A Toast

by princessmelia

Summary

He put the kettle on the stove, shaking his head at how stupid this would be. He’d barely
known her for a week, why would she accept tea from basically a complete stranger? He
certainly wouldn’t.
But maybe he would if it was from her.

When Simmons looks upset, Fitz decides to make tea for his new friend.

Notes

Enjoy Day 6's prompt: Stereotype!

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for a week, why would she accept tea from basically a complete stranger? He certainly wouldn’t.

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It was weird. In Fitz’s entire life, he had never felt a connection with someone like he had with
Simmons. Is that what having a friend felt like? He wasn’t sure. But he knew one thing, he would
have never made tea (or any other beverage, for that matter) for anyone else in his life. Except for, of
course, his mum. His shy nerves were starting to get the better of him, put Fitz pushed them aside as
he kettle blew, moving it before he got dirty looks from other cadets passing by the dorm kitchenette.

The two communal mugs were less than spectacular, but he hoped she wouldn’t ridicule him too badly for them. As he poured the hot tea carefully into the mugs, he thought about how sad she had looked in class that day. He wondered how no one else had even tried to comfort her throughout the day. She looked positively miserable to him.

Stuffing a few sugar packets into his pocket just in case she liked her tea sweeter like himself, he picked up the mugs and walked down the hall to her door, banging on it with his foot.

“Simmons?” The door opened, and the red around her eyes was apparent.

“Fitz?” Confusion flitted across her face. “What are you doing here?”

“Uh…” Well, he hadn’t thought that far ahead. He couldn’t bloody well tell her he could tell she had been upset (still was, apparently), girls didn’t like that sort of stuff. Or at least, that’s what he’d been told. But Simmons was standing in front of him, waiting for an answer. “Uh… Hoping you fall into the stereotype of an English person loving tea?”

Apparently that was a correct answer as Simmons let out a giggle and opened the door. “Come in, Fitz.”

She sat on his bed while he set the mugs next to it on her table before sitting down in the chair. “I brought sugar. In case you wanted it sweet.”

“Packet and a half, please.” She held out her hand and he handed her two.

“You know, it’s funny,” he commented as she mixed the sugar in with the spoon he had grabbed.

“What?”

“I take my tea with one and a half sugar packets.” She smiled at that, and Fitz felt a small glow in his chest.

“I believe we have more in common than either of us know, Fitz.”

“Really?” She nodded and sipped the tea.

“I do. By the way, how did you know I would be needing tea?”

“Just a lucky guess, I suppose.” He rubbed the back of his neck sheepishly.

“Hmm.” She seemed to consider the answer before raising her mug in a toast. Fitz mimicked her action. “Here’s to more lucky guesses in the future.” They clinked the mugs carefully before drinking to their newfound friendship.

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