

Diana, the Huntress

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Diana, the Huntress

by [Bailey41](#)

Summary

I know someone who kisses the way a flower opens, but more rapidly.

—from “I Know Someone,” by Mary Oliver. *Felicity: Poems* (2015)

Short AU. More Adèle x Noémie pillow-talk explorations. Some very minor angst but a lot more waffy / sexy.

The principal actors from *Portrait de la jeune fille en feu* / *Portrait of a Lady on Fire*, in a relationship. Paris, the summer, Adèle Haenel's apartment in the 10ème.

Same continuity as my other Noémie x Adèle fics [Soyez sérieuse](#) / [The Anniversary](#) and [Chanmé](#)

“I know I said it before but I really love this new cut.”

Adèle feels for the deft work of the #2 razor on the back of Noémie’s neck. They’re lying in bed, facing each other, after a light repast of bread, dry sausage, tomatoes and yoghurt.

Lazy Sunday mid-morning is exceptionally lazy. And it’s still too hot to be out. They’re low on sparkling water and diet soda, and the Monoprix three blocks from the apartment might as well be in the Camargue. Thank god for Deliveroo.

France 2 is on low volume, putting out a heat advisory through to the late evening. The black-out curtains are not fully drawn and the low fan mode of the air conditioner lets out a sibilant hiss. It’s quiet enough, but Adèle grabs the remote on the nightstand to cut out the TV without even looking.

“You better, it’s damn hard to maintain. The hair stylist at the shoot spiffed it up a little. And it’s the *perfect* thing for this shit weather.”

“You saying I should go get a trim?”

“☺Like twins? I’ll call what’s her name, your girl...”

“Buchra.”

“—Buchra, and set up an appointment right now. If you play the Comtesse de Noailles in that Netflix thing they’ll have you a wig anyway.”

“Well maybe not that short.” She flicks at the air to mimic the sweep of Noémie’s buzz cut.

Noémie reaches out to muss up Adèle’s bedhead.

“Stop.”

“Hey hon, hate to be too critical but it’s a little more matted over here. I’m thinking I put too much of that Merlant leave-in rinse last night.” She narrows her gaze and licks her lips extra lewd.

“Do you just come up with this stuff on the fly, or is this all part of a repertory?”

She flutters her perfect lashes. “No I come up with it special... just for you, lover.” She takes her forefinger and middle finger to her lips and darts the tip of her tongue between them.

“God, you are so fucking nasty.”

“I am, I am... and I’d take it to eleven if you get a pageboy. I’m already thinking all the things I’ll make you do to me.”

“Well, I do know all the *gestures*. ”

“Nice!” Noémie peels her approval and they high-five on it. “That’s your first good one in a while.”

“No. I’ve come up with some gems this week. I just keep them in the moment, where they belong.”

“That you do. Anyway... You’d really consider a new ‘do?”

“Yeah, why not?” She intimates possible lengths. “Here? Or maybe here?”

Noémie nods with a small salute.

“That’s the thing, dating an actress.” Adèle looks up at the moulding on the headboard, just past her lover’s head to observe the dust motes wafting in the light.

“Oh, interesting, we’re still *just* dating.”

“Shut it. I meant that in general terms.”

She goads her some more. “You mean we generally date, as actresses?”

“Can I finish? You’re so annoying.”

More eyelash-batting. “I’m also extremely and uniquely cute.”

“This is a freebie, honey. It’s way better when you have others pay you a compliment. They taught manners in Buttes-Chaumont? In Nantes? At the schools?”

“Wow. No more than at Montreuil, maybe?”

“Wow. Touché...”

Noémie disengages eye contact.

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry. That was mean.”

“Yeah. It was ‘del. A little bit.”

She knows it’s different whenever Noémie uses the diminutive of her name.

Adèle averts her eyes, looks down, and traces circles on the bed. “I love you. I love what made you who you are, what got us to... us. I’m sorry for being an ass. It won’t be the last time, I know... but I’m really sorry.”

Noémie reaches to lift Adèle’s chin.

“It’s ok honey. It’s over. I’m over it... We’re over it.”

“Just like that? You sure?”

Noémie crinkles her nose, the way she knows is thoroughly disarming to Adèle. “I love you back, all the way to Montreuil, to little Bamako.” The index and middle fingers of her left hand mimic walking in place on the mattress.

She laughs heartily at how easy this is, the easy way they make up. “Ok, continue. Us about being actresses.”

“Ok, ok, gimme a sec, lemme reclaim... refresh my train of thought.”

“By the way, you know I’ll get you back bad for that, right?”

“You are such a troll! That’s so *not* how forgiveness works!” Adèle flails at her repeatedly with the corner of a blanket.”

“Ok, Stop... ok! I’m kidding, I’m kidding! Stop!”

“Anyway, the thing about *dating* a working actress is that you can’t really be wedded to the same look for too long.” She smooths down the untidy tips of her hair.

“Oh so now it’s *wedded*. I like this word choice. Kinda.”

“Be serious. And no it’s not *your* line. Not forever.”

“I am very serious. The Fifth Republic allows for that now, you know, since 2014?”

“Wait... M’kay. I see what you did there. We marched for that, you know. And it was 2013.”

She is careful not to mention Céline. For her own benefit.

Lifting her head a little but still maintaining eye contact, Adèle slips the auburn hair-tie off her left wrist to take her tresses up in a messy bun, and adjusts the bedsheet, permitting a view of her naked torso, the swell of her breasts made more prominent in shadow.

“Ok, hot.”

“I know.” She says with a wink. “So was marching for marriage equality.”

“Oh my god, what the fuck?” Noémie looks up at the ceiling and sing-hums the *Marseillaise*.

Adèle let’s her have her fun. She’s right, as rejoinders went, it was fucking lame.

Halfway between mustering the battalions to march, Noémie gets a pillow dumped on her head anyway.

She screams from under it. “Ow, that spongy pillow is heavy. You almost broke my nose. Use the down one if you wanna roughhouse.”

“I’ll show you roughhouse.” She pulls at the sheet to expose her lover and plants her mouth between her breasts, blowing a series of noisy raspberries.

This happens with the pillow over Noémie’s face squarely in place.

She giggles haltingly at the motor-boating until she doesn't anymore. Two very wet lips find her right nipple. They probe, then suck greedily.

Noémie groans through the memory foam.

Her right hand free, Adèle shoves the pillow away and it falls in the space between the bed and the wall. The fabric catches Noémie's nose on its way down but she ignores the momentary awkwardness to look down at the hazy green of her lover's eyes.

"Have I told you how beautiful every part of you is? Is it selfish, my love? To be this thirsty for you?"

She aspirates a reply, almost at a whisper, but near-intelligible. "No."

Noémie's taut, luminous skin, now slick in so many places, glistens in the light. Adèle looks up long enough to see her mouth a request.

"Kiss me. Please."

It's deep, messy and unhurried. One that could last for days.

"My lioness..." She grabs at the blond's hair-tie and frees her from it, running her fingers the length of its unruly waves. "My gorgeous, gorgeous lioness. And her pretty little mane."

"Lionesses don't have manes. You know this."

"Well this one does. Only one of her kind, she is."

"Should I growl?"

"Would you like to?" Noémie's tongue darts out to wet her lips for a millisecond.

"There will be plenty time for that." Adèle grabs her by her shoulders and pins her against the mattress.

"Right now, she's very hungry."

"Ah, shit."

She takes her time, savaging Noémie, dragging her tongue from her navel to the notch of her throat, drawing out the sweat that had pooled there. She takes her time there too. Her teeth join in. An incisor first.

"Oh. Fuck. Fuck."

"Not yet."

"Mnnnnnh...oh...oh...ok... you're just gonna grab at it like that?"

Adèle nibbles at her left earlobe and whispers. "I don't have your, uhhh, consent? I promise to be very gentle."

Noémie snorts out a laugh, and opens her legs some more.

She kisses her assent. “Go. Have at it.”

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