

9/3/2021 Prompt: "Mirror, Mirror"

Who brings a book to lunch?

She turned the page without glancing up, oblivious to Allan's stare. Dreamy eyes and nose stuck in a book. A perfect Belle.

Every day, a new book. He was never close enough for titles, only pictures. Adventure, romance, and mystery. Yeah, he could go for that.

"Allan, we're going to the creamery after school. Wanna come?"

"Sure. Meet you there."

As the gang debated cups versus cones, Allan drifted back to Belle. A smile as light as a fairy wing lifted her mouth. She flipped the page, catching her bottom lip between her teeth.

"What're you smiling at?" Rhoda asked as heat exploded in his face.

"Nothing."

"A girl is never nothing, Prince Charming. Go talk to her."

"She doesn't know I exist."

"She sure won't unless you talk to her. Take the side door to class. Go right by her table. No sweat."

Halfway, Belle shifted. Was she leaving already? Urgency fueled his steps. He'd started this quest, and the nearer he got, the more he wanted to succeed.

I need to know her name.

"Hi," he croaked, backpack slung over one shoulder. Prince Charming, indeed. She blinked him into focus. Had he committed an unpardonable offense by interrupting her reading?

"Hi."

"Sorry to bother you. Name's Allan. What's yours?"

"Bella."

Bella? "We're going to the creamery after school. Wanna come?"

She closed her book, packed her things, and lifted her bag to her shoulder. Had he gone too far? Did it sound too much like a date?

"Sure." Her grin mirrored his own, painting a pretty blush on her cheeks. "Meet you out front?"

"Yeah."

With a little wave, she was off, catching his gaze once more through the window. He pumped his fist.

"Rhoda, your ice cream's on me!"

---