Lunch Date

by CatrinaSL

Summary

Spoilers for Season 5 of Brooklyn 99.

Rosa is headed off to a lunch date with her girlfriend. Jake and Charles just want to know who it is... who can blame them for tailing her all the way to Manhattan?

Notes

Recently some Darcylanders were entertaining ourselves on tumblr with an ask meme (OTP, NOTP, or BROTP?), and Darcy/Rosa got thrown out there (because rosiedeplume is a genius). We decided that we needed this thing, morrib took one for the team and prompted Bowie knife, Bibimbap, Antique watch fob.

If you don't watch Brooklyn 99, you should.

Many thanks to SerialObsessor (ibelieveinturtles) for her beta skills!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Jake looked up when Charles said, "Where ya goin', Rosa? Hot lunch date?"

"Yup," Rosa replied, sheathing one of her knives and tugging the leg of her jeans down over it.

"Taking your lady love out for a romantic meal," Charles mused. "Y'know, you two really should try this Korean place in—"

"Not interested," Rosa interrupted. "Later."

Jake stood as the elevator doors closed behind her and Charles joined him, to ponder.

"She tell you who she's dating yet?" Jake asked.

"Nah," Charles replied. "You?"

"Nah." 

Charles sighed. "Well, she'll open up."

"True," Jake agreed. "We should absolutely wait for Rosa to tell us about her girlfriend on her own time. We should definitely get back to work and under no circumstances should we follow her across the city to pry into her private business."

"Agreed," Charles said with a nod.

Both detectives went back to their desks.

Five seconds later they traded a look.

And raced for the elevator.

"Okay, so her motorcycle's still here. It's safe to say that Rosa's headed to a restaurant to meet her girlfriend."

"Or her girlfriend works nearby!" Charles gasped. "That means she lives in Brooklyn! Maybe they met at the laundromat, or waiting in line at the market at 2 am!" He sighed dreamily. "That's so romantic."

Jake gave him a confused frown. "What's romantic about the laundroma—y'know what? Never mind. I feel like we're missing something, here."

"What if they met at the market, but it wasn't in line, it was while they were shopping? And they both reached for the same thing and their hands accidentally touched—"

"Charles! Not helping!" Jake insisted.

"What if she took the subway?"

"Yes!" Jake declared. "She did strap on her subway knife!"

"Is that the knife she uses when she eats submarine sandwiches or the one she uses for self defense on public transport?" Charles wanted to know.

"I think it's multipurpose," Jake told him. "Like an either/or thing."

Charles nodded, enlightened. "Y'know, if she's taking the subway we should really get on that."
"Yeah," Jake agreed, and off they went.

The following 45 minutes were tense. They were lucky early, spotting Rosa's jacket and the back of her head as she disappeared down the stairs into the subway station, but it was hard to board the same train she did without risking her spotting them.

They managed to get into the car next to the one she boarded, where they traded off keeping eyes on her; they didn't want to draw her gaze. Rosa watched everyone, intimidating potential pickpockets and unnecessarily chatty people alike.

Getting off the train in Manhattan was even harder. They waited until the very last minute to let Rosa have a head start, which meant that the doors were closing by the time they decided to get off. Charles almost didn't make it, and Jake was absolutely sure they were blown when Charles let out a squeak. Rosa paused at the sound, turning to scan the crowd behind her. But then she walked away, so they both let out a sigh of relief.

They weaved through the teeming crowd on one side of the street as Rosa walked down the other, her hands in her pockets and her stride determined.

"Charles, she's going into Avengers Tower!" Jake gasped, as they ducked behind a newsstand to watch. "Why is she going into Avengers Tower?! Oh, god, Rosa is dating the Black Widow!"

"Or," Charles posited helpfully, "She's dating Pepper Potts."

"Charles," Jake squeaked, shaking him. "Either one of those women could ruin us with a mere thought. We have to get out of here."

"Or maybe she's just dating someone who works there, like a civilian or something," Charles suggested.

"No, you're not gonna talk me out of this," Jake insisted. "This was a terrible idea and when we die I'm blaming it on you. Hang on, I'm gonna text Amy so she knows where to direct the hate at the funeral."

"Double funeral!" Charles daydreamed, pumping his fist. "Best friends, in life and in death!"

"Not now, Charles," Jake muttered, preoccupied with his text. "Now, what were you saying before I accepted our doom?"

"Oh, Rosa might be dating someone who isn't an Avenger or the CEO of Stark Industries?" Charles reminded him.

"Right! Yes! That's brilliant, Charles."

"Thank you, Jake," Charles replied, preening.

"Where did you come up with that?"

"Oh, well, I just looked across the street and saw Rosa walk out with a brunette I didn't recognize, so..."

Jake whipped around, following the direction of Charles' pointing, and spotted Rosa arm in arm with a short dark haired girl in a pencil skirt.

"Noice!"
"Right?" Charles agreed. "Excellent child-bearing hips."

"Charles!" Jake scolded.

Charles got back on task immediately. "You're right, we probably should follow them."

Rosa and her girlfriend strolled down the street, stopping only once to contemplate a fob watch in the window of an antique shop before continuing on to their destination.

Charles gasped. "Bibimbap!" he cooed. "This is exactly what I was going to suggest! I swear, me and Rosa are on the same wavelength, sometimes."

"Or she read your email blast last week," Jake reasoned.

"No," Charles scoffed. "You think?"

"Wait," Jake interrupted, craning his neck. "Can you see them anymore? I think we're gonna have to cross the street."

"Won't that be too close?" Charles asked. "It might be a good idea to keep our distance. It is Rosa."

"True, but we've come this far," Jake said. "I'm not leaving without a closer look at Rosa's girlfriend. Are you with me, buddy?"

"To infinity and beyond!" Charles agreed enthusiastically, then explained, "Nikolaj has been on a Toy Story kick recently. Thought I'd try it out."

"I don't hate it," Jake admitted.

Charles looked pleasantly surprised.

"Let's go!"

It took a few minutes to get across the street because Charles insisted on using the crosswalk instead of jaywalking ("This is Manhattan, Jake. And I'm a father now. I need to walk the walk with traffic safety, not just talk the talk.").

Jake reached out to open the door to the restaurant, stepping back to hold it for a couple that were exiting...

And came face to face with Rosa and her girlfriend and what was obviously their takeout.

"Rosa! Hi! " Jake exclaimed, his nervousness obvious to all. "Fancy meeting you here! In Manhattan. Charles and I also decided to get some lunch here today, at the same restaurant you and your lovely girlfriend happen to be leaving; what a coincidence!"

Charles nodding along behind him wasn't convincing enough; Rosa rolled her eyes. "Cut the crap; I made you at the subway station."

"Ugh! Charles, you and your fear of trains ruin everything!"

"The doors close so fast! They make me anxious!"

"Charles!"
"Sorry, Jake."

"Since you're here," Rosa continued, "this is my girlfriend Darcy."

Darcy smiled as she shook Jake's hand, then Charles'.

"Sorry about the whole following thing," Jake told her. "We just, uh... really care about Rosa."

"I get it," Darcy said, smiling up at her girlfriend. "She didn't tell you anything other than the fact that I exist, right?"

"How did you know?!" Charles marveled.

"She was in my phone as 'Mysterious af Hot Chick' for a week after we first met," Darcy replied.

"Apt!" Jake said, and Charles agreed with a nod.

"How did you meet? ...If you don't mind me asking," Charles ventured.

"Shopping," Darcy told him, leaning against Rosa. "We both reached for the same thing and I accidentally grabbed her hand."

"It's even better than I imagined!" Charles whispered.

"Anyway," Jake said, elbowing Charles. "We really didn't mean to interrupt your lunch date."

"You didn't," Rosa told them. "No more than they did, anyway."

Jake and Charles turned to see what was unmistakably Thor in a hoodie being pulled back against the building by someone else.

Jake gasped. "Is that Hawkeye?"

"Yup," Darcy assured him.

"The coolest Avenger?!" he continued excitedly.

"Absolutely," Darcy confirmed.

"Isn't hanging out with him one of the things on your bucket list, Jakey?" Charles asked.

"I'll teach him to play guitar and he'll teach me to shoot a bow!" Jake squeaked.

"Well, now's your chance," Darcy said, patting Jake on the arm. "Go ask. And if they say they don't want to take you back and give you a tour of the Avengers Lounge, just tell them that I said you guys should arrest them for stalking."

"Avengers Lounge,?" Jake repeated, and made a beeline for the not-so-incognito Avengers, but Charles lagged behind.

"What was it that you were both shopping for? Soup? Paper towels?"

"It was a taser, Boyle," Rosa told him.

"Great," Charles squeaked, backing away. "I'm just gonna... go."
"That wasn't so bad," Darcy said as they followed the guys back to Avengers Tower.

"I guess not," Rosa admitted. "We both have annoying, nosy friends, but at least mine can arrest yours if we need them to."

"Mine were annoying. Yours were just nosy," Darcy pointed out.

Rosa let out a short laugh. "You don't know the half of it. We'd still be standing back there if Charles had found out we chose this restaurant because of his email blast."

End Notes

I totally made up Charles' fear of trains, but it seems plausible, right?

Prompt a Three Things fic!

Reblog on tumblr

Tumblr: catrinasl

Twitter: @Catrina_SL

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