

**You Couldn't Have Felt Her Breath Upon Your Mouth, Without Wanting To Kiss Her. And You
Couldn't Have Kissed Her, Without Wanting To Stay**

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You Couldn't Have Felt Her Breath Upon Your Mouth, Without Wanting To Kiss Her. And You Couldn't Have Kissed Her, Without Wanting To Stay

by [Iamasortofvillain](#)

Summary

Even then - you knew that your love would leave you gasping.
You kiss Heloise anyway, with something like desperation, something like pain.
If she tastes the lie on your lips, she does not say a word.

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[Marianne and Heloise know their love story is a painful one. They cling to each other anyway, till the very end].

Notes

You felt that thread that had come between you, tugging tugging tugging at your heart - so hard it hurt you.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

(i).

You are 24 and you are in love.

Love has never been something you gave easily but she turns to you, hair a mess and cheeks flushed and face beaming and your breath catches in your throat because her eyes are blue and dark and she does not care what you think.

You fall for her (hard) on the edge of the cliff and the waves crash far beneath you, loud and angry and cruel.

It's a strange feeling. You see the small imperfections, you notice them (eyes sharp and ready as ever), and where everybody else would make you stern and angry (your blood boiling and hot, your teeth greeting, your fists clenching), she makes you soft and silly and you smile and smile and smile (and you think she knows).

(She must know. She must know).

(ii).

She cheats in cards and asks inappropriate questions that you have trouble answering. She tests your limits a hundred times a day. She quirks her eyebrows and bites her lower lip and smiles at you a secret little smile that you think she hopes goes unnoticed.

(It doesn't. You see every little thing about her).

(You try not to).

(You notice anyway).

Sophie's eyes never leaving you as she sits with you during dinner and you think you know that look (girls always looked at you strangely).

But Sophie keeps her lips pursed and her voice low and when you speak about Heloise, there is defiance in her eyes and you think you got it all wrong.

(She cares for Heloise while nursing a heavy secret. After the lady of the house leaves, you discover she doesn't want your kisses. She wants your help).

You paint and paint and paint and Heloise plays like a child who never got to experience childhood. She walks the shore and traces hidden patterns on the floor with her foot and you love her more than you remember words for.

(You're a good actress and a bad liar and it hurts to sit so close to her but you do it anyway).

(iii).

She looks hurt when you tell her the truth about yourself and her words are harsh and cold and true (everything you aren't used to) when she criticizes your art.

(But then she says softly she will sit for you and your heart melts).

(iv).

She likes to sit on your bed. She likes to smoke your pipe. She likes to eye your painting when she thinks you're not looking.

She smiles softly, sadly.

She stares open, angry.

She says whatever is on her mind and not for the first time you think Heloise is nothing like the sea and everything like fire.

(She refuses to let others control her fate).

"What do you know," she asks, mouth a hard line, brows knitted together, sun dancing on her face. "About my marriage?"

"Only that you are to marry a Milanese gentlemen".

"That is all I know, as well. You can see why it worries me".

"If you think of it like this, yes".

(Think of it as an adventure, you pray. Think of it as an adventure. Think of it as anything but what it really is. Don't let them sell you short. Don't let them. Don't let them. Don't let them).

"I think of it as it is".

You stare at her, not even trying to hide your gaze.

You want and you want and you want everything that she is (angry and desperate and wild). There is nothing that she has, nothing that she is, that you do not want.

You touch the paintbrush to the canvas in all the places you forbid yourself to touch her.

You stroke gently on the painted chest, mark the top of her dress, apply lighter shades to the lobe of her ear, and all the while you keep your eyes on her.

All the while you think – she is glorious like this.

(v).

Her hands burning holy into your skin and she doesn't mean it but she makes your heart dance.

(vi).

You're so in love you think your heart could burst from the force of it.

"Do all lovers imagine they are inventing something new?" she whispers in your ear and your knees are weak. If her hand wasn't wrapped around your middle, you think you would have fallen to the floor.

She is wonderful, all golden hair and curious eyes and exploring hands, and the world is gone and you're floating.

Her lips are soft and cold against yours. She breathes shallowly, as if scared.

(You're scared. She must be too).

You tangle your fingers in her blonde curls and she kisses you like she's yours.

(She must be. She must be).

(vii).

She kisses you eagerly, attempts to get closer. You press your body tightly against hers as you lower her to the bed, your clothes coming off with hers.

Her skin is soft and perfect. smooth. You want and want and want and you dare not touch.

"Please." She says and you touch every part of her, taste every inch of her flesh.

Nothing can pry you away from her now (you have tasted her and every part of you aches and aches and aches).

Heloise arches closer into you, presses her body against yours as she begs silently for more. This is lust (pure desire) coming to the force as you touch and touch and touch her. The more contact you have, the more you cannot resist her and you lick your lips and watch her come over and over and over again.

She is open and naked and she watches you with dark dark (dark) eyes. Your own desires mirroring hers (and you never wanted to. Oh god, have you never wanted to).

You kiss her slowly, softly, allowing your longing to linger on her lips.

You say, "I'm thirsty." But then Heloise's body is on yours and she clings to you with pure want.

(You don't remember wanting anything that isn't her).

Heloise's hands are everywhere. Wine and desire run through you with rich, heady taste. You are drunk on spirits and fear and Heloise Heloise Heloise.

"Slower," you whisper, even though you want nothing more but for her to go fast. "Go slower".

"Like this?" she asks. And then – "Like this?"

Heloise is not gentle. She fucks you in a filthy, messy, tangled, desire. You are silent when she enters you with two fingers, biting down on your shoulder, smiling wildly at you. You open your mouth in a cry that never leaves your clogged throat and her hips buck with the rhythm of her hand.

A tongue swiping up your core and you moan lowly.

You cannot turn back now, cannot stop. You have tasted your addiction and your body pulses and flushes and yearns until you are arching from the ecstasy of your lover.

"Marianne." Heloise says, small and broken and pleading.

You lick her lips and think mine mine mine.

(When you are done you kiss her hair and she wraps her arms around you and cradle you).

(viii).

In the morning there is a moment of panic as you turn your burning face to her.

She watches you, eyes careful and distant.

Then you blink. She smiles, stretches like a cat and you laugh and laugh and laugh, open and relieved and in love.

(ix).

"Marianne." Heloise's voice is distant and something desperate in you yearns to run away with her.

(Where to, you do not know. So instead you wrap your arms around her warm body and push your nose into her skin. She smells like sea and wine and fire).

"If you asked me – I will leave with you".

"Where to?"

Heloise's eyes gleam with painful humor. Something mischievous. Something dark.

"Milan?" she asks softly and your heart sings in every language you know.

(If she asked, you'd rip out your spine and lungs and heart and paint her a new world in your own blood).

Heloise twists your dark curls around her fingers, grabs the back of your neck and kisses you quiet.

(You both know this is a dangerous dream. dangerous and exhausting and doomed).

(x).

She accuses you of leaving her before due time and you cry and cry and cry. (You forget about her pain and you lash out, but by the time the sun touches the waves, your pain is fading and you're hurt and scared and desperate to have her back in your arms).

Heloise is nowhere to be found.

Your fingers itch for her warmth and you don't remember the way to the beach, just like you don't remember going back to the house, but there she is – Heloise, tugging you to the bed and you can breathe again.

She is tall and bright and smiling, her sun-kissed hair a mess of tangles ribbons and the bed is small and safe and yours (you find comfort in fading hours and blissful oblivion).

(xi).

It's not hunger, it's need, and you breathe a sigh of relief (you ignore the time running out) when you touch her lovely skin.

Heloise wipes the tears from your mouth and kisses you silently.

(xii).

You growl a little, deep in your throat, and say, "Be serious".

Her smile widens.

"Stop it." You say.

She keeps smiling as if saying 'I dare you to stop me'.

You shiver a little and remember all the things that make her smile. You remember her digits, you remember her moans, you remember how she cried so so sweetly.

"Don't." you say in a tired voice. You sound so old. You know the game she's playing, the way she will split you slowly with her eyes and smiles and whispers until you're on your knees praying for her.

(If Heloise were any other girl, you would kiss the corner of her cheek, let your fingers linger on her skin just a touch longer than you are supposed to. You will touch her neck and lean too close and pretend you don't see her blushing).

(Your father taught you how to read and geography and art, but you learned to take and take and take all on your own).

Despite her own desires, Heloise is proud and unpredictable. She is nothing like the waves and everything like flames. A raging fire. Burning and hot and captivating, setting her own world ablaze.

You come closer, captivated.

You kiss her slowly, dumbfounded.

(You know you're doomed and she already someone else's).

(xiii).

She has never been yours. She has never been yours.

(xiv).

She is reading when you wake up and there is gray light struggling through the huge windows (it makes Heloise look so beautiful), (everything makes Heloise look beautiful) and you watch her for a moment; the way her lips move, the way her eyelashes curl, the way her muscles tense and (you smile when she realizes you are watching her).

She presses her face into your shoulder and the need rises in you again.

You paint her, small and fast and with gentle strokes.

"For whom?" she inquires.

"For me." You answer simply.

She smiles and her pretty pretty smile is worth your worse pain. You wonder (for the hundredth time) what horrors you are ready to endure for the chance to keep her in your arms.

She is kissing you, pushing you back to the mattress. You fall (for her. For her) and she is burying her face into your neck, kissing your shoulder, your jaw, your breasts.

(She's kissing you holy).

She does not hold back. She is kissing every part of you she can reach, the small painting is all but forgotten.

"Heloise – " you say, breathless and sad.

She takes a few quick breathes, her eyes aglow.

"No?" she asks, simply.

"Yes." You answer.

(How does she not know? It is always a yes).

Then she is kissing you again, soft and slow and sweet, and (your heart is breaking) you could do this forever.

(You cannot. You cannot).

You kiss her anyway like she is something permanent. You feel her heart beating. You feel the way she gasps into your mouth (breathy and warm and you would cry if you weren't so happy).

Her chemise is hanging from her left shoulder and she slips her hands under your nightgown, curling her fingers into your sides. You let her undress you, as if you were a child, and press a kiss to her mouth.

"Stay." You whisper. "Stay. Stay. Stay".

"Yes." She answers, nodding, eyes closed, mouth hanging open, lips kiss-swollen.

You smile before leaning in to kiss her again and again and again and you wish you could keep her somewhere close and safe and quiet forever.

(xv).

(You cannot).

(xvi).

When it's time for you to leave you cannot say goodbye. She drowns you in her gaze and you do not have words, language enough to speak this horror. It is beyond any curve of sounds in the french language so you run and run and run.

("Turn around." She's said and you did – you did!).

(xvii).

(The waves drown your sobs and you don't look back).

(You are not Orpheus, you are Achilles losing his Patroclus. You are Persephone going back home from Hades. You are Psyche, doomed for the underworld, away from her Eros).

(xviii).

It comes back to you in pieces (broken and hopeful and hating).

The snow covers the streets of Paris and you wish you were dead. You wish you'd had never been born.

Your skirts are heavy and they drag you down down down.

You gasp for air.

(You long to have Heloise back in your arms).

You know the feeling, you've been patiently waiting for it to take over your life.

Heartbreak is something like drowning. Something like forgetting. Everything like dying.

(xix).

As much as you hate it, as much as you swallow the heartache and smile through your pain and pretend you are still whole, some days all you have is memories and you are grateful of the whole of them and you hate hate hate them.

In those days the world is cruel and tight and pressing down on your frame and you hide from your students' eyes and you refuse to meet your father's eyes and you run and run and run like a madwoman to an open space, where you can see the end of everything and your beloved Paris is forgotten.

You stand on the edge of the water and pretend the river is an ocean.

There are days when you cannot pull yourself out of bed when you are trapped in your own head and it's a terrible terrible (terrible) darkness.

You want (oh, how bad do you want) to visit Milan. You want to see her and to touch her and press your nose to her neck and smell her sharp, lovely, familiar scent.

You are young enough to travel and your father says you should visit Russia, or Italy, or Sweden.

(You never do).

(xx).

You see her painting in the gallery and you want to weep and laugh and scream all at once.

Your heart flutters with memories (of kissing her and kissing her and kissing her. Of honey and thick blonde hair and stained lips and nervously shaking hands).

Her image fills your lungs with air as the candlelights dance overhead and you think this is hope.

(+i).

Heloise is warm when she curls up next to you, trembling and smiling and scared. Her hair tickling your mouth, so you brush it gently aside.

You kiss her head and she is warm (so warm) and lovely and something blossoming.

She is something maybe yours.

(+ii).

This is hope, you think. This is hope.

End Notes

Thank you for reading.

English is not my first language, so any misspellings are my own fault. I'll do better next time.

visit my Tumblr @ love-jesus-but-i-drink-a-little.tumblr.com

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