

This I Swear By the Stars

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This I Swear By the Stars

by [geez](#)

Summary

My darling, we have always been each other's to wound.

~ collection of rosvolio prompts from the tumblr: kamlo-ren ~

Notes

coffee-your-teapot asked -----

Prompt: "If I promised you'd never see me again would you kiss me?"

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

there is always a price to pay

The Royal Guard snuck up on him unceremoniously. One moment he was in the market, fingers trailing over different pieces of fabric, delightedly thinking about how much it would irk his fiancée if he had a dress commissioned for her in a color far more interesting than blue, when two men snatched at his arms. “His Grace wishes to speak with you, Signore Montague.”

Benvolio is sure that his answering smirk can only be described as glib when he replies, “As my sovereign commands.”

They drag him to the castle with little thought to the sizable crowd hungrily watching the events unfold.

The prince is awaiting him in his lavish office, reading through missives that Benvolio half suspects are there just to make him appear busy. In truth he harbors little affection for Prince Escalus and always has, though it has no doubt been aggravated by his troublesome behavior regarding Rosaline. Still, the Montague heir has enough respect for decorum to give the other man a slight bow.

Prince Escalus sets down a letter and nods in greeting, “Montague. Thank you for coming.”

“Well, this worked best with my schedule.” Benvolio says wryly. His societal respect for propriety only goes so far, after all.

A more adept leader would start off with some meaningless small talk, try their best to disarm their prey and put them at ease. Benvolio has no doubt it is what the prince’s sister would do. Prince Escalus, however, is not his sister. “I am sure that you are as aware of the chaos in our streets as I am, Montague, as I am also sure that you can clearly see that your engagement to Lady Rosaline has had no effect to calm the masses. The people are crying for blood and it does not appear as though they will stop.”

Benvolio grits his teeth. “Forgive me, Your Grace, but I am vividly remembering you forcing Rosaline and I into this engagement. Are you now saying that you made a mistake?”

“Precisely.” Escalus nods vigorously, his dark eyes annoyingly earnest. “I naively thought that I could achieve peace where countless generations of rulers have failed. I understand now that there will never be peace between House Montague and House Capulet, only uneasy coexistence. We must go back to the status quo if Verona is to survive.”

“And how do you propose that happens? We were bound before God, it would be the greatest sin to turn back on those vows.” His blue eyes narrow as he follows that line of thought. “You would be condemning Rosaline to a life of servitude by reversing your choice.”

“Oh, I cannot possibly tell the public I regret my decision. A leader must be strong, above all else, and admitting fault at a time like this would be detrimental to my ability to rule Verona.”

Escalus explained, apparently perfectly happy with his self-serving reasoning. “No, you will have to flee Verona. Immediately.”

~

He left the castle in a daze, hardly processing where he was walking but hoping his path would lead him somewhere in the vicinity of the Montague palazzo. The prince had banished him from Verona, effective immediately. He had said he wanted him gone before tomorrow’s first light or the Guard would be paying Benvolio a tragically final visit.

Curiously, the thought echoing the most in his mind is that he hadn’t had time to commission a dress for Rosaline. He can almost conjure her face in his mind, eyebrows scrunched in consternation at his impishness, but those lovely dark eyes of hers failing to hide her amusement for his antics. There would be a hint of a smile threatening to break across her luscious mouth. With every conversation, Benvolio was getting closer to coaxing a real smile from her, he could tell. Just a little more time and she would-

Nothing. There would be nothing. It did not matter how much effort he devoted to making Rosaline Capulet laugh, he would never see her again. Despite all the mystery and drama surrounding their engagement, Benvolio would find himself thinking privately that perhaps a life with her wouldn’t be so bad. She was fiery and fiercely loyal, stunningly beautiful. Indeed, Rosaline was a vexing creature but Benvolio rather found that her stubbornness added to her appeal. The woman was undoubtedly his equal and he’d fancied discovering how he could make her happy, down the road.

It all meant nothing now, as things so often do. People die. Princes change their mind. And Benvolio is the one who suffers for it.

Still, perhaps...one more time.

~

Rosaline is jolted from her sleep by the sound of infernal knocking at her balcony door. She has already grabbed the dagger hidden under her pillow, a scream ready in her throat when she recognizes the voice hissing her name. “Rosaline, for Christ’s sake, open the door.”

Quickly, she scurries to unlatch the door, dagger still pointlessly in hand. Though Lord knows the man currently swaggering into her bedroom could persuade her into using it. “What are you doing here? What’s wrong?” Rosaline whispers urgently, certain that something dire has happened.

“Can’t I check in on my beloved fiancée?” Benvolio smirks, though for some reason his eyes don’t dance like they normally do when provoking her.

“Not in the middle of the night, you can’t.” She seethes. “Tell me why you are here.”

The smirk falls from his lips and then he simply stares at her, looking for all the world like a man dying of thirst. Rosaline does her best to ignore the warmth settling in her stomach at his burning perusal. “Rosaline...” Benvolio finally whispers, taking a step towards her that has

them sharing the same breath. One of his calloused hands comes to rest on the nape of her neck.

“What- what are you doing?”

“If I promised that you would never see me again, would you kiss me?” He asked, eyes moving from her lips to gaze into her soul. This close she can more clearly see that his eyes are not purely blue. There is more than a hint of green to them, even some flecks of brown. Rosaline absently thinks that they are small storms.

She forces herself back into the present. “Are you saying that I could be free of your insufferable Montague arrogance for the rest of my days, all in exchange for a simple kiss?”

“Hmm.” He hums, thumb now rubbing against the sensitive skin of her neck. “Just a kiss, my Rosaline, and you are free.”

Rosaline tries to deduce whether or not he is jesting with her, if this is all an elaborate prank at her expense, but it doesn’t make any sense. She knows Benvolio to be an unbearable git on his best day but she has never known him to be needlessly cruel. Besides, the expression on his face is not mocking. No, he simply looks...hopeless. “Whatever is going on with you, Montague, you can tell me. We can figure it out.”

“Benvolio.” He murmurs. “I have a first name, dear fiance, I implore you to use it.”

She huffs but nevertheless complies, “Benvolio...tell me what’s wrong.”

He smiles at her use of his name but remains otherwise unmoved. “I can’t. But I can promise that after tonight you will be bound only to your own whims. You can join a convent or marry that bloody prince, whatever you want.”

“And what will you do?”

“I’m going to kiss you.” Benvolio replies, trying his able best to be cheeky. “As is the agreed upon price.”

Rosaline should probably step back, force them both back to their senses, implore Benvolio to see reason and just tell her what’s wrong so they can deal with it. As a team. She should do all of those things. That is the pragmatic solution.

But the smell of him, so utterly masculine yet still clean, paralyzes her. His gleaming eyes stare straight into hers as he leans forward, giving her every indication that she can back out of this anytime she wants to. Rosaline closes her eyes and leans in, tasting him on her mouth for the first time.

It is a simple meeting of the lips, their only other point of contact Benvolio’s hand on her neck. He is trying to be a gentleman, she thinks delightedly. It is his determination to be as proprietary as possible that awakens a hunger within her. Rosaline steps closer into his body so their chests are flush together and winds her arms around his slender waist. Not to be outdone, Benvolio’s hands are soon wound into her lazily plaited hair.

His mouth slips open, tongue gently tasting her full bottom lip. Rosaline instinctively parts her mouth and nearly gasps at the intimate meeting of tongues. She is overwhelmed by his heady presence, cannot find it within herself to think about even breathing.

In all honesty, Rosaline could not tell you how long they were kissing but she does know that she was out of breath and flushed when Benvolio finally pulled back so that their noses barely brushed together. "I wish I could stay." He whispers, hands pulling out of her hair to trail down her arms, finally tangling with her fingers.

"Can't you?" She asks, not caring that it is a ridiculous notion.

He stares at out into the night, now turning from inky black to indigo, signaling the coming of the dawn. "It is almost first light." He says by way of explanation, although she has the strangest feeling that the sun has a much different meaning for him than just the signal of a new day. "I must go." Benvolio takes a long look at her and Rosaline almost thinks that he is going to kiss her again. She quite wants him to. "Goodbye, Rosaline."

He steps back so that their hands are no longer entwined. The loss of his touch feels oddly permanent even though Rosaline imagines she'll probably see him before the day is done.

"You never did tell me what was wrong." She says, following him out onto the balcony to watch him begin his descent.

"I'm sure you'll find out soon enough." Benvolio says absentmindedly, trying to remember his footholds.

"Benvolio." He glances up quickly to see her leaning over the balcony. He has no time to react before Rosaline presses a quick kiss to cheek, giving him a beautiful smile as she pulls away. "Goodbye."

Her eyes dance mischievously as she turns back into her room, latching the door behind her, finally ready to admit that she is excited for a future with Benvolio Montague at her side.

didn't mean to leave you (and all the things we had) behind

Chapter Summary

"I do not need you, or any man for that matter, to give me my freedom. I am not a damsel in need of saving and my betrothal is not a mistake that requires rectification. You will return my fiance to me or I will be forced to find him myself."

Chapter Notes

notquiterosietoes replied -----

"I'm sorry, I must demand more. I want to see Rosaline react to finding out what the prince has done. And find her man! Awesome job! More please!"

lilzipop replied -----

"I request a sequel featuring a pissed Rosaline, a love lorn Benvolio, an arrogant prince and a meeting of our favorite couple! Please!"

sayruppp messaged -----

"Kam you bitch. You have to do a part two. Take all the time you need I just need something."

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

When Rosaline finally rises to prepare for the day, she floats through her morning duties as if on a cloud. The constant smile on her face does not go unnoticed by Livia, who simply gives her a sly smile, eyes promising to get Rosaline alone before the day is done so as to uncover her secrets.

She can hardly wait to see the look on her sister's face when Rosaline reveals that the cause of her benevolent mood today is none other than her fiance. She can still feel the scrape of his beard against her face when he kissed her and if she closes her eyes, Rosaline swears that she can feel his warmth against her once more. The heat rushing to Rosaline's face makes her grateful that her dark complexion hides the effect even thinking of Benvolio has on her.

He is so different from what she expected him to be, so kind and strong. Benvolio Montague is a good man, much better than any rumors would paint him to be. Rosaline knows that no matter what obstacles lay before them, they will overcome them- together. She heads down to the dining hall to break her fast with her aunt and uncle with significantly less dread than usual.

Her good mood lasts as long as it takes for Alessia to place a goblet of wine in front of her. That's when her uncle storms into the room, yelling back to his guards, "You find that

Montague rat or it will be your heads!”

“My lord, is something amiss?” Lady Capulet asks, her shrewd eyes narrowing.

Capulet ignores his wife, instead glaring at Rosaline. “Do you know where he is?”

Rosaline has enough good sense to now understand that Benvolio wasn’t joking when he implied that she would never see him again. The ache in her chest is almost overwhelming and Rosaline wishes she were anywhere but here, in the presence of anyone but her aunt and uncle, because the considerable strength it takes for her to conceal her emotions is very nearly more than she can bear. “I assure you, my lord, I do not.”

“I am not an imbecile, Rosaline.” Her uncle hisses. “I know that you two have been scheming. Was this your grand plan? Montague gets to run off with some whore and leaves your reputation seemingly unscathed?” Lord Capulet does not allow her time to rebuke his claims, too enraged to take a breath. “I will not have the prestige of my house be defeated by wayward children. Rest assured, dear niece, your fiance will be back within Verona’s walls before too long.”

Silvestro's head guard enters the dining room with trepidation, a man in Montague red trailing behind him. “My Lord, forgive me for the intrusion but the Lord Montague has offered his men’s services in retrieving his heir.”

“For once the man is good for something.” Lord Capulet mutters before nodding at the men. “Both of you, join me in my chambers. We can further discuss a course of action. And you, Rosaline.” He says, finger pointing through the air. “You are not to leave this house, understood? I will not be organizing two search parties today.”

Rosaline does not say a word against him, simply excuses herself from the table and briskly makes her way back to her room, where she finds Livia straightening her bedclothes. “Rosaline is something wrong?” Her sister asks when she notices the stricken look on Rosaline’s face.

“Benvolio has gone missing, Livia.” She explains, rushing to her trunk to grab her plain cloak.

“Surely you are not going after him!”

“Of course not,” Rosaline says, throwing the cloak over her shoulders and fingering the clasp closed. “I am going to have an audience with the Prince.”

~

Prince Escalus read through a dispatch from his intelligence in Venice, where it seems the noble families are doing a marvelous job at rousing the city against Verona. He expects there will be a visit from the Duke of Venice soon enough, but hopefully all the unseemly feuding business will once again fall into the shadows of Vernonan society.

Confirmation that Benvolio Montague had left Verona left him feeling optimistic about the future of his city, and his relationship with Rosaline. With that blasted Montague out of the way, Escalus was confident he could convince Rosaline to forgive his misbegotten plans for peace and finally accept his hand. It was only a matter of time, really.

The commotion outside his office doors draws the Prince's attention from his musings of future happiness. "My lady, I'm afraid I cannot allow you to enter his Grace's chambers without due expectancy."

"I must speak to the Prince immediately! If he is not at liberty to meet with me now, I am glad to wait until such a time occurs."

The melodic voice of Rosaline Capulet compels him to go to open the door. "Rosaline? What are you doing here?"

Escalus has never seen Rosaline look quite so angry as she does at this moment. She is a hurricane made flesh as she straightens her shoulders and the entirety of her wrathful gaze falls upon him. "Prince Escalus, we have business to discuss regarding my fiance."

He finds himself stepping aside for the lady to enter, despite the inkling in his mind that he is not wholly safe alone with a woman quite so furious as Rosaline Capulet is at this moment. Still, Escalus is a prince, a politician, and as such has faced much worse opponents than an indignant Rosaline. She will see the validity of his actions, he is sure of it. Escalus takes a deep breath and turns from the door to face her, "Rosaline--"

"No. I do not wish to listen to your empty words. You will listen to me, for once in your life!"

"Then please, proceed."

"I know you had something to do with Benvolio's appearance. I do not know why you saw fit to interfere further into our affairs than you already have and I find myself unable to care. I wish to have my fiance returned to me, immediately."

Escalus's eyes narrow at the tender way Rosaline's lips form the words 'my fiance'. Surely she has not developed real feelings for the bastard. "How do you know he did not flee Verona of his own volition? Young Montague is not particularly known for his virtuous personality. It is possible that the thought of being tied to one woman for the rest of his days was a burden Montague could not bear."

"You do not know him as I do, your Grace. Benvolio has more honor than people give him credit for."

The emotion in Rosaline's voice is much too real. He finds himself shedding the mantle of Prince, once again becoming the man who stood beneath a maiden's balcony in hopes of winning her affections. Only this time it appears he is on the losing side. "Rosaline, you cannot possibly have...significant emotions for him."

Rosaline draws herself up, her eyes a fierce blaze of feeling. "Not that it is any business of yours, your Grace, but I can assure you that the feelings I have for Benvolio are genuine, and

reciprocated.”

The fight nearly leaves him at her words. He never meant to cause her harm. “I apologize for the pain I have caused you, Rosaline. I believed my decision to be in your best interest.”

Rosaline scoffs, crossing her arms, an incredulous expression on her face. “Please spare me the niceties! You were acting in no one’s interest but your own. You banished a man from his city because he was betrothed to a woman you fancy. Yet, was it not you who bound us in the first place?!”

“Of course that is not the only reason! I am the ruler of Verona, I cannot afford to be led by such emotion. I made the decision to join your houses because I believed it was the best option for peace in Verona. Obviously, peace is as in reach as it was before you were betrothed to him. I observed this and concluded that the only realistic solution is to return Verona to the way it was. Don’t you see? The only way for peace to come back to our streets is if your betrothal to Benvolio Montague is nullified.”

“And it would make you appear foolish if you were to publicly admit your mistake by allowing us to break our engagement...”

“Exactly.” Escalus sighs, happy that she understands his reasoning. “The only solution was for Montague to leave Verona in disgrace. The people remain confident in my abilities, everything goes back to normal, and...you are free.”

“I do not need you, or any man for that matter, to give me my freedom. I am not a damsel in need of saving and my betrothal is not a mistake that requires rectification. You will return my fiancé to me or I will be forced to find him myself.”

“Regardless of your feelings on the matter, this is still the best decision for Verona. I cannot allow Benvolio Montague back within the gates of this city.”

Rosaline looks away for barely a second before meeting his eyes once more and giving him a resolute nod. “If you will not bring Benvolio back then I will simply have to go to him.” She turns back towards the door, already making plans about how best to take a horse from her uncle’s stables.

“Rosaline, be practical!”

“Oh, your Grace?” Rosaline says, looking over her shoulder at him as she opens the door. “This marriage means a great deal to both house Capulet and house Montague. In fact, right now both Lords are working together to bring Benvolio back to Verona so he can honor his promise. It seems that you have united the houses of Capulet and Montague after all. Congratulations.” With one last vindictive smirk in his direction, Rosaline strides out of his sight, leaving Escalus alone with all of his good intentions.

~

He makes it as far as Bussolengo before he gives in and asks locals for directions to the nearest tavern. It’s not long before he’s sat in the darkest corner of a filthy room, drinking

away his sorrows. Benvolio truly cannot believe his luck. Losing his two best friends in the entire world to a blood feud only to be forced into an engagement with a woman he barely knew. Then he had the great misfortune to go and fall in love with her! Something only realized upon his immediate banishment from Verona. “Truly a charmed life you lead, old boy.” Benvolio mutters, not caring in the least if any passersby hear him talking to himself.

Truthfully, as much as it hurt to leave his wonderful, vibrant city, the only thought in his head is the look on Rosaline’s face as he climbed down the trellis. She had looked so happy, truly glowing, and it had all been because of him. Yet, he would never see her again. All Benvolio had left of her were his memories, precious moments that seem all too fleeting now.

With a kind of morbid humor, Benvolio allows himself to ponder how his beloved is handling the news of his abrupt departure. Rosaline is a beauty masking a storm of emotion like no one he has ever known. No doubt she is cursing his name, making plans to petition God to smite him the moment she becomes Sister Rosaline. That is, of course, if the Prince doesn’t ask for her hand first. “Best not think about that...” He says, taking another long drink of the piss poor ale.

“Did you say something, sir?” The wench asks with a flirty tilt of the head.

Benvolio looks at her, clinically noting that she is the kind of woman he’d be working to charm into his bed. After having that single taste of Rosaline, however, he is convinced that no other woman will ever do. She is engrained into his very being and Benvolio cannot imagine that will ever change. He gives the girl a vapid smile, “Nothing to worry yourself over, love. Although I would not refuse another cup of ale.”

“As you like.” She says, walking away to the kitchens to fill his order.

He slumps against the wall, closing his eyes against the nausea that threatens to overtake him. Distasteful though it may be, the tavern’s ale is doing its job. Benvolio’s senses are dulled to the point of delusion. His stomach turns even as his mind conjures up a perfect replica of Rosaline’s beautifully concerned voice trying to pull him from his alcohol induced stupor. “Benvolio?”

He passes out with a smile on his face.

~

When he comes to there is a cold compress over his eyes and a warm hand running through his hair. Benvolio is gathering his strength to object to the wench’s attentions when she starts faintly humming. The voice unmistakably belongs to Rosaline, but since he does not think that he drank himself to death, that simply cannot be. Grumbling to himself, Benvolio pulls the compress from his eyes, prepared to see anyone but the woman he loves. The angry expression on his face goes slack when he is met with lovely dark eyes beset in a face he aches to sketch.

Rosaline, he thinks, wanting to sigh her name like a lovestruck child. Instead Benvolio hears his voice say “What are you doing here?” with far too much forcefulness to be considered loving.

The rapid change in Rosaline's expression confirms his thoughts. "What am I doing here? I came to find you!"

"Well, here I am." He says sardonically, moving to sit up on the bed. "Right where I am supposed to be, unlike you."

"Where you are supposed to be is Verona, not this dirty tavern." She sneers, eying the soiled sheets of the cot he is on. "I know what the Prince did, but we can figure it out. He won't be able to hurt us."

"I can't go back there, Rosaline." Benvolio exhales the words, feeling utterly exhausted at the thought of participating in Vernonan subterfuge just to have the opportunity at peace. Their efforts would probably fail magnificently, in any case.

"Don't be ridiculous! You can and you will! I'm not losing my fiancée to petty, thoughtless politics. Escalus was just being rash. He did not think about the consequences of banishing you. Right at this moment, our families are working together to drag you back to Verona. Our uncles have too much to gain from our marriage. They will not stand for this kind of interference. None of this is working in his favor! And the moment the Princess finds out what he has done, he'll all but scurry to right his wrongs." His reaction is much less than what Rosaline was hoping for. Benvolio can hardly meet her eyes, still unwilling as ever to believe good things can happen to him. The smile on her face fades. "Unless- do you not wish to return?"

His eyes snap up to meet hers, incredulous. "Rosaline...I would give anything to be able to have a life with you. Believe that." Benvolio says softly, taking her hand in his. "But I do not wish for that life to be brim with toil and intrigue. If we are to be together, I would see us happy."

She grins at her beloved's sweetness. Oh, this man will never allow her heart a restful moment. "I daresay I could be happy anywhere, so long as I was with you." Rosaline finally whispers, cupping his cheek. Benvolio minutely turns his head to press a kiss to her palm. Her heart flutters once more. "You must have faith, Benvolio. We can accomplish anything if we work together."

Benvolio gazes at the woman before him, awestruck, unable to believe that he has been given the chance to love her. "Rosaline Capulet, you are a marvelous woman."

Her answer smile is twinkling and utterly beautiful. "And you are a good man, Benvolio Montague. Truly."

"From your lips to God's ears, my dear." He smiles cheekily, not quite believing her but knowing better than to doubt her judgment. If Rosaline says he is a good man then he must be.

"Come, we should away. Livia will be furious that I left without telling her." Rosaline says, pulling him up from the bed. "Do you think you can ride? I don't want to stay in this rotting place any longer than necessary."

“Just a moment, Rosaline.” Benvolio says, coming to a halt before she can open the door.

“What? Oh.” Rosaline stops short when she notices his nearness, nearly shivering when she feels the heat of his palm at her waist. To think she very nearly lost this sensation of completion just by his sheer proximity. How tragic such a loss would have been.

“Benvolio...” She murmurs, unsure how to complete her thought. There are none.

“Rosaline,” Her beloved smirks, eyes sparkling with adoration. “If I promised to never leave your side again, would you kiss me?”

“Yes.” She breathes and surges forward to claim his lips before he can waste any more time on words.

Chapter End Notes

I am so overwhelmed and please with the response to the first chapter! I love you all and I hope this was satisfying! There will be a third chapter which will answer a third prompt and serve as a kind of epilogue for our favorite couple.

Leave a comment and tell me what you think or perhaps leave me a prompt for more stories!

Lots of love!

- geez (tumblr: kamlo-ren)

End Notes

Please leave a comment and tell me what you think!!! I am so head over heels for this show!
Come send me prompts at my tumblr I love the validation

6/22/17: Non-sleep addled Kamryn edited the chapter and has planned to write 2 more, still based on tumblr prompts but existing within this storyline.

tumblr: kamlo-ren

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!