

Lost

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Lost

by [HyourinmaruIce](#)

Summary

It's a couple of Repeating Litanies prompts in one...

Belle meets Lost boy! Rum and Lost Boy! Rum meets little Belle

What type of Magic?

Belle was used to Rumpel's comings and goings, always somewhere she hadn't heard of at a time that was downright ridiculous. She had stopped questioning it though, somewhere along the way. Her curiosity was generally satisfied by where and when, perhaps what for if he was willing, she let him come and go without harassment.

It was one of these days, being alone was such a dull thing in Rumpelstiltskin's 'Dark Castle' that was actually no darker than an attic or linen closet, that she was lead to investigate the small tower at the back of the castle. Being alone lead to boredom and the general practice of breaking things that she would clean up and then brush away before he noticed. She was tied with him for a 1-1 ratio of noticing so far.

The small tower at the back of the castle was the only tower that was level with the forest behind the garden. Her tower, the one with her library, was about three times the size. It made her wonder just what could be kept in such a little room...

She hurried up the steps, mindful of the hem of her dress, and grinned as she did so. Rumpelstiltskin was gone to Agrabah or somewhere similar, she couldn't remember the exact pronunciation, and he wasn't going to be back for a solid week. She would have so much time to explore, and she couldn't wait.

The top of the stairs held a small door, about her size but perhaps a little smaller because she had to duck to open it or she would have hit her head on the ceiling. The wood was flat, smooth, and warm the the touch. She grasped the metal knocker and yanked, the door swung open and if she hadn't been hanging onto it, she would have fallen down the stairs. Glancing below her, down the winding staircase that would surely kill her if she fell down it, she sighed. She swung herself inside the room with a smile and took in the various features. It was small, as she thought, with little nicknacks held in shelving units. It looked to be nothing more than a storage room.

She huffed a sigh of impatience, no room was ever just a storage room when it came to Rumpelstiltskin. She looked through the different items, some she knew to be magical because 'How could they not be?' and others she was sure were normal enough to pick up without her triggering them. She picked up a small snow globe.

It was small, about the size of her palm, and it had a mini version of the castle inside it. The only thing different was the door were open and the curtains drawn in the middle of the winter snow. While she liked light in the castle, she wasn't dumb enough to open the curtains in winter.

A green light flashed inside the snow-globe and, in her fright, she dropped it. It shattered against the floor and she had to wonder if she had finally broken something important.

"Oi, what was that for miss?" Came a voice from behind her, it had an accent that was unmistakable from the little kingdom that boarded her father's territory. As she turned to

look, she was surprised with a boy, about fourteen she would say, with a wide grin and bright eyes, “Didn’t scare ya did I?”

“Oh, Um,” Belle cleared her throat, “I’m sorry, who are you?” she glanced towards the mess on the floor and sighed, “And I need to clean that up so, if you’ll excuse me and escort yourself downstairs, I’ll be right with you,”

The boy nodded, “As you wish ma’am, I know better than to disobey a lady,”

Then he was downstairs and she was grabbing something that resembled a broom and sweeping the glass into something that resembled a dustbin. She dumped the whole concoction into something that resembled a box that she was sure Rumpelstiltskin wouldn’t look inside.

When she was finally downstairs, the boy was smiling at her in a cheerful manner, “I’m sorry to intrude upon you ma’am... but I was wondering whether you wanted to be a mother. Though since you broke my portal, I don’t see how Pan is going to get both of us,”

Slightly stunned, “A mother?” She felt dizzy.

The boy caught her elbow, “Now, now, Miss. As I said, I was only going to propose it, warn you against it, and then be on my way. I wasn’t going to force the issue, in fact I’m rather glad I can’t carry out my orders,”

“Who are you?” Belle spoke with incredulous, wincing at her own tone and sighing, “I’m sorry, you just startled me,”

“Oh I’m sorry Ma’am, I do that to most people apparently. It’s in my nature I’ve been told, it’s why Pan uses me,” The boy sat her down at the only chair in the main hall and then scurried off and she had to wonder where he was going. He came back a few moments later with a bowl of water and a clothe.

“Your hand ma’am?” He tilted his head and held out one of his own hands.

Belle looked at him curiously, “Hmm?”

“Your hand is bleeding ma’am, let me at least bind it for you,” He giggled something between Rumpelstiltskin’s giggle and a normal one, not quite either.

She glanced down at her hand and let her mouth make a ‘o’, “I didn’t even feel it,”

“I think my portal is magic, rather than doing magic, so that means that it doesn’t hurt. Think about it, magic, unless cast with intent, is useless. Formless, shapeless. Since portals don’t have intent, it doesn’t hurt you to be cut with it,” He grabbed her hand once she held it out and began to dab at the cut on her hand, it didn’t sting.

“What?” Belle managed to ask as she looked into his eyes... they were so familiar...

“There are two types of magic. To be magic and to use magic. Each had different properties. To be magic is such as portals, blessings, curses. To cast magic is spells and intent. To hurt,

you need intent. You need to cast magic. You aren't hurt yes?"

She nodded, dimly aware that his eyes had gold flecks in them that danced as he spoke.

"So that means you were cut by magic, to be magic magic specifically. Formless portal magic can't hurt," He grinned at her, "Or so that's what I've been taught,"

She nodded, "Oh,"

"There we go Ma'am! All better," He gave her back her hand, patting it with his own calloused one that should not have seen more work than hers.

"You're a worker," She smiled, "What do you do?"

"Oh... Well," He grew quiet, a chair appeared as he looked to the ceiling, "Thank you," He sat, "Well I used to spin, my papa said I was really good... but... he died and mama didn't want me to spin anymore. Pan took me in and let me spin all I want! He says I'm good at repairing clothes," The boy's smile was contagious and she smiled even as her heart tugged at the sadness behind his eyes.

"That's nice... Oh!" Belle's eyes widened for a second, registering that she needed get the little boy's name, "What am I to call you? My little spinning healer perhaps?" She teased. The boy laughed, "No Ma'am, I'm just a lost boy. I don't give out my name unless Pan orders me too... but...", The boy bit his lip, "You are lonely here aren't you?"

She felt her breath shudder, felt the bob of pain in her throat, "What makes you say that?"

"You were exploring a room full of explosive magical objects," His eyes met hers and she finally realized why they looked so familiar.

"Are you related to Rumpelstiltskin?" She blurted out, instantly regretting her words when his eyes widened and a noise came out of the back of his throat that sounded like a cackle.

"Related? Why, Ma'am, I am Rumpelstiltskin. The famous coward's son! I prefer to be a spinner's son but... well my village was cruel. You've heard of me I take it?"

"Did you have someone curse you or something?" Belle sighed and took in the boy's appearance, he was dirty and his clothes were torn, "I have enough trouble keeping the castle clean when you're an adult let alone a child. Come along then,"

Then Belle was standing up and dragging the boy by his ear, "Time to go visit your emergency 'If I come back different list'. I swear. This is the third time this month Rumpelstiltskin. You could at least give me some warning that you were in this kind of danger,"

"Ow! Ma'am?" The boy whined and whimpered as she dragged him out the main hall and up the stairs, "Ma'am what in the world are you talking about?"

"Not now. This was hard enough last time when you were a dragon,"

“MA’AM” He twisted out her of grasp when they reached the floor she was going for,
“Ma’am I am not different than I usually am and I request that you don’t change me,” He glared at her and brushed off his clothes, “I like the way I look,”

She stopped in her tracks and stared at him, “You can’t be Rumpelstiltskin,”

His brow furrowed, “Why?”

“No reason,” She quickly answered, sighing, “So you just think you’re Rumpelstiltskin,”

“Ma’am, I assure you, I am Rumpelstiltskin,” The boy seemed agitated now, probably because she had been pulling him around by his ear but she couldn’t really be blamed for how many times Rumpelstiltskin has shown up in a different form on their... her... his own?... doorstep.

“Prove it,”

The boy blinked at her, “How would you like me to do that?”

“Spin something,”

It was a few minutes later that the boy was handing her a string of thread, not gold, and she knew then that he was indeed Rumpelstiltskin.

“You spin the exact same quality as him,” She breathed out a sigh, “Oh this is so confusing. Are you from some alternate world or something? I’ve had that happen to and it...” She blushed and swallowed, “I’m sending you right back if that’s it,”

The boy shook his head and laughed, “Nope! I believe,” The boy walked over to the curtains and flung them open, he pointed at the stars, “Yup! I’m about 300 years in the future. I must have made quite the impression when I was in my time if you know about me!”

He grinned cheekily, “Keep an eye on the second star to the right eh?”

Then a swirling green vortex opened, and he jumped inside, “Goodbye My Lady, I rather like you,”

He was gone and Belle could only sigh, mumbling about how many times she’d dealt with Rumpelstiltskin and his oddities.

Left Behind

Chapter Summary

Rum gets left behind

“Pan?” Rumpelstiltskin breathed as his head hit the ground and his vision swam, “Why am I not back in Neverland?”

The shadow hovered for a few moments, merely pointing in one direction before the wind scattered him and Rumpelstiltskin could only watch as he was left to fend for himself.

“Pan! I don’t know what to do! There is no mother for them here!” But the shadow was gone and his vision was growing blurry at the edges, “You... need... me...”

When he woke up next, there was a little girl doting on him, “You’re lucky I found you and not Gaston. Gaston would have just fed you to the crocodiles papa calls advisors,”

Her voice was soft, sweet like the woman he had just left behind. He opened his eyes to gaze up into hers, she was leaning over him. His eyes connected with her mouth that was directly in his eye sight before he swung his gaze downward to meet her eyes, “Why are you backwards?”

She giggled, “Why are you sporting an angry bump on your head?”

“My friend left me here,” Rumpelstiltskin sighed, “Apparently I need to do something but I don’t know what,”

The girl, about his age, hummed. Her blue eyes trailed away from his head and to his chest, “Well he left you with quite a nasty cut you know,”

He tried to lift his head, but as soon as he did he went dizzy, “He did, did he?”

He laughed.

The girl scoffed, “It’s not funny! You’re lucky I was taking a walk or it might have become infected!”

“Well thank you,” He looked her over, his eyes only able to see a little past her shoulders. She was elegantly built, not like a working lost girl, but not fragile enough that she couldn’t hold her own. She wore a soft, green dress, that was offset with a dark red sash that twirled just within his sight, “And you have excellent fashion tastes,”

She blushed, a wonderful color on her pale skin, “Why thank you. Come on then,” She sounded like the woman before and that made him smile, “Better get you inside,” She stood and waited for him to get up, but he found his chest in enough pain that he doubted he’d get up on his own. She sighed and stooped, wrapping an arm around her shoulder, “You’re lucky I’ve taken care of the sick or you’d be rotting out here,”

He grunted his appreciated, more focused on ignoring the pain. Lost boys, as he had been told by Pan time and time again, did not whine about pain. She shifted his shoulder, leaving his head swimming but alright in general.

He groaned, the world went blurry and he was no longer to see the green grass that he could have sworn had been there a moment before. The girl’s voice came through clear however, it was the only clear thing he could sense, “You really shouldn’t keep friends that do this to you,”

He grunted in response, “I mean you’re hurt and injured. What was this from? Did you fall through the trees and hit every branch on the way down or something? I swear, I haven’t ever seen injuries quite like these,”

He was sure he had been dumped through several portals and had knocked into various materials along the way to where he was now. At one point, he was pretty sure he’d been thrown into a cauldron.

The floor beneath them changed the gentle swish swish of her footsteps to that of a tap tap, “I swear, Gaston always leaves such a mess. He’s my best friend and all, he’s the only person around my age so he kinda has to be my best friend, but he and I are so different,”

Another grunt. Then, no matter how much she talked, he couldn’t refuse the heaviness of his eyes lids.

No One Decide Your Fate but You

Chapter Summary

Little Belle and Lostboy!Rum, he wakes up

Then he was awake and sore, a throbbing existed behind his eyes that made him turn in the softness of the bed he was just noticing and throw up unto the floor beside it.

“I’m going to have to clean that up you know,” Came the voice of the girl, who all but bounced over unto his bed, “Feel any better?”

He sat up fully, wiping his mouth on the back of a sleeve that he wasn’t sure was his, “Much, thank you,” He folded his hand in his lap and caught the girls eyes with his own. They were very blue, he rather liked them, “You aren’t wearing the same dress,”

And she wasn’t. This time she was wearing a dark red, crimson he thought, with a bright green ribbon winding its way through her hair.

“No I am not, you’ve been out for three days though so I think I’m allowed a clothing change,”

He blushed, “Sorry... I didn’t mean anything by it I was...”

She raised a hand in a lady like fashion, a smile dancing across her lips that he could tell she was suppressing, “Don’t worry about it, I understand. Now! When you’re feeling better, Papa wants an audience with you. If you need me I’ll be with my governess or Gaston,”

She hopped off the bed and bounced out of the room, a small wave and a flash of a smile was the last he saw of her before he struggled out from under the covers. Standing up was quite a feat, he only managed to do it after a few minutes of struggling and when he looked down, he blushed. He was only in a night shirt that might belong to a male his age, but he wasn’t sure, and he had no pants on.

Thank the gods he still had his underwear on.

He spotted the clothes at the end of his bed, which were a bit more than he needed, but he was grateful anyway and he struggled into them. They were at least two sizes to big and the shoulders seemed to engulf him. Huffing, he placed his hands on his hips.

The maid walked in, “Oh my, I told him that he was much to big to be let you borrowing his clothes,” The woman smiled at him, “But that’s all we have-”
“Do you have a sewing needle, thread, and pins perhaps?”

The woman blinked, “Well ye-”

“Can I have them?”

She just nodded, before leaving the room. She came back a few moments later with what he needed and he grinned, “Thank you very much Ma’m,”

“You’re welcome, but what are you... You’re going to hurt yourself!”

He ignored the maid that was now trying to get him to stop pinning the pants and loose shirt. He was going to, at the very least, look presentable. He had clothing standards. Most males didn’t his age, hence why this was absolutely terrible fabric and style choices that would best suit a ruffian rather than the spinner he was.

When done, the maid stood by with her mouth open but in the semblance of a smile, “Well then,” he looked down at himself. He now sported a set of black with golden trimmed pants that met a fancy dress shirt, which he had gotten rid of the accessories of the shirt, that was simple and plain and came up to his fingertips when unrolled but sat solidly in the middle of his forearm rolled, “What do you think?” He asked the maid, spinning for her.

“I think that is the best condition I’ve ever seen Gaston’s clothes in, you have a way with the needle young man,” He blushed, “Let’s get you to see out local lord then shall we?” She smiled brightly at him and he followed without a word, knowing he’d stammer if he did.

They walked for a few minutes, they passed several rooms that the maid would point out on her way, “Kitchen, armory, library, door to the courtyard,” There were voices from the courtyard that made her paused, mumbling about Gaston and he needed a better role model than his father if he was treating Belle like that, and Rumpelstiltskin had to wonder who Belle was because the girl who had taken care of him had said she was the only one besides Gaston that was around their age. Well she had said her age, but he was around her age so he counted.

They eventually came to a double door that was solid, dark in color with golden handles, “This is the Lord’s personal meeting space... be courteous yes? I don’t know your background, but then no one does. Be good?”

She bit her lip and smiled brightly at him before she turned away, he heard the mutter of saving Belle beneath her breath. The door opened.

A man stood, round bellied and blue eyes laughing, “Good day young man, my daughter found you in the woods did she not?”

Rumpelstiltskin nodded and followed the man into the room.

He was put to work in the library, stocking books that came. It was a lovely job, and he did love books, so it was perfect. The girl he had originally met, who was the one named Belle, came and read often. She would sit and talk to him if he had the time.

A month or so went by when he found her distracted from the books and gazing longingly out at the gardens, “Something wrong Lady Belle?”

“Oh, Rum,” He hadn’t told her his full name, “I want to go outside,”

He tilted his head and watched her nibble her lip as the maid was one to do, perhaps she got it from the maid, “Why don’t you?”

“Gaston say’s Ladies don’t play outside when they turn 14 and my father says I’m getting to old to have my head stuck in the clouds,” Belle’s eyes began to fill with tears and Rumpelstiltskin scoffed.

“Belle, you’re perfectly fine. When I was with the Lost boys, we had lost girls that would refuse to brush their hair and would run around naked, I’m more than sure you’re fine,” Belle tilted her head and continued to watched him, probably expecting him to say more so he continued, “You are one of the most Lady like people I’ve ever met, I’m sure playing outside isn’t going to hurt your ladiness... besides!” Rumpelstiltskin walked forward to were she sat in the red, high backed chair. It was next to the fireplace, “No one decided your fate but you! I had my mom tell me that when I was young. She didn’t really believe in it, but I do! And you should too,”

“No one decides my fate but me,” Belle whispered softly, grinning at him, “No one. No one decides my fate but me,”

“That’s right!” Rumpelstiltskin grinned at her, “And you know, men always try to control women. I think if we males just let woman take over every once in a while we wouldn’t have to worry about half the stuff we do,”

Belle laughed, “You truly are funny Rum,”

He bowed as a green portal opened behind him, “Oh,”

“Does that mean you’re leaving?” She asked, looking between him and the portal.

“Do you want me too?” He tilted his head and watched as she considered him.

“I think I’ll meet you again Rum, go enjoy your friends,”

He grinned at her and leapt through the portal.

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