

rubatosis

Femslash Oneshot-Sammlung

Von Ur

Kapitel 6: Beau x Yasha (Critical Role)

Five times Beau tries to flirt with Yasha and one time Yasha flirts back.

I.

»Hey, unpleasant one.«

Beau opens one eye and turns her head to look at Mollymauk, who sits across the fire and looks at her out of his unsettling eyes. Those eyes without pupils. Weird. Though Beau has to admit that those eyes are probably not the weirdest thing about Mollymauk.

She makes a noncommittal noise und and closes her eye again. It's not like she has to stay awake, since it's officially Molly's and Yasha's watch. Beau can't really sleep. And maybe she wanted to spend some time with Yasha but Molly – the obnoxious asshole – ruined her plans and volunteered for the watch faster.

Beau really dislikes his purple face and his sparkly personality.

Jester mumbles in her sleep. Beau doesn't understand the words but Molly chuckles so Beau can only guess that Jester's words were spoken in Infernal.

»What exactly do you want with Yasha?«

Beau opens both eyes this time. Molly's eyes are still on Beau. His horn-jewelry shimmers in the light of the flames and Beau has to admit that his horns make a rather impressive silhouette against the dark night behind him.

Not that she would ever admit that anything about Molly was impressive. Because he sucks.

»What exactly do you have to do with that?«, she drawls und snuggles a bit deeper

into her bedroll. It's not like she exactly knows what she wants with Yasha.

She just *wants*.

She wants Yasha to carry her around again. Maybe even bridal style. She wants Yasha to smile. Maybe at Beau, though that would be optional. She would probably die when Yasha ever smiled in her direction anyway. So it's better for everyone involved.

Beau wants to touch Yasha. Like, in places. Ideally she wants to touch her everywhere. And of course everyone has their own business and while Beau likes prying, she's perfectly aware of the fact that they all have their secrets. She just wouldn't mind if Yasha shared some with Beau.

»Seeing that you are the most obnoxious person I have ever met and Yasha is a dear friend, I feel like I should warn you that I would cut you from navel to chin if you hurt her.«

Beau snorts.

»Ok, first of all, Yasha could do that herself if she doesn't like what I do with her. Second of all... no offense Molly, but you're not really that scary.«

She knows that he's watching her through his red eyes. Intently. Beau keeps her eyes closed.

»Believe me, I can do scary«, Molly says. His tone is playful but Beau understands that he means it. She also understands that Molly is trying to watch out for his friend, however uncalled for that is. And Beau can respect that.

They're all looking out for each other after all.

»Don't twist your horns, asshole. She's just... you know«, Beau says, not even sure what exactly Yasha is to her. Fascinating. Hot. Definitely hot.

Beau is thankful that Yasha announced to be patrolling the perimeter of their camp. Who knows where she's currently sneaking around.

»Oh I know«, Molly says. That makes Beau open her eyes again.

»Uh. Is there something you wanna tell me?«, she asks. Now it's Molly's turn to snort.

»Just go to sleep«, he says. Beau wonders what he thinks about her non-answer. But she doesn't want to ask, so she gets up and fumbles for her goggles. Maybe Beau is doing the opposite of what Molly suggested just because she likes to annoy him.

His expression is blank when she looks at him again and he doesn't protest when she stumbles out into the night to go and find Yasha.

Even with her goggles on Beau has difficulty navigating between the tall trees. She

wonders if Yasha maybe took off again, just like that. Just the way she did so many times before.

She always comes back, though, Beau thinks and her foot gets caught on a root on the ground. She bites off a curse and flails when two hands reach for her and the noise she makes is very undignified.

Beau would never admit to making that noise.

And she's glad that Molly hasn't heard.

»Everything alright?«, Yasha asks and just plants Beau back on solid ground as if Beau doesn't even weigh anything. Beau doesn't answer the question, just looks at Yasha's pale face. Thank the gods for her goggles.

»Damn girl, your muscles are insane«, Beau says and tries for a smirk and a wink. She's not sure if it has the desired effect because she is wearing her goggles. She fights the impulse to take them off. Yasha just blinks and stays silent, looking at Beau for a few seconds.

Then she keeps walking. Beau follows her.

Maybe she needs new flirting techniques. Maybe she needs to think about Molly's question more.

Maybe it's kind of nice to just walk beside Yasha through a dark forest without saying anything at all.

II.

Beau really didn't see the arrow coming. She's *good* with arrows. But this one lodges itself into Beau's chest and she hears herself make a weird wheezing noise.

The ground below her feet seems to shake.

»Fuck«, she croaks. Somewhere behind her she hears Nott yelling »Shitshitshit*shit*«. Time seems to slow for a bit.

»Beau!«

Jester's voice.

The guy who shot the arrow looks smug until all of a sudden his eyes turn black and he chokes on his grin, while a familiar figure swirls past Beau and as she falls to her knees the guy's head rolls onto the ground. Molly snarls something in Infernal as Beau grabs the arrow in her chest and considers just pulling it out.

Everything hurts.

»Beau!«

Nott this time.

Beau never much liked her name because it reminded her of the fact that she never was what her parents wanted. But recently – and Beau will never admit that out loud – she quite likes hearing it. It's different when friends say it, she thinks, as darkness presses against her eyes.

»Beau«, a third voice, unexpectedly soft. A pair of very strong arms that grab her almost gently and a pale face that appears in her line of sight.

»You have such pretty eyes«, Beau slurs before darkness closes at last and she falls unconscious.

III.

»You know, you call me squishy but I haven't been unconscious for quite some time now.«

Beau opens her eyes. She's pretty sure that she's in the room they rented and when she turns her head she sees Caleb sitting beside her bed.

»Just because you're always in the back«, she says hoarsely. Her voice sounds as though she hasn't used it in days. »And because we have a protect-the-squishy-wizard-system.«

Caleb raises his eyebrows. Beau notices that he fumbles with his diamond. She groans as the pain registers. Everything hurts. There is no arrow stuck inside her chest and she is apparently still alive. That's good.

»A system?«

»Yep.«

»Why don't I know of this?«

Beau shrugs and regrets it immediately. She makes an undignified noise and covers her eyes with one of her arms. There's sunlight pressing into the room through the milky windows and Beau wonders how long she slept in this uncomfortable bed. Damn, she would take the floor over these beds any day.

»Don't move so much. Jester patched you up but that is a nasty wound you got there. Poisoned you as well«, Caleb says. Beau likes the way he speaks. Blunt, up front. She feels like Caleb is socially awkward in a different way from her but still – they're in this

together.

Two socially awkward, blind-at-night humans. Go, team human!

»How long?«

Beau wants to ask how long she's been sleeping but talking *hurts*. Caleb catches her meaning though.

»Two days. Yasha carried you here.«

Beau's brain short-circuits and she coughs a little which is a mistake because it hurts so much that she actually lets out a whine and is thankful that Caleb's the only person present and not, you know. Yasha. Or even worse, Molly.

»Where's everyone?«, she wheezes through the pain. Maybe she should just sleep some more and hope that the pain lessens while she's out.

»We took turns watching you. They went to a bathhouse again, so I volunteered.«

Beau does not snort this time because she's a quick learner and while she does enjoy a good fistfight she's not actually into pain. Not this kind anyway. Maybe some hair pulling or biting. But she draws the line at poisoned, arrow induced wounds that can potentially kill her.

»Glad I could be of some assistance«, she mumbles.

»How do you mean?«, Caleb asks but Beau is too tired to answer him. Somehow she's glad that someone is here. Has been here the whole time. She remembers being down with a nasty flu as a child and everyone being way too busy to look after her regularly.

Beau hears the door open but she doesn't remove her arm from her eyes to see who it is. Somehow the sunlight is too much and she feels a bit sick from the pain.

»Hey man, thanks for staying«, she whispers.

»It is no trouble«, Caleb says. And then, just as blunt to whoever entered the room, he says: »I think maybe she has a fever.«

»Huh.«

Beau's heart does a little tap-dance in her ribcage which is not helpful because her chest hurts so fucking much. She grits her teeth and removes the arm from her eyes after all. Yasha looms over her and Beau catches a blur of Caleb's shabby coat as he leaves the room.

Beau tries to grin but it's probably more a grimace at this point. It's not sexy at all for Yasha to see her like this but Yasha doesn't seem to mind. She sits down beside the bed and after Caleb brings a bowl of water before leaving again, Yasha dips a piece of

cloth into the bowl and places it on Beau's forehead.

»Sleep«, she says.

Beau wants to cry because the cold cloth feels heavenly. Damn, she's pathetic.

»You carried me«, she slurs. Yasha looks at her and Beau wishes she could keep her eyes open. »And I didn't even give you those five gold.«

Yasha snorts and her lips actually pull into a small smile. Beau stares and her heart flutters like a fucking hyperactive hummingbird. Shit.

»Damn«, she whispers. Yasha's face softens as she looks down at Beau and readjusts the cloth on Beau's forehead. Beau doesn't want to fall asleep anymore because she saw Yasha smile and what if she does it again when Beau's lights go out? But in the end she can't keep her eyes open and slips back under while Yasha's eyes rest on her the whole time.

IV.

Beau is very drunk.

She won a drinking contest against three dudes though, so it's totally worth it.

Fuck those dudes who think they can one up her because she's a *girl*.

One of them is not able to stand any longer and just lies sprawled out on the table before Beau. Fjord shook his head about Beau's shenanigans but seemed mostly amused. Nott was jealous because Beau got to drink so much without paying. Yasha just sipped her ale and watched. Caleb is probably sitting in a corner somewhere, reading one of his books.

Jester and Molly were off to buy some sweets and while Beau gets up to demonstrate that she can still stand the two of them walk in, giggling and chatting in Infernal.

Beau feels a wave of affection well up in her chest and she smiles lopsided in their direction. One of the dudes – a big guy with a split chin, brown hair and a broken nose spits on the table before Beau. Beau looks up at him and cocks an eyebrow.

»Fucking demons«, he slurs.

Molly stops dead in his tracks because he heard the words while Jester just seems confused. Beau narrows her eyes.

»Watch who you call a demon, asshole«, she snarls. Beau has no idea if she could even land a punch right now but no one calls her friends demons. And no one is allowed to insult Molly but Beau. Yes. That's Beau's thing.

»What, those your pets or what?«

Fjord apparently caught on to what's happening.

»I think you should leave«, he says with a low voice and puts his big green hand on Beau's shoulder.

»Yes please. You smell really bad too, worse than Caleb«, Jester chimes in. She has a purple lollipop in one hand and a big bag – probably full of sweets – in the other. Molly laughs at her words and apparently that does it for the two standing dudes because they don't like being laughed at by what they call demons.

A big hand tries to grab Molly's throat. Beau might be drunk but fuck this guy. Fuck all his friends. And fuck his parents who did a piss poor job on raising this piece of shit.

»Hands off my friend«, she snarls and decks him in the chin. Fjord curses, Molly blinks and Beau didn't expect to get the angle right but the guy shouts out in pain, scrambles for balance and falls over a chair.

And that's when the brawl starts.

It's all a blur for Beau, really.

She knows this: The dude's friend calls her a cunt which prompts Molly to kick him right in his nuts. That might be the nicest thing Molly ever did for her.

She fought beside Molly for quite some time now but never back to back in a tavern brawl while Jester cheered them on and Fjord tried to break them all up. But despite Fjord's height he is actually not that far from Caleb-level squishyness and Beau lands two more punches before a big figure steps in and grabs the two guys by the neck.

Beau sways on the spot, her lip is split open and bleeding on her chin. Molly is right beside her, his lips pulled into a snarl, showing off his fangs.

»Fuck off, assholes«, Yasha says with her gruff voice and while the two men seem to struggle, Yasha's grip is iron as she manhandles them to the door and tosses them out into the cold night. Beau is breathing heavily and looks over to Molly.

»Did I hear that correctly?«, Molly asks and grins. »*Friend?*«

»I'm fucked and can't be held responsible for what I may or may not have said«, she slurs and elbows Molly in the ribs. Molly answers in Infernal because he's a little shit and knows that Beau doesn't understand him. She wipes blood off her bottom lip and resists the urge to spit on the remaining drunkard.

»Did you drink them under the table?«, Jester wants to know while Yasha comes back over and picks up the remaining guy. Beau thinks that the tavern owner looks thankful and scared at the same time.

Beau can relate.

»That I did«, Beau says and grins and gives Jester two thumps up. Jester laughs full of delight and puts her lollipop into her mouth before skipping off. Who knows what she's up to.

»Hey«, a gruff voice says beside Beau and she looks up to see Yasha standing right beside her.

»You know, it's super hot when you manhandle assholes«, Beau says and grins up to her. The tavern is definitely moving and her teeth are probably full of blood. Yasha rolls her eyes but Beau could swear that the corners of her lips are twitching.

»Thanks for defending Molly from those assholes«, Yasha says and looks over to Molly who joined Nott and Fjord at the bar. He doesn't seem fazed at all by what happened but then again Beau always had a hard time reading him.

»Oh well«, Beau says and shrugs. She's not sure what to say and in the morning she'll probably be embarrassed about calling him her friend. It's not like they have a normal, mushy kind of friendship going on. But he has her back, she has his back. And bickering with him is always fun.

»Will you carry me to bed?«, she blurts out before she can stop herself and Yasha raises her eyebrows, but to Beau's utter and complete surprise she lifts Beau off her feet and carries her in the direction of the stairs. Beau hears Molly's laughter all the way up.

She wants to say something cool. She wants to press her face into Yasha's neck and ask her to stay the night. But when Yasha sets Beau back onto the ground as soon as they enter her room, the world tips and Beau throws up.

So much for her seduction skills.

V.

Beau has to admit that she has a horrible fucking crush when she sees Yasha pat a fucking cat in the streets. Since Frumpkin usually stays close to either Nott or Caleb the others don't get to cuddle with him very often.

It's not like Yasha ever tries to pat Frumpkin so Beau had no idea that she likes cats. But Yasha stopped dead in the middle of the street while Molly, Jester and Nott went on ahead while Caleb and Fjord are still rummaging through some kind of magic shop, and then Yasha's huge frame kneels down into the dust and her white hand stretched out into the shadows.

Beau thinks she might die of a heart attack and she's very thankful that Molly went on

ahead because he just keeps *watching* her. Watching her watching Yasha.

Sometimes he smirks and it drives Beau insane but it's not like she can call him out on it without giving herself away. Herself and her fucking crush.

Ugh.

Feelings suck.

This sucks.

Yasha makes a small keening noise and Beau swears that she's close to just falling dead to the ground when a grey and very dusty cat pushes her hand into Yasha's palm. Her heart stutters and then restarts with doubled pace. Beau curses the swooping feeling in her stomach when she watches Yasha's face break out into the softest smile Beau has ever seen on anyone.

Fuck Yasha and her soft smile and her strong arms and her beautiful face and the silent way she cares for all of them.

The cat darts away when Beau comes close and Yasha looks up, her expression still soft and content.

»You know what?«, Beau snarls and kicks the dirt, »Fuck you and your stupid, perfect face!«

And then she stomps off after Jester and the others because if she has to look at that face one more second she cannot be held responsible for her actions.

V + I

Here's what Beau wanted to do when she left her home: Drink a lot of booze, make a ton of money and kiss some hot girls while she's at it. Maybe even keep one, but she's not that greedy.

She drinks a lot of booze and makes some decent money with the others. But she hasn't kissed any hot girls since she left. In fact, the only girl Beau ever kissed was Maddie Hawthorne and she was sixteen when that happened so it's been more than five years.

She probably can't even kiss properly anymore.

Most of the times it's dudes that hit on her, if they aren't intimidated by her guns – as Caleb likes to call them – and her ability to drink them under the table. Which was the case on three separate occasions. But Beau just doesn't like guys.

Women are awesome. In every kind of way.

Most dudes are simply *meh*. Or – if they're awesome, like Caleb or Fjord – they're awesome in a strictly platonic kind of way. Beau would never kiss Fjord. Jester can call him handsome all she wants but Beau just looks at him and thinks that he is shaped like a friend. A green, big, kinda shady friend who spits saltwater sometimes and tries to keep them all in line.

Beau was teaching Nott some hand to hand self defense earlier and she's still a bit sore from all the times she let Nott hit her in the face or kick her in the shins. Nott bought her a big pint of ale and then scurried off with Jester to cause some mayhem.

Who knows what they're up to.

Beau drank lots more ale since Nott and Jester left. Now she feels a pleasant buzz all over her body.

At some time, Molly sits down beside her and drinks half her glass. When she scowls at him he just grins his shit eating grin and bares his fangs.

»So«, he says. »Yasha.«

Beau puts her head on the bar and makes an unidentifiable noise in the back of her throat.

»Figured out what exactly you want with her yet?«, Molly says. His tone is light and Beau remembers the dark night many weeks ago when he asked her this question for the first time. It's not like Beau is much more enlightened about it. The only thing she knows is that she wants to make Yasha smile her fucking soft smile all the time and then kiss the smile from her face.

Whatever that means, Beau has no idea.

She's not good with feelings. It's not like she doesn't have them, she just can't deal with them very well.

»Do you want to fuck her?«, Molly adds. Beau almost falls off her barstool.

»Excuse me?«

»I said—«

»I heard you!«, she splutters.

»Well«, Molly says, his grin still wide and annoying. »It's an easy enough question.«

Beau stares at him. She wants to tell him to get lost and never speak to her again. She also wants to punch him in the face.

»Yes«, she says instead of doing any of those thing. Fuck, dammit. Molly's grin grows

wider.

»And do you want to leave her hanging after that because a quick fuck is all you want?«, he asks. Beau blinks.

»What? No!«

She is too offended at the notion to think about the fact that she didn't want to answer Molly in the first place.

»But she said herself that she doesn't do... *that*«, she says and feels her face heat up. She gulps the rest of her ale down in two swigs and curses Molly for making her voice her fucking feelings out loud.

»Oh well, you know. People can change their mind«, Molly says conversationally. Beau stares at him.

»What are you saying?«, she asks slowly, her heart hammering in her chest as if it wants to break out of her ribcage.

»I'm saying that you should just woman up and stop this pathetic pining act you got going on. I mean, for fucks sake, I saw you walking into a lamppost two days ago because Yasha ruffled Jester's hair! That's just awful!«

Beau has a thousand »buts« bursting through her mind but Molly stands up before she gets to finish forming a coherent sentence.

»Yasha is outside. If you screw this up I'll kill you in your sleep.«

And then he's gone with a dramatic swirl of his stupid cloak. Beau sits there for two whole minutes questioning all her life choices. She just got relationship advice from the weirdest person she knows. Gods, she hates Mollymauk Tealeaf so fucking much.

The worst thing about this is that she is actually contemplating to listen to Molly. What if Molly knows stuff. About Yasha. Yasha and her... feelings. Beau's breath catches in her throat just thinking about the fact that Yasha might actually like her.

Like like her.

Beau gets up and considers gulping down another ale for bravery, but she decides against it. It's enough that she vomited in front of Yasha once and she really doesn't need to repeat that experience.

Ever.

Yasha leans against the wall right beside the door and watches the clear night sky. Her white skin shimmers in the pale moonlight and she cocks her head to look at Beau as soon as she steps outside.

Beau can feel Yasha's eyes on her as she leans against the wall beside her, their naked arms almost touching. If Beau closes her eyes and concentrates she can feel the heat radiating off Yasha's bare skin.

Maybe she should've bought that additional ale for bravery after all.

»So, what'cha doing out here?«, she asks and almost cringes at her own words. Way to go Beau.

»Watching the stars«, Yasha says, her voice quiet and not giving anything away at all. Beau wishes Molly hadn't been so cryptic.

»Yeah, they're... pretty«, Beau says lamely. She could just as well punch herself in the face. There's a beat of silence.

»Yeah. Almost as pretty as you«, Yasha says. Beau almost chokes on her own spit when the words register and her head spins around to look at Yasha. There is definitely a blush going on on that pale face. Beau is sure of it. She opens her mouth and tries to think of a witty reply.

Yasha seems to falter for a second.

»Uh«, Yasha says and for the first time Beau realizes that Yasha might be even more awkward about feelings than she is. And that makes her bold. She puts one hand on Yasha's arm and steps in front of her, her eyes on Yasha's face – searching for any sign that she is freaked out and doesn't want Beau to touch her at all.

»Ok, so I really wanna kiss your stupidly pretty face and–«

Beau gets pinned against the tavern wall before she can finish her sentence. The lips that press against hers are a bit chapped but warm and Beau makes a very embarrassing sound before she grabs Yasha's shirt and yanks her closer. The fact that Yasha let's herself be moved sends tingles down Beau's spine.

Yasha presses up against her and Beau doesn't even mind the cold brick wall scratching against her back because hell yes. Kissing is awesome.

Kissing *Yasha* is awesome.

Beau melts into Yasha's touch and shivers slightly as surprisingly soft fingers touch the short hair at the side of her head and cup her cheek. She's not even embarrassed about the sounds she makes anymore.

»I'll sleep in Nott's room tonight! Have fun, Beau!«

Beau almost bites Yasha's tongue in surprise as Jester's voice rings way too close to Beau's ear. Yasha takes a step back and Beau is delighted to see that she's breathing heavily. Beau licks her lips and looks at Jester who has Nott's hand in one of hers and beams at both of them.

»Uh, ok. Cool. Thanks, I guess?«, Beau says and her voice is definitely hoarse.

»Congratulations«, Nott says shyly, then tugs at Jester's hand and the two of them disappear into the tavern. Yasha watches them leave, then glances at Beau and there's that blush again. Beau wants to see it many more times.

»Ok, so. My room is free«, she says. Yasha's lips curl into a smile and then slowly turns into a grin. She takes Beau's hand and Beau feels very triumphant for a second, until Yasha swoops her up in her arms and throws her over her shoulders as if Beau weighs nothing.

»Wha—«

»It's on the house«, Yasha says and Beau can't even complain. She laughs and ignores the other patrons who stare after them as if they've lost their mind.

Maybe they have. Beau couldn't care less.