

## **Prompts: Beaumont & Waking Up Together**

**Notes:** I see this as set sometime between being committed to each other and getting married, though it's non-specific.

### **Male Beaumont**

The woods of Beaumont's estate are bare during the winter, but outside your bedroom the rooks still call early in the morning. You wake with Beaumont's arm loosely around you, and, stealthily, you withdraw from the bed to take a look at the day.

The carpet is soft beneath your feet. Drawing one of the heavy velvet curtains aside, you peer out of the old leaded-glass window.

The garden is transformed. Thick snow blankets the ground; delicate spirals of frost curl across the window. Foxprints criss-cross the grass.

Beaumont stirs, and you slide back into bed. He murmurs and nestles against your side, and you find sleep pulling at you once more.

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When you next wake, Beaumont's looking at you, propped up on one elbow. He reaches to stroke your chin with the back of his hand, and you catch it to kiss his fingers.

"How long have you been up?" you say.

Beaumont draws closer, encouraging you to lie down so he can rest his head against you. "Just a few minutes," he says, and there's a note of surprise in his usually flat voice.

He doesn't usually sleep so well, even when you're together. Still: "It must be my presence," you say lightly.

"Probably," Beaumont says.

His hand brushes over your hair, then to your cheek again. This is new, too: when you were first together, he wasn't one to be demonstrative. Not like this. Not like some others, sitting in laps or flinging arms around shoulders. It's not that he does anything like this in public - but when you're alone, there's a proprietariness to his movement, as though he's certain, now, that you're his.

"Did you see it snowed?" you say.

A sigh. "Too cold to go out, then."

"It's called a coat. Perhaps you have some of them in this house of yours."

Beaumont swats you on the shoulder. "All right. We can go out - later. I want to stay here a little longer."

You turn to kiss the top of his head, and he snuggles against you once more. The canopy of your four-poster bed makes everything feel contained and cosy, despite - or because of - the snow outside.

"I did wake when you got up," Beaumont says. "Or - a little bit, then I fell back asleep."

"Sorry for disturbing you."

He shakes his head, his hair brushing against your neck. "It was nice. To partly wake instead of getting up and doing something."

Another sigh, this time a more contented one.

"What's nice," he says, "is not doing anything with you. Having room to do that. I wasn't expecting it."

"So spending time with me is boring?" you say, teasing.

He swats you again. "You're hopeless."

You wrap your arms around him, then. The warmth of him, the blankets, the beautiful snowfall - it makes you want to spend the whole day with Beaumont, talking like this. And it's delicious to realise that, at least for today, you can do just that.

## Female Beaumont

The woods of Beaumont's estate are bare during the winter, but outside your bedroom the rooks still call early in the morning. You wake with Beaumont's arm loosely around you, and, stealthily, you withdraw from the bed to take a look at the day.

The carpet is soft beneath your feet. Drawing one of the heavy velvet curtains aside, you peer out of the old leaded-glass window.

The garden is transformed. Thick snow blankets the ground; delicate spirals of frost curl across the window. Foxprints criss-cross the grass.

Beaumont stirs, and you slide back into bed. She murmurs and nestles against your side, and you find sleep pulling at you once more.

\*

When you next wake, Beaumont's looking at you, propped up on one elbow. She reaches to stroke your chin with the back of her hand, and you catch it to kiss her fingers.

"How long have you been up?" you say.

Beaumont draws closer, encouraging you to lie down so she can rest her head against you. "Just a few minutes," she says, and there's a note of surprise in her usually flat voice.

She doesn't usually sleep so well, even when you're together. Still: "It must be my presence," you say lightly.

"Probably," Beaumont says.

Her hand brushes over your hair, then to your cheek again. This is new, too: when you were first together, she wasn't one to be demonstrative. Not like this. Not like some others, sitting in laps or flinging arms around shoulders. It's not that she does anything like this in public - but when you're alone, there's a proprietariness to her movement, as though she's certain, now, that you're hers.

"Did you see it snowed?" you say.

A sigh. "Too cold to go out, then."

"It's called a coat. Perhaps you have some of them in this house of yours."

Beaumont swats you on the shoulder. "All right. We can go out - later. I want to stay here a little longer."

You turn to kiss the top of her head, and she snuggles against you once more. The canopy of your four-poster bed makes everything feel contained and cosy, despite - or because of - the snow outside.

"I did wake when you got up," Beaumont says. "Or - a little bit, then I fell back asleep."

"Sorry for disturbing you."

She shakes her head, her hair brushing against your neck. "It was nice. To partly wake instead of getting up and doing something."

Another sigh, this time a more contented one.

"What's nice," she says, "is not doing anything with you. Having room to do that. I wasn't expecting it."

"So spending time with me is boring?" you say, teasing.

She swats you again. "You're hopeless."

You wrap your arms around her, then. The warmth of her, the blankets, the beautiful snowfall - it makes you want to spend the whole day with Beaumont, talking like this. And it's delicious to realise that, at least for today, you can do just that.

## Nonbinary Beaumont

The woods of Beaumont's estate are bare during the winter, but outside your bedroom the rooks still call early in the morning. You wake with Beaumont's arm loosely around you, and, stealthily, you withdraw from the bed to take a look at the day.

The carpet is soft beneath your feet. Drawing one of the heavy velvet curtains aside, you peer out of the old leaded-glass window.

The garden is transformed. Thick snow blankets the ground; delicate spirals of frost curl across the window. Foxprints criss-cross the grass.

Beaumont stirs, and you slide back into bed. They murmur and nestle against your side, and you find sleep pulling at you once more.

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When you next wake, Beaumont's looking at you, propped up on one elbow. They reach to stroke your chin with the back of their hand, and you catch it to kiss their fingers.

"How long have you been up?" you say.

Beaumont draws closer, encouraging you to lie down so they can rest her head against you. "Just a few minutes," they say, and there's a note of surprise in their usually flat voice.

They don't usually sleep so well, even when you're together. Still: "It must be my presence," you say lightly.

"Probably," Beaumont says.

Their hand brushes over your hair, then to your cheek again. This is new, too: when you were first together, they weren't one to be demonstrative. Not like this. Not like some others, sitting in laps or flinging arms around shoulders. It's not that they do anything like this in public - but when you're alone, there's a proprietariness to their movement, as though they're certain, now, that you're theirs.

"Did you see it snowed?" you say.

A sigh. "Too cold to go out, then."

"It's called a coat. Perhaps you have some of them in this house of yours."

Beaumont swats you on the shoulder. "All right. We can go out - later. I want to stay here a little longer."

You turn to kiss the top of their head, and they snuggle against you once more. The canopy of your four-poster bed makes everything feel contained and cosy, despite - or because of - the snow outside.

"I did wake when you got up," Beaumont says. "Or - a little bit, then I fell back asleep."

"Sorry for disturbing you."

They shake their head, their hair brushing against your neck. "It was nice. To partly wake instead of getting up and doing something."

Another sigh, this time a more contented one.

"What's nice," they say, "is not doing anything with you. Having room to do that. I wasn't expecting it."

"So spending time with me is boring?" you say, teasing.

They swat you again. "You're hopeless."

You wrap your arms around them, then. The warmth of them, the blankets, the beautiful snowfall - it makes you want to spend the whole day with Beaumont, talking like this. And it's delicious to realise that, at least for today, you can do just that.