The Fling

Posted originally on the fanfiction.lol at https://fanfiction.lol/works/1388.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Hetero (F/M)
Fandom:	Hey Arnold!
Characters:	Arnold Shortman, Phoebe Heyerdahl
Additional Tags:	Cheating | Infidelity, Friends to Lovers
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-11-06 Words: 4,817 Chapters: 1/1

The Fling

by JungleDrums

Summary

When Arnold goes to the beach its Phoebe he runs into. They spend the week innocently enjoying each other's company. But they come to find that a friendship between a boy and a girl is amenable. Longing gazes become hugging. Hugging begets cuddling which begets kissing. Their week in paradise becomes a dream, and all dreams must eventually end.

Notes

Why yes, I am capable of writing perfectly wholesome stories. I'm not a one-trick pony! What kind of savage do you take me for? The story is a What If scenario. What if in the episode Summer Love, Arnold ran into Phoebe instead of Helga? We never really saw those two interact much in canon. Given their personalities, I think they could be more than just friends given the right circumstances.

See the end of the work for more notes

“Phoebe?” Arnold came up from the beach, not expecting to see his classmate.

“Oh! Hi Arnold!” Phoebe said with cheer. She looked quite fetching in a blue spaghetti strap top that gave a slight peek of her belly button. Below that was her usual skirt which showed off her slender legs. Her little toes poked out adorably from her black flip flops.

“Guess you’re staying here too huh?” It was surprise, but not an unhappy one.

“Yes! My parents and I are staying for the week.”

“That’s great! My grandpa had the same idea. Hey, if you don’t have anything planned, we could hang out.”

Phoebe smiled. “I don’t see why not. It would be nice to have someone to talk to. Don’t worry, Helga’s not here.”

“That’s a relief! We could both use a vacation from her!” The two kids shared a shudder at the thought, and laughed. Phoebe turned to try and get her suitcases up the deck stairs. It was difficult enough dragging them from the car. No matter how hard she pushed, she couldn’t quite get them up the steps. “Here, let me help you with that.” Arnold slid up next to Phoebe to help her. To her surprise, he lifted them both up with ease.

“Thank you Arnold, you’re a true gentleman!” Her eyes lingered on his bare chest as he turned and went up the steps. Then they lingered on his comely back. She noted he had nice broad shoulders, just like Gerald did. She made a cooing sigh, it would have been nice to spend the week with Gerald. Oh well.

“Ah, don’t worry about it.” Arnold said, oblivious to the fact he was helping a girl out. He saw Phoebe everyday, but never really noticed her. He was aware she and Gerald were dating, to which he was happy for them. He just wished he could meet a nice girl and do things for her like he was now. Maybe that would change this week.

The beach house was dump, rustic Grandpa called it. Arnold lay the suitcases neatly side by side on the bed.

“There you go,”

“Thank you again Arnold,” Phoebe stood with her hands clasped at her chest. Girls always seemed so magical when they did things like that.

“I’ll be down at the beach, I’m making sandcastles.”

“That sounds fun. I gotta get changed. I’ll see you down there.”

“Sounds good,” Arnold left without a worry or care in the world. As he descended the deck stairs however, it dawned on him the situation he was in. He was a boy, she was a girl. Hanging out on the beach. That meant she was going to be in a swimsuit. A vision of long, beautiful, girly legs flashed in his mind.

Arnold quickly shook his head. Whoa, that was weird. We’re just classmates, he told himself. He and Phoebe rarely interacted before. Unlike Helga, Phoebe seemed like an all around nice girl. There was that perilous word again, girl. Just like Ruth was a girl. Just like *Lila* was a girl. Yeah and so is Rhonda, Nadine, and Big Pattie. That didn’t mean anything special! Just that they were just a bit different. He sat in the sand, trying to focus on his sandcastle, poking at the ground with his shovel. Phoebe was just another kid like himself. It wasn’t a big deal.

“Hey Arnold!” Arnold looked up at the stunning sight of Phoebe. Technically she was wearing a one piece bathing suit, held up around her soft neck by black ribbons. A glossy blue felt covered her front well enough, but the bikini like bottom was veiled behind a translucent flower sarong. There were black ties cutely sticking out of her hips. With everything else exposed, she was mesmerizing. “Sorry I’m late,” she said with a polite little giggle.

Arnold's head felt woozy. "Not at all," he said as smoothly as he could muster. "You're right on time." Phoebe took a seat right next to Arnold, sitting on her knees looking prim and proper as a geisha.

"Ooh! Look at the machicolations!" Phoebe said.

"The...what now?"

"Machicolations Arnold," she started. "They're the projecting gallery at the top of a castle wall, supported by a row of corbels and having…" Phoebe went on and on about the history of the castle structure. While most of it went way over his head, the enthusiasm in which Phoebe explained it all was compelling. She was so focused on her delightful lecture, she didn't notice Arnold *noticing* her body. From behind, Phoebe's suit was designed to give the impression she was wearing a string bikini. As such Arnold could see her bare back and sides. Her skin was creamy color that made him think of vanilla. Come to think of it, she smelled like vanilla. Was it her sun lotion or was it perfume? Did girls like Phoebe wear perfume? Why not? She wore a bold swimsuit like this. He certainly wasn't going to complain.

"That's amazing," he said to express that he was paying attention.

"Are you trying to make a French Castle or an English Castle? What century?"

"Actually, I hadn't really given it thought. I was just putting things in that looked cool."

"Oh, I see." Phoebe was only a bit disappointed, but made an effort to not sound like she was being judgmental. "I really like the bridge you made here. And this archway, that must have taken a lot of skill." She only meant to blink. Arnold saw it as her batting her eyelashes. Her glasses only enhanced her cuteness, making her eyes seem bigger than they were.

"That part was hard. I used wet sand to…"

An older girl sauntered by, towering over the two kids in amazonian perfection. “That, is a *perfect* sandcastle.” While Arnold was caught in her sultry gaze like a deer in headlights, Phoebe’s brow narrowed. She could smell a big blonde rat. This bimbo had to be no older than twelve, yet here she was shamelessly giving Arnold a smoldering look. She said her name was Summer, and asked Arnold’s name which he gave without thinking. Phoebe frowned at him for being so easily lulled.

“And I’m Phoebe,” without knowing it, she scooted herself protectively next to Arnold, returning Summer’s sneer with a glare.

“Well, Arnold,” Summer started, ignoring Phoebe. “You must be a great artist, because that’s the best sandcastle I’ve ever seen. I’m sure you’d be a shoe in at the sandcastle competition at the beach festival this year.” Summer’s every word seemed to beguile Arnold, and it was making Phoebe madder.

“Sandcastle competition?” Arnold mused. Phoebe took her shot.

“That’s a wonderful idea! Arnold I could be your partner.” She grabbed his arm as to cement her words.

“Aw, that’s sooo sweet,” said Summer with venom. “Your little sister wants to play with you.”

“She’s… not my sister.” Arnold was a bit overwhelmed, both by Summer’s older beauty and the fact Phoebe was clinging to him like a jealous…

“What are you his girlfriend or something?” The question struck Phoebe like a kick to the gut. She grit her teeth and started stammering and sweating, unable to speak. “Well if you two aren’t together, then I think Arnold should go with who he *wants*.” The bitch bat her eyelashes lusciously. But Arnold could see Phoebe was hurting, which in turn pained him. It was time to put his foot down.

“Um, thanks for the offer, but I think I’ll go with Phoebe. Thank you for telling me about the contest.” He figured that was the most polite response he could give.

In an instant, Summer dropped the nice persona she had put on. “Seriously? You’re gonna pick *that* over *me*?” That made Arnold mad. Poor Phoebe was squeezing his hand as if there was a dangerous dog in front of them.

“I don’t even know who you are, and Phoebe’s a friend of mine. Why don’t you buzz off?”

Summer scoffed, huffed the word geeks under her breath and sauntered away as if she were a cheap model on a low brow runway. When she was gone Phoebe took a deep breath, glad it was over. *That hussy! Who does she think she is?*

“You okay?” Arnold put his full attention on Phoebe.

“Yeah, that was a bit scary…” she smiled to show she was fine, even though she was still shaken. “You need to watch out for girls like that Arnold! She was totally trying to take advantage of you.”

“You think so?” He blinked, dumbfounded.

“Yes! Absolutely. She wanted to abuse your kind and thoughtful nature!” She held up a finger as to lecture him. “Honestly Arnold, you’ve got a lot to learn about girls.”

“I guess I do…” They sat in silence for some time, while waves rolled in and out. Phoebe was still clutching Arnold’s fingers. An onlooker might have taken the scene for a magical moment between young lovers. “Y-you can let go of my hand now.”

“Oh! S-s-sorry.” She let go as if his hand were a burning coal. The two looked away from another, both their faces turning red. The whole situation had gotten really weird.

“I’m thinking of entering that contest,” said Arnold. “You don’t have to partner with me if you don’t want to.”

“Oh! But I…” Phoebe struggled to find the words. “I wouldn’t mind being your p-partner, for the contest. We stand a much better chance of winning working together than alone…” *I’m alone with a boy,* some primal instinct was whispering. *A sweet boy…*

“Right, then let’s be partners then,” He froze up, recognizing how that could be misinterpreted. “Forthecontest!” he sputtered.

“Forthecontest!” Phoebe also sputtered.

“Right!” They said in unison. Arnold smiled and rubbed the back of his head, while Phoebe held back a giggle behind her fingers. “We should go find the sign up.”

“Yes let’s!” They got up and walked together side by side. The day was waning fast. It looked like they would spend it together. Little did either realize, their hearts were pounding with excitement at the thought of it.

The sign up was painless, though the contest wasn’t for a few days. Turned out the grand prize was to cameo on the tv show Babewatch.

“A chance to be on TV. That’s pretty cool,” said Arnold.

“Mmfph. Not my cup of tea, but it could be worse.” The sign up was also right next to an ice cream stand. “Ice cream,” Phoebe said dreamily. “I’d love some ice cream.” They were serving sugar cones and every flavor. “Oh, but I don’t have money. No pockets.” Phoebe grinned, and Arnold was once again encouraged to notice Phoebe’s slim, and alluring body.

“I got you covered. I got, pockets.” he grinned sheepishly.

“Thank you Arnold.” She swayed on one leg bashfully. He got vanilla for himself, while Phoebe got mint chocolate chip. They found a bench bolted to a boardwalk that spanned the

length of the beach. They sat apart, Arnold let his legs dangle over the edge of the bench. Phoebe sat with one foot tucked across her milky thigh. “You don’t think vanilla is kind of plain?” Phoebe asked as she licked her cream.

“Its not plain at all, its very sweet. I try not to judge.”

“I wasn’t judging,” she said sweetly.

“I didn’t think you were,” Arnold returned Phoebe’s smolder. “Why mint?”

“I love the way mint smells. It's kind of spicy.”

“I like spicy. Food, that is.” Arnold was trying his best not to stare at Phoebe’s splayed open legs. Phoebe was trying not to care that he was. It felt good to be fawned on by him.

“Me too.” They had that much in common. They looked away from one another and out to sea. The sky had ignited in orange. “Its so beautiful. I’d be sad if I had to spend this moment alone.”

“I know what you mean.” Arnold was far from any kind of outcast like Curly or Eugene. But sometimes he felt detached from the world, as if he wasn’t apart of it, like an alien just passing through. “How’s things with Gerald?”

“G-Gerald!” Phoebe was startled by his name, but couldn’t pinpoint why she should be. “G-Gerald? Gerald’s fine! He’s such a sweet talker. I’m very lucky to have him in my life.”

“He’s a good guy, he’ll take care of you.”

“Yeah…” Phoebe felt forlorn, she gobbled up her ice cream in a huge bite as if it would remedy that feeling. “How are you and Lila?”

“Lila?” Arnold felt like he hadn’t even heard that name in years, even though it had only been a few months.

“You were seeing Lila before right?”

“Nah. It was…” He sighed. “All just a big misunderstanding. She’s over me a hundred percent.” His glum look made Phoebe feel terrible.

“I’m sorry,” she put a reassuring hand on his shoulder.

“Thanks. Don’t worry about it. I’m not really into any of the girls at school. I’m just trying to focus on me, and take things a day at a time.”

“You shouldn’t give up. You’re a good person Arnold. Any girl would be lucky to have you. I’m not just saying that.” Phoebe probably should have been thinking of Helga when she said this. But her best friend and long time stalker of Arnold was the furthest thing from her mind. There was only Arnold, and how *she* felt.

“I don’t think I’m giving up, I just haven’t…” He looked up, his eyes caught in Phoebe’s irresistible gaze. “… haven’t met… the right… girl.”

Phoebe caught herself staring at Arnold too, and looked away quickly. “I’m sure she’s out there. Just not that hussy, Sammy or whatever her name was.”

He laughed. “Yeah, now that think about it, she wasn’t nice at all.”

“She was big mean jerk.” Phoebe curled up her legs so she sat cross-legged. She crossed her arms in front of her chest with a huff. “You deserve much better!” This fiery reaction surprised Arnold, who was used to seeing Phoebe all mousey. He wasn’t sure what he liked better, seeing her assert herself, or that she stuck up for him against an evil person. He leaned

back, totally relaxed and at peace with the universe. Both of them continued to sneak glances at the other, as if the other wasn't doing the same thing.

"Phoebe, thank you."

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That night, as Phoebe looked at herself in the mirror, she thought maybe her suit was too revealing. Another part of her suggested it wasn't revealing enough. What a day it had been! Her skin lost its pale sheen, roasted to a light camel color in the shape of her monokini. She sighed over the fact she didn't even get a chance to go swimming. But that was fine, she and Arnold could go swimming tomorrow.

She and Arnold. It felt so natural.

"What am I saying?!" It couldn't be helped. The evidence was a red smear across her cheeks. "That girl didn't know what she was talking about. She couldn't have known that Arnold and I were partners already. I mean, friends. I MEAN CLASSMATES! Gyah!" She threw herself on the bed and buried her head in a pillow. She could have fried an egg on her cheeks they were so hot from embarrassment. "I was just sticking up for a classmate. That's all. Helga would never forgive me if I let something bad happen to Arnold."

Just Helga? A secret part of Phoebe questioned. She rolled over to stare at the ceiling. *Well, I'm a good girl. I'd never let a friend get hurt like that.* Her heart skipped a beat on the word "friend". Arnold was a boy, a very nice and charming *boy*, and she saw him as a *friend*. Phoebe's face was spooked, dumbstruck, and she shook it. *I think I need a cold shower, the heat's getting to me.*

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"Hey Arnold! Or should I say Casanova!" Ernie and Hyunh approached the boy grinning ear to ear.

“Arnold you are having the very good taste in girls! Tell me! Is she by chance Vietnamese?”

Arnold’s eyes swiveled back and forth on the two men as he sat on the couch. “Uh guys what are you talking about?”

“Ah come on Arnold!” Ernie clambered up the couch to sit next to him. “We saw you hanging around that pretty little thing all day. What’s the story? What’s her name?”

“She’s Phoebe. She’s actually a girl from my class. Her family’s staying here for the week too. It’s just a coincidence.”

“Coincidence? Or fate?” said Hyunh.

“Fate schmate. What you’ve got here Arnold is a once in a life time opportunity! Most guys would kill to be where you are right now.”

“I don’t think I follow.”

“Well, is she seeing anybody?”

“She happens to be dating Gerald, my best friend.” That took the wind out of their sails.

“Oh.”

“Yikes.”

“Yeah. I don’t what you guys are thinking, but its… not like… *that*.”

Ernie looked up at Arnold with intensity. “Arnold, lemme give you some advice, man to man. Is she a nice girl?”

“Well, yeah.”

“And she’s fun to be around?”

“Oh yeah,” he couldn’t help but smile.

“Then what are you waiting for? Ask her out. It’s called a fling Arnold. Somebody you hook up with for a brief duration, know what I’m saying?”

“You want me to what?!”

“Look, you’re both at the beach. She’s lonely, she’s looking pretty but gots nobody to look after her. Gerald’s a million miles away. That’s where you come in. Yah go swimming, go out to eat, play in the sand, do whatever! She’s a friend right? Well, you wanna make her feel good. That’s our job as men. And if you make her feel good, she might give you a little something.” He elbowed Arnold suggestively.

Mr. Hyunh brought the metaphor to life making uncomfortable kissy faces.

“I’m not saying you gotta elope with her or nothing. But nice girls don’t grow on trees. You gotta take what you can get!” He slammed his fist into his palm.

“Yes, its true. Women are very picky!” said Hyunh. Arnold looked at his feet. Guilt wrestled with genuine desire to be with Phoebe again.

“I don’t know.”

“I’m telling you Arnold. It don’t gotta be a permanent thing. You guys have a nice romantic weekend get away. You remember it for the rest of your life. Then Monday you go home and its business as usual. She stays with your friend, and you both get good memories out of the deal. You can’t lose!”

“Life is too short for doubt,” Hyunh added. Arnold sat and brooded, wondering...

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Phoebe hugged her pillow with vigor as she slept that night. She dreamed she was a beautiful princess, trapped in a cage of iron. She dangled in the air, her blue gown torn to ribbons and her face filthy. Helga sat upon a devilish throne, cackling like mad and garbed like Maleficent. The look suited her well.

“Face it princess! Your kingdom’s mine. Ain’t nobody coming to save you. Muahaha!”

Phoebe went to her knees crying. It was all she could do. But then the doors slammed open, and in walked a gallant knight in gleaming armor. Arnold was bold, wearing no helm, his long golden hair flowed in a convenient breeze.

“Let the princess go Helga! Your evil rule is at an end!” Arnold’s heroic words made Phoebe swoon. But Helga the Witch only laughed.

“Well if it isn’t Sir Football Head! You don’t even have a sword you geek! HAHAHAHAHA!”

“Funny you should mention football,” Arnold held up a glowing golden football. Helga only cackled more! She rolled around on the floor with laughter.

“W-what’s your plan genius? Make me laugh to death?! HAHAHAHA!”

Arnold grit his teeth, fierce with determination. Phoebe watched with baited breath as Arnold hurled the magic football, smacking the evil witch Helga in the head!

“DOI!” She collapsed onto the ground, he body dissolved away into little pink butterflies.

“Huh, that’s odd,” said Arnold as he retrieved the key to Phoebe’s prison. He flipped a lever on the wall, causing the cage to descend to the floor. With another quick movement he opened the cage and knelt before Princess Phoebe.

“Oh Arnold! That was very brave of you,” Phoebe’s eyes were sparkling.

“You've set a beautiful table my fair senorita, PRRRR!” Princess Phoebe giggled with delight at Arnold’s weird purr. Arnold then swept her off her feet and carried her off. “Let’s go get a pizza.”

“Mmmm, pizza sounds heavenly!” Somehow the castle melted away into a scenic countryside riddled with flowers, a rainbow, and a unicorn with Gerald’s voice.

“Man! This fairy tale is whack.”

When Phoebe awoke she was crushing her pillow in an amorous hug. It was also wet from slobber. She was still kissing it before she realized what was happening. She hurled it at the wall and hugged her knees in distress. That had to be the single most embarrassing dream she ever had.

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That morning, Phoebe put on a blue t-shirt and shorts, covering up her bewitching swimsuit (but not taking it off). Her plan was simple. If she couldn’t help but have funny feelings for Arnold, she was going to avoid him.

“I’ll tell Arnold I have plans with my family today. He’ll understand. We can meet up again for the contest sure, and he’s sure to win. But I can’t afford to be around him or…” Doubts crept in. What if he wanted her around so they could fully plan out their sandcastle? Or worse, what if he started to hate her if she pushed him away? *No!* She couldn’t bear the thought of it. She rolled back on to the bed and stared at the ceiling.

I’m dating Gerald, she reminded herself. Over and over. *Arnold is nice and all, but it wrong for us to be together. We’d both be betraying our best friends. It’s simple logic*. There was nothing logical about running away. It was pointless to resist her feelings. Being with him yesterday made her happy, and she wanted to see him again.

“Of course I want to see him again,” she laughed half mad. “We know each other from school, we’re both in an area we don’t recognize. I feel safer with him.” A dreamy look and feel overcame her, thinking back to the dream she had. He made her feel safe, but how did she make him feel?

Arnold paced back and forth outside waiting for Phoebe. His heart twitched with excitement. Yesterday was wonderful, and he was determined to treat her to a good time today too. Ernie’s words echoed in his head but he swat them away. Phoebe wouldn’t betray Gerald, he thought. That’s not in her nature and its not in mine either.

She was covered up blue shorts and a t-shirt, giving her a tomboyish look. Though he was disappointed she wasn’t wearing the suit, maybe that was for the best. He was practically drooling all over her yesterday.

“Hey Phoebe, you look great!”

“I look terrible,” she giggled. She had prettier things to wear, preferred them, but given the circumstances…

“I thought about what you said yesterday. We should go to the library and get some books on castles. That way we can pick out a design that will blow everyone away!”

“That’s… a good idea…” Phoebe curled up on herself, rubbing her arm and avoiding Arnold’s eyes. Her doubts were palatable. Maybe *she* was blowing things out of proportion. Just because she was having funny feelings didn’t mean he was. She believed she wasn’t the prettiest girl there was, at least compared to Lila or Rhonda. It was silly, but it still hurt.

“Um, Phoebe? Are you okay?” Arnold couldn’t imagine what was making her nervous, but he was ready to comfort her if need be.

“I’m alright!” she shook her head to clear of those ridiculous feelings. “Library! I can do that. Let’s kick it!”

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The frigid air conditioning was a welcome relief from the blistering heat. Together they scoured the shelves for appropriate books. Arnold thought books with photographs would serve them best.

“That *would* be quicker…” said Phoebe. “But, we’d do a disservice to the engineers to not learn the history as well.” Reading all day for the sake of it *would* be a more noble alternative to ogling Arnold’s bare chest out on the beach.

“You really love to learn huh?” Arnold couldn’t help but admire that.

“Yep!” It was a point of pride. “I can never learn too much.”

“It's one of my favorite parts about you.”

“Oh?” she inquired half shy, half flirtatious. She wondered what other parts of her Arnold liked. “I admire how helpful you are. Whenever anyone’s in trouble they can always go to you.” She leaned back against the shelf for support. “There are times when I want to stick my neck out, but… I’m afraid people will laugh at me, or be mean to me.”

Arnold gave a sympathetic nod. Their class could be vicious to each other, and that fact saddened him. He thought of how even more cruel the 5th and 6th graders were. Was his class doomed to become as bad as they were? Was that part of growing up? Becoming meaner?

“I could never be mean to you.”

“I know. It’s why I *like* you.” The words were out of her mouth before she could stop them. There was no hiding the implication, Phoebe’s amorous feelings were laid bare. The two stared at each other in stunned silence, only looking away when faces reddened. Their eyes searched for anything that could get them off this dangerous subject. Both settled on a book emblazoned with the Japanese flag, its title proclaiming the glory of the nation’s ancient castles. Both reached out to grab it, only to grab each other’s hands instead. Embarrassment and excitement swelled as they pulled away and tried to laugh off what just happened.

“You grab it,” said Arnold.

“No no, its too high up. Could you…get it for… me?” Her voice was sensual, innocent yet coy. Enchanted by her sweet voice, a dreamy smile came over Arnold’s face as he retrieved the book. They both looked upon the cover's fierce samurai mask with awe.

“A Japanese castle would be cool,” Arnold suggested.

“Yes, a simple yet majestic design,” she looked up at him longingly without realizing it. Once she did, she looked away still smiling. When Arnold handed her the book, he deliberately touched her fingers. Both their hearts jumped for joy.

Arnold sat across from her, flipping through pages, admiring the full page photographs of the imposing fortresses. The castles were mysterious, almost ominous in the way they towered. Phoebe pretended to read history, slipping off her flip flops and swinging her legs.

The table was narrow enough that the two accidentally brushed their feet against the other's.

“S-sorry!” they murmured, pulling away as if their hearts had accidentally bumped, not just their feet. A bitter old librarian grunted to get their attention, annoyed by the noise. The duo gave her a sheepish grin and tried to resume their work.

“Take a look at this one, Hiroshima Castle,” he spun the book around so she could see the spread.

Phoebe read aloud the intriguing history of the castle; how it traded hands through out the years. Of its tragic destruction and glorious rebirth. Arnold listened intently, captivated by the melody of her voice. His dreamy stare caught her eye, sending her heart into a flurry. She spoke quicker, growing more flustered with every word. Arnold's smiled widened, delighted by the sweet bird song of Phoebe's articulation.

“That's amazing...” he said.

“Yes its fascinating...” Phoebe tugged at her hair, unsure if he was still talking about castles.

“You know how to tell a good story.”

“Oh stop!” she giggled. “I just read what was on the page...”

“Anyway, I think we found our castle.”

“Our castle...” A dream floated by of her. A picturesque view of a Japanese countryside. Summer beams around them as they bask in the beauty of their castle, which overlooks the sea. Wrapped in yukata, her and Arnold’s hands intertwined like…

The librarian stood over them, clearing her throat. The hag did not love the noise the two were making. The couple could only grin sheepishly.

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With their book checked out and their stomachs grumbling, Arnold suggested they break for lunch.

Together.

“Well… I… um…” Phoebe squirmed where she stood, pressing her index fingers together. Her anxiety only served to draw Arnold’s concern. His kindness only made Phoebe long for *more* of his attention. If Helga found out about this she would kill her!

TO BE CONTINUED

End Notes

Incomplete?! Yes. I intended this as a One-Shot, but got stuck. It will be completed.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!