch.

"Alright," she whispered.

Carmilla leaned down and gave Laura a quick kiss on the lips.

"Good luck, beautiful," Laura whispered against her lips, "I'll be there cheering you on."

Carmilla kissed her again briefly before sitting up. "You better be," she said with a wink.

Carmilla came running into the bar about fifteen minutes later. She looked around quickly and took note of the place. It wasn't too big, the bar only stretching across the left wall. There were several tables located throughout the center with a small stage in the far right corner of the room where she saw that Lafontaine's drum kit was set up along with several microphones and amps. She took a deep breath and pushed her sunglasses up onto her head before making her way over to the bar where Lafontaine, Perry and Emily were sitting and talking.

"Sorry I'm late," she said with a shy smile.

Emily smiled and stood up, giving Carmilla a quick hug. "It's okay. Good to see you again, sweetie."

Carmilla flashed her a smile. "Thanks, you too. So, should I just...?" Carmilla asked, gesturing toward the stage.

"Yep! Have at it! Let me know if anything needs to be fixed," Emily said.

"Will do."
"Nice of you to finally join us, Karnstein," Laf said with a smirk.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Shut it, Lafonbrain."

"Oh, I'm wounded!" Laf called with a chuckle as Carmilla was walking away toward the stage.

She took a deep breath and stepped up onto the wooden platform. She made quick work of hooking her guitar up to her amp and tuning it before she started to do some riffs to check the sound. Unsure of what exactly to sing in order to make sure the microphone was set up correctly, she decided to try out her new song, the one she cared about the most for tonight's show. As soon as the first verse left her mouth she realized she had caught the attention of one of the three people in the bar. Emily watched Carmilla carefully as she ran through the song, a small knowing smile on her face. Once Carmilla finished her song, she flicked her amp off and put her guitar on one of the open stands, before heading back over to the bar. Laf and Perry were busy debating about one of Laf's theories again, so Carmilla sat in front of Emily instead as she wiped down the bar.

"Everything sound good, kid?" she asked.

Carmilla nodded. "I think so. Could you hear it from back here?"

"Every word," Emily said with a grin and a raised eyebrow.

The brunette felt a blush creep up her neck. "Heh, yeah?"

"Mhmm. Tell me, I've never heard that one before, is it something you wrote?"

"Uh, yeah," Carmilla said.

"Is it about someone I know?" Emily asked with a smirk.

Carmilla pressed her mouth into a thin line and picked at the wood on the bar. She let out a slow breath, her words were quiet and unsure. "Do you think she'll like it?"

Carmilla dared to look back up at Emily, and noticed that the woman's face softened from that of teasing to one of comfort. "Do you like it?"

"It makes me think of her," Carmilla said instantly, "I love it."

Emily gave Carmilla a soft smile and put a hand over one of hers. "Then I think you have your answer, sweetie."

Carmilla furrowed her brow. "I don't understand."

Emily chuckled. "Don't worry, kiddo," she said as she patted her hand and turned to walk away, "you will."

The day went by quicker than Laura thought it would. After Carmilla had left, she'd taken a shower and went back to her apartment to get ready for the night. She would have just stolen some of Carmilla's clothes, but she needed to pick up Danny and Kirsch before going to the bar, and Carmilla's apartment was much farther away than her own. She decided to dress pretty casual, nothing fancy or revealing considering A) it's just a dive bar and B) her parents were going to see her there. Jeans, a black tank-top and her purple and black flannel would suffice.

It was already seven and Carmilla was set to play starting at eight, so Laura grabbed her keys and went to go pick up Kirsch and Danny. On her way to their apartment her mind wandered to
Carmilla glanced around the bar that was quickly filling up with people. She looked wide-eyed at Laf.

"Oh my god, I can't do this."

Laf nearly spit out their drink. They looked at Carmilla. "What? What do you mean you can't do this?"

Carmilla let out a shaky breath as her legs started to bounce up and down. "There's- There's too many people, man. I've never performed in front of more than like two! What if they hate us? What if I hit a bad chord?" she darted a hand out and shook Laf by their shoulders, causing them to nearly spill their drink. "Oh my god! What if my voice cracks?!"

"Whoa," Laf said, placing their drink on the bar before giving Carmilla their full attention. "Look, we've practiced a shit ton, we've got this. Your voice is solid, Carmilla. Drink some water in between
songs, take a couple deep breaths, do what you have to to stay in the zone. But you don't have to be afraid, dude. We've totally got this."

Carmilla gulped and shook her head as she ran a hand through her hair. "I-I ca-"

"Don't say you can't. Just... relax. Think about something that makes you happy. Something that makes you feel... at ease." Laf looked at her for a moment before snapping their fingers and exclaiming excitedly, "Laura! Think about Laura! Perform for her! Like that day in the garage!"

Carmilla shut her eyes and took a deep breath.

*Laura.*

She pictured her bright brown eyes.

*Laura.*

The way her nose crinkles when she laughs.

*Laura.*

How she makes her feel like she's the only one in the world.

*Laura.*

She opened her eyes, her heartbeat returned to normal and she felt peaceful. "Right. Laura."

Laf eyed Carmilla curiously for a second. "Are you going to be okay?"

Carmilla smirked. "Yeah. Thanks, just... pre-show jitters I guess."

"Riiiiight. Well, it's gonna be awesome, Karnstein. So I hope your ready to act like a rock star now."

Carmilla laughed and bumped fists with Laf. "Born ready, boss."

"Carm!"

Carmilla spun around on her bar stool just in time to see Laura coming up to her with open arms. She smiled as the smaller girl pulled her in for a hug.

"Hey, cutie, glad you made it."

"Pfft, like I'd miss your first show!" Laura said, pulling back and swatting Carmilla on the arm.

Carmilla grinned and pulled Laura in for a kiss.

"Wow! You weren't kidding, she's a hottie!"

Carmilla pulled back at the sudden outburst and glared at the guilty culprit.

"Oh, angry, hottie..." Kirsch mumbled. Danny slapped him on the arm.

Laura looked at Carmilla with a sheepish smile. "He means well, take it easy on him."

Carmilla groaned and rolled her eyes. "Fine."

Laura beamed. "Great! Kirsch, I'd like you to officially meet Carmilla, my girlfriend. Carm, this is
Wilson Kirsch.

Carmilla knew that name instantly. "This is your dignity savior?" she asked with a grin. Laura turned red.

"Uh... um... well..."

"Oh! Totally! I made sure little frosh didn't get into the creamed corn kiddie pool! That should only be for consenting hotties! And she was way too drunk," Kirsch said with a proud smile.

Carmilla snorted a laugh and was quickly met with a glare from Laura. "What? That's fucking funny! C'mon, cutie!"

"Sure, hilarious, are we done remembering my 'less than stellar' moments?"

Carmilla chuckled and pulled Laura to her. She planted a kiss on her cheek and a smile broke out on Laura's face. "Yes. Though I must say, I kind of like your giant puppy of friend now."

Laura sighed. "Well, at least you'll get along."

"Karnstein!"

Carmilla looked behind the bar and saw it was Emily calling her.

"You guys are on in five!"

She gave Emily a thumbs up and looked at the girl in her arms. "Well, sweetheart, I'm afraid this is farewell."

Laura rolled her eyes and put the back of her hand to her forehead dramatically. "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Carmilla laughed. "Kiss for luck?" She asked, cocking an eyebrow at the smaller girl.

Laura grinned and pressed her lips to Carmilla's. She pulled back with a smile. "Knock 'em dead, babe," she said with a wink.

A little while later, the band was set up on stage, doing some final checks and tuning. Carmilla walked up to the mic to address the audience. She cleared her throat and made eye contact with Laura who was sitting at the bar, giving her a thumbs up. Carmilla smiled and threw a wink her way before leaning into the microphone.

"Hey everyone! We're WBGT! Now who wants to hear some music?!"

The crowd in the bar clapped enthusiastically, not something Carmilla was expecting, but it calmed her a bit that the crowd was already on her side.

"Alright! Let's go!"

Carmilla nodded back at Laf and they counted in for their opening song, Do You Wanna Touch Me. Carmilla, Laf and Perry had set up the four song set alternating original songs and covers, that way the crowd got to hear their own songs and ones they would already know. As she ran through the first song of the night Carmilla noticed that the crowd was actually into it. She'd never imagined that people would actually enjoy her music. She wasn't a poet by any means, but something must've been..."
right because people were nodding their heads and tapping their feet to the beat, and when the song faded out a decent round of applause swept through the bar. She looked to the back and caught Laura smiling widely and cheering. Carmilla chuckled and muttered a 'thank you' into the microphone. She took a sip of water before getting ready for her next song.

"Alright, you guys might know this one," she chuckled into the mic before launching into *Freak Like Me* by Halestorm. She sounded good singing this one. And she knew it. It was one of the first Halestorm songs she had learned, mainly because 'hey, fuck you mother, I'm a freak and I like it', but also because, hey, it's a really good song. They had to simplify the music slightly in order to make it work with only three people, but it was a hell of a good cover if the crowd's reaction was any indication. Some people were singing along, and when she got to the part where she had to screaming "are you a freak like me", people cheered. Actually cheered. If Carmilla wasn't so busy making sure her voice didn't crack she may have smiled.

Soon enough the song came to an end and Carmilla realized what that meant. She ran a hand through her hair and took a couple gulps of water, trying to steady her nerves. She looked out into the crowd and noticed it had grown in between songs.

*Great.*

Carmilla took a deep breath. "Alright, I know everyone's having a great time, right?"

The crowd cheered.

She chuckled. "Awesome! This... this next one is something I wrote... for uh..." she caught Laura's gaze in the back of the room. "For someone really special to me. And, well, I hope she likes it," she laughed nervously.

Laura looked at her with a small smile and shiny eyes. She could tell the blonde was eagerly awaiting the song. Carmilla took a deep breath, switched the sound on her amp and stepped close to the microphone. She sang her first note soft and full with only Laf's drumsticks keeping a beat. Her guitar coming in after.

"Ahhh, now I don't hardly know her," Carmilla looked straight into Laura's eyes, her heart pounding as she realized she, in fact, going to have to sing the next line. She did it softly, pouring as much emotion into it as she could.

"*But I think I could love her.*" There it was, she saw the exact moment Laura heard it. Her face went entirely red and she... she smiled. She didn't even flinch, she just smiled and if Carmilla wasn't in the middle of a song she probably could've cried in relief because Laura smiling meant she at least maybe loved her. Or had thought about it. Carmilla smiled back and continued to sing directly to Laura, everyone else in the bar melting away into nothing.

"*Crimson and Clover,*" The song got a little louder, Carmilla more confident than before.

"Ahhh, now when she comes walkin' over

Now I've been waitin' to show her

*Crimson and Clover*

*Over and over.*"

Carmilla grinned before stepping back from the mic and going into a slightly faster guitar riff. Laura was still smiling at her and Carmilla couldn't even question it anymore. She loved her. She *loved*
Laura. Was completely head over heels in love with her and it was the best feeling in the world to finally just admit it to herself. She rang out a few chords before going back to the softer pace and stepping back up to the microphone.

"Yeah,"

Laf and Perry sang back ups in time with the guitar chords.

"My, my, such a sweet thing," she smirked at Laura, who actually chuckled at that.

Her voice softened again, "I wanna do everything." Carmilla got a little choked up, looking into Laura's eyes and realizing just how true all of these words were.

"What a beautiful feelin'

_Crimson and Clover

Over and Over..."

Carmilla went into a short solo before she started to pick at the strings and sing again.

"Crimson and Clover, over and over

Crimson and Clover, over and over

Crimson and Clover, over and over

Crimson and Clover, over and over."

When Carmilla hit the last chord she felt like a weight had been lifted off her shoulders, and all she wanted to do was run to the back of the bar and kiss Laura, who was currently cheering and crying with a huge smile on her face. Carmilla was sure she wore one to match. Suddenly she realized where she actually was and her focus shifted to the crowd in the bar, most of whom were on their feet clapping. Carmilla stared at them for a moment before shooting glances at Laf and Perry who were both in just as much shock as she was. She swallowed and reached for her water, taking a few generous gulps before turning back to the crowd.

"Heh, uh thanks. Thank you! We, uh, still got one song for you tonight so, uh, buckle up creamuffs," Carmilla said with a chuckle. She was pleasantly surprised when the crowd actually laughed. She turned to Laf and Perry and counted them off to play their final song for the night, _Jump the Gun_ another song by Halestorm. They figured it'd be a good bar appropriate song and they were right, but Carmilla would never know because the only thing on her mind was getting to see Laura after the show. The only moment Carmilla was actually pulled into the song was the point when Laf dropped their voice and mumbled "_babe I think I love you_" into their microphone, because not only was it funny, but it pulled a great response from the crowd. Soon enough the song was over and the band was taking their bows as the crowd cheered. Carmilla smiled and shouted one last 'thank you' into the mic before wandering off the stage with her bandmates. As soon as her boots hit the floor she felt someone grab her hand and start pulling her to towards the bathroom. She was about to protest when she recognized the honey blonde hair towing her through the crowded bar.

Laura threw open the bathroom door, dragging Carmilla in behind her and did a quick sweep to make sure the room was clear before walking back to the brunette who was standing by the door and pushing her against it. Laura reached up and turned the deadbolt on the bathroom door to lock it before cupping Carmilla's face and kissing her.
"Um," Carmilla mumbled around their kiss, "Isn't it frowned upon to lock public restrooms?"

Laura pulled back and smirked at Carmilla. "My bar. My rules."

She put her lips to Carmilla's neck instead. "Isn't it technically your mom's bar?" Carmilla chuckled.

"Details," Laura mumbled against her skin, "meaningless details."

Carmilla chuckled again and brought Laura's lips back to her own. They kissed briefly before Laura pulled away and looked up at Carmilla. She ran her fingers over her cheekbones and shook her head. "It was beautiful, Carm."

Carmilla scratched gently at Laura's lower back. "I lied."

Laura tilted her head to the side. "What do you mean?"

"In my song," Carmilla clarified, "I lied."

Laura stared at her, waiting for her to continue.

"I don't just think I could love you. I do. I love you." she shook her head and pulled Laura against her body as she kissed her again. "God," she whispered as they broke away, "I am so in love with you."

"I love you, too, Carm," Laura whispered back.

Carmilla had honestly forgot that she was supposed to be nervous about hearing it said back. It hadn't even really crossed her mind to worry about it because she was just so relieved to have finally said it herself. But once Laura said it back it was like she was shooting off to the moon. It was thrilling and exciting and it made her feel like she could do anything. Laura's lips were back on hers and she found herself getting lost in her kisses again. It was perfect. Even in the bathroom of a bar, it was perfect. Because Laura loved her.

"I'm in love with you, too," Laura breathed across her lips.

Carmilla smiled and kissed her again. And again. And again, until they needed to stop to breathe properly.

There was a beat before they both spoke again, at the same time.

"Say it again."

"Say it again."

They both laughed and Laura dropped her forehead to Carmilla's shoulder as she held her tightly.

"I love you, Laura."

"I love you, Carmilla."
Heh, that tiny fight in the beginning is probably the only angst you'll see in this story tbh. Figured they have to have at least one little fight, otherwise they'd be too damn perfect! But I'm pretty sure I MORE than made up for it! lol Are you guys as pumped for season 3 as I am btw? Cause I'm hella pumped! Also, Laura's car is a Hyundai Veloster, aka the car I have (yup three doors, weirdest shit ever)! Anyway, hope you enjoyed! Please feel free to leave a comment! Any comment! They always make me smile, whether its feedback, criticism or just some love it's highly appreciated! So don't be shy! I'm nice I swear! :) if you'd rather hmu on tumblr I'm there too! @carmillamenzel! So I hope you have a great day/night! Stay tuned for more cause I think in a few more chapters we'll be hittin' the Battle of the Bands! I got a little something planned before that though so, again stay tuned! ;)

(Lots of notes here sorry!)

Songs used:
Do You Wanna Touch Me (Joan Jett)
Freak Like Me (Halestorm)
Crimson and Clover (Joan Jett)
Jump the Gun (Halestorm)
Okay! I'm back! Yeah, I kinda hit the middle of the semester and midterms and then The 100 broke my heart and then Easter was my birthday and ugh... so I didn't have a lot of time to write. But here we go, back at it with Hollstein! Little bit of a time jump from the last chapter, cause I kinda gotta get rolling towards the Battle of the Bands, yeah? :) Hope you enjoy the chapter!

"Sweetheart, it's going to be fine, okay?"

"But you always talk about your family like... I dunno, like they're the fucking plague! How am I supposed to be calm about meeting them?!"

Carmilla sighed. She'd decided that, with Christmas fast approaching, she wanted to take Laura to the city she grew up in so she could see it in holiday style, so she was packing her suitcase and talking to Laura on the phone. Unfortunately, the holidays also meant she had to go visit her family. She didn't want to but she'd promised Will that she would, they hadn't really seen each other since Carmilla had moved and, whether she wanted to admit it or not, she did kind of miss the little bastard. Her mother however...

"Look, you've got nothing to worry about, cutie. Will is annoying, but harmless. And my mother... well..."

"Exactly!" Laura shouted on the other end of the phone. "Carm, I just don't think-"

"Stop," Carmilla cut her off, "Look, Laura, I love you, and if my mother can't handle that, or if she's rude or mean, I'll... well, I'd say I'd protect you, but I just know you'll take that the wrong way," she said with a chuckle.

Laura laughed.

"I promise it'll be okay. Okay, cutie?"

"Okay... But-"

"Laura."

Carmilla tossed a pair of jeans into her suitcase and collapsed onto her bed.

"I'm sorry. It's just, I want them to like me. I'm awkward enough as it is, and then around parents I'm even more awkward. And your mom already hates me probably and-"

"Whoa whoa whoa. Slow down there, cupcake. My mother doesn't hate you."

"But... I mean, from what you've said..."

Carmilla ran a hand through her hair. Laura wasn't exactly wrong. Her mother wasn't going to be too
fond of the fact that Laura was a girl. Despite the whole 'agree to disagree' relationship her and her mother had, her mother seemed incapable of accepting the fact that Carmilla was gay. Or she at least didn't like it. She may have come to terms with her daughter dating other women, but that certainly didn't mean she approved. The thing was, Carmilla hadn't been too nervous about bringing girls home in the past, most of them she was only using to piss her mother off, so if they ran screaming after a weekend with her family, so be it. But Laura was different. Laura mattered.

"I know," Carmilla said. "I'm not going to lie and tell you that this weekend is going to be easy. I won't. But... I think if she just gives you a chance, she's going to absolutely love you. And that... that would mean the world to me, Laur."

Laura was silent.

Carmilla let out a nervous chuckle. "Y'know, it's easy to get nervous when Laura Hollis is lost for words."

She heard Laura let out a small laugh and relaxed a little.

"Okay, Carm. What's a weekend, right? It goes bad? I simply never speak to your mother again... because that's a healthy relationship. Ugh."

Carmilla laughed. "Don't think too much. Just be you, sweetheart." she looked at her clock and groaned. "Okay, I have to finish packing if we're going to make it to the train on time. You almost ready to go?"

Laura let out a long sigh. "Yeah. I kinda packed my suitcase a week ago."

Carmilla stood up and started tossing things into her suitcase again. She snorted out a laugh.

"Don't make fun! I've been nervous!"

"Yeah, totally hadn't picked up on that," Carmilla said with a smirk. "Now go check if you have everything you need, again. 'Cause I'm sure you've already done that five times by now-"'

"I resent that!"

"And I'll be there to pick you up in about a half an hour," Carmilla finished, ignoring Laura's interjection.

Laura sighed. "Fine. See you soon, Carm. Love you."

"Love you, too," Carmilla said with a smile.

She tossed her phone onto her bed and looked at the mess that was her suitcase. Shirts, pants and everything in between simply in a pile. She put her hands on her hips and sighed. Not wanting to go through the hassle of actually fixing the mess in front of her, she pushed the top of the bag down as best she could and forced it to zip shut, letting out a short, victorious 'hah!' when the case successfully shut. One problem for the weekend down, and God only knows how many are left.

Carmilla showed up at Laura's apartment right on time, which actually surprised the blonde, Carmilla was never one for punctuality.

Carmilla greeted Laura with a smile and a kiss to the cheek. "Cutie."

Laura giggled and pulled Carmilla in for a real kiss. The brunette's lips twitched into a smile as she
held Laura closer and skimmed her tongue along her lower lip as her hands moved under the blonde's shirt. Laura pulled back with a chuckle.

"Whoa," she said, patting Carmilla's chest with one hand, "down girl."

Carmilla chuckled and removed her hands from under Laura's shirt. "It's gonna be a long weekend, cutie, sure you don't want to..." she nodded in the direction of Laura's bedroom, "real quick?"

Laura rolled her eyes and stepped out of her apartment. "Carm, we'll survive a few days without sex," she said as she locked her door behind her.

Carmilla frowned. "Speak for yourself. I'm weak."

Laura laughed and grabbed Carmilla's hand, intertwining their fingers, as she started walking towards Carmilla's car.

She leaned in close to Carmilla and whispered. "If you behave this weekend I promise to make it worth your while."

Usually when Laura tried to act seductive Carmilla found it rather adorable, but there was something in the way she said that that had Carmilla's blood pumping and all she could do was gulp, smile and nod. Laura grinned and kissed her cheek.

"Good. Now, off to catch our train! Y'know, I can't wait to see where you grew up," Laura said.

"Really? It's not too special, cupcake."

"You grew up in the city! How is that not special? That's, like, where famous people live."

Carmilla shrugged as they parted ways to get into her car. "I mean I guess it's nice. Maybe it's just because I lived there most of my life. But it's definitely got its flaws."

Laura rolled her eyes playfully and crossed her arms. She looked over at Carmilla as they pulled onto the street. "Okay, like what?"

"Well, there's the traffic for one. You'd never be able to drive in the city, cutie," she laughed, "you're way too nice and cautious. They'd eat you alive." Carmilla turned to Laura and gave her a seductive look. "And I'm the only one who gets to do that, thank you very much."

Laura grinned. "Okay, so traffic is bad. Is that all you got?"

Carmilla scrunched up her nose. "Ugh. No. The smell. The smell is probably the worst thing about the place. I mean, it's not everywhere, but take one wrong turn and it hits you like a wall. Granted the place is over populated so I suppose it could be worse... but ugh. I used to hate it."

"Oh, c'mon. It can't be that bad."

"Maybe in small doses! But I used to have to inhale that ungodly aroma for miles. We didn't have school transportation, so I'd walk to and from school with it."

Laura snickered. "Uphill, both ways, in the snow?"

Carmilla swatted Laura playfully on the shoulder. "Oh, shut it, cupcake."

"You're such a grandma!" Laura said, laughing.
Carmilla rolled her eyes. "You asked what was bad about the city. All I did was give answers."

"You started complaining about walking to school."

"No. I started complaining about the smell of the streets, while walking to school. Besides, walking there ain't no picnic either! You don't keep up, they'll trample you!"

"Well, I would've loved to have been able to walk to school as a kid. Or even take the bus."

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "How did you get to school?"

"My dad drove me to school everyday until I was sixteen," Laura said with a sigh. Carmilla was fighting off a smile. "Stop that, it isn't funny!"

"Stop what? I'm not doing anything!" Carmilla said, letting out a small chuckle.

"You're laughing! It wasn't funny! You know he's... overprotective."

Carmilla laughed. "I guess we're lucky he allowed you to move out of the house. Otherwise I feel I would never get to see you."

"Oh, he's not that bad. He used to be. In high school, I barely dated because of it. I'm happy he's loosened up a bit. If he hadn't... well I'm not sure I'd even be with you."

"Then I am certainly glad he has as well," Carmilla said, taking Laura's hand in hers. Laura smiled and brought the back of Carmilla's hand to her lips. She gave it a quick kiss before resting their intertwined hands on her lap.

"Okay," she said after a moment, "so I've heard what you don't like about where you grew up, but there's gotta be some things that you miss."

A small smile twitched at the corners of Carmilla's mouth before she answered. "Of course there are. I miss seeing all of the people out living their lives, I miss seeing street performers, I miss going to the park and playing guitar, I miss the city life where I could go bar hopping with friends, then end up catching a show. Hell, I even miss the clubs. The nightlife there is just amazing."

"Are you going to move back there?"

Carmilla shrugged. "Maybe someday, if I can convince the right person to join me."

Carmilla's grasp on Laura's hand tightened a little, but she didn't have the courage to look at her. It was a distant thought, one that could be dealt with down the road, and certainly did not have to be addressed right that moment.

She quickly added, "But, I'm not going anywhere quite yet. I've got a lot to do in Silas. And I am in no hurry to move closer to mommy dearest again."

Carmilla glanced at Laura. She was nodding with a small smile as she looked down at their hands. The image made Carmilla smile as well.

"Right, 'mommy dearest', that was why I was nervous," Laura said.

Carmilla laughed. "I take it back. That was the worst thing about where I grew up."

"She's still your mom, Carm. Your family."
"Blood doesn't make family, Laura."

Laura snickered. "So you're not only broody, but you use cliches, too?"

Carmilla smiled weakly and shrugged. "It's true."

The blonde looked over at her girlfriend and saw she was actually really serious. It hadn't really occurred to Laura that all those stories about Carmilla's mom were actually true. Mostly because a lot of them were hard to believe. How could a mother destroy her child's passion right before their very eyes, or not accept them for who they are and who they love? And how does a child who was never truly loved and appreciated, show so much love and appreciation for others? She tightened her hold on Carmilla's hand, the only way to show she was there for her while the other girl was busy watching the road.

"I know."

Laura kissed the back of Carmilla's hand again as the conversation drifted into silence. She looked out her window with a sigh.

_This is going to be a long weekend._

Carmilla sighed and put her head on Laura's shoulder. No matter how many times she's used the train to get places, it was always her least favorite way to travel. Trains were crammed full of people, they were stuffy in the summer and frigid in the winter, and there was always, without fail, a child losing its shit over something or another. There was nothing to like about traveling anywhere by train, and this experience, even with Laura by her side, was no different. She groaned and turned to hide her face in Laura's neck.

"I swear to god if that child doesn't stop wailing I'm gonna give him something to cry about," she grumbled.

Laura sighed and lifted her hand to run her fingers through Carmilla's hair. "He's only a baby, Carm. Give him a break."

"I'll give him a break, alright..." she said.

"Carm," Laura said with a chuckle.

Carmilla lifted her head to smirk at the blonde. "Don't worry, I'm just kidding, creampuff."

Laura smiled and shook her head.

"Besides," Carmilla continued, "it's not worth the jail time."

Laura laughed and pulled Carmilla to lean on her shoulder again.

They came out of a tunnel and Carmilla couldn't help but notice how the sunlight shined in Laura's hair. She smiled as she took the end of a lock between her fingers and began to fiddle with it.

"You have such lovely hair," she whispered.

"Thank you," Laura said. Carmilla didn't look up, but she could hear her smile when she spoke.

"I mean it. I'm not usually a huge fan of blonde hair. But yours is absolutely gorgeous."
Laura chuckled. "Well, maybe that's because I'm not a blonde..."

"You dye your hair?" Carmilla asked.

"No, silly," Laura said. "I'm a brunette."

Carmilla sat up to look at her girlfriend. "What? No you're not. Have you seen your hair, cutie? It's golden. Blonde."

"It's like a light-brown, Carm," Laura said with a chuckle, looking at part of her hair. "Brunette."

Carmilla gave her an incredulous look. "Laura. I'm a brunette. You're totally a blonde."

Laura raised an eyebrow at Carmilla. "You think you're a brunette?"

"Uh... yeah?"

Laura laughed. "Carm, you have black hair! Brunette is brown."

Carmilla took some of her hair in her hand and looked at it. "What? I do not have black hair, it's just really dark brown! Look!" She said, shoving her hair into Laura's face.

Laura giggled and threaded her fingers through Carmilla's hair. "Carmilla. You have beautiful, raven-colored hair."

"No way, cutie. I'm a brunette, you're a blonde. It's a simple fact."

"Is this whole 'not being able to discern hair colors' thing making you have a crisis?" Laura asked with a chuckle.

Carmilla shook her head. "Absolutely not. It's you I'm worried about. Don't even know the color of your own hair."

Laura giggled and snuggled into Carmilla's side.

Carmilla sighed and put her arm around Laura's shoulders. It really was cold on these trains in winter.

"It's okay," Carmilla said after a moment. "I love you anyway."

She planted a kiss to the top of Laura's head as the blonde laughed.

"My beautiful, blonde girl."

Laura turned and placed a kiss to Carmilla's cheek. "My beautiful, raven-haired girl."

Carmilla couldn't stop the smile from spreading on her face. For Laura? She'd dye her hair jet-black, just to make her right.

About an hour later Carmilla and Laura were stepping off of their train and into the busy city station, bags in hand.

Carmilla grabbed Laura's free hand and immediately started making her way to the stairs that led to the street level. "Alright, so the apartment isn't far from here, but it is winter, so it's cold. And it gets much colder here than it does down in Silas. So we could either try to bear the whether or we could
"just hitch a ride in a cab. They usually get lined up right outside the station."

"I think that is the most amount of words you have ever said at once," Laura said.

"No way. I've sang songs with a shit ton more words than that. So, hah," Carmilla said, sticking her tongue out.

Laura laughed and bumped their shoulders together. "You're rather playful. What's up? Did you do something wrong?"

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Har har. So funny. *No.* I didn't do anything wrong. I guess I'm just... excited."

*Maybe a little nervous too. But she doesn't have to know that.*

"I knew you missed the city. You're too much of a wild 'city girl' to be entertained by Silas."

"Oh, I dunno. I can get my thrills in Silas," Carmilla said, suggestively.

Laura blushed and laughed. "I suppose you can. But that's not what I meant. This was your home. I could tell you missed it."

Carmilla shrugged. "Yeah, I guess a little."

Carmilla pushed open the door leading to the city streets. Her grasp on Laura's hand tightened as they made their way outside into the brisk city air, the last thing she needed was to lose Laura on the street. That girl had too much natural curiosity for her own good, and Carmilla knew if she took her eyes off of her for a second, she'd be gone.

As soon as they were on the street Carmilla wanted to either get in line for a cab, or hit the street and get walking. It was her city instinct, hustle and bustle, be efficient, don't look like a tourist. Sadly, she quickly realized she was with a tourist. Laura stopped just outside of the train station, just out of the way of the doors where people were continuously going in and out. A small gasp escaped her lips as she took in the skyscrapers and busy streets. To Carmilla it was nothing extraordinary, but she figured to someone who had lived in a tiny town like Silas their entire life it must be quite a sight. She smiled as she watched Laura take in the sight, giving her a moment to become acclimatized to the environment around her.

"Wow," Laura whispered as her eyes darted around the area.

Carmilla cleared her throat, pulling Laura's attention to her. "Why don't we get to the apartment, drop our stuff off, and then I can show you some places that you'll love?"

Laura smiled and pulled herself closer to Carmilla's side. "Sorry, it's just so... busy."

Carmilla laughed. "A little overwhelmed, cutie?"

"Maybe a little. I love it! It's just... different."

Carmilla smiled. "Do you want to walk, or would you rather take a cab?"

"Um, how far is it?" Laura asked, her nose already turning red from the cold.

*That's adorable.*

"A few blocks," Carmilla said. When Laura just stared at her she added, "like an ten minute walk."
"Oh. Okay that's not too bad! We can just walk."

"Alright, let's go."

They mad their way towards the apartment hand-in-hand. Carmilla was still too afraid of losing Laura, and little did she know Laura felt the same. It didn't stop her from getting distracted whenever someone would call out about a show happening across town or a huge advertisement was being displayed on a building, but once they started to get into a more residential area of apartment complexes, it became a lot easier to get through the streets without delay. Soon enough they were standing outside Carmilla's old apartment, the one she shared with her mother and brother.

"Whoa," Laura said as Carmilla approached the door and let go of Laura's hand to find the right key. At least her mother let her keep her key.

She raised an eyebrow and glanced at Laura as she unlocked the door to the building. "Hmm?"

"What? Oh, nothing. It's just... this place is... it looks really... nice."

Carmilla chuckled and lead Laura inside. "You mean expensive?"

"Well I mean yeah. You never told me, what exactly does your mother do?"

"She owns her own business," Carmilla said with a shrug.

"Which is...?"

Carmilla sighed as she pressed the button to summon the elevator. "Something I'm sure she'll bore you to death with explaining."

Laura cocked an eyebrow and looked at Carmilla who didn't continue. "You're seriously not going to tell me?"

The doors to the elevator opened and Carmilla winked and stepped inside. She looked at Laura who stared at her. "Coming, cutie?"

Laura rolled her eyes and huffed before jumping into the elevator next to Carmilla.

Once the doors to the elevator shut Carmilla pressed the button for the top floor penthouse.

"Y'know," Carmilla said as the elevator started to move. She put her arm around Laura's shoulder. "It's quite a long way up," she pressed a kiss to Laura's jaw, "Plenty of time to kill," she nipped at her earlobe, "If you want."

Laura smiled and turned her head to connect her lips with Carmilla's. She kissed her soundly for a few beats before she drew back quickly, wide-eyed and out of breath.

"No! We can't hook up in the elevator! I'm gonna meet your mom in like two minutes! I can't look like we were just going at it like horny teenagers!"

"My mother isn't home right now. She won't be til tonight, don't worry about it," Carmilla said leaning back in for another kiss. She sighed when Laura dodged it.

"What about your brother? I don't want him to think I'm some... floozy or something."

Carmilla laughed. "He knows you aren't a floozy Laura. I talk to him about you all the time. Now c'mon, kiss me. Pleeaase?" she pouted.
A warm smile spread across Laura's lips. "You talk to your brother about me?"

Carmilla grinned and shrugged, wrapping her arms around Laura's waist. "Of course I do. You're like the most important person in my life."

Laura's smile widened and she wrapped her arms around Carmilla's neck, pulling her in for a long, deep kiss. The kind that made her heart flutter and her knees feel weak, the kind that meant it could only be Carmilla she was kissing. The brunette responded eagerly, pleased that she got her kiss she'd been wanting since that morning. When they finally broke apart Laura rested her forehead against Carmilla's.

"There just aren't enough words to express what I want to say to you right now. How you make me feel. What you mean to me. There's not. And it's insanely frustrating," Laura said with a smile and a shake of her head.

"Then don't use words," Carmilla whispered as she leaned back in and captured Laura's lips again. The blonde's response was instant, she held Carmilla as tight to her body as was possible and captured her lips over and over again, loving the little whimpers that would escape Carmilla's throat whenever her lips were off of her for too long. Laura took a few steps backwards, so that she was leaning up against the side of the elevator. Carmilla hands went from Laura's waist to the silver railing as she pressed herself up against her girlfriend, wedging a leg in between her thighs. Laura sighed into their kiss as she felt Carmilla start to grind her thigh against her. For a brief moment Laura wondered if coming to visit Carmilla's family after not having sex for a week was a good idea. One that quickly vanished as Carmilla thrust up again and then the only thing on her mind was if they had enough time to unbutton her pants or if she was just going to have to get off on Carmilla's thigh through her jeans. Their lips broke apart as Carmilla kept thrusting up into Laura and Laura kept grinding down, unable to hold back her moans any longer. She'd be embarrassed about how close she was to losing it if it hadn't been so long since the last time they'd actually got to have sex.

Carmilla didn't seem to mind either, as she leaned in to whisper in Laura's ear. "Come on, sweetheart. I know you're close. Cum for me, Laura. I know you want to. It's okay, let go. I've got you."

That was it, Carmilla's words in her ear and she was soaring, riding out her high as she listened to Carmilla whisper 'I love you's against the skin of her neck in between kisses.

She came back down to earth with a sigh as she slouched her weight against the wall of the elevator and ran her hands through Carmilla's hair, as the other girl buried her face into Laura's neck.

"I love you, too," Laura whispered against Carmilla's ear.

Carmilla brought her head up and smiled at Laura before leaning in and giving her a loving kiss. She pulled back with a smirk.

"So I'm guessing that wasn't me 'being good'?” She asked.

Laura chuckled and tucked a few strands of hair behind Carmilla's ear. "Given the circumstances of timing, I'll let it slide."

Carmilla chuckled and leaned forward only to jump back when she heard the elevator doors opening for their floor. They quickly straightened themselves up before Laura started to make her way out of the elevator. She stopped for a moment and looked at Carmilla over her shoulder.

"In fact, I might have to find some time this weekend to return the favor," Laura said with a wink.
Carmilla shot her a wicked grin and hopped out of the elevator to join Laura in the hall.

"Well, then," she said with a smirk, throwing an arm around Laura's shoulders. "Merry Christmas to me."

Chapter End Notes

So this chapter was supposed to be completely different. But then this happened? I mean hey I kinda like this one. Lots of fluff some smut, the hair color war. Yeah! Anyway let me know what YOU think! I live for your comments! You can also hit me up on tumblr @carmillamenzel! Uhhhhh what else do I usually say in these things? Love you all? Thanks for reading? AND have a great day/night!
Home Sweet Home

Chapter Notes

Yikes college is rough, especially when you get towards the end of it. (one more year now woo!) Anyhoo sorry for the delay, stuff got kinda busy there for awhile, cause yknow... finals suck. BUT nevertheless here we are (told you, I'll never abandon)! Let's meet some Karnsteins shall we?! Hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Carmilla swung the door to the apartment open and stepped inside, Laura following close behind her. She kicked the door shut behind them and held a hand out to Laura.

"Here, cutie, I'll take your bag," she said, grabbing the handle of Laura's suitcase. She quickly stepped out of her boots, placing them neatly by the door. "Just put your shoes next to mine. Mother is a bit... tidy."

Laura let out a small laugh before slipping out of her shoes and placing them next to Carmilla's. She also removed her jacket and hat, placing them both on the coat rack next to the door.

"Oooh, fancy," Laura said, "your coat rack is usually just the closest chair."

Carmilla rolled her eyes as Laura laughed. "C'mon, I'll show you my old room, that's where we'll be sleeping," Carmilla said as she walked down the couple of steps that led into the living room. Not much had changed since she had moved out. Not that she should be surprised, her mother was not too keen on changing anything. The apartment was set up exactly how she remembered it; directly when she walked in there was the living room which consisted of a couple of a couple of couches, a TV, and a coffee table. The entire far wall of the apartment consisted of floor to ceiling windows that made for a beautiful view of the city down below. In the far left corner of the living room, overlooking the view, was a grand piano, and no, Carmilla did not miss the irony in her mother owning a piano, she always assumed it was for atheistic purposes only.

Got to keep it classy, right mother?

To the right of the living room was a large kitchen that took up the entire wall, bar included, and to the left was a small hallway that led to the bedrooms. Carmilla motioned for Laura to follow her towards the bedrooms, but realized that she seemed to be slightly distracted by the apartment.

My God, she's like a puppy.

"Cutie," Carmilla said, smiling when Laura's head snapped in her direction. "You coming?"

Laura's cheeks blushed as she turned to follow Carmilla.

"Sorry," she said, "it's just... this place is gorgeous! That view from the living room is spectacular!"

Carmilla chuckled. "There's a better view in my bedroom."

"Really?" Laura said, with a laugh.
Carmilla burst out laughing when she realized what she said. "Oh my god, no, that's not what I meant. I mean it's true. But it's not what I meant."

Laura cocked an eyebrow. "Well. Then what did you mean?"

Carmilla stopped in front of the first door on the right of the hallway and pushed it open. "Go see for yourself, cupcake," she said with a smirk.

Laura smiled wide and stepped into Carmilla's old bedroom. Carmilla watched as Laura took in the space. Compared to her Silas apartment, this was way flashier in style. She kept the walls of her bedroom in Silas plain, mostly because she wanted to feel a complete escape from the life she had here. Her childhood room, however, had been designed by a professional. Luckily, Carmilla had gotten to choose what she wanted done, and she had always loved her room because it was just so... her. But after years of living with her mother, her ideal room became tainted, filled with memories of smashed guitars and fights that would last from sunset to sunrise. Carmilla frowned slightly as she took her eyes off of Laura for a moment to look around her old room. It hadn't been touched since she moved out, which shocked her a little, she half expected her room to instantly be turned into some kind of home office or study. But, no, it was exactly as she remembered it. The walls and ceiling were painted to look like that moment right before the sun completely set, pinks and oranges reaching up to dark blues and black as stars were speckled amongst the vast colors. The floor was shiny hardwood that was well taken care of, except for the small carving of "CK" that was etched into it right as you walked in the door. Carmilla smirked as she looked down at it. She had carved those initials into her floor the second they were installed, her mother kept having the design people come back and replace it three or four times before she finally gave up and let the carving stay. It was one small victory, but it was something.

"Carmilla, this is beautiful."

Carmilla's head snapped up to look at Laura who gently grazed her fingers over the paint job on the wall. She smiled as she watched her look around the walls and ceiling with a childlike wonder. She wished she could feel that sense of nostalgia one should get when they walk into their childhood room, but all she felt was a small ache in her chest at the memories the place held. Nevertheless, she didn't want Laura to feel uncomfortable here, so she put on a bigger smile and wheeled their suitcases over to the foot of her bed. One good thing about her mother having money was that Carmilla had the luxury of always having a queen sized bed. As much as she loved Laura, she wasn't sure she would survive a weekend huddled up on a twin bed with her. It's part of the reason she's never stayed at Laura's campus apartment.

"Told you so," Carmilla said.

Laura shook her head slightly and chuckled. "You are so cocky sometimes, I swear," she said, wrapping her arms around Carmilla's neck. Carmilla smiled and settled her hands on Laura's hips.

"Only sometimes? Damn, I gotta up my game. I'm going soft."

"It's okay." Laura's smile grew. "I don't mind," she said as she began to close the distance between Carmilla's lips and her own.

Carmilla smiled into the kiss until a sharp wolf-whistle had Laura jumping back. Carmilla simply rolled her eyes and groaned.

"Will, I'm gonna give you a three second head start before I come and kick your ass," she said, her eyes shut, not bothering to look in his direction.
"Aw, c'mon Kitty, y'know you've missed me," he said, leaning against her door frame.

"One."

"Are you kidding?"

"Two."

Laura looked between the two siblings before focusing her gaze on Will. "Is she serious?"

He shrugged, but looked slightly distressed.

"Three!" Carmilla's eyes popped open and she looked right at Will. It was then that he realized, no, she was not kidding.

"Shit," he muttered before taking off in the direction of the living room, Carmilla hot on his heels.

Carmilla turned the corner to the living room and Will was nowhere in sight. She smirked. "Come on, Willy-boy. Hiding? I thought you were better than that." She slowly stepped around the area, making her way towards the grand piano. She listened carefully but couldn't hear his breathing or any shuffling, she smiled.

*He's gotten better at this.*

She quickly scanned the room from her new angle behind the piano. He definitely wouldn't have had enough time to make it all the way into the kitchen, he might be more athletic than when he was a kid, but he's no all-star. So that meant he had to be somewhere in the living room. Obviously he wasn't behind the piano so that left two couches, a chair and the coffee table. Carmilla took in the state of all the potential hiding places and grinned.

*Better. But not great.*

She moved quickly and quietly to the couch that sat directly opposite the TV, making next to no noise as she padded across the room. She grabbed a throw pillow and launched it down behind the couch, laughing when she heard an 'oof' followed by a 'goddamn it'. She dropped to her knees on the couch as Will jumped up and swung the pillow at her, making him miss. She laughed again as Will's momentum caused him to roll over the back of the couch so that he was now lying in the space next to her. Carmilla quickly relinquished him of his pillow and smacked his face with it, playfully, one more time before tossing it onto the empty chair.

"You're getting better baby brother," she said, as she mussed up his hair.

He swatted her hand away and groaned. "It's not fair how quiet you are, Kitty."

"Maybe," she said, "you need to work on your own stealth. I saw the couch had been jumped over, the cloth was all disheveled."

Will rolled his eyes. "Alright, detective Carmilla." He sat up after a moment and pulled Carmilla in for a hug. "It's good to see you, sis."

Carmilla smiled sadly and wrapped her arms around her brother. "Yeah, I missed you too, Willy-boy."

"Is it safe to assume that no one is getting their ass kicked?" Laura asked from the hallway.

Carmilla and Will both laughed as they released each other. "For now," Carmilla called back,
punching Will on the shoulder. "Come on out here, cutie, there's someone I want you to officially meet."

A couple of hours later, Carmilla, Laura, and Will were sitting around the living room talking. Carmilla and Laura were curled up on the couch, Carmilla's arm flung over Laura's shoulders, while Will was sitting on the chair, his legs kicked up onto the coffee table. Laura found it most interesting just to see how the two of them communicated. Sure she had had friends growing up, but she was still an only child. It was funny to her how the Karnstein children would bicker and bullshit but she could see it was all done with love. She could also see that they had very similar personalities.

"You owe me a thank you, Kitty," Will said with a smirk.

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "Oh, really? And why's that?"

"You never would've met your girlfriend if not for me," he said, pointing at Laura.

Carmilla scoffed and rolled her eyes. "Please. You don't know that. We might have met under better circumstances, even."

Laura craned her neck to look at Carmilla. "I don't know, Carm. You were only shopping for a couch and I was over on the other end of the store. Chances are we never would have even met."

"Your best friends own, like, the only music store in town, cutie. One you used to work at all the time. I think the odds of me meeting you anyway were pretty high."

"Yeah, but would you ever have asked me out if we just met like normal people? 'Cause I probably wouldn't have had the courage to," Laura said, toying with the end of Carmilla's hair.

Carmilla frowned at the thought because chances were that she never would've tried to date Laura. She may have flirted when she saw the girl, but odds are it wouldn't go past that. She quickly shook off the thoughts. That was a long line of 'what ifs' that she would never have to worry about, because, by some crazy miracle, they had met that day, and they were dating, and they were in love. So, fuck that string of 'what ifs'.

Carmilla looked up at Will. "Thank you," she said. It came out more sincere than she had anticipated and Will gawked before bursting into laughter.

"Oh man, you are so whipped!"

Carmilla groaned and let her head fall onto the back of the couch, while Laura fought off her own laughter. When a giggle slipped out, Carmilla's head snapped up to look at her, a look of betrayal strewn across her features. It only made Laura laugh more.

"Et tu Laura?"

Laura's giggles subsided as she leaned into Carmilla. She pressed a kiss to Carmilla's lips. "Yes. But you still love me."

Carmilla grinned. "Yes. I do."

"Which is exactly why you have earned the title of whipped," Laura said with a smile.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Whatever," she muttered as Laura captured her lips again.

Will let out a gagging noise, which only made Carmilla smirk and deepen their kiss. Only shortly
however, as Laura chuckled and pushed her back gently. Carmilla huffed and Laura simply smiled, winked, and whispered 'later', under her breath.

"You two are disgusting," Will said.

Carmilla sighed as Laura settled back into her arms. "Like you said, all thanks to you, Willy-boy." She kissed the top of Laura's head.

Will couldn't help but smile. He was happy to see his sister happy again, it had been so long.

After a moment Carmilla spoke again. "Hey," she said, to get Laura's attention, "you wanna head out and see some of the city? It's just starting to get dark so all the lights will be coming up. You'll love it, cupcake."

"Never been here before?" Will asked.

Laura shook her head. "No. Overprotective dad. I had to promise him I'd take my bear spray and practically stay glued to Carmilla's side just for him to let me come this time."

Will cocked an eyebrow. "Uh, how old are you? Ow!" He shouted as his face came into contact with a pillow that Carmilla threw.

"What? It's a little ridiculous!" Will said in his defense.

"Not everyone has our mother, Will. Be nice."

"Hey," Laura said, placing a hand on Carmilla's jaw, which relaxed at her touch, "it's fine." She laughed and turned to speak to Will. "Yeah it's a little ridiculous but I do what I can to make him happy. Plus, just 'cause I say I'm doing something doesn't mean I am. You really think I was going to haul my whole set of day-of-the-week bear spray up here? I doubt he actually expects me to do any of it. But whatever helps him set his mind at ease. I may be 22, but he's still my dad."

"Never thought about it like that," Will muttered.

"Yeah, well you never think much at all," Carmilla said with a smirk as she stood up to get ready.

Will stuck out his tongue, which Carmilla did right back, mussing his hair up again. He quickly smoothed his hair down as Carmilla sauntered off to her room. Once he heard the door click shut he looked up at Laura.

"She loves you, you know," he said.

Laura smiled. "I know. I love her too."

Will nodded, his lips pressed together in a thin line. He sat forward, his tone serious. "My sister doesn't love easily, Laura. And I... I've never seen her this happy before." He took a deep breath. "Look, I just don't want her to get hurt, okay?"

Laura's eyes widened and she sat forward. "I would never hurt Carmilla. She's..." Laura shook her head. "She's everything."

Will smiled a small sad smile. "I believe you. But, I just hope you're still saying that after you meet mother."

Laura's jaw set. Now she was getting kind of pissed. "Do you think I would ever leave her just because of her family?"
"I-"

"No. Look, here, I don't know what kind of person you think I am, but I would never walk out on
someone I love because they're mother can't accept them for who they are. And who they love. I
would never abandon them. I would never ever leave the woman I love because her mother can't
even like me. You want to know why?"

Will opened his mouth but Laura kept going.

"Because then, then I would be no better than her."

Will smiled. He stuck out his hand for Laura. "Nice to finally meet you, Laura Hollis."

Laura cocked an eyebrow but shook his hand.

"What the hell is going on out here? You two make a business deal?" Carmilla said as she stepped
into the living room.

Will leaned back into his chair. "She's a good one, Kitty. A real fire in there. Keep her."

Carmilla rolled her eyes, but then gave Laura a soft smile. "I plan to," she said. "Now, c'mon, cutie.
Lots of city to see, little time to see it in!"

Laura's face lit up and she jumped off the couch rushing to put on her shoes.

"You want to come with us, Will?" she asked as she slipped on one of her sneakers.

"And watch while you two take gross couples photos? No thanks," he said, switching on the TV.

"Oh. Well, okay then," Laura said.

Carmilla smirked. "Don't be offended, cutie. He's just pissed because he doesn't have a cute
girlfriend to do those things with."

Will barked a laugh from his chair.

"We'll be home before mother gets back," Carmilla called out to him as she helped Laura into her
jacket.

"Alright, see ya. Make good choices!"

"I only make the best choices," Carmilla said as she opened the door.

"Bye, Will!"

"Bye, Laura."

Carmilla stepped into the hallway with Laura, closing the door behind them and locking it.

"He's nice," Laura said as she linked hands with Carmilla on the way to the elevator.

"He's something," Carmilla said.

Laura giggled and leaned into Carmilla's side. Carmilla placed a kiss to Laura's temple.

"You're going to love the city, cupcake."
"Carm, pleeeaaase!"

"Laura, no."

"Come on, we were supposed to be all 'coupley' and stuff, don't you want to annoy your brother with cute pictures when we get back?"

Carmilla raised an eyebrow. "And fuel this whole 'I'm whipped' thing? No, thanks."

Laura bit her lip and stepped close to her girlfriend. "I'll owe you one," she whispered against her lips.

Carmilla's heart pounded at Laura's proximity but she stood her ground and smirked. "You already owe me one for that elevator ride. Because, you had one hell of a ride."

Laura's nose scrunched up. "Damn. I can't even use sex right now!"

"Is that you're only card, Miss. Hollis? Because, if it is, I hate to break it to you, but we have sex anyway."

"Ugh, I know," Laura groaned.

"Excuse me, did you just groan at our sex life?" Carmilla said with a chuckle.

Laura laughed and pulled Carmilla into her arms. "No. I groaned at not being able to use sex as leverage."

"Ah. Bummer," Carmilla said. She smiled wide and leaned down, pressing a kiss to Laura's cheek.

*click*

Carmilla pulled back and gawked at the shorter girl. "Did you just-"

Laura looked down at her phone and smiled. "Aw, Carm we look adorable," she said. She flipped her phone around to show Carmilla the picture. Laura was smiling wide, her eyes closed from giggling as Carmilla's lips were planted on her cheek with a huge smile. In the background were huge red Christmas ornaments in the middle of a large fountain, lit up by the sunset and soft glow of Christmas lights. Carmilla smiled in spite of herself, Laura looked so happy both in person and in the picture.

"Of course we do. We're the cutest couple ever. Haven't you seen us?" She teased, throwing an arm around Laura's shoulders. They started walking again and Carmilla bit her lip before whispering to Laura. "Send me that one, would you?"

Laura smiled and wrapped an arm around Carmilla's waist. "Of course."

"So, what do you miss most about living here?" Laura asked.

"Why?" Carmilla raised an eyebrow.

Laura giggled. "Because, this was your childhood home, Carmilla. You had to have had some memories here."

Carmilla sighed and swung their interlocked hands between their bodies as they walked. "Well," she said, "like I said before, the nightlife is amazing. I guess I miss it. But honestly, Laur, I don't miss
much of anything. There was never anything for me here. It's one of the reasons I left." Carmilla looked up to the sky and sighed. "Most people come to the city, because it's a place of opportunity. It's a place where someone can make a name for themselves. But those people... they already know who they are. They have those roots that help them grow. When you're born here... it's like you've just been planted, it's all you know, and the people you were born to already have your name written across their own success." She glanced over at Laura. "There's no opportunity for me, here. My name has already been taken."

Carmilla could feel her eyes start to water and she mentally cursed herself. Laura had just asked what she missed about the city and she turned it into a sob story. She should've just said that she missed the nightlife and left it there. But then she felt a warm body enveloping her own and her shoulders sagged, relaxing into the embrace. Carmilla closed her eyes and hung her head, letting one tear escape. Soft kisses peppered her face and Carmilla wrapped her arms around Laura's waist. She brought her mouth up to meet Laura's and they shared a brief kiss before Carmilla pulled away and took a deep breath.

"Ah, sorry. Didn't mean to get all 'heavy' on you," she said, brushing a couple of strands of hair out of Laura's face.

Laura offered her a small smile. "You wouldn't be you if you didn't go all broody on me every once and awhile."

Carmilla laughed and tugged Laura to her chest, feeling better already. She planted a kiss to the top of her forehead. "Thanks, cutie."

Carmilla showed Laura a few more touristy places she thought that the girl would enjoy. Honestly, Carmilla hadn't been to them all that often herself, seeing as she tried to keep away from tourists as much as possible. But exploring the sights with Laura gave her a new perspective of her home city, one she felt she desperately needed. Watching as Laura's face lit up when she would see the street performers or when she took her to the big city Christmas tree, gave Carmilla that sensation she had been missing for every Christmas since she was twelve. Her heart felt full and her stomach had butterflies. She was high on Laura's joy, and loving every second of it. However, when she looked at the time on her phone she realized it was time to return to reality.

"We should start heading back, cupcake."

Laura frowned. "Already? But it's so beautiful out here, and it only just got dark enough to see all of the lights!"

Carmilla chuckled and started to walk back in the direction of the apartment. "I'll take you out late tomorrow night, sweetheart. Promise."

"Ugh, fine," Laura said as she fell in step next to Carmilla.

"Trust me, if I could I would never go back, but it's not Will's fault our mother is a raging bi-"

"Bad person," Laura said, cutting her off.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Sure."

"I'm sure it'll be fine, Carm," Laura said in an attempt to reassure her. Carmilla only scoffed.

"I doubt it, cutie. But thanks for trying."
Carmilla and Laura walked the rest of the way back in more or less a comfortable silence, both of them a little nervous for the arrival of Carmilla's mother. Once they reached the apartment building they quickly made their way inside and up to the top floor. The elevator ride was excruciatingly slow and Carmilla willed it to move faster, which obviously was less than successful. Laura brought her hands up to Carmilla's shoulders and began to rub circles into her muscles, trying to get her to relax. She gently ran her fingers down Carmilla's back, causing a shutter to wrack through her body. Carmilla cleared her throat.

"I know you're just trying to help, cutie, but maybe that's not the best idea."

"Why no-"

Carmilla glanced over her shoulder at Laura and gave her a look. Laura blushed.

"Oh," she said. A smirk crossed her face. "You're easy to turn on."

"Yes. Well one of us still hasn't gotten laid in a week."

Laura rolled her eyes and hugged Carmilla from behind, resting her chin on her shoulder. She trailed kisses up Carmilla's neck to her ear. "Maybe we can fix that real quick before your mother gets back?"

Carmilla groaned and leaned back into Laura. "Bad idea."

Laura smirked against her skin. "I know, but you need to relax a little. Maybe it'll help."

Carmilla hummed in agreement. "Maybe," she said before turning her head to capture Laura's lips. She groaned into the kiss, eager to get this going.

Laura's hand reached under the hem of Carmilla's shirt as she scratched her dull nails down Carmilla's toned stomach, savoring the buzz of Carmilla's moan against her mouth.

*This elevator is seeing way too much action today.*

Just as Laura was making her way to Carmilla's breasts the elevator dinged, signaling that they had arrived at their floor. Carmilla groaned as Laura removed her hand from under Carmilla's shirt. Laura quickly grabbed her hand and started speed walking to the apartment. Once they were at the door Carmilla fished her keys out of her jacket pocket as Laura's lips attached themselves to her girlfriend's neck once more.

"Fuck," Carmilla said, "Laura, cut it out I can't concentrate with you doing that."

Laura chuckled, but continued to nip at Carmilla's skin.

Carmilla groaned. "I swear to God, if you don't stop, you're gonna have to fuck me against the door, right here."

"What if your mother-"

"I don't give a shit."

Laura chuckled again, but backed off enough to let Carmilla open the door. As they stumbled into the apartment Carmilla looked up and felt her body stiffen and Laura let out a small gasp.

"Thank you for stopping, darling," Ms. Karnstein said to Laura. "I didn't really want to listen to my daughter being 'fucked' against my front door."
Chapter End Notes

SO! That was a thing! Chapters always seem to get away from me and I never get to the point I want to! So the big thing with Carmilla's mom will be in the next chapter, obviously! (which should be here much sooner than this one was...) As always I love to see comments and kudos! When I say it makes my day I'm not kidding. Thank you so much for reading! Love you all! Have a great day/night!!! :) (also, side note, I have been really grieving Clexa lately, so yknow, if I said Clarke or Lexa by mistake at any point uh, let me know lol)
I've had massive amounts of writers block over the last couple months. It's a pain in the ass and I was so pissed off and frustrated that I couldn't write. So I took a little time to sit back and look at my story with fresh eyes. Happily I'm back at writing now! Sorry for the hiatus, but I'm ready to get this rolling again! Hope you guys enjoy the chapter and a friendly reminder that I promise I will NEVER abandon this work. It's my baby. Lol Let's get on with it then! :)

23 years, 6 months, and 14 days. That's how long Carmilla has lived on this planet, and that's also how long her mother has never been home early from work, until today. Of all days. The universe has a sick sense of humor.

"Mother, you're home early," Carmilla said. She kicked off her boots and shrugged out of her jacket.

Carmilla's mother cocked an eyebrow. "Did I ruin your plans for the evening by coming home early, dear? I do believe the point of this weekend was for you to introduce me to your latest... infatuation." She eyed Laura from her seat on the couch. "This is her, I take it?"

Carmilla felt her face flush red as she tried to battle down the urge to yell at her mother. Laura was not just some "infatuation". But they were already in a sticky situation, and Carmilla wanted to make the rest of the evening as painless as possible, if not for her own sake, then at least for Laura's. She turned to look at her girlfriend who was still standing in the doorway, red-faced and stone-still.

Carmilla reached a hand out and took Laura's, the contact seemed to snap Laura out of her trance as her eyes found Carmilla's. Laura gave Carmilla a confused stare and Carmilla let out a breath. At least she missed her mother's dig at their relationship.

"This is Laura," Carmilla said as she gently tugged Laura the rest of the way into the apartment, before closing the door.

"I'm sooooo sorry, Ms. Karnstein. Please, I meant no disrespect with what just happened! It's so out of character for me and I should have been more courteous considering this is the first time I've ever been to your home, and, well, the first time we're ever meeting in general. But it was all my fault and I really just want to apologize 'cause I don't want you to think I'm just with your daughter for... well... that-"

Carmilla pinched the bridge of her nose as Laura continued to ramble. We'd avoided that, why'd she have to go and bring up the elephant in the room? It was a small elephant! Why'd she have to go and super-size it?!

A chuckle cut off Laura's rant. Carmilla looked up at the sound to see it was her mother who was chuckling.

"You, my dear," Lilita said, standing from the couch and slowly walking over to the couple, "are not what I was expecting."
Laura threw a glance over to Carmilla, looking for some kind of guidance, but Carmilla was squinting at her mother.

Laura turned her attention back to the woman towering in front of her. Which, _wow_, how was Carmilla so short when her mother was pushing 6 feet tall?

"Uh... th-thank you?"

An all to familiar smirk crossed the older woman's face. "You are quite welcome, darling. It's not every day my daughter brings someone home who understands what an apology is. Albeit a long winded one..."

Laura blushed and looked down as she mumbled a 'sorry'.

"Another one! Carmilla, dear, you should be taking notes," Lilita said, turning to face her daughter.

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. This had to be an episode of _The Twilight Zone_, right? Carmilla couldn't remember the last time her mother... _joked_ with her. Or anyone for that matter.

*What is happening?*

"Uh..."

Before Carmilla could come up with a coherent response, her mother was speaking again.

"I called for our chef a little while ago, he should be here any minute. Until then, I have wine and cheese in the living room."

As Lilita walked away Laura grabbed Carmilla's hand, turning her to face her.

"Okay, what was that?"

Carmilla shrugged and rubbed the back of her neck with one hand. "Hell if I know, cupcake."

"I mean... is she just, like building me up to break me down? Or is she just being nice?"

"I..." Carmilla shook her head.

"Girls? Would you like some wine?" Lilita asked, pouring some red wine into a glass.

"Yes, please," Carmilla said, walking over to the living room. Maybe alcohol would make this situation make sense. Her mother poured a second glass and handed it to her before facing Laura.

"What about you, dear?"

"Um, okay. Thank you, ma'am."

Lilita handed off Laura's drink to her with a smile. They all sat in silence for a moment, Lilita replacing the cork into the top of the wine bottle, Carmilla staring menacingly into her wine and Laura fidgeting with the glass in her hands. Finally, Lilita set the bottle on the coffee table and settled back into her chair, bringing her attention to Carmilla and Laura, sitting on the couch.

"So, Laura, was it?"

Laura looked up and cleared her throat. "Yes, ma'am. Laura Hollis."
Lilita nodded. "Miss. Hollis. What do you do, exactly?"

"Oh, um, I'm a student over at Silas University. And I also have a job at IKEA."

"Paying your way through college then?"

"Yes, ma'am. Don't want to be stuck at IKEA the rest of my life, y'know?" Laura said with a small nervous chuckle.

"Smart girl. What is it you want to do?"

"Well, I'm majoring in Literature and concentrating on Investigative Journalism. That's what I want to do. Be a journalist."

Lilita took a sip from her glass. "Not an easy road, Miss. Hollis."

"Neither is balancing school, a job, and a relationship. But I tend to like a good challenge. And I think I'm doing well with that one so far."

Carmilla, who had been listening to the conversational volley, smiled at that and laced her fingers through Laura's. "You most certainly are, cutie."

"I imagine being in a relationship with Carmilla, here, would be a challenge all its own," Lilita said. Carmilla's jaw clenched. That was the mother she was used to.

"Actually, Carm, is fantastic and totally understanding. She's helped me get through a lot this last semester, and was even kind enough to make sure I always had enough sugar and caffeine to make it through those late night study sessions. And maybe it's not my place to say so, but, you shouldn't talk about your daughter like that when she's one of the sweetest most caring people I've ever met in my life." Laura almost wished she could take that last sentence back, or at least rephrase it, but then she caught a glimpse of the look Carmilla was giving her. She'd never looked at her with such adoration before, usually when she said something sweet about Carmilla she'd get all seductive and flirty, not... soft. Laura loved that look. She wished Carmilla would show that softness more often because it was just so her, even if she would never admit it.

Lilita pursed her lips and looked at her daughter. Just as she was about to speak, there was a knock at the door.

"Well, that will be the chef, for dinner," she said as she stood to get the door.

Carmilla quickly planted a kiss to Laura's cheek while her mother was distracted. "You're too good for me, Hollis," she whispered.

Laura smiled and shook her head. "You just don't give yourself enough credit, Carm."

Carmilla chuckled. "Seriously though, thank you for that, Laura."

Laura smiled and gave Carmilla's hand a small squeeze.

"I trust you like Italian, Miss. Hollis?" Lilita said as she returned to her seat.

Laura nodded. "Yes, ma'am."

"Excellent."
After some more small talk while dinner was being prepared, Carmilla was actually starting to believe that she fell into some alternate dimension.

_Dammit. Why didn't I pay more attention to those stupid sci-fi shows Laura always makes me watch?_

So far the evening had consisted of Laura and her mother carrying on a conversation while Carmilla sat squinting skeptically between her wine and her mother.

_What game is she playing?_

It didn't make sense. Her mother actually seemed to be _enjoying_ Laura's company. She was actively participating in a conversation that didn't only consist of question and answer. She was listening to stories Laura was telling and actually laughing at some points. It didn't make sense. She had to have some ulterior motive that Carmilla just couldn't see yet.

"Darling, if you keep making that face it'll get stuck that way. And stop slouching, Carmilla."

Carmilla's head snapped up. "What face?"

"The brooding one," Lilita said.

Laura almost did a spit-take with her wine. "Hah! You do brood!" she turned to Lilita. "Aww, wait! Has she done this all her life?"

"As far as I can remember."

Carmilla scoffed. "Please, you were hardly ever there."

Silence fell over the room. Carmilla hadn't meant to start anything, she wanted the night to go smoothly, but there were still some aspects about her relationship with her mother that just struck a chord.

"Um, excuse me, sorry, I'm just going to head to the bathroom for a minute," Laura said before quickly making her way out of the room.

There was a beat before Carmilla spoke.

"What game are you playing, here, mother?"

"Game?"

"Yes, game. You're being nice to her, you were here early from work under the pretense of wanting to meet her sooner. You've never been home early a day in my _life_. Not even for my birthday, or Will's! Hell, not even for holidays when we were kids," Carmilla swallowed thickly, "Look. All I want to know is why you're playing this sick game with her. She's a sweet person, mother. She's _nice_. I don't care if you disapprove of her being with me or me being with her or just plain disapprove of us as a couple! But is that any reason to be leading her to believe you actually _like_ her? That she has your approval?"

"And what would you say if I told you I did?" Lilita said, crossing her arms.

"Did what?"

"Like her, dear."
Carmilla scoffed. "You can't be serious."

"And why not? Darling, what exactly were you expecting to happen this weekend?"

"I was expecting you to be you. I was expecting it to be like every other time I've brought a girl home in the past," Carmilla said.

"Well, if that's what you were expecting, Carmilla, then you're not holding up your end of that deal either."

Carmilla's brow furrowed in confusion and her mother continued.

"Darling, you must realize that you are acting entirely different than you have in the past. The last time you brought a girl here I'm not sure you even knew her name. Though I'm sure it must've been hard to get that sort of information, what with her tongue being shoved down your throat every five seconds. And, despite what you may believe, I do care about you, Carmilla. I may not agree with the choices you've made, but you are my daughter, my glittering girl, and I care. So, when your brother told me you were serious about this one, I made an effort. I got here early, and when I heard you two outside the door I was so disappointed, I thought it was going to be like every other girl you've brought here. But then imagine my surprise when the first words out of that girl's mouth was an apology. An apology! Not some giggle at being caught, like an immature teenager. She's different, she's a woman. Not a little girl, like the riffraff you've blown through here with before." Lilita chuckled. "And she's rather brave, standing up for you like she did, I must admit I was impressed."

Carmilla shook her head and smirked. "She's something..." she took a deep breath and looked at her mother. She wasn't sure what to think; her mother seemed genuine, but it was so far from the reaction she was expecting she wasn't sure if she could trust it. "It's not a game?"

Lilita's face softened slightly. "No, darling."

Carmilla felt like she might cry. She rubbed her face and ran her hands through her hair. "But I don't understand... you've never... I mean..."

"I know. I know we've never really... been close. I know we've fought."

"And I know that we will probably never see eye to eye, on anything," Lilita continued," But, you being gone the past couple of months, I've had a lot of time to think, about what I want for you."

"Mother-" Carmilla sighed.

"I'll never understand why you are the way you are, why you'd rather strum a silly instrument than make a decent living running the company."

"It's not a silly instrum-"

"Carmilla."

Carmilla huffed but let her mother continue. "But, if you're going to insist on doing these things. Being a musician, being with this Laura. I want to see a commitment to it. I want to see passion. I want to see drive. Darling, I want you to succeed."

Carmilla's jaw clenched and she stared at her mother. Her mind was racing. She wanted her to succeed? At being a musician? At being with Laura? Who was this woman and where was her
mother? The woman who smashed her guitar to pieces, the woman who threw girl after girl out of
her house, wanted her to be successful?

"What-?"

Before Carmilla could ask her question she caught sight of Laura walking back towards the living
room. She shot the girl a smile and sat up a little.

"Cutie, finally decided to rejoin the super happy family bonding time?"

Laura giggled and sat next to her, glad the tension in the air from earlier appeared to have dissipated.
Carmilla threw her arm around her shoulders, causing Laura to snuggle into her side. The blonde
blushed and quickly shot a glance between her girlfriend and her girlfriend's mother. They'd kind of
been keeping physical contact to a minimum, so the sudden cuddle party took Laura off guard. No
one seemed to mind, however, so Laura relaxed into the embrace.

"Well, I couldn't hide in the bathroom all night," Laura said with a giggle.

Carmilla chuckled softly and planted a kiss to Laura's temple. She looked up at her mother, who was
looking at her curiously. There was still a lot that went unsaid in their conversation, and it's
something they'd have to finish talking about. But for now, Carmilla was content to live in the
moment, with the knowledge that her mother didn't despise the girl snuggled into her side.

"Oh, I don't know," Carmilla said, "I mean Will's done a pretty good job hiding so far, you probably
could've gotten away with it."

"Goodness!" Lilita said, "What a rude... William Thomas Karnstein!"

Within a matter of seconds Carmilla heard the door to her brother's room open and footsteps quickly
making their way to the living room. She snickered under her breath as her brother stood slightly
disheveled and wide-eyed in front of the trio, looking as if he was a five-year-old with his hand in the
cookie jar. Laura swatted her arm, but couldn't help but chuckle slightly as well.

"Yes, mother?"

"Where have you been hiding all night, young man? You know we have company, it's rude not to
present yourself."

"Uh, sorry mother," Will said, glaring at his sister who continued to fight off a smile. It was fun
when it wasn't happening to her. Will went to take a seat only to be stopped by his mother once
again.

"Darling, please go fix your hair."

"Seriously, bro, you look like that little bird from Charlie Brown," Carmilla said with a smirk.

"Oh! Woodstock? He totally does!" Laura said. She caught a glimpse of Will's defeated look and
gave him a sympathetic smile. "Um, sorry."

Carmilla laughed as Will sighed and started for the bathroom.

"Dinner is almost ready, madam," the chef called from the kitchen.

"Thank you, Winston," Liliana said. She turned to Carmilla. "Darling, would you please set the
table?"
Carmilla sighed. "Sure, mother."

Laura got up with Carmilla. "I'll help."

"Oh, that's not necessary, Miss. Hollis," Lilita said with a wave of her hand, "you're a guest."

Laura smiled. "Just consider it a thank you for having me!"

As Laura walked towards the kitchen Carmilla caught the thoughtful look on her mother's face. This weekend was not going the way Carmilla had expected, at all. And it'd only been a few hours with her mother. As she helped Laura grab the settings for the table, she just hoped that the rest of the weekend would go as smoothly.

_Don't get ahead of yourself, Karnstein. Still gotta make it through dinner..._

---

Ehhhhhh I'm not sure how I felt about this one so feedback would be really awesome (might do a rewrite y'know) So let me know what you thought! Or any comment really. They really make my day. Also please be kind... I know I've been gone a long time and I'm sorry lol. ANYWAY! Have a great day/night :) and you can hit me up on tumblr @carmillamenzel if you wanna! Until next time! Love you all!

P.S.
Sorry this was a little shorter! Just getting back into the swing of things! :)
Laura was going to kill Carmilla. She didn't know how and she didn't know when, but it was going to happen. Now really seemed as good a time as any, what with Carmilla poking the chicken on her plate around with her fork, completely oblivious to the situation she had left Laura in. Lilita cleared her throat.

"Dear, is there an issue?" she asked.

Laura jumped, her scowl turning to shock in an instant. "What? No, no issue. Why would there be any issue?"

Lilita cocked an eyebrow. "I'm not sure, but the grip you have on your fork implies that there is."

Laura clocked her white-knuckled grip and blushed. She quickly set her fork down and took a sip of water instead, trying to cool her thoughts. Laura felt Carmilla's eyes on her, but she refused to give her anything, afraid that if she looked at her there may be a murder scene in the future. Instead, Laura took a deep breath and looked at Lilita.

"So, you, uh, you own LK fashion? Huh, how 'bout that?" Laura said.

Lilita grinned. "You do not really strike me as the type to know the significance of that."

Carmilla scoffed, still poking at the food on her plate. "Why? Because she's gay, mother? Or because she can't afford any of your obscene designs?" Truce or not, she couldn't help but have a bit of bite towards her mother.

Laura kicked Carmilla's shin under the table, causing her to flinch and bite her lip.

"Actually," Lilita said, dabbing the corner of her mouth with her napkin, "I was saying that because she simply does not strike me as the fashion type, what with her..." Lilita looked at Laura's owl sweater vest and button-up shirt, "quaint fashion sense."

Laura tried not to look offended, but ultimately failed.

"No offense, of course," Lilita said.

Carmilla snorted and Laura shot her a look. Carmilla laughed and shrugged. "What? I hate to admit it, but she's got a point, cupcake."
"Like you're any better, dear?" Lilita said, raising an eyebrow at her daughter. "You do realize you are not a vampire, right, Carmilla?"

Laura giggled as Carmilla rolled her eyes. Laura bumped her foot against Carmilla's under the table. "I told you you should expand your color wheel," she said, a teasing smile playing out across her face.

"I have a pair of purple pants," Carmilla said. She shot a wink at her girlfriend. "I know you like those," she whispered under her breath.

Laura blushed a light shade of pink and cleared her throat. "Anyway, how is that? Running the number one fashion empire in the world?"

"Time consuming," Will said through a sigh, his chin resting on his hand while he poked idly at the vegetables on his plate.

Lilita frowned. "Elbows off the table, William. And stop playing with your food."

Will rolled his eyes, but stopped leaning against the table.

"And I'm here now, darling. Don't act as though I'm never around," Lilita said.

Will rolled his eyes, but ultimately stayed quiet as Lilita turned her attention back to Laura.

"Though he is correct, I'm there most of the time. The business world stops for no one. And you do not become-- and stay -- number one in the world by letting the competition get ahead of you."

Laura nodded, unsure of where to go from there, until a sudden thought had her trying to suppress a giggle. Carmilla cocked an eyebrow as she popped a piece of her meal into her mouth.

"What's the joke, Hollis?" she asked around her bite of food. Lilita shot her a glare and Carmilla rolled her eyes and made a show of quickly chewing and swallowing her food.

"It's just... Carm, didn't you say that your mother wanted you to take over the family business?"

Laura said.

Carmilla turned back to her meal and sighed. "Yep," she said, popping the "p."

Laura turned to Lilita. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Karnstein, but I just can't imagine Carmilla--"

"It would be... interesting to say the least," Lilita said. "You make a good point. Perhaps it's for the best she has no desire to inherit the company. I would hate to see my prestigious reputation tainted by purposely torn clothes, consisting of nothing but leather and studs."

"Didn't realize you thought I was going to turn your company into a kinky lingerie line," Carmilla muttered. She smirked as Laura flushed 10 different shades of red.

"Carmilla, honestly..." Lilita said, gesturing to Will, who seemed to be more invested in staring at his plate than anything else.

"Oh come on, he's 14, you think he doesn't know what lingerie is?" Carmilla said, louder this time. Will blushed as he realized what the current conversation was. Lilita did not looked amused.

"You're at the dinner table, Carmilla, I simply thought maybe you'd have some semblance of manners."
"Whoa, how did lingerie come up?" Will asked.

Lilita sighed and shook her head. "No. It did not come up, William. Your sister made a poor joke."

"I dunno, I thought it was pretty good," Carmilla said, smirking and leaning back her seat. She took a sip of her wine and threw a wink at Laura, who was trying very very hard to remain neutral. Carmilla's joke had been pretty funny, but Laura could still feel the tension in the room between Carmilla, Lilita, and herself. Things weren't as bad as they had been, but she could feel an explosion lurking just below the surface of the interactions taking place. Laura did not want to be the one to hit the big red DETONATE button.

She gave Carmilla a tight lipped smile. Seeing Laura's reaction seemed to sober Carmilla up from her rebellious attitude, as she set her wine back down and the teasing smirk fell from her face. She cleared her throat, looking a little embarrassed.

"Or not," Carmilla muttered.

The conversation died out from there as the sound of knives clinking on plates filled the air; the occasional squeak from a utensil scraping a plate wrong making the members of the table flinch. Except for Lilita, who never showed anything but grace and poise.

When dessert was finally served, some of the tension in the air had finally dissipated. At least for Laura, who was now considering ending her relationship with Carmilla so she could marry the chocolate mousse that sat in front of her because; **Hooowwwoooly Hufflepuff how does something taste that amazing and just fix everything that's wrong with the world?**

Carmilla's chuckle broke Laura out of her sweet romance. "Damn, cupcake. Should I be worried?"

Laura looked at Carmilla, a little dazed. "Huh?" she asked, licking some of the chocolate from the corner of her mouth. (Carmilla tried really hard not to think about how hot that was.)

Carmilla chuckled again. "The sounds your making... should I be worried about that dessert replacing me?"

Laura didn't miss a beat, turning back to her dessert and shaking her head. "Absolutely."

Will snorted as Lilita's mouth twitched into a frown. "Carmilla..." she started.

Carmilla shrugged and shook her head as if to say "what?" Lilita simply sighed and returned to her own dessert, striking up a conversation with Will about school. It wasn't often Carmilla felt she won with her mother, so she chalked this one up as a victory, before turning and looking at Laura again, who seemed to have missed any sort of friction, too involved in her mousse to care about what was going on with the rest of the table. Carmilla smiled softly, her chin resting in her hand as she watched Laura eat her dessert as if it was to be worshiped. After a couple of seconds Laura finally looked her way and Carmilla's smile grew.

"What?" Laura asked, wiping around the edges of her mouth with a napkin, a faint blush staining her cheeks. "Oh, god, I have chocolate everywhere don't I?" She muttered trying to see if the rest of the table had been looking at her.

Carmilla shook her head. "No, cutie. You're just... you're perfect," she said, quietly. Words just for the two of them.

Laura rolled her eyes, but her cheeks reddened more. "Don't even-- I literally said I would leave you
for this dessert like 30 seconds ago and then you go and say stuff like that"

Carmilla grinned. "Well. You made it very clear to me that I need to up my game if I stand the chance of being replace by a dessert."

"Okay, but have you tried this mousse, Carm?" Laura asked, holding the spoon out for Carmilla to try.

Carmilla nodded, looking at the spoonful of mousse, thoughtful. "I have," she said. "It's good. Sweet." Her eyes flickered up to meet Laura's. "But you're sweeter."

Laura nodded, her eyes squinting as she ate the spoonful of mousse herself. "Mmm, I see what you did there, Karnstein. Smooth. Very smooth."

Carmilla smirked. "I try."

Laura couldn't help it as her face broke out into a smile. From anyone else that line would've been too cheesy. But from Carmilla...

"Right, sis?" Will's voice snapped Carmilla and Laura out of their little world and back into the present, Laura handling the intrusion with a tad more grace than Carmilla's glare.

"What?" Carmilla asked a bit of bite in her tone.

Will swallowed a bit of mousse and pointed at Lilita with his spoon, ignoring Carmilla's distress. "I was just telling mother how I'm the reason you ended up dating Laura."

Carmilla's eyebrows shot up, before she narrowed her eyes at her brother. "Oh, you mean when you-"

Will's eyes widened. "Asked her for help because you couldn't figure out where the couches were, and had too much pride to ask an employee? YES?"

Carmilla huffed and rolled her eyes. "...Yeah, sure."

Laura giggled. "I guess this kind of is 'cause of you, huh?"

Will looked at Laura, his face deadpan. "You have my sincerest apologies."

Carmilla scoffed.

"Thank you, Will," Laura said, also deadpan.

"Hey!" Carmilla said, turning to Laura as Will laughed.

"What?" Laura asked a smirk forming on her face. "You can be a little high maintenance..."

Carmilla stammered. "I- I am not high- you- that's not-"

Laura chuckled and put her hand on Carmilla's arm. "Babe. Babe, relax, I'm kidding," she said before leaning in and planting a quick kiss on Carmilla's cheek.

Carmilla relaxed, nodding her head and settling back in her chair. "Oh. Right."

There was a moment of silence before Laura added, "...mostly."
As Laura and Will started laughing, Carmilla rolled her eyes, catching another thoughtful expression on her mother's face. And perhaps -- just maybe -- a hint of a smile.

"I'm never eating again," Laura said, sitting down next to Carmilla on the couch as resting her head on her shoulder.

After dinner, Lilita had gone off to her room to change into something "more casual" which Carmilla ultimately assumed was something different than what she wore to the office that day, but probably even fancier; and Will was messing around on his phone in the chair next to them.

Carmilla chuckled and put her arm around Laura's shoulders. "You know you'll be asking for more of that mousse in like an hour, right?"

Laura groaned. "Don't even say that. Ugh, I think I'm gonna be sick..." she said, burying her face into the crook of Carmilla's neck.

Carmilla clicked her tongue and rolled her eyes. "Don't be so dramatic, you're going to be fine. As always when you eat to many sweets."

Laura pulled back and looked at her. "Why do you know me so well?"

"Because, I love you." Carmilla said it like it was the easiest, most obvious thing in the world. Laura thought that eventually it would become normal to hear her say it like that, but each time her heart soared and a silly grin took over her face.

"I love you, too," Laura said, before leaning in and planting a soft kiss to Carmilla's lips.

Carmilla hummed and slowly opened her eyes as Laura pulled back. "God, I'll never get tired of hearing that."

"Good," Laura said, kissing her again.

The sound of someone clearing their throat made the girls jerk apart, finding Lilita standing in the hallway. Carmilla suppressed an eyeroll at the fact that she was totally accurate in assuming her mother would still be dressed "fashionable." Her dress was something made more for the red carpet than an evening in with the family, all shimmery red and form fitting.

"Nice dress, mother. Big-shot party to attend?" Carmilla snarked.

"God forbid I want to look halfway decent for our company, Carmilla."

"Laura doesn't care," Carmilla said, looking to her girlfriend. "Right?"

Laura hesitated a moment. "Uh, well... I mean yeah. But, you do look amazing... Mrs. Karnstein. Very... nice dress. Uh, I mean stunning! Crap, is 'nice' an insult? I meant to say you look great? And now thoughts are being said out loud... shut it, Hollis..."

Lilita cocked an eyebrow at the girl, but otherwise nodded. "Thank you, Miss. Hollis?"

Laura nodded, her face flushing, as Lilita gracefully placed herself in her seat. Uncomfortable silence set in as the conversation had stalled, Carmilla didn't know what to say that wouldn't start and argument, Lilita was too full of pride to feel she needed to be the one to direct conversation, her strength was found in silence, and Will was too overly engrossed in whatever was on his screen to
Laura poked Carmilla on the shoulder. "Do you play?" she asked pointing over at the piano in the corner of the room.

"I--"

"Oh! She was a brilliant pianist for our benefit events," Lilita said, cutting into the conversation. "Honestly, dear, I don't know why you chose to pick up that silly guitar when you were so talented at the classics."

"It wasn't me, mother. That music... it wasn't me."

"Tsk, a shame. Such talent, wasted," Lilita said, breaking eye contact with Carmilla and looking around the room.

"Carm," Laura whispered, placing her hand on Carmilla's forearm. "I'm sor--"

Carmilla's jaw set as she stood up, still glaring at her mother. Instead of the storm of words that Laura was expecting, Carmilla turned for the piano, bumping into Will's seat, finally forcing him to catch up to the situation. Laura watched as Carmilla gracefully slid onto the piano bench and softly laid her fingers over the keys, her eyes set in dedication. She took a second to glance at Lilita, watching her daughter, an passive expression on her face, before returning her gaze to Carmilla.

Carmilla took a deep breath before she let the first few notes of the song ring out into the tense air of the apartment, shifting it to soft and loving. She didn't look up as she played, knowing if she tried to sneak a glance at Laura, she'd also see the more-than-likely disapproving glare from her mother. Instead she focused on the keys, and chords, gearing up to add her voice to the mix, starting quiet and gentle and growing stronger with every verse, pumping as much emotion into the words as she could.

"When you're weary, feeling small
When tears are in your eyes, I'll dry them all
I'm on your side, oh, when times get rough
And friends just can't be found
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down."

Carmilla struck a few chords, putting her whole body into the rhythm of the music as it encompassed her.

"When you're down and out
When you're on the street
When evening falls so hard
I will comfort you...
I'll take your part,
oh, when darkness comes
And pain is all around
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down,
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will lay me down..."

Carmilla had forgotten how emotional piano could be. Her days playing it shadowed mostly by rich people bombarding her with requests for something generic that could fit into high class society, rather than anything that actually involved lyrics, or even a sense of deep emotion. She smiled a little, to herself, as she poured her soul into the music and lyrics.

"Sail on silver girl
Sail on by
Your time has come to shine
All your dreams are on their way
See how they shine
Oh, if you need a friend
I'm sailing right behind
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will ease your mind
Like a bridge over troubled water,
I will ease your mind."

As Carmilla slowly tapered off the song, softening the chords with each press of her fingers against ivory, she looked up and threw Laura a wink. Surprised to find the girl with tears brimming her eyes. Once she finished, she made her way over to Laura, offering her a hand.

"C'mon, cutie, I'm feeling a little tired," she said, wiggling her fingers until Laura took her hand. As they passed into the hallway Carmilla couldn't help but chuckle hearing Will talking to her mother:

"And you thought she didn't still have it..."
OKAY STORY TIME IF YOU WANNA STICK AROUND. So nothing spectacular really, but I'd just been super busy with college. I was in 3 classes that basically required me to turn in like a 5,000 word short story like every other week, plus another one that I needed to write essays for. Literature major struggles. BUT the good news (at least good for me) is that I GRADUATED COLLEGE IN MAY!! And as I say this it occurs to me I started this fic in my sophomore year and isn't it just a little sad I'm not done yet? Anywho! I do feel bad about the massive delay but I wasn't expecting to get crushed with that much work. Then on top of that I landed an internship this summer that got my ass full-time employment (which yay. thank god.) but it's kept me pretty busy! I want to finish this though, so here we are!

I MISSED THIS STORY SO MUCH AND AM SO HAPPY TO BE BACK! You guys keep me going with your comments and kudos so (if you're even still out there) please leave something! Feedback, a hello, anything is welcome here! I hope you all have a great day/night/life in general... and also hope one day you can forgive my sorry ass for being terrible at actually getting my writing done! Love you all! hit me up on tumblr if you wanna chat! or yell at me to write... or whatever else! @carmillaandstuff

(Yeah I changed it again, people were probably like "can't even yell at her for not writing cause this tumblr account isn't a thing" heh. maybe I think too much of myself and this fic lol) ANYWAY! See y'all soon! :) xoxo

PS YAY CARMILLA MOVIE LIKE HELLA SOON AND I CANNOT TELL YOU HOW HYPE I AM. YOU PROBABLY GET IT THOUGH!!!!

PPS As always, I totally didn't proofread and so let me know my dastardly spelling/grammar errors that four years of college did not help me fix, apparently.

PPPS (last one I swear) Song Used: Bridge over Troubled Water - Simon and Garfunkel
Baby, it's Cold Outside

Chapter Notes

Oh ho ho, what's this?! Look at me, not waiting a year this time! Haha Decided to work overtime this weekend to make up for lost time and get back into the swing of writing! Hope you enjoy! :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Laura let Carmilla drag her into her old bedroom, her eyes still brimming with tears from Carmilla's display on the piano. She'd heard Carmilla sing a lot, and she thought she had heard all the different sides of her voice, soft and raspy, loud and powerful, but never had she heard her sing so... clear. There had always been an edge in Carmilla's voice when she sang. Laura had assumed it was just Carmilla's natural singing voice, that she was built to sing rock and roll. But after that display... Laura was starting to wonder if maybe that was the real Carmilla; raw and reverent, and just using her sex appeal to put up a wall between herself and her audience.

Laura closed the door behind them as Carmilla made her way to the sliding door on the other side of her room, that led out to the balcony. Without a word, Carmilla opened the door and stepped outside. Laura hesitated, she wasn't sure if Carmilla needed a moment alone to decompress after being so vulnerable; but the blue of the moonlight washing through the open door drew her closer until she was standing in door frame. Her breath caught in her throat when she saw Carmilla, leaning her forearms on the edge of the balcony, looking out over the busy city lights. Her dark hair washed over her back and her bare shoulders glowed blue in the light of the moon. It was like something out of a picture, and Laura wished she had her phone or camera to capture the beauty of the moment. Instead, she leaned against the door frame and waited silently for Carmilla to make the first move. Which was getting more difficult with every passing second, because damn Carmilla wasn't kidding when she said it get way colder there than in Silas. How she was standing out there in nothing but a tank top and jeans, Laura would never quite understand. Laura shivered and let out a sigh, hugging herself to try and keep warm.

Carmilla glanced over her shoulder, smirking. "Come here, cutie," she said, with a jerk of her head. Laura quickly made her way over to Carmilla, who welcomed her into her arms with a chuckle.

"It's freezing out here, Carm," Laura said, snuggling back into the other woman.

Carmilla huffed out a laugh and held Laura so that her back was flush against the front of her body, Carmilla's arms framing either side of the smaller girl, and resting on the railing at the edge of her balcony. She looked out at the cityscape again, her lips pressing against Laura's shoulder. "Sorry, cupcake," she muttered against her body, "just wanted a little fresh air."

Laura sighed, slipping her hands in between Carmilla's, which had been folded in front of her. Carmilla chuckled and held Laura's hands between her own, rubbing them a bit to warm them up.

"You can stay inside, if you want," Carmilla said, after a moment. "I won't be too much longer."

Despite every part of her body telling her to retreat to the warmth of Carmilla's room and bed, Laura shook her head. "No," she said, "it's okay. This is kind of nice, actually." She felt Carmilla smile against her shoulder and craned her neck so that she could plant a kiss to Carmilla's forehead, earning
They stood there for a moment, in companionable silence, looking out at the dark sky, lit only by the moon, and the bright lights in the bustling city below.

"I didn't know you played piano," Laura said after a moment.

Carmilla sighed, her breath leaving a cloud of fog in the air. "Yeah."

Laura nodded. "You're really good..."

"Thanks, cutie."

Laura could feel Carmilla fidgeting slightly, so she just stayed quiet a moment, giving Carmilla a chance to continue, or change the subject. Silence filled the air for a few moments before Carmilla turned her head, laying a few kisses up and down the side of Laura's neck, making the girl shiver from something other than the cold. Laura let out a shaky breath.

"Carm..."

Carmilla moved her arms to wrap around Laura's waist, moving her lips to the shell of her ear. "Wanna head inside? I've got a few ideas on how to get warmed up..."

Laura let out a lustful chuckle, turning around in Carmilla's arms to plant a kiss to her lips. She cradled both sides of Carmilla's jaw, kissing her softly, over and over again, until Carmilla pulled back, eyes lidded, and tugged her towards the bedroom.

There was still a chill in the air, even after Carmilla had shut the door, and her and Laura had tumbled onto the bed, legs tangled together and breath lingering on each other's lips. Carmilla rolled them a couple of times so that they were laying across the pillows at the head of the bed. Laura let out a giggle into Carmilla's shoulder, as Carmilla tried to prop the covers up with one hand, for them to get underneath.

"Don't laugh at me, cutie. I'm trying to warm your ass up right now," Carmilla said, as she finally got the blanket untucked from a corner of the bed and pivoted both her and Laura so that their bodies were under the covers, Laura's head resting on a pillow as Carmilla hovered above her. Laura smiled, drawing her finger from the hollow of Carmilla's throat, down between the crevasse of her breasts, and down her stomach to the waistband of Carmilla's jeans.

She shook her head. "I'm not laughing," she said, popping open the button of Carmilla's jeans and undoing the zipper.

Carmilla let out a sigh, her head dipping to lay in the crook of Laura's neck, planting a few stray kisses there. She gasped as she felt Laura's fingers snake between her thighs.

"Let me take care of you," Laura whispered, her fingers stroking against Carmilla softly as her other hand weaved its way into Carmilla's hair.

All Carmilla could do was let out a pitiful whine, before letting Laura show her stars behind her eyelids.

"So, do you want to talk about it?" Laura asked a little while later, laying in the crook of Carmilla's arm as they looked up at the stars on the bedroom ceiling.
Carmilla sighed, playing with Laura's left hand in her right, weaving and unweaving their fingers. "I mean... there's not much to say. I played piano, then I didn't."

Laura shook her head. "There's gotta be more to it than that. You love music, Carm. Why wouldn't you love the piano the way you love guitar?"

Carmilla sighed again, shrugging one arm so as to not jostle Laura's head from her other. "I dunno. I guess... just the circumstances? My mother always wanted me to play piano to please her clients. To one-up her competition. It wasn't for love, or passion."

Laura sputtered. "Right. Because that little display out there wasn't full of passion..."

"Passion... spite..." Carmilla shrugged. "Sure."

Laura shook her head and rolled to lay on her side so she could look down at Carmilla. "Carm, I've never heard you sing like that before."

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Pfft. That's not true, what about when I sang you *Crimson and Clover*?"

Laura smiled softly, but shook her head. "As beautiful and sweet as that moment was... you were still the sexy rock-goddess, Carmilla Karnstein."

Carmilla smirked and quirked an eyebrow. "Sexy rock-goddess, you say, hmm?"

Laura groaned. "The point. Missing it."

Carmilla's smirk fell as she sighed, but her eyes were still bright. "What's your point, then, Laura?"

"I'm just saying that maybe you're insanely talented in the hardcore rock and roll you love, but that doesn't mean you should completely shut out the raw, vulnerable talent you also possess."

Carmilla stared at Laura blankly for a moment before blinking once. "Right. Simple as that, huh?"

Laura sighed and shook her head, laying back down to stare at the ceiling. "Never mind. Forget I said anything."

This time Carmilla rolled to look down at Laura. "No. I just don't quite get what you're saying. Are you trying to tell me I should give up on rock music for that? That I'm not as good at it?"

Laura shot upright at that. "No! God, no. Carmilla, all I was saying was that... I dunno... that felt... different than when you played before. That's all."

"Different, how?" Carmilla asked, sitting upright to face Laura, the sheets pooling around her waist, leaving her bare chest exposed.

Laura swallowed, unsure of how to phrase it. "I dunno... like I said, it was just... raw."

"Raw?"

"Dammit, Carm. I don't know what I'm trying to say. Can we just forget it, please?"

Carmilla looked at Laura hard for a moment before shaking her head. "No. Come on, Laura. Explain it to me. I know you can. You're holding back."

Laura clenched and unclenched her jaw a couple of times, her eyes drilling into Carmilla's. "You have a talent, Carmilla. A wonderful wonderful talent that people would kill for, and your holding it
back because of spite. I'm not saying you should give up on rock music, because, yeah, you are an amazing rock musician and you bring so much passion and attitude to that. But dammit you shouldn't shut away the complete vulnerability of your actual voice. Because, fuck, is it beautiful. And perfect, and you." She placed her fingers over Carmilla's heart. "It's you. And the world should hear you. Because you... God, you're... just..." Laura shook her head, and shrugged. "Indescribable."

Carmilla's eyes softened a touch as they sat in silence, Laura's words ringing in her ears.

Laura shrugged, her eyes falling to look at the sheets as she dropped her hand from Carmilla's chest. "That's all."

Carmilla huffed a small, disbelieving laugh through her nose, lightly shaking her head. "You," she said, hooking two fingers underneath Laura's chin to get her to look up at her. "you never cease to amaze me."

Laura's eyes raked over Carmilla's face a few times before she leaned in to kiss her. After a moment, she pulled back, resting her forehead to Carmilla's.

"How do you come up with all that shit?" Carmilla asked over a small laugh.

"It's easy," Laura said, a smile stretching across her lips. "I just tell you the truth."

Carmilla groaned, pulling back to look at Laura better, a smile planted firmly on her face. "Oh, no. Cutie. Please. You call me cheesy?"

Laura giggled, lying back down and snuggling under the covers, pulling Carmilla down with her. Carmilla tucked herself into Laura's side, laying her head across her chest to listen to the girl's heartbeat as Laura wrapped her arms around her. After a moment, Laura finally spoke again.

"Seriously, though, Carm..."

Carmilla sighed, her eyes fluttering closed as she sunk into Laura's warm embrace. She planted a small kiss to Laura's chest. "I know, sweetheart," she said through a yawn. "I know."

Carmilla hummed into the cool pillow as she drifted in and out of consciousness, acutely aware of the warm body lying beside her and the sheet pooled around her lower back. She could see the light peeking through the window of her bedroom from behind closed eyelids, but tried her best to ignore it. That is until the aforementioned warm body next to her decided it was time to actually be a human being. Not that Carmilla was complaining, what with the way Laura's lips trailed from the nape of her neck, all the way down her spine, and back up. A sleepy grin formed on her face as the blonde brought her lips to Carmilla's ear.

"Mornin' sleepyhead," Laura sing-songed lightly.

Carmilla chuckled, low and groggy. "Too early, creampuff. Go back to bed."

Laura giggled and instead continued to tease Carmilla with kiss after kiss, until the brunette couldn't take it anymore. Carmilla laughed and hooked an arm around Laura's waist, switching their positions so that Carmilla hung over Laura, peppering kisses across her face, neck, and chest.

"How. Do. You. Like. It?" Carmilla said, punctuating every word with another kiss. "Huh?"

Laura giggled, her fingers twisting into Carmilla's tangled hair, and bringing her eyes up to meet her own. "I'm so not complaining," Laura said around a smile.
Carmilla smiled too before leaning down to capture Laura's lips in a lingering kiss. Laura pulled back first, face apologetic.

"What?" Carmilla asked.

"S-sorry, morning breath..." Laura said, her face flushing.

Carmilla smirked and cocked an eyebrow. "And you think I give a fuck about that because...?" She trailed off, capturing Laura's mouth in a deep kiss that had the blonde gripping tight to Carmilla's hair and Carmilla inadvertently rocking her hips against Laura's thigh. She let out a shaky gasp before connecting their lips again, and settling herself on top of Laura, who eagerly reciprocated, too dazed by the taste of Carmilla's mouth to worry about what her own tasted like. They continued on like that for a few minutes until a scream from the doorway caught their attention.

"OH MY GOD, MY EYES!"

The girls jumped at the sound, Carmilla quickly throwing the sheet over her bare back, her body already covering Laura's front. She craned her head around to see Will standing in her doorway, pure horror written on his face and his hands clasped over his eyes.

"For F**KS sake, Will! Haven't you ever heard of knocking?!" Carmilla shouted.

"I- I was just wondering if you guys wanted to eat out! GOD, NO! I mean go out to- BREAKFAST! I just, wanted to know if you wanted to go get breakfast!" He said, eyes still clamped shut.

Carmilla huffed and looked down at Laura, who was 100 different shades of red. Carmilla gave her a smile. "Breakfast, sweetheart?"

"Uh... um..."

"That's a yeah, Will. Now get out of here would you?" Carmilla called over her shoulder.

"YEP! Don't have to tell me twice," Will said, reaching blindly for the door and closing it.

Once the door was shut Carmilla collapsed on top of Laura, burying her face in the crook of her neck and letting out a breath. "Kid nearly gave me a heart attack," she said, looking up at Laura's face.

Laura laughed, more relaxed now that the moment had passed. But no less embarrassed. "You're telling me."

"Y'know," Laura said, moving over to her suitcase to find clothes for the day, "is it just me, or does that happen to us, like, a lot?"

Carmilla looked at her own suitcase with a thoughtful frown as she heaved it up onto the bed. "Now that you mention it... yeah. It kinda does."

"Maybe we should start locking doors," Laura said pulling on her jeans.

Carmilla scoffed, hooking on her bra. "Yeah. Or maybe people should start fucking knocking."

Laura sighed. "Probably both."
About a half hour later, Carmilla, Laura, and Will were settled in at a booth in a diner down the street. An awkward silence laying over the table.

"So," Carmilla said, looking up from her menu, "tell me you didn't see my tits, and I think the awkwardness can end, little brother."

Will's face turned red as his eyes bore into his menu. Laura elbowed Carmilla in the side.

"Um, ow," she said, rubbing at her ribs.

"Not helping, Carm," Laura said through clenched teeth.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Please, my back was facing the door, there's no way he could've seen-"

Carmilla stopped short, thinking back to what was actually going on when Will walked in, whether or not he saw her naked becoming less of a worry. She cleared her throat, a little embarrassed and unsure of what to say next. "Um, well," she said, looking at Will who hesitantly met her gaze.

"Okay, so you see, it's a very... uh, n-natural thing that you walked in on. Y'know when two people, like, ehem, y'know... I-love each other, they-"

"Carmilla!" Laura said.

Carmilla shrugged. "What? He's gonna have to hear it sometime. Especially now that he saw-"

"Nope!" Will said, hiding behind his menu. "I- I know all that stuff, we don't have to talk about it. I just- nothing happened, okay? We can drop it. No questions. Don't need to know. Won't tell mother. All that good stuff. Okay? NEVER HAPPENED."

Carmilla cocked her head for a moment, thoughtful, then nodded, casually flipping through her menu again. "Works for me."

Will breathed a sigh of relief. "Awesome."

Laura looked between the two of them for a moment as the awkward silence settled into a comfortable one. She shook her head and skinned the menu. Befuddled by the way siblings could avoid everything. Yet... extremely thankful.

"Merry Christmas Eve, by the way," Will mumbled.

"You too, loser," Carmilla said.

"What a great way to spend our first Christmas with your family..." Laura said, her face flushing.

"Well," Carmilla said, closing her menu and smiling up at Laura and Will. "At least it's one we won't be forgetting anytime soon."

Laura and Will shared a regretful glance as they both blushed a little harder, and Carmilla chuckled to herself.

Chapter End Notes
Whoop! I mean I know it's still a little short, but I'm just trying to get back into things! Bear with me, we'll get there! I love hearing from you guys, so comments, kudos, lay it on me! I can take it all! Love, criticism I wanna hear what you've got to say! Even if it's just hi! Or "omfg yeah hollstein gets interrupted again!" LEAVE LITERALLY ANY COMMENT BECAUSE I LIVE FOR IT!! If you're shy or just wanna chat hit me up on tumblr @carmillaandstuff! Have a great day/night/afternoon/whatever! Love you all! 'Til next time! xoxo :)
Hola! Fear not faithful readers I have not disappeared again! I am just really bad about scheduling time to write! Thus here we goooooooooo!

Carmilla and Laura walked hand-in-hand through the busy city streets, Will trailing closely behind.

"Pick up the pace, Willy-boy," Carmilla called over her shoulder. "Last thing I need is you getting lost on Christmas Eve."

Will rolled his eyes. "Please, sis. You act like I haven't lived here my whole life."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Carmilla said. "I forgot you were so wise to the world at the astounding age of 14."

"You're damn right I am," Will said, crossing his arms in front of his chest.

Carmilla chuckled and shook her head.

"I am!" Will said again, picking up his pace.

"I didn't say anything," Carmilla said through a chuckle.

"You were not saying it very loudly," Will grumbled.

Laura raised an eyebrow and looked between the two of them. "Are you two always like this?" she asked.

"Yes," the siblings answered at the same time.

"But it's her fault," Will said, pointing at Carmilla. "She's always treating me like a child."

"You do it to yourself, Willy-boy," Carmilla said with a half-shrug. "Start acting like an adult and maybe things will change."

Will huffed, his breath fogging up the cold air. A menacing smile scrawled across his lips and he nodded. "Yeah, sure, y'know maybe I should act a little more like you did at my age. Tell me, Carmilla, do you still have the numbers of those 20-something girls you used to--"

Carmilla tensed and whirled around on her younger brother, her hand slipping out of Laura's as she, instead, used it to point at Will. "Don't even think about finishing that sentence," she said through gritted teeth.

Laura cleared her throat, a bright pink blush spreading across her cheeks. "$I, uh, think it's pretty obvious where it was going..."

Carmilla sighed and turned to Laura, her face softening. "Cutie--"

"No, Carm, it's okay. I mean we've all got our pasts... I can't even say I'm surprised."
Carmilla took a step back and cocked an eyebrow. "What's that supposed to mean?"

Laura's eyes widened. "Oh! N-not that I think it's like bad to play the field, I mean, to each their own--"

"So, what?" Carmilla asked crossing her arms over her chest and squinting at the other girl. "You think I was just a player?"

"No! I was just--"

"So then, I just couldn't do the relationship thing?"

"What? No! That's not what I was--"

"Then what were you expecting, Laura?" Carmilla asked, trying to keep her voice from cracking on her girlfriend's name. "Was I supposed to be just a one night fling? The 'big city rockstar' experience?"

Laura's eyes shifted from Carmilla, to Will, to the several bystanders who were totally listening in on their conversation. "I... I don't think here is the best place to be fighting about this..."

Carmilla couldn't stop her face from falling. "So, there's something to fight about, then?"

"I'm not saying there is it's just-- look, can we maybe just talk about this in a less... public setting?"

Carmilla tried to ignore the twinge of pain in her chest as she locked her jaw and shoved her hands in her pockets. "Whatever you want, Laura," she muttered as she started back down the street to her mother's apartment. "Some fucking holiday," she mumbled to herself.

Laura sighed and trailed well behind Carmilla, giving her time to cool off. Will fell in step next to her.

"I... I'm sorry," he said after a moment. "I didn't mean to drag you into an actual fight."

Laura sighed again. "No. It's not your fault. Just a misunderstanding."

"Yeah, but--"

"Will, please," Laura said, closing her eyes and letting out a breath before glancing at him. "Look, don't worry about this. Couples fight... but we'll figure it out."

"But you wouldn't even be fighting if I didn't--" Will cut himself short at Laura's glare. For someone so tiny and adorable she could really put the fear of God into someone with a simple look. After a couple of seconds Will found the nerve to speak again. "Look," he said. "It's just-- I've never seen her so happy, and I don't want to be the one to mess that up..."

Laura put her hand on Will's shoulder and gave him a comforting smile. "Don't worry, it'll blow over. She'll probably be fine by the time we get back to the apartment."

Will looked hesitant.

"Trust me, okay?" Laura said. "It'll be fine."

When they got back to privacy of the apartment and Carmilla's room Laura found out things were not exactly as fine as she wanted them to be.
"Carm, I don't even know what you want me to say right now! I keep trying to tell you I don't care about your past! I care about us, here, now," Laura said, gripping onto Carmilla's hands. The brunette wiggled her hands out of Laura's grasp.

"That's not the point!" Carmilla said, pacing the floor and running her fingers through her hair.

"Then what is the point, Carmilla? I'm not a freaking mind reader! Just tell me what's bothering you!"

Carmilla started grinding her teeth, but made no motion to answer Laura.

"Ugh!" Laura said. "You see? This is your problem! You get all huffy and worked up about something and then you won't even tell me what it is! How am I supposed to fix this when I don't even know what you're mad about?"

Carmilla stopped pacing and looked at Laura, her eyes cold. "Fine. Yeah, that's my problem. But you're not so perfect yourself. You can't even see when the words you say hurt people! You can't even tell why I'm upset! You go through life with this do-good attitude and then when you mess up you can't even acknowledge it! It's automatically my fault that I was bothered by what you said!"

"What did I say?! I'm just going around in circles here, Carmilla! I don't get it! I told you I don't care about--"

"My past, I know! Fuck! I don't give a shit about my past, Laura!" Carmilla said, pacing yet again.

"Then what? What are you angry about?!"

"Us!" Carmilla shouted, coming to a halt and looking Laura dead in the eyes. "I'm angry about us!"

Laura could have sworn her heart stopped beating when the words passed Carmilla's lips. She sat on the edge of Carmilla's bed, looking up at the other woman. "So... what? What does that mean?"

Laura swallowed. "I mean... is this... are you... like... breaking up with--"

Carmilla groaned. "Don't be so fucking dramatic."

Strained silence filled the air for a solid minute. The only thing keeping Laura from shriveling into nothing: the promise that Carmilla wasn't breaking up with her.

Carmilla stared at Laura whose eyes were glued to the floor, looking like a child being scolded. Her eyes glanced around her old room and she let out a humorless laugh.

"I really fucking hate this room," she said. She looked back at Laura who hadn't even seemed to have heard her. With a sigh Carmilla sunk to her knees and wedged herself between Laura's thighs, forcing the other girl to look at her. She swept Laura's hair away from her face. "Hey," she said when golden brown eyes met hers.

"I know I can be pushy," Laura said, to Carmilla's surprise. "I can be pushy and naive and oblivious and flawed, but that doesn't mean that I don't care."

"Cutie--"

"So at the risk of starting this fight all over again... what did I say? I don't want you to be angry about us, Carm. Us... means the world to me," Laura said, cupping Carmilla's face in her hands. "And I... I want it to mean the world to you too."
Carmilla sighed and closed her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again she looked up at Laura, a hint of guilt in her eyes. "It... may have been a bit of a trick question..."

Laura cocked her head.

"Laura... I'm going to ask you something, and I want you to be honest with me," Carmilla said. "No matter what, okay?"

"Well I mean--"

"Laur..."

Laura nodded.

Carmilla took a deep breath. "When you said yes to our first date... what did you want out of this?"

Laura smirked. "What exactly was our first date?"

"Uh the night on the roof, duh," Carmilla said.

"Was it, though? What about when I took you to the diner?"

"That wasn't--"

"We kissed..." Laura said.

"Laura, come on."

"What are you expecting me to say, Carm? I mean, I was already all in," Laura said with a shrug.

Carmilla looked up at her, surprised. "Really?" she asked. Laura had never heard Carmilla's voice sound so small.

A light went off in Laura's head and she had to hold back a laugh. "That's what this was about? You thought I just wanted sex?"

"Well... you didn't deny it earlier..."

"Carm, we were in the middle of the street in front of a million strangers and your brother. Sorry for not shouting that I didn't want to just get in your pants."

Carmilla ducked her head and chuckled, despite herself. "Okay, fair."

"Carm," Laura said, tilting up Carmilla's chin. "I knew I wanted everything with you since day one..."

Carmilla's heart was nearly ready to burst, but she cocked her eyebrow at Laura's words. "Everything?"

Laura's face went red immediately. Her mind recalling several thoughts from when Carmilla had waltzed into her life. She couldn't even say that marriage wasn't on that list. Laura swallowed and nodded. "Everything."

Carmilla's smile was blinding. "Well... uh... that's... that's good to know," she said, casting her eyes down.
Laura coughed. "Well... I mean... y'know... like maybe. Someday. Y'know?"

Carmilla cleared her throat. "R-right. Yeah."

A moment of silence filled the air as they each slipped into their own thoughts. The hard wood floor pressing against Carmilla's knees eventually jarring her from her thoughts of waltzing with Laura dressed in a white gown.

"So, cupcake..." she said, gently bringing Laura back to the present as well.

"Yeah?" Laura said, running a hand through Carmilla's locks.

"Think I could maybe... sneak up onto the bed? My knees are kind of killing me."

Laura grinned down at Carmilla for a moment. "I dunno," she said, a hint of playfulness on her tongue. "I kinda like you on your knees..."

Carmilla's eyebrows shot to her hairline. "Damn, Hollis! I am really a bad influence on you, huh?"

Laura giggled and tugged Carmilla up by her shirt, planting a short heated kiss against her lips. "I love you," she whispered.

"Okay, but seriously can I come onto the bed?"

Laura laughed and let go of Carmilla's shirt so she could crawl up onto the bed. Carmilla flopped on her back, stretching out her legs and letting out a satisfied sigh.

"Hey," she said, tugging Laura down to lie next to her. She found her hand and gave it a squeeze. "I love you, too."

Laura smiled and then looked thoughtful.

"What's that look for, Hollis?" Carmilla asked.

Laura laughed. "It... it's nothing I was just thinking... I know it's only Christmas Eve but I was kind of wondering if maybe I could give you one of you presents now?"

Carmilla sat up. "You got me more than one gift?" she asked, her heart sinking.

Laura sat up too. "Yeah, but don't worry, it's a couple of small silly things and one real gift. So... like... can I give it to you?"

Carmilla's eyes glazed over for a second. "Huh? Oh! You mean the gift? Sorry, cutie, ever since the whole liking me on my knees comment my mind has been in one place. But yeah, if you want, I guess? It's just... it's our first Christmas together... do you really want to give me your gift after we just kinda had a fight?"


"Well, I wouldn't want to ruin your timing. Guess I'll take one for the team and get my gift early."

Laura chuckled. "Ah! There we go!" she said, pulling a small wrapped package out of her suitcase. She looked it over to make sure the paper hadn't torn before she handed it off to Carmilla. "What?"

she asked as the other girl examined the wrapping paper with a smirk.

"Nothing. I just should've expected wrapping paper with chubby little penguins," Carmilla said. "I
honestly don't know why I'm even the slightest bit surprised."

"Hey! They're cute! Now just open it already!" Laura said, fidgeting on the bed.

Carmilla laughed and went to open it, only to stop and look up at Laura. "Y'know, this is a little small for lingerie... I mean, I'm flattered, cupcake but--"

"Oh my God, Carm! Just open the damn present!"

Carmilla laughed again. "So impatient," she said shaking her head.

"This is news to no one, now come oooonnnn!"

Carmilla smirked. "Y'know--"

"Carmilla Karnstein, open your present right now or so help me I will tell everyone we know that you like it when I--"

Carmilla's eyes widened and she dropped the box to clamp her hand over Laura's mouth. "Okay, that's enough! I'll open it!"

Laura licked Carmilla's palm and the girl drew her hand back with a grimace. Laura cocked an eyebrow. "Don't like it there though?"

"Shut it, cupcake, I'm opening the damn present."

Laura's smirk grew to a smile as Carmilla ripped through the wrapping paper to reveal a black jewelry box. She'd made sure the box was big enough not to be confused with a ring box because, wow, she did not have to have that miscommunication right now. "C'mon," Laura said, "open it!"

Carmilla shook her head and smiled, carefully taking the lid off the top of the box. Inside was a silver necklace with an anchor charm. The detailing was wonderful and the shine showed it was true silver. "Wow, cupcake," Carmilla said, taking the necklace out of the box and holding it in the palm of her hand, the chain gently hanging between her fingers. "It's beautiful. Put it on me?"

Laura smiled and took the necklace from Carmilla, leaning forward and hooking the necklace in place. She ran her fingers down Carmilla's chest until they landed on the small charm. "Don't you want to know why I got you an anchor?"

Carmilla shrugged. "Thought it was cool?"

Laura grinned. "It's because you're my anchor. You keep me grounded and safe through the stormiest weather."

Carmilla looked at Laura trying to hold in a laugh. "You know that's cheesy, right?"

Laura laughed. "Yes. And I first wanted to get you a rock, because 'you are my rock' but also like 'you rock' like music. But that just wasn't as shiny."

Carmilla laughed and touched the anchor around her neck, looking at Laura. "I love you so fucking much."

"Yes, yes. I am amazing."

Carmilla shook her head. "But seriously, you are. 'Cause, yeah this was super cheesy, but you just own it and then make it even better. And then there's the fact that despite all the joking... you mean it.
I mean... God you're incredible. It's the reason why I always question everything, why I assumed you had to just want me for a night, because... I will never understand how someone as amazing as you, so caring and kind and beautiful inside and out, could want someone as broken as me."

"Carm..."

"Hang on," Carmilla said, crawling off her bed and reaching for her suitcase. She rifled through the piles of clothes she'd shoved in there until she finally found what she was looking for; a tiny white box with a single small stick-on bow on the middle of the lid. She took a breath, smiled, and handed it to Laura. "I've actually got two gifts for you too. I wasn't sure about this one... but I-- well, just open it."

Laura looked at the box for a moment before looking back up at Carmilla. "Carm, you know you're not broken, right?"

Carmilla smiled. "I'm getting there, cutie. Now, come on. Open the box."

"But, Carmilla--"

"You're not the only one with secrets to spread. Now open the box, Hollis," Carmilla said with a smirk and a wink.

Laura rolled her eyes but smiled as she plucked the bow off the top and stuck it to the tip of Carmilla's nose.

"Cute," Carmilla said, peeling the bow away to watch Laura open her gift. Her heart was hammering in her ears and she could barely hear her own thoughts.

Laura smiled and carefully removed the lid from the small box. She'd been expecting to find some kind of jewelry, a necklace or a normal-not-engagement ring. What she found instead was a small brass key. She looked up at Carmilla, the key held between her thumb and forefinger. "Carm, what--"

Carmilla's voice was shaky but sure when she spoke. "Move in with me."

Chapter End Notes

Well that chapter was like EVERYWHERE! But I think it flowed okay. I was evidently feeling a little angsty but yknow with angst comes awesome. Like the last angst was the I love yous now a (maybe) moving in thing. Hmmm wonder what Laura's gonna say... (honestly idk). ANYWHO thanks for reading! PLEASE LEAVE COMMENTS KUDOS ETC I literally love hearing from you guys no matter what you have to say! Have an amazing Day/Night/Morning/Whatever! HMU on tumblr if you please @carmillaandstuff.
PS I promise after Christmas happens we’ll be back into plot with the BOTB! :)

Silver Bells (pt 2)

Chapter Notes

Hey, all! Not much to say at the moment, so let's get right to it shall we? :)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Move in with me." Carmilla could scarcely believe she managed to choke the words out. Her own voice sounded far away, and the way it wavered made her feel like she was 5 again: vulnerable and weak. But she didn't regret saying them. This was something she wanted. Wholeheartedly and without reservation, she wanted to wake up in Laura's arms every morning, come home to the girl studying for exams or watching Netflix every night. She wanted to have her space invaded by Laura's cheerfulness and dorkiness, even if it meant she had to start decorating the walls. So, even though her heart was thrashing in her chest, she was glad she forced the offer out.

"Wuh..?" Laura said, looking between the key in her hand and Carmilla sitting across from her on the bed.

Not exactly the answer that Carmilla had been looking for, but she couldn't really read the other girl's expression well enough to take it as a 'no.'

"Move in with me," Carmilla said again, her voice a little stronger. "I know it's sudden and maybe a little soon, but I mean, this is what I want. I know I want this, Laura. And I think you do too? So who's to say what's too soon for us?" Carmilla figured she had a point, everything about their relationship had moved rather fast. Friendship in a day, crushes in just two. Why not moving in after a couple months?

Finally, Laura found real words, even if she stumbled over trying to get them out. "I mean, yeah, but Carm it's a little complicated right now, isn't it?"

"Complicated?"

"Just like, you know, I'm still in school and stuff," Laura said, fidgeting with the key in her hand.

Carmilla smirked. "You do know I live like twenty minutes from your campus, right? It's not a killer commute, cutie."

"Yeah, but like, will I ever get any school work done if you're just lounging all sexy-like around the house?" Laura asked. "And then that's me failing a semester that I'll just have to retake... and then I'll never even graduate, and--"

Carmilla chuckled. "Sweetheart, I think you're overthinking things," she said, reaching for Laura's free hand. She looked at Laura for a moment only to see the girl's eyes searching her own, begging for an answer to a question Carmilla knew Laura would have to answer herself. "Just think about it, okay? I get it. It's a big step, and if you're not ready then we'll wait. But I just want you to know, that's where I am," Carmilla said, tacking on a smile to the end. She leaned forward and gave Laura a peck on the cheek before whispering in her ear. "Take all the time you need, cutie. I'm not going anywhere."
With that, Carmilla rolled off the bed and into the bathroom. Once Laura heard the shower turn on, she collapsed back onto the mattress with a sigh, playing with the key between her fingers. She wasn't sure herself why she didn't accept Carmilla's offer straight away. They practically lived together as it was, with Laura staying over at Carmilla's place at the very least four nights a week. Honestly, living together would solve a lot of Carmilla's missing clothes problems too. But there was something about the idea of actually making it official that put a knot in Laura's stomach, and it was confusing her. She loved Carmilla, with everything she was, so it didn't make sense that the idea of moving in would make her feel this way. She needed to figure this out soon, because it wasn't fair to leave Carmilla wondering after putting herself out there like that. Laura knew she needed advice, someone to talk to, and there was only one person she felt she could turn to with this.

With a sigh, Laura sat up and made her way to Carmilla's bathroom door. "Carm?" she said as she knocked. She heard the other girl call out over the rushing water.

"Yeah, cutie?"

"I'm going out for a walk," Laura said, crossing her arms over her chest and rocking between her toes and heels. "I'll be back soon, okay?" She was met with silence for a moment and wasn't sure if Carmilla heard her. "Carm?"

"Yeah," Carmilla finally said. "Be safe out there, okay?"

"I'm not going far," Laura said.

"Alright."

Laura hesitated for a moment before adding. "I love you."

Carmilla's voice was as soft as it could be when she called back. "Love you, too."

After pulling on her jacket and boots Laura made her way down to street level, the elevator ride feeling infinitely longer than it did with Carmilla by her side. As soon as she opened the doors to the building and was met with the cold winter air, she felt a wave of tension leave her body. With a sigh, Laura started her walk around the city block, pulling out her phone and hitting the first number in her favorites list. After a couple of rings, the person on the other end picked up.

"Laura? Is everything alright, sweetie?"

Laura smiled. "Yeah, everything's fine, mom. Just wanted to talk a bit. Sorry."

"Never be sorry for calling me, honey. I was just a little surprised. I thought you were spending the holiday weekend in the city with Carmilla," Emily said, pots and pans clanking in the background.

Laura sighed. "I am," she said.

"Trouble in paradise?" Emily said with a chuckle.

Laura groaned. "More like paradise in paradise... but paradise isn't exactly what I thought it'd be?"

"What happened?" Emily asked.

Laura licked her lips and cleared her throat, stuffing her free hand in her jacket pocket. "Well, Carmilla kind of, sort of, maybe asked me to move in with her?" The clanking stopped on her mom's
end and Laura cocked an eyebrow. "Mom?"

"Yeah?" Emily asked.

"Carmilla asked me to--"

"I heard you, honey. I'm just a little confused as to why you're talking to me instead of... celebrating with Carmilla," Emily said, getting back to cooking.

Laura sighed. "Well there's nothing to really celebrate. I... I didn't say yes." Saying it aloud, Laura felt her heart sink. How could she not say yes? What was wrong with her? Why did she feel this gut wrenching nervousness when even considering it?

"I thought this is what you wanted, Laura. What happened?"

"I don't know, mom. I just feel so lost. I love her, you know? But every time I think about saying yes to moving in with her my stomach bottoms out and I... what's wrong with me?" Laura said, her voice cracking as the first of her tears spilled down her cheeks. She was thankful that the streets by Lilita's apartment were relatively quiet, and void of life.

"Oh, Laura, honey, nothing's wrong with you," Emily said, putting her cooking on pause to give her daughter her full attention.

"Then why didn't I say yes? Why can't I even think about saying yes without feeling sick?"

"Maybe you just aren't ready, Laura. Living together is a big step, and it can be scary. If Carmilla loves you the way I think she does, she'll understand, and she'll wait for you."

Laura, wiped at her eyes and nose with the sleeve of her jacket. "I know. She already said that. But, mom that's not the point. I mean as it is we practically do live together, I mean I stay over at her place--" Laura cut herself off, clearing her throat.

"Laura, you know I know you're not a virgin, right?" Emily said, chuckling.

"Mom! Oh my god!"

"What? It's perfectly normal by your age. And I've seen the way she looks at--"

"We are not having this conversation!" Laura finally said, a deep red blush lighting up her cheeks. It was sad how she could get embarrassed even with no one there to witness it. Emily chuckled and there was a beat before Laura spoke up again. "Mom, I don't understand why it's the idea of just making it official that's terrifying me. I mean, I can see myself marrying this girl, so why is moving in right now...?" She sighed.

Emily took a deep breath. "Laura, you have always been smart and strong willed and determined. You've also always cared about people with your whole heart. And while I admire that about you, I worry that you care more about them than about yourself."

"Mom, please, I care about--"

"I know. But, Laura, how many times have you blamed yourself for hurting someone even though it wasn't your fault? How many times have you told me that you're sorry for holding me back? And how many times have I told you, it isn't your fault and I wouldn't change anything about my life for the world? Laura, you think you're holding people back, you think you're an anchor weighing them in one place. But sweetie, what you don't see is that to them-- to the people who love you-- you're a
bright star in the night, guiding them to where they need to be. First with me, as a mother, and now Carmilla was lucky enough to find you as well."

Laura was silent for a moment, biting her lip to keep back tears. "Fuck, you're going to make me cry," Laura choked through a laugh. Normally, she wouldn't curse in front of her mother, but given the circumstances she was sure her mom understood.

Emily chuckled, her voice sounding a little watery as well. "Look," she said, sniffling, "I am so proud of you, Laura. I am so proud of the woman you've become. I want you to be the happiest you can be, sweetheart. I'm not going to tell you that you should move in with Carmilla, because in the end, that's your choice. But I think that moving in with her would make you happy. Don't hold yourself back for her. In the end you'll both just end up getting hurt."

"How'd you get so wise?" Laura asked, laughing.

"Sweetie, I've been married for 23 years, how do you think I became wise to this?" Emily said.

Laura laughed. "It's easy to forget you and dad weren't always together."

Emily chuckled. "Do you feel a little better at least?"

Laura took a deep breath. "Yeah. I kinda do."

"I know, whatever you decide, you'll make the right decision. You're a smart young woman," Emily said.

Laura smiled. "Thanks, mom."

"Of course. I'm always here if you need to talk, okay?"

"Yeah," Laura said, wiping the last of her tears away. "I love you, mom."

"Love you too, sweetie."

"Oh! Merry almost Christmas! Remember, Carm and I are gonna be back down for dinner tomorrow night!"

Emily laughed. "What do you think all the noise is? There's a lot to prep!"

"Can't wait! Okay, guess I should, y'know get going," Laura said, leaning against the side of a building and grinding her toe into the ground.

"Good luck, Laura. I love you."

"Love you too," Laura said one last time before finally hanging up her phone. She let her head fall back against the building with a soft thud before closing her eyes and letting out a groan. After a moment she let out a deep breath and opened her eyes, kicking herself off the wall. She nodded to herself. "Alright, Hollis," she said, starting back in the direction of Lilita's apartment. "Time to girl the hell up."

Rationally, Carmilla knew Laura had probably only been gone for about fifteen minutes. She knew that she probably set off to just walk around the city block since she didn't really know her way around all too well. She knew Laura was a little naive, but all-in-all very smart. Rationally, she knew all of these things without a seed of doubt. But that was rationally. And Carmilla was hardly ever one to give into rational thought, which was why she was pacing around her room, phone in hand, and
Laura's number staring back at her. She stopped at the foot of her bed, thumb trembling over the "call" button for a moment before cursing and throwing her phone into her pillows.

"Get a grip, Karnstein, she's fine. Just had to clear her head after you scared her with the whole moving in thing." Carmilla sighed, she was really proud of how she handled it in the moment, but as soon as she'd disappeared to the safety of her bathroom, Carmilla had gotten lost in her own head, and spent the better side of ten minutes crying softly in the shower. Rejection wasn't something she was used to, and having it come from Laura stung more than she expected.

Carmilla flopped back onto her bed, slinging an arm over her eyes. "Not rejection." She reminded herself. Technically, Laura didn't answer her. She'd gotten her hopes up when Laura had knocked on the bathroom door, hoping that the initial shock had worn off and she was now just super excited about moving in together. When Laura said she was going for a walk though, everything just crashed again. Plus the added anxiety of Laura walking around the city alone. Carmilla groaned, reaching up and burying her face in one of her pillows.

She's fine. Probably knows how to defend herself better than I do... it's always the small ones that surprise you.

After a moment, Carmilla removed the pillow from her face with a sigh. She sat up, her legs dangling off the edge of the bed for a second before she finally stood and made her way into the living room. Will was sitting in the chair, entirely absorbed in his phone until Carmilla passed into the kitchen and opened the fridge.

"Hey, did something happen? 'Cause Laura came through here a bit ago looking like she'd seen a ghost," he said.

Carmilla groaned, placing her forehead against the inside of the refrigerator. "I don't want to talk about it, okay? And I'm really not in the mood for the sarcasm and teasing I know your itching for."

Will pocketed his phone and made his way into the kitchen. He stood behind his sister for a moment before finally wrapping her in a hug. Carmilla stiffened for a moment until Will spoke.

"I'm sorry, sis. I didn't mean to cause a fight that... it was a low blow earlier and just... I'm sorry."

Carmilla laughed softly, turning around and hugging her brother. "Don't sweat it, bro. It wasn't you," she said pulling back and mussing his hair. "I did something... stupid."

Will frowned and tried to smooth his hair down. "What?"

Carmilla sighed and gave him a half-smile, turning back to the open fridge. "Yeah. Still don't want to talk about it."

"Maybe it'll help?"

Carmilla turned back around. "Look, the only person I want to talk to about this right now is--" She saw the door open and Laura walk in. "Laura?" she said, stepping around Will and in the direction of her girlfriend. Laura looked at her, eyes wide, expression -- as always -- unreadable.

"Carm," she said, meeting her halfway and giving her a hug. When they pulled back she shot Carmilla a smile that went straight to her heart. "Um," Laura continued, "Can we, maybe talk? Privately?"

Carmilla nodded, linking their hands together and leading her back to her bedroom.
Will sighed and walked back over to the living room, sinking into his chair. He pulled his phone back out and shook his head. "Why do I even bother?"

Carmilla closed the door to her bedroom with a soft click, before turning around and leaning against it. She looked at Laura, who just stared right back for a moment, mouth opening and closing like a fish. Carmilla had to fight off a smile at the thought, reminding herself that this was serious. This was about their future.

"What's up, cutie?" Carmilla asked.

"Don't," Laura said, shaking her head. "Don't stand there and pretend like you don't know what this is about. Don't stand there and pretend like I didn't hurt you."

Carmilla stood silent, mouth shut.

Laura took a deep breath and stepped up to Carmilla so they were only about a foot apart. She looked into Carmilla's eyes. mouth straining to find the words she was so desperate to speak. Finally, she managed to say one word. "Yes."

Carmilla cocked an eyebrow. "Yes?" Yes what?

"Yes. I will move in with you," Laura said.

Carmilla wasn't sure she heard right, Laura had been so unsure before, how could she say yes now?

"Laura," Carmilla said, taking the other girl's hands in her own, "please, if you're not ready for this... I don't want you to do it just because, if you don't, I might be upset. I meant it when I said I'd--"

Laura shook her head and leaned in to plant a kiss to Carmilla's lips, cupping her jaw and letting out a small whimper when Carmilla wrapped her arms around her waist and kissed her back. She pulled back slowly and looked up into Carmilla's deep brown eyes.

"I want this, Carm. I want you. I want us. I want to wake up with you every morning and fall asleep with you every night. I want to fight over who's gonna wash the dishes. I want to go shopping for groceries together. I want a step towards... well... forever," Laura finally rushed out.

Carmilla smiled, tears springing to her eyes that she couldn't stop as she leaned in and pressed her lips to Laura's. And when Laura kissed her back, she could feel her smile.

After a moment Carmilla pulled back and shook her head. "What... what changed your mind?"

"First, I never said 'no,' I want that on the record," Laura said, pointing at Carmilla. Carmilla rolled her eyes as Laura continued. "And, honestly, I just needed to talk to my mom."

"Well," Carmilla said, "thank you, Emily."

Laura gave Carmilla a small smile. "Yeah."

"Laura," Carmilla said softly, tucking some stray hairs behind Laura's ear.

"Yeah?"

Carmilla smiled and planted a lingering kiss to Laura's lips, that left the other girl chasing after another. Carmilla pulled her close so that they were chest to chest, and hip to hip. She leaned down
to put her lips to Laura's ear. "You're not hanging that god-awful Tardis poster in our bedroom."

Laura laughed and pulled back, a wicked look in her eye. "Oh, we'll see about that."

Chapter End Notes

Hollstein's moving in, huzzah! I'm slowing building up chapter length and content again, so yay! As always I didn't proofread #LazinessIsReal. Other than that... let me know what ya thought! I know I always say it, but honestly I REALLY REALLY REALLY love to hear from you guys, no matter what it is! And if you have feedback hit me with it! Writing is something I want to do with my life--I majored in creative writing and want to start working on a novel--so I take it seriously and am always looking for how I can improve! (for example, pacing, and letting conflict actually happen are not things I'm inherently good at lol) SO! Whatever it is, leave a comment!!

LOVE YOU GUYS SO MUCH! Thanks for sticking with me! Have a great day/night etc! :) (tumblr - @carmillaandstuff, if ya wanna chat)
Hey All (if anyone is actually still reading this heh)! There's gonna be a little bit of a time jump in this one. I feel like I was really stalling out in Christmas, so I decided to move a little past it for the sake of actually getting this puppy rolling. As far as the holiday fluff goes, keep an eye out on my other fic in this series "Day Dreams" as I'll probably toss those "chapters" in as quick little one shots! (or long one shots because my mind always gets into it and doesn't like to stop.) Anywho, let's get this show on the road, shall we?

"Oh my god, frosh. What the heck is in this?" Laf asked, muscles straining against the weight of the box they were holding. Who knew such a tiny box could weigh the same as a damn elephant?

"Careful with that!" Laura chimed from the doorway of Carmilla's apartment building -- or her apartment building. That was going to take some getting used to. "That's my Harry Potter book collection and collector's edition swag!"

Laf huffed, and moved to get a better grip on the box. "You did not just use the term swag, Hollis."

"It's the right term!" Laura called out, before disappearing inside the building.

"Some heavy fricken swag..." Laf mumbled. They caught Perry's eye as she was making her way back to the moving van. "Hey, Per, can you just grab the--"

"Oh, sweetie," Perry said, cutting Laf off. "Here, let me take that one off your hands." Before Laf could respond, Perry had snaked the box out of their hands, tucking it under one arm, while resting the side of it against her hip. With her free hand, Perry pulled a suitcase of Laura's clothes from the van and started to make her way back into the building; leaving one Lafontaine completely befuddled in the parking lot.

"Okay. That was... I mean... Hey, Per! Wait up!" Laf called, grabbing the box marked 'pillows' from the van and running to catch up to their girlfriend. "When did you get like freakishly strong?" They asked as they fell in step with Perry.

Perry frowned slightly and shook her head. "It's not that heavy, Lafontaine."

Laf cocked an eyebrow as they both started up the three flights of stairs.

Perry's lips twitched into a half-smile, but she didn't meet Laf's eyes while she spoke. "Also, Laura's been bringing me some of her Krav Maga classes."

Laf almost dropped the box they were holding. "You. You have been learning martial arts? Per, I thought you were, like, a pacifist?"

"Not by any means! I may not like the idea of fighting, but there's nothing wrong with knowing how to defend myself..." Perry said, blushing slightly.
"Oh! No, that's not what I--" Laf said, backpedaling. "I didn't mean it like that, Per. I just..." They took a second to collect their thoughts. "I'm... proud of you."

Perry smiled at Lafontaine, even though their eyes were glued to the box they were carrying. "Thank you."

Laf coughed and cleared their throat. "Of course," they said. After a moment they spoke up again. "Also, not gonna lie, that's kinda hot."

"LaFontaine!" Perry said, her face flushing as Laf chuckled.

When they finally reached Carmilla's apartment, Laura nearly collided with them in the doorway. "Oh! You're up with more boxes, great! Can you just put them... umm..." Laura looked around at the cluttered living room chock full of boxes of her stuff. "Uhh..."

Perry shuffled into the living room, gently placing the items she was holding down on a small area still available. "Why don't you, Laf, and Carmilla keep unloading from downstairs, Laura. I'll work on... organizing," Perry said with a determined smile.

"Are you sure? I mean it's a lot of--"

"Come on, frosh. She's got it," Laf said throwing an arm around Laura's shoulders and winking at Perry. "Although," Laf said, as they started to make their way towards the door, "I'm not gonna lie, I'm gonna miss her freakish strength getting your ridiculously heavy swag up the stairs."

Perry sighed and called to them, "I'm sure Carmilla is just as strong."

Laf stopped in the doorway, Laura still tucked under their arm. "Where is Karnstein, anyway? I feel like I haven't seen her in like 20 minutes." They turned to look at Laura. "This is the right apartment, right?"

Laura laughed and slipped out from under Lafontaine's arm. "Yes, it's the right apartment," Laura said, making her way to the bedroom. "My oh so loving girlfriend is just unbelievably lazy..." She leaned in the doorway of the bedroom to find Carmilla sprawled out on her bed, arm thrown over her eyes. Carmilla let out a groan at Laura's voice.

"Damn, thought I'd have a little more time before you found me, cutie," she said. Carmilla sighed as she sat up and scooted off the bed.

Laura shook her head with a small smile. "You knew moving in together was going to be work, right? I am a whole person, Carmilla."

Carmilla scrunched up her nose, looking down at the other girl. "Well more like a--"

Laura put a finger up to cut Carmilla off. "If you're about to make a short joke, I'd recommend you don't unless you want to move all of this stuff back out into the van and back to my old place."

Carmilla chuckled and hooked an arm around Laura's waist, pulling her closer. "You know me so well," she said quietly, punctuating the statement with a sweet kiss.

Laura hummed into the kiss before pulling back with a smile. "Yes, I do."

The two stood there for a moment, completely lost in each other's presence.

"As completely adorable and touching as this moment is, can we please get the rest of this stuff up
into the apartment so me and Per can go home?"

Laura giggled as Carmilla huffed and threw an arm around Laura's shoulders, turning her towards the door. Laura hooked her arm around Carmilla's waist. "Sorry, Laf."

"No, we're not." Carmilla whispered with a smirk as she and Laura passed Laf on their way out the door.

Lafontaine rolled their eyes and turned to look at Perry. "Can I please just stay up here and help you organize?"

Perry frowned, looking up from her work, which was already half done. "Um, that's very sweet, but... well... um..." Perry snapped her fingers, breaking out into a smile. "Carmilla and Laura! Yes, they would just get completely side tracked if you weren't there to make sure they done stay all... lovey-dovey."

Laf squinted at Perry for a moment before speaking. "...You just think I'll mess up your work, don't you?"

Perry looked around everywhere, except at Lafontaine. "W-well..."

"I mean, you're right," Laf said with a grin. "But at least come out and say it." They added, before making their way out into the hall, and almost bumping into Carmilla and Laura who were leaned up against the wall... and connected at the face. "Guys, seriously?"

Laura pushed Carmilla back slightly with one hand, while attempting to wipe Carmilla's lipstick off her mouth with the other. "Sorry," Laura mumbled.

Carmilla smirked down at Laura, her hand still firmly panted on the wall by the blonde's head. "Again, totally not," she whispered, leaning in to give Laura one last peck on the lips.

Laf sighed. "Yes, yes. We get it. So in love. It's adorable. Now, if we can get the last of Laura's stuff up, Per and I can leave you two love birds to..." they waved their hand through the air. "...canoodle."

"The canoodling bit sounds fun, cutie," Carmilla said, linking her free hand with Laura's. "I mean, how attached are you to the final boxes down there?" She asked, a dangerous twinkle in her eye.

Laura chuckled but pushed herself off the wall, stepping around Carmilla, in the direction of the stairs. "C'mon Carm, it could be important stuff."

Carmilla rolled her eyes, following behind. "Like what? I told you, that Tardis poster isn't getting anywhere near our bedroom."

"Mhmm," Laura said, skipping down the stairs.

"I'm serious, Laura!" Carmilla called, trailing behind.

"Mhmm!"

"Laura!" Carmilla said, quickening her pace to catch up to her.

Lafontaine rolled their eyes at the top of the stairs, but couldn't help the small smile that etched across their lips as they heard Laura giggle from the stairwell below.
"Okay! I think that's it!" Laura said, letting out a long breath and putting her hands on her hips.

Carmilla groaned, flopping down onto the couch. "Thank god."

Laura chuckled as Carmilla disappeared behind the wall of boxes, then she turned to Laf and Perry, pulling them into a hug. "Thanks so much guys. We really owe you one." She let them go to survey the boxes stacked in the living room. "And good job organizing, Perry! Like wow! I mean I knew you were good, but this was a lot."

Perry smiled and waved away the compliment. "Anytime, Laura."

"Just not anymore tonight. My body is just... pain," Laf mumbled, stretching out their arms.

"Lafon pain!" Carmilla snorted from the couch.

Laura rolled her eyes. "Why don't you guys get going? Carm is obviously getting a little loopy and you guys already helped so much. We can totally handle it from here."

Laf grabbed Perry's hand and started pulling her towards the door. "Don't have to tell us twice!" They called over their shoulder on their way out the door. "Have a good night, frosh! Make good choices."

Perry clicked her tongue. "We didn't have to leave so fast, Lafontaine."

Laf cocked an eyebrow. "Don't you remember when we first moved in together? I don't know about you, but I wasn't typically in the mood for company."

A light blush sprinkled across Perry's cheeks. "Okay, you make a fair point," she mumbled. It was quiet as they made their way down the stairs, hand in hand. After a few moments, Perry spoke up again. "Seeing them so... happy, do you remember when we were like that?"

Laf frowned, looking over at Perry. "Are... you not happy?"

Perry's eyes widened. "Oh! No, no that's not what I meant at all. I just meant..." she sighed. "Don't you remember when we first started dating? Our first 'I love yous'? When we first moved in together? Our first... time?"

Laf smiled. "Of course I do. They're... some of my happiest memories."

Perry nodded, but a frown tugged at the corner of her lips. "I guess... I guess I just feel like we've... stalled."

"Stalled?" Laf asked, rubbing their thumb over Perry's knuckles. Their chest tightened a little as Perry collected her thoughts.

"It's nothing you need to be concerned about, sweetie," Perry said. "Just something I started thinking about."

"Per, a relationship *stalling* is not really a good thing. If you feel like we're not... moving forward..." Laf shook their head. "I don't want us to sink, Per. We worked through a lot of shit to be this good, and if you think something's not working... I'm going to be worried."
Perry stopped for a moment to look at Lafontaine. They were never really serious, so the fact that they looked like they were on the verge of tears struck her. She stepped forward, cradling Laf's face between her hands. "Lafontaine, I love you," she said, planting a light kiss to their lips. "And I'm not leaving. I'm not going anywhere. Sweetie, you will never have to worry about that." She moved her hands down to intertwine their fingers. She took a deep breath, steadying herself and looking Laf in the eyes. "You are my best friend." She started. "You were always my best friend. You will always be my best friend. Lafontaine, the problem is -- as horribly cliche as this is going to sound -- I can't imagine my life without you in it," she said through a watery smile.

"Per..."

Perry held up a hand. "Let me just..." she took another deep breath before continuing. "Some people are like Carmilla and Laura... they clash and collide and eventually figure out that they're in love. But then there's people like us, who just, from the start, know they're supposed to be in each other's lives. Whether it's as friends..." Perry squeezed Laf's hands. "Lovers..." she leaned in and pressed her lips to Laf's. When she pulled back she felt her breath hitch as she looked into Laf's wide eyes, full of awe. "Or..." she cleared her throat, trying to compose herself. "O-or..."

"Per?" Laf said it so quietly this time, she almost didn't hear them.

"Or... spouses...?" Perry finally managed to say, barely above a whisper. There was a strange mix of relief and anxiousness that came from finally getting the words out. She looked up at Laf waiting for them to say something. Anything. But they just stood there in the stairwell, their sweaty hands clinging to her own. After what felt like an hour of silence (aka 5 seconds) Perry gently squeezed their hands. "Sweetie?"

Laf shook their head. "Are... are you proposing?"

Perry thought for a second. "...Yes."

"Well... damn," Laf said, sighing as they dropped Perry's hand to reach into their coat pocket. "What am I supposed to do with this, now?" They brought their hand back out and opened the little black jewelry box -- revealing a simple ruby engagement ring.

The two shared small smiles before Laf took Perry's hand in their own, slipping the ring into place. "Thank god, it fits," Laf said with a relieved chuckle.

Perry laughed too before pulling them in for a hug.

Laf hugged her back, running their fingers through her curly hair. "We have a lifetime of firsts to look forward to, Per. How could we ever stall?"

Pulling back from the hug, Perry planted a kiss to Lafontaine's cheek. "Someone had to actually ask, sweetie."

Laf rolled their eyes but their smile was still firmly planted on their face. "Whatever, control freak."

Perry laced their fingers together and started leading them down the stairs. "It's beautiful, by the way," Perry said, looking down at the ring on her finger. "How long have you been carrying it around?"

Laf rubbed the back of their neck. "About a year..." they admitted. "But, uh..."

Perry cocked an eyebrow.
"Well, thing is, I bought it when we started dating," Laf said through a nervous chuckle. They shrugged when Perry paused to look at them. "When you know, you know."

Perry turned and drew them in for a long deep kiss. When they broke apart they were both out of breath, looking at each other with hooded eyes. "I love you, weirdo," she whispered, her breath ghosting across their lips.

Laf blushed red and cleared their throat. "I don't know about you, but I could stand to be home right now... maybe in bed?"

With childlike enthusiasm, Perry smiled and pulled on Laf's hand dragging them down the stairs and out towards their car.

"I hope Laf and Perry made it home okay..." Laura said, making her way over to the couch with two mugs of hot cocoa in hand. "They usually text or call to let me know they got back alright." She passed one of the mugs off to Carmilla before sitting down next to her on the couch and taking a sip from her own.

Carmilla threw an arm around Laura's shoulders, humming as she took a sip of her drink. "I'm sure they're fine, cutie. Probably worried they'd be... disturbing us if they called right now."

Laura swatted at Carmilla's arm. "You are actually terrible," she said with a chuckle.

Carmilla shrugged. "We don't exactly have the best track record with people interrupting our private moments." She paused before adding, "Come to think of it, we should've taken the down time as an opportunity!" She grabbed Laura's mug, setting both down on the coffee table before snaking her arms around Laura's waist and tackling her to lay on the couch. Carmilla trailed sloppy, exaggerated kisses up Laura's neck and all over the side of her face, causing her to laugh.

"Carm!" Laura said between fits of laughter.

"Gotta make the most of it, sweetheart! Who knows when we'll be alone again?" Carmilla said, settling her hips between Laura's thighs.

Laura reached up and took Carmilla's hands in her own, lacing their fingers together and bringing them above her head. Carmilla hovered over the smaller girl, a sweet smile playing out on her face.

"Every night, Carm," Laura said. "Right here."

Carmilla let out a shaky breath, lowering herself to plant a gentle kiss to Laura's lips. "You have no idea how happy that makes me," she whispered, eyes still shut.

Laura leaned up and connected their lips again briefly. "Try me."

Carmilla whined, leaning down to capture Laura's lips again, her fingers tightening against the smaller woman's hands. When she pulled back, Laura was looking up at her with sin in her eyes. Before Carmilla knew what happened she was flat on her back, hands pinned above her head and Laura straddling her lap. In the next moment, Laura's lips were trailing up her neck.

"I've never heard you make that sound before..." Laura said.
Carmilla swallowed thickly as Laura's teeth grazed her neck. This was definitely a new side to her girlfriend, but she wasn't about to complain. "What sound?"

Laura popped up to eye level, ghosting her lips against Carmilla's for a moment before capturing her lips in a kiss, which Carmilla again whined into. Laura pulled back with a chuckle. "That one."

Carmilla sighed underneath her. "What can I say? You bring out that side of me."

"The whiny one?" Laura said, kissing the side of Carmilla's face.

"The horny one," Carmilla muttered.

Laura laughed into the side of Carmilla's neck, causing the other woman to smile. "Okay, fair," Laura said. "And... same." She added, kissing Carmilla's cheek before working her way down again.

Carmilla squeezed Laura's hands, which were still connected to hers. "Hey, cutie?"

"Mmm?" Laura hummed as she continued to pepper lazy kisses up and down Carmilla's neck.

"Want to christen the bedroom or the couch tonight?" She asked through a smile.

Laura chuckled low in her throat. "Hmm, well... the couch is here," Laura pondered. "But... so are all these boxes with breakable stuff..." Laura sat back on Carmilla's lap, looking down at her and cocking an eyebrow. "How wild are you feeling tonight?" she asked, trailing a finger between Carmilla's breasts all the way down to the button of her jeans.

Carmilla sat up, settling her hands on Laura's hips before planting a kiss to her chest. She hummed in consideration. "I mean, I could end up breaking one of those ever valuable Harry Potter jars... and we wouldn't want that, would we?"

Laura giggled. "That kind of wild, huh Karnstein?"

Carmilla growled, digging her nails into Laura's sides briefly. "Like a panther on the prowl, sweetheart."

Laura bit her lip and sighed at Carmilla leaned forward to plant hot kisses up her neck. "W-well, then. Guess we should take this housewarming party to the bedroom."

Not needing any further instruction, Carmilla hooked her arms under Laura's thighs and stood, making her way to the bedroom.

Laura grabbed onto her and gasped. "Would you stop doing that?" She said through a laugh. "I swear," she said, planting a kiss to Carmilla's lips. "I've never actually walked into your bedroom without you carrying me."

Carmilla chuckled, tossing Laura onto the bed before turning around and closing the door. She made her way back to the bed, hovering over her girlfriend before kissing her long and deep. When she pulled back, she was smirking. "Why break tradition?"

"Shut up," Laura said, pulling Carmilla back down by the collar of her shirt. Their lips met again and Laura sighed into the kiss, loosening her grip on Carmilla's collar to instead move her hands under the other woman's shirt. Carmilla's stomach muscles twitched under her touch and Laura smiled. Breaking away for air, Laura took the opportunity to push Carmilla's shirt up over her head. "Much better," she murmured, before flipping Carmilla onto her back and straddling her waist.
Carmilla laughed, her hands settling on Laura's hips. "You're really going for the top tonight, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Damn straight," Laura said.

Carmilla was about to make a witty retort to Laura's use of the word 'straight,' but it died on her tongue as Laura gathered her long blonde hair into a ponytail. "Damn..."

Laura grinned and looked down at Carmilla who was rapidly turning 50 shades of red. "Did you just say...?"

Carmilla shrugged it off and sat up, wrapping her arms around Laura's back. "You're hot," she said, moving her hands lower to strip Laura of her shirt. Once the offending article was removed, Carmilla planted a gentle kiss to Laura's chest. "Besides, can you blame me? Every self-respecting lesbian knows what a ponytail in bed means..."

Laura laughed, pushing Carmilla's chest gently until she flopped back against the mattress, bouncing slightly. She dropped her head to plant a kiss to the base of Carmilla's throat. "You raise a good point, beautiful," Laura whispered against her skin. She continued to trail kisses down Carmilla's stomach until she reached the top of her jeans. Laura made quick work of getting Carmilla's jeans off and settling between her thighs, kissing up the inside of each leg before settling in to where Carmilla needed her most.

With a pleased sigh of Laura's name, Carmilla reached down to wind Laura's ponytail around her hand, tugging gently as pleasure coursed through her. Carmilla rolled her hips in time with Laura's tongue, until she reached her peak, shuttering gently and gasping out every curse word in her vocabulary, which Laura learned in that moment was rather extensive... and not always in English...

Peeking up from between Carmilla's thighs, Laura met her girlfriend's eyes. "You can curse in French."

Carmilla wore a lazy, satisfied, smirk. "Oui," she said, tugging gently on Laura's hair to get her to climb up and kiss her. Laura happily complied, cradling Carmilla's jaw in her hands, as she laid on top of her, kissing her gently. Carmilla hummed when Laura pulled back to look at her. She twirled Laura's ponytail around her fingers, gently weaving them through golden hair. "Je t'aime," Carmilla whispered, pushing up to capture Laura's lips once more.

Laura chuckled against Carmilla's lips. "That's hot."

Carmilla sat up and tapped the button on Laura's jeans. "Déshabiller..."

Laura cocked an eyebrow. "I topped out at knowing Je t'aime, Carm..."

Carmilla smirked, and undid the button on Laura's jeans. "Déshabiller." She motioned for her to finish and Laura happily complied, wiggling out of her jeans and underwear. Carmilla smiled, leaning forward to kiss Laura. "Bonne fille," she said, pulling back. With a smirk Carmilla flopped down, flat on her back. "Monter," she said, crooking a finger in a "come hither" motion.

Laura smiled, leaning down only to have Carmilla press a hand to her chest.

"Non," Carmilla said, tapping Laura's bottom a couple of times and repeating. "Monter."

Laura blushed a deep red. "Oh."

Carmilla chuckled. "Oui."
Clearing her throat, Laura scooted up until her thighs framed Carmilla's head.

"Prêt?" Carmilla asked, giving Laura a thumbs up.

"Uh... yeah?"

"Génial!" Carmilla said, bringing her mouth between Laura's legs.

Laura pitched forward at the sudden contact, one hand digging into Carmilla's hair while the other gripped at the bed sheets. "Fuck! A little warning next time?"

"J'ai demandé si tu étais prêt..." Carmilla mumbled against Laura, causing her to squirm.

"Ugh, fuck. Don't speak French between my legs..."

Carmilla couldn't help but laugh. "N'est-ce pas le point?"

"Carm..." Laura moaned, her hips moving in tandem with the strokes of Carmilla's tongue.

Carmilla made quick work of the girl above her, muttering a few French sentences against her until she was coming undone, riding out her high with a whispered swear and Carmilla's name.

Laura had the head space not to collapse on top of her girlfriend's face, but just barely, as she clambered down her body just enough to drape herself over Carmilla's almost-naked form. Carmilla let out a small "oof" but otherwise wrapped her arms around her girlfriend's waist, planting a kiss to the top of her head.

"Vous êtes bien?" Carmilla muttered against Laura's hair, slowly freeing it of it's ponytail and running a hand through the golden silk.

Laura giggled. "English, please?"

Carmilla chuckled, continuing to stroke Laura's hair. "Are you okay?"


Carmilla laughed. "Well, that's good."

"You speak fluent French?"

"Ah... no. Actually, I'm not sure if half the shit I said was right," Carmilla said with a laugh. "Except the curse words, those were definitely right."

"Definitely," Laura said, grinning as she nuzzled into Carmilla's neck.

They laid there for a moment, enjoying the quiet until Carmilla cleared her throat. "So. Do we maybe want to sleep with our heads on the right end of the bed?"

Laughing, Laura pushed herself up and helped Carmilla and herself sneak under the covers. Carmilla clicked off the lamp on her nightstand and turned to encompass Laura in her arms.

Snuggling into Carmilla's chest Laura whispered. "It's going to drive you insane when the light switch is wrong in the morning."

Carmilla chuckled, planting a kiss to the top of Laura's head. "I'll get over it."
First thing's first I DO NOT SPEAK ANY FRENCH (which is probably very noticeable... i used the dreaded google translate and some online dictionary translators but "language rules are weird" is definitely the one thing I learned taking 4 years of Latin... but hey. a girl tries.. if you CAN speak French and can translate better please let me know! lol)

Sorry for the delay again, but I hope it was worth the wait! That entire semi-smut scene wasn't even supposed to happen... but hey, who's complaining? I'm trying to be better but full time jobs suck sometimes. PLEASE leave a comment! I love to hear from you guys!!! Good, bad, feedback, I'll take it all. Hell, just say hi! :) Feel free to leave kudos too if ya liked it! And of course, have a great day/ night :)
Secret Agent Man

Chapter Notes

Yooooooooooooooo! I'm not abandoning this, but also, I'm worried I'm losing sight of where this is going. Think of this as a bit of a "filler" as I rework some ideas I have ;) rest assured, it will be completed eventually. (I apologize, this chapter is really short, but I hope it's better than the NOTHING I've been providing. <3)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The sunlight peaking in through the cracks of her blinds was soft; casting a warm, caramel glow throughout her room and over the welcoming curves of the woman lying next to her. Carmilla had to physically stop herself from reaching out and brushing her fingertips along Laura's exposed shoulders, back, hips... any part of her that was left uncovered by the restlessness of sleep in a still somewhat unfamiliar bed. Instead, she lounged on her side, propping herself up on her elbow and resting her head on her hand as she simply enjoyed the work of art that was before her; a soft smile painted across her lips. It was moments like this Carmilla wished her creativity sparked in a more physically artistic way -- namely photography. She let out a soft breath as she let the moment sink in, capturing the beauty with every blink of her eyes. Laura's easy breaths, her soft skin reflecting gentle morning light, her warm body heating the sheets of Carmilla's -- no -- their bed.

The next breath Carmilla let out was shaky, her eyes prickling with tears that would go unshed. There was a tug in her chest that screamed to wrap the other woman in her arms, hold her, let the sunlight bathe them both in the warmth of their new home. Well... newish. New to them. Carmilla shook her head, smiling and daring to inch just a little closer, laying down flat on her side so she could study Laura's sleeping face. She noticed that from this angle Laura's hair caught the sunlight, casting a halo of light around her golden hair. She suppressed a laugh for even thinking something so cliche as "she looks like an angel." But it was true. Carmilla never understood why people would describe people like that, but with Laura before her... golden hair illuminated by morning light, soft eyelashes brushing against pink cheeks... yeah... she might be able to understand it if it's Laura.

Reaching up, slowly, gently, Carmilla brushed her fingertips along Laura's forehead, pushing away a few stray hairs that had settled in front of her face. Laura's nose crinkled, and she let out a low, confused hum. Carmilla chuckled, low and happy.

"Good morning, cupcake," Carmilla said softly, cupping Laura's jaw and running a thumb over her cheek.

Laura hummed again, slowly coming to her senses. "Morning..." she let out a small yawn, her eyes finally fluttering open, a lazy smile gracing her lips as she covered Carmilla's hand with her own. "It's funny," she said. "For someone who's supposed to be the most non-morning person ever, you always seem to wake up before me."

Carmilla chuckled again, leaning in and pressing a chaste kiss to Laura's lips. After she pulled back she sighed, looking into Laura's sleepy gaze. After a moment she said, "I like this."

Laura laughed, snuggling in closer to her girlfriend. "I like it, too."

They laid there for a while, exchanging soft kisses and beaming smiles until finally Carmilla let out a
sigh, resting her forehead against Laura's and closing her eyes. "Ugh, I don't want to go to work."

Laura giggled. "Laf didn't give you the day off?"

"Half day..." Carmilla said, "so I could sleep in a little."

"Well," Laura said, tucking a few strand of hair behind Carmilla's ear, "I think that's still nice. I mean it is a Saturday, Carm."

Carmilla groaned, burying her face in the crook of Laura's neck.

Laura laughed, gently pushing Carmilla back and rolling out of bed herself. "Let's go, sleepyhead," she said, starting to pull her hair up into a ponytail. "I'll take you to work."

"Eager to get rid of me already, sweetheart?" Carmilla quipped, sitting up and stretching out her back.

Laura rolled her eyes. "You caught me," she said with a smirk as she opened a box marked 'Laura -- Winter Clothes,' and started getting dressed.

Finally, Carmilla slipped out of bed and sauntered over to Laura, hips swaying in a way that could only be intentional. Laura stopped midway through putting on her jeans to admire the view, craning her head up to meet Carmilla's gaze once she was close enough. Quickly, she cleared her throat and pulled her jeans the rest of the way up. When she went to button them up, Carmilla's hands fell over hers, making her pause.

"Let me give you a hand," Carmilla said with a grin.

Laura gulped and let her hands fall to her sides. Carmilla smiled and slowly zipped up the fly of Laura's jeans. Lithe fingers brushed across Laura's abdomen as Carmilla worked on the button, and her eyes fluttered shut as she inhaled deeply, enjoying the faint scent of Carmilla's perfume. Smiling, Carmilla planted a soft kiss to Laura's collarbone as she slipped the button of her jeans into place. Once she was done, she took a step back and Laura had to hold in a groan of disappointment as her eyes blinked open, only to be met with Carmilla's stupid, smirking, perfect face.

"Think you can handle it from here, cutie?" She asked.

Laura turned to grab the rest of her clothes for the day out of the box, mumbling, "Could've handled it all..."

Carmilla laughed, grabbing Laura's wrist and tugging her in for a hug. She pecked Laura on the cheek when she pulled back. "Love you."

Laura smiled, squeezing Carmilla's hand for a moment. "Love you too. Now go get dressed. You're gonna be late."

Carmilla chuckled, heading over to her dresser. "Yes, ma'am."

"OH MY GOD!" Laura said, grasping Perry's hand with both of her own to get a better look at the ring settled on her finger.

Carmilla glanced at the ring and raised an eyebrow. "Wait. You two weren't already married?"
"I'm so happy for you guys! This is amazing!" Laura said, pulling both Perry and Laf into a crushing hug. She pulled back, her eyes lighting up as she rattled off a million questions. "When did this even happen? How did it happen? Who proposed? Oh my god, it doesn't matter, this is the best! I always knew you guys would end up together. Oh, have you decided on a date for the wedding yet? Do you need any help? Carm and I can totally help!"

"L, breathe," Laf said with a chuckle. "We've been engaged for like 24 hours, no planning has happened yet."

"Yeah, and stop offering us up to help," Carmilla added with a nudge to Laura's side.

"I'm sorry," Laura said, smiling. "I'm just happy for you guys." After a moment she brought them both in for another, less spine-crushing, hug.

"To answer your question though, I proposed," Perry said as they pulled back.

"I'm somehow not surprised," Laura said, chuckling.

"Hey! I had the ring. It could've been me," Laf said.

Perry put a hand on Laf's shoulder. "Sure, sweetie."

"Well, congratulations, guys. I already thought you had tied the knot, so... sorry I wasn't more enthusiastic," Carmilla said with a smirk.

"Like you would've been anyway, Karnstein," Laf said, putting an arm around Perry's shoulders.

"I can be giddy," Carmilla said.

"It's true," Laura added, taking Carmilla's hand in hers. "And adorable," she said, planting a quick kiss to Carmilla's cheek.

Carmilla rolled her eyes. "Whatever the case, we're both happy that you've finally decided to get it in writing that you're married."

"Thank you, Carmilla," Perry said with a smile.

"Yeah, thanks dude," Laf added.

There was a beat where the two of them stared at her, smiling, before Carmilla spoke again, wary. "Why do I feel like there's a hug ambush coming?"

Laf and Perry stepped forward and wrapped Carmilla into a hug, Laf with a little more gusto. "Because there was," Laf said through a chuckle.

Carmilla rolled her eyes and smiled as she awkwardly hugged her bandmates back. After a second they pulled away.

Laf let out a deep breath. "Okay! Back to work, Karnstein. Your 12 o'clock lesson is waiting on you."

"Yes, boss," Carmilla said. She turned to Laura. "See you later, cutie."

Laura beamed. "Yep! Have a good day, Carm," she said, bouncing onto her toes to press a quick kiss to her lips.
Carmilla's chuckle buzzed across their kiss. "Will do," she said after Laura pulled back. "Love you, Laura."

"Love you too!" Laura said, before making her way out of the shop.

"I should get moving on inventory," Perry said with a sigh, as Carmilla left to go into the lesson room. "There's so much to go through... and I'll need to get ahead if we want to finally get started on planning the wedding."

Laf laughed. "Per, you're ahead six months on inventory. Relax."

Perry raised an eyebrow.

"Right," Laf said with a chuckle. "Well, let me know if I can help. I'll be manning the counter for now."

Perry nodded, then smiled at her fiance and gave them a kiss on the cheek. "Stay out of trouble," she whispered.

Laf smiled. "Always."

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After work, Carmilla hitched a ride to Emily's bar with Laf and Perry. Regardless of massive steps in their respective relationships, they were still a band and one with a mission: Win the Silas University Battle of the Bands. And to do that, practice in front of a live crowd was essential. Stage presence was just as important as skill to win this kind of competition and so they'd taken to playing a set on Saturday nights at the bar. Their first appearance had gone so well that word got around about them and they were actually starting to draw a crowd of regulars to see them play.

Carmilla sat in the backseat, pen cap resting between her teeth as she wrote on a piece of paper. "I thought we were opening with 'Do You Wanna Touch Me?'" She mumbled.

"Yeah, but maybe we should come out hard with our new song," Laf said, switching on their right turn signal. "Then from there we can launch into the set we had lined up."

"Wouldn't it be better to save the new song? Keep them in suspense?" Carmilla asked.

"Maybe we should put it in the middle, break up our set a bit," Perry suggested.

Carmilla nodded, scribbling more on the set list. "Could work."

"We really need to stop putting this together like 2 hours before the show," Laf grumbled.

"No kidding, Lafonbrain," Carmilla said, hastily trying to make the set list readable. "Okay!" she said, capping the pen. "Think I got it. Look good Curly Sue?" she said, handing the list off to Perry.

Perry frowned. "What's that?" She said, pointing to the second song on the list.

"It's 'Crimson and Clover,'" Carmilla said, squinting.

"Oh. Um. Where?" Perry asked.

"Well," Carmilla said, pointing at the sheet. "See that's a C and over there is another..." she crossed her arms and flopped back into the backseat. "You know, why don't you just write the set list next
"It's called pencil, Carmilla," Perry said, flipping the set list over and copying the entire set neatly on the back. "There," she said, passing the list back to Carmilla.

Carmilla glanced over the new set list, neatly numbered in swirling pencil. She grumbled, folding the paper and tucking it into her jacket pocket.

"Look alive! We're here!" Laf said, swinging into an open parking spot and throwing their car into park.

Carmilla stepped out of the backseat, and wandered to the back of the car, popping open the trunk and grabbing Perry and her cases. She handed off Perry's bass to its rightful owner and closed the trunk.

"Can I see the set list real quick?" Laf asked, rushing up behind them as they made their way to the bar entrance.

Carmilla fished the set list out of her pocket with her free hand and passed it off to the drummer. "Sure thing. We're opening with-- oof!" Carmilla looked over her shoulder to see the man in the suit -- who just oh-so-gracefully bumped into her -- chatting away on his phone. "Hey! Watch where you're going, asshole!" she barked, turning around and walking backwards.

The man waved her off, not even glancing at her over his shoulder. So, Carmilla did what any mature 20 something would do.

"Hey! Buddy!" she called. Once the man glanced in her direction she flipped her middle finger up at him before dramatically pivoting so she was walking forward again. On her right she heard Laf chuckle and they reached out their fist for a fist bump that Carmilla smirked and returned.

"Mature..." Perry mumbled.

"All he had to do was say sorry or acknowledge my existence, but hey..." Carmilla said, shrugging.

Perry rolled her eyes, but otherwise let it go. If there was one thing she learned after dealing with Carmilla for so long, it was that some battles just weren't worth the headache. Besides, the guy was a bit of a jerk.

The band was met with Emily's charming smile as they swung in the front door. Laf smiled and threw a wave over to her before making their way over to the stage, to put the final adjustments on their drum kit, Perry following to help.

Carmilla on the other hand, sauntered over to the bar and swung into a seat in front of Emily. The older woman smiled, pushing a glass of water in front of Carmilla.

"Hey there, rockstar," she said. "Ready to crush it again tonight? I have to admit, the bar is thriving on the nights you play, and I'm getting used to the extra cash." She added with a chuckle.

Carmilla took a sip of her drink, a grin crossing her lips. "We're always ready," she said. "Plus we've got a new original for the crowd tonight."

Emily nodded, wiping down the bar and collecting a tip from a man who just closed his tab. "Probably a good thing, too. I hear someone important is going to be in the audience tonight," she said with a wink.
Carmilla chuckled. "Laura's always in the audience."

Emily smiled, but shook her head. "While it's adorable that's who you thought of, that's not the somebody I meant."

Carmilla raised an eyebrow, waiting for Emily to elaborate.

Emily sighed. "I wanted it to be a surprise for after the show, but I know a guy at a record company up in the city. Met him through some friends I knew in college -- you know us artistic types," she said with a laugh.

Carmilla's stomach erupted with butterflies. "Someone from a city label is here?" Her eyes scanned the crowd frantically.

Emily laughed again. "Yep! Oh, actually there he is now," she said nodding in the direction of the front door. "Eddie!"

Carmilla's eyes shot to the front door and she deflated, letting out a small groan and trying to fight the urge to cover her face. Eddie made his way over to Emily and Carmilla, tucking his cell phone into his suit pocket.

Carmilla sighed. Of course...

Chapter End Notes

Hope you're still enjoying! Please leave comments, kudos, etc, as I love to hear from you guys!! Feel free to say ANYTHING! Love, criticism, yell at me because "omfg how could you keep going this long without updates?"! Anything!

Also, my tumblr is now @empressofedge so feel free to hit me up there as well.

ALSO, if you're a RWBY fan, be sure to check out my new Bumbleby fic here: https://archiveofourown.org/works/16744228/chapters/39280600

Love you all! Have a great Day/ Night :)

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!