### Pictures

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rating:</th>
<th>General Audiences</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Archive Warning:</td>
<td>No Archive Warnings Apply</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Category:</td>
<td>M/M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fandom:</td>
<td><em>Carry On - Rainbow Rowell</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Relationship:</td>
<td><em>Tyrannus Basilton &quot;Baz&quot; Pitch/Simon Snow</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Character:</td>
<td>Penelope Bunce, Simon Snow, Agatha Wellbelove, Tyrannus Basilton &quot;Baz&quot; Pitch, The Mage (Simon Snow)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Additional Tags:</td>
<td>This is just another 'Agatha finds out' fic, Aggie swears but it's not serious so??, SnowBaz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
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<td>Published: 2017-05-23 Words: 1188</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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### Pictures

**by** [BubblyWashingMachine](http://archiveofourown.org/characters/BubblyWashingMachine)

#### Summary

How come no-one bothered to tell Agatha Wellbelove that her that her ex, Simon Snow, and his arch-nemesis, Baz Grimm-Pitch, hold hands and stand nose-to-nose on bridges?

#### Notes

This is my first fic on AO3. It's just a repost of my older fic from Fanfiction.net, though. I hope you enjoy, I guess? It's really short btw. Also I have no idea how AO3 formatting works ugh

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I walk up to the door hesitantly, carefully. I haven’t seen Simon and Penny since… Well, since the shit went down with the Mage. Other than some texts and brief phone calls, and one Skype session that didn’t go so well, I haven’t seen them. Penny’s been trying to keep in contact, trying harder than I am anyway.  
But here I am, at Penny and Simon’s flat, on their already worn-out welcome mat. I knock, and from inside I hear some excited talking and running feet. Suddenly Simon is ripping open the door, dragon wings in full glory, smiling. Huh. I almost forgot about those. Penny warned me they were a little shocking, but… wow.  
“Aggie!” He beams, and pulls me into a hug. I pat him on the back awkwardly. Penny rounds the corner and enters the hallway. She gives me a smile and nods, “Good to see you Agatha.”  
“Wow, you guys, it’s just so… wow!” I laugh. I hadn’t expected it to be so normal between us.
Strangely, it actually feels really good to see them, and it feels comfortable and natural—Is that Baz?

“Wellbelove,” he says a little less than pleasantly. I falter.

“Um, yes, Baz. Hi,” I say unsurely.

What the hell is he doing here? I know that the gang were getting close with him and stuff but he’s IN THEIR APARTMENT?

I watch in amazement as Simon turns around and smiles sheepishly at him, all sweetness and freckles, and Baz puts a hand on his shoulder but doesn’t quite smile back. In fact, he looks annoyed. Is it because I’m here? Like, what? Penny is talking to me, oops.

“-so after all that we decided it was unfair to make you sleep on the couch just because of their problems, so Simon is staying at Baz’s tonight anyway, after we have dinner. Is that alright?” She pushes me into the living room, and onto the couch. Simon is staying at Baz’s house? What is he, his new best friend? The two of them have disappeared, anyway.

“Oh, yeah, that’s fine. Thanks,” I say. I’ll just… play it safe. I’m not sure if they know how dangerous Baz is. I can hear some shuffling and faint voices coming from Simon’s room. Baz must be helping him pack his things for their little sleepover.

“So, Baz is officially part of the gang now?” I ask casually. Penny blinks.

“Well, yes. It would be strange if he wasn’t, right?” She laughs. “But… they’re having a little argument right now, so…” Wow, I’ve made this awkward already. Time to smooth things over, Aggie.

“Hmm, yes, I understand. How are things going with school and work, all that?”

“Oh, fine, the usual I suppose. My courses are getting harder as the year goes on, I’ve got a lot of homework. Still trying to fit everything in my schedule, really. Yourself?”

I clear my throat. “Well, I’m taking some time out right now, obviously, but things are great – really great.”

A few more minutes of this; I’m not really paying attention. It must be clear on my face, because Penny stops mid-rant (something about Magickal politics, ew) and gestures vaguely to the kitchen.

“Well, err, I’m going to make a start on dinner. I don’t usually cook, Simon does, but tonight I’m cooking Indian so he’s off duty. Feel free to explore the apartment or turn on the TV until Baz and Si sort things out. Or, you could go tell them to just kiss and make up like always and actually look after their friend whom they haven’t seen in ages. You choose.” She scurries off.

Hmm. What things are they sorting out?

Kiss and make up?

Shaking my head, I decide to take this opportunity to snoop around their stuff. My sandals make hardly any noise on the floor, so as I tiptoe over to the mantle I’m sure no-one hears. I mean, she said I could look around, right?

These crazy kids sure have a lot of pictures. Pictures of them doing stuff, pictures of them not doing anything. Penny’s American boyfriend. Old friends from Watford. As I look through them all, the one that catches my eye is one of Penny, Simon and Baz, eating spaghetti and pulling faces. It’s cute, in a way, but Basilton has his hand covering his mouth. I bet it would be less cute if he didn’t.

Penny suddenly calls out to me and I spin around, almost dropping the picture.

“Y-yes?” Quickly I put it back in its place.

“Can you go tell Baz and Si that their time for pointless arguing is up?” She yells. She sounds annoyed. I guess she wanted today to be perfect, and the boys are ruining it.

“Sure, I’ll tell them!”

Walking down the fairly short hallway, they’ve got more pictures. These ones are more artistic, most in black and white. Photos of trees, buildings. Anyway, I’m pretty sure the room with a trail of socks and shirts spilling out into the hall is Simon’s, so I knock on the door and Simon opens it a few seconds later, looking flushed in the cheeks. Baz stands behind him, also looking flushed in the cheeks. Just as I open my mouth to relay Penny’s message, Simon pulls me inside.

“Hello! Sit down!” (Ugh, no Simon I don’t want to sit in your messy chocolate-smelling room.) I smile tightly. “Oh, alright.” I take a seat at the end of the bed and look around while he talks.
“It’s sooo good to see you after all this time! It’s been way too long,” he laments, shooting a look at Baz and sitting down next to me, while Baz leans dangerously against the pale wall, glaring. Were they fighting when I came in? They certainly used to fight a lot. I hope Simon knows I’m not interested, if that’s what they’re fighting about. In fact, I hope Baz does, too. This old rivalry stuff is so… old.

The room is kind of small, or maybe it just looks that way because of all the stuff he’s crammed into it. His double bed takes up most of the space, and the rest is like, a desk and some shelves. A lot of small-ish things, like snow globes and figurines balance precariously on the edges of said shelves, and the entire surface of the desk is covered in papers. I’m not super impressed, but at least it’s comfortable.

Also, it turns out every room in this house has photographs in it. All the walls are utterly swamped with pictures, ranging from tiny polaroids to a huge, framed photo… of…

“… So, how was the flight?” Simon asks. (Just shut up for once Simon.)

“Uhm… it was… I…”

Baz. Everywhere. What in the world? Simon’s walls are covered with him. Him standing, looking angry, taken from far away. Him laughing, taken up close. Him with his arm around a sleepy Simon, on a bridge over water, both looking tired but happy.

Baz and Simon, wearing matching Christmas hats and matching blushes, standing nose-to-nose under some mistletoe…

Oh.

Okay.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!