Fangs and Rosebuds

Summary

Simon and Baz, Baz and Simon.
Vampire and Mages Heir, Rosebud boy and Violinist.
Watfords(School of Mages) Crucible cast them together they're first year as roommates and to defend each other to the end. It happened, defending each other and all, but over the course of eight years along with way too much drama for either of their liking. Such different families and backgrounds they managed(finally) to put aside their differences to solve the mystery of Baz's mothers death that accured years ago (whilst also managing to defeat the insidious Humdrum)From strangers to roommates, roommates to enemies, then enemies to companions, followed by companions to lovers.

Now they've graduated from Watford but the boys dramatic lives aren't calming down anytime soon, no, other twists are on the way. Love, trauma, traditional relatives who just don't understand the whole gay thing, and magic.

Read for a sneak peek at Agatha Wellbeloves new life, Penelope Bunces growing friendship with Simon, and how the world of Mages has developed since the death of the Mage.

This is a fanfic of Rainbow Rowells beautiful and heartwarming "Carry On". I own none of
the characters, I'm just borrowing them;

Notes

Majority of characters belong to Rainbow Rowell and if you haven't read her book "Carry On" yet I would recommend not reading my fanfic as there will be spoilers and may also get confusing. More notes at end:) thanks

See the end of the work for more notes.
It was well past midnight when Tyrannus Basilton Pitch pulled up outside his boyfriend's flat. Parking his car (could have been James Bond's it was so high tech and spy set) the young man glanced at his dashboard, it's clock read 2:03AM. No way would Simon have made it so late into the night. Baz saw as he leaned forward, his long black locks falling into his face, that lights were on in through the window he knows was Simon's. Pushing back his hair with one hand he used the other to pull out his phone and quickly text his boyfriend to see if he was still up.

Letting the minutes tick by Baz sat in the car waiting for a response. But five minutes later when no answer had been given he decided to just let himself in through the front, he had a key of his own anyway. Had anyone been on the street, though no one was, they'd of heard nothing as the shadow of a man slipped from the drivers side of the car and moved to the passengers to grab a duffel bag.

Baz locked the car behind him as he walked and it made a shirping sound. His footfalls were silent as he walked from the car to the building. Riffling around in his pocket for a moment Baz extracted an old beat up, very much used, key.

Once inside Baz began his way up a flight of steep and creaky stairs with his bag. The building was old and without an elevator but the stairs were not too much trouble considering Baz's extra strength, he didn't get tiered as fast either. Some of the pros to being a vampire, he supposed, though despite all the time he'd had Baz wasn't completely sure of himself in this form. Still.

Arriving to the flats landing Baz let himself in, the door whining on its hinges as it opened. When the door was closed and the bolt slid home Baz heard the TV on. The voice of Doctor who characters reached him, so it was Simon that was still up because there was no way it was Penelope watching Doctor who. The last time Baz had been over and Simon had turned it on in front of her she'd thrown a tantrum about how she would break the TV the next time she was in the house and he watched it. It really had been quite a scene and for just a minute Baz had pity poor Micah if he was the one who'd be bound to Bunce by marriage. The girl really could throw a fit, arms in the air and voice raised. Baz smirked at the memory as he slid his feet out of his sandals by the entrance. On the way to the living room he dropped his duffel bag outside the other boy's bedroom. (Not boy, man, Baz chided himself. Simon was the same age as him, least he would be, birthday approaching his boyfriend was turning twenty) The bedroom door was open, automatically Baz knew Simon likely wouldn't be in bed because he hated being vulnerable. It was a paranoia that Simon had begun to develop after he'd destroy( or had he cured?) the Incidious Humdrum. His boyfriend got jumpy when he had his back to a door or window. Still whilst he was there Baz poked his head in, lights were off and no one was in bed. Just as he'd expected. Padding through the house Baz walked to the living room, it had to be Simon still up. Was Bunce out then, was Simon sneaking his show in with Bunce in bed, or had the girl just been on her period that day when she'd expressed just how fed up she was with the show? Thinking of Bunce made Baz remember the girl mention that her American boyfriend would be visiting soon. But when exactly?

Inwardly Baz groaned at the idea that another person would soon be cramping themselves into the small, yet cozy, flat. It wasn't that he didn't like Micah, the American Mage was good enough company, it was that Baz was hoping for a few days alone with his boyfriend. His chest swelled with both a quiet tranquility and a hungry selfish wanting when he thought of Simon.

Baz actually ended up outwardly cringing and making a face at how Simon could make him feel so strongly. It was a bit of a battle in his head sometimes. It always had been when it came to the way
he felt, but for the past six months it had gotten harder and harder not to doubt the decisions that he made when it came to relationships. Especially with the one that mattered to him most. The one with Simon, the relationship with his lover, with the person who made him feel special. Baz loved Simon—it was undeniable—but until the age of eighteen, when Simon had confessed his own emotions and the way he felt, Baz had mostly kept his...softer side to himself. Two years that they'd been together Baz still had moments when a part of him, that he mostly managed to keep deeply hidden in his head, convinced him that Simon would come to see just just how ugly Baz was on the inside. (In the darker hours of night it still wrenched him off his balance and left him wondering how it hadn't happened yet) And when that day came Simon would look at him with the greatest disgust. Baz wasn't sure how he would reacte when it finally happened. Baz was sure it would.

Simon would sometimes make a remark about how Baz would tire of him (though not as much lately) The fact that his boyfriend could ever think such a thing was heart wrenching to him, tire of Snow? Not possible, no bloody way, Simon deserved so much better then him. He deserved more then a vampire, more then a lousy boyfriend who skimmed at the thought of dealing with emotions, more then an arrogant fool who had no heart. That's how he felt sometimes, every time Baz saw another couple on the street, or at the mall, even Penelope and Micah. They seemed so happy, so trusting, so loyal and caring. Baz knew that he and Simon couldn't look like that. Simon probably would if he were with someone else, but with Baz...with Baz it was hard to believe anyone could be caring. He knew himself and just how harsh and rude he could be, knew how insensitive and cold he could come off as. Baz had never talked to Simon about this because if he did what if it was then that Simon realized just how vicious he was?

His head hurt to think about it. So he focused on another topic. The 21st of June. The solstice. Simon's birthday.

Simon didn't know it yet but Baz wouldnt be going to school on the 21st. Instead they'd be together and Baz had a party set up. He hoped Simon would enjoy it, hoped he had fun, hoped he saw just how much he meant to Baz. This flustered him too though. Penelope had helped him plan so it was sure to be a success but...Baz couldn't help but worry the party would be a massive flop. Baz didn't mind Bunce, was quite fond of her actually, she was intellegiant and so much fun to argue with. They went way back, he and she, to the age of eleven when they first started attending Watford School of Magicks together. The young mans lips tipped up so very slightly at the thought of his school days, never a dull moment, a seemingly endless flow of drama and adventure. Maybe just a little too much for his liking at the time. Oh but what he wouldn't give to re-live those days right now with almost every second, it felt, with his face in a book studying for some test or another.

As he walked through the living room doorway Baz blushed lightly and hesitated just a moment at the sight of his boyfriend in his boxers sprawled out across a plush sofa asleep. The lights were dimmed and the TV's light danced across the sleeping boys relaxed face (man, not boy, Baz reminded himself) He almost seemed to glide across the room to the sofa where he pulled out a fuzzy gray blanket and smoothed it down over the other boy affectionately (Screw it, Simon would never be a man to him, he was too boyish and too playful.) As Baz turned to leave the room a warm hand slid itself into his own cold one almost causing him to jump out of his skin. The hand pulled him closer to the sofa and he sat gently, he looked down into the sleepy soft blue eyes of Simon Snow and almost melted right then and there. Crowley Simon was gorgeous with his tangled silky copper curls and smooth tawny skin. It was an effort not to reach out and run a finger down his warm flesh, Baz had to remind himself to breath. 'Goddamit!' He thought as those eyes twinkled up at him and Simon gave him a lopsided grin. Radiating heat Simon pulled Baz's hand to his lips and kissed the upper side. It was a whisper, a breath, hardly a kiss at all and still his hearts pace picked up.

Baz noticed how big the smile stretched out on his face was and quickly turned it to a scowl, at least he tried, scowling around Simon had become impossible over the last year or two. This bothered Baz
tremendously.

Taking his hand from the other boys he said "Come on Snow, to bed"

Blinking as if he didn't comprehend what Baz had just said Simon nuzzled deeper into the plush furniture and blanket. Baz rolled his eyes and stood up, Simon tried to catch his hand again but Baz pulled it back. Grumbling his dissatisfaction Simon pulled the blanket over his head and Baz tried not to laugh at the few curls that stuck out the top. When the boy continued to grump under the fabric that muffled what he said Baz smirked and did something out of character, well he thought it was. Because he was tiered, and because he was craving the warmth of Simon, Baz scooped the blue eyed twat up in a damsel in distress hold and made his way from the living room to the bedroom.

Whatever Simon had been expecting it wasn't this, Baz chuckled when the boy made a squeaking sound and began to struggle. But Baz held firm and finally Simon gave up sighing into his chest.

"What is it that you were saying Snow?" Baz murmured into a tangled of hair resting on his chest.

Simon just mumbled something that Baz decided meant "Nothing"

When he looked down the other boy was smirking faintly and Baz fought the urge to kiss it away. Simon Snow was devastatingly handsome for the most part, at least in public, but when it was just the two of them(infront of Bunce too sometimes) Simon turned into a cuddle machine. Not that Baz minded. (Not that he would ever admit that though. When Simon cuddled him Baz tended to play hard to get so Simon would get frustrated-which Baz found quite endearing most days)

He smiled to himself at Simons head and tangled hair resting heavily, in a sweet way, against his chest. Beneath Baz's skin, curls resting atop, a flower began to bloom in him. It was a soft warm sensation, like honey, that unfurled itself and spread at a smooth steady pace through the rest of his body. He would never say it a loud but over the past two years with him, Simon had unleashed feelings and emotions Baz has never experienced before in his life. Feelings and emotions that words would never be able to explain perfectly. Being with Simon calmed the most outrageous and aggressive demons inside of Baz. In his soul where wild creatures had prowled, both fearlessly and viciously, there was now a garden of the most luscious flowers that Simon himself had grown without even knowing it. Every time Simon would grin and his eyes would glimmer or they would kiss and Simon made Baz feel like nothing else mattered more then him a new flower would sprout and grow into something astounding.

When the flowers had first started growing monsters of hostility and rage had trampled them. But one little rosebud bloomed somehow before the monsters made their breakfast out of it, from the moment Baz saw the red rose in its full glory he was filled with a protective burst. There on out Baz brought down the predators that attempted to eat and knash the sproutlings and herbs. It was a garden inside his heart, mind, soul, and lungs silently dedicated to to Simon Snow. He was the sun that without they would not be able to grow, his kisses the fertilizer, his cuddles and grins the nuritment. Without Simon Baz knew the garden would shrivel and die.

When they reached Simons room Baz didn't even bother with the lights, just made his way over to the queen sized bed and gently lay down his boyfriend. Simon muttered something that sounded a lot like "Come". But Baz didn't feel like sleeping in cloths, it wasn't the same cuddling in bed with street wear on. Stripping of his shorts and muscle tank top so that the only clothing piece remaining was his black Calvin Klein boxers Baz then crawled into bed beside Simon and touched his head to the pillow. He was so tiered but when he looked over to the sleeping figure and saw glittering eyes staring back Baz was filled with a zing of life. It was Simon that shifted closer, so close they shared a pillow. It was Simon that moved a hand up to Baz's hair and strokes back a loose strand that had fallen in his face. Simon who huffed a breath that was probably a tiered laugh before tenderly kissing
Baz's nose.

Baz settled more deeply into the bed and pulled the duvet up over the two of them before he looped his arms around the other boy and pulled him close. So close that Baz rested his nose to Simon's and took in a deep whiff of the other boy's scent. It was comforting and sweet, apples. Out of nowhere something warm and smooth wrapped around his lower leg and Baz yelped aloud. Panicking he jumped and scrambled away almost falling out of the bed. He was about to grab Simon and drag him away when Baz saw that the other boy was grinning widely and shaking slightly from silent laughter, confused Baz paused and hesitated. Slithering from beneath the covers came a dark snake like thing and Baz backed away before he remembered. It wasn't anything alive, well it was but not in the way of thinking and breathing itself, the shape was Simon's tail. Sighing his relief Baz slapped Simon's chest in a playful manner.

"You lil shit disturber" Baz murmured pressing a firm and loving kiss to Simon's warm lips.

Against his lips Baz felt his boyfriend smile and he pulled away "Penny created a spell that can disappear them away for no more than 24 hours. Make them more then just invisible, get rid of 'em completely. Wondered how you would reacte" Simon chuckled and kissed it away annoyed that he'd been on the receiving side of a prank.

"I'll thank Penny tomorrow" he muttered as the tail slide back around his leg, he left it there, it was comforting.

The room grew quiet and mostly soundless, save the TV that Baz had forgotten to turn off and the breathing of the beautiful human who he had his arms wrapped around. Simon's breathing was even but not quite deep enough to signal that he was sleeping. Baz didn't move so he wouldn't disturb him and kept his own breathing light. He felt Simon's inhaling and exhaling, chest shifting up and down against his own. Felt the warm whispers of air drawn and released from his nose. It was rhythmic and had Baz's eyes drooping heavily in minutes. Unimportant thoughts floated and drifted like bubbles and feathers in the breeze. Sinking slowly into unconsciousness Baz had an idea inspired by the scent of Simon. They would have to make an apple pie tomorrow.

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Penelope

Penelope was in a rather fowl mood. She was ticked off at Simon for staying up until the wee hours of the morning watching Netflix at a volume that was unnecessarily loud. She was grumpy because she’d forgotten to close her curtain the night before and was woken at a godforsaken hour by the sun streaming onto her face. It didn't help that she's run out of her favorite tea or that the spine of her book was split and a few pages bent because she'd fallen asleep whilst reading and rolled on top of her book. The girl groaned loudly when she realized that she needed to get up because she had work; 'at least it was at the bookstore...' she told herself. It took her ten minutes to find her phone, and the battery had been long dead. It took her another ten minutes to look for her phone charger as she cursed around the apartment.

Already dressed in light jeans and a hot pink cropped tank top, she was smoldering with frustration by the time she had thrown apart her closet in search of flip flops. Snatching her neon bag from the end of her bed, Penelope inhaled and exhaled heavily through her nose as she stuffed some belongings into the bag and stalked from the room. It was 10:47 in the morning and the two boys still weren't up, Penelope noted as she stormed from one room in the flat to another. 'First the bathroom', where she didn't touch her pastel pink wavy hair, 'Just let it do its thing', and applied a tad of mascara before moving to the kitchen.

Penelope let her bag fall from her hand to the floor as she plopped a piece of bread into the toaster. She waited, impatiently. When the toast popped up Penelope grabbed it and slathered a clump of butter on. It was a Saturday morning, and despite all that had just occurred to set her off Penelope was ready to forget it all, it was the weekend and in the grand scheme of things a bad morning wasn't all that bad a thing. Through her loud thoughts Penelope heard the TV on in the living room. She froze and sneered at the voice of the tenth doctor. Shoving the entire toast into her mouth Penelope stalked out of the kitchen, 'So much for salvation of the morning', she thought.

Sure enough Doctor Who was on. Penelope's level of patience dropped significantly. She couldn't explain it, but she hated the show with the most violent intensity. Penelope wasn't sure herself what had happened, but she'd gone from like to dislike to loathing in one episode. The voices of some of the characters made her cringe and others made her want to scream. Her eyes filled with a steely calm as she drew her wand ready to explode the TV. Reconsidering, she used instead a storage spell and the TV was gone off the wall with a popping sound and a glitter of dust. She would put it up in her room later, after all It was a nice TV. Simon deserved it, she'd given him a fair warning. She glanced at a grandfather clock in the corner of the room, it read 11:00. Penelope hurried back to the kitchen to grab her bag and keys, rushing for the door. She didn't hide the small snarky smile growing on her lips.

Locking the flats door behind her Penelope left and made for the streets. Pulling her phone and earbuds out of her bag and slinging it over her shoulder, Penelope let flow Arctic Monkey lyrics into her head. Penelope loved 80's and 90's music, Nirvana and U2 especially; she had bought herself and Simon a record player for the flat, although she didn't let him touch it and even placed some protective spells so no but her could lay a finger on it.

Shifting her heavy bag on her shoulders Penelope wiped a thin layer of sweat off her forehead. So maybe it hadn't been a spectacular idea to bring two hardcover books with her, but she couldn't
resist. Books were beautiful things and reading was a wonderful way to pass the time. Reading was just wonderful in general; being lost in another world. The thick textured pages, perfectly inked words, and the smell! The smell of book had to be the most satisfying of all smells. It held mystery and an ageless magic. She got to spend days surrounded by that smell, the magic. She worked for the local bookstore and it was one of her favorite places. It was small, but despite its cramped atmosphere it was cozy, comfortable and wondrous. On the outside it was windowed so you could see in to the old books lining the shelves and walls. The outer walls were stone and carved with interacted designs, the bookstores name was big and clear above the double doors, it read: BookLionsHavan.

Penelope pulled the door open and the smallest of chimes rung through the almost silence – there was already a collective of customers bumbling about, a sight that filled her pride for the success of the bookstore. Penelope wove around piles and stacks and shelves of books making her way to the checkout.

Behind one of the registers was a boy with purple hair and vibrant green eyes; Penelope didn't look twice but instead she just raised her eyebrows. The boy grinned and wiggled his own brows, and despite herself Penelope burst out laughing. His eyebrows were as flexible as a slinky. Quickly she turned around and clasped a hand over her lips, but none of the customers were looking their way; they were absorbed by the books around them. She walked around to the other side of the checkout and slung her backpack to the floor at the same time as she sat down on a tall wooden stool. Penelope glanced over at him whilst she also leaned back down to pull out one of her books.

"Purple?" Penelope placed her hardcover on the desk then leaned over to him and ran her fingers through his lavender locks. He was seated, perhaps more lounged, only a few feet away on a stool identical to her own. She didn't have to lean over far. "Really Acelle?"

He shrugged "haven't had purple hair before, what do you think?"

Penelope bit her lower lip and squinted as if contemplating a life threatening problem.

"Not as good as mine" Penelope answered and smirked, dropping her hand from his hair and twirling one of her own locks.

Acelle laughed lightly and held her gaze. She felt her cheeks flush and the heat race to her face, although she hadn't the slightest idea why. She had a boyfriend for crying out loud. But what did that have to do with anything? 'Just friends' she told herself. 'Acelle was just a friend'. Penelope asked "So are those your real eyes?" She'd never seen his real eye colour, he was perpetually wearing contacts. She hadn't before seen his real hair color either, he was always dyeing it. She wondered why he did it but never asked, how could she when she was always changing her own? Acelle had never seen Penelope's real hair, she wasn't even sure Simon had.

Acelle stuck out his tongue at her and Penelope pretended to ignore him, pointing to a lady approaching the checkout with a book in hand. Quickly Acelle pulled his tongue back in his mouth and turned back to help the lady.

Shaking her head ever so slightly Penelope was about to start her own book when her phone screen lit up with Simon's face and number; he was trying to reach her, and about the TV likely. Penelope was glad her ringer was off because Simon tried to reach her four times before she decided to pick up.

"What did you do with it?" Simon demanded the moment she pressed 'accept'.

"Good morning to you too," Penelope said in a cheerful tone "have you just woken up? It's about
time, 11:34 if you didn't know"

She could of sworn Simon growled at her "Where did you put it?" He said his voice steely calm.

"I'm afraid I've no idea what you're talking about" Penelope said to Simon, knowing fullwell it would piss him off.

"Penelope. You and I both full well know what I'm talking about, so stop kidding around and tell me, what did the hell did you do with the TV?"

She was grateful he couldn't see her smiling as she said "The TV? What's wrong with it?"

"It's gone that's what's wrong!" Simon was sizzling.

"Gone? To where? Where's our TV Simon?" She asked innocently, allowing a bit of sass and cockiness to enter her voice.

"Aghhhh!" Simon was a question away from exploding "Penelope fucking tell me where you put the TV!"

She bit her lip trying not to laugh "Why would I take the TV Simon?"

Heavy breath fuzzed through her ear "You know why!"

"I'm afraid Simon that you'll have to clarify, I seem to be drawing a blank" Penelope was sucking in her cheeks so she wouldn't smile or giggle. She could imagine Simon now. He'd be standing in the living room doorway pacing and running a hand through his hair, making it only messier, untamable as they already were. Penelope hoped she was on speaker so that Baz could hear their conversation, then at least someone other than herself would be entertained by this.

That was if Baz was still at the flat, it was more than possible that he had already left off to whatever he did. There always seemed to be something with Baz, whether it was studying or schooling, some job or another he was always somewhere. Say for the days that he cuddled with Simon on the sofa and had Disney movie marathons; to these Penelope pretended to be repulsed when really she was hard placed suppressing her happiness for them. Simon and Baz were adorable together, simply the cutest couple to the point where it made her jealous sometimes. Sure, she loved Micah, but sometimes she wasn't sure if he loved her.

"You took the TV because I watched a Netflix show" Simon gave her.

"Hmm, that all?" Penelope questioned him lightly.

"I watched doctor who last night! Jeez, you were in bed and I thought you were asleep!" Simon was a bomb about to blow.

"But I wasn't, and I warned you, and I hate that show you know it. You knew what I'd do, so honestly it's your own doing. " End of story. Finished. Done.

But no, Simon being Simon had to have the last word "Damnit Penny! It's a show, what about it is so bad?!" She let him go on for a bit, but she lost interest quickly.

"Simon, we are not discussing this. I told you what would happen. Did you listen? No, but that's not my fault, deal with the consequences."

"PENELOPE BUNCE TELL MY WHERE THE BLOODY FUCKING TV IS! IT'S MINE AS
Much as it is yours and if I want to watch Doctor fucking who I should be allowed! You were in bed and—" Penelope hung up on him.

When she hung up and set her phone down Acelle was looking at her like she had a third eye "Who the hell was that?"

Penelope sighed, things would be interesting tonight when she got home. "His name is Simon, I may have mentioned him before, he's my flat mate"

Acelle raised his eyebrows, "flatmate?"

"Yes," 'ugh was this about to get awkward?' she thought with annoyance. "His name is Simon"

"Is he your boyfriend?" He asked her, his curiosity blatant.

"Simon?! Blimey Acelle! No!" Yep, awkward.

"Your cheeks are pink", he noted. Like them heating up wasn't news to her.

"Simon's my best friend, I've known him since we were 11, we are not dating," the words flew from her mouth.

"A friendship to build a relationship on." He shrugged his shoulders- 'they're tense, why?' she thought.

Simon was her best friend, she'd never - okay maybe once in the third year at Watford- imagined dating him. "No, he's like my brother." She thought about not saying it but it was the truth. "Not only that but he's also gay, and is dating someone already. Quite seriously too."

Acelle stopped laughing but kept a joking smile on his face "Oh, okay, you sure? Because if that's the case I'm holding a party this Friday night and would love to meet this interesting roommate of yours, he can bring his boyfriend too"

"Yes, I am sure you'd get along famously, and not only that but I'm dating someone seriously too." Penelope pursed her lips.

Acelle sucked in his cheeks which rapidly reddened "Oh"

Penelope schooled her features and looked down at her phone to see that Simon was sending angry text after text. She looked back up "Can we still come Friday night though?"

Acelle was quick to control his own expression. Clearing his throat first he said "Um, yeah, I'll text you the details if you want."

"Sure, you don't have my number do you?" She hated feeling awkward, and right now the level of awkwardness was a little painful.

"I don't, but I can get it from the computer" He said to her, turning to the monitor in front of him.

Penelope sat awkwardly, gripping her phone as Acelle wacked away at the keyboard for a minute or two whilst biting his tongue.
"This it?" He asked turning the monitor and pointing at a number on the screen. She leaned forward and sure enough there was an entire profile, with a picture of her and everything.

"Yup, that's me" she replied nodding as she scanned the number and other personal details that appeared on the screen. His eyes were surveilling her and her cheeks heated up - again. She felt like stomping her feet in frustration. Penelope met his eyes.

Finally he looked away from her and back to the number.

Penelope sighed 'ughughughugh' she was mentally beating herself up; 'fuck this is awkward!' was the only thing she could think of.

Her phone was still lighting up with Simon's messages, so Penelope decided to text Baz instead.

"You with Simon?" She looked away but not half a minute later he'd responded.

"Yeah, he's pissed. Thanks to you I might add. Why?" The blue bubble under his name sent a small tang of reassurance through her despite the obvious snarky attitude.

Penelope sighed "break his phone or something for me won't you? He won't stop with the whole TV thing. I'll deal with it when I get home but I gotta work"

To this Baz sent "Got you covered."

Simon's texts stopped coming and Penelope wondered what Baz had done. She didn't have much time to ponder though because Acelle interrupted.

"I just sent you my address and times, but feel free to drop by whenever"

Sure enough a message from an unknown number filled her screen and Penelope went to change the contact information.

"Thanks, I'll mention it to my roommate tonight" she said not meeting his eyes, her tone stiff.

"And his date," to this Penelope looked to him and saw his grin. The corners of her lips tipped at this; Penelope couldn't help it, she enjoyed Acelles company and the teasing that came with it. He was a good guy who could always strangle a smile out of her.

"Excuse me?" A young voice startled Penelope making her jump slightly in her seat, forcing her to look away from Acelle's violent green eyes and instead tuning her own eyes to a young teen girl with a round unremarkable face on the other side of the table.

"I don't mean to interrupt but do you think you could help me find a book?"

"Yeah," Penelope cleared her throat and got up from her seat, walking around to the other side of the registers where the girl stood "what can I help you with?"

Chapter End Notes

Hello readers,

Thanks so much for taking the time to read the second chapter of my Snowbaz
fanfic(hope you enjoyed) if any of y'all have suggestions share in the comments because I would love to improve my writing. (Especially tell me if I'm writing OOC)

So I've decided that "Fangs and Rosebuds" won't just be told from Baz and Simons POVs, I'm going to have a lil bit of Penelope and Agatha too. It won't be too often though that the girls get a POV because I do love writing from the boys perspectives.

Btw I'm looking for a Beta so If anyone has the time feel free to message me.

Thanks so so much again and don't forget dem' kudos:)

Xoxo ClaireBlue

End Notes

Thanks for taking the time to read my fanfiction:) hope you guys enjoyed enough to read chapter two!
If any of you have advice or feedback leave a comment. I'm looking to improve my writing and I hope you guys can help. Also if I write OOC I need you guys to tell me.
Snowbaz for life though am I right?
--ClaireBlue

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!