drabbles

by grapehyasynth

Summary

drabbles, headcanons and prompt/ask-answers from tumblr! short lil pieces :) everything here has already been posted on tumblr (under grapehyasynth there as well)

LATEST CHAPTERS:
>
-S1 -- Fitz seeks comfort
-"nice wrists" - AU
“Jemma, would you just sit down? You’ve done enough – just look at yourself, it’s like you’ve been to battle. You need to rest. I’ve got this–”

“Fitz–” Jemma presses her hands to her neck to keep herself from interfering. “I appreciate the effort but you’re doing it wrong!”

“You don’t think I can change a diaper?” He turns away from her to wince at the smell as he removes the offending item and gingerly shifts it towards the other end of the changing station. “Can’t be that hard…”

He’s wiped down the baby’s bum and is attempting to reswaddle her, using roughly the same technique as wrapping a burrito.

“There, see?” He pats a corner and steps back proudly. The diaper pops open again. Fitz groans.

“Would you stop playing the hero and let me help?!” She elbows him aside.

“I’m sorry, Jem,” he whimpers, moving to press his face into his hands then remembering where they’ve been and wiping his forehead with his sleeve instead. “You’ve been practically superhuman since this baby was born and I’ve failed you.”

“It was your first try,” she says bracingly. “No one gets anything right on their first try.”

Something in her voice teases him and he gapes at her. “But you – you always said you had a great time in Bucharest!”

By the time he looks down she’s already fixed the baby. She scoops their daughter up and cradles her between them.

“I did,” she affirms, kissing him on the cheek. “But the second time was better.”
Stop stealing my food!

Chapter Summary

for lapiccolina

“That’s it. I can’t go any farther. I’m going to die here.”

“You’re such a diva.”

Fitz collapsed face-first onto the couch as soon as Jemma got the door to their flat open. He groaned into the seat cushion.

“How could you be so cruel as to make me go the gym, Simmons?”

“You went willingly!”

“It wasn’t consensual, you were wearing those tiny little shorts when you asked me–”

“Admit it, you enjoyed it a little bit, Fitz.”

“Up until I pulled my hamstring and dislocated my shoulder, maybe.”

Jemma rolled her eyes. “Are you going to make it to the table for dinner or can I eat your portion?” She waved the paper take-out bag she was carrying.

“Jemmmaaaa,” he said warningly, grabbing the arm rest with both hands to drag himself forward along the couch towards her. “Don’t you dare– I worked hard for that burger–”

She pulled out the plastic container and popped it open, then carefully selected a particularly crispy fry – Fitz’s favorite – and slipped into her mouth, maintaining eye contact with him while she made overly loud noises of satisfaction.

“Stop stealing my food while I’m defenseless!” he groaned, rolling over onto his back and throwing an arm over his eyes.

Jemma tilted her head. “Oh dear, if that didn’t get up, you really are in pain. Would it help if I fed you?”

Fitz peeked out from under his wrist at her. “Yes please,” he whimpered.
Are you wearing lace underwear?!

Chapter Summary

for unbreakablejemmasimmons

[Set en route to Bucharest, 3x18.]

Fitz glanced over at Jemma again as she squirmed in her seat for the dozenth time, her nose scrunched up.

“Are you alright?” he whispered, leaning towards her and glancing at the Quinjet cockpit, where Mack was keeping the pilot company.

“I’m fine,” Jemma muttered impatiently. “Just regretting my own lack of foresight.”

“How d’you mean?”

She sighed and pulled down the top of her trousers with one hand.

Fitz blanched. “Simmons – are you wearing lace underwear?”

Jemma let the band snap back up and scowled at him. “I had rather hoped this day would go in quite a different direction than it has, Fitz. I never had a chance to change.”

“A different direc–” His mouth fell open in an o as he stared at her, the pieces clicking, understanding what Jemma’s expectations might have been after their damn good kiss. He glanced back down at where he now knew her trousers hid delicate red knickers and soft freckle-dusted skin he’d begun exploring just the night before.

Blushing furiously, he snapped his mouth shut and looked back up at her face. She was grinning, rather lasciviously, if he had to put a word to it.

“What?” he demanded, voice squeaking slightly.

“It was worth it,” Jemma chuckled. “All the discomfort, all the impracticality – worth it just to see your face do that.”
"Sorry, I got distracted, come again?"

Chapter Summary

blame tashonix for this one ;)

“Fitz, would you please come back to bed?”

“Yeah, hang on – I think I’m onto something–”

Jemma groaned and fell back among the mussed sheets. She loved her boyfriend deeply, and she usually found his sudden and intense bursts of inspiration something between endearing and arousing, but this was really not the time.

“I’m thinking about getting a tattoo,” she mused, staring at the ceiling of his bunk. “Maybe start with something small and discreet, then build it into something larger. What do you think, Fitz?” She let her head loll onto her warm shoulder so she could look at him.

“Hmm?”

“At first I thought I could map the night sky or depict the atomic structures of my favorite elements, but that’s a bit obvious, isn’t it? Daisy took me to the roller derby last week after our mission and it got me thinking I might be more of a skull and crossbones sort of girl after all.”

“Right you are, Simmons,” Fitz muttered, still not looking up.

Oh, dear. If he had returned to calling her Simmons, she might really have lost him.

Jemma sighed and sat back up, wrapping a sheet around her torso and scooching to the end of the bed. Fitz didn’t turn until she was directly behind him, her hands on his shoulders.

“Ah - there you are,” he said, looking up at her, his eyes starting to refocus. She rested her chin on his head and traced a finger over the sketch he was working on. To her, it looked exactly like the one he’d made yesterday.

“Fitz, part of the deal with keeping our personal lives out of our professional sphere is doing our best to keep the professional out of the bedroom.” He’d started sketching again and she rolled her eyes even though he couldn’t see. “I mean, apply your understanding of physics to our activities as much as you can, of course, but–”

“Sorry,” he breathed out, finally dropping his pen and spinning fully to look at her, dislodging her perch on his head. “I got distracted, come again?”

“Well, if you insist,” she said as huskily as she could manage without making herself laugh, grabbing his hand and guiding it down over her sheet-enrobbed abdomen, and lower.

“Jemma!” Fitz yelped, pulling back from her as if burned.

“Fitz, you must stop acting scandalized every time I suggest that,” she grumbled, dropping his wrist and moving back to sit on the edge of the bed, pouting.
“I’m sorry?” he said, confused, scratching at his curls. His ability to transition between thinking about engineering and thinking about sex was unfortunately low.

“That’s it, I’m going to take a shower and sleep in my bunk–”

“Five minutes!” he cried, leaping forward to grab her around the waist and push her back to the bed. “Five more minutes. If it takes longer than that, you can, er, think of creative ways to punish me.”

He turned back to the desk, ears bright red, and Jemma bounced on the edge of the bed, suddenly in much better spirits.
"Please don't kill me."

Detective Leo Fitz hesitated with his hand on the doorknob to the abandoned laboratory. Six months MI6 had spent chasing the prime suspect in the attack on the UN across several continents and through several aliases, and it would be he, the youngest member of the local police force, who finally caught the man.

Perhaps that was why he had hesitated: there was a certain improbability to it, really. He was a good detective, but he was new, an unknown. What had he seen that the others hadn’t?

But his ego overcame him and he pushed the door inwards, leveling his gun.

“Don’t move!” he shouted, advancing slowly on the hooded figure outlined against the shattered windows. “Put your hands where I can see them!”

The person turned slowly, hands raising carefully, but rather than lift above his head they nudged back his hood as he stepped forward to look at him.

“Please don’t kill me.”

He halted, and his breath caught. Whatever he had been expecting, it was not this – it was not a small woman with bright brown eyes and a curl plastered to her forehead from the chase she’d just led him on. He certainly hadn’t expected her to be English.

“Don’t mo-” he began again, doubts rising.

“Leopold Fitz, I need your help,” she said urgently, tugging down the hem of her zip-up. “You’re the only one I can trust.”
"Um, why are your hands on my ass?"

Chapter Summary

For anon!

[Academy era.]

Jemma struggled to orient herself when she woke. She didn’t recognize the ceiling tiles or wallpaper and the air-conditioning was on, which she’d never allow in her own room. The bed was warm and comfortable, though, and she burrowed into it, willing to take a few more moments to get her bearings.

Only once she snuggled up against the pillow she found it to be much more firm and mobile than she’d anticipated. As in, it snuggled back.

She started and was about to scream but in her attempt to create distance from the person in this bed with her, her fingers brushed against unruly - and surprisingly soft - curls.

Her eyes started to adjust and she could make out Fitz, his mouth slightly open, on his side facing her. She sunk back towards him as she started to remember. They were in Washington, D.C., on a field trip with the other students from their year at the Academy, and she’d insisted despite Fitz’s protests that they join the others for a round of drinks. Or had it been two rounds? (Three?) They certainly didn’t know each other well enough to be sharing a bed, regardless of how they shared everything else, Jemma thought sternly. Then again… He looked terribly peaceful with his cheek all pushed up by the pillow and his little flannel pajama top and his eyelids fluttering against his cheek. No harm done, then, Jemma decided, settling into his arms, which were wrapped around her.

That itself was rather nice. The way his breath ghosted over her hair, way her shoulder fit perfectly under his arm, the way his bicep rested over her elbow, the way his – his –

“Fitz!”

He mumbled something and squeezed her tighter to his chest. She squirmed and brought a hand up to shove his shoulder.

“Fitz!” she repeated dangerously.

“Whassat?” he muttered sleepily.

“Um, what are your hands doing on my arse?”

His eyes popped open and met hers, and then he was flying back, thrashing in the covers and going straight off the edge of the bed.

“Sorry - accident-” he said incoherently, the top of his head just peeping over the mattress.

They never discussed it further, at first pointedly and awkwardly and then because they both forgot
and their friendship continued to evolve and they were wrapped up in much bigger things. Well, they never discussed it until they woke up in a very similar position ten years later, but that time ended in giggles and kisses.
“What do you mean there is a body in our cellar?!”

Chapter Notes

For anon!

[Some years in the future…]

“Morning!” Jemma chirped as Fitz slouched through the front door after a long night sitting vigil
with Radcliffe, analyzing the latest feedback from their latest phototype. “You’re just in time, I’ve
got to be off – May called, something rather urgent, apparently, but I’ll be back mid-afternoon.”

“I hate that we keep missing each other like this,” he murmured against her lips as she pecked him.

“Not much longer now,” she reminded him bracingly, patting his wrinkled collar. “Once Bruce is
back we’ll return to our regular consulting hours.”

“I’ve got first shift, then?” He leaned around her to snag a slice of French toast off the counter.

“Yes, and please make sure they stay out of the cellar, we’ve a body down there–”

Fitz choked on the bread and watched the back of his wife’s head as she gathered her papers and
coat. “What do you mean, there is a body in our cellar?!”

“Hunter dropped by,” she replied calmly. “Don’t worry, the man is sedated and secured, but I’d
rather not cause a fuss–”

“That’s the third time this month!”

“Fitz, we agreed to be a drop-off point.”

“Yes, but that was before. There are kids involved now, Jemma, our kids!”

“If I thought they were in danger I’d be the first one to say no.” He was giving her a wounded look,
so she amended, “Tied for first, of course.”

“It’s not even sanctioned by S.H.I.E.L.D.!”

“It would be, if Hunter were, well, S.H.I.E.L.D.” Jemma moved towards him, sliding her hands into
his coat pockets to pull him towards her. “Please, Fitz. It’s just til tonight. And Hunter promised he’d
bring some specimens back from the Australian Outback. Just imagine–”

“This is the last time,” Fitz ground out. “And I’m definitely having a word with Hunter.”
"Shut up and kiss me!"

Chapter Summary

For fitzsimmonns!

[Academy era.]

Jemma clasped her hands in her lap. “Fitz, I’d like to apologize once again. I understand this was not what you were expecting—”

He’d hidden his face in his hands so she couldn’t even make out his reactions as she spoke – not that she’d have been able to do so that well anyway, considering how dark the closet was, but it would have been something.

“Not what I was expecting? Simmons, this is pretty much exactly what you promised wouldn’t happen.”

It was her fault, she recognized. She’d convinced him to go to the party with her in the first place – partially because that was what friends did, really, wasn’t it, invite their lab partners to events so that they didn’t end up home alone on Saturday? – but mostly because she wanted desperately to go and didn’t know anyone well enough or trust anyone enough to get her home if it came to that.

But Callie had rather misadvertised the party, and a few drinks later they’d started playing truth or dare, which was how she and Fitz had ended up here, in a closet, exiled for Seven Minutes in Heaven.

Nightmare.

“It’s not really a surprise, though, right?” she demanded, scooting forward on her overturned crate so that their knees bumped. “With all the rumors they spread about us, of course they’d want to test it in a relatively controlled environment—”

“What rumors?” Fitz asked frantically, dropping his hands and looking up, eyes wide (as best she could tell in the dark).

God, he was even more clueless than she’d thought. “About you and I? That we’re together?”

“At the moment we are, yes.”

“No, Fitz, together together. Dating. Engaging in intercourse. Having s—“

“Alright!” he cried, clapping his hands over his ears. “That’s enough. But honestly, how could they even think—”

She rolled her eyes. “I’ll explain later. We’re working with limited time.”

“Yeah, and thank goodness, these crates are wildly uncomfortable—”

“Fitz, focus!” Jemma hissed, bringing her hands up to hold his face in place. “I need your help.
Bryant is out there, and I’m fairly sure he’s interested.”

She felt his frown against her thumbs on his cheeks. “You might as well have said he’s purple for all the sense that makes, Simmons. Interested in croquet? Interested in political discourse? Interested in–”

“In me, Fitz, in engaging in coital activities with me.”

“What’s that got to do with me?” Fitz squeaked.

Jemma sighed. “There are two competing theories. One, for which Callie advocates, that you and I are an item. Two, of which Bryant is a proponent, that I’m a virgin.”

Fitz spluttered, unsure which question to ask first.

“So I posit that if the door opens while we’re ensconced in a hot, passionate kiss, I’ll prove to Bryant that I’m worth a shot.”

“First of all, the logic connecting those ideas is incredibly tenuous, and secondly, I’m not–”

“Ugh, Fitz, just shut up and kiss me!”

Jemma surged forward, and she was a hairsbreadth away from Fitz, every sense tingling, suddenly acutely aware of how soft his skin was, when someone outside yanked the door open and Fitz tumbled backwards off his crate with a yelp.

“Time’s up!” Callie chirped, beaming down at them both. “Verdict?” she called over her shoulder to the rest of the party, who were eyeing their strange arrangement.

Fitz rolled over in time to see Bryant give Jemma a lecherous grin.

Wanker.
Studying headcanons

Chapter Summary

tashonix asked: How about studying + headcanons?

- Fitz had never had to study before getting to the Academy. He bombs his first couple of exams, thinking he can just breeze through them, and shortly after he becomes friends with Jemma, he shows up to her door with an armful of books and begs her to show him how to do it.
- Jemma exaggerates how much she studied. She worked hard, to be sure, but she could have relaxed a lot more and still come in top of their class. Yes, Fitz, she’s that smart.
- Fitz thought about turning studying into “study and chill” on numerous occasions but never got up the nerve.
- Fitz’s attention span is about 27 minutes (Jemma has timed it). She’s able to stay focused much longer than he is, so she develops little activities he can do while he waits for her to finish working on something.
- They always study in Jemma’s room, for some reason. Fitz claims it’s because his own room is a mess, but he really feels more at home in her room. Something about the way she decorated it, the way it smells, the particular bounce of her bed just makes him more comfortable.
- The first time Jemma has to cancel studytime for a date, Fitz doesn’t know what to do with himself and spends his Saturday night building a rubber band ball. He surprises them both by having to do the same thing a few weeks later when a cute cadet in Professor Vaughn’s class asks him out, but he shows up to her apartment after the date and is more engrossed in his textbooks than she’s ever seen him. She doesn’t ask.
- Studying essentials: notecards, freshly sharpened pencils, good erasers, strong tea, and healthy snacks. (Fitz brings sugary snacks once and eats them all within five minutes; he crashes an hour later and Jemma has to write out a study sheet for him. When he sees it the next morning, he almost says he loves her in a Romione-esque moment.)
carnival headcanons

Chapter Summary

perthshirekisses asked:
for the headcanon thing (wow eloquent speech right there jessie), fitzsimmons + carnivals?

- To no one’s surprise, Fitz is terrified of the Ferris Wheel. Jemma chides him, telling him if anyone should be afraid of falling from great heights it’s her, and she considers bribing the operator to stop them at the top but decides against it. At one point she glances over at him, peeking out at the view through his fingers, and she realizes (yet again) what this man will do for her.
- They decide to bypass all the shooting games, having had enough of that in their professional lives, thank you very much. Fitz cleans up in darts and anything involving throwing, and though Jemma knows she should tell him to stop embarrassing all the other players, he looks so goddamned proud when he presents her a giant stuffed monkey that she just kisses him silly. (The monkey sleeps between them for two nights before Jemma puts her foot down.)
- Fitz is all about the food. Corn dogs, funnel cake, shaved ice, whole pickles on sticks – he tries it all. He’ll groan about it later, rubbing his tummy, but he has a great time. Jemma enjoys licking off the cotton candy that gets stuck to his cheeks. Her favorite is the deep-fried Oreos, just because the idea is so ridiculously and wonderfully American.
- They go through a fun house and are torn between laughing their butts off in the hall of mirrors and being legitimately terrified. A few little kids pass them, shooting them very judgmental looks, but they’re rather enjoying clinging to each other as they wait for things to jump out at them.
- Fitz’s favorite ride is, of course, the Gravitron, because he gets to explain the physics to Jemma (who knows already but indulges him) and it’s contained so no one can go flying off (even if he knows the other rides are safe, he likes knowing). The moment after they step out and readjust to regular gravity is a little too much like the difference between Maveth and Earth, and Jemma feels queasy for a moment, but Fitz is holding her hand so it doesn’t last long.
- They end the night making out in the photobooth. They spend way too much money and Daisy pretends to confiscate the photos for being “pornographic”. (She really just copies them and returns the originals; she looks at the copies when she needs a pick-me-up.)
Fitz always hated working out. Jemma never enjoyed it, per se, but she understood its benefits and would make a point to schedule it in. It was part of their schtick at the Academy and SciOps that she would regularly try to cajole him into going to the gym with her, though he never went – partially because he felt uncomfortable seeing his best friend in her tight little workout clothes, partially because (though he’d never tell Simmons) he knew how’d he look next to all the other guys lifting weights, and he certainly didn’t need that addition to his insecurity. To Jemma’s knowledge, Fitz has not worked out a day in his life.

But then she comes back from being undercover at Hydra and finds that going to the base’s gym is something he does regularly, if still without pleasure. It was part of his recovery, helping him regain control of his body after the connections between intention and action were disrupted by his hypoxia. His shaky hand is the last physical reminder of the pod, and she’ll never know the hours he spent in the gym with Coulson, with Mack, with Daisy (they took turns), running him through strength-building drills, working on his balance, making him stay on the treadmill or stair climber long after he’s bursting with anger because they want to encourage him to be patient.

The first time they run into each other in the gym, when they’re still not really back to being friends, it’s quite awkward, and Jemma ends up leaving after two minutes, unable to stand the silence. (She goes to cry in the bathroom, another thing they might never talk about.)

After a while Fitz stops going, feeling he’s made enough progress. He starts again the week after Bucharest, and Jemma chooses not to say anything at the time, but she starts brainstorming dirty comments about flexibility and stamina.
Fitz tells Jemma he could use some encouragement and constructive criticism on the physical aspects of their relationship. So she starts leaving stickers around on his notes: “Good job!” “Try harder next time.” “You did it!” Fitz is not amused.

At an Academy reunion, one of their former classmates teases Jemma about a time she got very drunk in the Boiler Room and put stickers on boys she thought was cute. Fitz chokes on his beer. (A/N: This is based on a true story – my housemate put googly eyes on people she liked and ended up hooking up with one of them.)

One of Jemma’s favorite games is to take the stickers off of bananas and put them on Fitz’s forehead while he’s asleep. Her record is 33. Fitz is still unsure why she finds this so entertaining.

The first time they get joint return-address stickers (even SHIELD agents get mail) they’re both a little giddy. Daisy teases them mercilessly about it. She also steals a page of the stickers and sends them all kinds of weird things.

It becomes their thing to buy a touristy sticker in every new city or country they visit, whether for business or pleasure. They commandeer the side of a filing cabinet in Coulson’s office, with his permission, and cover it top-to-bottom with the memorabilia of their travels. (“It’s cheaper than keychains,” Coulson says to May with a shrug.)
dragonfish headcanons

Chapter Summary

This was in response to an ask that I replied to privately by accident…and I don’t remember who asked… Hoping they’ll claim this one so I can tag them!

Also there’s a manip begging to be made here if anyone wants to jump on it.

- When Jemma mentions a dragonfish in the pod, it’s not an untethered comment. Like a monkey, a dragonfish has a place in the FitzSimmons history.
- During their second year at the Academy, FitzSimmons go to the aquarium. For weeks beforehand, Jemma talks nonstop about dragonfish and how excited she is to see them in the aquarium’s deep-sea exhibit, a rare and expensive offering. Fitz doesn’t bother Googling “dragonfish”, assuming that it will be, if not exactly pretty, at least majestic and imposing like its namesake.
- Then they walk into the deep-sea room and Fitz turns around and sees THIS and he very much screams like a girl. Jemma cries from laughing so hard.
- But then Jemma starts talking about how dragonfish have a skeleton especially adapted to the high pressure levels of the ocean’s depths, how they have two sets of jaws and no scales, and how unlike most light-producing organisms which produce only blue light, some dragonfish can produce red as well. Through Jemma’s eyes, he can start to see these ugly buggers as almost beautiful. He even poses in front of the tank so that she can take a picture with him and a dragonfish.
- She sends the photo to his mum and doesn’t think about it again until, just before going undercover at Hydra, she goes to visit Mrs. Fitz to explain her son’s brain injury. She sees the picture wedged into the corner of a mirror in the Fitzes’ sitting room and she bursts into tears, for now it not only reminds her of simpler times but also of things said in the pod. There must have been another way, something more I could have done, he should have taken that breath instead of me.
- Many years later, Mrs. Fitz submits the picture to be part of the slideshow at the FitzSimmons wedding reception. Finally Jemma can look at it without crying. It is the first time Fitz learns that Jemma was the one who told his mum about the accident. For weeks Fitz calls Jemma “my little dragonfish”, but they agree it’s not necessarily a compliment and he stops. Dragonfish will always hold a strange and special place in their hearts, though.
Jemma has never fit in at her previous schools, but the Academy is a fresh start and she’s determined to make it different this time. So before she leaves for America, she does extensive research, including on American holidays.

Trying to be friendly, she asks some other cadets in her Intro to Forensic Analysis course how they typically celebrate Arbor Day. They laugh at her and tease her for being the weird English girl. Cheeks burning, she shrinks down in her seat and determines to make herself as invisible as possible. (It won’t last long – she’s naturally precocious and outgoing, but she does generally drop the whole holiday thing.)

Several months after she and Fitz become friends, though, he borrows a book from her and her list of holidays and creative ways to celebrate them drops out. He makes her tell him the story about the mean cadets and he looks silently down at the list for a long time afterwards. Finally he tells her he thinks it’s brilliant and they should celebrate as many as possible.

Thanksgiving is without a doubt Fitz’s favorite. The first time they celebrate it on the Playground with the whole team, Jemma keeps catching him looking around with his mouth slightly open. They aren’t on good terms at this point, but she knows how much it must mean to him to have a whole day dedicated to spending time with your found family. (The abundance of food doesn’t hurt.) After they get married and start a family of their own, they continue to celebrate Thanksgiving, inviting Bobbi and Hunter and Mack and Daisy and Joey and Elena and Phil and Melinda and Doug and literally everyone over.

They think Groundhog Day is hilarious and have even gone to Punxsatawney once to watch the big reveal. One year they get Daisy to photoshop Coulson’s head on a groundhog with the words **PUNXSATAWNEY PHIL – OUT OF THE SHADOWS, INTO THE LIGHT.** Coulson pretends to not be amused, but he’s secretly very, very proud.

They like to get very drunk on the Fourth of July and sing their respective national anthems very loudly. They originally wear red and white (Jemma) and white and blue (Fitz), to represent England and Scotland, before realizing it just looks like they are participating along with the other Americans. Grumbling, they go and change into all black.

They simply do not understand Columbus Day.
cooking headcanons

Chapter Summary

for clearascountryair

- Fitz cooked a lot with his mum growing up. He never particularly enjoyed it, but he’s quite good at it. Jemma, meanwhile, never had that kind of relationship with her parents. In fact, the Simmons household in general considered food to be an unfortunate necessity. Every meal with Fitz, whether eating out or in, is like going to a museum with an art aficionado. His adoration for all things edible – but especially any form of bread or sweet – quickly rubs off on Jemma.
- Jemma finds it endlessly infuriating that she can spend hours sweating away over a dish in the tiny kitchen of the flat they share during their SciOps years and then Fitz will waltz in, throw a few things together, and make something ten times better than what she’s been working on. There is nothing she hates more than admitting she’s not good at something, so she dedicates herself to getting better at cooking. She listens to food podcasts, subscribes to food magazines, bus top-of-the-line equipment and ingredients, and attempts to analyze the chemistry of food. Fitz hovers over her shoulder one day and says helpfully, “My mum always says that what makes food really taste good is when you put your soul into it.” Jemma looks at him thoughtfully, then scribbles furiously on her notepad, whispering as she does so, “Add soul.” Fitz grins and shakes his head but leaves her to it.
- Fitz likes to use the pots and pans as drums while he cooks.
- The first time Jemma presents Fitz with her signature sandwich (which she privately calls The Fitz), he stops mid-chew to stare at her in amazement and tell her it’s the best thing he’s ever eaten. She does a little dance and preens with pride and doesn’t tell him about the 36 other variations she attempted before she got it right.
- Jemma doesn’t cook much while she’s at Hydra. The whole thing makes her too sad, and she doesn’t find much inspiration anymore. She returns to SHIELD to find that Fitz, too, has all but abandoned cooking in the wake of his accident. Mack and Bobbi try to get them to eat something, anything, other than cup-a-soup.
- Fitz has just started exploring cooking again when Jemma gets sucked into the Monolith. When she’s back, neither of them have much appetite. But the week they get back from the Seychelles, Jemma signs them up for a couple’s cooking class, and things are looking promising.
domestic headcanons (SciOps era)

Chapter Summary

for bookishandbossy

- They are each others’ emergency contacts for anything.
- Fitz does most of his napping on the couch, which also happens to be where Jemma does most of her work. They eventually come up with an arrangement whereby Fitz will curl up on two cushions with his head against Jemma’s thigh, leaving her lap free for her laptop or papers.
- After watching a few monkey-centric episode of Friends, Fitz gets really gloomy about the fact that they can’t have pets. Jemma buys them a goldfish instead. (She wanted to get a silver arowana because it’s nicknamed the monkey fish but they’re quite aggressive carnivores and she didn’t think the landlord would be happy with that.)
- Shortly after moving in, Jemma drags Fitz along to several flea markets to find furniture and decorations. He’s quite grumpy about being up on a Saturday for this nonsense, but then he finds an old record player and becomes quite enchanted. He sits on the floor of their living room for hours, sorting through dozens of records he’s bought. Jemma expects his taste to run mostly towards The Clash and the Stones but he surprises her with some Coltrane and Nat King Cole. They celebrate the completion of their move-in with a few bottles of wine and dance to “Unforgettable”.
- Jemma makes lunch for both of them to take to work.
- Fitz proves his worth as a handyman around the apartment, and Jemma is slightly alarmed by the effect seeing him covered in grease and sweat has on her, but she convinces herself it’s an evolutionary adaptation or something.
- They try to do without air conditioning but years in America have made them soft. After a series of hot, tense nights, they break down and drive to the 24-hour Walmart in desperation.
- Fitz is always running late and should really use an alarm but never does. Jemma has an impeccable biological clock but sets three very loud alarms. They fight about it a lot, the worst being when her alarms wake him up at 2AM, but then she tells Fitz she’s gotten them up in the middle of the night so they can watch the meteor shower and their fight is instantly forgotten. (He still sneaks into her room when she’s out and adjusts the volume on her alarms. She never notices.)
- There’s one particularly epic snowstorm – the cabin fever gets so bad they build a blanket fort and read books out loud to each other.
- Fitz doesn’t care much about how they decorate their apartment but he notices that Jemma seems to draw energy from her surroundings, so he’ll spontaneously bring home a bouquet of flowers for the table or the counter or the windowsill.
- Jemma tries growing herbs in a windowbox but the climate and her own impossible schedule doom the project from the start.
- Fitz is a consummate gentleman when it comes to privacy in the bathroom, but Jemma is quite comfortable barging in to brush her teeth while he’s in the shower. She doesn’t understand why it makes him so uncomfortable.
- On days when he works later than Jemma, Fitz likes to yell, “Honey, I’m home!” when he gets in the door. They both think it’s just a silly little joke until Jemma has a date over when he does it and suddenly they think maybe it’s a little weird.
- They have a bit of an awkward weekend when Fitz’s mum comes to visit. They both offer to
sleep on the couch, but Mrs. Fitz insists that she will sleep on the couch unless they agree to share a bed – she can’t bear the thought of either of them losing sleep or comfort on her account. They sleep in Fitz’s room, and it’s not as strange as they anticipated, though they do wake up one more basically spooning. They don’t talk about it.
“You know what I really miss right now? The Playground.”

“Mmm. All those windowless rooms, eating by fluorescent lighting, lots of canned food.”

“That’s the dream. This place really has too many stars.”

Jemma chuckled and glanced down from the sky to look at Fitz, sitting across the table from her. Their hands were intertwined on the wicker tabletop, their dinner long since removed, but they couldn’t find the motivation to stir from their perch at the edge of the open-air restaurant. Two days into their vacation at this beach resort and already they did everything more slowly, with less urgency.

“Speaking of stars, do you remember that time we had a layover in Paraguay and the stars were unbelievable and you and I and Daisy – well, I guess she was Skye at the time – we took our dinner outside and sat under the stars? We almost convinced her that the Milky Way was named after the candy bar.”

Fitz laughed, collapsing back in his chair. “I’d forgotten. Didn’t I also bet her my peas for her ice cream that we’d see a shooting star?”

“Yeah, that’s the part I wanted to talk to you about. I know I said I saw a shooting star when you two had your backs turned, but… I lied?”

“Wha - Jemma Simmons!” Fitz leaned forward, gaping at her in mock indignation. “You dirty cheat! I’m astonished we let you get away with such a fib.”

“You really wanted that ice cream,” Jemma chuckled by way of explanation. “I guess when it’s important, I’ve always been able to lie well enough to get by.”

“Just as long as you remember that when we’re 80 and I’ve got false teeth and a potbelly. You’ll still tell me I’m pretty?”

“I will, and I won’t even have to lie, I promise.” Jemma squeezed his hand.

“Er–” Fitz chewed his lip, looking suddenly nervous. “That’s not exactly a segue but it reminded me– hang on–” He let go of Jemma’s hand to dig in his pocket. “I wanted to give you something.”

He was holding a necklace, a simple silver chain at the end of which hung a delicate silver bivalved shell. Jemma gasped and reached out to open the shell – inside sat a dazzling diamond.

“Fitz, I can’t –”

“The diamond’s synthetic,” he said quickly, letting the necklace slither into her hand. “No blood involved. Well, my blood, maybe – I was up several nights in a row working on that. That’s why I
was so grumpy on the flight, by the way, I’d not been sleeping much.”

“Fitz, it’s beautiful, but–”

“I know you lost your favorite necklace and I thought you might grow attached to this one.” He looked up from the necklace into her eyes, his gaze earnest and anxious. “It’s not a ring, obviously. Not yet.” Jemma pressed a hand to her mouth at the implications. “But it’s a promise nonetheless. A promise to come back to you, a promise to be careful. All of it.”

Jemma stood, closing the necklace in her fist and rounding the table so she could sit unceremoniously on Fitz’s lap and kiss him soundly.

“You brilliant, pasty, beautiful man,” she murmured, leaning her head against his forehead when they separated. His eyes were closed and he’d brought his arms around her to keep her from falling off the chair. “Thank you, Fitz. And thank you for not waiting to give this to me until we’re a moment from near-certain death.”

Fitz laughed at that, jostling one leg to bounce her gently on his lap. “Never going to live that down, am I?”

“Hmm, ask me again when I’ve got a ring.”

Jemma waited long enough to see the dumbstruck look on Fitz’s face before turning, grinning wickedly, so that he could put the necklace on for her.
ficlet: shooting star + under the influence

Chapter Summary

written for inevitably-inquisitive

“Jemma, what on earth–”

“Just a tad farther, Fitz–”

Fitz was tempted to peek between his fingers but she’d been so earnest and excited when she’d pulled him out of his bed at 1 in the morning that he decided to humor her for a moment longer. After that–

“Okay, you can look.”

Fitz removed the hand that was covering his eyes and looked around. They were on the roof of the bar under which the Playground was hidden, and just ahead of them there was a blanket spread out with electric candles and rose petals.

“I led you around in circles to throw you off,” Jemma explained, practically bouncing as she squeezed the hand she’d used to guide him here. “Thought the elevator might’ve been a giveaway, but…”

“Jemma, what is all this?”

“There’s a meteor shower tonight, Fitz! See, you’re not the only one who can be romantic.”

“Ah, that’s what this is about.” Fitz dropped her hand to cross his arms over his chest. “It’s not romantic if it’s a competition.”

“Is too!”

“Is not.”

“Is t–” Jemma stopped short, chuckling. “We’re as bad as they say.”

“Worse, probably.”

She rolled her eyes and moved to take a seat on the blanket, patting the fabric beside her for him to follow suit.

“What’ve you got there?” he asked as she reached into a cooler for a bottle of something. “Champagne?”

“Please, Fitz, you underestimate me.” She handed him the bottle.

“Gin?” He looked back at her with raised eyebrows. “Jemma, what exactly do you think is going to happen here tonight?”

“Nothing’s going to happen here, where our teammates could accidentally appear with the same
idea… We’ll just watch the stars. And then if you want me to make you see stars afterwards, we can negotiate.”

He shook his head in disbelief as she poured their drinks, cutting the gin with soda, and they clicked their plastic cups against each other by way of a toast. They both sat cross-legged, looking up at the sky.

“Remember when we used to know all the stars?” Fitz gestured above them, craning his head to look for the Big Dipper, probably the only one he could reasonably pick out at this point. “Then you get locked in an underground base for a few years and…”

“Actually, I had an idea about that.” Jemma’s mischievous grin could mean nothing good. “I have this app that identifies constellations when you hold your phone up to the sky, and I thought we could take turns trying to guess what things are and if we’re wrong, we drink.”

“A competition, then?”

“Ugh, yes, Fitz, a competition. But everyone wins.”

“Alright, alright. You start.”

Unfortunately for Fitz, Jemma had had reason within the last few years to be very concentrated on the stars, so he quickly found himself getting quite drunk. And he may or may not have been purposefully getting some of them wrong just to make her laugh.

“And that one—” He squinted, trying to find the constellation Jemma had just asked him about. “I think that’s called A-Rod’s Belt?”

Jemma collapsed in giggles onto his shoulder, apparently a bit tipsier than he’d realized. “It’s Orion, you nimwit. Ask me one, ask me one!”

Fitz tried to grab her phone to give her a challenging one when something streaking through the air behind Jemma’s head caught his eye.

“Jem, Jemma, look, a shooting star! It’s the meteor shower!”

He gaped at the jets of light across the sky, too warm from drink and Jemma to take issue with the misnomer shooting star.

When he looked down again, Jemma was watching him, rather than the sky.

“You’re missing it,” he scolded.

“No I’m not,” she said very gently, tucking herself under his arm.

For just this once, Fitz decided, he’d let her be the romantic one.
“No. Absolutely not. I am *not* wearing that, Jemma, not in a million years.”

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“Remember when we got married, Fitz?”

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“Oh, here we go again…”

“Oh, here we go again…”

“And you said you’d love me in sickness and in health? For richer and for poorer? For better or for worse? This is worse, Fitz. Put the goddamn thing on.”

“And you said you’d love me in sickness and in health? For richer and for poorer? For better or for worse? This is worse, Fitz. Put the goddamn thing on.”

“Why does it have to be *me*? I’m in the middle of a project – why can’t you do it?”

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“They’ve already seen me. It ruins the effect if they know who it is.”

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“Everything okay back here?” Mack asked, popping his head around the door as if afraid to come any farther in. “The crowd is getting restless.”

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“Fitz.” Jemma stepped towards him and he backed away, unsure whether he feared bodily harm or sexual advances. “This is just one example of the kinds of sacrifices we promised to make for each other when we entered this partnership.”

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“What happened to *You dove through a hole in the universe for me*?” Fitz muttered sullenly.

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“That’s exactly my point,” Jemma said impatiently. “You can do that but this scares you? You just go outside, run around a bit, get them all excited, then leave. They’ll love you.” She smiled and reached out to smooth his collar affectionately. “How could they not?”

“That’s exactly my point,” Jemma said impatiently. “You can do that but this scares you? You just go outside, run around a bit, get them all excited, then leave. They’ll love you.” She smiled and reached out to smooth his collar affectionately. “How could they not?”

Fitz groaned, but the battle was already lost. Jemma beamed at him and hurried out into the next room.

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Two minutes later, Fitz emerged into their living room to the screams and cheers of a gaggle of four-year-olds.

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“Who wants a cookie?” he roared, lumbering around the room in an oversized, fuzzy blue Cookie Monster suit. Jemma stifled her laughter but Mack, Daisy, and the other parents made no such effort.

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Jemma was right: the kids loved it. Fitz was the hit of the party even before he revealed a tray of
Jemma’s famous triple-chocolate cookie cake.

As the other kids swarmed the cake, Fitz pushed back the headpiece for the suit, trotted over to Jemma, and swooped down on their daughter, who was perched on her mum’s lap.

“Happy birthday, monkey,” Fitz whispered, kissing her cheek and tickling her so that she pressed back against Jemma, giggling.

Fitz winked at Jemma and pulled the Cookie Monster head back on.

“Can’t believe you married that dork,” Daisy chuckled.
“…the potential damage from an object fueled by Tesseract technology, when considered relative to nuclear-powered weaponry, is estimated at… At…”

With a frustrated huff, Jemma threw her pen across the table and slammed her book shut. This was hopeless – and besides, when would she ever need to know anything about Tesseract technology? Unless she went into the field or collaborated with an engineer, she was extremely unlikely to ever need to know this information.

…Except for her upcoming exam. Which she needed to ace to keep the top spot from falling to that upstart Scot she saw in the back of some of her classes. Honestly, who sits in the back of a lecture?

She sighed and reopened her textbook. She was about to get up to find her pen when her own name filtered to her through the bookshelves and she froze.

“…I’m just saying, I bet Simmons and Niehaus have already finished their project.”

“And if you let me think for half a second, Hendrix, I can more than adequately ensure that our proposal will be just as good. Unless you’ve suddenly sprouted half a brain and can make some contributions yourself?”

Jemma was almost certain she knew who was speaking – besides Cadet Hendrix, poor fellow – but to be sure, she twisted as if she was getting something out of her bag where it was slung over her chairback. As she rifled through, she peered slyly through the bookshelf behind her. Sure enough, two rows away, there was Leopold Fitz, looking even more agitated than usual.

Jemma swung back around in her seat quickly.

“But have you seen the kind of work Simmons is producing? None of us stand a chance. We were all smart in college but her? She’s a genius.”

“I’m well aware,” Fitz returned through gritted teeth. “Her work is exceptional.”

Jemma felt both smug and defensive. There was really no need for him to sound so upset about it.

“Honestly, I’m surprised you two aren’t pals. I think you’re the only person here who could understand her.”

This time there was no quick retort, and Jemma almost tipped her chair over backwards as she strained to hear the reply.

After a long silence, someone sighed – Jemma assumed it was Fitz.

“I know. And I wish I could talk to her, she’s obviously brilliant. I just turn into an absolute dunce everytime I’m around her.”
Hendrix made an attempt to say something consoling as they finally moved down the row and away from Jemma’s table, but Jemma stared at her textbook, mouth slightly open.

Arrogant, distant, terribly brilliant Leopold self-proclaimed-second-coming-of-Einstein Fitz was intimidated … by her?

Suddenly Jemma saw his standoffishness in a new light. He wasn’t being rude, he was shy.

She finally got up to collect her pen, the corners of her lips starting to move upwards in a smile. Once she finished this studying, there was scheming to be done.

Within a week, perfectionist Jemma Simmons made a small but vital beginner’s mistake in chem lab and Leopold Fitz helped her fix it.

The rest is history.

*God bless Cadet Hendrix.*
“George, Oliver, Luke, Nathan, Toby…”

Jemma scrunched her nose and burrowed deeper into the passably-comfortable nest she’d made in the airplane seat. Whoever was talking needed to hush.

“Lucy, Alex, Jamie, Madeleine…”

She cracked an eye, realizing it was Fitz’s voice that had woken her.

He had spread a mess of papers across his tiny seatback table and had craned his neck as far towards them as possible without disturbing Jemma’s head from his shoulder.

She frowned, just able to make out some of the notes on his flashcards. Flashcards? Fitz hadn’t even made flashcards at the Academy.

“Was the third paternal great-uncle Jack or John? Bloody hell…”

Jemma squeezed her eyes shut again and attempted to look as peaceful as possible as he lifted his head in thought, but inside she was bubbling with laughter. Those papers in front of him were a family tree. Her family tree, with all its branches and divorces and adoptions. And the flashcards appeared to have little annotations about likes, dislikes, hobbies, careers, and taboo subjects.

To get that much information, he’d have had to either get her very drunk or convince Coulson to let him read her file. He’d have to be really, truly terrified at the prospect of the gathering towards which they were hurtling.

She felt she should tell him that it didn’t matter a smidge what he did or how much he prepared. So thoroughly had she sold him to her family, so glowingly had she reviewed him in phonecalls leading up to this, their first triumphant return post-engagement, that there was very little he could do to get himself thrown out of the family. He could call her father Barnaby and the man would still kiss him.

Then again, he’d already gone to the trouble of doing all this research and, apparently, studying more than for any exam they’d ever taken.

Just because he wanted to impress her family.

It was incredibly sweet, really.

So she didn’t say anything and kept her eyes closed but gave up on sleep, listening to him recite which family members were as good as excommunicated and shouldn’t be mentioned, which aunts could be handsy, and whose pot pie should be avoided at all costs.

She’d wait until the taxi dropped them in front of the Simmons family home to tell him that her mum had cancelled the extravagant engagement party in favor of being able to invite more family members.
to the wedding. True, it would mean a few extra months during which Fitz could study, but why put off tomorrow what could be done today?

She’d memorized Fitz’s family tree _years_ ago.
Things you said with my lips on your neck

Chapter Summary

written for otps-and-trash

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[Canon-divergent, start of S2]

“Let’s try that again, shall we? We’ll focus on just the one hand for now – place your right hand on middle C and I’ll play the left.”

Fitz sighed, scratching at the edges of the keys with his short nails and letting his wrists fall onto the edge of the piano exactly as Jemma had told him repeatedly not to.

“Fitz,” she chided, reaching over to correct his posture, “you know this can help your coordination. And if Coulson comes back and finds we’ve made no progress, he’ll send you back to stress balls and balancing exercises with May.”

“I kn-know,” Fitz muttered sullenly, sticking his bottom lip out slightly. “But I’m tone d-d-…” He sighed. “I don’t hear music like you do.”

“The quality of the sound isn’t the point of the exercise, though. Don’t you want to be able to tinker with the DWARFS again? Playing the piano can drastically increase your dexterity.”

“I can th-think of other ways to–to–” Fitz groaned and let his fingers fall away from the piano entirely, using his trembling hand to brush her hair aside as he leaned down and pressed a soft kiss to the skin right under her jaw. “Let me show you,” he breathed, lips brushing her neck.

Jemma shivered and raised her shoulder, partly as a defense against the involuntary reaction his touch provoked in her and partly to nudge him away.

“Fitz,” she gasped, reaching around to try to remove his hand from her lower back, “we have to focus! We’re technically at work right now–”

It was maddeningly unfair, really, that one result of his accident was that he’d become even more tactile and concentrated on action rather than speech – firstly because they needed to have a conversation about their relationship that didn’t end with them snogging before they could establish anything, and secondly because it made working alongside him, like this, all but impossible.

“Fitz–”

“I could t-tell you the physics of why certain chords sound b-better together – because of the – the – um–” He paused to rest his forehead on her cheek, frustrated.

“Sound waves?” she suggested helpfully.

“Sound waves, yeah.” He brushed his lips down to her collarbone by way of thanks. “So why do I
Jemma rolled her eyes as he decided against finishing that sentence and focused on kissing her neck instead. She’d thought he’d be a more manageable student than this, but clearly he’d not changed at all since they studied together at the Academy.

“How’s this,” she cut him off firmly, grabbing his hands and pushing them away. “For every twenty minutes of piano time, we’ll take a five minute break. I’ll do whatever you want.”

He grumbled but he looked intrigued despite himself and he looked back up at the sheet music.

“Someday we’ll be able to play a four-handed piece together, Fitz,” she said brightly.

“There are other th-things you can use four hands for,” he replied innocently.

“Fitz.”

Chapter End Notes

i realized after i wrote this that it's more "things i said while your lips were on my neck" than the prompt but ahh author's interpretation??
“Fitz! You did that on purpose!” Jemma pushed the swinging doors open with her hip, ostensibly so she didn’t get oil and flour all over them but really, Fitz was sure, so she could continue glaring at him as they walked.

“What?” he laughed. “I didn’t do, anything, Simmons. I was just minding my own business, torching my crème brûlée–”

“Oh, don’t act so innocent,” Jemma scoffed, ploughing towards the sink and scrubbing furiously at her hands. “You know exactly what you’re doing, distracting me–”

“You find me distracting?”

“Not like that,” she sneered over her shoulder, no longer forced to control her facial expressions for the sake of the cameras. “But I can just feel it rolling off of you in waves–”

“Pheromones, you mean?”

“No. I can tell you’ve identified me as your main rival in this competition and have set out do everything you can to derail me. It won’t work, but I don’t appreciate your persistent attempts to make me uncomfortable, the way you’re so quiet and calm about your work, always staring at me–”

“I’m only staring at you because you stare at me first!” Fitz protested.

“What about the way you took jabs at my flan?”

“I was complimenting it!”

“You were being sarcastic and everyone knew it.” Jemma threw the towel she’d been using to dry her hands across the room.

“I was not!”

Fitz tried to act indignant but she just looked so damn adorable. Her anger had brought an insistent flush to her cheeks, there were little puffs of powder all down her front, and wisps of her hair had escaped from her ponytail in the heat of the kitchen. Worst of all, there were smears of brownie batter across her forehead and neck, presumably where she’d wiped her hand in the midst of the latest round of the bake-off. Do not, DO NOT, think about licking that off for her, Fitz thought desperately.

“Could be you’re jealous that I’m clearly the better baker and will obviously be winning the competition,” he goaded. But why stop there? “Either that or you’ve got a crush on me.”

“Wha – that’s preposterous!” Jemma cried, stepping forward to jab a her finger into his chest. “You’re insufferable! You never use recipes and you act all superior and no one else saw it but you almost destroyed your own souffle in the first round because you were flirting with that Skye girl.”
“I didn’t—”

“And yes,” Jemma plowed on, “I do think it’s rather lovely that you entered the competition hoping to be able to give the prize money to your mum. And yes, your dulce de leche was marginally - marginally - better than mine. AND YES, I may have looked over while you were molding your marzipan and noticed that you’re quite good with your hands and your eyes have a lovely blue intensity to them when you’re focused, but that has nothing to do with anything—”

“Whatever you say, Simmons,” Fitz grinned.

She glared at him for a second longer, then snapped, “Oh, bloody hell,” and launched herself at him.

She tasted like lemon squares and Fitz thought there must be some definite upsides to snogging your bake-off rival.
Fitz answered Jemma’s call with an irritated huff, fumbling with his other hand to get his passport open. “Hey, Jem, I’m about to board, can I call you back when I’ve landed in Chicago?”

“This’ll only take a second, Fitz.”

“Hang on,” he muttered to the gate attendant. “Go ahead, Jemma.”

“Fitz, I’m pregnant.”

He dropped his passport and boarding ticket completely and gaped ahead of him. “You’re–”

“Pregnant.”

“Are you sure?”

“Three different tests and the OB-GYN confirmed it.”

“Oh god – oh, Jemma–”

“Get a move on, would you?” the man behind Fitz snapped.

“I’m coming home,” Fitz said automatically, kneeling and scrambling to pick up his paperwork. “I’ll catch another flight back to the base–”

“You’ll do no such thing, Fitz,” Jemma chided. “I’ll still be pregnant when your conference is over.”

“Yeah, but–”

“Start brainstorming names on the flight.” He could hear her beaming. “We’ll meet you at the gate when you get back in a few days.”

“Oh my god–” Fitz covered his mouth and whirled around to look at the line of irritated passengers queued up behind him. “She’s pregnant!” he shouted to them. “My wife is pregnant!”

There were startled gasps and then people in the line started cheering and clapping, even the grumpy man behind him.

“She’s pregnant,” he repeated to the flight attendant, who smiled indulgently at him and swiped his boarding pass, waving him through.

“I’ll talk to you soon as I land, okay?” he gushed into the phone. “And Jemma, am I the first one you told?”

“Of course you’re the first one I told, Fitz,” she replied impatiently.
“Brilliant. That’s brilliant.” He let out a long shaky breath and laughed. “I’m gonna be a dad, Jemma!”

“Glad you understand how this works,” she replied drily.

“I love you so much, Jemma! Oh my god. Oh my god. I have to hang up now, but I love you so much—”

Jemma hung up first, rolling her eyes. She glanced over at Daisy, who was drinking a celebratory beer on Jemma’s behalf.

“You can’t ever tell him I told you first, you hear?”
“I spy with my little eye… something white.”

“Hmm. Is it that cloud?”

“No, we already did that one, I think.”

“Is it that cloud?”

“…Yeah. Your go.”

“I spy with my little eye…something blue.”

“Is it the ocean?”

“Yeah.”

“That’s about it then.”

Jemma looked around at the endless expanse of sea around their little raft, less for something else to play I Spy with and more for sign of anything – ship, shark, scuba diver – that might give them an indication of how far they’d floated from shore since they started this ill-fated attempt to explore the Seychelles coastline.

“You know what we could really use right now?” Fitz asked, playing with a strand of her hair. “A flare gun.”

“Mmm. I’m rather fond of those.” She rolled her neck and stretched her toes as best she could without rocking the raft. “How long has it been, then?”

Fitz checked his watch. Fortunately, S.H.I.E.L.D.-issue time pieces were not only waterproof but had tracking beacons which could be activated in times of distress. Which floating rudderless and lost in the Indian Ocean could qualify as.

“45 minutes. They should be here any time.”

“You said that last time.”

“You only asked me three minutes ago!” He dropped his wrist and scratched at his nose instead. “I’m going to be peeling for days after this.”

“I told you to sunscreen,” she reminded him smugly. He avoided her gaze sullenly and she shifted carefully to snuggle up beside him. “Sorry, Fitz. I really am glad we’re here together, though.”

“You’re only saying that because you didn’t wear your watch today,” he grumbled.”
“No!” she protested, rubbing a hand across his bare stomach. “On the contrary, I was actually thinking about a time when we were in a very similar situation. Stranded, in the middle of the ocean…”

“Are you offering to jump off and swim us to shore?”

“We had some rather important breakthroughs that day,” Jemma continued dreamily. “What was it again – You’re more than that, Jemma—”

“If you’re driving at getting some romantic declarations now, you’re ruining your chances,” he warned her.

“I’ll settle for ‘land ho’.”

“At the moment, you’re my little sea ho, Jemma.”

She pushed him off the raft.
The first time Leo Fitz walks into Jemma’s flower shop, she thinks instantly that his eyes are almost the color of the blue hibiscus she has tried and failed to grow in her personal garden for three years.

The next surprise is his accent which, even with the way it lilts and arcs, reminds her of home.

He is shy and doesn’t know a thing about flowers. She walks him around the little shop, watching with amusement as he frowns in intense concentration, one hand on his chin and the other on his hip. He decides on a bouquet of tiger lilies, a rare and bold choice that she doesn’t expect from this awkward Scottish man.

Their fingers brush as he hands her exact change. He blushes and thanks her and almost runs out of the store.

He doesn’t come back for another month, and then another two weeks after that. But then he is there three times a week, without fail. It becomes apparent that he’s to be a regular, so they finally introduce themselves and she can actually feel him warming up, loosening, to the point where they can laugh together at his clumsy discomfort the first time he visited.

Jemma doesn’t have a steady flow of customers, so sometimes Fitz will linger while she gives the bouquets fresh water or sweeps the aisles. She teaches him the names of different flowers and he buys something new every time. When she’s had a long day and is feeling grumpy, he’ll chatter on about his own work in architecture. Other times he listens to her analysis of twentieth-century South American poetry.

One day she plucks a rose for him, free of charge, and pricks herself accidentally, something she’d never do if she didn’t have an audience, and their eyes meet as she sucks the blood away. This time they both blush.

Another day, he stays for two hours, just leaning across the counter towards her, talking about the impossible and incredible mathematical ratios which appear everywhere in nature. He would stay longer, she is certain, if another customer didn’t come in. But the tinkle of the bells on the door seem to bring him back to earth, and heflushes deep red and retreats to that distant place within himself. He rushes away with hardly a goodbye.

She watches him go, thinking sadly that his girlfriend (or wife, though he doesn’t wear a ring) or whomever he gives those flowers to three times a week must be the luckiest woman on earth.

It is a winter day, the windows of her shop fogged with what she calls the breath of the flowers, when he shows up after a week’s hiatus that had her worrying for his health.

“Hi, Jemma,” he says, more nervous than perhaps the day they met. “Can you come outside for a
moment?”

She follows him, bemused, wrapping her sweater more tightly around herself rather than popping into the back to grab her coat.

He is standing on the pavement under a bower covered in flowers. She circles it in amazement, touching the blooms and leaves.

“Have you been cheating on me with another florist, Fitz?” she teases when she’s finally come back to stand in front of him. She has to raise a hand to shield her eyes against a heartstopping winter’s sunset.

He laughs shakily. “It’s meant to be a surprise.”

“Who’s the lucky girl?” she asks with as much calm as she can manage.

“You, if you’ll have it.”

Now her heart really does stop, if that’s possible. She finally meets his eyes and finds she vastly underestimated them, for they contain more shades of blue than any one flower could possibly capture.

“Me?” she clarifies faintly.

“You. Jemma, I— I’m hopeless at this and I know you’ve no reason to ever think of me this way, but I like you, more than I should. I didn’t know how to say it so I thought I’d show you. I like you so much, I—” He looks confused for a moment, brow furrowing as he looks away. Then suddenly his face clears. He gives her a small, desperate smile. “I’m doing this all backwards but I love you, Jemma Simmons,” he breathes, as if in awe of it himself. “And I’d very much like to take you to dinner.

She has to press a hand to her mouth to keep in the undignified sound she had almost made. He’s right, he’s doing it all backwards, but there’s something in the way he says I love you that reminds her of honeysuckle with its aroma so intoxicating she can take deep breaths for hours and never have enough, of the hopefulness of the first daffodils of spring, of the simplicity and timelessness of a classic red rose.

“But the flowers—” When he looks at the bower she shakes her head quickly. “No, the flowers you’ve been coming in for months to buy – the other woman, or women, or men—”

Now he laughs outright with apparent relief. “The first few times I came in, I was buying for my mum. After that I was just looking for an excuse to come see you. I ended up giving most of those flowers away to people at work.”

“So you’re telling me I have competition in the form of dozens of female architects?” she teases.

His eyes widen and he steps towards her. “Is that a yes to dinner?”

“It’s a yes to dinner, and dessert, and midnight snacks, and—”

He cuts her off with a kiss.
"You're beautiful."

Chapter Summary

written for fitzsimmmonns

[Academy Era]

“You’re so beautiful,” Fitz groaned.

“That’s just the medicine talking,” Jemma murmured, though she blushed and looked rather pleased as she busied herself packing away her med kit.

“I wasn’t talking to you, Simmons,” Fitz frowned. “I was talking to her.”

He lifted the sandwich in front of him so he could run it under his nose, inhaling deeply.

“A full week on an almost entirely liquid diet – I thought I’d never eat again. And then she appeared.” He cradled the sandwich to his chest and closed his eyes in rapture.

“So, absolutely no gratitude for your best friend who stayed by your side the entire time, held the bowl while you vomited, refreshed your ice packs, went to all your classes so you’d not fall behind, and made the very sandwich to whom you are about to make love?”

“Oi!” He put two hands on the bread like he was covering the sandwich’s ears. “No arguing in front of Sheila. Besides, Simmons, it was just my wisdom teeth. Not like I couldn’t have gotten along without you.”

“Is that so?” Jemma spluttered indignantly. “You didn’t seem to feel that way on day two when you asked me to tell your mum you loved her if you died—”

“I was compromised,” Fitz huffed. “The medicine—”

“And besides,” Jemma plowed on over him, “I have a rather extensive collection of photos of you with your cheeks puffed up like a chipmunk and that ridiculous white wrap around your head, should I ever choose to, oh, I don’t know, print some and hang them up where the pretty girls in your lab can see—”

“You didn’t,” Fitz gasped. “You wouldn’t.”

“Don’t ever underestimate me, Leo.”

Fitz looked nervously at her for a moment, then held out Sheila. “Want some of my sandwich?”

Jemma smirked. “She’s all yours, lover-boy.”

Still eyeing Jemma warily, he took a big bite of the sandwich – then proceeded to clutch at his cheek and groan in pain. “Sheila, why have you betrayed me—”

Jemma gently took the sandwich out of his hands. “Maybe we’ll spend another couple of days on the liquid diet, hmm? I’ll go get your meds.”
"I will knock you on your ass if you even think about it."

Chapter Summary

written for wakandandperthshire

“Oi, Leopold!”

Fitz ducked his head and walked faster, wishing he could scrunch up like a turtle into his backpack and just hide from them altogether.

“Wait up, nerd!”

He broke into a joke, but the other boys were just behind him and caught him easily. Two of them grabbed him by the elbows and yanked him around to face Andy, the apparent ring-leader.

“Threw off the curve again, didn’t you, nerd?” Andy stepped forward to tower threateningly over Fitz. “Why d’you have to screw things up for all of us?”

Fitz fought against the grip of the boys holding him, but he was tiny next to them and they just laughed at his attempts.

“Bugger off,” he muttered.

“All you have to do is get a couple questions wrong and no one gets hurt,” Andy continued, flipping Fitz’s collar.

“All you have to do is get a couple questions right,” Fitz snapped.

“You little punk–” Andy snarled, his hand balling up and winding up for a punch–

“Hey dimwits! Yes, you!”

They all froze. Andy turned slowly to look at the girl standing a few paces behind him, her arms crossed.

“I wouldn’t if I were you,” she said coolly. “Let him go.”

“Or what? You gonna squeal? Bet I could make her squeal,” Andy joked to the other boys.

“Or I’ll knock you all flat on your arses.”

The boys all laughed, and Fitz groaned in resignation, but as the girl kept glaring them all down, the laughter died out and even Andy started to look nervous. There was something about the steeliness of her gaze, the determined set of her jaw, the firmness of her stance, that indicated she wasn’t joking, not even a little bit.

“Let’s bounce,” Andy growled. The boys holding Fitz threw him down onto the pavement and followed Andy down the street, shooting catcalls back at Fitz and his savior.

“Idiots,” the girl muttered, extending a hand to help Fitz up. “Are you alright?”
“Fine, thanks.” Fitz blushed as she helped him brush off the back of his trousers. “I’m Fitz, by the way.”

“I know,” she smiled, shaking his hand. “Simmons.”

“You, uh, you shouldn’t have done that,” he added, scratching his ear. “They’ll make your life miserable.”

“They can try,” Simmons said dismissively. “I’ve known bullies like them at four different schools. They’re all the same. Just jealous.”

“Jealous?”

“Jealous that you’re three years younger than them and have already been accepted to MIT, yes.” She giggled at his surprised expression. “I have too, by the way, so I expect we’ll be seeing a lot of each other over the next few years. I have to be getting home now, but I’m experimenting with the effects of prolonged ozone exposure on cell tissue tomorrow after school, if you’d like to join me?”


“Great.” She beamed at him and squeezed his hand. “See you tomorrow, Fitz.”

He watched her walk away, her shoulders back, head high, ponytail swinging bouncily, and thought, *Oh dear. I am in trouble now.*
"Who crawls through someone's window at 4am to go for ice cream?!"

Chapter Summary

written for nerdlove4thewin

[Because I’ll never get over imagining how these two became friends…]

Jemma had been sound asleep, thank you very much, before her REM cycles were disrupted by the sound of her window creaking. She cracked one eye to look at her alarm clock – 3:57. She groaned and rolled over to check if she’d firmly shut the window against the wind.

But of course she’d shut it, as she did every night.

Except now it was pushed all the way up and someone was clambering through.

The intruder had one leg into her bedroom and was about to swing the other through when their head hit the bottom of the window. “Bloody galloping Gorgons,” came an irritated mutter.

In one leap Jemma was out of bed and bringing her pillow down across the intruder’s head. “Get out, you pervert, how dare you trespass on my most private space while I’m sleeping–”

“Aaaagggh!” the person yelled, throwing their hands up in defense and nearly falling backwards out the window. “Peter, Peter, it’s me, Fitz–”

“Do I sound like Peter?” Jemma cried, swiping him sideways with her pillow. “You absolute imbecile–”

“I’ve got the wrong window!” he – Fitz? – yelled, tumbling forward into her room to dodge her swings. “I was looking for Peter, we were supposed to get ice cream–”

Jemma stepped around him and flicked her light on. A scrawny, pasty young man with thick sandy curls was sprawled across her floor, shielding himself from her.

“I’m really sorry,” he said again, his Scottish brogue apparent in the way it almost skipped entirely over the r’s. “I must’ve counted the rooms wrong – Peter’s in 116–”

“This is 110,” Jemma snapped, letting the pillow drop to her side. “And what sort of person crawls through someone’s window at 4am to go for ice cream?!”

“A very hungry one?” he pleaded.

“A drunk one, more like,” she huffed.

“I’m not, I promise.” He scrambled to his feet, dusting off his knees. “I’ve been up all night fixing a design and Peter’s my TA and he said if I finished it he’d treat me to ice cream at this 24-hour place–”

“Aren’t you in Professor Vaughn’s Thursday evening class?” Jemma interrupted him, recognition dawning as she took in his blue eyes and plaid shirt.
“Uh, yeah,” he said in surprise. “Didn’t think you’d n– Leo Fitz, engineering,” he finished, blushing.

“Jemma Simmons. Biochemist.”

They shook hands. Fitz looked around Jemma’s room but his eyes fell on a bra draped over the back of her chair and he quickly glanced at the ceiling.

“Must be good ice cream,” Jemma said finally, breaking the awkward silence.

“The best,” Fitz gushed. “The sizes are generous but you can also pay $10 and do all-you-can-eat, which for me is probably six servings’ worth, so it pays off – and they’ve got all these weird flavors– Would you like to come?” he asked suddenly.

“Oh, I–” Jemma glanced back at her bed. “I’ve got a lot of studying to do this weekend–”

“Come on, Simmons,” Fitz said eagerly. “I’ve already botched your sleep pattern for the night. When have you ever done something wild?”

“I’ll have you know I’m very courageous,” she huffed.

“Prove it.” His nervous smile ruined the cockiness of his dare a bit, but it still tickled her competitive vein.

Poor Peter never did get his ice cream, though he forgave Fitz immediately when he heard that Fitz had finally – albeit accidentally – become friends with Jemma Simmons. Months of looking for the perfect introduction and all it had taken was a breaking and entering and an assault with a deadly pillow.
"Boo."

Chapter Summary

written for writeonthrough

Fitz had to stifle a self-satisfied snicker as he quietly, carefully opened the bathroom door. He couldn’t see very well – or at all, really – for the steam that came billowing out, so he tip-toed in as far as he could without risking running into something. He shut the door again without making a sound.

They’d both been so stressed and exhausted lately that pranking had been out of the question. He actually couldn’t remember the last time they’d done something like this – definitely before Madeleine was born. But then he’d found out Jemma had never seen *Psycho*, and they’d watched it together after putting their daughter to bed. Jemma had been properly terrified, wriggling against Fitz and letting out a little screech during the shower scene.

Which brought him here. He crept across the tile floor in his bare feet, feeling with his toes for any potential hazards which could give him away. He could hear Jemma humming as she splashed about under the showerhead. So innocent, so peaceful…

In one rapid motion, he grabbed the side of the shower curtain and wrenched it aside, yelling, “Boo!” as loudly as he could.

Jemma spun and let out a blood-curdling shriek. She squirted him straight in the eyes with the shampoo bottle she’d been holding, and he staggered back, screaming in agony. His hand was still on the curtain and he yanked it down with him as he fell – only Jemma had been trying to wrap it around herself in a panic and she tumbled down with him.

He landed, hard, on the tiles, with a wet and naked Jemma sprawled on top of him.

“Aaaagghhh,” he groaned, clawing at his eyes. “What the hell, Jemma?”

“What the hell Jemma?” she repeated furiously, all while pushing his hands aside to help him.

“What. The. HELL. FITZ! What were you THINKING?”

“It was a prank!” he protested. “Like at the Academy – it was meant to be a laugh!”

“Sneaking up on me in the shower right after you made me watch *Psycho*?!? You’re lucky I didn’t punch your nose straight up into your brain.”

“You can do that?” he asked – dazed, terrified, and slightly turned on.

“Mummy?” came a small voice from the other side of the door. “What’s going on? I heard shouting.”

“Go back to bed, love!” Jemma called. “Mummy and Daddy had a misunderstanding.” She looked down at Fitz and growled, “We are never celebrating April Fool’s Day in this household.”
"I'm pregnant" + "If you keep looking at me like that, we won't make it to a bed"

Chapter Summary

written for tashonix

[Academy Era]

Fitz has just decided he’ll have to fake his own death to stop this professor – yes, professor, of all people! – from flirting with him when Jemma appears like his guardian angel, wedging herself between his arm and the bar so she’s pressed against his side.

“Hey babes!” she chirps loudly. His heart stops for a moment but she raises her eyebrows and he understands. Bless you, Jemma Simmons. “Having fun?”

“Just talking to Professor Martin here~”

“Andrea,” the professor corrects him, smiling lasciviously up at him. “He’s my best student, you know,” she adds conspiratorially to Jemma. “God, what a mind.”

“Oh, I’m not surprised,” Jemma says smugly, slipping her arm around his waist. Fitz tenses, but she pinches his side, reminding him to play the role, and he puts his arm stiffly around her shoulders in response. “My Fitz is quite the supergenius. That was the first thing that attracted me to him.” She wrinkles her nose at Fitz in what he supposes she thinks is an adoring expression.

“Oh!” Professor Martin looks between them, jaw dropping. “Are you two– I mean, I’d heard rumors, but I always assumed they were just that–”

“Yes, we’re a couple!” Jemma beams. “Couldn’t be happier. We’re thinking about moving in together. I’m pregnant, as well.”

Fitz chokes and has to bury his face in his drink.

“That’s – wow.” Professor Martin tugs up her shirt to hide the cleavage she’s been flashing at Fitz all night. “Congratulations?”

Jemma grabs Fitz’s free hand and presses it to her stomach. I’ll just die now, he thinks miserably. “Thank you so much, Andrea. We’ve not told many people, but–” She shrugs. “Why hide it when you’re so happy?”

“So happy,” Fitz repeats, nodding enthusiastically.

“Shall we get out of here?” Jemma asks him, resting her chin on his shoulder as she looks up at him. It puts her face entirely too close to his for his liking. “Try out some of those… new positions we talked about?”

“You two still have sex while you’re pregnant?” Professor Martin cuts in, looking impressed. “My ex-husband would never have gone for that.”
“But of course!” Jemma laughs, leaning towards the other woman. “You have to get a bit creative, of course, but there are dozens of ways you can make it enjoyable for both parties, even in your later trimesters – Fitz has a particular affinity for this one position–”

Fitz has to tune her out at this point or risk vomiting on both women’s shoes, but he watches Jemma with fond amusement. Over-prepared as ever, she’s fairly glowing with enthusiasm as she explains the details of their imaginary sex lives.

She stops mid-sentence and glances at him through her eyelashes. “Fitz, if you keep looking at me like that, we won’t make it to a bed.”

“Call it a night, then?” he choked out as her hand slides into the waistband of his jeans.

“Bye, Professor!” Jemma calls over her shoulder as Fitz drags her out of the Boiler Room and into the fresh air.

“You realize what you’ve done, don’t you?” he asks her, torn between laughing and wanting to sink into the ground and disappear. “They’ll have a field day with that, as if there weren’t enough rumors about us already.”

“I don’t mind,” Jemma says quietly. She looks at him for a moment, then grips his bicep so she can reach up and kiss his cheek. “There are worse things in the world than people thinking we’re together.”

She wanders away towards her dorm, leaving Fitz with a whole mess of feelings he’s quite unable to process.
"Wait a minute...are you jealous?"

Chapter Summary

written for anon

“Definitely one of our odder missions,” Fitz muttered to Hunter as they passed through a velvet curtain and into the darkened, pulsing main space of the strip club.

“It’s great, isn’t it?” Hunter grinned, rubbing his hands together. “Don’t tell Bob I said that, obviously.”

“I think she’ll notice – your tongue is hanging to the floor, man,” Mack ribbed.

They met up with Jemma at the bar. Coulson had tapped May and Bobbi as bartenders and Jemma as a waitress. Even that innocent-sounding role required her to wear something very short and very tight and Fitz drank it in appreciatively before he remembered himself and looked away, coughing.

“Disgusting place,” Jemma grumbled as they reached her. “The number of times I’ve had to slap men’s hands away from my arse! And the way they stare at these women – they’re actually drooling.”

“Mmm, can’t imagine why that is,” Mack said distractedly, watching a lithe woman in a bikini dancing on a pole.

“And certainly, some of them are very attractive, but–”

“Flexible too,” Hunter added, eyes riveted. “God, what I would give to get Bobbi to do that!"

Jemma let out a furious huff and slammed her tray down on the bar.

“Wait a minute…” Fitz chuckled. “Are you jealous?”

“No!” Jemma snapped, though a slight blush betrayed her and they all laughed. She crossed her arms over her chest – which didn’t really help with the visible cleavage situation. Fitz swallowed and snapped his eyes back up to her face. “I’m disappointed. Not surprisingly, once again heterosexual men have proven themselves to be a baser species.”

“You’re jealous, Simmons, admit it.” Hunter ripped his eyes away long enough to elbow her hard in the side. “You wish every man in the room was looking at you like that.” He flicked his eyes up and down her body. “Hmm. Put on a strappy little bit of lingerie and some stilettos and we might be in business.”

“Vile!” Jemma hissed. “I am your colleague and superior, Hunter! I am not here for you to ogle.”

“Your loss,” Hunter shrugged.

Coulson came over the comms at that moment, directing them each to different corners. Hunter and Mack were supposed to be paying customers, much to Hunter’s glee, while Fitz was mercifully allowed to stay at the bar. He tried to stop his eyes from following Jemma’s ponytail bobbing
through the crowd, but the more of his gin and tonic he drank, the less reason he could find to focus on anything else.

“Hey Fitz,” Bobbi said brightly, leaning across the bar towards him. “I’ve got a question for ya.”

“Okay,” he replied warily.

“So you’re an attractive guy who as far as I know is interested in women, and you’re in a club with hot, almost-naked ladies grinding and twerking and booty-dropping and doing all manner of things that should get Little Fitz going, and yet you haven’t stopped looking at Jemma Simmons all night.”

“Well, there was a question in there?” Fitz choked out.

Bobbi studied him for a moment. “I guess not.” She smirked and pushed away, expertly spinning a bottle and refilling his glass. “She’s a lucky girl.”
“You did WHAT?”

“I bounced a little too hard and…”

“No no no, go back to the beginning.” Jemma rolled her eyes, though of course Fitz couldn’t see that through the phone.

“Hunter rented a bouncy castle for Peggy’s birthday party…”

“Which is Saturday, as I recall.”

“Right.” Fitz let out a shaky sigh. “You have a point.”

“But…?”

“But we decided to set it up today, just to check if it works.”

“Naturally.”

“And then Mack and Trip and Lincoln came over and we were testing it out…”

“Five grown up men, yes,” Jemma confirmed, her lips a tight line. “Jumping around in a bouncy castle.”

“And I bounced a little too hard and landed on my wrist and it might be broken,” Fitz finished in a rush.

“Well, Fitz,” she said with an exasperated huff, “I’m up to my elbows in work.” She chose not to mention that she was literally up to her elbows in someone’s guts, hunting for a Hydra tracker that the SHIELD agent on her operating table was rather keen to have removed.

“No, I know,” he said quickly. “Hunter’s driving me to the hospital. I just wanted to tell you not to panic if you get home and Peggy’s not there – Mack took her to visit May.”

“And a text wouldn’t suffice?”

“Ah – a little challenging in my current situation,” Fitz admitted. “One hand and all. Figured this would be faster.”

“Right.” Jemma shook her head. “We’ll talk about this later, Fitz.”

“Blame Hunter!” Fitz muttered the second before he hung up, just cutting off Hunter’s yelp from the background.

Jemma sighed and looked to Coulson, who hung up the phone for her. “I’m raising two children.”
If you ever want to see him again...

Chapter Summary

Written for anon

(VERY ANGSTY AND NOT FLUFFY, YOU’VE BEEN WARNED)

This has been Jemma’s nightmare since the day they signed up to join Coulson’s team. In actuality, she has probably been subconsciously dreading it for longer, since some upperclassmen Ops cadets thought it a right laugh to nab Fitz from his dorm in the middle of the night and hold him incommunicado for 24 hours. That time, she’d gone through a cycle of confusion, then irritation, then worry, then full-on panic as her texts went unanswered. He’d been returned in one piece, but he’d never talked about the experience – and that had been back when they told each other everything.

At first she thinks this is also a prank because they are only two weeks out from their wedding when masked men on motorcycles surround them as they’re walking through Milan and grab Fitz and drag him away at gunpoint. Because maybe, she tells herself over and over as she sprints back to the safe house, this is someone’s sick idea of a joke, in place of a bachelor party. Daisy, maybe, or Hunter, popping in after all these years.

Except it’s not a joke, and she’s not the only one crying now as, three days later, there’s still no trace of him and no word from his abductors.

It is strange how painful this is. Fitz being in danger is not new. But before, they’d been kidnapped together, trapped under the ocean together, threatened together. Even when he’d had his brain injury and coma, she could compartmentalize the danger, mentally listing – over and over and over – the science of his recovery. But these are people, not biological processes. They are unpredictable, and she cannot analyze them to oblivion, try as she might.

She wonders if this is how he felt after she’d been sucked through to Maveth – ready to tear the very fabric of the world apart to find him. Unable to sleep for images of all the possible terrors he could be facing. Helpless and useless and angry at everything.

At least when he’d gone through to Maveth, she’d known – or thought she’d known – what he could expect to experience. Now, when she pictures him, there is just an abyss and the fear in his face as he had shouted for her to run as they took him away.

She knows why they didn’t take both of them. Because however valuable they are as agents, however hard their friends would fight to get them back, it is no secret that the only guarantee for cooperation is separating Fitzsimmons.

The ransom note comes after two weeks, when she has started vomiting from dehydration – a product of forgetting to take care of herself and crying constantly. May has to actually tie her to the sickbay bed and spear her with an IV. Mack brings her the note – he looks pale and fatigued himself. She hates the relief she feels, hates that being extorted can make her smile like this, but so long as he is useful he is alive.

If you ever want to see him again, she reads and starts crying. How did Fitz make it through six
Every breath is a shard of glass through her lungs.

Mack takes the note back and reads it aloud. “If you ever want to see him again, you will hand over Agents Johnson, Gutierrez, and Rodriguez to us, suspended in cryogenic pods. Once they are in our possession, we will return your engineer…” The note goes on to explain the details of the handoff Jemma wants to trade herself, whatever the demands – to take all her research and give herself up. Daisy offers to go as they ask and – as she puts it – “rip them apart from the inside” – but Coulson sends them AI duplicates of the three requested agents. They are sloppy, a Watchdogs-type guerilla group looking to make a mark on the global scene with a few Inhumans and Daniel Whitehall’s mind control tech, so they do not notice the deception. Nor do they notice when the AIs turn on and scan the entire compound, allowing S.H.I.E.L.D. to storm in. Jemma feels so useless, confined to a hospital bed when she knows Fitz spent six months wearing himself down to save her – and she couldn’t last a week. It is not a competition, but she would lose. She fights against her restraints until she passes out.

He has been held prisoner, with no windows and little food, but he has not been physically harmed. He is sleeping next to her bed when she regains consciousness, and she cries again, this time with overwhelming relief at having fresh images of his peaceful expression to replace the nightmares she’s been carrying since he was taken.

His voice is hoarse from disuse, so she does the talking, blabbering about how she understand snow, how there is nothing she wouldn’t have done, no sacrifice she wouldn’t have made, to get him home safely. She cannot expect him to love her as she does him, for how can anyone bear this searing, all-consuming fire? – It is too much for one person to contain. But he does love her, somehow, and she will always hate the stupid things he does to protect her but she understands.

If you ever want to see him again. It is those words she carries scarred across her heart, because are they not the same ones she said to herself – over and over and over again – on Maveth, with every action she undertook? She survived for herself, but he is so inextricable from her own being that the two were forever linked. Her decade-long relationship with Fitz has been like Morse code, all-too-brief dots of togetherness and long dashes of waiting to see him again. For weeks she still can’t sleep because sleeping means not seeing him and she cannot bear it.

She sees a therapist, and this time, unlike with Andrew, she makes no pretenses of strength and unflappability. Any such façade broke the moment the prospect of never seeing his stupid face again was realized. It is a trauma she shares with him, but also one she cannot explain, however many similar experiences he has survived. When they get married, he consents to putting trackers in their wedding rings so they have some semblance of connection and protection at all times.

She understands the darkness that will sometimes abruptly take over Fitz’s eyes, the hunch in his back, his distance.

It is not a trauma that ever truly heals. It gets easier. But it never fully leaves her.
Chapter Summary

for howdoyousport

Fitz was thrilled, really truly thrilled, that Daisy was back and that she was feeling better, if only marginally. (What more could be expected, honestly?)

But he was having a little trouble conveying that at the moment.

“You’re back early!” he squeaked, skidding out the lab doors and into the hallway, nearly colliding with her.

“Hey Fitz!” she grinned, grabbing him for a bone-crushing hug. (Superheroes should not be allowed to hug. It is unfair to the mortals.) She still had dark bags under her eyes and her cheeks were hollow, but there was genuine warmth in her eyes as she pulled back. “Believe it or not psych wards are not my favorite places, so I convinced Coulson to let me come back here – I’ll still have to see a therapist, but–” She shrugged. “At least I’ll be in good company.”

“But you’re early,” he repeated anxiously.

“Ugh, but it feels so late,” Daisy yawned. “I’m gonna head straight back to my bunk and crash.”

She started down the hallway.

“You can’t do that!” Fitz called after her, panicking, unsure whether to chase her or run back to the lab for his phone. He decided on the latter but was on her heels a moment later.

“Why?” She twisted to look at him, not pausing. “Oh my god, were you guys planning a surprise party? I know I wasn’t due for another couple of weeks – just pretend I don’t know anything.”

_Shit, now we’ve got to plan a surprise party_, Fitz thought frantically. “It’s not – that wasn’t exactly…”

But it was too late. She’d reached her bunk, punched in the code, and walked straight in.

She didn’t make it very far.

“Daisy!” Jemma shrieked.

“Um.”

“Yeah,” Fitz sighed.

“Jemma,” Daisy said slowly, taking a step back, “I know you missed me, but…is there a reason you’re naked in my bed?”

Fitz winced and covered his eyes as Jemma tugged the sheets all the way up to her chin.

“There’ve been renovations to our bunks,” he explained through gritted teeth.
“We’ve been sleeping on the couches in the common area,” Jemma added sheepishly.

“But it doesn’t exactly allow for…you know.” Fitz gestured helplessly.

Daisy looked between them. “Ew. Oh my god, ew! You’ve been HAVING SEX in my bed? I mean, good for you, guys, and we have so much ground to cover, because I didn’t realize you even knew how the one part went into the other part, but EW!”

“I’m so sorry,” Jemma groaned, gathering the sheet around her. “We planned to have everything cleaned and in order by the time you got back–”

“So you’re stealing my sheet?” Daisy demanded.

“What do you expect me to do, run through the hallways naked?” Jemma snapped.

“Fitz wouldn’t mind, eh, buddy?” Daisy teased, nudging him in the ribs.

“Can you stop hitting on my girlfriend when I’m right here?” Fitz protested.

“Your girlf– oh my god, this is too much. I’m so happy. Or I’ll be so happy when I stop being angry at you. Seriously, gross. Get out of here.”

As they shuffled, abashed, out the door, Daisy heard Jemma mutter, “Guess we’ll have to go back to using the showers.”

“IS NOTHING SACRED?!?!?”
Fitzsimmons + a sad kiss

Chapter Summary

written for crystabelshallot

[canon-divergent where Jemma doesn’t just say “come back to me” in 3x10]

She’s not sure why she does it.

Maybe it is to give extra weight to her plea, to remind him what he has to come back to.

Maybe it is to give herself something to hold onto until he comes back.

Maybe it is something for him to savor, a last moment of love he can remember in death should anything happen on Maveth.

Most likely it is a combination of the three.

This is not how she wanted their second kiss to go, she thinks as she tilts her head up. Because yes, she has thought about a second kiss. She lumps the two in the lab together as one occurrence, as the starting point, and what comes next would be the second step.

But in her daydreams her hands were never tied behind her back. She was never covered in blood and bruises. Fitz was never about to go to the hell she’d only barely escaped herself.

Her lips are trembling and chapped as they meet his. He inhales and she can tell he wants to pull back as much as he wants to lean in. (Is that not the story of their relationship?) She is crying, her tears searing the fresh cuts on her face and confusing the taste of him as he finally melts towards her and opens his mouth just slightly.

His arms encircle her waist to support her but they don’t draw her closer. It is a mirror to the way he held her in the lab but this time it is more tender but also more tentative, and her crying redoubles because she thought their kisses that day would fix something and yet here they are, at the edge of a hole in the universe again, but instead of him dragging her out he will turn his back to her and leap through without her.

She can’t tell anymore who the embrace is intended to comfort. He is unbearably gentle in responding to her urgent kisses but when she pulls back for breath his eyes remain closed and his cheeks are wet with tears she is certain did not come from her.

She stretches up on her tiptoes. The motion aggravates all the wounds on her stomach but the remnants of torture are a pain she cannot think about yet. She stretches as far as she can to kiss high on his cheekbone, to taste the salt and feel the softness of his skin and the firmness of the bone underneath and hope that that is a reflection of the man himself, sweetness hiding a tough interior that will carry him through the storm on the other side of the portal.

“Time to go,” Ward says loudly, coming back into the chamber.

Fitz’s fingers tense once on her waist and then he releases her, carefully so that she can settle back on
her feet without falling.

She will not say it in front of Ward, but she looks up at Fitz through her tears and wills him to understand. That was a promise. That was an apology. That was a declaration. That was a plea. Come back to me. Come back to me. Come back.

Giyera grabs the cord binding her wrists and yanks her backwards. She staggers away but does not break Fitz’s gaze until Ward pushes him to the edge of the well. He swallows and looks into the depths, then back to Jemma.

He opens his mouth. “Jemma, I—”

Ward shoves him over and Jemma squeezes her eyes shut, refusing to cry out, refusing to grant Ward and these other monsters the satisfaction they crave. She will cry for Fitz, but she will also be strong for him.

Come back.
“I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.”

Chapter Summary

written for anon

Chapter Notes

i love this quote for fs and think it could be written a million different ways...so if anyone ever wants to see it another way feel free to send it to me again on tumblr ;)

She considers a million ways to bring it up.

She could get violently drunk and just let it slip out.

She could whisper it in his ear as she passes him in the lab and wait for his reaction.

She could text it to him when he’s gone away for the weekend with Hunter and Mack.

Sometimes when he walks around the flat in his worn plaid pajama bottoms and a tight white undershirt and she’s feeling a bit hot and flustered she imagines goading him into an argument during which she can shout it at him in the hopes that seconds later he won’t be wearing the undershirt anymore.

She could wait until she publishes her first complete book and include it in the epigraph and hope he figures it out. (He will find a way to not figure it out, she’s sure.)

She has decided, though, that they are adults – adults who live together but aren’t together and who fight over the bagel chips in their Chex Mix and who hate washing dishes and who recently got kicked out of their own lab for bickering too loudly… but adults nonetheless – and that the best way to handle it is to sit down across from him on a Saturday morning when he’s just finished his breakfast. The pros are significant: neutral territory, a weekend ahead of them to discuss it (or… passionately not discuss it, if things go well), a full stomach to give him strength. She practices the speech several times but keeps coming back to that one line.

So it’s entirely unfair that she gets sick on Tuesday and has to stay in bed all day and he comes home with hot soup and cold medicine and bandages and smelling salts because his PhD is in engineering, thank you, not anything related to the human body and he really doesn’t understand how to care for a sick person.

But he does it perfectly anyway. He climbs into bed with her despite her admonitions that she could be contagious. He hands her the whole tub of soup and feels her forehead, which if it wasn’t hot before is now blazing under his gentle touch. He misunderstands her shiver and puts his arm around her shoulders, murmuring, “There, there, Simmons,” and pulls her against him as he takes the remote from her dresser and turns on the telly across the room.
She can only stomach a bit of the soup so he puts it on the floor next to the bed and leans back against her pillows, letting her burrow her head into his shoulder.

She never understood why the other children loved sick days so much, but she can finally empathize….even if she thinks the reasoning is quite different.

His forefinger traces circles on her upper arm and she has never felt so safe. Nothing could ever feel this natural.

Which is why she sighs and murmurs, easy as breathing, “I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.”

She’s said it to herself, practicing, so many times that it doesn’t sound that revolutionary. But Fitz freezes, even his jaw tensing.

“What do you mean?” he asks finally, voice strangled.

“Like I’m the most precious thing in the world to you,” she says softly, forcing her hand to move from her own lap to his far hip so her arm is draped across his stomach. She can feel the muscles in his abdomen tense. “Like you want to fight me and marry me and protect me and yell at me all at the same time. Like you see something new every time you look at me. But like you’re also seeing something you never thought you’d see again.”

He’s silent for too long and she thinks he’s trying to convince her he’s gone back to watching the show but now that she’s broached the topic she refuses to let them fall back into the torturous no-man’s-land of not knowing.

“Maybe I’m wrong,” she acknowledges, fighting the tremble in her voice. “Maybe I’ve misinterpreted, in which case I’m truly sorry, and if you’d like me to move out we can negotiate that. But if you **are** looking at me like that… I’d like the chance to look at you the same way.”

It’s a convoluted way to tell him how she feels but he’s a bright boy and he finally moves, his arm sliding along her back as he twists under the covers to look at her head-on. He’s terrified, that much is obvious, but he’s not fled yet and his hand is still on her shoulderblade.

“You want – you – me?”

She chuckles despite the hammering in her chest and shifts so that her knees are slightly bumping his, slightly riding up over his and into his lap. “Yes, Fitz.”

He leans towards her suddenly and she moves out of the way just in time so that his nose bumps her ear.

“What are you doing?” she squeaks.

“I was going to kiss you,” he mumbles, beet red from his the dip of his collar to his hairline.

“I’m sick!” she reminds him indignantly.

“I’ve waited to kiss you since the day I met you, Jemma, I’m not about to let a bloody cold stop me.” And with a sudden blazing determination he takes her feverish face in both hands and kisses her, firmly, properly, decidedly.

He does get sick the very next day. But they stay home together and cuddle between coughs and kiss between wiping their noses and Jemma thinks it’s a lovely indication of the weird, tender relationship
ahead.
“Hey, I was gonna eat that!”

Chapter Summary

for Fitzsimmonsinthetardis

Fitz had only to glance into the fridge to know that it was gone. Again.

He groaned and scrawled a hasty, sternly-worded message on a piece of construction paper, slapped it to the fridge door with a magnet, and strode back into the mess of cubicles with a huff.

“Simmons!” he called, winding his way past dozens of bored-looking reporters. “Simmons, they’ve done it again!”

Jemma swiveled away from her computer as he turned the corner into her cubicle. She was clearly in the middle of an article but she cocked an eyebrow at him and listened patiently.

“They think just because I’m the youngest reporter here – *second* youngest,” he amended in response to her narrowed eyes, “they think they can take my food without even asking! This is the fifth time in two weeks!”

“What was it today?” Jemma asked with little real interest.

“A sandwich from the new deli on Leicester and 3rd! It was a combination of my own creation and I was quite looking forward to – to –”

But he stuttered to a halt as Jemma casually reached into the minifridge under her desk and pulled out a paper bag. She held it open and peered inside.

“Is that – you saved it!” he exclaimed it. “Who had it? Was it Koenig? – I bet it was Koenig.”

He made a grab for it but she held it out of his reach and pulled the sandwich out. As he watched, mouth slightly open, she unwrapped the wax paper slowly, almost sensually, and put her nose almost against the bread, inhaling deeply, her eyes closed.

“What are you…Simmons?”

She opened her eyes again and looked right at him as she licked one side of the sandwich.

“Hey!” he cried. “I was going to eat that!!”

“No one’s stopping you,” Jemma said coolly, holding out the sandwich – still glistening with her spit, *disgusting* – towards him.

“Why would you – of all people – I thought you were different!” he said indignantly, taking a horrified step away from her.

“Fitz,” Jemma sighed, dropping the sandwich back into the bag. “I went to the deli two days ago. It’s rubbish. Really, you should be thanking me.”

“How do I know you haven’t destroyed your taste buds with all that kale you eat!” Fitz snapped.
“Maybe I would’ve loved that sandwich and now I’ll never know.”

“It’s just a bit of saliva, goodness!” She waved the bag in his direction. “Or are you afraid you’ll get cooties?”

“No!” he huffed. “Cooties aren’t real.” He really wished his voice hadn’t wavered at the end of that pronouncement. “What am I supposed to do for lunch now? I’m starving.”

“I had a thought about that, actually!” Jemma said brightly. “Since you’ve not got anything to eat and I’m certainly not eating this dreadful sandwich, maybe you can stop dancing around me and finally ask me to lunch.”

“What?” Some cog got stuck in Fitz’s brain and he suddenly found it impossible to process anything she’d said. “Like a… like a date?”

“If you say so!” Jemma bounced up from her chair and grabbed her purse, practically running to his side.

“Hang on,” Fitz said slowly, starting to chuckle. “Have you been stealing my food to get my attention?”

(Of course not. That would be as immature as believing in cooties.” But she blushed and couldn’t totally meet his eyes.

“Here’s an idea,” Daisy Johnson, who worked in the cubicle next to Jemma’s, said loudly as her head popped over the divider to stare at them. “Why don’t you nerds just make out now, save us all a lot of trouble, and get the saliva-sharing over with so you can just eat the goddamn sandwich?”

“Ohay!” Jemma agreed too quickly.

“Lunch first,” Fitz mumbled, ears burning, but he nonetheless took Jemma’s hand as they hurried for the exit.
Jemma eyes it as the queue ahead of them shrinks. It’s all bright greens and purples and oranges and the people pouring out on the other side look excited and happy.

But from this angle the rollercoaster is huge. It casts a shadow across the park and when the train of cars goes whooshing by in a whirl of screams, it looks much too fast to be safe.

Fitz has explained, over and over again, how it was designed and built and how he has supreme confidence in the engineering. Still, she can’t shake that feeling. She watches the the train go over one particularly sharp rise and then plummet down and she feels her stomach swoop with the riders’, remembers what it's like to fall as if you’ll keep falling until you splatter across the earth–

“Fitz,” she whimpers, gasping for breath as the familiar panic grips her. “Fitz, I can’t do this.”

He’s in front of her at once, one hand on her hip, the other on her opposite elbow, ducking his head slightly to meet her frantic eyes. “I’m here,” he murmurs. “I’m here.”

“I can’t do this,” she repeats. “I’m so sorry, I thought I could, but–” She gestures to the ride. “That’s too much.”

“Is Mummy okay?” chirps Anabel, tugging on Fitz’s trouser leg. She’s taken her braid out of her mouth long enough to speak but now puts it back where she likes to keep it moist.

“Mummy’s fine, dear,” Jemma forces herself to say. She grips Fitz’s biceps and looks at his calm face, steadying herself in his comforting presence.

“You don’t have to do this,” Fitz murmurs so their daughter can’t hear. “I can take her, and we’ll meet up with you after.”

“It’s nearly time, Mummy!” Anabel exclaims, dancing a little jig. “Daddy, how many Gs can we expect to feel exerted on our persons?”

“Oh god.” Jemma laughs despite herself to hear Fitz’s physics-speak regurgitated in Anabel’s bubbly squeak. “Look what you’ve done, Fitz.”

He’s still searching her face. She swallows and looks back at the roller coaster – it can’t be that scary or that fast if they’ll let such little children as Anabel on. Besides, when she’d jumped out of the Bus she didn’t have a seatbelt – this could be a significant upgrade.

“You’ll hold my hand?” she whispers to Fitz.

“Hey.” He moves his hands up to cup her face. “I’m right there with you, okay? Always.”

He pulls her against his chest in a tight hug. Anabel tries to squeeze between their legs and Fitz laughs, releasing Jemma to hoist their daughter onto his shoulders.
The ride is significantly less frightening than it looks from the ground. Halfway through, Jemma stops screaming long enough to laugh and actually enjoy herself. Fitz, meanwhile, staggers off looking slightly green and clutching one hand, which he’s convinced Jemma broke with her vise-like grip.

“I love you,” she purrs in an attempt at appeasement as she drives them all home.

He grumbles something and glowers but reaches across the console with his good hand to take hers. They ride the rest of the way home like that.
Jemma prides herself on being part of an evolved species. She’s gone above and beyond to center her life on her brain rather than her instincts and she purposefully avoids anything that challenges that equilibrium.

Of course, she’s still a mammal with animal drives, and there are a few days every month when she thinks almost constantly of sex.

At least, it used to be just a few days a month.

She grips her mug more firmly, watching Fitz pad across the kitchen in his snug grey sweatpants and a white t-shirt, his hair mussed from sleep. He yawns blearily and waves good morning to her.

She shoots back a smile that feels more like a grimace.

As he turns away towards the fridge, he lifts one hand to scratch absentmindedly at his curls. The motion raises his shirt so that she can see a light trail of hair disappearing into the band of his sweatpants. She groans.

“You alright, Simmons?” he calls without looking around from where he’s got his head stuck into the fridge. “Did you eat one of those giant burritos last night or something?”

“No!” she snaps too quickly. “I’m fine.”

He hums and carries a carton of eggs to the stove, then just stands there, looking around, his hands on his hips – a posture which frustratingly tightens the fabric across his shoulders. “Jemma, where’s the oil got to?”

“It’s where it always is, Fitz,” she tuts.

She’s lying. She’s taken to moving things, just to see if he’ll notice, and maybe, if she’s honest with herself, in the hopes of goading a reaction.

“No, it’s not,” he says impatiently, gesturing to the counter. “Yesterday, it was next to the salt and pepper.”

“Maybe because you didn’t put it away!” She sets her mug down and strides towards him, hardly trusting her own body as she squeezes around behind him, her front just brushing his bum – Thank god I don’t have a penis to give me away – and opens the cabinet. “Because you don’t have a system!”

“You don’t need a system if you put things in the same place every time!” he grumbles as he takes down the bottle.

His armpits should not smell that good first thing in the morning.
“Which you don’t!” she reminds him, moving quickly away so she doesn’t bury her nose under his arm. Is that what he smells like naturally? That’s a significant evolutionary advantage when it comes to mating…

She crosses her arms over her chest just in case her nipples are making a bid for attention.

“You’re ridiculous, Simmons,” he sighs.

“You’re impossible, Fitz!” she retorts, maturely.

“No, you know what?” He spins to face her, temper clearly rising. “You’re insufferable.”

“Oh, please,” she spits out before she can stop herself. “I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.”

“What?” Fitz gapes at her. “What are you talking about?”

“Don’t pretend, Fitz.” Her stomach is boiling with nerves, but this is what she wanted, isn’t it? To get everything out in the open? To confront him with her hypothesis? Oh god, what if I’m wrong? What if he doesn’t feel that way? “You’re not exactly good at hiding it –”

“I don’t look at you any differently than I always have!”

If that’s true, and if her hypothesis is correct, then he’s had feelings for her for far longer than he had any right to.

She hates when he’s first.

“What about last week?” she challenges him. “When I wore that skirt to work, you couldn’t take your eyes off me.”

“You’re making that up!” he exclaims, but his voice squeaks.

“Or on my birthday. I glanced at you right before I blew out the candles, and the look on your face—” She has to take a deep breath and she pivots away from him.

“What, Jemma?” he demands.

“It’s certainly not how you look at your platonic friend and roommate!” she accuses, turning back to him.

He gazes at her, dumbfounded, for a moment, then throws up his hands.

“So what if I do look at you like that? How could I not, when you’re constantly traipsing into my room in smaller and smaller dresses every week and asking, ‘Oh, Fitz, do my breasts look larger? Does my bum look cute?’”

“What am I supposed to do when for the last seven years you’ve acted like I’m not even female??”

“And of course I know you’re female, Jemma – even if you weren’t batting your eyelashes and making me smell your perfume and parading your boyfriends through night after night—”

“Well, that’s your fault!” she informs him defiantly.

“My fault?” he repeats.
“Yes, your fault! Every single one of those boyfriends was a defense mechanism against you! How am I supposed to behave when you put your head in my lap when you’re drunk and you fall asleep on me when we watch movies?’

“That never used to be a problem!” He blinks at her, confused.

“No, it never used to be, but somewhere along the line you got hot!”

“I did not!” he protests, then frowns, realizing what he’s protesting.

“You did! And then you were no longer just my best friend, you became my best friend who’s hot, and brilliant, and distracting, with your quick hands and your pink little tongue that pokes out when you’re working and your taut neck–” Jemma has to make herself stop talking because she’s getting hot in all the wrong places.

Fitz gawks at her, then closes his mouth so firmly she can hear it click. “So we’re on the same page?” he asks slowly.

“It would appear so!” she snaps.

“Then why are we fighting?” he growls, and he practically throws the olive oil back on the counter so that when he strides across the room to her he can grab her face in both hands. He kisses her so firmly that she stumbles back until her knees hit the arm of the couch and they both fall onto it, Fitz crawling his way back up to her mouth, Jemma already pushing frantically at his waistband.
"You heard me. Take. It. Off."

Chapter Summary

written for leggy--peggy

Chapter Notes

SciOps era

“Hey, Simmons,” Fitz said tiredly as he hauled the door to her lab open. “Ready to go home?”

“I’ll just be a moment more!” she called from the far side of the room where she was running a few last tests.

Fitz flopped down on a stool at her lab bench with a dramatic sigh.

“Long day?” Jemma asked sympathetically, lifting her goggles onto her forehead and sparing him a glance.

“The longest. You wouldn’t believe the idiots they let work here.” He pushed at a tray on her desk with one finger.

“Just because they can’t keep up with us doesn’t mean they’re idiots,” she reminded him for the dozenth time that week.

“Yeah, yeah,” he grumbled. “What is this thing anyway?”

“Oh!” Jemma exclaimed excitedly, seeing what he was pointing to. “I was going to tell you all about it this evening over dinner – researchers in Peru accidentally discovered this new species of frog with an extraordinary defense mechanism–”

She looked over just as Fitz prodded the frog’s upturned stomach.

“No!” she cried, diving towards him, but it was too late. A dark liquid squirted all over Fitz’s face and torso.

“Agghh!” Fitz yelled, and like any well-trained scientist immediately started scrabbling at his eyes.

“Fitz, stop!” Jemma shouted, grabbing his wrists in her gloved hands and trying to yank his hands away, but he fought her.

“Is this how I die?” he wailed, wide-eyed.

“It’s normally not lethal–”

“NORMALLY?”
“But it can be extraordinarily painful and even paralytic—”

“I’m too young to die, Simmons!”

Jemma rolled her eyes. “Then move your arse!” And she shoved him ahead of her towards the emergency shower.

There was really no need for her to go in with him. She was wearing protective clothing and Fitz was a mostly-grown man theoretically capable of cleaning himself. She called it up to concern for her friend that made her strip off her gloves and coveralls and boots and follow him under the stream of hot water.

“You need to take your shirt off,” she told him, panting slightly as she scrubbed at his neck and hair while he splashed his eyes and ears.

“Simmons!” he yelped. “I’ll do no such thing!”

“It’ll have soaked through with toxin, Fitz!”

“So the water will soak through too!”

Jemma put her hands on her hips, stretching to her greatest height (which was still less than his, annoyingly). “You heard me, Fitz. This is my lab. Take. It. Off.”

He stared at her, his curls drooping under the water and little droplets spilling over his open lips. Then he clenched his jaw and looked away, blushing furiously, to pull his sweater over his head and throw it across the tiles.

She set to work on his tie and button-up, only realizing he was immobile when she went to push his sleeves off and he didn’t help.

“I’m not going to do it all for you, I’m not your mum!” she snapped.

He jerked back to reality and hurriedly discarded his shirt. Jemma considered doing the same but she was soaked through by this point and there’d be no saving her outfit anyway.

So she just soaped her hands up and scrubbed, perhaps with a bit more vigor than strictly necessary, at Fitz’s shoulders and chest and down his stomach, which had almost certainly escaped contamination, though one couldn’t be sure.

His skin was almost disconcertingly pale but very soft and warm, and she felt his rapid heartbeat as she passed down towards his ribs.

Her hands stilled near his belt buckle. She swallowed quickly and stepped back.

“You should be all set.” She patted his left pectoral once more – for good measure.

“Thanks,” Fitz mumbled, reaching around her to shut off the water. His bare arm brushed hers.

They stood there a moment, the only sound the gentle dripping from their hair and clothing.

“I’ll just go get some towels,” Jemma said faintly, wringing out her hair and darting out of the shower as quickly as she could.
“Hey, have you seen the…Oh.”

Chapter Summary

Written for fitzsimmmonns

[SciOps era]

Getting up at six o’clock on a Saturday to catch the train to a conference was bad enough. But getting up at six o’clock on a Saturday to catch the train to a conference and finding that there was nothing to be had for breakfast – no eggs, or frozen waffles, or bread, or even nasty plain yogurt – that was hell.

Fitz knew that Jemma had bought a few dozen tons of oatmeal lately as part of her pre-going-into-the-field health kick. As much as he hated eating anything unprocessed or natural, he needed breakfast of some sort if he was to function properly and not bite the cabbie’s head off on the way to the station.

But of course, the previously ubiquitous cereal was now nowhere to be found.

He’d just about given into the idea of attempting to make one of those hideous green smoothies Jemma forced herself to drink when he heard running water from the bathroom.

Trust Jemma to be up at the crack of dawn just because she could.

He padded down the dark hallway and pushed open the already-ajar bathroom door. “Hey, Simmons, have you seen the – Oh.”

Jemma gasped and slipped lower in the tub, which was filled with what appeared to be – oatmeal water? “Fitz! I thought you were asleep!”

“It’s okay, Fitz, I’m sure you’ve seen more of me than this,” Jemma said impatiently. “You can come in.”

Fitz seriously doubted he’d ever be okay seeing any naked part of Jemma but he carefully crossed the tiles and sat on the toilet next to the tub.

Jemma pushed back a lock of hair that had fallen out of her loose bun and smiled up at him. “What were you saying when you walked in?”

“I was looking for the oatmeal, but I guess I found it.” He wrinkled his nose at the soggy grey mess and plucked a grain off her arm.

“You still want some?” She cupped her hands and swung them towards his mouth. “Pre-heated, by both the water and my own body heat.”

“Gross, Simmons!” he groaned, pushing her hands away.
She laughed and let it fall back in with a splash.

“What the hell are you doing anyway?” he asked, brow furrowed. “Did you have a run-in with a skunk?”

“That’s tomato juice,” she corrected him. “No, unfortunately, I’ve had a run-in with chicken pox.”

“You don’t look any spottier than normal.”

She rolled her eyes. “Ha-ha. The spots haven’t reached my head yet, but oooooh it’s still maddeningly itchy!”

She wriggled desperately, an action which brought certain aspects of her chest dangerously close to escaping above the layer of oatmeal. Fitz swallowed and looked at the ceiling.

“Having chicken pox as an adult is supposed to be far worse than as a child, and I’ve tried every cream and medicine available but it’s steadily advancing and I can’t focus or sleep and I just want to crawl into a hole!”

Fitz glanced back down at her, surprised by the anguish in her voice and the tears glistening on her eyelashes.

He slid down off the toilet onto the cold floor, nudging her arm away so he could lean his chin on the side of the tub. “Why didn’t you tell me?”

“Because I’m a twenty-five-year-old woman with a common children’s virus and I’m acting like I’ve just been given a death sentence,” Jemma mumbled, swatting petulantly at the surface of the water. “And you’ve been so busy and stressed and you’d only just agreed to go into the field, I couldn’t ask another favor of you—”

“Never stopped you before.” He grinned cheekily at her.

“You’ve already had the pox, haven’t you?”

“If I have, will you touch me with your gross oatmeal claws?” he asked warily.

“No touching,” she promised, holding up the offending hands.

“Yeah, I had it when I was little. Wasn’t too bad.” He tilted his head as he looked at her. “You’re strong, Simmons, you’ll power through like you always do. But no scratching!”

“It’s just a bit much, you know,” she said, her voice higher than normal, “less than a week before we go into the field.”

A single tear slipped out and down across her cheek. Fitz watched its progress and reached it at the last minute to catch it with his knuckle just before it fell.

“Being stressed won’t get you better faster, I don’t need to be a biochemist to know that,” he murmured. He tucked some hair behind her ear, less because it was out of place and more because his hand was already there and needed something to do. “You want me to stay home this weekend?”

“No, don’t be stupid,” Jemma sniffed, swiping at her face and getting oatmeal everywhere. “I’ll be a monster, you shouldn’t subject yourself to that.”

“I’m doing it anyway,” Fitz said firmly, scrambling up and heading out to grab his phone. Screw the conference. “It’s our last weekend just us – we should enjoy it, and you’ll certainly not enjoy it
“Fitz?”

He ducked his head back around the doorframe. “Yes, Simmons?”

“Can we burrow into the couch and watch those trashy reality shows? One last time?”

“Tell you what. I’ll even go shopping and buy that ice cream you claim you hate and then always end up eating from the carton at two in the morning.”

She beamed at him and waited until the front door had shut behind him before she started scratching every inch of her skin she could reach.
"I've seen the way you look at me when you think I don't notice" version 3

Chapter Summary

written for inevitablyfitzsimmons

Chapter Notes

imagine Becoming Jane rose garden vibes <3

It is some combination of the spiced brandy and the swollen summer night and the need to get away from the dancing, laughing crowds and the inexorable pull of him that takes Jemma out of the hall, away from the party, down the stairs and out into her father’s garden.

She knows he is there because she has been unable to take her eyes off him all night. Wherever he moved through the room, her gaze followed, breaking only when it would stretch the limits of propriety to continue gawping. Even then she kept track of his progress through the other guests, his dark blue suit always in the corner of her eye.

He hears her coming, her heels crunching the gravel, but he does not turn. His shoulders look tense as he watches the fountains and she wants to run a hand over them, relax them under her touch, and continue down his arm until she finds his fingers and intertwines them with hers as they used to do as children.

She stops beside him, her large skirts brushing his shoes, and they gaze over the darkened water together. In her periphery she can see the scruff he has seemed unable to entirely shave away for several months now, the darkness under his eyes. Both remind her that he is no longer the penniless orphan her father took in, who became her best friend, later her brother’s page and constant companion, and for the last two years her father’s advisor.

“IT’s a beautiful night,” he says at last, wistfully, tilting his head up to the stars. “A good night for beginnings.”

“And endings.”

She does not stop herself from looking at him now. His eyes remain on the sky but his Adam’s apple bobs several times.

“That’s not how I’d expect a woman to speak on the eve of her engagement party.”

She closes her eyes, turning her head away. The invisible hand that has slowly been gripping her heart and lungs for months clenches.

“I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice,” she whispers.

He inhales sharply and shifts beside her but says nothing. She is tired of existing in his orbit and not giving in to his gravity, so when she looks at him again she lets the hand dangling between them
brush against his, asking to be held.

“Jemma,” he murmurs, half of his face in darkness as he stares resolutely at the ground in front of her shoes. “I am your father’s most trusted – your brother’s dearest –”

“What about my most trusted? My dearest? You are my best friend.”

“And you are to be married,” he counters harshly, finally meeting her eyes, his own expression frantic, desperate, longing, exhausted. “And I have nothing to offer you.”

“You know that is not true, Fitz,” she breathes. “You know my mind is never as alive as when I am with you. You know no one makes me smile as much –”

“Or scowl as much –”

“Because no one makes me feel half as much, a quarter as much, a hundredth of what I feel when I am with you.”

It is Fitz’s turn to close his eyes and she lets the moment linger, taking in his perfect eyelashes, his crooked collar, the lock of hair curling over his forehead.

Eventually, her voice breaking, she continues, “And I cannot be married until I know – until I have just once –”

She turns slightly towards him and brings her left hand up to ghost over his cheek. He leans away from her touch but that brings his face towards hers and she closes her fingers around his chin just as she closes the space between them, meeting his eyes a second before their lips touch.

He knows his place, has been well-taught that he has no right to kiss a lord’s daughter, so he doesn’t lean in to meet her, but the moment she presses her torso to his and wraps an arm around his neck his hands are on her shoulders, her waist, her hips, unable to stop touching her, unable to stop holding her. He groans – they both do – and she pushes too hard, too fast, having now found that kissing Fitz is everything she wanted and feared it to be and terrified of the moment it will stop.

The sound of boisterous giggles from the next path breaks them apart and Jemma presses a shaking hand to her lips, feeling the heat radiating from Fitz’s chest. He looks down at her wildly, then takes her hand – God, finally – and pulls her with him into the darkness under a tree.

“How marry him,” he blurs out.

“What?” she splutters.

“How marry him.” His chest is heaving and the blue of his eyes is apparent even without light and she should be kissing him, why is she not kissing him? “I have nothing to give you, but… If this is what you want, if you will have me –”

The force of her body against his slams him against the tree. Her fingers in his hair, she tries to communicate with only her lips that he is all she has wanted for years.
"Looks like we’ll be trapped for a while…"

Chapter Summary

written for overworkedunderwhelmed

Chapter Notes

Roughly inspired by Chandler’s experience in “The One With the Blackout”.

All Fitz wanted to do was return the library book, pay the fine, and go home to finally sleep after three straight days of prepping for that midterm.

What he did not want was to be in the library vestibule with Jemma Simmons at the exact moment the power went out.

She was going in as he went out and he’d almost managed to duck his head and avoid her entirely when the whole building seemed to shudder, the lights went out, and the automatic doors slid shut, trapping them in the tiny vestibule.

“No no no,” Fitz hissed, scrabbling at the door in front of him.

“It’s probably just a prank,” Simmons said comfortingly, kindly. Behind her, Fitz could see other cadets peering about the library with expressions ranging from confused to scared to angry. “I’ve heard the older students are always trying to pull something.”

Fitz groaned and dropped his head back against the glass.

“Are you sure that won’t open? Maybe you’re just not pushing hard enough—”

“I may not be a hamheaded Operations cadet but I’m capable of opening a door,” Fitz snapped. “It’s shut. and I say that with a PhD in engineering, thank you.”

“Sorry,” Simmons muttered, holding her hands up in defense. “I was just trying to help.”

“Well, it looks like we’ll be trapped in here for a while.” Fitz slid to the floor with his back to the door and pulled his legs up to his chest. Maybe if he made himself small enough he could disappear entirely and Jemma Simmons would forget meeting him.

To his horror, she instead crossed the vestibule and sat next to him, not even attempting to respect his personal bubble. Does she not see what a colossal disaster I am?

“No need to sound so glum about it!” she said cheerfully, sticking out her hand. “Why don’t we use the time to get to know each other. I’m—”

“I know who you are,” Fitz blurted out, too quickly and too harshly.
“Oh.” Simmons looked somewhat crestfallen and curled her hand back to her side.

“‘No, I mean – I don’t know you, obviously but by name – by reputation–’”

“I have a reputation?” Simmons asked with an anxious crinkle between her brows.

“‘Not – not _that_ kind of reputation–’” Fitz huffed. “I know who you are, okay? Can we move on?”

But he’d obviously mucked it up. They sat in silence, staring through the glass into the library, Simmons’s arm pressed into his. Fitz had to keep wiping his hands on his trousers, which he was sure did not escape her notice. After months of working up the nerve to talk to Jemma Simmons, when he finally got the chance he came off like a blabbering baboon. No – even that comparison was insulting to a baboon.

When the power flickered back on, Fitz scrambled back to his feet, grabbed his backpack – nearly taking Simmons’s head off as he swung it on – and with a strangled “Bye” darted out onto the Quad.

“Bye, Fitz!” she called after him.

He didn’t realize until he was on his bed burying his head into his pillow with shame that he had never told her his name and she had no reason to know it.

Professor Vaughn paired them up a week later when their test results made apparent that no one else would be able to keep up. Fitz was prepared to act like the Vestibule Incident had never happened, but Simmons greeted him like they were old friends – which, in a matter of weeks, they were.
“Hey, I was going to eat that!” ... the NSFW version

Chapter Summary

written for rosietwiggs, ughfitz, and anon

Fitz is getting quite creative with his tongue on her bare stomach, has already gotten her trousers down, and is making quick work of her knickers with just one hand – *Clever boy* – when Jemma’s watch beeps.

She groans and thumps her head back against the wall behind her but checks the message.

“Coulson needs those results,” she murmurs, grabbing his curls to yank him up for a quick kiss.

He pouts as she shimmies her knickers back up anticlimactically. “Hey,” he growls, his thumb digging into her hip and his other fingers into her arse, “I was going to eat that.”

She has to step away from his fierce eyes and dizzying heat just to be able to do up her belt and roll her eyes. “Oh, god, look what I’ve done.”

“What d’you mean?” he calls after her, hurrying to keep up as he follows her down the hall to the lab.

“I’ve corrupted you,” she whispers as he trails her between the stations. “You never had this dirty of a mouth or mind before we started dating.”

He snorts and crosses his arms. “You were just never privy to it.”

“Oh really?” She knows she sounds far too intrigued for a professional environment but she doesn’t want their encounter in Fitz’s room to be over. “So…what *might* you have told me back then, if I *had* been privy?”

He checks to see that the lab techs are otherwise occupied, then steps up so that Jemma is trapped between his body and her lab bench. “Not an insignificant number of my fantasies took place in this very lab.”

“*Did* they?” She grins up at him, biting her lip for the way it’ll draw his eyes down.

“Mm.” He can’t kiss her without drawing unwanted attention but he lightly traces high up on her thigh with one finger. “I was rather inventive.”

“Tell me more,” she breathes.

“It’s really a shame there are all these people around.” Fitz doesn’t really even need to touch her to drive her mad and they both know it. He just tilts his head and smiles at her and her stomach tightens. “I’m not that good with words. It’d be much easier to….demonstrate.”

“Well, as you know,” Jemma murmurs, playing with the end of his tie, “I’m a proponent of exploring all styles of learning – auditory, visual, kinesthetic… oral.”
“Oral’s not a style of learning, you silly duck,” Fitz chuckles.

“It should be,” she whispers. “I imagine we’ve both learned a great deal about each other that way.”

He swallows thickly and is dangerously close to kissing her anyway, but her phone beeps again.

Jemma sighs and in an uncharacteristic public display strokes Fitz’s cheek. “Later, okay?”

“I’ll just wait in your room—”

“No, Fitz—” She catches his hand as he turns away. “Here, later.”

“Oh? Oh.” He blushes furiously but can’t disguise his obvious excitement. “But—”

“I have some ideas of my own about how we can make the lab a bit more…private.”

She makes sure to swing her hips a bit more than necessary as she walks away.
Jemma eases the door open, stopping it just short of where she knows it will squeak, and slips into the dark living room, setting her heels down.

She’s almost made it to her bedroom when the couch squeaks behind her and a disgruntled voice snaps, “Simmons! What do you think you’re doing?”

She shrieks and spins, pressing a hand to her chest. A light clicks on a moment later and illuminates Fitz, tousle-haired, arms crossed over his faded grey t-shirt.

“Fitz!” she scolds. “You’ll give me a heart attack! Have you gone mad, lurking in the dark like that?”

“I fell asleep,” he grumbles. “I’ve been waiting for you to get home!”

“Oh.” She looks about, clutching her purse a little tighter against her side. “I had sort of hoped you’d be in bed before I came back, actually.”

“Are you drunk?” he demands.

“No,” she sighs, rolling her eyes.

“Is your boyfriend about to sneak in off the fire escape?”

“No!” she insists. “I just – can I go to bed?”

She knows she’s being blatantly evasive and thought Fitz is historically oblivious to these things, for some reason tonight he seems particularly attuned to her emotional state. His brows furrows and he scootches forward on the couch cushion.

“Simmons, are you alright?”

She drops his gaze and hesitates, then shuffles across the room to sit next to him, her thigh pressed to his. A beat later she lowers her head to his shoulder.

“Hans and I broke up.”

“O-oh.”

“That’s it? That’s your bedside manner?”

“Are you – are you upset about it?”

Normally she would huff and chide him for his awkward attempt at therapy but she chews her lip, looking down at where his hands are plucking fuzzies off his pajama bottoms.

“I don’t know,” she says at last. “Things have felt off for weeks and I’d been thinking about ending
things but… Honestly I’m probably most annoyed that I didn’t get to do it before he did. It doesn’t 
feel too nice to be dumped, even if I had been planning on doing the same thing.”

He could tease her for being competitive even in break-ups, but instead he asks quietly, “Was he 
mean to you?”

“Only his normal self,” she murmurs.

Fitz gently slides his hand across her lap and takes her hand. “You’re well shot of him, Simmons.”

They sit like that for several silent minutes, hands tangled, Fitz’s cheek resting gently on Jemma’s 
hair.

“Sometimes I think I should just give up on the whole dating thing,” Jemma says at last with false 
bravado. “Clearly I’m not meant to find someone.”

“You will,” Fitz insists. “Someday when you’ve stopped remembering to look you’ll turn around 
and realize you’ve got someone magnificent right there.”

Jemma pulls back to look at him. He’s lit from behind by the standing lamp so she can’t see his 
expression, but she feels the warmth and familiarity of his hand.

For a second she thinks–

But then she ducks her head and slips out of his grip before she can consider that possibility further.

“Thank you, Fitz,” she murmurs. “I’m lucky to have you.”

She squeezes his shoulder and heads to bed, where she lays awake for hours, staring at the ceiling.
Chapter Summary

for anon

[Set during S2 angst, in case that wasn’t obvious]

“Bobbi,” Jemma called as she bustled into the lab, “Have you seen the–Oh!”

Fitz was kneeling just outside the supply closet, surrounded by shattered glass. He scrambled up quickly, pieces crunching under his shoes.

“Mack needed the – the, um – the–” He shook his head. “But I dr-dropped – it slipped–” He glanced towards the door, mouth slightly open as if looking for Mack to come translate.

Jemma took a moment to find her way into the conversation, confused as she was to find him in the lab, frustrated as she was by the obvious fear with which he was regarding her.

“That’s alright, Fitz,” she finally said, as neutrally as she could, hurrying the rest of the way across the room to him. “We’ll just – you’re bleeding!”

He turned his hands over as if surprised by the trickles of blood and the little shards of glass. “I was trying to cl– I didn’t want you to–” He huffed in annoyance and made to rub his hands on his trousers.

“No, you’ll make it worse!” Jemma chided, grabbing his wrist. “Let me–”

“Jemma–”

“I’ve got hydrogen peroxide over here, we can get you patched up in no time–”

“Jemma!” Fitz nearly shouted, yanking his hands away. “I don’t–” He lowered his voice and brushed at his forehead with one shaking hand, leaving a trail of red. “I’d rather you didn’t.”

“Oh.” She stepped back before she could stop herself. “Of course. I’ll just–”

She was halfway to the door when his voice stopped her. “J-Jemma?”

She turned immediately, excited, relieved, grateful that he’d decided they could perhaps salvage their friendship from where it, too, was in little shards across the floor –

“Yes, Fitz?” she asked too eagerly.

“Could you ask M-Mack, or Skye, or someone, to - to–” He gestured to his hands.

So it wasn’t that he didn’t want help. He just didn’t want her help.

Jemma nodded, tears burning in the corners of her eyes. “Of course, Fitz,” she whispered, and bolted from the room.
“Don’t you dare throw that snowba-, goddammit!”

Chapter Summary

written for fortheloveoffitz

“You’re sure we have everything?” Jemma asked anxiously, standing on tiptoe to snug the hat tighter over Fitz’s curls so that it almost covered his eyes.

“And then some,” Fitz sighed, pushing her down. “This scarf itches something terrible.”

“You’ll be grateful in a moment,” she assured him and knelt to do up the laces on her boots.

“The walk to my mum’s is less than a kilometre, Jem.”

“And you’ve shown a preternatural inability to feel cold,” she shot up at him. She wobbled as she stood, stiff with multiple layers, and he caught her arm. “You’ll have hypothermia before you realize, and then where will we be?”

“I could understand that reasoning for the first sweater and pair of gloves, but the third?” He held his enormous hands up for her inspection.

“Just indulge me, alright?”

They struggle to go the door open, wedged in as it was by three feet of snow, but finally they made it off the front stoop of their cottage and into the white wasteland ahead. Fitz let Jemma lead the way, determinedly plowing a path.

“What’s your rush?” he called to her over the biting wind.

“If you want me to still have lips for you to kiss, we’re not lingering,” she shouted back.

Something thumped against her shoulder and she stumbled a bit.

“What are you – Leopold Fitz!”

He grinned as he straightened, face all innocence as he packed his latest snowball. “If you’re going to make me wear fifty layers, I’m going to make the most of it.”

“Don’t you dare throw that snowba-, goddammit!”

It hit Jemma right in the face and she spluttered as the sharp snow slid down her cheeks.

Fitz was doubled over, face red with laughter.

“I’m sorry, Jemma,” he chortled, lumbering towards her, “but you should’ve seen your – what’re you doing you mad woman???”

Jemma had scooped up a whole armful of snow and attacked Fitz, shoving it in every free space she could find: down his neck past his scarf, up under his hat, into his sleeves, into the waistband of his snow trousers.
“Aaaagh!” he cried, but instead of pushing her away he grabbed her by the waist and threw her to the
ground. They’d both been training with May, though, so they were evenly matched and they
rolled through the snow, grappling, until Jemma landed on top, straddling Fitz and holding his hands
on either side of his head.

“Well, this is a familiar position,” Fitz panted, grinning cheekily up at her.

She blew a strand of hair out of her mouth and looked at him, cheeks pink with the cold, melting
snow dripping down into the valley of his neck.

She swooped to kiss the tip of his nose once, then again for good measure. (As a sometimes-health-
professional, she would be remiss to not care for the health and warmth of every part of his body.)

“What will your mum say when she sees us all wet?” she sighed, shaking her hair out so more snow
fell onto Fitz.

“She’ll certainly know why you’re all wet.”

“Oh!” Jemma huffed and rolled off of him. “People think you’re so innocent – if they could only
hear you when we’re alone together.”

He laughed and wrapped himself around her from behind as they stood.

“We can keep each other warm.”

Jemma hummed, walking them both forward, and then without warning swept a hand through the
snow by her knee, bringing it up and around and slamming it into Fitz’s forehead.

“Nope!” she yelled and took off at top speed, which wasn’t very impressive considering the massive
snow drifts.

“You little–” Fitz swore and struggled after her.

They were dramatically late for Christmas dinner with Mrs. Fitz and they didn’t care one smidgen.
Fitz nearly collides with Jemma outside the lab, where she’s just standing, staring determinedly at the glass. He stops beside her and looks at her, at the window to the lab, then back at her, then back at the window, none the wiser.

“Jemma?”

She turns sideways, smoothing down the front of her shirt, and he realizes she’s using the glass as a mirror. “Do you think I could work as a stripper, Fitz?”

He’s chosen the wrong moment to take a sip of tea and the hot water burns his nose and throat as he chokes and snorts at the same time.

“Sorry?” he gasps when he’s able to speak again.

“Oh, it’s stupid,” she sighs, turning away from the glass and tightening her ponytail, looking gloomy. “I just… I never tried to be pretty, I always just was, or at least I felt pretty at the Academy, but – oh, I don’t now, I hate feeling this vain.”

“Jemma, you’re beautiful.” Fitz feels a furious blush burning his cheeks and when Jemma looks up at him, wide-eyed, he gulps, but he’s not about to take that back. “That that the strippers aren’t beautiful – I mean, of course they are, that’s why they’re strippers – but, uh – you don’t need to look like a stripper to be beautiful. Is what I meant to say. I think.”

“You’ve never told me I’m pretty before,” Jemma says with a small smile.

“Yeah, well, you used to have all sorts of muscly goons hanging about to tell you that, didn’t want to give you a big head,” Fitz mutters.

“But I like hearing it from you.”

Jemma steps closer. Fitz swallows, trying to ignore the lovely lavender scent wafting from her hair. This has become their strange new equilibrium – long glances, statements laced with double meanings, tiny moments pushing the boundaries of their friendship.

Fitz clears his throat and says thickly, “You don’t need to hear it from anyone, Jemma. You’re beautiful whether anyone tells you or not.” Alright, Fitz, that was actually pretty good!

“But it’s nice to be reminded.”

“I’ll try to tell you more often, then?” It’s a question because honestly he’s far out of his depth and needs her guidance.

“I would appreciate that.” Jemma nods eagerly. “And, Fitz? You should….be specific.”
“Specific?”

“Like, what exactly makes me beautiful.”

“Okay,” he somehow manages to say. “I – um – I’ll just go get started – with – thinking about–”

He’s scurrying away when she calls, “Fitz!”

“Hmm?”

“I think you’re pretty too. And you’ve got a good bum to be a stripper.”

Hunter chooses this very moment to round the corner, his eyes going wide with unbridled glee.

“Thank you?” Fitz squeaks. He tries to run away properly this time but Hunter collars him and drags him back.

“If you don’t go kiss her right now,” Hunter hisses, shoving Fitz after Jemma, who’s wandered into the lab, “I’m personally going to revoke your PhD.”
Jemma has made it through all of about three pages of *The Philosopher’s Stone* before Fitz stops her, voice sleepy as he rubs her ankle. “You have to differentiate the voices, Jemma.”

She puts the book down to glare at him. He rolls his head to the side on her stomach, his ear warm by her navel, so he can grin at her innocently.

“I’m not Jim Dale, Fitz.”

“How am I supposed to tell who’s speaking, hmm?”

“Um, maybe think back to the thirty *billion* times you’ve read *Harry Potter* before?”

“Yes, but *Jemma*, I’ve never had it read aloud to me by anyone but Jim Dale. Please don’t ruin it for me.”

He settles back down across the picnic blanket, closing his eyes. The very tops of his cheeks are already turning pink with sun, and Jemma finds it impossible to wrench her eyes away and back to the page. (Fitz is most likely the only thing in the universe that can distract her from *Harry Potter.*) Unable to resist, she reaches down to card her fingers through his curls, which are shining like spun gold in the sunlight. He hums under her touch and stretches his neck to nuzzle back against her hand.

“Maybe you should read,” she murmurs, prodding his shoulder with the corner of the book.

He takes it but lets it drop open across his chest, clearly too immersed in the sensation of her nails gently scratching at his scalp and stroking down the soft backs of his ears.

Jemma thinks back to another time she had watched Fitz like this, another moment of sunlight and novels – the moment she had decided she wanted to be friends with him. She had wandered into the Academy’s massive library, feeling a bit homesick and world-weary., seeking the familiar comfort of books, which seemed to be universal.

She’d turned a corner and seen the pasty, quiet boy from Professor Vaughn’s class standing by a window, his eyes closed, his nose right up against the pages of an old book, obviously inhaling its scent. Jemma had quickly hidden behind a shelf, feeling like she had intruded on something intensely private, but also knowing exactly how the book would smell and how its perfect mustiness would fill the smeller’s nostrils and lungs like being hugged from the inside.

Fitz pulls her back to the present with a few tufts of grass thrown at her face.

“Can you get back to the story? I want to know what’s going on with this funny cat who reads maps.” As if he couldn’t quote it to her word-for-word.

“Okay, calm down,” Jemma sighs, tensing her stomach slightly under his head so she can reach for the book. “Do you want me to start over?”
“Yes please.”

As she starts reading, Fitz reaches up to tangle his fingers in hers. The hardback is too heavy to comfortably support with one hand, but she almost knows the book by heart anyway, and she’s certainly not letting go.
Jemma sees someone trudging towards the house through the rain and knows instantly that it is Fitz. She knew she couldn’t hide away forever but she’d hoped she would have this all figured out by the time he arrived. But she is no better off than the last time she saw him and not it is too late to run.

She stands at the screen door as he climbs the steps and comes under the porch rook, shaking himself slightly to dry himself off. He looks up and sees her watching him and stops mid-wring of his shirt.

“Well, I half expected to find you’d died or something, but you look alright,” he comments, ruffling his wet hair slightly and stepping up to the door.

When she doesn’t answer, he tries the handle, but she’s holding it tightly shut from the other side.

He places a hand on the screen, brow furrowed. Jemma instinctively brings her hand to meet his – their skin is not really touching but she can feel his warmth and pressure through the mesh.

“Jemma, are you okay? Carter said you haven’t been to town in three days–”

“I’ve been busy,” she lies.

“Will you let me in so we can talk?” he asks, trying the door again.

“I can’t do that, Fitz.”

“Why not?”

She hears herself saying it as if from a distance. “Because I don’t know what I will do if you come in. Because I think I’m in love with you and I - I - I’m terrified.”

There is silence but for the rain pounding on the grass and roof.

Her fingers slip from the handle, her hands are shaking, she can’t meet his eyes.

He slowly opens the door and she backs towards the wall to let him in, but he follows her, stepping right into her space so she can see a droplet of rain or sweat beading on his upper lip.

It seems fairly apparent what is about to happen now, but she still flinches at his proximity, her whole body tensed, because there will be no going back for her once it does happen. And if it means something different – something less - to Fitz than it does to her, she will be ruined.

Fitz reaches up to brush away a tear that she’s been unable to contain and she almost whimpers at the touch and the burning path it leaves behind. She wants to chase it, press her cheek in to his palm, but he doesn’t give her the chance, taking her chin between two of his fingers and tilting her face up.

The second Fitz’s lips – so soft, yet so firm – touch hers she knows she’s been worrying for nothing. He kisses her like he is breathing life and promises into her, like he has been waiting years for this
and is determined to do it right, like he plans to do this for years to come.

All too soon he retreats, looking at her nervously for a reaction, but she presses after him, pulling him down for another kiss that sends them stumbling into the banister of the staircase. Fitz’s fingers on her hips press her jeans painfully into her skin but the adrenaline of fear of finding herself unrequited has shifted into something else, something entirely new, and all her attention narrows to the feeling of Fitz’s mouth on hers.
"I thought you were dead"

Chapter Summary

for anon

By the time they let him see her, it has been nearly three days. They have barely been able to keep him from tearing the doors of the med-bay off to get to her but now, standing in the entryway, he can’t bring himself to cross the space to her bed.

“I thought you were dead.”

In their line of work, it’s not an unusual thing to say to someone.

But it’s never been true before. He has seen her jump out of a plane, he has gazed down at her in a medpod at the bottom of the ocean and believed they would die there, there have been quakes and attacks and even Maveth, but never, during any of those moments or months, was it even a remote possibility that he could accept a reality in which Jemma Simmons was dead. It just couldn’t happen.

That probably would have been true three days ago too, if he hadn’t seen for himself the angle at which the bullet entered her stomach and the way her blood spurted. If he hadn’t slid across the floor to catch her as she fell and cradled her as she stopped breathing.

“You were dead.”

He doesn’t mean it to be accusatory, but there is no other way his tone could be interpreted. There are a million things he could blame her for, but dying is the only one he would never forgive.

Her lips are still bloodless and she is too weak to even raise a hand, so she just looks at him from her pillow. The slow rise and fall of her chest under the sheet an eerie reminder that now, at least in his mind, where he had to ever-so-briefly attempt to accept the silence of her heart, she is among the undead.

“You don’t get to die, Jemma!” he says harshly.

“No, only you can do that,” she whispers at last, her voice rasping.

“Don’t you dare – that’s not –” He turns blindly, shoving a tray of instruments onto the floor with a clatter and storming out of the room before he can tell her that he is so glad she is not dead that he cannot put it into words, before he can tell her about how the night after the shooting Daisy sat up with him and talked with him about love and loss and survivor’s guilt, before he can tell her too much and not enough.

He returns fifteen minutes later, shaking with tears, and Jemma cannot hold him for the stitches and aches but she closes her eyes as he presses his face against her hand where it lays on the mattress and she thinks that when she has recovered it will be time they have a few painful conversations.
He’s working late in the lab and she hesitates in the doorway as he flings something across the room and lets out a mumbled stream of expletives. She can see, even from here, that his hand is trembling as he presses it to his forehead and then squeezes it with his other hand as if forcing it into submission.

They’ve never really talked about the effects of Fitz’s hypoxia. They occur so rarely now that Jemma’s assumed it would be unnecessary to start such a discussion, but it’s happening now and she doesn’t know whether she’s supposed to act like she doesn’t see or extend sympathy or help him. All of those options seem to cast pity and judgment on him, which Jemma has slowly learned is neither necessary nor fair.

A year and a half ago she might’ve fled, might’ve gone back to her bunk and acted like she didn’t see anything. But then again, a year and a half ago they were hardly speaking.

He whirls to face her as her sneakers squeak across the linoleum, and he plunges the shaking hand into a pocket of his cardigan as she approaches.

“Don’t you think it’s time for bed, Fitz?”

“Just a bit longer,” he assures her.

She steps up beside him, putting her hand into his pocket and taking his hand. It trembles in her grip but she doesn’t release it. “What are you working on?”

“Mack needed the – I wanted to fix the – the, um–” He glances down at the decomposed tech on the table, brows knitted as he searches for words. “I have to put this back together,” he finishes in a rush, sighing in relief once it’s said. “And I can’t very well do that with you –” He lifts their joined hands.

“Is that a challenge?” she says with undisguised relish. “I bet I can put more of this together in one minute than you can.”

His tongue lingers on his bottom lip as he considers her proposition, but his forehead has smoothed and his hand settles more comfortably in hers.

She wonders if this is what it could have been like, after the pod, if she had stayed, if she had given him more time, if he had trusted that she would always support and love him, if they had managed to have those tricky conversations.

But there is no “if” to him beside her now, his palm sweaty on hers, his eyes shining as he agrees to
the challenge.

Despite his trembles, it’s obviously an unfair competition – after all, from what she’s heard he spent a lot of time training himself to work with just the one hand after the pod. He far outstrips her and grins as the timer goes off, lifting both his arms – and her attached hand – triumphantly into the air.

“You cheated!” she cries, though it’s obviously not true.

“Did not!” he says indignantly. “You just can’t imagine being second-best at something.”

“First time that’s happened, isn’t it?” she teases. The part of her that’s truly bitter about not winning is far out-shone by the warm little pride at having distracted him. He looks far more relaxed and his hand is perfectly still except for the thumb he’s rubbing almost reflexively across her wrist.

“What’s my prize?” he asks, releasing her at last and crossing his arms expectantly.

“Your prize is that your work is now halfway done,” she informs him, pointing to the table. He pouts, so she adds, “I’ll stay up til you finish it and then we can negotiate a reward.”

She will always regret the years wasted, and perhaps none more than the time after the pod, when things could have perhaps been very different. But she is learning – they both are – to not let that detract from the lifetime they still have ahead.

Chapter End Notes

I was a bit hesitant about writing re: disability and wasn’t sure I treated it optimally so if you have feedback specifically related to that feel free to comment or to write me on Tumblr! I genuinely want to know for general knowledge/future writing/future life. :)
"So I found this waterfall..."

Chapter Summary

written for jemmaslitlemonkey

Jemma’s had quite enough of this Practical Biology senior seminar. First Professor Owens tells them they don’t need to memorize poisonous and edible plant life because there’s Google, even though the likelihood of an agent being stranded long enough to eat unfamiliar flora while simultaneously having access to the internet is low, and now he expects them to track down a living sample of an obscure fresh-water crustacean on the very weekend she should be studying for the first round of midterms.

She huffs in frustration and pushes away from her desk so that her chair rolls to bump the bed, on which Fitz is sitting, frowning at his computer. He looks up distractedly as she prods his leg with one foot.

“So, don’t get your hopes up,” he says slowly, “but I found this waterfall–”

She lets out a cry of relief and lunges for his laptop, sprawling somewhat across his legs. “Why didn’t you tell me right away?” she scolds, scrolling through the webpage. “Fitz, this is within hiking distance, we could go up and get it and be back by dinner! That’s – that’s at least seven more hours of studying I could do!”

“Firstly, I’m not hiking anywhere. And secondly, I hope you’re not planning to make me stay up til 2AM with you–”

“I’ve given up on encouraging your academic success, Fitz,” Jemma says dismissively. “And you are too hiking there with me. That’s the idea of being lab partners, you split the work–”

“And the benefit of being friends for three years is that you figure out each other’s strengths and can delegate properly,” he cuts her off. “Hiking is not part of my skill set.”

“It’s not even a hike! It’s a casual uphill walk.” She snaps his laptop shut to make clear that the conversation is over. “I’ll bring snacks.”

He grumbles but heads back to his dorm to change his shoes.

The hike itself really isn’t that daunting, and Jemma distracts Fitz by purposefully misstating laws of physics and making him correct her. (There’s nothing he likes better than pretending he’s smarter than her, she thinks smugly.) They reach the waterfall in less than an hour.

“That’s rather lovely,” Jemma sighs, dropping her backpack onto a rock and stopping with her toes just at the edge of the water. “Almost certainly deadly if you were to get caught under it, but lovely nonetheless.”

“That’s cheery,” Fitz mutters, trying to covertly pat at the sweat under his arms. “What do we do now?”

Jemma stoops to look into the water. “I assume it’s not going to leap out of the water into our waiting
hands, so we’ll have to explore a bit—”

“What were just saying about getting pulled under the waterfall’s pounding force and crushed to death or drowned?” Fitz asks warily, but Jemma’s stripped off her shoes and socks and rolled up her jeans, so he reluctantly follows suit.

“It’s a bit nippy,” Jemma warns, gingerly starting her way across the rocky bottom.

Fitz puts a toe in and yelps. “Nippy?! Damn it, Simmons, it’s freezing!”

“The sooner we find the specimen, the sooner we can leave,” she reminds him impatiently. “Would you just help me already?”

Naturally, every living thing seems to have vanished at their approach, but Fitz knows better than to tell that to Jemma, who doggedly creeps through the shallow water, gazing down for any sign of movement.

“We could always just take the B,” Fitz suggests gloomily. “In the grand scheme of things—”

Jemma doesn’t get a chance to shoot back her impending reproach as Fitz suddenly shouts in pain and topples over backwards, landing – hard – on a rock.

“Fitz!” Jemma calls, splashing over to him, her hands fluttering above his arms and torso as if uncertain how to help. “What happened?”

“Stepped on something sharp,” he grunts, sliding his way back through the water to the shore. He winces with every movement. “Then I landed on my arse – I’m going to have to stand for all our exams.”

Jemma hurries to her backpack and pulls out a first aid kit – which, of course, she’s brought on their casual little uphill walk – and runs back to him, kneeling in the wet sand by his feet. “Let me have a look, then.”

Fitz hisses as she touches the underside of his foot. “Is it bad?”

“It’s fairly shallow, but it is bleeding quite a bit,” Jemma mutters, quickly wiping it down with an antiseptic pad. She then carefully but firmly tapes a bandage over top of the cut, the whole thing anticlimactically concluded in a few seconds.

Then, of all things, she bends towards it with her mouth.

“Simmons!” Fitz cries, recoiling. “What the hell are you doing?!”

Jemma freezes and looks up at him. “I was going to kiss it,” she says, nonplussed, then blushes. “Like, kiss it and make it better? My mum always did that–”

“Yeah, well you’re not my mum and you’re definitely not kissing my foot,” Fitz mutters, pushing himself up. He falls over almost immediately, panting with the pain of having put weight on the cut.

“I’ll have to help you walk,” Jemma notes grimly. “Give me a second to finish here and then we can head down.”

Fitz snorts, because of course she’s still determined to find the crab – she’d probably keep searching for it even if he’d lost a limb to a falling tree. He gingerly pulls his socks and shoes back on as she wades around with her plastic container.
When she returns, triumphant, to the shore, she shoulders both of their backpacks and crouches down to slide an arm under Fitz’s armpit and around his shoulders. “Lean your weight on me, okay?”

They wobble a bit as they stand, but Jemma bravely grits her teeth and takes as much of his weight as she can. It feels a bit odd, honestly, to be physically imbalanced this way with Fitz – she almost feels she should hop on one leg as well, for the symmetry she is used to in their friendship. Of course, that’s likely to send them both toppling straight down the mountainside, so she opts against it.

They end up being the only pair to actually complete the assignment. Fitz is properly indignant that Jemma made them follow through with it, even affecting a limp long after the pain has passed, but Professor Owens awards them a surprise get-out-of-exam-free pass for their above-average effort.

Jemma takes the exam anyway – because of course she does.
“I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice,” Fitz blurts out, because he doesn’t think he can keep it in one second longer. Jemma nearly swerves into oncoming traffic. “What?” she splutters.

“Maybe I’m massively misinterpreting everything but when you look at me lately it’s like – like–” He tears his eyes away from her, looking frantically through the windshield. “I don’t know. It’s like your heart is smiling through your eyes. That’s stupid, that’s not what I mean – it’s hard to put into words–”

“Why are you doing this now, Fitz?” Jemma demands, slamming the brakes abruptly as she barely avoids crashing into the car in front of her. “On our way to our best friends’ wedding?”

“Because you’re my best friend and I’ve always wondered – but I knew you couldn’t feel the same –”

“It’s not that,” Jemma interrupts, and Fitz’s lungs are burning with the breaths he forgets to take. “I don’t – I’ve been trying to figure out what to say to you too, because you’re – we’re – it’s hard to put into words,” she finishes lamely.

“Exactly!” he says eagerly, twisting so his seat belt cuts into his neck. She glances at him and he’s strangely relieved to see the same terrified hope there that is coursing through him right now. Why has he waited so long for this? “So just – maybe we should talk about it. Or–” and he can’t believe he’s saying this – “…not talk.”

He expects Jemma to protest or postpone or somehow beg off, but instead she says slowly, looking straight ahead, “So…should we talk before the wedding or after?”

“I’d rather do it before we’re both drunk off champagne,” he admits. “So we can be relatively clear-headed.”

“That’s very practical,” she commends him stiffly. He’s starting to think this is a bad idea, that the transition from friends to… whatever comes next is going to be too challenging–

Then she’s pulling over to the side of the road and he’s full-on panicking. “What are you doing?”

“We’re fifteen minutes early–”

“Because you made us leave long before we had to–”

“So we might as well discuss it now.” She unbuckles and turns sideways, drawing her knees up onto the seat so her gown crinkles and that’s when he realizes she’s as desperate to have this conversation as he is because normal Jemma Simmons would never dare ruin her dress before a wedding. “Where do we start?”
Fitz grins.
"If you keep looking at me like that, we won't make it to a bed"

Chapter Summary

for anon

Chapter Notes

[SHIELD verse, S2-type angst, S3-type hotness and tension, but canon divergent? Just go with it.]

Jemma’s a bit jittery about undercover ops – which, Fitz admits, she has reason to be, if what he’s heard about her time at Hydra is even half true – so when Coulson pegs them for a mission she does extensive research, buys new clothing, even writes them a script and makes him learn it word for word.

He can’t resent her commitment to preparation, but he hates that she can plan and shape their fictional friendship so easily when the real thing between them is in pieces. Their friendship has gone off-script and they can’t seem to make it back.

Which might be why, as they stand in the bathroom hallway of the club, making small talk with the night’s musicians, Fitz looks over at Jemma – the place is hazy with smoke, making her appear simultaneously ethereal and threatening in her leather jacket, bold eyeliner, and dark wig – and says out of nowhere, “If you keep looking at me like that, we won’t make it to a bed.”

The band chuckles as Jemma blinks at him, mouth slightly agape. He steps towards her, slipping a hand inside her jacket and around her back and pulls her into his side.

“What are you doing?” she mutters, her nails digging into his spine.

“Improvising,” he whispers, pressing a kiss a bit too sharply against her hair. She smiles up at him coyly, still in character, but her eyes are burning bloody murder into his. God forbid he throw off her perfect script.

They’re supposed to wait for further instructions from Coulson before tracking down the club’s manager and the potentially-very-dangerous drug he’s peddling from somewhere in the space, but not ten minutes later Jemma grabs Fitz’s hand and hauls him after her, past the bar and the dance floor and towards the offices around the back.

“What the hell are you doing?” Fitz hisses, tumbling after her.

“Improvising!” she snaps, barely turning her head.

“Well, then so will I,” Fitz says firmly, yanking her hand so she spins to face him, and in a moment like something out of a movie, he steps up to her, grabs her by the waist, and kisses her.

It starts out as an absolutely furious snog, all the anger and confusion and mistrust and tension from
the past months spilling out in pants and crashing teeth, but then Fitz bites Jemma’s lip too hard and she whimpers. It’s in pain, not for some more titillating reason, Fitz can tell instantly, and so he loosens his hold on her and presses soft kisses to the corner of her mouth, rubbing his thumb over the sore spot, murmuring over and over, “I’m sorry. I’m sorry. I’m sorry.” For the bite or for the anger and confusion and mistrust and tension, they’re not sure, but it may not matter.

“You can’t be in here!” a bouncer calls, striding towards them from one of the shady back rooms, and without glancing away from Jemma Fitz lifts his ICER and knocks the man out with a single shot. *Not qualified for the field my royal arse.*

He starts to remove his other hand from her face but she reaches up to grip his wrist so he stays there, his fingers splayed across her cheek and ear.

At long last her eyes flutter open and her gaze roves his face. He waits nervously for her to say something, to ask whether the kiss was for the cover or not. He hasn’t worked out his answer yet.

Then Coulson is speaking in their earpieces and they’re back on the script but they’re also *back on the script* and bloody hell if things aren’t about to get confusing but it’s about damn time.
A.M.

Chapter Summary

for crystabelshallot, who requested Fitzsimmons + A.M by One Direction.

[Academy era]

Even before he can put a name to it, the feeling has settled into his chest, a familiar warm weight like a cat on his lap. Sometimes he will glance at her and something aches from his rib cage all the way up to his throat and words stall and he knows it is the excess happiness seeking release but he doesn’t know what to do to alleviate that.

It starts in those darkest hours of the morning – like at midnight they pass a previously uncrossed boundary and their friendship is tinged with something unspeakably precious and fragile. It will be 2AM and she has her back to his headboard and he’s sitting against the wall or sprawled across the foot of his bed but either way her ankles rest across his legs or over his bum and it’s this easy overlap that pulls him in closer, every day, without his noticing.

Drunk purely off of exhaustion, they spout absolute nonsense – scientifically correct nonsense, but nonsense nonetheless. She will prod his side with her toes or he will tickle the underside of her knee in retaliation for some harmless verbal jab. When she’s on the very cusp of sleep she will push away from the pillows and crawl to rest her head on his extended arm or tuck it into his armpit and she’ll murmur musings about distant countries and planets, about her family, about their future – always their future, even then. He doesn’t do much talking at this point, because she says everything he could ever hope to.

She always leaves – until one night she doesn’t. She’s rolling off the bed and he catches the ends of her fingertips and whispers sleepily, “Don’t go.”

If they were other people, it would have happened that night. It will take them many more years to both understand why it felt normal to stay up til dawn talking about nothing. That night, she kneels on the bed again, brushes a hand over the side of his head and face, and wedges herself against him. They are too tired to wonder if best friends do this, curl around each other, intertwine their ankles and fall asleep with faces in each other’s hair and neck. They are too tired, they are too at peace.

The cadets on Fitz’s hall gossip the next morning when Jemma plods to the bathroom still wearing the same clothes as the day before. She doesn’t notice, because the novelty of waking up with Fitz is that he gets to be the first person to hear her start-of-day rush of inspiration while they brush their teeth side-by-side.

They could get used to that.

And they do. It becomes normal – in fact it becomes hard to leave at the end of the night, or the beginning of the morning, or whichever it is when the moon is gone but the sun isn’t there.

It is those nights Fitz misses most, when Jemma has boyfriends. He misses the nights when she stays. She tries not to think about the fact that though she falls asleep next to other men, she misses those
nights with Fitz too.
Mack was just drying his hands when he heard Simmons come back into the hotel suite, muttering furiously to herself. Still no sign of Fitz, then. Even Mack was starting to get worried – he’d stepped out to the Quinjet and thought for sure Fitz would be back by the time he’d finished there.

He was about to call to Simmons through the bathroom door, to give her a heads-up that he’d returned while she was out – otherwise she was liable to start shooting him or something if he stepped out and surprised her.

But then the hotel door opened again.

The click of Simmons’s heels reversed direction as she hurried back down the in-suite hallway to the bedroom.

Mack hesitated, hand on the doorknob, but he could hear their voices raised – overtly angry but really just anxious, worried – and decided he’d wait here in the bathroom until they’d calmed down a bit and he could announce himself. Heck, maybe they’d finally have an important conversation or two.

He sat down on the closed lid of the toilet, rubbing a hand into his eyes. Honestly, it was just like being back with Bobbi and Hunter.

Just when he thought it was safe, judging by the quiet murmurs of their voices, there came a new sound.

A sound distinctly like a headboard hitting a wall.

“No,” Mack whispered, standing too quickly so his head spun. “Not now, Turbo–”

Simmons was about to find out whether Fitz lived up to that nickname –

“Oh god,” Mack groaned quietly.

Now the mattress was squeaking and someone was panting loudly. The headboard kept knocking the wall, coupled with what could only be the slapping of skin on skin–

“This is hell,” Mack muttered, looking around desperately, but there were no windows through which he could throw himself and his broad frame would never fit through the vent. He considered turning on the shower, but while that would protect his ears from the thorough defiling they were currently receiving, it would also certainly interrupt Fitzsimmons’s amorous activities. What kind of friend would that make him? He really was happy they were working this out….
So he covered his ears and tried to hum quietly, but he could still hear occasional grunts and then Simmons was shouting, “Fitz, Fitz, I – oh, god, Fitz, right there – don’t stop – Fiiiiiiiiitz!”

She was practically keening and Mack felt distinctly nauseous. How could he possibly ever face them after this?

Hunter and Bobbi had never been this bad. They could always keep it in their pants until the mission had been debriefed.

Debriefed. Given the current situation, that was almost funny.

Mack only hoped that Fitzsimmons got it out of their system and didn’t dawdle with second or third rounds…. Oh god, what if they were into freaky stuff?!

A sudden stroke of genius nearly made him shout in relief. He scrambled to pull his phone out of his pocket and hastily sent a text to Simmons: Any word from Fitz? Done loading. If he’s there, can you guys meet me in 5?

He heard the telltale ping from her cellphone somewhere in the bedroom, followed by quiet voices. Quiet, happy voices, he noted, his heart softening. About damn time.

Then the bed springs squeaked and someone was padding down the hallway towards the bathroom.

Miscalculation! Abort! Abort!

Not for the first time Mack wished he were small enough to hide behind the door or under the sink. He thought about jumping in the shower and yanking the curtain shut but what if they were planning to wash off together and they climbed in there with him, totally naked–

He shuddered. There was nothing for it. He stood his ground.

An entirely nude Fitz opened the door, took one look at Mack, and shrieked, flinging a full condom straight at him.

Mack wasn’t the dodgeball champion at his middle school for nothing, and he avoided the projectile with ease. It hit the back of the shower with a squelch.

“WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU DOING?” Fitz and Mack yelled at the same time.

Simmons appeared in the doorway, also wearing nothing. She saw Mack and squeaked, stepping behind Fitz to hide her nakedness.

“I’m sorry!” Mack bellowed. “I didn’t want to leave and then I very much wanted to leave but it was too late and I would’ve had to interrupt that—” He waved vaguely at Fitz’s privates, which he was shielding with one hand.

“What the hell?” Fitz repeated.

“Look, would you just—” Mack huffed and covered his eyes. “Would you two just put some clothes on and meet me at the Quinjet and we’ll never speak of this again?”

“Agreed,” Jemma said firmly, pulling Fitz to the side by his hips so Mack could pass.

At the front door, Mack hesitated, grinned, then looked back and shouted in the direction of the bathroom, “Proud of you, Turbo!”
lost in the airport AU

Chapter Summary

for reymanova and inevitablyfitzsimmons

Chapter Notes

I’ve written a lot of smuttier stuff lately and felt the need for something more innocent that could be platonic or the start of something more… idk what this is, but I hope it doesn’t disappoint you! :P

Fitz knows that by now he probably should have learned the Cyrillic alphabet. He’s done enough traveling and worked with scientists from enough countries to have picked up conversational competence in dozens of languages, but somehow Cyrillic script has evaded him.

Which wasn’t a problem until today, when his layover drops him into probably the only airport in the world whose signs aren’t labeled in English.

He’s walked through this same intersection of hallways three times now. The man at the information desk is unable to comprehend his Scottish accent, apparently, so that’s a non-starter, and everyone else he’s approached stare at him blankly before going back to their work.

His boarding pass is in English, fortunately, so he’s got that to work with, but the sign hanging from the ceiling could mean anything and the words bear no resemblance to any words he’s ever seen.

“I’m guessing by your furrowed brow your Russian is also a bit rusty?” someone asks tentatively.

He’s never been so relieved to speak to a bloody English person before. He looks up to see a woman about his age, looking rather exhausted.

“If by rusty you mean non-existent, than yeah,” he replies, a bit more bitterly than he intends, but she doesn’t seem to notice.

She moves to stand beside him, squinting up at the sign. “I think that bit’s an R, but that’s as far as I’ve gotten.”

“Have you tried putting it into Google Translate?”

“Absolute gibberish,” she chuckles. “Technology can only take us so far.”

“Where are you trying to go?”

She shows him her boarding pass. “Deep in Siberia.”

“Hang on, me too!” he exclaims excitedly. “The research mission–”
“Yes!” They grin at each other, their current predicament forgotten for a moment. “It’s such an incredible opportunity I chose to overlook the soul-crushing cold—”

“You have no idea how many pairs of long underwear I’ve packed,” Fitz says darkly. Perhaps it’s odd to mention one’s underwear to a near-stranger, but stuck as they are about to be in a remote research outpost for six weeks, any sense of privacy or propriety will be abandoned anyway.

“Jemma Simmons, by the way,” she adds, extending a hand. “Of—”

“Cambridge, yeah!” he finishes for her. “Sorry, it’s just – I’ve been following your research, I had a few thoughts on your article in Science last autumn—”

“Only praise, I hope?”

“Some constructive critiques—”

“Really?” She presses a hand to her chest in mock indignation. “Well, now I must know your name so I have an equal opportunity to present my criticism of your life’s work.”

“Leopold Fitz, engineering.”

Her immediate smile tells him she knows the name, and he’s now quite glad he doesn’t know Cyrillic, because getting lost and standing under this sign has meant he will now get to spend the rest of his layover and the entire flight talking to Jemma Simmons – time he’s sure will be necessary, because six weeks is not enough.

“Well, Dr. Fitz,” Jemma says bracingly, “what do you say we tackle this alphabet like a cipher? Search for words we know in the airport and plug those letters in elsewhere until we figure out where the hell we’re supposed to go?”

“Brilliant,” Fitz replies, grinning.
“I have no idea how to work this washing machine, can you help me?”

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimmons

“Help!”

Jemma dropped her basket, clothes spilling across the linoleum.

“Hello?”

The laundry room seemed to be deserted, as it should be at 1AM on a Saturday, but unless she was going mad–

“Hi, hello, can you help me? I’m having a spot of trouble getting this laundry machine to work–”

Then she saw him – or, well, his head, disembodied as it seemed, poking out of the top of one of the machines at the end of the row.

She approached carefully, because a boy who climbed into a laundry machine might be liable to do all sorts of strange things.

“What are you doing in there?” she demanded, seeing as she got closer that he was wound around the pole in the middle of the machine and wouldn’t be able to get out without a struggle.

“Spilled on myself,” he explained, as if that was a reasonable justification for his current position. He slurried all his words beyond what was reasonable from his accent and Jemma wrinkled her nose at the stench of stale beer. Now things made a bit more sense.

“Was that before or after you got embarrassingly drunk?” she asked, hands on her hips.

“After?” The boy frowned. “Maybe before. Doesn’t matter – my mum always said if you let it sit for too long it’ll smell forever so I’ve got to get it clean before I go to bed. Except I can’t – quite – reach the settings from in here. Can you help me?”

How had someone this daft ended up at the same prestigious university as Jemma? Though she had to admit his imagination and persistence were commendable. “Hmm, yes. What do you think, small load, cold, a dash of detergent? – Don’t be stupid, you can’t put yourself through the wash.”

“Right, of course–” He struggled inside the machine for a moment, then held out his cellphone and keyring to her. “Can you hold onto that until I’m done?”

“Listen–” She glanced down at ID attached to the keys. “Leopold–”

“Gahhhhh, no, it’s Fitz, it’s Fitz!”

“Sorry, Fitz. Either way, you’ll not make it through the initial rinse before you’re spluttering for release. Get out of there this instant.”

“You can’t make me!” he cried wildly, trying to pull the lid down over him.
Jemma sighed and dropped his belongings on the next machine over, then reached in and grabbed him under the armpits. He was drunk enough that he barely struggled and small enough – only slightly heavier than herself – that she could hoist him out. As soon as his feet cleared the top of the machine they both fell backwards, Jemma only barely managing to stay upright as the boy – Fitz – leaned heavily on her.

“Where do you live?” she asked, guiding him towards the door.

“Glasgow,” he replied proudly.

“No, I mean, on campus.”

“Erm–” He tugged on the hem of his sodden shirt, looking entirely lost. “It’s one of the tall buildings–”

All the dorms were high-rises, so this helped not at all. Jemma sighed again.

“Why don’t you come up with me and I’ll give you something to wear until your wits return, paltry as they may be?”

They climbed the stairs together, Fitz drunkenly protesting his intelligence.
Chapter Summary

inevitablyfitzsimmons asked:
Fitzsimmons + 12.) Constantly fighting for the best seat in the library/coffee shop/whatever?

Fitz didn’t much enjoy going to the library. It was stuffy and musty and full of students less intelligent than him who chattered away while those who actually wanted to get somewhere in life tried to work.

But on occasion, his roommate wanted the room to snog his boyfriend, and Fitz was forced to throw his books and laptop into his backpack and plod up the hill to find a place to work.

The only thing that made the library even slightly bearable was The Seat. Fitz had discovered it one caffinated exam-period stupor. Tucked in the basement, by a window that let in sun but was situated so he wouldn’t feel observed as he worked, The Seat fell at a perfect intersection of the heating vents and the crossbreeze of students passing through the stacks. Except for the occasional amorous couple getting frisky against the bookshelves, The Seat was perfect.

Except tonight, on a Saturday evening long after everyone else normally abandoned their books, there was someone in The Seat.

Fitz sat at a safe distance, glowering over at the young woman currently defiling his chair. She was leaning far over her notes, scribbling furiously, so he couldn’t make out her face, but he knew instantly she was his least favorite person ever.

He started drumming his pencil on his textbook absentmindedly. After a moment, the woman looked up. Fitz blushed at first as he met her brown eyes, but then he set his jaw and kept going. If it bothered her – well, she could just go find somewhere else.

A few minutes later, she looked up again and called, “Sorry, but could you not do that?”

“Do what, exactly?” Fitz snapped.

“That,” she said heatedly, gesturing to his fidgeting. “It’s quite distracting."

“Well, it helps me focus.”

She narrowed her eyes at him but was silent.

Around midnight, she pushed her chair back, stood up and stretched. Fitz averted his eyes as the motion bared a sliver of her stomach. He expected her to gather her things and leave, but instead she left her books and trailed away towards the bathroom.

He hesitated only a moment before grabbing his bag and scurrying across to The Seat. He shoved her books and notes to the other end of the table, only hesitating briefly to scan the chemical equations she’d carefully diagrammed – perfectly, he could tell from only a glance. By the time she came back, he had spread his own things across the table in front of him and was happily chugging
away, humming to himself.

She stopped a few feet away, looking confused. He didn’t deign to look up until she spoke.

“Excuse me, I was working there.”

“Should’ve asked someone to watch your things, then,” he muttered, scratching his nose with the erase on his pencil.

“I took it as an unspoken social contract between the two of us, as the only remaining people in the library, that you would watch my things,” she retorted.

“That’ll teach you to trust strangers.” He glanced up at her, momentarily distracted by the pretty smattering of freckles across her nose and forehead before he refocused. “Besides, this seat might as well be reserved for me. I think you’ve had plenty of time in it.”

She huffed something that sounded like “Men”, swept her things into her bag, and stormed out of the library. Fitz grinned.

He fell asleep across his textbooks five minutes later.

A few weeks later, right around midterms, he stumbled to The Seat one early morning to find his sworn enemy already there.

He walked right up to her this time, dropping his textbooks onto the table so that she jumped.

“Excuse you!” she cried, brushing back a strand of hair.

“You’re in my seat,” he ground out.

“It’s not yours,” she snapped. “And I have an exam in two hours, so if you’d kindly–” She made a shooing motion which only riled Fitz further.

“It’s not yours,” she snapped. “And I have an exam in two hours, so if you’d kindly–” She made a shooing motion which only riled Fitz further.

“Come off it, I’m engineering, you’re only chemistry,” he spat. “Clearly what I’m doing is much harder and much more important–”

“Biochem,” she corrected hotly. “And it’s my second major. And I currently hold the record for the fastest completion of and highest score on Professor Agyeman’s Engineering 200 final, so if you believe you are in any way superior to me, you are sorely mistaken.”

“You’re making that up!” he protest.

“You’re making that up!” she replied calmly, smirking. “Jemma Simmons. Go look it up – I think they put up a plaque or a trophy or something.”

Fitz was fuming, but she was clearly not relinquishing the seat. He slunk away, her eyes burning triumphantly into the back of his neck.
Shortly before the winter holiday, the campus was already mostly deserted and Fitz’s roommate had gone home. The quiet was nice at first, but cabin fever set in, so at last he trudged through the snow to the library, greeted the student worker behind the desk with uncharacteristic cheer, and collapsed gratefully into The Seat, taking out his thermos of peppermint hot chocolate and a new novel.

He had about fifteen minutes of calm before he noted motion out of the corner of his eye. Glancing up, he saw her – Jemma Simmons, he remembered; her name on that trophy in the Engineering Department was burned into his mind’s eye – in a much-too-tight red sweater, walking determinedly towards him. He stuck his nose back in his book, ears burning.

Except she didn’t stop. Eventually she was too close and he had to look up again. She smirked, tripped very dramatically, and sprawled across his lap.

“Oh my,” she laughed breathily as he scrambled to find a place to put his hands. “I’m so clumsy.”

As she righted herself, her hand collided with his thermos, spilling hot chocolate all over his trousers. He yelped and jumped out of the way of the scalding stream, turning to glare at Jemma.

“What the hell!” he shouted.

She raised a hand to her mouth, eyes wide and innocent. “Whoops?”

He had no choice but to gather his things and go back to his room and changed. He didn’t need to go back to the library to know she would have usurped The Seat.

When he was home for break, he rather missed the library, oddly. His hometown library was only one room, and if he tried to hang out there the old people wanted to hear all about university and the pretty girls. He mostly stayed home.

He was relieved to return to campus after New Year’s, but that didn’t last long. His first day back, as he headed to the library, he saw Jemma Simmons approaching from the opposite direction.

Their eyes met. They both froze. And then they sprinted for the door.

Jemma reached it first, her shoulder catching Fitz hard in the chest as she pushed him out of the way. She tumbled through into the lobby, Fitz close on her heels. They sprinted through the library, ignoring the staff’s cries as they knocked over book displays and bumped into corners in their haste to get to the staircase.

Fitz took a shortcut through the stacks and burst out triumphantly a pace ahead of Jemma, panting heavily–

To find someone already in The Seat.

Jemma pulled up next to him. “Son of a bitch!” she gasped, staring at the burly rugby player with his feet up and loud music playing.

“What now?” Fitz asked nervously. “Do we… kick him out? Together we could take him–”

Jemma turned to him, catching his sleeve. “How about tea instead?”
“What?”

“Tea.” She smiled, the first genuine smile he could remember seeing from her. “I assume anyone who values a good library spot as much as I do must be worth talking to.”


“And if he’s still here in an hour, you’re welcome to kick his arse.”

They didn’t leave the cafe for four hours.
Game night au

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimsmons

When he and Hunter had agreed on the pub at which they were to watch tonight’s match and Hunter had added, “I’ll bring Simmons!”, Fitz had assumed Simmons was some balding bloke from Hunter’s office.

Except now that Simmons was here, next to him, hollering at the match on the TV, downing pint after pint without any hint of intoxication, he knew Simmons was Jemma, not Jeremy. He knew she wore blazers – yes, even to the pub – and he knew that the end of her ponytail curled willfully and he knew that she had a smile that sent bubbly warmth from his burning ears to his toes even before she leaned in with a hand on his shoulder so she could kiss his cheek and greet him like they’d known each other forever. He knew that she never stopped talking, that she laid a hand on his wrist as she asked him about his work, that she genuinely listened.

“Terrible call, ref!” she cried, throwing her hands up, nearly knocking Fitz’s glass over in the process. “Obvious red card.” The whistle blew for halftime and she hopped off her stool. “I’m off to the ladies’ – order me another one?”

Fitz’s eyes followed her involuntarily as she wound through the crowd. “So that’s Simmons,” he said faintly to Hunter.

“Yeah, she’s quite something, isn’t she?” Hunter grinned.

“Oh – are you two–”

“Bloody hell, no,” Hunter replied quickly, grimacing. “Jemma’s the best but – blech, no. Actually, I invited her because she wouldn’t stop asking me to introduce her to you.”

“Me?” Fitz squeaked.

“Yeah, seems I talked you up fairly effectively at work.” Hunter watched Fitz gleefully over the rim of his glass. “Remember your wingman when you win the lottery, you hear?”

“What, the spirit of brotherhood isn’t enough for you?” Fitz ribbed.

“Cheers, mate,” Hunter chuckled, clinking his glass against Fitz’s.
Chapter Summary

Inevitably, Fitzsimmons asked:
Fitzsimmons + 20.) Sharing a textbook and leaving each other notes and answers in page corners au?

Jemma wasted no time settling down with the textbook. It was a reserve, meaning only students from her philosophy course could use it, and she had just two hours to do the assignment for next week’s class.

Someone, though, had apparently found the reading quite boring, as there were doodles of cartoon monkeys in the margins and little comments on the intelligence of the writers. She huffed covered the notations with her notebook so as to not be distracted.

Before she returned the book to the circulation desk, she flipped ahead to the next reading. At least these pages were untainted. She’d have to come back soon so she could get to it before the dull-minded criminal.

A few days later, she slid into her chair in the discussion circle and leaned over to the quiet boy with whom she normally paired up for group assignments. “Hey, Fitz. Want to help me with an investigation?”

He frowned at his notebook, scribbling determinedly with his pencil. “What are you on about, Simmons?”

“Someone’s been defiling the textbook in the library and I want your help figuring out who it is. I really value having you as my second pair of eyes.”

Fitz blushed, still not looking up at her, and Jemma felt again that sneaking suspicion that he either hated her or had a crush on her. “Could be old defiling, from the 80s or something.”

“No, I don’t think so,” she muttered, scowling around at the suspects filing into the classroom. “There were colloquial terms that point to someone in this very room.”

“Leave me out of it, Simmons,” he sighed.

When Jemma went back to the library that afternoon, armed with her new assignment, she was shocked to find that someone had beaten her to it. The pages were no longer pristine, and this time the monkeys were downright cheeky. But how could someone simultaneously value the punctuality of completed homework while disrespecting library property?

Furious, she pressed a green Post-It to a page, right where the miscreant had scribbled Wanker next to a particularly self-aggrandizing paragraph, and wrote, “To whom it may concern: I will thank you to NOT continue ruining the educational experience for all of us with your childish, destructive defacing of this book!” Satisfied, she set about tracing over the drawings with her trusty bottle of white-out.

“I told you,” she whispered to Fitz the next class. “The culprit struck again. But I’ve showed him.”
Fitz snorted. “You’re taking this far too seriously, Simmons.”

She rolled her eyes. “Fitz, it’s like you hardly know me at all.” Which he didn’t, really, but when Jemma determined to make someone her friend, it happened quickly.

She expected the problem to be solved, but not only had the criminal ruined the next chapter in the volume, he or she had also gone back and written under Jemma’s note, *But you agree he’s a wanker, right?*

She huffed in frustration. She couldn’t leave that challenge unanswered, or he’d win, but she also couldn’t engage in this sort of preposterous baiting. To give herself a chance to think, she turned ahead to this week’s chapter and began reading.

About halfway through, however, she noted a scribbled paragraph in the margin of the page. She already had her white-out ready when the words caught her attention and she found herself following them with a finger. It was actually a rather brilliant analysis of the philosophical claims presented, a breakdown and cruel rejection of the entire premise.

There was only one person in the class whom Jemma would expect to be capable of something that insightful, other than herself.

She had intended to thoroughly scold Fitz the instant he appeared in class, but he slouched in slightly late, looking exhausted, and nearly fell asleep on her shoulder. She decided it could wait.

Towards the end of class, he leaned over while the professor’s back was turned and wrote in the corner of her notebook, *I noticed you seemed stumped by my assessment in the textbook.*

Her jaw dropped. He wasn’t even ashamed!

She grabbed the pencil from his hand. *I wouldn’t deign to gratify you with a response,* she hurriedly answered, right below.

*Why don’t we discuss it over dinner?*

Jemma glanced at him, but he was determinedly staring at the page, his cheeks flushed again.

*That would be nice.*

She hesitated, then added, *P.S. At least the monkeys were cute.*
wearing the same shirt as a stranger AU

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimsmons

Jemma floated into the doctor’s office for her biannual checkup, not even her significant hangover able to detract from the buoyant high of the previous night. She was fairly certain she’d be permanently semi-deaf in her left ear, but for that concert experience? Worth it.

After checking in with the receptionist, she turned to face the waiting room, sticking her chest out a bit so everyone could see her brand new Trip and the Koenigs World Tour shirt, from the elderly couple in the corner to the bored teen by the water cooler to the –

To the cute boy with the magazine across his lap and the exact same shirt.

Their jaws dropped in unison.

“Were you–”

“Were you–”

They both laughed and Jemma abandoned her plans to perch on the loveseat by the entryway, skimming instead across to the empty seat next to him instead.

“What did you think?” she asked eagerly without preamble.

“Incredible,” he replied, as if that had been obvious (which it was).

“Rock gods, right?” she gushed, barely restraining herself from gripping his arm.

“I’ve never seen anything like it,” he agreed. “The music itself would’ve been worth the high price but–”

“The light engineering–”

“And the interactive segments–”

“Amazing! I saw them four years ago at the Electric Factory–”

“No way!” He sat up straight, the magazine slipping to the floor. “I was there too! They did half their stuff acoustic and it was–”

“The most beautiful thing I’ve ever heard,” Jemma finished breathlessly, beaming. “I’m Jemma Simmons, by the way.”

“Fitz.”

“Just Fitz? Like Pele, Ronaldinho, Beyoncé–”

“Exactly, except with a much bigger ego and much less talent.”
They grinned at each other for a moment, until a nurse came out and called Fitz’s name.

“Don’t move,” he said as he stood. “I mean – obviously, you have to move, you’ll need to go in for your appointment, but– Can we keep talking after?”

“Definitely,” Jemma chuckled. “I’ll find you.”
Jemma nearly tripped over the cat, wound as it was around her ankles the second she stepped into the store. It gave a small meow of protest, gazing up at her, and she chuckled and scooped it up.

“Who are you, then?” she murmured. It rubbed its head gratefully against her knuckles. “And where’s your papa? Fitz!” she called at a regular volume.

“Back here!”

She carried the cat through the shelves until she found Fitz perched precariously on a footstool towards the back of the shop.

“Doesn’t this count as a health violation?” she teased, hoisting the cat up to his eye-level.

“Only if we officially serve food or drink.”

“Ah yes, I forgot, I’m the only customer with whom you share your precious stock of tea and biscuits,” she smiled.

“Don’t let it go to your head,” he muttered, bopping her gently with a book before clambering down to take the cat from her.

“By the way, you should really get some help for the front desk. Anyone could walk in and steal all your books.”

“That’s why I put paperbacks at the front and more valuable things like textbooks and vintage copies back here with me,” he explained patiently.

“A man with a system,” Jemma sighed. “Sets my heart aflutter.”

He snorted and shook his head at her. Jemma cursed inwardly – unsubtle things like that had been slipping out a lot recently, and she wondered if her brain was trying to force her to confess her feelings for Fitz. He, meanwhile, seemed completely oblivious.

“Help me put these away?” he asked, gesturing to the bin from which he was working.

She spent enough time in his shop to know how he arranged his sections and shelves, so she gathered a stack and started slotting them in their proper places as Fitz deposited the cat – Harold, she found out he was named – and climbed up the ladder to reach the upper shelves.

Really, she spent more time in the shop than anywhere else, besides her own workplace. A large part of the draw was Fitz, of course – he was her best friend – but his shop also felt like home.

As she worked, Jemma ruffled the pages of some older books and inhaled deeply. Fitz heard her satisfied sigh and looked down at her, smiling slightly. “What?”
“That’s the best smell in the world,” she murmured.

“Why do you think I devoted my life to it?”

Jemma turned, her back pressed to the shelves, and tilted her head back to look up at him, feeling slightly drunk on the heady must of old book and the enveloping scent of his cologne. “You know what this reminds me of?”

“What?” he asked indulgently, glancing at her exposed neck and her free hand gripping the shelf above her head.

“That scene in *Atonement*. All I need is a gorgeous evening gown and a secret lover—”

Fitz was down the ladder in two heartbeats. He crossed the space to her, cupped her face in both hands, and pressed her firmly against the shelves with a kiss.

The books she was holding tumbled to the floor.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Fitzsimmons: hostages from hell

They’re so used to being kidnapped by now that when their cab is hijacked while they’re on vacation, Jemma just rolls her eyes and mutters through the sack over her head, “Oh, for goodness sake.”

The news that they’re being held as leverage against Coulson still comes as a bit of a relief, really, because it significantly lowers the levels of pain and intimidation they’re likely to endure while they wait for rescue or an exchange. On the scale of hostage situations, this one – tied up next to each other on a bed in a motel room – is actually quite cushy.

So, knowing what they know and jaded as they are about the whole thing, Fitz and Jemma decide to have a bit of fun.

It starts out simply enough. When the guards bring food, Jemma belches loudly in their faces and Fitz shoots out a spurt of water like a fountain, grinning at the drenched guards as water dribbles down his chin. Fairly soon the guards draw straws on who has to feed the prisoners. Fitzsimmons can’t high-five, tied as they are, but they sort of self-congratulatorily bump elbows.

They don’t even need to discuss it – the annoying things just sort of develop.

“Hey, Simmons, look at this–”
Fitz rotates his wrist, head cocked expectantly, and the whole room hears bones crack. The guards by the door exchange a glance.

“Ever since I broke my arm in the pod, I’ve been able to do that whenever I want.”

“And how long can that go on, Fitz?”

“Hours.”
They look at the guards and smirk.

They recite the entirety of *The Big Lebowski* from memory. (Jemma insists on voicing The Dude.)

Fitz whistles the *Doctor Who* theme music.

They sing – and harmonize on – “This Is the Song That Never Ends”, turning it into a round, developing new melodies, and adding their own lyrics. Every time they pause for breath the guards visibly relax, but then one or the other will start it up again.

They sing for nearly three hours.

Jemma demonstrates frog sounds for Fitz.
“–And this one’s a bull frog–”

“You sound like you’re dying,” he chuckles.

“Well, the lady frogs would definitely disagree with you on that one. This is a beeping froglet–”

“Like this?” Fitz tries to replicate the sound she’s just made.

“That’s quite good, Fitz! Just a bit higher-pitched – there you go–”

“It’s like the class-clown phase we never got to have,” Fitz mutters to Jemma when the guards threaten to duct-tape their mouths unless they shut up.

“Speaking of clowns, do you know what you’re supposed to do if you’re attacked by a mob of clowns, Fitz?” Jemma says loudly.

“What’s that, Jemma?” Fitz echoes, playing along.

“Go for the juggler!”

“SHUT THE HELL UP!” someone shouts.

Jemma collapses sideways against Fitz, giggling.

Daisy and May arrive less than a day after the initial kidnapping, easily knocking the guards out and untying the pair of them.

“I just don’t understand how they didn’t notice you sending messages through your watch,” May frowns, examining the device on Fitz’s wrist.

“We kept them well entertained,” Jemma smirks.

“What’d you do, make out in front of them?” Daisy asks, wrinkling her nose.

“Oh, Fitz, we didn’t even think of that! Can you tie us back up and come back in a few hours?”
Jemma smirked when she saw Fitz’s face come up on her caller ID.

“Yes, Fitz?”

“Jemma, what did you do?”

“I’m sorry, Fitz, I have no idea what you’re talking about. Where are you?”

“You know perfectly well where I am, Jemma Simmons. Bring me my towel, please.”

“Oh, is that what you’re calling about? Silly me, I must’ve borrowed your towel on accident when I was finished with my workout.” The towel sat, neatly folded and unused, on Jemma’s desk.

“That’s a load of tosh, but I’ll choose to overlook it if you bring me a towel now.”

“Alright, alright, be there in a second.”

She strolled through the Playground hallways, smiling innocently at Coulson and Elena. The gym was deserted when she reached it, but Fitz’s head popped around the locker room door.

“My, you are in a pickle,” Jemma chuckled, taking in his matted curls and the beads of water dripping down his bare chest.

“What exactly did you hope to accomplish with this little prank? A Stride of Pride through the base?”

“Well, I would certainly enjoy that.”

“Would you really? Didn’t think you liked sharing.”

“Fitz, please,” Jemma scoffed, rolling her eyes. “Everyone knows you’re mine, if they even thought of making a move on you I’d castrate them, and you.”

“That’s not funny, Jemma!” Fitz said sharply, his hands flying away from the door frame, no doubt to cover his jewels.

“What was it you needed again?”

“A towel?!”

“Damn!” Jemma smacked a hand dramatically to her forehead. “I knew there was something I forgot. At this point, it’s just a waste of time for me to go back to our room, then come all the way back here, then have to walk all the way back again-- You might just have to make a break for it.”

“I’ve a better idea,” Fitz muttered, and he disappeared into the bathroom. He reappeared a moment
later, hands cupped and full of water.

“Fitz, don’t—” But he’d already thrown it all over her.

“Whoops?” he grinned.

Undaunted, she stepped forward. “Since I’m already wet…”

Fitz called Daisy half an hour later and asked her to bring two towels to the gym. She held them out, eyes covered, and shouted, “You guys are the worst!”
“Let me go!” Fitz huffed, fighting Hunter’s grip on his arms.

“Not until you promise to go kiss Jemma. You do want to, don’t you?”

“That’s not – that’s not the issue.” Fitz wilted, looking longingly back at the lab. “I don’t know how,” he admitted quietly.

“Seriously?” Hunter let Fitz go, squinting in thought. “Do you want me to demonstrate?”

“On me or on Jemma?” Fitz squeaked.

“Which would you prefer?”

“Neither!” Fitz cried, shoving his friend away. “Don’t do that. I’ll go talk to her, okay, just – you, you get as far away as possible.”

“No talking.” Hunter said firmly as he walked backwards down the hall. “I have a sense for these things, Fitz, if you don’t make out with her I’ll–”

Fitz quickly shut the lab door behind him, cutting off the end of that threat.

Jemma looked up from her lab bench, one plastic glove just pulled on. “Back so soon? I thought you were off to–”

Faced with the prospect of a real, dazzling Jemma before him, words and actions alike seemed insurmountably difficult.

“Yeah, I, uh–” He gestured vaguely towards the hallway. “You know.”

“Hmm.” She pressed her lips together, fighting a laugh.

“Erm–” Fleeing would only make everything more of a mess, but moving forward, moving towards her – there at least lay a possibility, however slight, of a positive outcome. So he took a step, then another. “I wanted to make sure you knew… When I said all that stuff, about you being beautiful –”

“You’re not taking it back, are you?” Jemma clucked, tilting her head disapprovingly. She was teasing him, he knew, but he was wrapped so tightly around her little finger – her perfect, pale, soft little finger – that he couldn’t fight back.

“Of course not! I just didn’t want you to think I had an ulterior motive, in saying all that.” He flinched. Did that imply–

“Oh.” Jemma stretched the limp glove she still hadn’t put on. “I appreciate that, Fitz. But–”
“I came off as an arse anyway, didn’t I?” he said quickly, worriedly.

“On the contrary. I was *about* to say if you’d let me speak for myself and stop incorrectly guessing my thoughts, that I’d rather *hoped* you had an ulterior motive.”

“Oh,” Fitz breathed, and Jemma giggled. “What?”

“You’re smiling,” she chuckled.

He felt his cheeks. “Am I? Is that what’s happening to my face?”

“Would I be correct in assuming that you do, in fact, have ulterior motives for being in this lab right now?”

“You know what they say about assuming—”

“—doesn’t apply to Jemma Simmons, yes.”

She closed the space between them so that the tips of her boots nudged his sneakers. He expected her to make the final move, but it soon became apparent that, in her continual effort to torture him, she was waiting for him.

So he leaned in, his hands hovering a centimeter away from her face, his thumbs aching to brush her chin. Just before he kissed her, he saw her eyes flutter shut and the corners of her mouth quirk up, and it made what followed that much sweeter.
"Wait a minute. Are you jealous?" Version 2

Chapter Summary

for anon

“We need to talk.”

Fitz looked up, terrified, hoping Jemma didn’t notice his knuckles turning white as he gripped the straps holding him in. “We do?”

“Agent Triplett thinks he’s done something to upset you. If you think–”

“It’s not him,” he blurted out. “I mean, it is, but not–” He scrambled for a lie that would satisfy her curiosity without brushing too close to the truth.

“Wait a minute. Fitz, are you jealous?”

His eyes immediately snapped up from where Jemma’s hands were fiddling with the bottom of her shirt. “What?”

“Are you jealous of all the time I’ve been spending with Trip? Because–” Jemma sat hurriedly beside him, turned sideways so that her knees pressed into his thigh. She reached, almost impulsively, to grab his hands and squeezed them very tightly. “Please don’t betray his confidence, but it seems that he’s found himself falling rather hard for Skye, and it’s never a good idea to date a fellow agent, of course, but it’s especially bad timing with this Hydra uprising and whatnot – I’m just trying to be a good friend, to welcome Trip to the team and support him as necessary.”

“Oh,” Fitz said faintly, overwhelmed by her forthcoming response and her touch and the electric presence of her next to him. Could that be an afteraffect of being struck by Marcus Daniels in that theater? No biological factor could explain this energy he felt between them.

“And besides, you must know that though things might change, though we might find ourselves pulled towards new demands, you’ll always have first claim on my time. You know that, don’t you, Fitz?”

As a rule, they never spoke about their friendship. It usually defied explanation. So to hear her so baldly state his primacy in her life – it made his heart ache and clench because it’s never a good idea to date a fellow agent.

“Yeah,” he finally replied lamely.

“Good.” Jemma leaned forward, just as she’d done many weeks ago under quite different circumstances, and pressed a determinedly firm kiss to just below his cheekbone. “Because you’re my best friend in the world.”

He nearly said something then. He nearly turned his head while her lips were still hovering close to his face and told her everything.

But he just nodded.
She smiled brilliantly at him, squeezed his hands one more time, and left to keep Trip company.
Through the near-total white obscuring her view, Jemma saw the car ahead of her swerve off the road just in time for her to carefully maneuver around the icy patch. Luckily there were no vehicles queued behind her – she and the driver of the unfortunate car were the only ones foolhardy enough to not leave work early, apparently, and everyone else in the city had gotten home before the blizzard reached its peak – so she slowed to a stop, put her car in park but left it running, and clambered out.

The other driver tumbled out of the front seat of his car, which was now squished firmly into a snowbank. Jemma’s boots were soaked through in seconds as she ran towards him.

“Are you alright?” she called, shielding her eyes against the driving wind and snowflakes.

“I think so!” he – a Scot, here in Canada! – shouted.

“You should’ve steered into the skid,” she told him as reached his side.

“Yeah, I know that, thanks,” he muttered. “What – what are you doing?!”

She had grabbed his chin and was tilting his head side to side and peering intently into his soft blue eyes.

“I’m a doctor,” she said impatiently. “I have to make sure you don’t have a concussion or other injuries.”

“I don’t, it was a soft impact,” he assured her, gently removing her hands, though he didn’t let them go. She’d not put on her gloves when she got out of the car and her fingers were already red and raw. The stranger seemed to notice that instantly, rubbing his hands over hers and blowing gently to warm them.

“Come on, then, I’ll drive you home,” she yelled over the increasing wind. “You’ll have to come back for your car tomorrow.”

He grabbed a few things from his trunk and followed her. It was tense, slow going, once they started driving – everything was slick and visibility was seriously poor, and during several near-slides the stranger (Fitz, she’d learned he was called) yelped and gripped the handhold above the door. Jemma had to turn the radio off so she could fully concentrate, though there was some comfort in having a warm presence to her right, in not feeling totally alone.

“This is me,” Fitz said at last, pointing to a cute red brick apartment that looked like a gingerbread house with the icicles and holiday decorations. He was halfway out of the car when he turned back, his curls already frosted with snowflakes, and added, “You’ll never make it downtown before nightfall.”
Jemma chewed her lip, looking anxiously through the windshield. He was probably right, but she didn’t see what options she had.

“Do you want to come in and wait out the storm?” Fitz blushed slightly, apparently fully aware of how “Baby It’s Cold Outside” that sounded, but he didn’t retract the offer.

“Hmmm,” Jemma hummed, as if she had to consider. “Do you have hot chocolate?”

“And those little marshmallows,” Fitz grinned.

“Well, in that case,” Jemma chuckled, and Fitz practically bounced out of the car as she unbuckled her seatbelt.

Chapter End Notes

This is based on a real story in which the people ended up getting married!! :P
Jemma notices it first. How could she not, really? She has spent so much of her lifetime memorizing Fitz’s mannerisms and the shape of his nose and the particularly infuriating brand of justified arrogance that flares when he’s made a genius discovery.

She resists the notion, not wanting it to be true, remembering the loathing Radcliffe prompted in her on their first interaction (and many subsequent meetings, honestly). If she says nothing, the topic will probably never come up, as Fitz seems content to remain ignorant.

But sometimes, actually alarmingly frequently, Radcliffe and Fitz will speak in unison and then grin at each other, and the smiles are the same, though one makes Jemma giddy and the other sets her skin crawling. (One lingering effect of Ward and Maveth and Giyera is a powerful distrust of anyone except Fitz and a select few other team members.)

So she has to know for certain. As a scientist, yes, but also as Fitz’s girlfriend, best friend, and self-assigned protector.

They visit his mum that year for Christmas, and Jemma waits until their last night – not wanting to spoil the gentle glow that surrounds the three of them – for Fitz to go up to take a shower before she corners Maeve with the question.

“Are you still in touch with Fitz’s father?” she asks quietly, without preamble, picking at the peeling plastic covering on the kitchen table.

Maeve’s back stiffens a bit under her sweater as she stops mid-way through pouring tea, but her face is serene as she settles back into the seat across from Jemma.

“Why do you ask, dear?”

“Only – well, to be frank, I suspect that someday Fitz and I may want to get married, or have children, or both, and I know that Fitz wants nothing to do with a man who would walk out on you and leave you with a two-year-old son, but... I’d like him to have the option to have his father there for those milestones, if or when they happen.”

It is not a lie. She has been thinking about it for longer than Radcliffe has been in their lives but he adds a new dimension, a new consideration for which Jemma has not prepared. Still, she feels like she is deceiving Maeve in not telling her about Radcliffe. It is better this way, she is sure.

“Where is this coming from, Jemma?” Maeve frowns, covering Jemma’s hand with her own more wrinkled, more rough one. “Has Leo proposed?”

“No,” Jemma says quickly, and blushes, wondering how he might do it, feeling silly because she grew up hating the idea of weddings and now they’re all she can think about. “But I’d like to be prepared for the eventuality.”
Fitz’s mum considers her for a moment longer, then pushes back her chair and pads into the living room. She returns with a thick photo album, its spine dusty.

“There he is,” Maeve sighs, pointing to a faded photo of a young man in a linen suit. “Holden Radcliffe. Though this picture is over thirty years old, so what he looks like now—”

“He looks just like Fitz,” Jemma whispers, tracing the picture. “Just without—”

“Without the softness around the eyes,” Maeve agrees grimly.

They share a look of mixed affection and sadness.

“He wasn’t a bad man, per se, just – misguided. Ambitious. Recklessly experimental. You can imagine my dismay when Fitz ended up sharing so many of the same traits—”

“You tempered him with kindness, I think,” Jemma murmurs absentmindedly, missing Maeve’s affectionate gaze as she flicks through more of the album.

“You and I both, dear, you and I both,” Maeve chuckles.

The day they go back to work, Jemma feels she is part of some bizarre reverse Parent Trap as she traps Radcliffe in his office and informs him, “You have to tell Fitz.”

“Tell Fitz what, dear?” Radcliffe queries, in a harsh echo of Maeve’s term of endearment for Jemma.

“That you’re his abandoning arsehole of a father.”

“Ah, that,” Radcliffe says faintly, shrinking under Jemma’s glare. “Don’t you think he’d take it better coming from you?”

“I considered it, but you’ve spent nearly thirty years not telling him anything – here’s your first chance to start a new, positive habit.”

Radcliffe nods, looking pale.

Twenty minutes later – and Jemma is surprised Radcliffe didn’t procrastinate longer – she hears something get flung across the lab. With a sigh, she goes to check whether it is Fitz or his father who has thrown a tantrum.

Equally likely possibilities, honestly.
Fitz was well familiar with grand romantic gestures. He was also fairly sure he’d never grow tired of experiencing even the most mundane moments with Jemma.

But even he had to admit that tonight had been pretty magical.

He leaned against the hood of their car, his suit jacket draped over his harm, and watched Jemma dancing in little circles around the parking lot. The pavement shone from the rain which had mercifully only fallen while they were in the restaurant and Jemma’s red heels sent little splashes up as she tapped around.

Fitz’s fingers twitched, remembering as much as imagining what it would feel like to trace the moon-highlighted curves of her cheeks and brow, her closed eyelids turned toward the dark sky. She smiled dreamily and his own lips quirked upward in response, so attuned was his body to hers, so automatically did his mood shift to match hers.

“If you keep looking at me like that, we won’t make it to a bed,” Jemma called.

Chuckling, he threw the jacket over one of the car seats and turned the key in the ignition, but only to the first position. He fiddled with the radio dial for a moment before he found what he’d been hoping for, then turned back to Jemma.

She was swaying more slowly now, in time with the music washing around them, but she only opened her eyes when he stepped up to her and slid his hands gently around her waist, linking his fingers against the back of her silk and tulle dress. The empty overlook parking lot was their personal dance floor, the view of the city’s sparkling lights the only decoration their shared fantasy palace needed.

“Happy anniversary, Mrs. Fitzsimmons,” he whispered, his voice hoarse, still disbelieving that he could say things like that to her, still disbelieving that they were true.

Her kiss tasted like the chocolate-cherry cake he’d ordered and she’d promptly stolen, and her fingers fell lightly on the back of his neck. Everything about tonight was like that: sweet, light, forever.
The first time it happens, it really, truly, cross-Fitz’s-heart is a pure accident.

Fitz is following Jemma down the hallway as she theorizes explanations for the phenomenon they’ve just left behind in the lab when he stops to tie his shoes. She turns around and there he is on one knee. His injured hand is trembling, but she can’t see that, so when he looks up and pleads, “Jemma, will you–” she inhales sharply.

“Yes, Fitz?” she gasps.

He frowns, totally thrown off by her reaction. “Can you help me tie my shoe?”

“Oh! Of course!” She knocks her knee against his forehead as she hurries to smooth over the moment, and Fitz tumbles backwards, wincing in pain.

Daisy, who’d been passing by and saw the whole thing, cackles in laughter.

He can’t really blame Jemma for having a head full of weddings. Hunter and Bobbi recently returned with news of their re-engagement, and Jemma and Bobbi – the two people they’d all considered least likely to get into the whole thing – have been wading eagerly through gown catalogs and flower arrangements.

Still, “What did you think I was going to do?” he teases her later that evening, when she’s ready to laugh about it. “Wrap my shoelace around your ring finger and promise to marry you under the jungle gym?”

“I don’t know,” she moans, hiding behind her hands. “I’m so embarrassed, Fitz.”

“Don’t be,” he chuckles, looping his fingers around her wrists and stroking his thumbs along her cool skin. “Just… I was surprised you reacted that way. We haven’t really talked about it–”

“Proposals are supposed to be a surprise,” she reminds him, some of the fire returning to her voice.

“That’s the societal norm, yes,” he acknowledges, “but I’d like it to be an informed decision, a step we’re both ready to take.”

“So, is this…” Jemma clears her throat and moves a bit closer. Her hands fall away from her face but remain tangled in his. “Is this the conversation? Because if you’re ready, I’m ready.”

“Okay,” Fitz breathes with a small smile. “I’ll keep that in mind.”

Except he suddenly finds it very important to phrase all his questions over the next few weeks so that they begin with “Jemma, will you…?” or “Jemma, would you…?”

She falls for it, completely, the first few times.
“Jemma, would you…”

She whirls where she’s standing at the bathroom sink and drops her toothbrush.

Fitz blinks innocently and finishes, “Would you happen to have any floss? I can’t find mine.”

She slams the door shut in his face.

“Jemma,” he murmurs into her ear during one movie night, “I love you so much. Will you…”

He feels her whole body tense in his arms and feels the tiniest bit guilty.

“Will you shift a bit to the left? My leg’s fallen asleep.”

She manages to knee him in the stomach as she rolls away.

One evening at team dinner, he turns to her, grasps her hands tightly, looks deep into her eyes, and murmurs, “Jemma, would you… please pass me the salt?”

The whole table had gone silent in his pause, but everyone laughs as Jemma unscrews the salt shaker and dumps the contents on Fitz’s head.

He continues like this incessantly, and she stops reacting. She’ll roll her eyes, she’ll huff a bit, but now she laughs along and the false starts are a part of their routine.

Which is exactly what Fitz wants. Because it lures her into complacency and she stops looking for proposals around every corner, so they can take a trip to see his mum and he can take her out into the Highlands and wrap her up in his jacket when she shivers from the winds and pluck little blue flowers that slip neatly behind her ear, and she suspects nothing.

And he can hug her from behind as she marvels at a loch and kiss the exposed skin above her collar and then back away, pulling the ring from his pocket and kneeling, not giving a flying damn about the mud on his trousers.

“Jemma,” he says, voice shaking. It’s not done that on any of the other times.

“Jemma, would you–”

“Jemma, would you wipe my arse for me, blah blah blah?” Jemma imitates, but then she turns to face him and yelps, “What the fuck are you doing?”

Fitz won’t tell his mum or his aunts or their future children that Jemma cursed when he finally proposed. But he will gladly report that they both cried.
We’re in the middle of a thunderstorm and you want to stop and feel the rain?

Chapter Summary

for fitzsimmons-camsten

“Just a minute longer!”

“We’re in the heart of a thunderstorm and you want to stop and feel the rain? Now is really not the time, Fitz!”

“What better time is there, Simmons?” he shouted back.

“Maybe when we’re not in the middle of a river, completely susceptible to lightning should it strike the water—”

“But what a brilliant way to go!” Fitz laughed.

In the front seat of the canoe, Fitz set his paddle across his knees and spread his arms, tilting his face back. They were both already soaked through from the sudden downpour, but whereas Jemma was huddled miserably, Fitz was bizarrely embracing the pouring rain.

That was not how the balance of their relationship was supposed to work. Jemma was supposed to be perky and power through and Fitz was supposed to grumble and dream out loud of crackling fireplaces, dry clothes, and never lifting a paddle ever again.

But there he was, laughing at the pelting rain.

“Yes, there are worse ways to die than electrocuted on a tropical river with you, but I’d rather not test that,” Jemma muttered.

A crack of thunder made Fitz jump and his paddle tumbled into the river.

“Grab it, Fitz!” Jemma cried, but she was laughing now as he nearly fell out of the canoe chasing the paddle. If it weren’t for the significant danger she would have wiggled in her seat a bit to rock it just enough to send him head-first into the muddy river.

He twisted in his seat to triumphantly hoist the retrieved paddle.

“You’re a mess,” she chuckled.

“A hot mess,” he affirmed.

“Alright, Hot Mess, let’s row to the shelter downriver, shall we?”

They paddled in silence for a minute, squinting against the water dripping down their faces as the downpour continued.

“Jemma, know any good sailing songs?”
sleeping headcanons

Chapter Summary

for fitzsimmmons

- Jemma is a bit of a violent and mobile sleeper, which doesn’t mesh well with her insistence on being the little spoon. She relents after she accidentally gives Fitz a black eye.
- She also snores. They both do, but she’s the one who denies it.
- They sleep better once they start sharing a bunk than they have separately in years.
- In fact, they’re rather heavy sleepers, which would be inconvenient if they were, you know, spies or something.
- Jemma abandons her own pajamas in favor of Fitz’s old t-shirts and boxers.
- Fitz hates waking up early but he likes to have a moment to look at Jemma as she sleeps, to know how at peace she can be. So sometimes he gets up earlier than her just for that.
- Jemma likes to fall asleep on his chest so she can feel the rise and fall of his breath. It’s a necessary reminder that he’s alive even when his eyes are closed. The first night they have to spend apart for a mission, she finds it very hard to fall asleep without his him.
- Jemma prefers firm mattresses while Fitz likes soft. They fight about it constantly. Their compromise, while they wait for SHIELD to requisition one of those Sleep Number mattresses that will allow them to each get what they want, is for Fitz to either cushion his side with a bunch of extra blankets…or for him to sleep basically on top of Jemma. (She’s soft enough.)
- Fitz makes Jemma wear thick socks because her feet are always freezing. He tries for gloves too but then she traces a fingernail tantalizingly along his waistband and he decides to leave her hands free.
- Most nights they’re too tired and just flop right into bed, but sometimes they stay up late talking, holding each other, and they’ll wake up the next morning with Fitz’s arms squeezed tight around Jemma’s shoulders, their legs tangled, her hair in his mouth, fabric lines on their cheeks.
"Bring your pretty little butt over here."

Chapter Summary

for wibbelkind

First-Annual (and only) S.H.I.E.L.D. Team 6 Holiday Party

“Who’s ready to partayyyyyyyyy?”

“Someone pregamed a little too hard on the eggnog,” Skye muttered as Fitz came skidding into the common area, his cheeks red, eyes wild, a Santa hat jammed over his curls and his shirt unbuttoned past the point of propriety.

“How’s everyone feeling?” Fitz slurred, weaving around the room and holding out a fist as if interviewing his teammates. “Feeling good? Feeling good? Because I’m feeling…horny.”

He finished in a stage whisper but everyone heard. Skye hid her giggles behind Ward.

“And I just need to tell you all how amazing you are – that’s not got anything to do with my being horny… for most of you.”

“Dear God,” May sighed. “Should I do something about this?”

“Nah, let him go ahead,” Coulson said, amused. “We all need to let off a bit of steam.”

“Ward.” Fitz stumbled over to the specialist and jabbed him in the chest with a finger. “Ward, you are an Adonis. I can’t decide if I want to be you or if I want you to wrap me up in those giant arms and cradle me like a wee babe.”

Skye snorted and he rounded on her.

“Skyeeeee.” He slapped her cheeks gently, rolling his head from side to side. “Skye Skye Skye. Did you know when you first joined us I thought I was in love with you?”

“Yeah, Fitz, we all knew,” Ward grumbled.

“It was kinda cute,” Skye admitted, taking Fitz by the hand and twirling him.

“And Coulson!” Fitz cried, spotting their leader. “Have you ever met a man who wears a suit as flawlessly as Agent Coulson? Damned dashing, he is. Agent May–”

May just looked at him.

“Not - going - to - touch - that!” he hissed in Coulson’s direction.

Coulson chuckled. “Wise man.”

“And then there’s Jemma.”

“Oh dear,” Jemma whimpered, dropping her face into her hands. She’d been watching silently from
the couch, hoping he’d excuse her by virtue of their friendship. No such luck.

“Alright, buddy, why don’t you—” Ward interrupted, grabbing for the bottle of alcohol Fitz was fumbling open.

“No!” he protested, darting out of Ward’s reach. “I’m telling Jemma how amazing she is! Jemma – you are literally the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen. And I don’t mean that in a lecherous way. Even your mind is beautiful. I confess I have been known to wank off to your handwriting.”

“How is that even possible?” May whispered.

“Jemma Simmons. Do you know what?”

“What, Fitz?” Jemma sighed.

“If I weren’t in love with you I’d probably try to hook up with you after this party.”

Jemma barely had time to splutter in response before Skye cried out, “Wouldya look at that? Look what I have with me!” She bounded over to Fitz and dangled a sprig over his head. “Emergency mistletoe. Never know when you’ll need it.”

Fitz rounded on Jemma with a crooked grin that was too much like the one he used when teasing her. “Well, Jemma? Bring your pretty little butt over here.”
i have loved you for so long

Chapter Summary

2sassyformyowngood, this is for your affair request!! hope you like <3

They have been friends for longer than he has known her fiancé, but that does not prepare him to receive her in his bedroom on the night before her wedding.

If pressed, he could always claim that she is about to become a duchess, that she is the future wife of his employer and that therefore he could not resist her request.

But he has never been able to resist her.

She is terrified of her wedding night, she explains. She doesn’t want her first time to be with someone she barely knows.

She trusts him, Fitz, more than anyone.

She asks him to help her.

He unlaces her corset slowly, giving her time to reconsider. But there is a fire in her eyes and she is the first one to start a kiss. His careful restraint unravels as she undoes his belt.

But when it comes time for the actual joining, he is so gentle that his body trembles with the effort. He watches the minutest muscles in her face to know when she is in pain and when in pleasure. He whispers words of encouragement and assuagement until she comes hard around him, panting his name.

The next day he stands beside her fiancé in the church, trying to ignore the way her dress presses her breasts up – that fashion has always been a taunt, but now it is a reminder.

Their eyes meet over her fiancé’s shoulder and he imagines the years of torture ahead. He will not leave the earl’s employ, because Jemma has made it clear she needs him here, but he may slowly die watching her bedded by a man who does not love her.

They say men can tell when a woman is not a virgin, but if her new husband notices he does not comment and the whole ordeal is over rather quickly. She doesn’t visit Fitz that night, though he sees her in the hallway and it looks like she’s been crying.

He assumes that that is where it will end, one night of impossible passion followed by a return to the tense normalcy they have affected for so long.

But the very next evening she is at his door, shivering. “Just hold me,” she whispers.

They fall asleep in each other’s arms.

It quickly becomes clear that her husband has no interest in her beyond the land their liaison brings, has no interest in the brilliant writings which would long ago have earned her knighthood were she a man. They do not even sleep in the same bed, so Jemma returns to Fitz night after night.
At first it is careful and without flame. It is conversations and holding hands and keeping her from nightmares. But one day she kisses him, as if absentmindedly, and then they are together again, and again, and again, night after night, unable to stop, unable to keep from joining their bodies, so needful are they of each other.

Until the night he whispers, “I have loved you for so long,” as he traces the jut of her spine.

He expects no response, no return, as she cannot give it. He expects pity in her eyes for confusing lust for love.

But instead of pitying him, she looks at him with terror and flees his bed.

She will not talk to him for days and he thinks, This is for the best. Better that she hate me than that we continue to deceive ourselves with this affair.

A full week later she returns. She stands before him in her dressing gown, crying.

“I love you,” she whispers.

“You cannot love me!” he cries, though his heart roars something quite different.

“I cannot stop loving you!”

He takes her, hard, up against the wardrobe, hoping the violence of their coupling will shock her out of it, will make her think – will make him think – it is all physical between them. But the way she cradles him through the waves of his pleasure and guides him to the bed and kisses his sweaty brow leave no room for misinterpretation.

When he has recovered he makes love to her properly, gently and slowly, like the first time.

They whisper I love yous reverently for hours.

When her child is born, there is no doubt who the father is, though again her husband seems willfully able to overlook the timing of the pregnancy or the boy’s brilliant blue eyes.

It is too much for Fitz, imagining this other man, this man who cares not at all that his wife could outthink the most highly educated man in the kingdom, raising their child in Fitz’s place. So he accepts an officership in a foreign war, hoping the commission will be enough for them to someday marry. He doesn’t tell her this, but she knows, and as he leaves she whispers, “Be careful.”

He nearly dies six times that year. The last attack sends him to a field hospital where, in the confusion, his arm is almost amputated though the bullet is in his leg and no one knows his name. He is sent home – home home, not tent-on-a-muddy-field home – with a limp.

She has left her husband and is living in poverty and disrepute in the countryside. When she sees him walking towards her through the field, she collapses with a sob: they had told her he was dead.

That night they create their daughter.

She publishes her works, and they garner enough attention that soon she and Fitz are working together to solve the so-called unsolvable questions of the universe for royal prize money. It is not enough to be wealthy, and they never are, but it is enough to start a school. It is enough to live on. It is enough to love on.
Jemma could feel his eyes even before she opened hers. She took the moment, her smile spreading slowly as she imagined the path his gaze might be taking, letting him look, feeling warm and beautiful and **right** under his eyes.

When she finally cracked an eye, Fitz was propped on one elbow next to her, his face impossibly fond. The corner of his mouth quirked up.

“Happy birthday,” he whispered, tugging on her t-shirt – his t-shirt, actually; she’d just grabbed what had lain closest on the floor after last night’s frivolities – and leaned down to nuzzle her cheek.

“You know how I feel about birthdays,” Jemma sighed, though the anxiety in her chest had a hard time competing with his hand on her arm and his lips on her ear and the eagerness in his voice.

“I know,” he murmured, “which is why today’s going to be a normal day. Except that you’re not to do anything except be selfish and I’m going to wait on you hand and foot.”

“So, an ordinary day,” she teased.

“Hmm, yeah.” He rolled away from her, granting her a too-brief glimpse of his cute little bum before he yanked on his boxers. “I have a few ideas to run by you. I could row you across a lake, we could have a picnic on the beach, go to some smarmy wine tasting, get massages, feed each other chocolate under the stars–”

“Fitz!” she laughed, hurling a pillow in his direction. “That’s the opposite of ordinary.”

“Let’s just start with pancakes, then,” he chuckled.

She was tempted to follow him as he padded into the kitchen but his side of the bed was still warm, so she slid over there and tucked her arms under his pillow with a sigh. Every ordinary day with Fitz was extraordinary. And she had to admit she **was** a little curious how he might sweep her off her feet today.

She waited a bit longer until the scent of vanilla and chocolate won out over the caress of the morning sun. She made her way into the kitchen, wrapped herself around Fitz from behind, and pressed her cheek against his bare back as he decorated her pancakes with whipped cream and raspberries.
[Canon-divergent from “S.O.S.”, in which Jemma joins Fitz, Mack, and Coulson in going to rescue Skye from the Iliad and stop Jiaying. So “Maybe there is” still happened, followed by an awkward Quinjet ride in which they were trying to act professional.]

“Jemma!” Fitz yelped as they nearly collided coming around a corner. He grabbed her arm, yanking her back. “What are you doing here? You were supposed to be with Mack, getting Skye out–”

“We did, but we got split up by some of the Inhumans,” Jemma panted, and he couldn’t ignore the way her eyes flicked over him and her hands hovered around his chest as if checking for injuries. “Where’s Coulson?”

“We got split up too. That red-head–”

“She’s everywhere,” Jemma confirmed grimly. “She appears to be able to create corporeal copies and control them with dangerous efficiency.”

“You’ve got to get out of here.” Fitz pushed her behind him as he carefully peered around the corner. “Find Mack, find Skye, get them off the ship. Coulson and I will take care of Gordon if we can.”

“I’m not leaving you!” Jemma protested, her voice very high, and Fitz was forcibly reminded of another time she had said that. “There are too many of them, Fitz. If you stay, you’ll die.”

“And if you stay?” he snapped. “Will that make it better?”

She didn’t get the chance to answer, because suddenly the redhead was there, three of her, surrounding them, grabbing them and holding them in place with superhuman strength as several other hostiles stepped up to lash their hands together behind their bag.

Fitzsimmons fought as best they could, kicking out, and Jemma landed a rather impressive headbutt, but they were outnumbered nearly 10 to 2, and they were subdued within a moment and dragged down the hallway to the control room.

“Found these two sneaking around,” reported the sullen man jostling Jemma about. “They’re S.H.I.E.L.D.”

“Excellent,” a woman, whom Fitz recognized from Skye’s descriptions as Jiaying, looked up from one of the control panels and smiled serenely. Her presence dominated the room without any effort, and Fitz could see how an army would be willing to follow her to battle. “Perhaps we’ll see if any of Coulson’s pets are worthy.”

“Worthy?” Fitz repeated nervously.

“I see we have a volunteer!” Jiaying laughed. “Bring him here.”
“Please, take me instead!” Jemma cried, hurling herself forward against her restraints so that she collided with Fitz and his handler, knocking them aside.

“Jemma, what are you doing?” Fitz gasped.

“I have been losing you every day since we stepped on the Bus. I’m not losing you again,” she whispered, twisting back to look at him as she was pushed roughly forward.

It was only then that he saw what Jiaying was holding.

A Terragen crystal.

“No!” Fitz shouted, the single guttural symbol torn from his chest. “Jemma, no–”

“Don’t give up hope, dear,” Jiaying said soothingly, glancing his way. “There’s always a chance she’s Inhuman.”

“I’ll do it!” Fitz panted, straining forward so hard that the ties around his wrists cut painfully into his skin. “I’ll do it, please, just, please–”

It all happened very quickly – Jiaying’s henchmen shoved Jemma into the small, contained room where Fitz could see the ashy, rocky remains of other victims; Coulson, Mack, and Skye burst in through the top deck; and Jiaying threw in a crystal and closed the door.

“Nooooooooo!” Fitz screamed, thrashing with all his might, unable to see from tears and rage. He heard others yelling, he heard fighting, but all he could see was the cloud of blue through the glass window to the smaller room – it was like some sick inversion of the water rushing into the containment pod at the bottom of the ocean–

Mack was at his side, knocking out his captors and slicing through the restraints, and no sooner was Fitz free then he sprinted to the room, yanked the door open without a concern for whether the terragen was still in the air–

But the room was empty.

“Jemma?” he whispered, his eyes falling to the piles of human rubble.

“Hi Fitz.”

He jumped back. “What the f–”

And then she was there, materializing out of nothing.

“You’re joking,” he said, but he was crying again.

“Hang on a moment, would you?” And she disappeared again.

He was able to follow her path through the control room just from the havoc she wrought. Pre-Terragen Jemma Simmons was only just learning how to hold her own in a fight – but invisible Inhuman Jemma Simmons? She’d probably still look ridiculous and scrappy, but she brought down the redheads battling Skye and knocked a gun away from a man who’d been two heartbeats away from killing Coulson.

“What the hell just happened?” Mack panted, looking around in confusion at the unconscious and tied-up combatants scattered on the floor around them.
Jemma appeared again, swaying slightly on the spot. Fitz ran forward and caught her as she fell.

“Skye, you’ll have to tell me how you do this all the time,” she chuckled, her eyes wandering the room though one hand slid up to cup Fitz’s cheek and the other gripped his hand as tightly as she could in her weakness. “It’s exhausting.”

And then she fainted, head lolling against Fitz’s stomach.
She doesn’t notice it at first, laying in the rubble with Fitz’s arms tethering her to reality and consciousness. There is too much to take in – light and faces and the sweat underneath Fitz’s aftershave and the way the air on this planet tastes. She has just a moment of peace, looking up at Fitz, saying his name and knowing he has heard her, before she faints.

When she wakes for the first time, he is still there, still covered in dust, and she whimpers with the settling pain of six months of separation. But then he makes the mistake of taking a shower and she can see and smell and feel their difference instantly. It is not just the dirt she will never get out of her skin or her nose or her lungs – it is the things she had to do on Maveth, the sacrifices she made, the promises she swore to a god she doesn’t believe in, the nightmares which are so a part of her now she can’t be convinced that she isn’t the monster.

And there he is, hair still slightly wet, eyes glowing. Her knight in shining armor. But is she the princess or the dragon?

“Do you want to try walking? Just up and down the room?” he asks gently, squatting at the edge of her bed and carefully sliding his hand under hers.

“Don’t touch me!” she cries. She can almost see her stain left behind on his skin. “Don’t fucking touch me!”

She scrambles backwards along the bed, desperate to escape the look in his eyes. It is not pity, which would almost be easier. It is patience and understanding and everything she couldn’t give when he needed it after the pod or when Skye needed it after Puerto Rico. She is toxic to this team – that much is now obvious. She should have stayed on that planet, died there, rather than coming back and contaminating everyone.

Fitz has never been blind to her flaws but now he can’t seem to see how dirty she is. He sits on the edge of the bed and scoots towards her, slowly extending his arms.

“Don’t,” she repeats, whispered through sobs, as she twists away from him.

“You shouldn’t be anywhere near me,” she insists frantically, trying to remember how she used to take command in the lab. “You could be contaminated by a million different things – just lock me in here and leave me–”

“I don’t care,” Fitz says firmly, studying her face as he carefully slides a hand up her arm.

She shivers but as much as she wants to jerk away, his touch, oh god his touch after six months, is so gentle she wants to just climb into his lap and let him hold her.
“I don’t care,” he says again, testing his fingertips on her shoulder, her jaw, the back of her neck. “I don’t care about contamination or whatever. I think I made that very clear with the Chitauri antiserum."

“You can’t,” she whispers, shaking her head as he slides closer. “I’ll only break you.”

“Then let me break with you,” he murmurs, and his arms are around her before she can resist.
"Does he know about the baby?"

Chapter Summary

May took one look at Jemma when they got back from their holiday with Fitz’s mum and smirked. “So, does he know about the baby?”

“What?” Jemma squeaked, glancing nervously at the others gathered just across the room in the common area to see if anyone had overheard. “I don’t know what you’re talking about, Agent May, but—”

“The baby,” May repeated, placing her hands over her stomach in the same cradling motion that Jemma was using, even though there was no swell to her middle (yet). “The little life growing inside of you?”

“How did you know?” Jemma whispered. “I only just found out about it myself a few days ago.”

“I have a sixth sense about this stuff,” May shrugged. Something melancholy in her eyes kept Jemma from shooting down the preposterous notion of extrasensory perception. “So, does Fitz know?”

“Not yet,” Jemma admitted. “I’m not sure how he’ll feel about it – we’ve only technically been dating for a little over a year, we’re not married—”

“I don’t think normal timelines apply for you two,” May noted with a slight smile.

“That’s probably true,” Jemma chuckled, and her hands slid apparently unconsciously back to her stomach. May noted the possessive action with a rush of pride and envy and adoration. “We’re normally very careful, you see, but... We – we spent a great deal of time with his little cousins while we were in Scotland and one night we had a bit to drink and started talking about having a family because I have to admit, seeing him with a little human stirred this... want in me, and so we said we’d try to have kids but I didn’t think we’d get so lucky on the first go, and I don’t know if he’ll want to take back what was said that night...”

“How do you feel about it?”

“Brilliant,” Jemma sighed, the corners of her eyes crinkling with an unabashed smile. “May, I wasn’t sure I wanted to have kids but I want this so much, and I want it with Fitz.”

“Then I don’t think you have a thing to worry about,” May said gently, surprising Jemma by reaching out and squeezing her hand. “I’d be surprised if Fitz doesn’t already have a list of baby names.”

Jemma laughed and glanced over to where Fitz and Mack were arm-wrestling (Fitz was using both arms and still losing). She bit her lip and whispered, “Is it terrible if I’m hoping for twins?”
“Your cocktail, love,” Hunter said, sidling up to Jemma and handing her a dark blue drink. “Had the bartender add some extra vodka.”

“I knew there was a reason I brought you to these things,” she chuckled.

He sipped his beer and looked out at the party. “You’d think they wouldn’t need to dim the lights so much. They are supposed to be models, aren’t they?”

“You’re just worried you’ll take someone home and find out she’s only slightly out of your league instead of drastically so,” Jemma teased.

“Fitz looks like he’s having a good time, though.”

Jemma glanced over to where Fitz was, indeed, surrounded by a veritable flock of tall, lanky, mostly blonde and absolutely gorgeous women. As his agent, Jemma made it a point to come to all of his events, but she’d realized quickly Fitz had little interest in hanging out with her during them. Hence, Hunter.

“They probably don’t even understand his jokes,” she muttered viciously into her drink, watching the apparent alpha of the group throw her head back in laughter and bat Fitz in the chest. (If Jemma, herself, was guilty of the same move, it was mere coincidence.)

“Now, now, Simmons, don’t go systematically degrading the profession. Your boy is one of them.”

“But Fitz isn’t really a model,” she dismissed fiercely. “Not that he’s not handsome, but we all know he only got hired in the first place because the agencies mistook his perpetual resting bitch face for a model’s pout.”

“Wait a second,” Hunter said with that damnable grin. “Simmons, are you jealous?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.”

“You’re jealous!” he crowed gleefully. “You’re one drink away from offering to go down on Fitz and those models are standing in the way.”

“That’s preposterous!” she protested, voice much too high. “He’s my client.”

“He was your friend first,” he reminded her. When she didn’t responded, he snorted and leaned against the railing in front of them, watching Fitz. “You know he only hangs out with them because he’s afraid of you. Thinks you’re not interested in him.”

“How could I not be interested?” she demanded before she realized what she was saying. He raised
his eyebrows at her and she blushed. “I’m just saying, Fitz has an ego bigger even than yours. If he were interested in me, he’d have no problem telling me.”

“You’re a bit different than the other girls he sees, Simmons,” Hunter said quietly, suddenly quite serious. “Can’t blame him for treading carefully.”

Hunter left less than an hour later with Bobbi Morse, to whom Jemma had secretly been talking Hunter up for weeks (they’d make a brilliant, if explosive, pair), and Fitz, seeming to notice that she was alone, showed up at her side less than a minute later.

“Jemma!” he exclaimed, leaning forward to give her a hug or… something but deciding against it. “You look… ehm, you look really great.”

“Ugh, Fitz,” she scoffed, brushing off the compliment though it sent a fiery want through her core. “These leather trousers are significantly too tight and my feet are killing me. How do some people wear heels all day?”

“Beauty is pain,” Fitz intoned dramatically.

“But why does it hurt quite so much?”

“It’s from trying to squeeze ourselves into other people’s impossible expectations.”

Jemma blinked. “That’s… that’s quite insightful, Fitz. But I’m a little too tipsy for that talk.”

“Y’know, I’ve actually not had a thing to drink yet.”

“Oh! Well, as your agent, I simply can’t have that!” She whirled on her bar stool and cried, “Bartender! Shots please. Tequila.” She looked back at Fitz, expecting a challenge, but he was watching her with a crooked little smile and she had to hook the heels of her shoes into the rungs of the stool so as not to fall off.

He stayed with her the rest of the night, and she wondered if Hunter had said something to him. Model after model came up to him, slid a hand up his arm, leaned their perfectly contoured faces close to his and – she assumed – asked him up to their hotel rooms. But he said no each team and turned back to her, concentrated again on making her laugh or listening to her endless train of ridiculous industry stories.

Somehow – likely under the pretense of making sure she got back safely – they ended up in Jemma’s hotel room. Fitz was sprawled across her bed, chuckling, as Jemma strutted across the room.

“I’m serious, this is what they look like!” she insisted, doing her best imitation of the moody expression all the models seemed to adopt. “And they do this thing where they glare at a random member of the audience—” She fixed him with her best attempt at a smolder.

“No, no, no, you’re doing it wrong.” Fitz rolled off the bed and stopped her path across the floor, then moved behind her, his warm body nearly pressed against hers. “The shoulders have to be more back – like this—” He carefully corrected her posture. “And sway your hips a bit more as you walk, you’re too rigid.”

When his hands landed on her waist, Jemma inhaled sharply.

Fitz must’ve heard, because his fingers stilled and he murmured, his voice right behind her ear, “Jemma–”
She turned just her head so that she didn’t dislodge his hold on her. His lips were slightly parted, and when their eyes met, his flicked down to her mouth.

“Fitz, I’m your agent,” Jemma whispered.

“Yeah, but you’re not my boss. Nothing says we can’t–”

“Still–”

He withdrew slightly, ducking his head. “Yeah. Yeah, of course.” His fingers tightened on her waist, as if getting one last touch before he had to step back. “I would understand if you don’t want to–”

Jemma had a moment to consider, a moment to weigh her incessant desire for and adoration of Fitz and her indefensible ire towards the models he normally dated and Hunter’s encouragement, to weigh all that against potential consequences of what might happen next.

Then she twisted in his arms and nearly plowed him over with a desperate kiss.
"I've seen the way you look at me when you think I don't notice" version 5

Chapter Summary

for bioforensics

for the record i've never played spin the bottle but i figure the concept isn't that complicated so i hope i did this right lol

“It’s just a game,” Fitz chuckled as Jemma hesitated.

“It’s a stupid game.” She worried her bottom lip, unsure if she wanted him to play without her or follow her back to the rest of the party.

“It’s a harmless game,” Jemma’s friend Bobbi corrected as she breezed by with another round of beers. “And studies show that most people want to make out with 50% of their friends, so, this is your chance!”

“There are no such studies,” Mack snorted, but he took a seat with his back to the couch, carefully not looking at Elena across from him.

“Come on, Simmons!” Hunter called.

“Yeah, come on, Simmons,” Fitz echoed, grinning. “You know you’ll enjoy it.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” she demanded.

“I’ve seen the way you look at me when you think I don’t notice.”

Jemma spluttered wordlessly for a moment, heat in her cheeks and her stomach and her ears. Had she been that obvious? Fitz must be absolutely drunk, to say something so bold – though she’d not seen him touch so much as a shot…

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” she snapped. “I’m entirely indifferent to you, Fitz. You want to know how indifferent?” And she stormed past him. “Someone spin the fucking bottle.”

“Now we’re talking!” Hunter whooped, rubbing his hands together.

“Someone wants to kiss Simmons,” Daisy teased, elbowing Hunter, though the fact that Bobbi promptly snogged him lessened the effect a bit.

“So, rules are simple,” Lincoln said loudly. “You spin the bottle. When it lands on someone, you either kiss them, or you drink.”

“Or both,” Hunter cut in.

“Or both. Everyone got that?”

“How do you win?” Jemma asked as Daisy reached for the bottle.

“Everyone’s a winner, Jem,” Bobbi laughed. “We just play til everyone’s either wasted or hooking
“This is weird,” Jemma muttered, but when she glanced at Fitz he was watching her and she couldn’t quite bring herself to hate this game.

“Alright, I’m gonna go now.” And Daisy whirled the glass.

She landed on Elena, and everyone whooped and catcalled. Both girls grinned and gave each other polite pecks, though Daisy pretended to chase Elena with her tongue.

“Now Elena goes,” Lincoln explained.

Elena landed on Hunter, who shrugged apologetically at Bobbi and then leaned across the circle. Tilting Elena’s head back, he gave her an open-mouthed, but still rather chaste, kiss.

“Y’all need to get drunk because this is pathetic!” Antoine Triplett, typical life of the party, groaned as he entered the circle. “You look like third graders.”

“Alright, hot stuff, wait your turn,” Daisy scolded. “Hunter, your go.”

Hunter got Jemma.

“No freaky stuff, alright, Simmons?” he said dramatically. “You’re like my sister.”

“I repeat, this game is weird.” But she held still long enough for Hunter to plant a loud, messy kiss right on her lips. She promptly wiped it off.

And then it was her turn to spin. She concentrated carefully on the bottle, trying to ignore the excited flutter in her stomach.

The bottle seemed to take forever to slow. She stopped breathing for a moment as it inched around one more revolution…

And stopped in front of Fitz.

The circle exploded. Only Jemma and Fitz remained seated, staring at each other.

“Indifferent, right, Simmons?” Fitz reminded her, quirking his eyebrows.

They were all in on this, she decided. He’d found out about her crush on him somehow and recruited their entire friend group to publicly humiliate her.

Fine. She could make this work.

She toyed with the label on her beer bottle. She wasn’t really considering drinking to get out of the kiss, but she enjoyed the way Fitz nervously watched her fingers.

Once everyone had settled down, Jemma rose up onto her hands and knees and crawled partway across the circle to Fitz. His eyes flicked down to her lips.

“Kiss kiss kiss kiss,” Daisy was chanting in an undertone.

Keeping her eyes open, Jemma very slowly leaned forward and pressed a soft, lingering kiss to the very corner of Fitz’s mouth. As she pulled back, she bit his lip so subtly that though he jerked in surprise, she was fairly sure no one else had seen it.
“Oh, come on!” Elena cried as Jemma settled back in her seat.

“Yeah, if you really don’t care, you’re going to have to prove it,” Bobbi agreed.

“I kiss my gran like that,” Mack added.

“I hope not,” Jemma murmured, maintaining eye contact with Fitz. “Your spin, Fitz.”

But she’d forgotten a key variable when she entered a kissing war with Fitz – and that was that he understood the physics of everyday objects better than anyone she knew.

So the bottle landed back on her.

“Did he just do that?” Trip whispered to Bobbi.

“Oh yes he did,” she laughed.

This time Jemma let Fitz come to her. He was looking far too confident as he leaned right across Mack’s lap towards her.

“Your secret is safe with me, Simmons,” he murmured a second before his fingers stroked her jaw, tilting her face upwards, and he kissed her in earnest.

It was an annoyingly good kiss, everything Jemma would have anticipated since the first day she’d found herself unable to stop staring at his drumming fingers and long eyelashes and the ridiculous cupid’s bow of his upper lip. His mouth moved almost counterpoint to hers, which she wouldn’t have expected to work and by the time she started wondering who he’d been snogging to get this good, he was pulling away.

“That was a respectable effort,” Trip said proudly. “As a group I feel we’ve made a lot of progress.”

Jemma’s head was spinning so violently that she forgot for a moment that she was supposed to spin next. Her hand shook a bit on the bottle as she tried to remember what Fitz had done to control it – it had looked like a gentle flick of the wrist–

But she got Mack instead of Fitz.

“Sorry, English, but I’m not going anywhere near your mouth after where it just was,” Mack announced, and took a long swig of beer. “Maybe next time around.”

The game continued, but Jemma couldn’t stop looking at Fitz. He was staring back, even wagging his eyebrows, the cheeky little bastard.

“Jemma, kiss me,” Daisy commanded, and Jemma realized with a start that the bottle was pointing at her again.

“You’ve been waiting for this one, haven’t you?” Jemma joked to disguise her complete distraction.

“Don’t tease me, girl. I would if you wanted to,” Daisy said in all seriousness. “But I have a feeling your interests lie elsewhere.” She flicked her eyes towards Fitz, then leaned over and kissed Jemma like Hunter had kissed Elena. “Spin like the wind, girl.”

Jemma very carefully did not cross her fingers while the bottle spun. But somehow, still, it landed on Fitz.

They met halfway.
“You’re enjoying this, admit it,” Fitz murmured, halting a few centimeters from her and tucking back a strand of her hair. *That* was certainly not a requirement of the game.

“Not nearly as much as you’re about to enjoy my tongue down your throat,” Jemma said, plenty loud for the others to hear, and their screams of delight were the soundtrack to this next kiss.

*This* kiss was an obvious competition. Jemma gripped frantically at Fitz’s collar to try to steer him but he just as determinedly used his slight height advance (even on his knees, damn it) to tilt her backwards a bit as their tongues warred.

“Okay, no moaning!” Bobbi cried, crying with laughter as she yanked them apart. “That’s where I draw the line. Next time you kiss you either keep it PG or you get the heck out of here.”

Fitz scrambled back to his spot and spun the bottle. Absolutely no one was surprised when it stopped in front of Jemma again.

*Everyone* was surprised when Fitz got to his feet. Jemma gaped up at him as he crossed the circle and extended a hand down towards her.

“Want to get the heck out of here?”

Pandemonium reigned, and Jemma cared not one iota because Fitz had his hand on her lower back and was leading her out of the party and she was pretty sure they were about to make out a whole lot more.
Chapter Summary

for lucie-is-a-cookie-monster

Fitz has just won his first case and the entire courtroom is buzzing – not purely for his personal victory, he knows, but it feels that way. He can’t stop grinning and an almost drunken flush takes over him in the wake of the anxiety that gripped him throughout most of the proceedings.

His co-counselors are congratulating him, the defendant is crying with her family – but he sees only Jemma, his best friend, his personal cheering squad, standing on a bench in the back row, beaming at him. She waves and pantomimes something, but he shakes his head. A second later he gets a text, I have one more appointment but I’ll meet you at the bar! -J

Everyone’s already there by the time he’s dropped everything off in his office. A cheer goes up and the crowd drags him inward. He ducks his head, blushing but pleased, as someone calls for a round of drinks.

He’s so busy being pulled between well-wishers and advice-givers that he doesn’t actually get to drink anything. After an hour he fights his way back to the bar and is about to order a beer for himself when the door swings open and Jemma runs in.

She’s still beaming, glowing on his behalf, and she charges towards him. “Fitz, you were absolutely brilliant!” She throws her arms around his neck and he goes to tuck his chin on her shoulder, as is appropriate for two friends hugging, but instead, somehow, their lips meet.

He could blame it on the excitement of the moment – the kiss is chaste and gentle and over quite quickly – but she has obviously turned her head to make it happen, and when he pulls back her fingers are gently playing with the hair at the nape of his neck and she seems to be having trouble keeping her eyes off his mouth.

“I’m sorry,” she murmurs, a touch of pink appearing in her cheeks. “I don’t know if that was to congratulate you or because I was so impressed or–”

“Do you want to get out of here?” he cuts her off, before he can doubt himself.

“Yeah,” she whispers, her hand trailing down around his collar and over his chest, where he catches it with his own.

He holds it as he leads her out of the bar – they escape without any of the partners or other legal fellows noticing – and as they walk down the street to the subway station and only lets go when they pass through the turnstile.

They ride the subway in silence, and at first Fitz is terrified they’ve made some mistake and jumped into this too soon, permanently wrecking their friendship. But Jemma keeps looking at him and biting her lower lip and he takes that as a good sign. It’s also maddening and exciting and that must all be apparent on his face because after a few minutes she scoots closer to him and over the rattling of the train says, “If you keep looking at me like that we won’t make it to a bed.”
It’s all out there now, Fitz thinks, so he replies quietly, heart hammering, “Maybe I don’t want to.”

“Oh,” she murmurs, and looks down, and it’s only as she starts to slide away again that he realizes how that might sound.

“No!” he gasps, grabbing her hands and pulling her back to him, even closer than before. “Not – I meant, if you wanted to, we could, ehm, get off a few blocks early and go find a secluded part of a park or something…”

“Fitz!” Jemma laughs, scandalized but also obviously a bit relieved. “While I find your enthusiasm encouraging… If we’re doing this, and I for one would really like to do this, I want to be able to focus on you, on being with you, not worrying that we’re about to be arrested for public indecency.”

“Yeah, of course,” he nods, but Jemma grins cheekily and brushes a hand a little too high on his thigh and he wonders if he feels as desperate as she does.

This is not what he thought the best part of his day would be when he got up that morning.

His apartment is a few stops beyond hers but she gets up at her stop and takes his hand again, pulling him along behind her. He’s relieved that she’s willing to take charge because honestly he wasn’t sure what the proper protocol would be for this situation.

Then she’s walking backwards and pulling him to her and they’re kissing again, only less carefully and more exploratorily. Fitz holds her face in both hands and she has to grip his shoulders for support as he spins them in circles down the middle of the deserted side street to her apartment. They might be about to have sex or they might walk all the way to Peru like this, he doesn’t care.

It is so rare, he feels, for anyone, for any two people, to know exactly what they want, to want the same thing at the same time. That would be extraordinary enough. But with Jemma it’s even more extraordinary. It is not just one sultry afternoon of wanting, it is years.

There are a few other people in the elevator in her building so he steps back from her, but she stays pressed against his side while they ride. Her hand slips under his shirt and teases his waistband. He frowns down at her, pretending to be annoyed, but she licks her lips and shrugs one strap off of her shoulder.

They don’t actually make it to a bed until many hours later.

The couch is closer.

So is the table. And the wall. And the kitchen floor.

But the bed is nice for cuddling.
Fitz grinned when Jemma’s caller ID showed up on his phone. He’d been about to call her as well but hadn’t wanted to be the first one to break.

“Hi,” he said, starting to doodle on his notepad.

“Hi,” she replied, her own smile obvious from just her voice. “I miss you.”

He meant to tease her, to remind her that it was just two hours ago that they’d said goodbye in the hallway, just two hours and twenty-seven minutes since they’d shared breakfast, just three hours and thirty-two minutes since he’d crawled over her and hit the snooze button before he’d curled back around her.

But his fingers had been itching to text her all morning, so what the words that came out instead were the only real answer. “I miss you too.”

“I think I finally understand what people mean about newlywed bliss,” Jemma chuckled. “Not that I didn’t love you before, but now I have this flashy little ring to remind me of you every other minute – I’m astonished I lasted this long before calling.”

Fitz put on his best Jemma accent and chirped, “Quite a strange feeling, isn’t it? Never wanting to be without someone?”

“Oh, shut it!” she groaned, but they were both laughing. “How dare you use those videos against me. You loved them, admit it.”

“I did,” he acknowledged, glancing down at his paper and realizing he’d scribbled ‘J+F’ a few times over in different fonts. “I’m very grateful for them.”

“Hmm.”

“Aren’t you supposed to be helping Coulson right now?”

“He stopped for coffee,” Jemma sighed, and he could hear the eye roll in there. “I think he’s sampling every flavor donut they have. Didn’t even offer to get me anything.”

“Can’t begrudge a man his sweet tooth.”

“You certainly can’t, but I can,” Jemma snorted affectionately.

“Oh, please, Mrs. Fitzsimmons, like I haven’t caught you dozens of times already since our honeymoon eating that saltwater taffy at all hours of day and night–”
“You said you’d never use that against me!” she gasped.

“I said I’d never tell anyone about it,” he corrected. “Never said I’d not tease you mercilessly.”

“I love you,” she sighed, and just like that the dopey grin was back on Fitz’s face. Had she somehow secretly trained him like Pavlov’s dog or did hearing her say it just genuinely make him feel this brilliant?

“I love you too,” he murmured, glancing up to make sure the lab techs weren’t eavesdropping, though it wouldn’t matter much anymore if they were. “The lab feels empty without you.”

“It’s just a few more hours.“

“Yeah, I know,” he said softly. “But that’s always felt like too long.”

“I should go, Coulson’s coming back.” Jemma hesitated. “Is it okay if I call you again in a couple of hours? I already miss your voice.”

“Ugh, God, woman, it’s like you’re obsessed with me or something,” Fitz snorted, glad that Jemma couldn’t see the little hearts he’d been drawing.

“I hate you!”

“No you don’t.”

“No, I don’t.”

Fitz planned to burn the page of “notes” once he’d hung up, but he tacked it to the corkboard in their bedroom instead.
You’re the only one I can trust.

Chapter Summary

for fitzsimmmonns

(Set during S1 “Nothing Personal”)

Jemma knew Fitz was hovering by the bathroom door, and she assumed that he was waiting impatiently to use the sink as well. She moved slightly to the side, giving him space if he wanted to join her, but when she glanced in the mirror he was clinging to the door frame as if for dear life and staring at a spot on the wall just above her head.

“You alright, Fitz?” she asked, rubbing moisturizer in little circles across her face.

“In this whole world,” Fitz said slowly, distantly, “you’re the only one I can trust.”

She sighed. “Not this again.”

“Look, Simmons,” he snapped, fear fueling the anger in his voice. “I don’t know if you’ve noticed, but all the air’s gone out of the room. All the logic has gone out of the universe. I’m just trying to make sense of it all.”

“You know you can trust anyone on this team.”

“No, I can’t!” he countered shrilly. “Look what happened with Ward! We don’t know Trip at all, Skye’s betrayed us before, May’s tried to shoot me in the past and Coulson – Coulson’s supposed to be dead!”

“I can’t believe that any of them are Hydra,” Jemma said firmly, turning to face him. “Because if they are, nothing we’re doing has any meaning.”

“Like I said,” Fitz muttered, pressing his face into the wood and flicking a paint chip with his thumb. “You’re the only one I can trust. All of space and time – it’s you.”

Jemma wanted to be able to get angry and resentful the way Fitz did, to riot against the rapid upheaval of the fabric of their lives. But his admission, or assertion, or mantra, or whatever this incessant focus on her was in this moment, touched on something softer within her.

Because as much as she trusted Trip and Skye and May and Coulson, she felt the same way: that whatever happened, however the earth’s normal gravity was disrupted tomorrow, with Fitz she could reorient herself.

She surprised them both by stepping across the small bathroom to put her arms around his neck like she had, unthinking, when she’d run to him in the Hub. He hesitated but when she rested her cheek on his shoulder, his arms wrapped around her back and they held each other for a moment, waiting for their reality to stop spinning.
Leopold Fitz was pissed.

And not even the fun kind of pissed. To be certain, he’d had a margarita and was working too quickly towards the bottom of his second, but that wasn’t the cause of his current state.

No, that responsibility fell to Jemma.

It was a gorgeous summer day, leaning just into too-hot-to-be-comfortable territory, and she’d quite literally dragged him to some neighborhood block party, complete with balloons and a DJ and veggie platters. They’d gotten drinks and laughed beside the pool and even met a few people.

Then Jemma had stood on her tiptoes to brush a leaf out of his hair and the stretch had exposed the skin between her tiny denim shorts and her red halter top with white polka dots and he’d been able to see his terrified expression in the reflection in the giant sunglasses that were holding her hair back.

Which was why he was so pissed, annoyed, irritated, piqued.

He’d just realized he had a very, very bad crush on Jemma Simmons, and she was hauling him into a photobooth and thrusting a fake coconut bra in his direction and standing with an arm through the crook of his elbow as they did a blasphemous impression of “American Gothic”.

Not that they wouldn’t make a very attractive couple, he mused when the picture printed. He actually looked like he might be in her league, if you squinted a bit and ignored the significant lack of muscle definition. She certainly looked comfortable and happy pressed up against him like that.

He decided to leave off the margaritas, afraid he’d say something he’d regret. Jemma didn’t need a drop of alcohol to be the most exuberant person at the party, and sure enough a minute later she dragged him to the veritable moshpit of people swarming near the DJ and started jumping up and down.

Pissed as he was, he had to laugh at the way she scrunched her eyes shut and shouted along with the songs and the way her hair bounced against her shoulders and the way the people around her kept turning around to see who was hitting them. Jemma was driving him crazy, but she was still the best thing in his life.

“Whoops!” he chuckled as she nearly fell backwards against a particularly burly gentleman. He grabbed her waist, his fingers brushing the exposed skin below her shirt, and pulled her towards him to steady her (and to protect her from the grumpy victim if necessary).

To his surprise, though, she stepped even closer than he had brought her and slid her hands up his biceps and under the sleeves of his t-shirt, gripping his his upper arms as they swayed and jumped.
Jemma raised her eyebrows, challenging him to dislodge her, and Fitz gulped. *This* was new.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
I've been thinking about this all day and would you mind if I sent it to you as a prompt?
'what if Hunter had shot Jemma in 2.03?' (not to kill!! I can't even fathom that hypothetical)

May saw Jemma a second too late, so while she processed immediately what was happening, by the
time she iced Hunter, he’d already shot Jemma.

With a real bullet.

“Help me with him,” May called to Skye, blocking everything else out as she focused on the mission. “We need to get out of here.”

“But Jemma~”

“There’s nothing we can do for her!” She saw Skye frozen in place, mouth open, and dropped Hunter back to the ground. “If she’s only injured, we’ll only put her and ourselves in danger by intervening. If she’s – if she’s~”

She didn’t need to finish the sentence. Skye glanced once more to the commotion below – Donnie Gill had run off and Jemma looked so small, crumpled on the floor – before she gulped, obviously fighting back tears, and helped May carry Hunter outside for extraction.

Hunter came to halfway through the flight back with a groan. He rolled over on the floor of the quinjet and found May regarding him coldly and Skye downright glaring.

“What happened?” he asked groggily.

“You shot Jemma,” Skye snapped, crossing her arms.

“Jemma who?”

“Agent Jemma Simmons, S.H.I.E.L.D. biochemist currently undercover at Hydra.”

“Oh. Oh. That was – that was the infamous Simmons?” As he tried to piece together the snippets he’d overheard around the other team members, he nearly forgot what he’d been doing the moment before he’d been knocked unconscious. He paled. “Oh, bloody hell. Is she~”

“We don’t know,” May said curtly. “It looked like she took the bullet in the arm, in which case she’s probably fine.”

“Assuming Hydra doesn’t let her bleed out,” Skye practically snarled.

“She’d patch herself up long before then. She can take it.”

“So we’re okay then?” Hunter clarified nervously, scotching back across the floor away from the
menacing women.

“The jury’s out on that, actually.”

“And until we get confirmation of her status, you will say nothing to Fitz, do you hear me?” May demanded.

“Why – why Fitz, specifically?”

“Trust us on this one,” Skye said darkly. She and May exchanged a look and stalked in frightening unison to the front of the plane.

“For the record, if I’d known it was her I wouldn’t have shot!” he called after them.

A few days later, Coulson summoned Skye, May, and Hunter into his office.

“She’s okay,” he announced.

“Oh, thank god,” Skye gasped, leaning forward with her hands on her knees. “Your face – you looked like you had something a lot worse to say.”

“I might.” He turned to Hunter. “Agent Simmons’s injury in the line of duty may in fact help protect her cover and increase Hydra’s trust of her. So I could almost congratulate you.”

“Aw, cheers, mate,” Hunter chuckled, feeling much better now that he knew he hadn’t killed S.H.I.E.L.D.’s favorite lady scientist.

“I said almost,” Coulson cut him off, stepping right up to Hunter. “What you did was rash.”

“I didn’t know it was her!” Hunter protested.

“You should’ve waited for May’s cue. If Jemma – if Agent Simmons had died, you and I would have a serious issue. As it is, I’m restricting you to ICERS from now on.” He studied Hunter for a minute to make sure he was understood, then nodded. “Alright, you and Skye can go. May, if you’ll stay a minute?”

“Daddy’s pissed,” Skye whispered to Hunter as they left. “You’re gonna be in the dog house for that one a long time.”

“Welcome to S.H.I.E.L.D., the world’s weirdest family,” Hunter muttered to himself.

[Many months later, Bucharest]

“I’m going to kill him.”

“He didn’t know it was me, Fitz,” Jemma sighed, wishing she could’ve distracted him enough with making out so that he wouldn’t notice the scar on her upper arm.

“I don’t care, I’m going to find Lance Hunter, wherever on God’s green earth he’s hiding, and I’m going to – I’m going to–” Fitz spluttered and bounced off the bed away from Jemma. “I’m going to
kill him!

“It was a scratch, Fitz. If you don’t come back here, Mack will return and then—”

“A scratch?! You just told me they made you pull the bullet out yourself and give yourself stitches—”

“And there wouldn’t even have been a mark if I’d had the proper materials, yes,” Jemma said patiently. “I don’t blame Hunter, and I wish you wouldn’t either.”

Fitz huffed but sat down heavily next to her, yanking his tie completely off in his frustration.

Jemma chuckled. “There you are, that’s moving in the right direction.”

“I’m not going to forget this,” he warned her. “He was always acting so buddy-buddy with me and the whole time – the whole time he knew—”

“Well, to be fair, you were acting like you hated me, so maybe he thought he would’ve done you a favor if he offed me—”

“Don’t joke about that!” he interrupted sharply. “Don’t you even dare—”

“Fitz, if you shut up and kiss me now, I’ll print out a picture of Hunter’s face and hang it on one of the targets in the shooting range,” Jemma murmured, stroking his face and trying to bring him back down. “If you still want to kill him after a few rounds there, we can talk to Coulson.”

“Yeah?” he grumbled, but she was kissing along his jaw now and he was obviously struggling to remain angry.

“Yes. I can think of a few other people who might join in.”

“I’m gonna kill him,” he muttered one last time before she rolled him over and made him shut up.
Bridges by Broods

Chapter Summary

for jemmamaximoff

[song here for reference folks!]

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[Season 2, because, duh. I assume after the “why do you think I left?” conversation Mack had a much better appreciation for Jemma. Or so I’d like to believe <3 ]

Mack comes to look for Fitz when he doesn’t show up to the garage and finds him in his room, sitting on the floor amidst an explosion of torn photographs, ripped posters, and discarded keychains.

“Woah, what happened here?” Mack asks gently, shutting the door behind him. “Did you stay up all night working on this, Turbo?”

Fitz blinks up at him, confused. “I – I don’t…”

He uncurls his hands and Mack sees the broken pieces of a little model TARDIS. “I didn’t mean–”

He looks like a child on the verge of tears, though if his hoarse voice and the papercuts on his hands are any indication, he’s spent the night making sure he doesn’t have more tears to cry. Fortunately it seems as if his anger petered out before his room was totally ransacked.

“This is all Simmons stuff, isn’t it?” Mack carefully kneels just on the edge of the wreckage. “I figured you put that all in a box in deep storage when you thought she wasn’t coming back.”

“I did, but I needed to – I’m tired of–” Fitz huffs and pressed a shaking hand to his forehead. The gentle way he cradles the TARDIS bits in his other hand does not escape Mack’s attention. “I’m tired of missing her. I thought…” His voice trails off into an embarrassed whisper. “I thought hating her might be easier.”

“Look, man,” Mack sighs. “I understand that you want to rage and just go to that dark place. Obviously you two have a lot of shit to work out. But even if you can’t fix everything with Simmons, you’re not a hate kind of guy. You burn these bridges, you’ll only regret it later.”

“I won’t,” Fitz protests fiercely, but Mack shakes his head.

“Be real, Turbo. You’re punishing yourself as much as you’re punishing her. If there was something you could say or do to get your best friend back, you know you’d do it in a heartbeat. You’re just having trouble finding the right words.”

“What else is knew?” Fitz mutters.

“Give it time. Give yourself time. She’s only been back a few weeks. Just… be gentle on each other. Bring her tea, or something. It doesn’t have to go back to how it used to be, but… hurting her won’t
make you hurt any less.”

Fitz nods, gnawing at the inside of his cheek. “Thanks, Mack.”

“And as for this…” Mack scoops the broken model out of Fitz’s hands. “I think I can help with that. It won’t be as good as new, but—”

“It’ll be good to have it back.” Fitz finally meets his gaze and almost, almost smiles.

“Yeah, you got it,” Mack chuckles.

“I’ll just clean up here and meet you in the garage?”

”Don’t you dare, Turbo. Take a nap. You look like crap.”
"If you die, I’m gonna kill you."

Chapter Summary

for anon

After all they have been through, it is fucking mangoes that nearly do him in.

It’s their third day in the Seychelles and the fruit salad looks like a perfectly innocuous dessert choice. Besides, it’s healthy, and as much as Fitz groans that they’re on holiday and they deserve the triple-fudge molten lava cake, Jemma orders the salad.

A few bites in, Fitz drops his fork and starts clutching at his throat. She doesn’t react immediately as his face goes red and he gasps for air. Honestly, she thinks he’s pulling her leg – isn’t that exactly the sort of thing Fitz would do? (To this day, she’s still not entirely convinced it wasn’t an elaborate prank.) Besides, he’s never mentioned any allergies.

But then his fist hits the table with a bang and he croaks out, “Jemma, I can’t breathe,” and her heart twists, because there’s no faking the way the veins are bulging on his forehead or the little pinpricks of a rash appearing around his mouth.

She scrambles to him, assesses the situation in a heartbeat, and turns to the other restaurant patrons staring at the commotion. “Does anyone here have an epi-pen?”

Fortunately a Pakistani tourist does – she can’t think about what might have happened if not; the hospital is at least a twenty minute drive away – and she plunges it into his leg. He cries out as best he can when he’s choking and she catches him as he nearly falls off the chair.

“If you die, Leopold Fitz, I am going to kill you,” Jemma hisses, holding his face in both hands and rubbing her thumbs over his cheeks as if to soothe the burning there.

He shakes and she realizes he’s trying to laugh. After a minute he’s got enough air to wheeze, “I don’t think that’s how it works, Jem.”

“I would, though,” she insists, even as she’s lowering him to the ground and cradling him in her lap, relieved tears burning her eyes. “I’d yank you back long enough to punish you for leaving me.”

“That sounds really dirty,” he mumbles.

“Shut up, you,” she chuckles, stroking his hair back from his sweaty forehead.

“Jemma?”

“Hmm.”

“Eating healthy will kill you.”
“I can do it, Jemma! Just give me a bit of space!” Fitz snapped. Honestly, if she wanted to take things slow in the wake of Maveth she could at least stop pressing up against him all the time.

“You’re being stupid!” she shot back, actually shoving him aside with her hip so that she could take over the delicate extraction. “We could’ve gone to bed hours ago if you’d only let me help!”

“And we would’ve been done hours ago if you’d just let me work! You’re a bigger handicap than my actual handicap!”

“Your ego is the biggest handicap in this room,” she muttered. “There, see? Done already.”

“My way would’ve been been more thorough.”

“Really, Fitz?” she huffed, whirling to face him. “You’re going to challenge me on thoroughness? I can catalog and enumerate the steps I took to circumvent the entirely unnecessary third test you were about to run–”

“And color code it too, I bet,” he said coolly, tilting his chin up defiantly. “By that time I could’ve run the test four more times, and made tea.”

“Oh, would you just shut up!” she cried, and then she quite literally jumped him.

It happened so quickly that for a full minute Fitz didn’t respond to her roaming hands or her desperate mouth on his or even the way she was trying to step between his legs. When he realized what was happening, he stumbled backwards and his hands slid up her back and over her shoulder blades, pulling her closer to him.

There were a lot of questions he should be asking right now, but Jemma was trying to tilt him backwards over a desk and he very much doubted she’d take her tongue out of his mouth long enough for them to have a conversation.

Regaining a bit of his sense – and a bit of his anger, honestly – he gripped her hips and spun her so she was pressed to the lab station. It was a bit of a tussle, as Jemma obviously wanted to be in control, but he planned on giving as good as he got.
And god was what he was getting good.

Jemma panted against his ear as he moved down to ravish her neck. Years he’d spent standing just behind her with perfect access to the bare skin of her throat and never had he known she’d shudder like that if he just grazed it with his teeth and tongue.

She thrust her chest against him and simultaneously placed her hands over his arse, pulling him against her. He gasped and bucked involuntarily, and Jemma suddenly pulled back.

“Fitz, we can’t—”

Even through the haze of lust, he understood those words. He was intimately familiar with those words.

He stepped away quickly and Jemma slid down the front of the lab bench so her feet were back on the floor. “Yeah, of course,” he muttered, wiping his mouth, where he could still taste her.

“No, Fitz,” Jemma sighed. “We can’t do this here. Think about the contamination.”

“Contamination, Jemma?” Fitz repeated. “Are you serious?”

“I don’t know, am I?” she demanded, voice full of more than one type of heat as she crossed her arms and glared at him.

He glanced away from the magnificent things that pose did to her chest. “Okay, so not in the lab. Obviously can’t go to one of your bunks, located as they are on either side of May’s room—”

“I bet Coulson did that on purpose.”

“Oh, he absolutely did. Erm – supply closet?”

“Well, that’s romantic, Fitz.”

”Contamination!” he reminded her.

“Supply closet it is,” Jemma grumbled, and she yanked Fitz by the hand to follow her.

They tumbled in, already kissing again, and Fitz drew back long enough to pant, “Bloody hell, Jemma, I’ve not got a – I didn’t think we’d be –”

“You don’t need a condom, Fitz, we’re not about to have sex for the first time in a supply closet. For fuck’s sake.”

“You’ve thought about our first time, have you?” he grinned, backing her up against what looked like the sturdiest table in the room.

”Don’t get too cocky,” she warned him, hopping up on the edge and wrapping her legs around his thighs to draw him closer. “I still won our argument.”

He snorted. “You think so?” He leaned forward to hover just above her lips. “I thought we just established…” He could feel her heat even through his trousers, so he experimentally ground against her, enjoying her resultant breathy moan far too much. “That while you had finished faster…” Repeating the motion, he went in for a kiss but she rolled her head to the side and he got only hair. “I finished better…”

“Well, I hope you plan for us both to finish here,” she teased, sliding a finger down the zipper of his
trousers even as she dodged another kiss.

"Would you hold still?" he snapped, gripping her face with both hands.

She met his eyes and lifted her hips to rub against his. "No," she whispered and turned her head to bite his thumb before sucking it fully into her mouth.

"Mother Mary have mercy," he gasped, thrusting against her.

Words seemed irrelevant at that point and they set up a desperate rhythm, grinding against each other a bit sloppily as Fitz pressed her to the table and the wall and Jemma rolled her chest, leveraging her additional assets to drive Fitz mad.

He could tell she was close – bloody hell, they’d not removed a single piece of clothing – when her legs tightened around him and she started gasping against his neck. He drove towards her even harder, knowing the hard seam of his jeans must be helping get her off, and groaned as he felt himself near the edge as well.

She gripped the back of his neck, forcing his gaze up to hers, and held eye contact until she absolutely couldn’t anymore and her eyes rolled back in her head. They shuddered against each other, Fitz cradling the back of her head so she wouldn’t hit the wall.

It didn’t last long – the whole thing was inelegant and rough and imperfect – but it nonetheless left them shivering against each other, their panting breaths the only sounds in the tiny supply closet.

“What the hell was that?” Fitz mumbled.

“That,” Jemma said, pushing him off of her and standing tentatively, “was a promise for the future. And an incentive to make a sound-proofing device for our bunks.”

“No sure we’ll need that, to be honest. You barely made any sound at all.”

“You should hear me with my clothes off,” she chuckled.

Chapter End Notes

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"Do it again, do it again!" Hunter exclaimed, jostling Fitz’s arm.

Laughing, Fitz pulled out another blank CD, stuck it carefully in the microwave, and turned the appliance on.

“That’s so bloody cool!” Hunter crowed as the CD crackled with what looked like lightning and fire. “What’d you say was happening?”

“The aluminium coating the CD basically functions as a… well, colloquially, a lightning rod for the radiation,” Jemma explained as she removed the destroyed disk with a pair of tongs and dropped it into a box on the grass.

“Wicked,” Hunter chuckled, rubbing his hands together. “What else can we desetroy?”

“Have you ever tried a marshmallow?”

Hunter cocked his head at Jemma. “Seriously, Simmons? I may be new to scientific delinquency specifically but the field as a whole – I practically invented it.”

“Lightbulbs!” Fitz suggested, rummaging in the giant bin of materials they’d dragged out into the middle of the lawn.

“You guys are the coolest friends I’ve ever had,” Hunter grinned without a trace of sarcasm as he stuck another CD in and watched with glee as it sparked and leapt.

Unfortunately, Fitz had made some modifications to the old microwave to outfit it for the day’s activities – and it was apparently too much for the extension cord and the old house’s system to bear, because there was a little burst from the garage followed by complete silence.

“Whoops.” Fitz frowned. “Hang on, I can fix that–”

“Hunter!” a furious voice called from the back porch.

“It was an accident, love, I swear!” he shouted back, wincing, as he turned to face Bobbi.

“I was in the middle of a conference call!”

“I’ll fix it, I’ll fix it!” he promised, then muttered to Jemma and Fitz, “Be right back.”
“He did not!” Fitz chortled as he wiped at the corners of his eyes.

“Fitz, it’s Milton. I’d not put asking me via a pro-con list to take him back past him.”

“The calligraphy is impressive,” Fitz noted, leaning across her to try to get a better look at the letter.

“It’s color-coded, too, which is actually rather considerate,” Jemma mused. She was careful to hold it out of his reach.

“Just let me see it, Simmons.”

“Absolutely not! You’ll only tease me.”

“I won’t, I promise.” He sat back, giving her space, and held his hands up. “I’ll be very respectful.”

“You should be studying anyway,” Jemma muttered, and she eyed him warily as she lowered the letter back to the table between them.

“Not a chance,” he snickered, and he darted forward, grabbed the letter out of her hand, and bounded away.

“Fitz!” she cried, library propriety be damned. “Oh – Gita, would you watch our things for a moment?”

Her confused classmate nodded and watched, open-mouthed, as Jemma Simmons, expected class valedictorian, ran after Fitz.

“Get back here!” Jemma hissed, constraining herself to a brisk power-walk as she caught up to him.

“He listed his ‘exuberance’ as a pro– do you want to explain that one, Simmons?”

“Fitz, if you don’t–”

He walked backwards up a flight of steps, reading the list with increasing delight. “Under cons he’s got ‘I will over-commit and over-invest in our relationship’ – that’s like telling your potential employer that your worst flaw is that you sometimes work too hard–”

“This is a private communique, I’ll have you know, and–” Jemma made a dive for the letter but Fitz scuttled away towards a shelf of reference books, holding it just out of her reach.

“Pros: ‘my asthma has improved a great deal since we broke up’ – Did you give him a hard time for his asthma, Simmons? You should know the poor man can’t do anything about that.”

“Give – it – here!” Jemma snapped through gritted teeth as she jumped as high as she could, grasping for the paper.
“No, I don’t think I will!” Fitz chuckled.

Changing tactics, Jemma executed her best rugby tackle, throwing her arms around his waist and plowing him towards the shelf. He hit it with a grunt, but though she had him pinned, he continued to dangle the letter where she couldn’t get to it.

“Fitz, give me the letter.”

He looked down at her, panting slightly from their chase, and grinned. She realized with a thrill how close they were – her chin rested against the soft cashmere of his sweater and his breath fanned across her face.

“No,” he repeated faintly. His cheeks went slightly pink but he made no move to extract himself.

“Please?” She pouted, drawing her brows together, and was rewarded with a slight flicker of Fitz’s eyes down towards her lips.

“Hmm, that’s moving in the right direction,” he murmured. He used the corner of the paper to push back a strand of her hair. “I could still use some convincing, though.”

At that point Jemma had to kiss him just to erase that shit-eating grin.

When they wandered back down to their table many minutes later, there was a new “con” on Milton’s list.
The grade of the product should be weighed against the risk—"

“Well, naturally. If you’re eyeing a larger profit margin, the potential costs from discovery become less significant.”

“What the hell’s happening there?” Trevor nudged Aja and jerked his chin towards where reining nerd-cadets Leo Fitz and Jemma Simmons were holding court in a corner of the Boiler Room.

“Oh, they’re high,” Aja explained casually, sipping the little black straw in her cocktail.


“Edibles.”

“Did you trick them into taking them?”

“No – I mean, not really. All you have to do is say ‘I bet you won’t’ and then Simmons will do whatever it is you’re talking about, and once Simmons does it—” She gestured towards the pair.

“That’s amazing,” Trevor chuckled. “What have I missed?”

“They’re not that different from normal, but their conversation topics are definitely more interesting. Right now they’re debating the finer points of drug-smuggling.”

As if on cue, Simmons’s voice carried over the crowd, “The two superior choices are ingestion and manual insertion, into the, you know—”

She gestured towards Fitz’s bum. He yelped and leapt away from her.

“None of that, Simmons! No one’s sticking anything anywhere near there.”

“It’s business, Fitz!” she said very sternly, though her eyes were trained on a point a few feet to the left of him. “In either circumstance, you’d need to make sure the casing of the drug in question is impervious to bodily juices and fluids of all kinds, or you risk fatal entry into the bloodstream.”

“The more traditional method would involve concealing the product in personal belongings—”

“More of a mule than a host,” Jemma explained.

“She looks like she’s teaching a lecture,” Trevor chortled.

“Probably thinks she is,” Aja smirked.

“You could disguise the product as something else, something more innocuous,” Fitz was saying.
“There’s certainly been some exploration of tech which would disguise the scent of certain drugs against canines–”

“Though those sorts of advances are usually too costly and time-intensive to warrant broad usage.”

“Admittedly, I would think drug smuggling would be rather easy,” Jemma finished, folding her hands in front of her.

“Hmm.”

Aja glanced at Trevor. “I know that ‘hmm’.”

He chuckled and called over the crowd, “If it’s so easy, why don’t you test your hypotheses?”

Fitz shielded his eyes against the pulsing dance floor lights to seek out Trevor’s voice, but Jemma scoffed immediately, “As if I would risk my impeccable reputation and future on something so stupid.”

“Then we’ll do it.” Trevor glanced down at Aja, who shrugged. “You tell us what to do, we’ll try to traffic illegal drugs from Canada into this very room.”

“It is lucrative,” Fitz muttered to Jemma.

She uncrossed her arms slowly. “What do we get out of it?”

“If we get caught, you bail us out. If we make it through, you get half the drugs – to use or to sell, as per your personal preference. Plus – bragging rights. It’s a pretty dope story, pun intended.”

Fitz and Jemma held a silent conference, which under the influence seemed to involve a lot more eyebrow-wagging than their normal exchanges. At last Jemma nodded firmly, made to high-five Fitz but instead hit him in the face, and turned back to face their challengers.

“So be it. I will instruct Aja, Fitz will assist Trevor. May the best smugglers…avoid prison.”

A week later, Aja and Trevor trooped into the Boiler Room and made a beeline over to where Fitz and Jemma were leaning smugly against the bar.

Each of the cadets emptied their backpacks – filled with an assortment of plastic bags, pill bottles, and envelopes – onto the nearest table.

Jemma whooped and swooped down on the loot. “I must say, even with the specs we drew up, this is an impressive haul.”

“We got instructions from the best,” Aja acknowledged with a reluctant grin.

“Seriously, you guys should screw S.H.I.E.L.D. and just go into business doing this. You could make a fucking fortune,” Trevor added.

“There was a moment at the border where I thought they’d take us in for sure but your blind really worked, Simmons.”

“What’d you do for yours?” Fitz asked Jemma as he tossed a packet of cocaine from hand to hand.
“She doubted he knew what it was.”

“For starters, I had Aja hide her drugs in tampons I specially designed so that each would be the exact weight of normal tampons—”

“Blech!” Fitz threw the bag quickly away from him, looking quite pale.

“Ugh, Fitz. Unused tampons. They were never actually inside—”

“Great, fine, good,” Fitz squeaked, nonetheless rubbing his hands on his jeans. “I went for something a bit more normal – pill boxes with false bottoms. When canines find pill boxes with prescription medications, their human counterparts rarely think to check whether there’s something more to it.”

“Simple, effective, preying on human weaknesses. I like it!” Jemma beamed at him.

“So, how d’you wanna divide these up?” Aja gestured to the nefarious assortment. She and Trevor had already started scoping out potential clients thin the student body and a Saturday night in the Boiler Room would be a perfect time to launch their dealership.

“Oh, we’ll just take the marijuana,” Jemma said brightly, sorting through for the little packets. “Apparently it helps produce some of our best ideas. I think we’re due for a breakthrough, don’t you, Fitz?”

“Absolutely right, Simmons.” Fitz stood just behind Jemma with his hands on his hips and smirked at the other cadets. He looked like Jemma’s puppy dog body guard. “I can think of a few unsolvable proofs I’d like to solve.”

“Thanks for the challenge, Aja, Trevor. But next time—” and Jemma leaned in towards them, obscuring the table with her body so that Fitz wouldn’t see her swipe up a bag of one of the harder drugs, “Try to give us something actually challenging.”

They flounced away, already talking over each other.

Trevor chuckled. “Joke’s on them. I knew they’d only want the weed, so that’s the one I put up my ass.”
“Sir, she’s not ready.”

“I don’t know that she’ll ever be ready, Agent Fitz, but this job requires that we push ourselves beyond what we think we’re capable of. Sometimes it’s hard or painful but we do it.”

“That’s not—” Fitz huffs and clenches his fist, wanting to bring it down firmly against Coulson’s desk but resisting, aware that he’s already overstepping several boundaries. “You’re going to break her.”

“We need Jemma back on board—”

“She needs time to heal!” he exclaims.

“Fitz, it’s okay,” a quiet voice says from the doorway.

Jemma looks absolutely tiny, her emaciated frame drowning in his sweatshirt.

“You don’t need to protect me,” she tells Fitz. Her voice is steady, though her fingers twist in the sleeves and her eyes dart like they did the first day in the lab, when it was all too overwhelming. “Sir, when you need me in the lab or the field, I will be there.”

Coulson ignores Fitz’s accusatory glare. “Thank you, Agent Simmons. Why don’t you start tomorrow?”

Jemma nods and hurries away. Fitz wants to stay to rage at Coulson a while longer but his anger cannot heal Jemma.

He catches up to her just outside the kitchen. She inhales sharply when he touches her shoulder and though she faces him, she studies his buttons instead of his face.

“You don’t need to push yourself, Jemma. If you’re not ready—”

“Stop, Fitz,” she pleads, her voice quavering. “You can’t fix me like one of your projects, and I—I’m not going to get better, so I have to work with who I am, what I am now—”

“You are getting better,” he insists. “I see it every day.”

“You have to stop!” she repeats desperately. “It’s not fair that I— that you’ve been so— when last year I—”

It clicks. He understands why his careful attentions seem to grate on her nerves, why sheflushes when he brings her tea, why she stays stiff in his arms when he wakes her from a nightmare.

“This isn’t tit-for-tat, Jemma. I’m not—I’m helping you because you’re my … because you need it,
not because I feel some obligation after what you did for me after the pod.”

“But that’s just it!” she blurts, finally looking up at him with tears already threatening to spill. “I didn’t help you. I’ve done nothing to deserve this from you–”

“That’s not –even if that were true, that’s not how this works!” Fitz protests.

“You are the only thing that makes sense to me right now.” Jemma whispers, her chin quivering, and he can tell she’s trying to hold on long enough to make it out of this public space, “but every time you protect me or help me or care for me, I’m reminded of all the ways I’ve failed you. I’m sorry, I just can’t–”

She darts away in the direction of her bunk.

Fitz slams his fist against the brick wall and savagely savors the way it hurts.
For anon

They are somewhere in the Midwestern part of the United States – it’s beautiful, but it all looks the same to Jemma – when the train shudders and squeaks.

She exchanges a worried glance with the man across from her, though as soon as he catches her eye he blushes and goes back to scribbling in his notebook. (She is fairly certain, based on the glimpses she’s stolen, that he’s a mystery writer. She’s *dying*, no pun intended, to ask him questions about his work, but he’s made it quite apparent that he wants to talk to no one. He’s also Scottish, as she ascertained when he had to utter a few words to the conductor. *The plot thickens.*)

Five minutes later the train stops entirely. Jemma, who’s facing forward, tumbles forward into the man’s lap.

“Oh dear,” she pants, pushing herself up with a hand on his knee. “That can’t be good.”

He stares down at her like she’s the Creature from the Black Lagoon, so she rolls her eyes and gets back in her seat.

The other passengers are standing, talking in anxious whispers or calling out for the conductor.

“There’s nothing for miles!” a frantic middle-aged man with obviously dyed hair keeps repeating to anyone who’ll listen. “If they wanted to kidnap us to use for their government-funded cloning programs, *this* would be the place to do it! I *told* Myrtle, but she just wouldn’t listen—”

Jemma chuckles. “How long do you think it’ll take before they descend into anarchy, a la shuttle to the Sapphire Waterfall?”

It’s not the most obvious reference, and she could’ve gone with *Lord of the Flies*, but the grumpy Scot must be a Whovian because his lips quirk and he murmurs, “Ten minutes, tops.”

“Listen,” Jemma says conspiratorially, leaning towards him. “Do you want to join my alliance?”

“What?” He finally looks up at her, his pen pausing.

“As Brits, we should really band together. In case it becomes a matter of factions.”

“I don’t have anything more in common with you than anyone else on this train.”

So he *is* capable of stringing a sentence together. “We speak the same language. With nearly the same accent.”

“Our accents are *not* similar!” he protests, sitting upright and dropping his notes onto the empty seat next to him.

“And we’re from the same island—”
“So are Haitians and Dominicans but they hate each other.”

“…And I can distinguish poisonous berries and mushrooms from edible ones. Should the need arise.”

He regards her with a slight scrunch to his nose. A well-timed whistle from the conductor, trying to call everyone to order, makes him jump, and he blushes again. “Fine. I’ll join your stupid alliance.”

“Excellent. Welcome aboard. I’ll choose to view your reticence as a form of caution in choosing partners rather than some form of weakness. I’m Jemma, by the way. Jemma Simmons.”

“Fitz,” the man mutters. “Just Fitz.”

“Wonderful. Hand me your notebook, would you, Fitz? We can start taking inventory.”
When you're happy, I'm happy.

Chapter Summary

for fitzsimmmonns

Jemma wants to laugh from how ridiculously idyllic the whole thing is.

They’re lounging in an infinity pool overlooking an impeccable azure stretch of ocean, for goodness sake, and at periodic intervals the resort staff pads over to refill their cocktails.

But the absolute best part of the entire scene is Fitz, sitting beside her with his arms spread along the concrete edge of the pool, one hand drawing gentle circles on Jemma’s far shoulder. He’s got John Lennon sunglasses and a little blush of pink sunburn across his nose and the laziest, goofiest smile she’s ever seen on him.

She nudges him with her elbow and says around her drink straw, “You look really happy.”

His head lolls to the side and his lips twitch. Even he can’t deny that this is paradise. “When you’re happy, I’m happy.”

Jemma never got to experience the sensation of falling in love. With Fitz it sort of… happened when she wasn’t looking. One second he was her best friend and the next – so much more.

But as he says that, When you’re happy, I’m happy, she finally understands. Everything else literally does fall away. Her stomach swoops, but it’s much more pleasant than that time she nearly plummeted to her death. She feels her entire being and all she’s ever been and all she ever will be cascading towards him. If she believed in souls or whatnot, she would say hers is pouring itself into Fitz, into the shared space they’ve created between them.

A lifetime with Fitz means falling in love over and over and over again.

He’s still looking at her, waiting for some kind of response, but the words she really wants to say get caught in her throat. They are better spoken somewhere private, somewhere candlelit and romantic.

Instead she laughs and leans her head back against his arm. “I am happy.”
“Hi, you don’t know me, but could you pretend to be my spouse real quick?”

Chapter Summary

for poseytivelyknope

Chapter Notes

Please consider this a glimpse at the Veronica Mars AU I will never write but which would be dope as hell.

Fitz had *just* settled into the best seat in the cafe with his tea and sandwich when a young woman he’d never seen before dropped unceremoniously into the chair across from him.

“How would you like to make an easy $20?” she asked as she spun her leather messenger bag onto her lap.

“How would you like to make an easy $20?” she asked as she spun her leather messenger bag onto her lap.

“Is this a scam?” Fitz asked slowly. “I don’t want to invest in anything–”

“No no, I just need you to come across the street with me and pretend to be my husband for, like, five minutes so I can see the honeymoon suite.”

“Oh, god, you’re a prostitute,” Fitz groaned. She didn’t *look* like a prostitute, but then again, he’d never really had occasion to – he’d never met a–

“Don’t be stupid,” the woman snapped, and now she was pulling out a professional-looking camera and adjusting the lens. “How would you profit in that scenario? Prostitutes *earn* money for their services, they don’t wank you off and pay you.”

“I don’t know!” Fitz squeaked, thoroughly flustered. “*You’re* the one accosting me.”

“I know the legal requirements for something to qualify as accosting and this is not it.” She slid the camera back in her bag and patted it, then fixed him with an intense smile. “So, what do you think? Help me out?”

“I still don’t–”

“I’m a PI, alright? A private investigator. Well, private investigator in training. There’s a man staying in the honeymoon suite of the Hilton who’s cheating on his wife – I just have to prove it. And they won’t let me see the suite unless I’m a frantic bride-to-be.” Reaching into her bag once more – it was bottomless, wasn’t it? – she deposited a giant frilly scrapbook onto the table. “The wedding plans. All I need is a fiancé.”

“Why me?” Fitz *hated* his curiosity, because it was winning.

“Right height, right age, we could reasonably be seen as being in the same league of attractiveness–”
“You think I’m in your league?” Fitz clarified dazedly.

“I’ll tell you the answer to that question if you help me.”
wakandandperthshire asked:
AU where Trip's not dead and he learns about hog face from Hunter and then time jump
to where he's informed about Bucharest™?

Chapter Notes

In which the men of S.H.I.E.L.D. are the biggest gossips around.

“Drop everything!” Hunter called as he strode into the gym.

“Don’t drop that, it’ll crush you,” Mike said to Trip, for whom he was acting as a spotter.

“No, seriously, I have news, and you’re not going to want to be holding anything when you hear it.
You might also want to sit down.” Hunter slid onto the workout bench next to Trip’s and waited
expectantly.

Trip carefully lowered the barbell and scooted out. Mike handed him a towel and leaned against the
brick wall.

“There’s another man,” Hunter declared.

“You’re gonna need to give us more than that,” Trip chuckled, wiping down his forehead and neck.

“There’s another man in the Shakespearean tragedy that is Fitzsimmons! Turns out there was some
bulky astronaut stranded on the hellscape with Simmons and one thing led to another and they got
hot and heavy and now she’s trying to get back there to save him.”

Mike and Trip both groaned.

“You’ve gotta be kidding me,” Trip sighed.

“Haven’t those two been through enough?” Mike muttered bitterly.

Trip nodded. “Not that I blame Jemma, or this other dude, but seriously? It’s like the devil’s pulling
out all the stops to keep them apart.”

“Oh, I blame Hog Face,” Hunter admitted readily. “That’s what I’m calling him, out of loyalty to
Fitz. Oh, I haven’t even told you the worst part yet – Fitz is actually helping Simmons bring her lover
back.”

Mike whistled.

“Damn,” Trip breathed. “That’s gotta be confusing the hell out of the girl. And Fitz – he’s definitely
“Says the guy who exposed himself to Terragen vapor and would’ve died if he didn’t happen to be Inhuman,” Mike snorted.

“Yeah, why are you working out, anyway?” Hunter said sharply. “You were superhuman before your transformation, you hardly need to keep pumping iron.”

“He’s got a date with Maria Hill,” Mike snitched.

“Shut up!” Hunter laughed, sitting forward eagerly. “Tell me everything.”

[Roughly six months later]

“I don’t believe it!” Trip repeated, rubbing tears of mirth out of his eyes as Mack slid him another beer.

“I know, I know,” Mack chortled. “It was kind of my own fault after I had that talk with Simmons and then left them alone, but I still wasn’t prepared for them to show up with hickies everywhere and lipstick all over Fitz’s face. Simmons was practically limping.”

“Oh my sweet goodness,” Trip breathed as he tried to catch his breath. “I mean, good for them, but – that Quinjet ride must’ve been a mastercourse in awkward.”

“They could barely keep their hands off each other.” Mack shook his head. “We’re all thrilled, obviously, and I never thought I’d see the day, but… I felt like I was chaperoning a bunch of teenagers.”

“I’m just glad my bunk is on the other end of the hallway,” Trip said significantly and took a swig from his bottle.

“Don’t remind me,” Mack groaned. “I might start crashing on the couch til things settle down.”

“What’s settling down?” Jemma asked innocently as she hurried into the kitchen, balancing the leftovers from her dinner with Fitz in his bunk.

“Nothing,” Mack said quickly, but neither he nor Trip were able to contain their goofy grins.

She glanced between them, frowning. “What’s going on?”

“Just two guys quenching their thirst,” Trip choked out, his shoulders already shaking with laughter again.

“Agent Mackenzie!” Jemma cried, whirling on Mack. “You told him?”

“C’mon, Simmons, everyone knows,” Mack sighed.

“Obviously everyone does not know, if Agent Triplett had to wait for you to violate our implicit agreement of confidentiality! Oh, I’m so embarrassed,” she moaned.

“Don’t be, girl,” Trip laughed, taking the dishes from her and depositing them in the sink. “Seriously,
Jemma, we’re as happy about this as you are. Doesn’t mean we won’t be teasing you mercilessly, but–”

“You’ve been spending too much time with Daisy,” Jemma muttered and stalked out of the kitchen.
love letter to iain de caestecker's voice basically lbr

Chapter Summary

Jemma Simmons’s laser focus was legendary. Whatever the problem, whatever the circumstances, she could tune everything out and find the solution in record time. Nothing could distract her.

Except, apparently, the voice of some other student working in the same cafe.

They were at Oxford, so it wasn’t as if she hadn’t heard every accent in the world – and Scottish should’ve been practically blasé in comparison to some of the nationalities represented – but try as she might, she couldn’t tune out this particular one.

She’d tried to concentrate on what he was saying – she had gathered he was tutoring a classmate, though with little patience and far too much arrogance – but it was more how he was saying it that had her flustered. His voice had echoes of her own accent, but was somehow simultaneously rougher and more beautiful – defiant, in a way, of all the precision for which she prided herself.

It made her think of frost on windows, sweater sleeves pulled down over hands, steam rising from tea, and (though she knew it was a stereotype) fresh-baked scones with cream. She could imagine mornings spent bumping into each other while rushing to get ready for working; there would certainly be elbow patches and worn leather briefcases involved. They’d play footsie with their thick woolen socks and snuggle under tartan blankets and his scruff would graze against her – her –

She realized with a start that she’d been staring into space, a hand pressed to her flushed neck. This was entirely unacceptable.

Her chair screeched as she stood up abruptly and the entire cafe was now watching as she stalked over to the source of her distraction.

“Excuse me, could you please keep your voice down?”

Wide blue eyes linked up at her. “Sorry?”

“Your voice. It’s too loud,” she enunciated.

“We were barely whispering–”

“Just – just shut up! I cannot stand how appealing your voice is!”

Utter silence reigned in the cafe. Sexyvoice McBlueEyes gaped up at her, unable to even offer the decency to act like she hadn’t just made a fool of herself in front of dozens of her peers and even a few professors.

“Oh, for heaven’s sake,“ Jemma huffed, and rushing back to her own table she gathered her things and stalked out of the cafe.
A week later, Jemma turned down a row in the library and drew up short. Her personal voice tormentor was hovering in front of the very section she had come to plunder.

“Oh, god, it’s you,” she groaned.

“What?” he protested. “I’ve not said anything.”

“Well, _now_ you did,” she grumbled. The way he dropped the ‘t’ from ‘not’… It made her weak in the knees. Weak in the _loins_, frankly.

“What is your _problem_?” he demanded, and the impatience from the cafe was back, slurring his words a bit. He snatched the book she’d been reaching for and held it out of reach.

“Give that – I’ve already told you, your voice is distracting, and I’d rather not have to deal with that, or analyze it any further.”

“When you say distracting – and when you said _appealing_,” he breathed, blinking quickly, “what exactly did you mean?”

There was nothing for it. His voice was like a truth serum. Shakily, Jemma admitted, “It– it makes me think…” She glanced around, but they were in a fairly secluded part of the stacks. “It makes me think _impure thoughts_.”

He dropped the book he’d been holding.

[one week later]

“Say it again.”

“Raspberry?”

Jemma collapsed in giggles across Fitz’s bare chest.

“I don’t understand what you find so interesting about that,” he chuckled, stroking her hair back. “It’s not that different from how you say it.”

“How about… haggis?”

“Now you’re just having a lark.”

“Say… say you’re _furious_.”

“I’m furious,” he repeated obediently, voice low, and Jemma shivered. “I’m furious, but not at you. Never at you.”

“It’s the ‘r’s,” Jemma concluded, snuggling herself against him. “That and the ‘o’s. And the letters you drop.”

“You’ve just successfully described an accent, well done, Doctor Simmons,” Fitz said sarcastically.
“I know you’re mocking me, but all I hear is your dulcet Highland tones,” Jemma sighed. “So I really don’t care.”
“Excuse me for falling in love with you!”

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimmons

“Fitz, grab her before she gets away!”

Fitz made a gallant dive but missed their daughter by a wide margin as she sprang off the couch and away.

“Peggy Melinda, get back here this instant!” Jemma cried.

“It’s too late,” Fitz panted, sliding off the couch to sit with his back to it. “By now she’ll have Trip out of bed too.”

“This is your fault, you know,” Jemma huffed.

“Well, excuse me for falling in love with you!”

Jemma stared at him for a minute and then started to laugh. Ignoring the gum in her hair and the crayon drawings on the walls and the telltale pattering of feet, she leaned over with her hands on her knees and laughed. ‘You thought – you thought I meant–”

“That it was my fault for falling in love with you and marrying you and impregnating you, yes,” Fitz muttered.

“Oh my.” Jemma chuckled, delicately wiping at her eyes to avoid smudging her painstakingly applied makeup. “I mean, yes, on a macro level I suppose we are both entirely to blame. But I meant specifically for tonight, since you forgot to get a sitter.”

“Oh.” Fitz frowned. “You know how I get the day before a presentation.”

“I do know,” Jemma assured him. “So I’ll forgive you as soon as we get to the restaurant. But so long as we’re chasing our demon-children, I’m going to blame you.”

“Fair enough,” Fitz sighed as she hauled him up.
I’ve got something to tell you, but I don’t know how to say it.

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzs

(struggled with this one for some reason so apologies if it’s underwhelming!)

Fitz checked the bedside clock for the third time that hour. He’d promised himself he would wait until dawn to wake Jemma – even she wasn’t *that* mad of an early riser – but the soft hush of the Christmas Day snowfall outside and the excitement of what they were about to share was simply too much.

“Jemma,” he murmured, running a hand gently up and down her side. “Jemma, wake up.”

She grumbled something and pulled the Star Wars comforter up to her chin. (Fitz’s mum had never phased out his childhood bed or bedding – not that Fitz or Simmons particularly minded sharing the tiny bed).

“Please, Jem? I’ve got something to tell you, but… I’m not sure how to say it.”

He had to lean over her to hear what she said next.

“Are the pension funds gone?”

He frowned. S.H.I.E.L.D. didn’t have pensions – it was understood that agents would be taken care of for the rest of their lives. Maybe Jemma was dreaming.

“No, I–”

“Did you make a bad investment?”

“What are you–”

“Are the accounts overdrawn?”

“Are you quoting a bloody song at me?” he whispered, poking her repeatedly in the back. “If you tell me to take a walk–”

“You said it, not me. Either go back to sleep or get the hell out of here.”

He wrinkled his nose and stared at her form in the dark, debating the wisdom of continuing to pester her. Jemma’s commitment to peaceful conflict resolution was significantly compromised when she was tired and grumpy.

“Alright, alright,” he sighed, and he swung his legs off the bed, pulled on boots and a dressing gown, and padded downstairs.

Standing on the porch, he surveyed the words he’d painstakingly written into the snow and scattered over with rose petals. Eventually Jemma’s curiosity would make it impossible for her to fall back to sleep and she would follow him out here. She’d probably reward him with a few snowballs to the
face, but as long as she was wearing the ring by the time his mum set the kettle on for breakfast tea, he wouldn’t mind.
I don't want to get over her, I want to be with her.

Chapter Summary

for anon

(This originated from a long internal conflict between how much I love rom-com wedding crashings and how un-Fitz that is…So…yeah.)

“So that’s it then,” Fitz sighed, drawing shapes in the water his glass had left on the bar. “Jemma’s bound to get the promotion and then she’s off to London in a week.”

“Maybe then you’ll finally get over her,” Hunter called as he locked the place up for the night.

“Don’t want to get over her,” Fitz mumbled. “I want to be with her.”

“Then tell her that, mate!”

“Y’know I can’t do that, Hunter. She deserves this, she deserves the chance–”

“What did you say was her explanation for applying for the promotion?”

“She said she’s got nothing keeping her here.”

“Which is a load of bollocks, as you two are inseparable. She’s probably been waiting for you to say something, to ask her out proper. But it’s been seven years and you’ve not made a peep. You should’ve busted up her boyfriends and swept her off her feet long ago. You’ve too damn respectful.”

“There’s no such thing as too respectful,” May, the restaurant’s terrifying sous chef, interrupted as she came out of the kitchen, having replaced her white hat with a baseball cap.

“How would you do it then, May, if you’re such an expert on wooing?” Hunter demanded, dropping onto the stool next to Fitz.

“Lose the expectations. Don’t ask her to give anything up for you. Come with ideas about how you’d make it work, even if she decides to move. Definitely don’t punch anyone,” she added with a sharp glance at Hunter.

“That’ll never work,” Hunter muttered sullenly.

“And if she rejects me?” Fitz asked nervously, his leg jiggling under the bar. He knew where Jemma would be right now. He knew how many rings would go through before she’d answer the phone. He knew the intonation she’d apply to his name when she opened the door to let him in.

“If she rejects you, you nod and thank her and then let yourself be miserable for a week. No more than that. You don’t blame her. But Fitz… and I don’t say this lightly…” May met his gaze intently. “If Jemma rejects you, then she doesn’t know herself or what she wants.”

Hunter barked a laugh at the nervous, giddy grin that peeked its way out through Fitz’s melancholy.
“Yeah?”

“That’s my professional opinion. If I’m wrong, you can try Hunter’s method.”

“Go get her, mate,” Hunter chuckled.
Fitz stumbled as Jemma kissed him, but he only rocked back a step before he caught her, caught the both of them, and steadied them. It was as if he was ready for her.

“Jemma, Jemma,” he kept murmuring between kisses, and though she’d heard him say it thousands of times over the years they’d been friends, tonight, breathed against her mouth, it felt new.

The drunkenness that had helped bring them here was gone, replaced with the most acute awareness of every goosebump Fitz’s ghosting fingers raised on her bare arms.

She kissed him harder, more desperately, and felt herself nearly topple over in her ridiculous heels. Gripping Fitz’s shoulders for support, she stepped out of the shoes and kicked them aside. Fitz chased her mouth as she sank down away from him and she laughed against his lips.

But now he was entirely controlling the process with his few inches of extra height and she simply couldn’t have that. She tried to jump onto him, to wrap her legs around his thighs and regain height equality like they always did in the movies, but Fitz obviously wasn’t expecting it, because he bit her tongue and grunted and they both tumbled backwards, hit the edge of the bed, and rolled onto the floor.

“Oof,” Fitz chuckled as Jemma laughed against his chest. “Sorry about your tongue.”

“Is it bleeding?” she asked, poking it out at him.

“I’ll need to take a closer look,” he grinned, leaning up to kiss her again, but she shoved him down by the shoulders.

“You have a show in ten hours.”

“So?” She felt his fingers playing with the hem of her blouse, teasing under to slide over the nobs and loops around the waist of her trousers.

“So, I want you in a state where you can walk.”

His eyes bugged a bit. “Somebody’s confident in their sexual prowess.”

“That’s not–” She huffed and swooped down to kiss him, her hair brushing his face and neck. Was this their new status quo? Could she kiss him when she was irritated, when she was happy, when she’d missed him, whenever she wanted? “I meant that it’s late and you need to sleep. And if you tell me it’ll only take five minutes I will be forced to retract my offer.”

“You sound just like my agent,” he murmured affectionately. “But – just to clarify – you’re… you’re not retracting the offer completely, right?”
“Certainly not.” She bit her lip and idly popped open Fitz’s top button, enjoying the immediate flush that appeared on the newly-bared skin. “In fact, I am going to suggest you come straight to my apartment from the airport when we get back tomorrow.”

“Saves cab fees,” Fitz noted wisely.

“Then it’s a date.”

Despite the hour, they ordered pizza to the room and wasted another thirty minutes sprawled across Jemma’s bed. Fitz admitted having been jealous of Hunter the first six months he’d hung around Jemma, before Hunter made it quite clear Jemma wasn’t his type. (Fitz found this ludicrous.) Jemma told Fitz how she’d cried over his birthday present when he’d had flowers made out of pages from her favorite novels delivered to her parents’ house.

Fitz helped Jemma clean tomato sauce from the corner of her mouth. (Her tongue was injured, after all. His would be far more effective at the task.)

Fitz fell asleep first, and rather than waking him to send him back to his own room, Jemma snuggled against him and pulled the empty pizza box over them both like a blanket.

(It was late and the girl was delirious with thoughts of what the following night might bring – give her a break.)
“Let’s start with duplicates.” Jemma ran a pen down her list, making little check marks beside every few items. Fitz’s eyes widened as the marks accumulated. “Sheets. We don’t need two sets of sheets.”

“Yours are cleaner.”

“Excellent.” She made a note next to bedding, then moved on. “Clothing hangers.”

“We’re not going to have less need for those all of a sudden—” Fitz caught the look on her face and groaned. “No Jemma. I’m not getting rid of my clothes.”

“How do you expect to fit it all in one of those tiny closets?” Jemma tutted.

“We’ll use the empty bunk as a walk-in.”

“Coulson will never approve that.”

“Let’s come back to that one.”

“Fine. Next – Lamps. You have one on each side of your bed and one on your desk, I’ve the standing lamp—”

“Wait, Jemma,” Fitz interrupted her gently, stopping her inventory with a hand on her arm.

“Did I forget something?” she demanded anxiously.

“No, you’ve thought of everything, and I appreciate that, I just… Can we take a breath to appreciate this moment?”

She just stared at him.

“Our first time living together,” he prompted.

“Technically we’ve always lived together, save a few … interruptions.”

“That was different,” Fitz insisted, eyes shining. Seeing that Jemma remained unconvinced, he scooted forward in his chair and took her hands, forcing her to drop the pen. “Then we had different rooms. Now your toothbrush lives on my sink and my socks end up in your laundry and your face is the first thing I see every morning.”

“So…nothing’s actually changing by us moving in together,” Jemma clarified.

“No,” Fitz admitted slowly. “In a way I suppose not… But that’s exactly my point. It would be so easy to just…slip into this. To not ever notice it. But I want to notice. Can’t we recognize how monumental this is?”
“Isn’t it monumental enough trying to squeeze two people’s-worth of belongings into one people’s-worth of space?” Jemma exclaimed.

“I would give up all my belongings, every treasured book and every prized space poster, if that’s what it took to be able to live with you,” Fitz murmured, stroking his thumb over Jemma’s knuckles.

“Ugh, Fitz,” Jemma groaned. “You have to stop saying things like that. It makes me look crass when I don’t reciprocate.”

“I don’t say them just to say them, I mean them,” Fitz chuckled.

“I assure you, that does not in any way make it better,” Jemma grumbled. “And we’re not giving up that space poster. I’m rather fond of it, for some reason.”

Fitz grinned, sensing victory was imminent. “It’s monumental, admit it.”

Jemma mumbled something.

“What was that?”

“It’s monumental, alright?” she snapped. “Now may we return to the task at hand?”

Fitz stood abruptly and rounded the table. Sliding onto the free inch or so of Jemma’s seat, he lifted her legs to drape over his own and kissed her temple.

“Ready when you are.”
“Let’s have another one,” Jemma pleaded.

She looked a right mess, her hair plastered to her red face and sweat and tears intermingled and starting to crust on her cheeks and her hospital gown soaked through. Fitz wanted to laugh at her but she was liable to slug him.

“She’s the cutest thing I’ve ever seen,” he agreed, tickling their daughter’s pudgy hand with one finger. The little hand stretched lazily and seemed to be trying to grab hold of him, and they both held their breath, but the baby was half-asleep and forgot halfway through the motion what she’d been after. “Really makes you look like a right ogre, Jemma.”

Jemma laughed tearfully, tracing the tiny nose and the fat cheeks and the tiny tuft of hair peeking out from the blanket. “I’m okay with that. After all, she’s the best of both of us.”

“She’ll be impossibly arrogant,” Fitz teased.

“As she should be!” Jemma exclaimed. She was silent for a moment, then she rolled her head on Fitz’s shoulder so she could gaze up at him imploringly. “How soon can we get started on the next one?”
“Left foot on blue,” Joey called out. “And keep your hands to yourselves!”

Daisy nearly fell over laughing but somehow she managed to stretch her foot another few inches and reach the nearest blue dot. Jemma, meanwhile, was angling for the one just beyond Fitz – if he’d get out of the way.

“Stop nudging me, Simmons!” he chided, but he was grinning as he easily moved his foot up the Twister mat and set it comfortably on blue.

“You’re blocking me on purpose,” she grumbled.

“I’m just playing the game!”

“Jemma, you have five seconds to get into place or you’re out,” Mack chuckled. He and Joey had already been eliminated (‘Flexibility’s not my strong suit,’” he’d said ruefully, then blushed when Elena had snorted) and so were tasked with spinning the dial and refereeing the other agents, who were constantly cheating.

Gritting her teeth, Jemma pulled her leg up to her chest as best as she could and then slid it under Fitz’s stomach. It put her in some sort of painful side-plank position, but her foot brushed his and she let out a triumphant cry.

“Oh, alright,” Joey chortled. “Everyone ready for the next round?”

May and Coulson were watching from the kitchen table over a couple of glasses of whiskey. They’d both disavowed any interest in joining the younger agents for the game, but between themselves, they planned to steal it and play later.

“Right hand, red,” Mack announced.

Everyone groaned.

Daisy, continuing her strategy of always being first to move, quickly flipped her whole body over and somehow landed with her hand in the right place, though she nearly slapped Elena in the neck as she did so.

Following her lead, Fitz dove for the red dot under Jemma’s arm – and bumped Jemma, her purchase on the mat already precarious, in the hip and straight off the mat.

She rolled across the floor and looked back to where he was innocently watching Elena navigate the jungle of arms and legs. “Ugh, Fitz!” Jemma sighed, pushing herself up. From this angle, though, she could see how uncomfortably he’d twined himself – his arms were trembling and it looked like he had a wedgie – so she started to laugh. “I wish I could hate you for foul play, but Joey was right – the game’s much more fun from over here.”
It sounds like it’s raining something terrible out there,” Jemma yawned, stretching under the covers. Fitz got up and padded across to the window in just his boxers. He pulled the curtains aside and frowned. “Can barely see a few feet out. The driveway’s probably flooded.” He glanced back at her. “What do you think we should do about it?”

She pressed one side of her face deeper into the pillows and grinned mischievously at him. “Stay in bed.”

He landed back on the mattress with a bounce and threw an arm over her waist. “Am I correct in understanding you, Dr. Simmons? Are you suggesting we call in sick and skip work?”

Jemma brushed her knee against his leg, reveling in the warmth of their shared space. “Mhm.”

“I can hardly believe my ears!” He studied her face for a minute. “Well, alright. But when the dog wees on the carpet, it’s your turn to clean up.” And he dove under the comforter.

“That’s not fair! Fitz, get back here!” Jemma laughed, grabbing for him and finding his abdomen. Her tickling was rewarded with a high-pitched squeal and Fitz squirmed away from her but she burrowed under with him and trapped him with the full length of her body. “I was the one who proposed this day off, if anything I should be rewarded,” she panted, grinning down at him in the darkness of their blanket fortress.

“What did you have in mind?”

“Hmm…” Holding herself up on her forearms, she laid an open-mouthed kiss on his Adam’s apple. “Why don’t you go let Steve out and I’ll brainstorm?”
Twins? We're... we're having twins?!

Chapter Summary

for anon

“And would you look at that!” the technician exclaimed. “There’s a second one back there.”

“Two of them?” Jemma stared open-mouthed at the ultrasound.

“Two!” The technician turned and saw both parents gaping at her, so she chuckled and set her wand down. “Why don’t I give you two a moment?”

After the door had shut behind her, Fitz sat down heavily in the chair beside Jemma’s examination table and covered his mouth with one hand.

“Twins?” he said hoarsely. “We’re…. we’re having twins?”

“It would seem so,” Jemma replied, slightly dazed.

Fitz couldn’t tear his eyes from the image on the screen. "They’ll wear matching sweaters with hoods that have monkey ears on top and we’ll always tie their shoes to keep them from falling, or maybe we’ll just get them those little Velcro shoes that light up or squeak when they step, and we’ll have to suddenly develop a talent for storytelling because we’ll be telling them bedtime stories… Oh god.” And he broke down into tears and buried his face against her side where her shirt was still bunched above her bare, swollen stomach.

“What’s wrong?” Jemma gasped, reaching for him.

“Nothing,” he whimpered, rubbing his eyes with the heels of his palms. “I’m just so – I’m so – I’m so happy it hurts.”

This set Jemma off crying as well. She pulled him towards her by the wrists and they kissed and laughed and cried until Fitz burst into hiccups against Jemma’s lips.

“You do realize we’re halfway to a minivan,” she teased, wiping at his cheeks with her thumbs.

“Give Mack half a chance and he’ll outfit it like a tank.” He leaned into her palm and snorted softly. “Oh god, I must be so embarrassing to have around.”

“No, you’re exactly the man I’d want to be the father of my children. Children, Fitz! Plural!”

When the technician came back into the room, they were crying all over again.
“Shh, they’ll hear us!” Jemma hissed over her shoulder.

She knew from conversations with Fitz that the boys of Cabin 13 were notoriously, perhaps even unhealthily, heavy sleepers, but she still didn’t want them discovering her group of campers crawling across the ground on their stomachs.

When they reached the darkened cabin, she crouched by the front door and waited for her campers to gather. They all smothered their giggles and jostled each other as Jemma carefully, carefully, carefully inched the screen door open. She’d oiled it earlier in the day when ostensibly visiting Fitz, so it didn’t even creak.

Once it was wide enough for each girl to fit through, she motioned them along. Sally passed with the silly string; Monique sported two cans of shaving cream; Xia and Edith were already unfurling the streamers and Alejandra balanced the maple syrup carefully so it wouldn’t spill. Every face was lit with uncontainable glee – but also with determination. It was about time they strike a decisive victory in the now-infamous Shield Summer Camp Prank War.

They would’ve made it, too, Jemma was sure – they were all wearing socks only, no one had jewelry or clacking buttons – if poor Sally hadn’t sneezed right before she stared outline Marcus Demaggio with the silly string.

Marcus sat bolt upright and yelled, “We’re under attack!”

There was a moment of pure chaos as the campers from both groups screamed and ran about, alternately trying to escape or hide. Then someone blew a whistle from the other end of the cabin, everyone froze, and the lights snapped on to reveal dozens of pre-teens covered in syrup and foam and Fitz, grumpy and bleary-eyed in his plaid pajamas, standing with his hands on his hips.

“Well well well. I should’ve expected something like this from you miscreants.” He stalked between the abashed campers straight towards Jemma, who struggled to contain a smile at the fierce indignation on his face. “Can I speak with you for a moment outside, Counselor Simmons?”

Even the kids didn’t call her Counselor Simmons, but she nodded seriously and traipsed outside as if preparing herself to be chastised.

Fitz followed her around the back of the cabin, away from the door, and stopped a few feet away from her in the dark. “Silly string? Seriously?”

“It was an homage, Fitz,” she chuckled, stepping towards him and looping her arms around his neck. “We were quite determined to do the thing properly.”

“Obviously you’ve learned nothing since the Slip N Slide incident.” He snuggled his arms around her waist, leaning towards her. “This war is getting a tad out of hand.”
“Scaredy cat,” Jemma murmured in the beat before their lips met.

“D’you think they’d overthrow me for consort­ing with the ene­my general?” Fitz asked against her mouth. She laughed and pulled him in tighter.

Their soft embrace was broken apart by a blood-curdling scream.

“Euuuuuurgh!” Marcus cried from where he had his face pressed to the mesh window screen above them. “They’re kissing!”

Fitz buried his face into Jemma’s shoulder as the campers scrambled and clamored for a position at the window to spy on their lovebird counselors.
“After you,” Fitz smirked, bowing slightly and gesturing for Jemma to open the door.

“Why must I go first? Simply because it was my idea?”

“That’s exactly why.”

“You’re not concerned?” Jemma snapped, crossing her arms.

“That our sixteen-year-old daughter has male friends? Frankly, no. If you had been held to the same standards, we’d never have gotten on.”

“That was different,” Jemma scoffed, then lowering her voice with a glance at Lizzie’s closed door. “We were so besotted with science we hadn’t a moment to spare for thoughts of fraternization.”

“Maybe you didn’t. I was very aware of my biological needs.”

“How can you be such a lech at 50 years old?” Jemma tutted, but her cheeks blushed a pleased rose.

“Oh my god, would you two just get in here already?” Lizzie shouted from inside her room. “I can hear everything you’re saying and it’s grossing me out.”

Jemma rolled her eyes and Fitz mouthed ‘grossing me out??’ incredulously. Then they both shook their heads and Jemma opened the door.

Lizzie closed her laptop sharply as they traipsed in. She’d mastered her mother’s no-nonsense glare from a young age and she leveled it at them now. Fitz suddenly felt they’d been summoned to the headmaster’s office. Determined to regain control of the parent-child power balance, he searched for a seat but saw only a bean bag chair. It ended up being much closer to the ground than he’d judged: he nearly fell off it when he sat down too quickly and Jemma had to push him unceremoniously back on.

She settled for standing next to him with a hand on his shoulder.

“Lizzie, I assume you know what we’ve come to discuss with you,” Jemma began.

“No idea,” Lizzie replied, with what Fitz thought was clear sarcasm, but Jemma nodded seriously and forged ahead.

“It has come to our attention that you’ve become … familiar with a young gentleman from your class. And though we encouraged human interaction of all sorts, we – your father and I – had a few concerns.”

“I don’t know what they teach you at that high school, never having endured that particular torture myself, but I consider it an imperative duty that we impart certain knowledge to you, our progeny.” She cleared her throat and looked at Fitz, but he once again gestured for her to proceed. “On occasion, when a man loves a woman very much…”

Fitz giggled. He couldn’t stop himself.

“Stop laughing at me!” Jemma exclaimed, lightly smacking the back of his head.

“Sorry, love, but honestly? If you’d loved every man you slept with before me…”

“Fitz!” Jemma hissed as Lizzie barked with laughter. “Don’t listen to him, Lizzie – what I mean to say is–”

“Mum, chill,” Lizzie interrupted. “I know all about pregnancy and condoms and birth control and sex, both the biological and… erotic aspects of it. In case you’ve forgotten, my mother is a biochemist.”

“But I’ve never–”

“Last year of primary school,” Lizzie said, bored. “You left your research on Asgardian copulation out in the kitchen and I read it. I was rather traumatized after the first two reads, but then I began to find it quite captivating.”

“Oh no,” Jemma moaned, covering her face with her hands.

“Well done, then,” Fitz chortled, rubbing the back of his wife’s calf. “Protecting our daughter’s virtue and innocence and all that.”

“Asgardian?” Jemma squeaked. “Then you read about the –”

“Yep,” Lizzie replied smugly.

“And the–?”

“Yep, that too.”

“You should know it’s not quite the same with humans,” Jemma rushed to clarify. “Not that it can’t be as … electric. Certainly it can, with the right partner…” She gestured to Fitz, which caused Lizzie to pantomime vomiting. “But the mechanics are a tad different.”

“I’d worked that out for myself in the intervening years, thanks. The internet’s a powerful tool.” Lizzie grabbed her laptop again and leaned back against the pillows. “Will that be all?”

“Yeeeesss,” Jemma said slowly, as if mentally taking inventory of the birds and the bees. “And – whatever happens, Dad and I love you very much.”

“Ew, gross, get out!” groaned Lizzie.

“Love you!” Jemma shouted one more time as Fitz bodily dragged her from the room.
Jemma skids to a halt in the hallway, trying to compose herself as she notices the other agents, low-
level technicians mostly, who have gathered around Fitz before she could get to him. His eyes find
her between their shoulders and the other agents part and dissipate, as if the force of the pair of them
is too great.

“Jemma,” he says, reaching out a hand to her, but she turns before he can touch her.

“Let’s get you checked out, shall we?”

She leads him through the lab and into the med bay, always a step ahead. She takes down the first
aid kit, and the vials for drawing blood, and the pressure cuffs, and nearly everything from the
cabinet. “As the properties of that mist are unknown we should test everything, just to be safe–”

“Jemma, please look at me.”

“Really you should probably go directly into quarantine but I seriously doubt there’s a need for that,
but I’ll just run through your vitals, maybe take some blood– In fact, when was the last time you had
a physical? Perhaps we should use this opportunity to–” She’s babbling but she can’t seem to stop.

“Jemma.”

A vial slips from her fingers and shatters on the floor. She jumps back away from it with a gasp and
nearly collides with Fitz, but instead of moving back to give her space, he steps forward and wraps
his arms around her, high over the chest and around the shoulders.

It’s a strange position, but the pressure of his arms against her collarbone and his back against hers
seems to stop the vibrating tension that’s been ricocheting through her. She wonders how he knows
to do this.

“It’s okay,” he’s murmuring next to her ear. “Just take a moment to reorient yourself. Remember to
breathe.” His thumb strokes its familiar path over her arm.

“Why aren’t you panicking? Do you care so little about your own life?” she chokes out. “You
could’ve – I nearly watched you – you almost–”

“But I didn’t. Because you saved me.”

She turns in his arms and frantically peppers his face with kisses. It’s just like in the pod except this
time they’re both breathing and she’s the one who derived the solution and neither of them had to
sacrifice to make it to the surface. He laughs gently under her touch, relief and disbelief at the
incredulity of their survival intermingled.

It is only when she glances over his shoulder to where the rest of the team has gathered in the door of
the lab and Fitz’s hands slide to her waist that she realizes he is shaking. She takes his hands and
squeezes them, returning the comforting pressure he applied to her just moments ago, and whispers, “Let’s get you cleaned up.”

Coulson grants them ten minutes. Jemma takes Fitz back to his bunk and forces him to shower. He’s still shivering a bit when he steps out so after he pulls on his boxers she bundles him in a blanket and sits beside him on the bed, rubbing his limbs, nuzzling his cheek, concentrating on regulating both of their breathing.

They stay there much longer than ten minutes. They have to get back to work – the world is crumbling and S.H.I.E.L.D. is needed – but Jemma will defend the medical necessity of this brief solace with every ounce of fire she possesses.
“Fiyyyyizzst!” Jemma called, pushing herself away from the coat rack into which she’d stumbled during her less-than-elegant entrance. “Fiiizzt, I’m home!”

Her husband came rushing around the corner into the front hall and caught her by the elbows just as she keeled forward, her ankles giving out after a night on ridiculous heels. “Shhh, Jem, I just got them to sleep,” he whispered. “Had a good night with Daisy and the gals, then?”

“Sublime,” Jemma sighed and stroked his cheek, her unfocused gaze hovering just above his eyebrows. “The margaritas were just – mwah!” She smacked her lips together.

“Didn’t bring me one?”

“Sorry, forgot.” She patted his chest as consolation and tried to press past him. “Can I see our little bugs?”

Fitz caught her wrist and held her back. “You’d best not, I only just got them down. And besides, what if one of them develops a mature consciousness and their first clear memory of their mum is a tottering drunken mess with raspberry puree in her hair?”

“That’s true, that’s true,” Jemma agreed seriously. “I’m so lucky to have you here to keep me from making bad decisions.” Fitz didn’t point out that bad decisions had obviously happened anyway. “And thank you for minding the twins tonight. I desperately needed to get out.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” he reminded her, linking his fingers behind her back. “It’s part of my duties as Da. And if we’re really calculating, I’m nine months behind you in terms of parental contributions, so—”

“That’s not how this works,” Jemma giggled tipsily against his chest.

“I wish I were a seahorse,” he mused. “Or even a kangaroo. Once they were born I could’ve carried them about in my pouch – it’s not quite pregnancy but…”

Jemma bounced on her heels in her best kangaroo imitation and they both snorted with laughter.

…Which was shortly followed by a wail from the nursery.

“Oh, shite,” Fitz sighed. “That’s my cue.”

“I’ll take care of them tomorrow,” Jemma slurred, grabbing the banister as Fitz’s physically supportive presence vanished. The swooping motion made her clutch her head and she grimaced. “Or maybe the day after.”
Anonymous asked:
prompt: fitzsimmons date in 3x03 but everything goes really well bc Will wasn't on Maveth with jemma

“I can’t thank you enough,” Jemma murmurs, brushing her hair aside as she shyly meets Fitz’s unwavering gaze.

“Yeah, it’s a nice restaurant, isn’t it?” Fitz grins slightly as he glances around at the fine wood and elegant light fixtures and the pristine table settings.

“Yeah. But for more than that. For finding me.”

Fitz shrugs, as if he hadn’t hurled himself against obstacle after obstacle, danger after danger, certain death after certain death, just to touch her fingers and bring her back to life. “What else was I gonna do?”

Jemma smiles affectionately, curling the bottom of the tablecloth to distract herself from what she really wants to be doing: holding his hand. “I was a bit peeved, honestly, that I couldn’t manage to find my way off by myself.”

“You did everything else,” Fitz reminds her. “More, really, than seems humanly possible. It was the least I could do, opening the door for you at the end.”

“So chivalrous,” Jemma teases.

The ease of this is impossible. Everything else about living on Earth again is difficult – the way her body aches, the darkness that chases her when she descends too far into her own mind, the suspicious glances people shoot her way when they talk about her in harsh whispers, the nightmares – but not Fitz. Every moment with Fitz is as reassuring as when he first held her in the rubble at the bottom of that pit.

She has spent enough time on that planet to sort out her priorities. When she wasn’t hunting for food or dredging for drinkable water or running for her life or fighting off invisible monsters or searching for a way home, she thought about him.

She has spent enough time not telling him what he deserves to hear.

“I thought about this a lot, over there,” she admits, a light smile perking up the corner of her mouth. “Our date.”

“D-did you?” Fitz stutters. They are sitting in a romantic restaurant, with a goddamn rose between them. His name was the first thing she said to another human being after six months. And still he acts surprised.

She nods. “All the time. I even acted it out a few times, with a stack of stones standing in for you. Does that make me mad?”
“How does the reality compare to expectations?” he breathes, ignoring her last question. She could be mad and he’d still love her, she is sure.

“Better,” she replies immediately, fervently. “A million times better. Because it’s real.” The tablecloth unfurls against her lap and she finally reaches out to take his hand, brushing his thumb with hers in what feels the most intimate gesture they’ve ever shared. “Because you’re real.”

The waiter comes over with a bottle of wine but she doesn’t release his hand or his gaze. She traces the lines of his palm, exploring the texture of Fitz. Her Fitz.

“Should I make a toast?” he finally asks, a little breathless, as he raises his glass.

She realizes it’s the first time she’s going to have wine since her return. As she brings her glass to just below her nose and wafts the scent, she has a thought that makes her blush…

“To new beginnings,” Fitz says gently.

“To continuing old beginnings,” Jemma counters.

“To getting you off that planet before you fell in love with that pile of rocks.”

Jemma laughs, fully laughs, for the first time she can remember. “It was a close call. You’re a sight handsomer, though.”

“Glad to hear it.” Fitz clinks his glass against hers and takes a sip, and then she can’t resist anymore.

Never letting go of his hand, she rounds the table and sits across his lap, turning his chin with her free hand and stroking his bottom lip. He closes his eyes, and though she never wants to look away from those perfect blue irises, his bliss is so apparent, his forehead crease-free, his breathing even.

When she finally kisses him, he tastes like red wine, just like she’d imagined for six months, just like she’d hoped a moment ago.

Healing is too slow, living is too fast, but loving Fitz is just right.
As strong as Jemma is, as much as she wants to pull herself up, as capable as she would be in other times to science her way out of everything, at the beginning it’s a team effort.

Fitz is her constant, silent companion. There’s too much to say after six months apart so they say nothing, just hold hands as they walk down the hallways or around the lab. He spends many a night at her side, because though the possibility that this may be all they ever are strains his heart to a point near snapping, he knows this is what she needs, sometimes, for someone to hold her pieces together.

As excited as she is to see the sun again, it burns her eyes harshly after so much darkness. Fitz makes her special contacts so that she can still view the sunrises and sunsets and midday flare and early morning flicker and twilight glow, can watch it all without obstruction or pain. (That’s all he’s ever wanted for her. Beauty without pain.)

Bobbi, so recently a graduate of physical therapy herself, works tirelessly with Jemma to help her readjust to Earth’s particular gravity. Though she doesn’t express it, Jemma is clearly intent on being stronger than before, and Bobbi doesn’t have to ask why. Bobbi is also the one to encourage her to start wearing color again, to try doing something different with her hair, to buy herself a nice new bra or pair of knickers.

Hunter volunteers himself to get Jemma reacquainted with all things food and drink, but Mack catches him with a can of spam and a beer Mack wouldn’t even shotgun and decides to take over those duties. (His ex, after all, made him eat all sorts of healthy food like quinoa and kale, which has always been the kind of thing Simmons is into.) He is gentle and patient and tries to goad her into criticizing his cooking. He also holds her hair back, at the beginning, when her stomach can’t handle even bread or cheese.

On nights when she wakes up screaming and Fitz doesn’t come running from his bunk, she bursts into the halls, raging with nervous energy. May is a light sleeper and without question will spar with Jemma, or more often run with her, miles and miles through the dark streets and woods beyond the bar above the Playground. May teaches her to channel her fear, her anger, her tension and uncertainty into something more productive.

Daisy is the self-appointed cultural catch-up officer. She makes playlists and movie queues and ranks all the shows Jemma needs to binge-watch. She’s convinced this is a great idea until they’re halfway through *Pitch Perfect 2* and Jemma starts bawling, which is not the typical reaction to that movie. Jemma Shakily reveals that all of this, as lovely as it is, reminds her of everything she missed, all the time she lost.

Daisy thus becomes the closest thing to a therapist Jemma will consult. It’s not ideal – even Jemma will later admit that she should’ve talked to a professional, Andrew or someone – but at least she’s talking. Just as Daisy knows how to use psychiatrists’ tricks and how to combat them, she knows how to use them against Jemma, to lure her into honesty and revelation. It’s surprisingly not that long before they’re both belting “Cheerleader” at the top of their lungs in Daisy’s bunk.

Only Coulson avoids her. What could he possibly say? This woman, so like a daughter, or perhaps a niece, to him, has shattered, and though he sees her rebuilding, he doesn’t know
how to face her. He gave up on her. He abandoned her. If Fitz had followed his orders, Jemma would have died on that planet. He doesn’t know how to forgive himself.
the nursery

Chapter Summary

Just a day after they find out Jemma is pregnant, Fitz begins designing the baby’s nursery. He puts aside all his work and spends hours scribbling in his notebook and even wakes Jemma up in the middle of the night because her arm is the nearest surface on which he can draw an idea.

If she weren’t already beginning to swell from the evidence of their love, she thinks she would burst with affection, watching him pour himself into building a haven for their unborn child.

His first thought is to play with the word ‘nursery’ and fill the room with live lemon trees growing from the floorboards, though he ultimately decides it’s impractical. Still enchanted by the notion of some kind of jungle space, he calculates how they could include a little waterfall or vines up the walls. Jemma’s just agreed to a vertical garden, which she’s always wanted to try anyway, when he nixes the whole idea and starts planning for the crib to look like a plane hangar.

Eventually Jemma has to break it to him that they simply don’t have the money for any of this. He is devastated, though he tries to hide it, and she has to retrieve his sketches out of the trash – to save for a later date, another child. To make up for the unfortunate reality of their situation, she lets him pick out all the stuffed animals, even though she knows 75% of them will be monkeys. (He doesn’t have to entirely ditch the jungle theme.)

She suggests they just paint the room blue: regardless of the gender of the baby, it’ll be pleasant and calming and familiar. It’s a color they both like. Fitz, for some reason, is set on pink. He insists it’s not because he’s rooting for their baby to be a girl – he can do that without encouraging gender stereotypes – but just that he likes the color.

They reach an impasse.

And then, when Jemma’s six months pregnant, Fitz forbids her from further involvement in the nursery. He insists he’s hit upon an idea they’ll both like, and he’s worried about the fumes and the exertion. He makes several trips a day to the hardware store and locks the door to the nursery at all times.

A month before the baby is due, he finally lets Jemma in.

At first she thinks he’s gone with pink after all. But it’s more than pink: there’s a delicate golden glow around the baseboards, fading through orange and peach and into the soft pink towards the ceiling. Puffs of cloud have been daubed on at regular intervals.

It’s a sunrise.

“Oh, Fitz,” she breathes, reaching for him.

“Wait, there’s more,” he says, a bit nervously, and turns out the lights.

And suddenly the room is blue. A dark blue, a deep night blue, and the ceiling and walls are replete
with stars, the clouds shine silver, a half-moon, previously invisible, dangles over the crib.

“It changes phases like the real moon,” he explains, spinning it with one finger.

“Oh, Fitz,” she repeats, except now she’s crying. “Bloody hormones!” she sobs, wiping furiously at her cheeks.

“Is it alright?” Fitz murmurs, scratching at the paint on the crib with his thumbnail.

“Is it alr- You ridiculous man,” she wails, and she pulls him in by his tie for a snog she hopes will say all that words cannot.
Jemma, for all that she tried to accept that the other residents who shared the laundry room were human and thus inherently flawed, had rules of conduct which made everyone’s lives easier, if followed properly.

Clearly, though, the person whose clothes were currently blocking the dryer from use hadn’t read the memo she’d diligently photocopied and distributed to every apartment in the building.

She’d already delayed as long as possible. She’d resorted her wet, clean clothes by shade, by material, by continent of origin. She’d bitten her nails. She’d paced and run through the whole periodic table. And still no sign of the delinquent, who by now had far exceeded the fifteen-minute grace period Jemma allotted to unclaimed clothing.

Rules were rules. She yanked open the dryer and began shifting the clothes – menswear, she noted – to the top of the machine.

And then she caught a whiff of sharp citrus and stopped.

Unpunctual and inconsiderate of other people’s schedules as this person may be, he had excellent choice in scents. She pulled the item closer to her nose, trying to determine whether it came from the detergent or the dryer sheets. Perhaps both? That would be quite a commitment to personal branding, to match scents like that.

It was intoxicating – she found it truly impossible to continue on with her task. Something about it made her dreamy and curious and … slightly hot under the collar.

A strangled cough from the doorway made her jump, and as she spun to face the wide-eyed, pink-faced young man from 3B – Fitz, she thought his name was – she realized she had her nose in the crotch of a stranger’s boxers.

“Oh, are these yours?” she asked as brightly as she could manage, hastily dragging out the remaining items and brandishing them at him. “You’re quite overdue, you know. Someone could’ve stolen your clothes or…”

“Yeah, thanks,” Fitz muttered, and he brushed past her to shove everything unceremoniously into the basket he was toting. (Really, no wonder his shirts always looked wrinkled. Not that Jemma had noticed.) As he did so, she once again smelled that heady citrus scent – it wasn’t just in his clothes, but rather all over his person.

In his hurry to get as far away from this mad pants-sniffing harpy, he dropped an undershirt… and rather than run after him with it, Jemma coyly tucked it into her own basket with a promise to herself that she’d personally return it later.
“Fitz, now!” Jemma snarled, pressing her forearm up against his throat.

“I can’t give them to you, Jemma!” he panted, trying to push her away. He could’ve easily done so by now but she knew he wouldn’t risk hurting her – how she knew that, when it was a ridiculous assumption to hold about your coworker, she wasn’t sure, but she knew it nonetheless.

“I need those note cards, Fitz!” she pleaded. “I’ll never pass without them–”

“You can study when work is over!”

“Is this about my productivity? Because I can assure, I’ve still sold three computers, solved two tech issues, and explained the continuing relevance of three-ring binders to a flustered mother, all while studying!”

“It’s not about productivity,” Fitz snorted, and Jemma noticed for the first time the way his chest heaved against her hand. “You think I care about that? You’re driving yourself mad with those things, trying to cram every last minute with inane details when we both know you’ll ace your exams even if you’d not studied a day. I just don’t want you to wreck your life, and your posture, craning over your own minuscule handwriting.”

“That’s preposterous!” Jemma huffed, her puff of air across Fitz’s face making him blink. But she also heard what he was saying. And he seemed so concerned, so caring…

He licked his lips nervously and Jemma glanced down to watch the path of his tongue. Their height difference put her just above eye-level with his mouth, and in their current position, crammed up against the wall in the deserted cage at the back of Staples, she was one movement away from–

She inhaled sharply and then darted forward and pressed her mouth against his, shifting her arm off of his neck so she could grip the collar of his red polo in both hands, pulling him towards her, ignoring his startled squeak as she nearly ground her mouth against his, desperate, furious, needy.

When she sucked on his top lip he whimpered. Something seemed to come uncorked in him and he scooped her to him, leaned back against the wall to support them and matched her furious pace.

As soon as she could be sure he wasn’t stopping anytime soon, Jemma slid her hands down his chest, feeling the slight bump of his nipples through his shirt, and down over his ribs and around his back. She knew Fitz hadn’t worked out a day in his life but she what encountered along the way was still… pleasurable.

Then she stepped hard against him so she could reach a hand into his back pocket to cup his arse. And grab her note cards.

“Wha–” Fitz mumbled, chasing her lips as she danced backwards.
“Thanks!” she grinned, waving the cards at him.

“You’ve gotta be–” He groaned and scrubbed his hands over his face. “Seriously, Jemma? Now I’ve got a – a –” He gestured helplessly towards his crotch.

“Raging hard-on?”

“Yes,” he ground out. “I can’t very well go out there now.”

“Then take a minute to calm down. Or take care of it, if you prefer.” She smirked as he bent forward with a moan. “And I’ll tell you what? If I really do ace this exam, I’ll take care of your next hard-on. As a treat for both of us.”
“Don’t go,” Fitz pleaded.

“Wha – what?” Jemma breathed, frozen at the entrance to the security line with her boarding pass in one hand and her knuckles white on the handle of her suitcase. “Fitz, what are you doing here? And is that – is that Daisy, there by the potted plants?”

“Yeah, she drove me,” he said dismissively. “Jemma, I’m begging you, I know this isn’t the time or place and I should’ve done this a long time ago and I know you said we’d stay in touch but– Please don’t go.”

“Fitz,” she whispered, and then she pressed a hand to her forehead, her entire face pinched. “I have a job, now, a real job in London, I’ve got a flat waiting for me and – And what do I have here?”

“You have me. Jemma, you have me.”

“Yes, and you have Julie,” she sighed. “And Daisy has Lincoln and Bobbi has Hunter and–”

“I don’t,” he interrupted her urgently.

“Don’t what?”

“Don’t have Julie. I’m not with Julie. I haven’t been for months, but I just … I couldn’t find the words to tell you.”

“Months?” Jemma repeated, confused. “But–”

That wasn’t the bit he’d hoped she focused on, but he continued doggedly, “I broke up with her because I couldn’t get you out of my head.” Ignoring the frenzied travelers pushing around them, he stepped closer. “Every minute of every day, no matter where I am, you are with me, and I thought that was normal, a way that friends are, but – But I’m in love with you and you’re about to get on a plane and I may never see you again–”

Jemma’s chin trembled and she turned away, waving her boarding pass at him. “I can’t, Fitz. I can’t do this. They’re about to begin boarding and I have to get through security and – maybe we should talk about this when I land–” Head down, she hurried into the line and disappeared behind a gaggle of giant Dutchmen.

“Jemma,” he called desperately, but she was gone.

He slept in the car as Daisy drove. He felt like he’d let all the emotions he’d for years fester inside him spill across the airport tiles, and now he had nothing left. Empty, tired, his mind foggy, he wanted to crawl into his bed and sleep for a month and hope that when he woke up he would have
no recollection of his best friend, now off to some better life that didn’t include him.

It was only when he’d finally convinced Daisy that he’d be alright and that she didn’t need to stay and get drunk with him that he saw the message on his phone. He sat on the far end of the couch and hit play and stared at the darkened windows like he was a character in some Sofia Coppola melancholia.

“Hi, Fitz. It’s me.”

He dropped his head into his hands as Jemma’s voice filled the apartment. He didn’t know when she’d called him, whether he was about to hear a sweet goodbye untainted by his confession or whether she was about to set him straight, that they’d never be like that –

“I’ve just boarded the plane but I – I can’t stop thinking about what you – I feel terrible, Fitz. After everything we’ve been through that’s not how we should’ve ended. Maybe we shouldn’t have ended at all, I don’t know. But I… I thought it’d be easier, you know, easier for me to leave and for you to move on with your life if we didn’t make a grand thing out of our goodbye but…”

Jemma’s voice started to grow more frantic and high-pitched.

“But now I’m sitting here thinking of everything I should’ve said. Because you were right, that conversation was long overdue. And I didn’t even tell you that I – that I – that I love you too, Fitz. That I’m in love with you.”

Fitz had to squeeze his eyes shut tightly, the tears there were burning so fiercely. In the thousands of times he’d imagined ever hearing those words from Jemma, none of the scenarios had prepared him for this.

“I’m in love with you,” Jemma repeated reverently and breathlessly, as if she could hardly believe it herself. “I love you, Fitz. Oh god, Fitz, what’ve I done?”

Fitz wiped his nose on his sleeve and slid off the couch, onto the floor, clutching the phone like it contained the last shred of hope in his universe.

“I have to see you,” Jemma was saying wildly. “I have to get off this plane. Excuse me, please, I – I’m so sorry, sir, but I really must deplane, if you’ll just–”

“You’re going to need to sit down and buckle up, miss,” an authoritative voice said somewhere in the background of the message. “We’re going to start taxiing towards the runway.”

“Shut it!” Fitz cried at the steward. “Let her off the plane!”

“I’m sorry, you simply don’t understand, you see I’ve just realized that if I don’t tell my best friend Fitz that I love him I’m going to regret it for the rest of my life– There must be some way you can just let me off the pl–”

And the message cut off.

“No!” Fitz shouted, scrambling to his feet and desperately searching his phone for more messages. He found nothing. “Did she – did she get off the plane?”

“I got off the plane.”

He saw her reflection in the window but it wasn’t until he turned and saw Jemma standing there, scarf askew and eyes red and suitcase already flung to the ground behind her that could accept she
was real.

“\text{You got off the plane,\textquotedbl},” he echoed numbly.

She nodded, and a single tear escaped down her cheek, and it was all the push he needed to cross the room and envelop her in his arms.
“I don’t believe it,” Fitz said dazedly, staring at the letter in his hands.

“What’s that?” Jemma asked, only half-listening as she fixed beans and toast for the both of them.

“They’re… they’re publishing my novel.” He looked up at her with the impossibly vulnerable expression of someone who has absolutely no idea where they are or what they are doing or how to put one foot in front of the other. “They found it, erm—” He glanced back down at the paper. “—‘brilliant’.”

“Oh my goodness, Fitz!” Jemma cried, and she dropped her knife with a clatter. “I mean of course they did, how could they not, it was inspired – but – oh, Fitz, I’m so proud of you!”

She hurtled around the table and threw herself upon him. His arms quickly supported her back, one corner of his letter pressing into her side, and she squeezed him with a hug she hoped would convey every milliliter of her absolute adoration of him, his work, his aspirations, his potential, his worth.

This wasn’t something they did a lot, hugging, though they’d now been flatmates for three years and friends for six. Jemma found she rather liked it, but still, there was propriety at stake, so she rocked back on her heels and started to pull away from Fitz.

But then his fingers tightened on her waist and he burrowed his chin sharply against her shoulder.

So Jemma slid her arms back into place around his neck and even let her eyes drift shut as she gently scratched Fitz’s spine through his sweater. His neck was warm against her cheek and, forgetting entirely what they’d been talking about or how they’d gotten here, she tilted her head just slightly and pressed her lips to the firm spot where the cord of his neck met his trapezius muscle.

Fitz’s fingertips dug again into her sides at the contact, and their cheeks brushed as he drew back – though just his head, and just far enough so that his face was centimeters from hers and slightly above.

“Jemma,” he whispered hoarsely, his eyes barely open.

She raised her face so her nose bumped his chin and answered just as breathlessly, “Yes, Fitz?”

“No, Jemma,” he repeated, more loudly, more urgently. “Do you smell something burning?”

Jemma cursed and sprinted to rescue the charred toast from its oven.
“Fitz, can you help me get this down?” Jemma grunted, stretched all the way up towards the jars on top of the cabinet and still only brushing the bottom.

She knew he was eyeing her warily, and that was certainly warranted, given their recent juvenile hostilities – though honestly, the shaving cream on his hand had not been her doing – but teetering as she was on her tiptoes, the back of her shirt rucked up out of her skirt, she hoped he’d take pity on her.

Fitz shot another wistful glance to the relative safety of the spiral stairs away from the lab and then turned back into the room.

“What one did you need?” he asked, brushing her aside.

“That one – just there.” She leaned against him slightly, stretching her arm next to his extended one to point to the glass cylinder of greenish liquid. “Careful now, it’s volatile.”

She’d timed that statement carefully and, as expected, Fitz’s fingers slipped just as he got the jar off the cabinet, it tumbled towards him, and the lid – which she’d unscrewed before he’d appeared – detached and rolling across the floor.

Jemma jumped back as the liquid splashed all down Fitz’s front, coating his face, chest, hands, trousers and shoes.

Perfect execution, she snickered to herself. Judges award Agent Simmons 10/10.

“Just what did you mean by ‘it’s volatile’?” Fitz demanded, his voice an octave higher than normal. He stayed very still as his eyes flicked over to where she stood smugly, not a drop on her.

“Oh, it’s highly toxic,” she informed him brightly.

“Highly – Simmons!” he screeched. “You’ve got to get this off of me! Where’s the bloody emergency shower?”

Ooh, this just kept getting better and better.

“Here, I’ll guide you!” She tried to make her voice sound appropriately frantic. “Just – don’t touch me. Follow my voice.”

She backed towards the alcove in which the emergency shower, which they’d miraculously never needed to date, was tucked. Fitz followed her, eyes squeezed shut, arms outstretched, looking like
he’d been slimed by one of the creatures from Ghostbusters. Jemma snuck a picture on her cellphone.

“This way, Fitz. There you go – watch your step – feel the rail just there? Very good, Fitz. You’re in the shower now. Let me just – get the water on—”

Undoubtedly Fitz’s greatest vulnerability in this prank war was his trust in her.

Silly man.

“BLOODY EFFING – THAT’S FREEZING, SIMMONS!” Fitz shrieked as ice-cold water pelted him. He tried to duck out of the way and run for dry land but she shoved him back under the stream.

“Do you want to die or do you want to get clean?”

“It’s a moot point, isn’t it, because if my skin doesn’t fall off from this death concoction you dumped on me the water will turn me into a corpsesicle and I’ll be preserved for centuries like those poor mammoths – Why are you laughing?”

He’d finally scrubbed the goop out of his eyes, so he could see her shaking with mirth, her face red from trying to hold it in.

“I’m sorry, Fitz, it’s just – you couldn’t have been a better victim,” she burst out as the laughter bubbled over.

With one hand, Fitz turned the shower off. He shook himself, droplets of water and the green solution splattering the tile walls and nearly hitting Jemma’s shoes.

“Are you telling me,” he said slowly, quietly, “that this… stuff wasn’t toxic?”

“Not even a bit,” she tittered, dancing forward a few steps to poke his arm. “Corn starch and water and food dye and a bit of fragrance to sell the whole thing – but I got you, Fitz! You have to admit I got you well and properly, this time. You may now concede defeat.”

“Got me?” Fitz repeated, and Jemma recognized the tell-tale signs of a classic Fitz explosion too late. “Jesus, Simmons!” he shouted, trembling as he shoved past her and slammed the side of the metal rack of towels, sending it clattering to the floor. “You nearly gave me a heart attack!”

She jumped at the loud noise and backed away, even though she knew Fitz would never hurt her – it simply wasn’t done. “Really, Fitz?” she protested, planting a fist on her hip and watching him pace about the tiny alcove. “You’re going to scold me after it was you who began this preposterous prank war in the first place?”

“Of course I’m going to blame you!” he cried and halted in front of her, hands waving madly. “Crimes against humanity are still crimes even if you weren’t the one who fired the first shot.”

“Crimes against humanity?” Jemma scoffed. “Don’t you think that’s a bit of a str—”

But she stopped mid-snark, because she’d just noticed how very wet Fitz was, how his button-up clung to his frame, how the muscles in his forearms were accentuated by the tight curl of his fists and the tendons in his neck popped as he gritted his teeth.

Really, now that she looked, there were whole facets of Fitz’s physique she’d never analyzed before. And her own body was taking notice.
“Jemma?”

“Yes?” she yelped, her voice cracking as she wrenched her eyes from the fascinating way his lips twitched with anger.

“You were saying something?” he prodded, but as he strode towards her his fury seemed to evaporate, replaced by confusion and concern for her.

“Was I?” she choked out, and she hoped he he didn’t notice the flush that flared from her belly up through her chest and across her face at his sudden proximity.

“You were chiding me?” He stretched out a hand and lifted the collar of her lab coat. “You’ve got a spot of green.”

“Have I?” she breathed. Wet and angry Fitz had been distracting enough but wet and attentive Fitz, still breathing heavily from his blow-up…. Oh dear.
“Have you got the list?” Jemma demanded as soon as Fitz got into the car.

“I thought you had the list,” he protested, one foot still on the gravel of their driveway.

“Of course I have the list, but you were supposed to have the back-up, in case we get separated.” She rolled her eyes, as if this reasoning should’ve been apparent.

“Perthshire’s not that big, Jemma, we’re not going to get separated. And even if Hydra swooped in I’d hardly go, ‘Oh, I’d best get the butter and the daffodils before I go give Jemma a hand.’“

“It’s not Hydra I’m worried about,” Jemma muttered, finally turning the key in the ignition of the used car they’d only just bought the week previous. It groaned a bit as it struggled to start but finally the engine turned over and it shuddered to life. “It’s that Mrs. Golloway and her chatty little friends. If they kidnap me to discuss china patterns again, I want you to continue on and complete the mission.”

“I promise not to leave you at the mercy of Mrs. Golloway,” he assured her, patting her hand on the stick. “No wife left behind.”

She shot him an amused look and didn’t even scold him as he put his feet up on the dashboard. If anything, it made her want to skip the festivities altogether and just abscond with him for a roadtrip across Scotland.

“What time is everyone coming tonight?”

“Dinner’s officially at six,” Jemma rattled off, “but Daisy and Lincoln will are coming straight from the airport and expect to arrive around four, and Hunter wanted a stiff drink before he had to socialize, so that’ll probably be about five – your mum isn’t returning my texts so she could show up at any time, honestly.”

Fitz wrinkled his nose as they bumped down the main street of the little town. “Probably hopes she’ll catch us doing something nefarious.”

“She might see you chopping vegetables and have a heart attack,” Jemma chuckled.

“I’ve cooked plenty in my years, thank you!”

“Your years,” she scoffed. “Give a man a cottage in the countryside and he becomes a grumpy grandpa.”

“I’ve always been a grumpy grandpa,” Fitz grumbled as Jemma parked outside the little town library. “And you’ll notice I’ve not complained once about the preposterous notion of a housewarming party.”
“Actually, I think you just did,” Jemma pointed out, pocketing the keys and clambering out of the car.

“So, where do we start? Because I know you’ve memorized the list and don’t actually need it,” Fitz said smugly, strolling down the sidewalk with his hands in his pockets.

“Memory is fallible, lists are not,” Jemma muttered.

“Your memory’s infallible, as I know too well.”

Shopping with Fitz was like shopping with a young child. At the baker’s, though they needed only two loaves of bread, he tugged on Jemma’s sleeve until she acquiesced to adding a warm chocolate croissant to the paper bag. At the butcher’s he blanched and faintly said something about becoming a vegan. The liquor store was his candy shop, and while Jemma selected a few nice wines, he trundled around loading himself down with Scotch, tequila, and white rum.

“You said Hunter was coming!” he said by way of explanation when she raised her eyebrows at the armful.

At Mrs. Golloway’s general store, Jemma hid behind the canned vegetables while Fitz talked the overeager shopkeeper into coming with him next door to pick out flowers for their table arrangements. He returned half an hour later, long after Jemma had checked out with Mrs. Golloway’s much less talkative daughter, looking drained and defeated.

“I’m going to need to take a nap before we start cooking,” he announced, dazedly accepting a few heavy bags from Jemma.

“To thank you for your sacrifices today, I bought those monkey biscuits you like so much,” she told him fondly.

“I love you,” he sighed.
for undercovermarvelgeek

So the funny thing is I watched the episode of The Office with this title right after you sent this – so that’s roughly where the inspiration for this came from, though it’s not nearly as humorous.

[S2 Angstland]

“Simmons.” Mack rapped on the open door to the lab with his knuckles, leaning only partway in as if unsure whether he’d be welcome. “Coulson wants us for a briefing, right away.”

Jemma could see Fitz behind him, skulking a bit, his hands wound in the bottom of his cardigan.

She nodded. “Thank you, Mack. I’ll be there in a moment.”

Everyone had gathered by the time she got there. Fitz was closest to the door and a year ago she would’ve stopped right there, her elbow bumping his arm, and they would’ve muttered commentary to each other throughout Coulson’s speech. But it wasn’t a year ago, it was today, and they were Fitz and Simmons instead of Fitzsimmons. As if in confirmation, his eyes flicked to her and then determinedly back to the floor.

She crossed in front of the group and stood next to May.

“Alright, everyone, this is gonna be a bit of a rush job but Trip, I need wheels up on the Quinjet in ten minutes. Fitz, Simmons, you’re actually taking lead on this one, but May’s gonna have to go over the details with you en route. It should be purely scientific but I need you both in tac gear and in the hanger by the time Trip’s got the plane warmed up—”

“No,” Fitz said, so quietly that thought everyone glanced at him, Coulson continued as if nothing had happened.

“It’s a fairly simple extraction, the bullet-proof vests are just a precaution—”

“No,” Fitz repeated, this time loud and firm enough that it couldn’t be ignored. “I’m not doing that.”

“Fitz, this isn’t up for debate—”

“Did I stutter?!” Fitz shouted. Everyone jumped and only Mack resisted the urge to move away from him. “I know none of you seem to be able to comp- comp – to understand anything I say anymore, but I’m not doing that!”

And he darted from the room, shoving over a standing lamp as he went.

Mack made to follow him but Jemma knew what this was about. “Please, let me,” she whispered, and ducking her head she ran after him.
He’d headed straight to the lab, as if on instinct, but when he heard her footsteps and turned to see her following, he shook his head. He waved a hand at her, a defense and a refusal, but he didn’t say anything. So she did.

“Fitz.” Even his name felt like a violation now. She had no right to any bit of him. “I know we’ve not been on the best of terms and I can understand that you need space but there will be times, like this mission, when Coulson needs us to work side by side–”

He looked up at her, finally, in confusion. “It’s not that.”

“Oh,” Jemma replied lamely, thrown completely for a loop. “I assumed–”

“Not everything is about you, Je– Simmons,” he muttered.

Now that was just unfair. She’d only been trying to help. “Well, then, what is it?” she demanded.

“The tac gear? The bul- the bul–” He shut his eyes and ground out, “The vests? I don’t want that to become normal. Coulson’s trying to make that normal for us.”

Apparently when one had never been undercover at Hydra, one could pretend that bullets only ever rained on field agents. “You knew that was part of the deal when we signed on,” she reminded him gently.

“No, I didn’t!” he exploded. Counter to her expectations, his words seemed clearer, sharper, in his anger. “Maybe you did, but I thought it would just be you, and me, and science.”

In the abrupt silence that followed, Jemma forgot to breathe long enough that it became painful. It was the closest they’d come to talking about everything she’d broken between them.

“And maybe you’ve given up on all that–”

“I haven’t, Fitz, I promise,” she pleaded.

“But I’m not going into the field. I’m not going to sh– sh– kill people just because Coulson doesn’t have enough warm bodies. You – you do what you want.”

He wheeled away from her in the direction of his bunk, and it felt like something was wrenched from her chest as he went.

She wiped hastily at her cheeks when May came to remind her to suit up.
It's just that... well, my favorite character just died.

Chapter Summary

for just-another-potato
Okay, I stretched this one a bit because... well, you’ll see. I looked up a few specific shows that were airing in the fall of 2006, when (if my calculations are correct) FS would’ve met at the Academy, as well as the spring of 2007, well enough into their first year that they might’ve been paired up... and Doctor Who’s last significant departure around that time was Rose in the spring of 2006... Okay I’m gonna let you read the thing now.

Leopold Fitz may be the second-smartest person at the Academy, and he may have aced all of his first-semester classes without even trying, but he’s now Jemma’s lab partner and she’ll be damned if he fumbles his way through this and wrecks her prospects in the process.

For several weeks they’ve maintained the strictest of professional decorum, speaking only when necessary: “Pass me that pipette.” “How many milliliters were required?” “You nearly burned me, watch it!” No small talk required. They arrive, they complete the experiment, and they head off in opposite directions.

But on this Friday, something is off. Fitz has never had superior hand-eye coordination; frankly he’s fortunate the Academy doesn’t make him pay for every beaker he breaks. But normally he can count, and he knows which materials will react, and he can anticipate her next move.

“Fitz! I swear, if you step on my heels one more time–” she snaps, rounding on him. She’s dealt with enough men in this field to expect them all to be arses, so she has learned to be a little harsh, a little unforgiving.

But when he looks up at her, cuts still evident on his hands from the last time he cleaned up broken glass, his eyes are red-rimmed.

She wonders suddenly what burdens this boy carries, what might be going on at home. Has she terribly misjudged him? He is standoffish, to be sure, at times cold and impolite, but he’s never questioned her intelligence or doubted her maths. He’s never treated her as anything but an equal.

So she lowers the ruler she’d just raised like a sword and asks carefully, unsure if this is how one approaches this sort of thing, “Fitz, are you... is everything... is something wrong?”

“It’s stupid,” he mutters, but his chin has started to tremble and he has to turn away to scrub the sleeve of his lab coat across his eyes.

Jemma winces – in a more complex experiment, any number of irritants could’ve been absorbed into the material of the coat and he’d have just rubbed them into his eyes – but she pretends she hasn’t seen and touches his elbow, just barely, as she’s seen people do with their friends. “You can tell me.”

He’s vulnerable before her as he sighs and glances at her, blushing slightly. “Do you watch Lost?”

Okay, not where she’d seen this going.
“I – no, I haven’t watched much television, besides *Who*, of course.”

“You watch *Who*?” he asks, brightening for a moment, but then his face falls again and he mumbles, “Anyway. *Lost* was on last night and there’s this one character who can see the future, sort of, and he saw that this other character’s going to die, and I just – Charlie doesn’t deserve that–”

Jemma stares at him, open-mouthed, through this full speech, and then she starts to laugh, only stopping when Sally Weber hisses at her from the next table.

“How dare you – I – I trusted you not to make fun of me!” Fitz splutters.

“No, no, I’m sorry, it’s not – I’m so relieved,” she explains. “I thought your mum was ill or your parents were divorcing or something.”

“You wouldn’t understand,” he grumbles, and he reaches up to drag his goggles back over his face, to reinforce the barrier between them once more.

“Fitz,” she chuckles, grabbing his wrist. “I didn’t mean it that way. Honest. If you’d’ve seen me after Rose left last series – I was devastated. A mess for weeks. Truly.”

“Yeah?” Fitz blinks hopefully at her, and she notices how long his eyelashes are, even matted with unshed tears.

“Yeah.” She’s still holding his arm, so she lets her hand slip down to his. She squeezes it once and releases him. “Maybe… maybe tonight, I could come over to your dorm room with some double-chocolate-chunk ice cream, and you could introduce me to *Lost*? To Charlie?”

She does, and they binge-watch the first two series far into the early hours of Saturday morning, and she nearly falls asleep on the couch in his dorm’s common area because that’s how comfortable she already feels with Fitz, her former nemesis. She walks home by starlight, theories of the island and Oceanic Flight 815 and The Others flurrying around her head, and she thinks she might ask Fitz if they can do the same thing the next night.

And that is how they become friends: not at all, and then all at once.
"Please shut up. I can't stand how appealing your voice is" v 2

Chapter Summary

for bioforensics

Fitz can normally hold his liquor. Really – he’s rather proud of the pints he can down without so much as a hiccup.

The exception is white wine, for god knows what reason. It’s his tequila. It makes him ridiculously honest and forward… and also increases the likelihood that he will at some point in the night dance the Cupid’s shuffle. (There doesn’t need to be music.)

So when he receives highest honors on his thesis and his friends take him out to the pub, it makes sense to order white wine. They’re celebrating – why not let loose?

But they’ve made the mistake of coming to the pub on karaoke night, and there’s a woman down at the other end of the bar doing a rendition of “Can’t Help Falling in Love”. Fitz knows karaoke doesn’t require that the singer’s voice actually be good, and in fact, if the loud whoops from the woman’s friends are any indication, the whole thing is probably a joke.

But it’s really getting on his nerves and this is his night, damn it! He can’t focus on his conversations, and every now and then the woman will laugh in the middle of the serious ballad and while he must admit it’s a cute laugh, with a hint of a snort, he wishes she would either commit to the art of it or go sit down.

He hits his three-drink point and no longer needs to stew on it. He’s going to tell her what’s what.

He sways up to her, ready to tell her just how annoying her voice is, but then she turns to look at him expectantly, holding out the microphone as if for him to join in, and what comes out instead is, “Please shut up. I can’t stand how appealing your voice is.”

That’s not the adjective he meant to supply, but before he can correct himself the woman rolls her eyes and throws her drink in his face and keeps singing, unperturbed.

She runs into him again at the end of the night, when he is trying to add money to his metro pass with his library card. She takes pity on him and gets him on the right train and puts her number in his contacts and demands that he text her when he’s home, or she’ll call the police and report him missing. He tells her that would require knowing his name and he gives her a business card.

He’s secretly in awe of three-drink Fitz for being so smooth.

When he makes it back to his apartment, he calls instead of texting, because white wine makes him feel friendly and cuddly and he wants to hear her voice again. She’d seen on his business card that he worked in engineering so she reads him specs from old military ambulances and he falls asleep to that, as if it’s a sweet bedtime story.

She texts him the next morning to be sure he’s alive, and he responds with complete mortification.
and apology. But she sends back a voice note of her warbling “Can’t Help Falling in Love” exaggeratedly, and he tentatively replies with an attempt to harmonize, and she asks him to lunch.

She talks a lot, this Jemma, but he likes that. He likes listening to her voice and to the galaxies it builds out of nothing.
Extension of "I don't want to get over her. I want to be with her"

Chapter Summary

for ... various people lol

Fitz considered, for the fifth time in five minutes, just throwing himself off the side of the building.

The elevator chimed open before he could walk to the edge to evaluate the drop, and Jemma stepped out, taking in the bare concrete of the floors and the exposed insulation of the beams and the view of the city through the open expanses where walls would later be added.

“You know,” she teased, as she stepped over abandoned power tools to walk towards him, “normally, when someone’s trying to woo me, they do something a bit more grand and less murder-y than write me a cryptic note and ask me to meet them alone on the twelfth floor of an unfinished building.”

’Is it that obvious that I’m trying to woo you?’ he asked nervously. If she knew that, and still showed up–

’If it hadn’t been before, the little picnic basket and champagne behind you might be an indication.’ She stopped a respectful distance from him, close enough to be tantalizing, far enough to make him lean forward slightly on his toes.

’Yeah, I–’ He glanced back at the checkered blanket spread on the concrete. It looked stupid, now that she was here. ‘I’m sorry about the note, and the not-grand gesture, but I didn’t… I didn’t want to make you feel pressured or uncomfortable or weird and I should probably just let you go, but–’

’You said you had something to tell me,’ she interrupted, gesturing with a piece of paper in her hand. His note, he realized. It looked like it had been read over and over again.

Fitz let all the air rush out of him and set his eyes upon a tiny scar on Jemma’s forehead, so he could look at her without having to look at her while he did this. Here went nothing – or rather, everything.

’I don’t want to keep you from your dreams. Never that. And if you go to London I’ll still support you and talk to you all the time – nothing would have to change. But… my friends are telling me that if you went to London it’d give me a chance to … to get over you, and I really don’t want to.” There it was. If she hadn’t known before that he was a lovesick fool, she would now. “I know it’s ridiculous to think that I could go with you, but–”

’Please stop talking!’ Jemma blurted out.

Fitz’s eyes snapped down to her face and he saw that her hands were curled around her neck like they did when she was nervous. “Sorry,” he muttered.

“No, Fitz, I–” Her mouth worked soundlessly for a moment and then she stepped towards him, chin raised in thrilling determination. “I’m not going to London. I’ve received an even superior promotion that will move me an hour away from here but – but it’s not London, at least.”
“But – how?” he breathed.

Jemma shrugged. “I asked around. I knew I couldn’t leave. Even if we weren’t – if I didn’t – if I weren’t in love with you,” she plowed on, “I wouldn’t have been able to leave you.”

“But you are?” Fitz clarified quickly. “In l- l-”

“Very much so,” Jemma enthused.

A glint of gold against Jemma’s hair as she shifted another step towards him reminded Fitz that there was more to be done yet.

“I may have lied about the grand gesture,” he admitted, touching her elbow gently to turn her towards the eastern not-wall, his whole body thrumming with the way she leaned towards him. “I wanted to save it, in case you didn’t want that kind of attention, but – well.”

He shoved his hands into his pockets, feeling foolish, but Jemma gasped.

A certain pattern of windows on the building opposite had been cracked open at the same angle so that they reflected the setting sun. A giant J the height and width of the building glowed golden and pink.

“Fitz,” Jemma breathed, tugging on the sleeve of his cardigan without breaking her gaze from the magnificent sight. “How–”

“It’s actually a security contracting facility and I didn’t have access but I know a guy, Mike, who works the night shift, and I gave him all the specs – it was actually a bit tricky, see, because–”

“You know what? You can tell me later,” Jemma said firmly, and she wrapped her arms around his neck and kissed him into blissful oblivion.
"I have her/his number written on my hand and it just started raining"
“Yes,” Fitz blurts out too quickly. Then, more evenly, “Yes. I would like. That. I would like that.” Has the rain melted his brain?!

“Magnificent. Text me, promise?”

“I promise,” Fitz grins.

“See you tomorrow, Fitz.”

Fitz nearly skips the rest of the way home, caring not one iota about the mud on his trousers or the water droplets down his spine or the fact that Lionel’s babysitter is going to charge extra for the hour he’s late.
“Are you sure you don’t want any help?” Fitz checked, for probably the sixth time.

“Of course not, Fitz,” Jemma huffed, sitting back on her heels and swiping at the hair that was sticking to her sweaty forehead. “There’s a system for a reason.”

“I know,” Fitz chuckled.

“Each week, half the junior counselors clean the lavatories, the other half work in the mess. You’ve already worked in the mess today, so it would be unfair and frankly anarchic to ask you to get down here and scrub with me.”

She’d deny she enjoyed crawling across the tiles and polishing until they shone, but Fitz was sure she secretly preferred the cleaning weeks to the mess hall weeks. If Jemma had somehow ended up in Cinderella, she would’ve no doubt thanked the bloody evil stepmother for letting her clean the place.

“You don’t mind me sitting up with you, though, do you?” he murmured.

“Course not. I don’t understand why you do it, when you could be sleeping, but–”

“I just like talking to you. We don’t get to talk enough during the day, tugged as we are in every direction by those villains they call children.”

Jemma’s lips quirked. It was true – most of the time they had together consisted of stolen kisses behind the boathouse and falling asleep on each other during staff meetings. Actually talking, albeit in the lavatory with a soundtrack of crickets and tree frogs from outside, was a pleasant change.

“Besides,” Fitz pressed on, to cover for the blush in his cheeks that always seemed to appear when he was a bit too honest about his undying affection for her, “it gives me time to work on these.”

He held up the plastic friendship bracelet he was crafting for her inspection.

“That’s a ridiculous selection of colors, Fitz,” she tutted.

“I hardly think Marcus is going to give one flying twat about the colors,” he shot back. “And Weaver told me my handiwork is, and I quote, ‘deft and admirable’.”

“You have very capable fingers, yes,” Jemma teased. “I’ll thank Weaver to not go ogling them anymore.”

“I hardly think Weaver was – oh, you were joking.” Fitz frowned down at the bracelet, tugging the ends tighter. “What do you have on tomorrow?”

“Mountain biking,” Jemma reported, leaping lightly to the edge of the showers so she could inspect
her work. “You?”

“Rock-climbing.”

“Thursday’s white water rafting—”

“Like you need to remind me,” Fitz snorted. “I’ve been training, Jemma. This is the year we beat you.”

“A five-year streak of having your tiny female friend throw you bodily out of your raft is going to be hard to eliminate from camp lore, even if you somehow managed to avoid being pirated this year.”

“Couldn’t just take mercy on me, could you? Since I’m your boyfriend now?” he grumbled.

“All you’ve to do is wave a white flag. Or your swimtrunks, if they’re more handy.”

“Bet Weaver would love that—”

Jemma threw her sponge at him.
Jemma was in trouble.

It had been three weeks since she’d nabbed Fitz’s undershirt – borrowed, with every intention of returning and zero intention of hoarding and fondling like a stalker – and she feared the appropriate window for reuniting it with its owner had passed.

But its presence haunted her every time she passed Fitz on the stairs or bumped into him as they both checked their mail. It was like he knew.

The problem, though, originated less from whether or not she managed to school her face into deceptive calm when Fitz was near (this had both to do with her theft and with the significant and immediate response the scent of his laundry detergent had upon her when he wafted it past her in the halls) and more with the fact that she’d tucked the undershirt away, unthinking, in her own underthings drawer – right next to the little bag of potpourri.

So now his undershirt smelled like roses and lavender instead of citrus. She thought about washing it, but her detergent also had a floral scent, and what if she tripped going down the stairs and impaled the shirt on a stray nail and ripped the thing?

Best to take it right back to its owner.

Not that she had any intention of telling the truth, of course. She found Fitz intriguing and elusive and, yes, attractive, and admitting to nabbing his undershirt so she could smell it would certainly scare him away.

So when he opened his door, she chirped immediately, “Fitz, hi! I believe this is yours. I found it in the laundry room, it seemed to have fallen behind one of the dryers, maybe from when people do that thing where they take your laundry out and pile it on top of the machine – not your laundry specifically, the royal you, I didn’t mean to imply – anyway, it had gotten in a bit of dust and I washed it so now it smells a bit rosy, I hope you don’t mind…”

He was staring at her, which was usually an indication she was doing something peculiar. Was the lie that obvious?

“How do you know it’s mine?” he asked gruffly, glancing down at the little bundle of white cloth in her outstretched hands. “Could be anyone’s.”

“Oh, I’m fairly sure it’s yours,” she chuckled, and then blushed, remembering her story. “I remembered it, you see, from several weeks back when I–” She pantomimed sniffing, as if he needed a reminder of her delinquent behavior. “I recognized it. As yours. I think. You should check, somehow, however one does that.”

He accepted it from her gingerly and held it by the straps to let it fall forward. Jemma felt like she
was intruding on a private moment, like two dogs smelling each other’s rears or a father and estranged son attempting to identify each other.

Fitz didn’t say anything, just put his nose up to the fabric and inhaled.

“Eurgh,” he exclaimed, his whole face contorting.

“It’s not a bad smell,” Jemma protested. That’s what she smelled like, after all!

“It smells like girl. I don’t want to smell like girl.”

Jemma bristled. “You may find yourself pleasantly surprised by how you like it. Certainly better than musk or whatever manly thing you lot throw on yourselves to try to prove your sexual prowess.”

It was a low blow, considering she knew for a fact that Fitz went for more complex, compelling scents than musk, but the insinuation that gender should dictate the smells with which one surrounded oneself—!

“My sexual prowess is just fine, thanks!” Fitz snapped.

They both blushed in the abrupt silence that followed.

“Oh,” Jemma squeaked. “Well, then.”

“Thank you for returning the shirt,” Fitz mumbled, scratching at the ribbing in the fabric with his thumbnail.

“Absolutely. Not a problem. Glad to have been of service. If you ever need me – need anything, not me, I understand that wording’s – I’m in 4E,” she finished desperately. “So you know where to find me.”

“Good!” Fitz nodded too quickly. “Good to know. I will… look up you, then. Maybe. Sometime. Should the need arise.”

“Excellent.” Jemma lingered a moment longer, then said a hasty, “Bye, then!” and speed-walked for the stairs.
for jemmamaximoff

the prompt was "that's distracting" + "is it possible to love too much" but for no reason whatsoever I saw a broom in our office and thought of witches and then thought of the Enchanted Forest Chronicles and wanted to put FS in that verse. Don’t think you need to know the books to enjoy this drabble but I highly recommend them! Badass princess having none of of anyone’s crap and hanging out with dragons… Also witches and warlocks and whatnot. It’s been a while since I’ve read them so this is an approximation XD

Jemma groaned as the whole house rattled again, down to the vials she was very carefully trying to measure into her cauldron.

“Incorrigible,” she grumbled, and she gingerly slipped the glass tubes into a rack on the counter and wiped her hands on her robes before weaving through the books and plants to the front door.

She emerged on the front porch – nearly tripping over a cat who cracked one eye to glare at her – and planted herself at the edge with her hands on her hips.

“Fitz!” she shouted.

He whooped from somewhere above her, and she had to poke her head out from the overhang to find him in the sky, swooping around on the back of a massive red dragon.

“Would you stop that?” she bellowed.

He wouldn’t be able to hear her, of course, but Astra would, and the dragon descended seemingly reluctantly, flapping his leathery wings to a gentle landing on the field beyond Jemma’s carefully-tended garden.

Fitz tumbled off the dragon’s shoulders and trotted over to Jemma, whole face shining with a grin (and with sweat).

“Hey,” he panted, loosening the ties at the neck on his billowy cotton shirt in pursuit of some relief from the heat.

“Can you please stop joyriding for half a moment so I can get some work done?”

He frowned and glanced back at the waiting dragon, who had started rubbing its rump against one of the trees. “But you said yourself, Astra needs to get back into form, he’s been sick so long–”

“But you don’t need to do it now,” she snapped. “It’s distracting! I’m liable to drop some nightshade and accidentally turn this from a healing brew into a sleeping draft.”

Fitz let out a little huff and let his hands drop to his sides. “I know, I know, I’m a guest here, blah blah blah—”
As Jemma turned to go back inside, she heard Astra tease in a low rumble, “How are you feeling now about having abandoned the princehood? There’s very little respect for such details out here in the Forest.”

Jemma rolled her eyes at Persephone, who’d stretched herself out in the sun and was cleaning the fur of her belly. “I just had to help him escape that warlock, didn’t I, Pers? Couldn’t let him get turned into a toad or something.”

“Hmm,” the cat purred, looking bored. “Is it possible to love too much?”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Jemma muttered.

“Uh-huh.” The cat watched the dragon and the ex-prince frolicking in the field. “Tell me again why you haven’t kicked him out even though he eats all your food and doesn’t put your books back in alphabetical order and has otherwise entirely disrupted your oasis of isolation?”

“Shut up.” Jemma stormed back inside, leaving the cat snickering on the porch.
I thought you were going to die, don't ever scare me like that again

Chapter Summary

for anon

I’ve been singing ABC by the Jackson 5 all morning – not listening to, just singing, alone in the storage cage of my office – so my angst levels are not high. Hope this is okay regardless!

Also: do not try this at home. You’ll see what I mean.

The clearance test for active field duty was an arduous seven-stage process, and Sci-Tech cadets received no lighter treatment than Operations. It had been a long week of everything from interrogation to sensory deprivation, all of which Jemma had to glumly admit she and Fitz had cleared with only middling performances, and everything culminated in a final physical assessment.

Jemma had already run the obstacle course but, naturally, she and Fitz had scheduled their tests one after the other and she’d hung back to watch his performance on the monitors with some of the professors. (Technically this wasn’t allowed, but Jemma was very persistent.)

She was shivering, still soaked from the near-frozen pond she’d had to wade through, and the goosebumps on her skin only amplified her nerves. They wouldn’t receive their results for several days, but if she passed and Fitz didn’t, or vice-versa… If they both failed, or both passed, they could figure out a plan, that was sure. But the alternative?

On the screen, in black-and-white, Fitz was shaking out his legs like he’d no doubt seen footballers do before a race. Had he ever even run before? Jemma had tried for months to get him to join her on her pre-dawn jogs, but after he’d nearly punched her in his flailing attempts to hide under the covers, she’d abandoned him to his own fate.

“Oh!” She couldn’t help her gasp as a gun cracked, loud enough for them to hear even in this booth removed form the actual course, and she saw Fitz jump at the signal to start. He nearly stumbled flat on his face but caught himself and started sprinting down the path.

He seemed to be taking the opposite approach from how she’d handled the test. Whereas she would surely receive a deduction for being too slow, for lingering to consider ever possible option, Fitz careened sloppily through the obstacles. He was jumpy and responded too brashly, just like in that haunted house he’d hated so much last October. He was quick, but Jemma wasn’t sure that was a good thing.

She winced when he reached the pond and instinctively wrapped her arms around herself. She knew how Fitz hated the cold and could only imagine what he’d be muttering to himself at that moment: ‘Bugger, bugger, sod this whole thing, why on earth I let Jemma talk me into this–’

He got a cut across the forehead escaping unseen pursuers in a forest, and he had to keep swiping at his eye as blood ran into it. But otherwise… Maybe we can do this, Jemma thought with a thrill.

He came to the final element, a confrontation with an armed assailant on the seventh story of an
unfinished building, and paused. Jemma could see him making the same calculations she had: assessing the tools and blunt objects scattered across the floor, considering opportunities to disable the lights, spying for escape routes.

But whereas she had tried – and failed – to engage the assailant in hand-to-hand combat, Fitz – Fitz ran straight for the open side of the building and leapt off of it.

“NO!” Jemma screamed at the TV, and Agent Weaver had to physically restrain her from bursting through the restricted access door.

She trembled, staring at the screen, at the agent who’d been standing in for the assailant and who was now frantically leaning over the side of the building - waiting for a sign of Fitz.

“It’s my fault,” she said tremulously to Weaver. “He’d never have done this if I hadn’t been so – so…”

It was a full five minutes before the cadets’ entrance opened and a sheepish-looking Fitz trailed in, soaked like Jemma was and herded by the stormy specialist who oversaw the course.

Jemma flung herself upon Fitz at once, sending him stumbling backwards as she scrabbled for purchase on the back of his wet shirt. His arms tentatively circled her and held her to him even when she pulled back to slap his shoulder.

“You idiot!” she cried. “What were you thinking?”

“I did the maths,” he shrugged. “Figured at worst I’d break my legs. And at best they’d have a net or something for this very eventuality. Which they did.”

“I thought you were going to die! Don’t you ever do something like that again!” Jemma scolded.

“We’ve only had one other person attempt that maneuver, and she’s an Operations legend,” the specialist cut in with – Jemma was shocked to hear – begrudging admiration.

“It’d be no use in the real world,” Jemma said quickly.

“Actually, it’s a fairly standard evacuation procedure from heights, to have agents jump on airborne transport.”

“See? I knew that?” Fitz blatantly lied, smiling smugly down at Jemma.

“You’re an idiot,” she repeated, but she buried her face into his shoulder so she wouldn’t have to explain why she was crying.

They both got sick, and neither of them passed, though Fitz beat Jemma by a few points, aided by the “innovation” bonus the specialist awarded him.
“Too much?”

Bob stepped back to survey his work: the very top of the blankets folded back, the chocolates at a jaunty angle on the pillows, the fake windows (lightboxes with stills from around the world) set to a late-afternoon view of downtown Paris.

It had been so long since he’d had visitors that he now found himself on the dangerous edge between putting in too much effort and smothering his guests, or forgetting how the job was done properly and seriously disappointing the agents.

Then he caught sight of himself in the gilt-edged mirror and chortled.

“Ah, who am I kidding? Everyone loves me.”

And he bustled downstairs to await their arrival.

“Welcome, welcome! Glad to see you made it alive. That means none of you are Hydra. Though that’s what Eric thought and–” He drew his forefinger across his throat and chortled. “So none of that this time, you hear? I’m kidding. Sort of.”

Jemma schooled her expression into careful amiability as the newest Koenig hopped the last two steps and grinned at them all.

“Here are you badges – Agent Fitz, Agent Simmons, looking lovely as ever, Agent Mackenzie – oh my, you’re bigger than Billy said. I’m Bob, by the way. I’m sure they’ve mentioned me. No?”

“Which base is this, Bob?” Jemma asked, looking up at the crystal chandeliers and the red cloth patterns on the walls.

“El Dorado is what I call it, although technically it doesn’t have a name , because technically–”
“It doesn’t exist,” Jemma, Fitz, and Mack finished together.

“Not first-timers, I see!” Bob clapped his hands together gleefully. “Well, let’s get you to your room. I put the lady in one and the gents in the other, though as I understand it you’ll just be running the operation out of here – you’re welcome to stay as many nights as you want, but…”

“I feel like we’re in that episode of Doctor Who, where they’re in that hotel and in each room are their greatest fears—” Fitz muttered to Jemma as they hoisted their bags and followed Bob back up the stairs.


“Bet Koenig would be in my room,” Fitz said darkly.

“Which one?”

“Doesn’t matter,” he snorted.

Jemma, realizing she and Fitz were talking quite a lot and couldn’t afford to draw extra attention to themselves, given the… recent developments in their relationship, turned to Mack to include him in the conversation. “Mack, have you ever watched Doctor Who?”

“Never got around to it, Doc,” Mack murmured.

“Well, what do you watch, then?”

Mack glanced down at her, bemused, but her raised eyebrows threatened her impending persistence if he didn’t answer. “A bit of Nova. Some ‘90s sitcoms.”

“Nova? Oh, but Mack, that’s our favorite show, we absolutely must do a viewing night together, Fitz and me and you and Elena–”

Fitz coughed sharply and Jemma nearly tripped over the fancy carpet.

“As friends,” she rushed to add. “Just four friends, hanging out–”

“Uh-huh,” Mack grinned.

Shortly after Agents Fitz and Simmons had left to infiltrate the Transhumanist club, Bob knocked on the door to one of their assigned rooms. It was a formality, of course, as he had access to every room in the place, but he thought Agent Mackenzie would appreciate it.

Agent Mackenzie opened the door slowly, removing one earbud of his comms system as he looked down at Bob. God, he’s an actual giant. I didn’t know that was humanly possible. His poor mother’s v–

“Can I help you?” Agent Mackenzie cut into Bob’s thoughts, firmly but not unkindly.

“Oh! No no no. You’re a guest here, no helping allowed. I was actually coming to check if you needed anything. Can get a little lonely running this end of a mission. Want me to come in and hang out with you?”

Agent Mackenzie’s forehead crinkled but he just chuckled and said, “Sorry, man, but I think I’ll focus better if it’s just me. Nothing personal.”
“Of course, of course, of course. Then can I bring you anything? Ice cream sundae? Fizzy drink? Cigar?”

“I’ll come find you if I need anything, believe me.”

“If you’re sure! I’ll be at the reception desk. I won’t stray. Wouldn’t want to have you wandering about this old place hunting me down–”

The door shut with a snap.

Bob didn’t manage to get anything out of Agent Simmons when she returned – without Agent Fitz, he noted with alarm – but she swept back downstairs not ten minutes later, red-cheeked and anxious, to pace the front hall and twist her fingers and glance at the grandfather clock.

“It’s completely irresponsible, Bob!” she exclaimed. Bob nodded understandingly, a tissue in hand should she break into tears and need that kind of support. “Either he’s injured or kidnapped or worse, in which case we should be out there looking for him, or he’s lollygagging his way around Bucharest, in which case I’m going to–”

She finished with a huff and a rude hand gesture and spun on the spot to stalk towards the opposite end of the lobby again.

“I hear ya, Agent Simmons. I hear ya. Let it out”

Shortly after Agent Simmons had returned back upstairs and Agent Mackenzie had stepped out to the hotel’s hangar to handle something on the Quinjet, Agent Fitz stumbled through from the security processing, a black duffle in his hands, purple marks around his neck, and a frantic look about him.

“Are they here?” he demanded, rushing to Bob’s reception desk and knocking over the little bell as he collided with it. “Jemma, Mack, are they–”

“Agent Mackenzie is at the Quinjet, Agent Simmons is upstairs, they’ll be–”

“Yeah, thanks!” Agent Fitz shouted, already halfway up the stairs.

Agent Mackenzie strolled in, looking entirely unconcerned, half an hour later. As he rubbed some grease off his hands with a towel, he jerked his chin towards the room-by-room security cameras, which Bob had turned off just moments ago, when things got… personal.

“I take it Fitz is back?”

“Yep.” Bob still felt a little green around the gills.

“And I’m guessing he and Simmons are–” Mack inclined his head significantly.

“Oh, yes.”

Mack sighed and leaned against the desk. “I’m gonna need another room for the night, Bob. Can you help me with that?”

“Agent Mackenzie, I am here to serve.”
what happens in vegas, part 1

Chapter Summary

jemmamaximoff asked:
Hi! Can you please write Fitzsimmons + "we were at our friends's wedding in Vegas and we had too much and woke up in one bed with matching rings on our fingers and our friends told us we got married last night too wtf"? :) thank you!

Full disclosure: My brain is making this a full fic, as it should be, but for the sake of my tenuous sanity, I’m breaking it into ficlets/drabbles… Anytime you want a continuation, anyone can send me an ask! ;)

Awareness hit Jemma all at once and she groaned, throwing an arm over her eyes. Of course it was practically a duty of the maid of honor to get royally trashed and be unable to function the next day, but she was rather peeved at her past self for her current situation: pounding headache, dry mouth, sensitivity to light – and her whole body felt like it was weighed down by a ton of bricks.

She made to roll over, but the ton of bricks suddenly became less of a metaphor.

There was something on top of her. Or, more accurately, someone.

She peeked an eye open and grimaced. She’d not closed the shades the night before and the late-morning sunlight burned against her irises, coupled with the telltale sticky sting of forgotten eyeliner and mascara.

Keeping her eyes to just a slit, she lifted her head off of the pillows and looked down the length of her body.

From this position, she could only see the top of his curly head, snuggled on her abdomen just under her breasts, but that was really all she needed to see.

Somehow, at some point, for some reason she couldn’t fathom, she’d ended up in bed with Leopold Fitz, the best man.

Fuck.

As far as she could tell, they were both still fully clothed, not that that necessarily meant anything… Still, why would he be in her room? Or – she glanced around at the nondescript beige walls and green curtains – his room? They all looked the same.

Fuckity fuck fuck–

Maybe there was some way she could just wiggle out from under him–

“Mmmf,” he mumbled, jaw working against her ribcage as he regained consciousness.

“Whaassaaat.”

He shifted to curl more comfortably around her, making it absolutely impossible for her to escape, and rested his chin on her belly to look up at her.
“Morning?” he squeaked, with a little wave.

Jemma was about to launch into this was nice and all but really we should never see each other again when a glint on Fitz’s hand stopped her dead.

A ring. A ring that head definitely not been there the night before when they’d been doing shots in the hotel bar.

Fuckity fuckery –

Jemma looked down at her own hand where it rested on the sheets beside Fitz.

There was a matching ring.

“Care to explain this?” she said, voice low, as she raised her hand for his examination.

He looked at the ring, at her face, back at the ring, back at her face, all the color draining.

“What the hell?” he yelped and leapt off of her, tangling in the sheets and crashing into the bureau.

“How should I know?” Jemma demanded, crawling to the end of the bed to glare at him. “I don’t remember anything after about 10PM. And believe me, I’m as thrilled about this as you are. I don’t want to be married to you–”

“Why wouldn’t you want to be married to me?” he protested, livid, and scrambled to his feet. “I’ve got a stable job and I do my own laundry and– and it’s you we should be worried about! I can’t be married to you! You’re – you’re a nightmare! Even if I wanted to be married at twenty-six I wouldn’t– You!” he scoffed.

“How dare you?” Jemma snarled, rising up fully onto her knees. “I am a catch. Every unattached man at that wedding was salivating for me and you know it. How on earth I ended up with you–”

“Do you think we –” Fitz gulped and patted his rumpled shirt and down to the front of his trousers. “You and I–” He gestured vaguely between them.

“I don’t know,” Jemma snapped, “but I know how to find out.”
Jemma was trying to be good.

She really, really was.

But it wasn’t often that she got to see Fitz in jeans at work, except for the rare casual Friday. So despite the hundreds of parents out there in the auditorium and the action on the stage between them, she couldn’t stop staring from her place in the wings opposite him. His hands were plunged into his back pockets so that his button-up stretched across his chest and he kept scratching the back of one ankle with his scuffed sneakers. She wanted very much to grab those belt loops and pull him in and–

Her phone vibrated in her back pocket. She stepped back into the darkness so her screen wouldn’t draw attention away from the play.

[Fitz] Will you stop staring at me?

Jemma grinned, peeking around the curtain again. Fitz, hidden from the crowd but not from her, shook his head slightly and pretended to be watching Juliet swooning over Romeo’s body. Why they had put Fitz in charge of the school’s drama club was beyond Jemma’s understanding; he was a terrible actor. She could tell that he was just as attuned to her presence as she was to his, knew that he’d been glancing at her every time she looked away.

So she smirked at her phone and sent back, Come over here and make me.

This time their eyes met, and she expected him to shake his head chidingly again, but she was ready. She bit her lip and scrunched her eyebrows together, and as if unconscious of his gaze, she slipped her sweater down to reveal her bare shoulder and the strap of her camisole.

Fitz vanished from sight. Jemma waited, tapping her phone against her palm as she tried to watch the play.

Fitz must’ve sprinted around the back of the stage because he announced himself just seconds later by stumbling over a footstool with a clatter.

“Shh!” Jemma hushed, giggling. She hurried towards him, hands already on his shoulders to help him catch his balance, but he was ahead of her.

He gripped her by the waist and walked her backwards until she hit the fake tree painted for last season’s production, and before she could catch her breath, he was kissing her, knees bent slightly so he could get the right angle, hips flush against hers to hold her in place.

“I should put you in detention for that kind of behavior, Ms. Simmons,” he murmured against her lips, the softness of his tone counteracted by his teeth dragging out her bottom lip. “I’m trying to direct a show.”
“Maybe your musical consultant wants some appreciation,” she whispered back.

“I plan on being very appreciative, I assure you.” His hand on the middle of her back pulled her closer, pushed her chest up, let him begin to explore her with his tongue.

They were interrupted by one of the stage hands running into their dark corner and hissing, “Mr. Fitz! It’s your cue!”

Fitz groaned as Jemma bit his tongue gently and pushed him away. Only then did they hear the thunderous applause from the audience.

“Don’t go anywhere,” Fitz pleaded, hands roaming along Jemma’s sides.

“Couldn’t even if I wanted to,” she assured him. It wasn’t a lie – she was, a la all the cliches, weak in the knees.

He walked backwards, still gazing at her, until he hit the velvet curtain and had to fumble his way through for his bow. He might have some of her lip gloss on his mouth, his shirt might be obviously untucked – but Jemma thought he’d never looked handsomer.
May I cut in?

Chapter Summary

Skimmons brotp with FS overtones? So I'm including it under the FS tag :)

How long do you give Hunter before he’s face-down in the punch bowl?” Fitz muttered against Jemma’s ear as they swayed slowly in place, one hand on the lace back of her wedding dress, one on her hip.

Jemma giggled against his shoulder. She wasn’t normally a giggling person but the whole thing – the champagne, the fairy lights, everyone they loved around them and their matching rings and Fitz, Fitz, Fitz – made it seem appropriate. “Is he not already there?”

He turned his head against hers as if craning to look for their inevitably drunk friend. “Believe it or not he’s teaching your little cousins how to smoke a cigar–”

“He is not!” Jemma protested, laughing, and shoved herself away from his chest just a bit, just to be sure.

But before she could locate the miscreant in question, Daisy appeared beside them with her infectious smile.

“Mind if I cut in?”

Fitz tightened his grip dramatically on Jemma’s waist. “I promised I’d never let go of her again.”

“Uh, I was there for the vows, and that was definitely not included,” Daisy teased.

“It was implied.”

“You can spare me for one dance, can’t you?” Jemma wheedled, toying with his lapels. “Besides, someone should go rescue Coulson from my Aunt Martha.”

Fitz groaned but stepped away. Jemma regretted it instantly: she honestly wouldn’t mind if they vowed to never let each other go again.

But Daisy quickly stepped in, and they waffled for a moment about where to put their hands. They both laughed.

”No chance you know the man’s part, is there?” Daisy chuckled.

”I don’t, but between us I’m sure we’ll figure something out.”

They rotated awkwardly, entirely out of rhythm and frequently stepping on each other’s toes, but neither woman cared. This kind of peace was precious.

”You know you deserve this, right?” Daisy said quietly after a moment, following Jemma’s gaze to where Fitz had swooped a toddler up onto his hip. “More than anyone. All of this.”

Jemma rolled her eyes. “You mean Fitz deserves this. I’m just lucky to be in his orbit.”
Daisy squeezed Jemma’s shoulder urgently. “No, I mean you, Jemma Si– Jemma Fitzsimmons,” she corrected herself, and Jemma felt another thrill at the new union. “In case you didn’t notice, I’m kind of your biggest fan.”

“Stop, you’re going to make me cry and I’ve already ruined my make-up enough,” Jemma chided, but she squeezed Daisy’s hand affectionately.


“You know what’s rather amusing?” Jemma whispered conspiratorially. “I never had time for thinking about weddings. I never found them at all interesting, until Fitz. I always thought being married might be a bit of a nuisance.”

Daisy smiled, ever the supportive friend, but Jemma realized sharply, and a second too late, that she was complaining about her joy and good fortune to a woman who had had neither.

“I hope you get your shot at this someday,” she murmured,

“Eh. I don’t think I’m the marrying type.” Daisy scrunched her nose. “Too constricting, you know? Gotta be free.”

Jemma knew Daisy was glossing over a sensitive subject, so she pressed on, “It doesn’t need to be marriage. Happiness, whatever that may be for you: man, woman, cheesecake, a hut on an isolated island—”

“Okay, now you’re just describing your honeymoon,” Daisy laughed.

“You know, Fitz and I bumped the date of the wedding up three months because we wanted to force you to come home sooner,” Jemma admitted. She wanted nothing more than to let Daisy take the conversation to safer territory, to joke and talk about something superficial – but time was limited and there were things that needed to be said.

“I know,” Daisy murmured.

“Will you stay?”

Daisy frowned at the locket on Jemma’s necklace as if it would give her the answers. “I don’t know, Jems. I don’t know that I’m ready, as stupid as that sounds. I’ve… changed a lot, and I don’t know that I belong with S.H.I.E.L.D. anymore.”

“Believe me, Fitz and I know a thing or two about that,” Jemma said gently. “But the amazing thing about these people is they keep taking us in, no matter how badly we mess up or how much we hurt ourselves. So… whenever you’re ready, please come back. And if anyone even looks at you sideways, I’ll slug ’em.” She tensed her arms and Daisy laughed. “I’ve been working out.”

“I’ll think about it,” Daisy assured her. “Thanks, kid.”

“Hey, is it my turn?” Mack smiled down at them, or more specifically, smiled down at Daisy, holding out a hand.

“I–” Daisy glanced at Jemma hesitantly, and Jemma knew that look. She’d seen Daisy give it to many people before, when she was unsure whether she deserved their affection after all the pain she’d caused. And she’d felt herself giving the same look to everyone she loved after she returned from Maveth.
So she knew, as she gave Daisy a little nod and propelled her into Mack’s waiting arms, that someday, Daisy would come home for good.
“You’ve got a spot of green,” Fitz whispered, lifting the lapel of Jemma’s lab jacket.

“Have I?” she asked breathlessly, pleading with her heart to stop pounding as his finger brushed just the fabric just above its erratic rhythm. There was positively no reason he should have this effect upon her. A moment ago, when he’d be shouting and flinging droplets of water all over the emergency shower, she’d felt a tension coiling in her lower stomach, something pulling her towards him – but now, with him so close and quiet, she wanted to just lean in and…

She glanced down to where his fingers still lingered, to locate the spot he’d mentioned, but Fitz jerked his hand up and booped her, hard, on the nose.

“What the hell?” she snapped, covering her face and glaring over her hands.

“Apologize.”

There’d never been a spot at all, she realized. He’d acted all concerned and attentive to trap her!

“I’m certainly not apologizing after that childish ruse!” she exclaimed.

“Then you’ll never see Fluffy again!”

Jemma’s jaw dropped, as did her hands. However much her nose smarted, this was a crueler blow.

Fluffy was the stuffed monkey she’d given Fitz one year for his birthday. But Fitz knew how precious it was to Jemma: Fluffy spent more time in her room than his, as it helped her fall asleep. But technically, Fluffy was still Fitz’s.

“How dare you bring Fluffy into this?” she ground out, hands balling into fists. How could she have been contemplating kissing him just moments before?

“Apologize,” he said, voice deadly calm.

“Oh, you can take Fluffy away from me, fine,” she snarled, “but you best sleep with one eye open, Leopold, because as far as pranks go, this has been child’s play.”

She whirled to go, but Fitz reached out to stop her – except instead of grabbing her arm, he caught a handful of breast instead.

The heat was back in Jemma’s core again, but different, more intense, moving lower, and this time –
This time, instead of fighting it back, she shoved Fitz’s hand aside and lunged forward, yanking Fitz’s face down to hers.

They stumbled back into the shower, Fitz’s hands grabbing her shoulders, her waist, her hips as he kissed her back fervently. His back collided with the tiles and he grunted and rolled them along the wall so Jemma was pinned, but she wasn’t comfortable there either, so they kept it up like that, turning in the tight space as they grappled for control.

”Can’t you just let me–” Jemma panted, trying to position him, but he pivoted her and she smacked her funny bone against the tiles and bit down on his tongue.

They were both very new at this activity, but they were certainly making up for their inexperience with excess enthusiasm.

”Yo, Fitzsimmons! What the hell happened out here?”

At Skye’s shout from the main lab, Fitz knocked his teeth against Jemma’s, sending a shock of icy, not-at-all-pleasurable pain through her whole body.

Panicking, her hand that had been about to grope his arse slipped and hit the controls for the shower, release a powerful gush of water over them.

They jumped apart a second before Skye entered the alcove to find them soaked through and cowering at opposite sides of the shower.

”Everything alright?” she asked, approaching slowly.

”Toxic spill!” Fitz blurted out.

”Stuff everywhere!” Jemma added quickly.

”Are you guys gonna clean it up, because I–”

”Thanks Skye, you’re the best!” Fitz cut her off and darted past her.

Jemma followed, her head down.

They didn’t speak about what had happened – they didn’t speak at all, actually, as they walked back to their bunks. Jemma shut herself in quickly and Fitz went to take a proper shower, just in case – he wouldn’t put it past Jemma to have put something noxious in that green mixture anyway.

When he returned to his bunk in a fresh pair of sweatpants and a t-shirt and slid open the door while he toweled his hair, he found Jemma sitting on the edge of his bed, still in her wet clothes.

”Did you need s–”

He trailed off as she stood up and approached him. She took the towel gently from his hands and dropped it on the chair by the door, then rocked forward onto her toes and kissed him. It wasn’t at all like in the shower: it was soft, and slow, and a lot like a question.
You're a doctor, you can fix it!

Chapter Summary

Inspired by consoledacup’s Lost watch/rewatch and our fangirling thereover. I wish you better days ahead my friend <3

Mild Lost S1 spoilers. Probably don’t need any prior knowledge to enjoy the drabble. (Enjoy is a loose term.) Unsure how to tag warnings for this so if you have ideas please let me know!

“This way, this way,” Fitz panted, grabbing Jemma’s wrist as she nearly went down the wrong path.

“Are you sure?” she called, shoving her sodden hair out of her face as they scrambled up a muddy incline. In this downpour, running as they had been through the rainforest, it’d be so easy to lose Ward’s trail–

But in the next second her question was answered for her as they stumbled into a clearing and looked up to see Lincoln, dangling limply from a rope tied to one of the massive trees.

Jemma collided with Fitz’s back as they both froze, unable to comprehend the disconnect between their cheerful friend, whom they’d seen just hours ago, just before he’d been taken by Ward, and this figure, bruises and rope burn at his neck, dirt under his nails like there’d been a struggle, a blindfold over his eyes.

“No,” Fitz whispered, and before Jemma could throw an arm in front of him to urge caution, he was scrambling across the clearing, wrapping his arms around Lincoln’s legs and hoisting him up in a desperate attempt to relieve the pull on his neck. “Jemma, cut him down!”

Jemma threw herself at the tree, but her progress up its side was painfully incremental as she kept slipping, barely catching herself on branches each time. Behind her, she heard Fitz muttering, “C’mon, Lincoln, hang on, hang in there–”

When she judged herself to be high enough, she secured one hand in a knot in the tree and leaned out, farther than she was truly comfortable, until the edge of her knife touched the rope. And then she leaned further, her abs and arm burning, but Fitz was panting and crying and Lincoln’s head was lolling on his chest and so she sawed and sawed and sawed at the rope until it split and Lincoln fell, Fitz with him, both tumbling onto the mud.

By the time she’d slid down the tree and kneeled beside them, Fitz had Lincoln’s blindfold off – there were purple bruises there, too, to match his neck – and an ear over his mouth.

“He’s not breathing,” Fitz reported, hands fluttering around Lincoln’s shoulders. He looked up at Jemma, his eyes wild as she’d not seen them yet in the few weeks she’d known him. “Jemma, you’re a doctor! Help him! Fix this!”

“I’m not that kind of doctor, Fitz!” Jemma cried, because she realized now there were tears tumbling down her cheeks and across her lips.

Fitz stared at her a moment longer, chest heaving, and then he looked back at Lincoln’s prone form.
“Then I’ll do it.”

“Fitz, do you even know what you’re doing?” Jemma shouted over the rain as Fitz tilted Lincoln’s mouth open.

“Only what I’ve seen on TV,” he muttered grimly, and exhaled into Lincoln’s mouth.

Jemma gripped Lincoln’s cold hand in her own, weeping silently. Nothing that had happened on this island suggested Lincoln could still be alive, but–


Nothing. So he went back to mouth-to-mouth, then back to applying force to Lincoln’s abdomen, then back to mouth-to-mouth–

“Fitz,” Jemma whispered, shaking her head.

“Do something!” Fitz snapped, whether at Jemma or Lincoln she didn’t know, and smacked his fist down.

“Fitz, you’ll break his ribs!” Jemma pleaded. “Fitz, he’s– he’s–”

She couldn’t finish that thought, but they both knew, as Lincoln lay immobile between them.

“DO SOMETHING!” Fitz roared, his whole face red despite the cooling rain, the tendons in his neck bulging as he threw himself at Lincoln again and again and again–

“Fitz, stop!” Jemma grabbed Fitz’s hand as it descended again. “He’s gone.”

Fitz shook his head, his face crumpling, but instead of continuing his assault he fell forward onto Lincoln’s chest, his body wracked with silent sobs.

“I know,” Jemma whispered, rubbing a hand over his shoulder. “I know.”

They sat like that, in silence but for the thundering rain, for nearly a full half-minute.

Then Fitz whispered, “No.”

“Fitz–”

He unfurled himself again, gazing with unbroken determination at Lincoln’s still face. “No. No. No.”

His hands were shaking, his entire forearm was trembling from the force and the effort and the trauma, and if he didn’t stop–

“Fitz!” She caught him again before he could thump Lincoln’s chest.

“No! He’s going to live!” he shouted.

“Fitz,” she repeated quietly, desperately. “Tell me what to do.”

He gaped at her, mouth trembling, and then he wiped a trail of snot from above his lip and nodded.

She imitated what he’d been doing, the breathing and the pressure, and he talked her through it, first in basic steps and then with words of encouragement, with gentle guiding touches.
If Lincoln were going to die, at least Fitz could blame her, instead of himself.

“C’mon, damn it,” he growled, brushing aside Lincoln’s hair as Jemma worked. “C’mon!”

And then Lincoln inhaled, a deep, shuddering gasp through his mouth that Jemma felt all the way through his chest, where her hands rested. He coughed, he tried to roll over, and Fitz caught him, cradling him in his arms like a father with his child, like Mary in Michelangelo’s *Pieta*.

Lincoln couldn’t speak, could only wheeze and blink at the grey sky, but he gripped the front of Fitz’s shirt in one hand as if he understood.

Fitz let out a great, tearful laugh, and he reached out the hand that wasn’t looped under Lincoln’s shoulders to pull Jemma towards him tenderly by the back of her neck. Their foreheads met and they both closed their eyes, forgetting Ward and the other evils of this island, thinking only of the one brilliant life they’d refused to relinquish to the darkness.
“Stay very still, Fitz,” Jemma coaxes softly, one hand outstretched towards him as she climbs over the fence into the paddock.

“Remind me again why you bought a farm?” Fitz demands through gritted teeth.

“Because,” Jemma sighs, “agriculture needs innovation and revitalization and what better minds than ours to do it? Plus, it’ll be wonderful to raise our children on the land and teach them the value of hard work. Rising before dawn, tilling the earth, birthing calves – it’s romantic, Fitz.”

“No, Jemma, romantic is having a friend who owns a farm so you can borrow a horse to ride through the foggy fields at dawn to profess your love. Birthing calves is not romantic.”

Jemma’s wellies squelch in the mud as she slips down into the paddock and she winces. The splatters will come out of her overalls – that’s not her concern.

Her concern is the one-ton bull currently pawing the ground and eyeing Fitz.

Technically, technically, this could be seen as Jemma’s fault. She’d bought Fitz that red plaid shirt a week ago and insisted it made him look more like a farmer. And besides, the whole bulls-charging-red is pure malarkey. And it’s not even their bull! It belongs to their neighbor, a more experienced farmer who’s walked them through everything so far, but Fitz was obviously still asleep when he’d stumbled out for morning chores and here they are.

“Jemma, if I die—”

“Shut up, Fitz,” Jemma snaps. She’s worked her way along the fence, slowly enough that the bull won’t turn on her, and unlatched the gate. “I’m going to throw this open and you need to sprint like the bloody Hounds of Baskerville are on your heels.”

“Then what?”

“Haven’t got that far. Ready? GO!”

Fitz screeches and is already running before Jemma’s finished speaking. Slipping and sliding, he careens across the paddock, the bull hot on his heels.

“Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh,” he screams as he hurtles past her into the next enclosure.

Jemma slams the gate shut and throws the latch. It won’t hold the bull, but maybe it’ll slow him down.

She chases Fitz across the field, not daring to look back, and catches up to him as he falls trying to climb over the fence. Grabbing him by the back of his jeans, she hauls him over and hauls him the
rest of the way over.

He takes off towards the orchard, but that’s the largest stretch of open ground and he’ll be caught and trampled that way.

“Fitz! Around the barn!” Jemma shouts after him.

He turns too quickly to follow her order and falls, *splat*, in a pile of manure.

Jemma keels over laughing, flopping onto a stack of hay by the barn. The bull has stopped in the second paddock and is pacing, grumpily but harmlessly, around the fence.

“You’re just having a *shit day*, aren’t you, Fitz?” she snorts.

He starts to get up to respond, his indignation apparent, but he slips and falls back into the pile.
Anonymous asked:
If you're still taking prompts: "I plant a flower every time we sleep together and I'm running out of surfaces in my house now"

This is HILARIOUS but I ended up having a more angsty idea for it? Hope you don’t mind ;)

Fitz is on his knees in the flowerbeds when Jemma strolls up the front walk, swinging her purse. She has a moment before he looks up to think through her excuses – why is she visiting today? She could invent a fake victory at work, or a rejection. Really she just wants to talk to him, not that he’d believe that, but now that she sees him in a cotton T-shirt with a dark line of sweat down the back, that need intensifies into something else.

“What are you planting today?” she asks as she reaches his side.

“Not planting,” he murmurs, sitting back on his heels and shading his eyes with a dirt-dusted hand so he can look up at her. She can’t see his eyes this way, but he seems somber. “Just weeding.”

“You’re so good to your little charges,” she teases, squeezing his shoulder. “Shall I wait inside until you’re done?”

“I’m ready now,” he replies. “Just let me wash up.”

After the sex – unusually uninspired today, Fitz seeming distant and hesitant – Jemma sprawls on her side of his bed with a knee dropped to the mattress and an arm under her head. As long as they’ve had this… arrangement going on, she’s loved just laying here, admiring his house. He’s got vertical gardens up several interior walls, hanging plants, potted plants, window boxes, dried sprigs, pressed flowers. It makes Jemma feel inexplicably safe and intrigued, like a hideaway in the rainforest. She wishes Fitz would let her linger, sometime – stay the night, even just have dinner – so she could explore a bit more and ask him about the names and meanings behind each specimen.

“I’m babysitting for Elena tomorrow, but I could come over on Thursday, if that’s good for you?” she asks him without glancing over.

Fitz goes suddenly stiff beside her, and then he’s rolling away and sitting on the edge of the bed, still naked, his pale back ethereal in the green glow of the light passing through the plants into his bedroom.

“I think this should be the last time, Jemma,” he says quietly.

Jemma’s stomach clenches. She’s known this would have to happen eventually, but it’s been several years and she’d thought he enjoyed this as much as she does.
She eases herself up onto her side and gently scratches his back, tracing the hunch of his knobby spine, the birth mark just under his left shoulder blade, the scar from his childhood ice-skating accident.

“What’s wrong, Fitz?” she whispers.

His head droops lower, exposing the back of his neck, making him look very tired and vulnerable, even from here.

“I’m out of space for my flowers.”

Jemma’s glad he can’t see her face because she squints in confusion and disbelief. “Sorry?”

“My flowers,” he repeats, frustrated. “I have nowhere else to plant.”

“Then start a new garden,” she suggests, gently kneading the taut muscles of his shoulders with her thumb. “Build a roof garden. You could come over to my house and start transforming it – lord knows it could use some life–”

He’s shaking his head rapidly so she stops talking. He sighs deeply. “I plant a flower every time we… we do this.”

It’s a long moment before she finds the voice to ask, “W-why?”

“Because I need something after you’ve left, to know it was real. And I need the reminder, to put an end to it. I never could, and the flowers just kept bringing life and joy and beauty into my life, but – but now that’s over, I think we should – I think it’s time we–”

Jemma retracts her hand sharply. “Fitz, if I’d known I was making you that miserable – you should’ve said something–” She sits up, looks around for her clothes. “Now I feel like I’ve been forcing you into this – oh god, Fitz, I’m a terrible person–”

“No!” he exclaims, turning around at last and catching her wrists before she can go too far. “Jemma, it’s not that. The flowers brought life and joy and beauty into my life because – because you brought life and joy and beauty into my life. But you said ‘casual’ and I want more than that and so–”

Jemma gapes at him, and then she’s laughing, falling forward with the sheets pooled around her waist so that her face is pressed to his forearm.

“Now you’re a terrible person,” he grumbles.

“Oh, Fitz, I’m sorry, just – I always thought you rushed me out the door because you didn’t want me around, I thought there was another woman for whom you grew these flowers and that I was a diversion–”

“That’s ridiculous,” Fitz huffs.

“It’s not,” Jemma insists, smiling softly as she cups his cheek. After everything they’ve done together in this bed, this feels to be the most intimate. “Because you thought you were the diversion, and you could never be anything but the highlight of my days and nights.”

“R-really?” he asks tremulously.

“I haven’t been on a date in two years,” she admits with a self-deprecating chuckle. “I just always told you I did and that they went terribly so I wouldn’t have to tell you the real reason I kept coming
back to you.”

“Which is?” Fitz breathes.

“You,” Jemma says simply.

They kiss, an exchange filled with new, personal, terrifying meaning, and fall back to the pillows.

As Jemma crooks her elbow around Fitz’s neck and draws him close, she whispers, “Someday, you should put your seed in me.”

“Oh, Jemma, no,” he groans against her neck.

“There are so many flower puns, Fitz!” she giggles as he flips her over and kisses down her chest. “Really, I’ve been holding back.”
“Can’t you just…tell?” Fitz demanded, tripping as he yanked on his shoes while trailing down the hallway after Jemma. 

Jemma rolled her eyes as she furiously stabbed the ‘down’ button by the elevators. “What on earth are you talking about?”

He stopped beside her and planted his hands on his hips. His tongue snuck out as he considered the wallpaper, obviously avoiding her gaze. “You know, I always assumed women could just, you know, tell. That their bodies would… that it would be… you know.”

She snorted. “That’s often the case, but perhaps you were an unimpressive lover.” She shrugged as the doors opened.

“Wha- No!” he protested, scrambling after her into the elevator. “That’s not – I’m sure it’s not – we probably just didn’t do anything,” he muttered.

“For your dignity, and for my reputation, I hope not.” Jemma knew it was a tad harsh – from what their mutual friends had told her, Fitz was really lovely once one got over his quirks and his insufferable cockiness – but she wasn’t in a particularly giving mood. And bloody hell she needed a strong cup of tea for this headache.

When the elevator reached the ground floor, they walked as quickly as they could (without actually running) straight for the breakfast hall. It was the tail end of the dining period and their friends were some of the last stragglers.

“Morniiiiing,” Trip sang as Jemma stalked up to their table. “You look like a regular ray of sunshine, Simmons.”

“Is it just me or is that your bridesmaid dress?” Daisy asked innocently.

“You know very well that it is,” Jemma snapped, “as you wore the same thing. But whereas you have been liberated from its confines, I had the great misfortune of waking up in this,” she gestured to her dress, “with this,” she flashed her new ring, “and this!” She flung a hand out to the side to gesticulate towards Fitz and nearly clapped him in the head.

The entire table burst out laughing.

“Oh, this is brilliant.” Mack chuckled, setting down his croissant so he could wipe away a tear. “You might have even outdone the bride and groom. The other bride and groom.”

“Then we did, actually, get married?” Fitz clarified anxiously.
“Hold on, you don’t remember?” Joey gaped.

“We don’t remember anything,” Jemma admitted bitterly. “We were hoping you lot could help.”

“Well, I don’t know where you guys ended up,” Daisy chuckled, “but I can help you with the start of the night…”

[TO BE CONTINUED]
“How about this one?” Fitz suggests, tugging on Jemma’s sleeve.

She glances up from her notes to see which listing he’s fixated upon and groans. “Ugh, Fitz, would you please be serious?”

“I am being serious!” he protests, spinning the newspaper back to face him so he can examine the mansion, easily worth a few million. “With the brood of fifty children you’ve planned for us, we’ll need this kind of space—”

“I said I wanted a big family, not fifty children,” Jemma sighs. “That’s not even physically possible, unless you plan on keeping a cadre of mistresses and having them bear your offspring, in which case I will have to work on my list of counter-demands.”

“I – that’s not – hmm.” Fitz pushes the paper away, thinking again that it’s ludicrously unfair that she can derail him so quickly. He’s a grown man, atypical sexual arrangements shouldn’t terrify him so thoroughly. And now she’s watching him flounder and blush with a self-satisfied half-smile. “You’re being ridiculous, Jemma.”

“As opposed to you, proposing we move into an estate in New Jersey—”

“Coulson would loan us the Quinjet for the commute.”

“We’d have it paid off by the time we’re, oh, three hundred and–” Jemma pretends to be carrying the numbers in the air. “Whoops, three thousand and sixty-seven.”

“I’m sure our fifty children will be able to bear the debt between them,” he mutters.

“How about we review the more reasonable options, the ones that fall within our price range and other qualifications?” She spreads a hand dramatically above her notebook and its orderly checklist of expectations for their future home.

“Like the boring townhouses Mack suggested?” Fitz sighs, sticking out his lower lip and turning the page of the newspaper.

“Don’t pout.”

“I just don’t understand why we can’t dream a little.”

Jemma is silent for a beat, tapping her pen on the table, and then she turns to him, face soft with loving compromise. “If we visit the townhouses and you seriously consider them, I promise to visit the mansion’s open house and dramatically reenact scenes from your favorite movies on the balconies. We’re not going to live there, but we can visit.”

“You’re my favorite,” he murmurs, winding his arms around her waist and nuzzling her cheek. “And
just wait until you see her, you’ll love her too,” he whispers against her ear.

“Her?” Jemma demands, shoving him away. “Don’t make me reconsider my offer, Fitz.”
undercovermarvelgeek asked:
Hey there, can I request a fic where Jemma goes into labor at the base and everyone is there.....except Fitz who’s on a mission or something.

This is unabashedly an homage to the Season 6 The Office ep “The Delivery” :) Also, Bobbi and Hunter are still around because this is my fantasy and they’ve never left.

“AAAAAAAAAAAAAGHHHHHHHHHHH–”

“Okay, that’s it,” Daisy fretted, trying to haul Jemma up from the couch. “You can’t wait any longer, Jemma–”

“I’m not going!” Jemma cried, and though her eyes were screwed shut with the pain of her contractions, she dug her heels in and pressed back into the couch. “The contractions are still far enough apart and this baby is not coming out until Fitz is back!”

“Just toddle down the hall to the med bay and lay down there!” Daisy pleaded. “The mid-wife’s all prepped.”

“This is your fault,” May muttered to Coulson, “sending Fitz on a mission when you knew she could pop any day now. Do something, Phil.”

“How far apart are your contractions?” Mack asked, leaning over Jemma and rubbing a hand gently over her shoulder.

She squinted up at him gratefully. “Seven minutes.”

“Seven minutes – is that safe? What’s safe?” Daisy glanced around frantically.

“Calm down, Daisy, you’re not the father,” Bobbi chuckled.

“Why don’t we say once it gets down to five we can shift to the med-bay,” Mack suggested.

“He’ll even carry you with his Thor muscles,” Coulson added. May rolled her eyes.

“Five minutes,” Jemma agreed through gritted teeth. “I’ll still hold the damn thing in but I’ll go at five.”

“You know what you could use?” Hunter shouldered his way in. “Distractions! If you just sit here thinking about a little screaming football bursting its way out of your lady parts, it’ll happen that much faster. We’ve got to get you thinking about something else.”

“Distractions!” Jemma whimpered, nodding desperately. “Great idea, Hunter.”

“Does anyone have any hobbies?” Mack asked, glancing around. “Special skills?”

Everyone looked at each other. “We all kind of do the same thing,” Bobbi admitted reluctantly.
“Unless May wants to kick Hunter’s ass—”

May stepped forward, smirking, but Mack shook his head. “Keep trying, guys.”

“Okay, what if we, what if we—” Daisy scrambled for her computer and started typing frantically. “What if we look up a list of all the things you do to induce labor, and then we just do the opposite of all of those?”

“That’s the stupidest—” Jemma groaned, but everyone was talking over her.

“Number one – walk around,” Daisy read.

“She’s already not doing that,” Mack pointed out.

“Great, good start, guys. Next: stimulate the nipples.”

Hunter wrinkled his nose. “We could cut holes in her shirt so the fabric doesn’t rub against it?”

“Come near me with a pair of scissors and I will make you watch me give birth,” Jemma snapped.

“Eat spicy foods,” Daisy continued.

“Don’t even – aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaagh,” Jemma wailed again, scrunching forward on the couch as another intense contraction hit her.

“How long was that?” Coulson demanded. “Was that five?”

“It was six,” Bobbi informed him reluctantly, checking the timer next to Jemma. “We’re getting there.”


“I’m here!”

Fitz came careening into the living room, throwing his backpack and suit jacket aside, and pushed his way through the little crowd around his wife.

“Jemma, I’m here,” he panted, falling to his knees in front of her. “Oh, god, I thought I would miss it—”

“I’ve been in good hands.” She smiled tearfully at him and grasped his biceps for dear life. “But I’m really glad you’re back.”

“Mack, take her away!” Daisy commanded, and with Fitz’s nod of permission, Mack scooped Jemma up and strode towards the med bay, Jemma’s eccentric extended family scurrying at his heels.
“…The fitness center in the basement uses the same swipe card as the laundry room and the mail room,” the realtor finished, ticking another item off the list on her clipboard. “So just hang on to that and to your key and call the front desk if you ever lose one.”

“Thank you so much,” Jemma smiled, slipping an arm around Fitz’s waist. “You’ve been quite helpful.”

“Well, Leopold here told me your whole story and it was just so beautiful, it was really my pleasure,” the woman beamed. “Now, unless there’s anything else, I’ll be off!”

They thanked her one more time and she left them alone, at last, with their new apartment.

“Our whole story?” Jemma queried, watching Fitz.

He shrugged, hands in the pockets of his slacks, and wandered through the open door. “We were separated for many years and you became engaged to another man and I wrote you a letter every day for a year but you never wrote back–”

Jemma rolled her eyes affectionately and followed him in, shutting the door behind her. “She wouldn’t’ve believed the truth.”

“I can hardly believe the truth.”

As he turned to face her, he tried to hide the giddy excitement bubbling in his chest. Jemma turned slowly on the spot, admiring the sleek kitchen, the cozy living room, the little hallway leading down to their bedroom, and Fitz admired her.

“This is amazing,” she chuckled, stopping her revolutions and walking towards him. “And it’s all ours.”

Fitz leaned back against the kitchen table. “A step up from the flat we had at Sci-Ops.”

“Speaking of which…” Jemma halted beside him and pointed to the wall behind him. “What is that?”

He twisted just his head to look. “A 36-inch flatscreen?”

She shoved at his shoulder, knocking him slightly off-balance. “No, Fitz, that. Is it what I think it is?”
He turned to look at it with her. “Don’t make a fuss, it’s not a big deal.”

It was a framed picture of the two of them, standing in the doorway of their abysmal first flat, a younger Jemma eagerly waving the keys in front of a baby-faced Fitz.

“Everything you do is a big deal,” Jemma murmured, and she pressed a kiss to his cheek as the tips of his ears burned pleasantly.

“So,” he said loudly, spreading his fingers across the table before them. “Why don’t we break this in? I’m famished.”

“Mm, me too,” Jemma breathed, and in the next second she gripped the back of Fitz’s neck and spun them around so he pressed against the edge of the table.

“Jemma,” he laughed, even as she kissed down the column of his neck and his hands found her hips. (They spent more time on her hips than his, these days.) “I meant dinner.”

“Well, I certainly didn’t.” Jemma already had one button of his shirt undone and smirked at him as she fiddled with the next. “There are quite a few surfaces in here we need to christen.”

“You’re insatiable,” he whispered, but he kissed her hard enough to make her abandon his shirt and pulled her to him so that her back arched and her arms wound about his neck.

As if from a distance, Fitz heard Jemma’s phone ringing in her purse where she’d left it on the counter.

“Ignore it,” she mumbled against his lips, stroking the hair over his ear with one hand.

He was happy to oblige, but he’d just swung her about so he could step away from the table and start guiding them towards the bedroom – or couch, whichever was closer – when a knock on the door replaced the phone.

Fitz groaned and let his head fall forward onto Jemma’s shoulder. “It’s probably the cosmos come to interrupt us once again,” he muttered.

Jemma laughed and rested her cheek against his head as she called, “Who is it?”

“Your favorite marauding mercenary!”

 Indeed, their first guest in their as-yet-unchristened apartment was none other than Lance Hunter, looking slightly better-groomed than last they’d seen him and carrying a six-pack of beer in each fist.

“Hey,” he grinned, seemingly oblivious to Jemma’s mussed hair and Fitz’s unbuttoned shirt. “I went to see Coulson first but he’s a bit busy tracking down that wayward daughter of his and he said you lot were quite domestic of late, so—” He hoisted the beer. “House-warming party?”

“Come in,” Jemma chuckled, patting Fitz’s back in consolation as she stepped aside to let Hunter in.


He pushed aside Fitz’s proffered handshake and dragged him into an almost violent hug.

“You’re looking well!” He held Fitz at arms’-length for a proper inspection. “Purple? Wouldn’t’ve
thought it’d be your color, but it seems to be working for the lady.” He flicked Fitz’s open collar so that it slapped against his neck and breezed by to deposit the beer on the counter.

“Oh, blast,” Jemma hissed. She looked up from her phone. “Fitz, there’s been some sort of incident in the eastern part of the city – the Director thinks it might be a new Inhuman.”

“And you have to go,” Fitz sighed.

“I’m sorry,” she murmured, linking her arms around his back once more and pressing a soft kiss to his nose. “But as I’m helping the Director I can gather information about Daisy’s whereabouts as well.”

“I know.” Still, Fitz gave her a little pout, earning himself another quick kiss before Jemma grabbed her purse.

“Hunter,” Jemma called as she opened the door, “if you skip town before our actual house-warming party, I will never forgive you. Stick around this time, okay?”

“Yes, ma’am!” Hunter saluted her and waited only as long as it took for the door to close before he was opening a beer. “Want one, mate?”

Fitz grumbled and turned to face the table again, leaning on it with both hands.

“Why the long face, eh? You don’t see particularly pleased to see me.”

“It’s not your fault,” Fitz sighed. “We would’ve been interrupted eventually anyway, the new Director’s got Jemma working overtime.”

“Yeah, but you seem especially disgruntled.” Hunter nudged Fitz’s shoulder until he accepted the beer and clinked it lightly with his own.

“I was going to propose,” Fitz admitted, staring gloomily down into the bottle. “I had it all planned out – I’d put on some music and we’d make dinner, we’d take our plates out onto the balcony and just as the sun was setting over the city I’d–” He shook his head. “ wasn’t that good an idea anyway. I need something really grand, and I keep getting stuck.”

Hunter sipped his beer like it was a fine wine, squinting slightly as he considered the far wall. “Would you forgive me for interrupting your almost-fraternization if I helped you think of something?”

Which was how Fitz found himself three hours later surrounded by a sea of candles and backed by a string quartet as he waited anxiously for Jemma to get home.
"I'm really drunk, please help me"

Chapter Summary

for reymanova

“Fitz, Fitz, hey, Fitz!”

Fitz groans and tries to smother his own head with his pillow.

“Simmons, it’s 3AM, go away!”

“Just answer the damn door!” his roommate, a cadet named Pippin who should’ve ended up in Operations, growls from the other side of the dark room.

Fitz punches his pillow one more time, swearing a silent promise to request a new lab partner first thing on Monday, and untangles himself from the sheets. He stumbles across the room, stubbing his toes at least six times, and is about ready to bite Simmons’s head off by the time he throws open the door.

“Hi, Fitz,” Simmons giggles.

She’s leaning awkwardly against the doorframe, one arm extended above her head along the wood and the other planted on her hip. Fitz’s eyes widen in shock: she’s wearing some tight little black skirt and a shimmery teal top and the remnants of a massive make-up undertaking are smeared across her face.

“Wild night?” he asks, forgetting in his shock that he’s pissed at her.

“Oh, the wildest,” she chuckles. The contrast to the bizarre, high-strung biochemist he’s come to know and tolerate couldn’t be stronger. “There was dancing and flashing lights and then I thought, why does it have to end? I’ll go see Fitz!”

“I’m not leaving this room so you two can go hook up elsewhere!” Pippin shouts from the depths of the darkness.

Fitz hastily shuts the door behind him, forcing Simmons into the hallway.

“Why are you here?” Fitz queries, certain this is not a booty-call.

“I’ve just had a million – hic – ideas for our project and – hic – oh, blast,” Simmons mutters as violent hiccups start to interrupt her eager babble.

“Now? You want to work on it now?” Fitz demands. “In case you didn’t notice, I was sleeping——”

“Yeah, but...” Simmons pouts and looks down at his bare feet and flannel pajama bottoms, seeming to notice them for the first time. “But... don’t you want to hang out with me?”

“Not right now,” Fitz says, a touch too harshly, because Simmons’s chin starts to tremble. “Oh, cripes, no, Simmons, I – don’t do that – I’m half-asleep, I don’t know what I’m saying--”
Simmons wraps her arms around herself as if suddenly cold and shakes her head violently. “It’s fine, Fitz. I understand.”

“I–” Fitz throws his hands up in exasperation. How did this happen? Why is he baby-sitting his drunk lab partner? “I’m completely lost.”

She turns away sharply and he thinks she’s going to leave, just like that, but then she slides down the wall, still scrunched up in on herself. “I think I had too much to drink,” she admits tremulously. “I feel terrible.”

Reluctantly, Fitz sits beside her. “Yeah? What do you feel?”

“Everyone hates me,” Simmons whispers.

He’d expected nauseous or dizzy or guilty for waking you up. This is another beast entirely. “No they don’t,” he replies automatically, surprised.

“They do.” Ach, now she’s crying in earnest. “They think I’m too loud and too smart but not in that ‘I don’t even have to try’ smart that makes you so likeable, and the nice girls think I’m too pretty and the popular girls think I’m not pretty enough and the only boys who’ve shown any interest in me are total pricks, and I–”

She’s blubbering too much to make much sense anymore.

Hesitantly, Fitz puts an arm around her shaking shoulders. Simmons instantly curls into him, crying against his chest.

“They don’t hate you,” he murmurs. “You’re a little intimidating and a bit odd–” She squeaks in indignation so he hurries on. “But they’re all just jealous. They don’t understand you, because you’re too special.”

He winces. He sounds like his mum. Worse, he’s sure that Simmons will remember enough of this to taunt him about it later.

“Am I special?” Simmons looks up at him tearfully, her whole face terribly fragile.

“You’re certainly different.” Fitz means it as a compliment, he realizes. “You’re easily the most interesting person here.”

Simmons chuckles and wipes her nose. Fitz tries not to scrunch his face up too much at how icky she looks right now. “Thanks, Fitz. Even if you’re lying, I appreciate it.”

They sit in silence in the hallway for a while longer, Fitz’s hand running absentmindedly up and down Simmons’s far arm. When he watches her walk unsteadily back to her own room, he wonders if she’d come to him in the first place because she knew, somehow, that he feels just as lost, just as out of place, just as outcast as she does.
Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Could you please right another part to your camp counsellor au maybe with some jealousy like Jemma working with another counsellor or whatever you like? :)

(I remembered the prompt backwards and thought Jemma was the one being jealous so this is what I've got :P )

“JIMMY, FOR THE LAST TIME, WALK!”

Jemma sat back in her life guard’s chair, fuming. Truly it wasn’t Jimmy’s fault, and she’d feel bad if the little imp looked the least bit deflated by her recurring tirades. But he would certainly begin running the instant she turned her head.

No, the current source of her frustration was her boyfriend. Or rather, the gorgeous woman standing next to him.

Fitz was standing on the concrete by the shallow end of the pool with one of the camp’s administrators, a lithe, flawless woman with flowing black hair. They had their heads together over a phone and while the first half of the conversation had been normal enough, now Fitz appeared to be cracking jokes, as his awkward chuckles and the woman’s half-smiles indicated.

Jemma couldn’t afford to be distracted. She had children to protect from the dangers of drowning and over-vigorous Marco Polo. But there was Fitz, looking particularly good in Hawaiian-print swim trunks and a snug white T-shirt, the sunlight glinting off his sunglasses where they were perched atop his hair, a slight red highlight forming across the bridge of his nose. And there beside him was that goddess, looking far more attractive in a one-piece bathing suit than anyone had any right to.

Jemma glanced down at her own, lifeguard-regulation-uniform one-piece. No wonder Fitz had spent the whole afternoon talking to the other woman.

She was just contemplating executing a few perfect dives to catch his attention when she saw Jimmy, once again, careening along the concrete.

“This time Jimmy’s luck ran out. His flip-flips slipped on a puddle, his arms wind-milled for a moment as he sought to regain his balance, and then he half-crashed, half-slid across the concrete.

Jemma was at his side in a moment, her first aid kit in one hand.

“It’s just a scraped knee,” Jimmy muttered, his cheeks bright red with embarrassment, but Jemma pulled the little boy into her lap nonetheless and set to wiping the abrasion tenderly, no matter how he wiggled for freedom.

“Hey, everything okay here?”
Fitz’s shadow fell across them as he stooped to hand Jemma a bandage a second before she needed it. She smiled up at him, her previous irritation starting – *starting* – to evaporate.

“Jimmy’s just learning a valuable life lesson.”

“That when you fall, a pretty lady picks you up again?” Fitz teased.

Jemma rolled her eyes at him and didn’t answer until she’d triple-checked that the bandage was taped on properly. She sent Jimmy away with a stern warning that would most certainly not get through the boy’s thick skull, then straightened to face him.

“Having fun?”

“What?” Fitz followed Jemma’s gaze. “Oh, I was just-”

“She’s very beautiful.”

He took in her carefully-passive expression and started to laugh. “Are you jealous? Jemma, Melinda May is over fifty.”

“But she’s *gorgeous.*”

Fitz sighed. “I was helping her look at computer science programs for her daughter.”

“She has a daughter?” Jemma asked quietly, sheepishly.

“Yeah, she works here too. Skye, in reception–”

“You mean the really hot one?” Jemma threw her hands up. “Excellent.”

“Now *I’m* getting jealous.”

“You needn’t be, you’re a catch,” Jemma grumbled.

“And you’re not?” Fitz tugged her towards him by the elastic of the little swim shorts she had on over her suit. “Jemma, you could parade an army of amazing women in front of me and I’d not notice, if none of them were you.”

Jemma pouted. “Sorry I got so territorial without warrant. You bring out the primal instincts in me, I suppose.”

“Oh, it wasn’t entirely without warrant,” Fitz said calmly. “I wasn’t flirting, but May *definitely* was.”
Will you still love me in the morning?

Chapter Summary

for shirilily

[Canon-divergent immediately following 3x10]

Their first time is not at all what Fitz expects.

As they walk back from the med bay, she won’t let him go. First it is just her hand in his but she drifts into his side and tucks herself there and then she is nuzzling his neck, something just short of kissing. He hasn’t the strength, physical or emotional, to push her away at this point. And when they reach her room and she tugs him along, he is likewise incapable of resisting.

This is not the time, he thinks, as Jemma discards her jacket. She is grieving, or ignoring what just happened, or misplacing her emotions. But it doesn’t feel like any of that. Before she undresses him she explores the features of his face with her fingers like she is reacquainting herself with a long-lost friend. (Maybe she is.) It feels like she sees him, Fitz, knows what she is doing, wants to do it.

She is radiant, even in the dim lamplight, the glow on her bare shoulders seeming to come from within. He knows he, in contrast, is still caked in dust from that wretched place. They should stop and clean up, take stock. There is a bandage across most of Jemma’s middle, evidence of Giyera’s torture, and Fitz knows he should be focused on that but he is exhausted in his very soul and Jemma is the elixir keeping him from slipping straight through sleep into that other rest.

Still, he catches her wrists when she tries to guide him to the bed. He has to know.

It comes out wrong. Too much too soon. “Will you still love me in the morning?” he whispers, his voice cracking. He can’t look at her.

He hears her sharp inhale. She steps closer – the heat of her threatens to engulf him and take him away, rational thought lost forever – and hesitantly palms his cheek. Her forefinger hovers over one of the cuts he so recently acquired.

Her other arm loops gently around his neck, her hand splaying across his shoulderblade.

Her first kiss is for his jaw, just above his chin.

”I will still love you in the gentle morning,” she murmurs. With determined focus she stands on tiptoe to kiss his cheekbone. “I will love you when the sun burns brightest.” A kiss for his eyebrow. “I will love you in the darkest hours of the night.” She settles back onto her feet, touches his lower lip with her thumb. “I will love you tomorrow, and the day after, and after, if you will let me.”

This could be a mistake, but for the first time in a long while it doesn’t feel like one.
“Oh, Director!” Jemma squeaks, scrambling back from the door. “I wasn’t expecting you—”

“Sorry to barge in like this, Agent Simmons.” The Director sweeps into their flat without waiting to be invited. “I need to consult with you on the data Agent Price brought back.”

“Of course, of course – just a moment.” In apparent panic, Jemma hurries to the double-doors which lead to the bedroom and yanks them shut before leaning against them, her hands still behind her. “I apologize for the mess, we’re still in the process of moving in.”

Behind her, something thumps against the doors and she winces.

“Jemma, let me out!”

“Oh, no,” she whimpers.

The Director looks at her with a cocked eyebrow, and the noise continues, so she sighs and turns, opening one of the doors again.

Fitz stands there in just a sheet, wrapped haphazardly around his waist.

“Are you trying to hide me?” he demands furiously.

“Fitz, no—” Jemma hisses with a frantic glance at the Director. “Can’t you see we have company?”

“I’m tired of being your secret!” Fitz cries, flinging the loose part of the sheet dramatically over his shoulder. “The new Director comes in and suddenly I’m second-rate? Well, I’ve had enough, Jemma! I’m packing my things – you can have this back!”

And he tears his ring off his finger and flings it at her. It misses her by several feet and goes rolling across the kitchen floor.

“Maybe I’ll come back,” the Director says uncertainly.

“Why don’t I meet you at the base?” Jemma replies wearily. “This may take a while.”

The Director high-tails it out of the flat faster than Jemma would’ve thought he could move.

Fitz relaxes the instant the door is closed. “Do you think he bought it?”

“Hard to say,” Jemma mutters from where she’s kneeling on the floor. “But you nearly put your wedding ring through the central heating vent.” She shows him how close it’d come to falling through the grate.

“Sorry, got too zealous, I suppose.”
“Hopefully he’ll stop asking me to probe you for information now,” Jemma sighs as she hands him the ring.

“No probing whatsoever, thanks.” Fitz smiles cheekily.

Jemma regards him for a moment, hands on her hips. “I did tell the Director I would be a while – and you’re already undressed…”

Fitz quickly discards the sheet.
Anonymous asked:
I saw you've been watching The Office, so picture this: AU where Coulson is Michael ("I'm not superstitious, but I am a little stitious), Jemma is Pam, Fitz is Jim, Ward is Dwight, Etc and they work at SHIELD Paper company

“Good morning, Jemma-la!”

“You're in a good mood this morning, sir,” Jemma smiled as Coulson whooshed into the office.

“Must be something in the air.”

“Wouldn’t have anything to do with your 10:30 with Melinda May, would it?” Jemma asked slyly.

“You know,” Coulson said, face suspiciously expressionless as he backed into his personal office, “I’d completely forgotten. Thanks for the reminder. What else is on the docket?”

“General staff meeting this afternoon, and—” Jemma squinted at her planner. “Lola is due for a wax.”

Coulson snapped his fingers. “Great. Hold my calls.”

Chuckling, Jemma set the planner aside and set back to scribbling along the edge of the giant calendar that laid across the reception desk.

“Morning.”

She glanced up to find Fitz leaning across the counter, a mug of hot tea extended towards her.

“Oh, Fitz, you’re my hero,” she sighed, accepting it gratefully. “It was unusually challenging to get up this morning.”

“What are you working on?” He stretched forward and craned his neck to look at her doodles. “Are those chemical formulas?”

“Oh, I’m just—” Blushing, for some unknown reason, Jemma nervously brushed away a lock that had fallen across her face and retracted her hands as Fitz traced the notes and drawings with one finger. “I’ve been taking night classes. Thought I might finally get my biology degree.”

“Jemma, that’s brilliant,” he said earnestly. His gaze was so intense she had to hide her face quickly in her mug. “It’s obvious to everyone here you’re so much more than a receptionist.”

“Yeah, well,” Jemma sighed gloomily. She seemed ready to let it sit there but Fitz just watched her and she continued reluctantly, “Will thinks it’s just a phase. Thinks I’ll get bored and it’ll just be a few more thousand dollars down the drain of academia.”

Fitz withdrew so that just his elbows leaned on the counter. He fiddled with a couple paper clips before answering. “It’s your life, not Will’s.”
“I know, of course, but – we’re partners, you know? If he’s right and I quit too soon, we’ll both suffer."

“Shouldn’t partners make you stronger, encourage your dreams?” Fitz blushed immediately at his own vehemence and shook his head. “Sorry, not my place.”

Jemma wasn’t sure quite what to say. It was true, Fitz was just a friend – her best friend, true, but still just a friend – and his criticisms of her boyfriend seemed at times too sharp. And quite often, too accurate.

“It’s okay,” she murmured at last, giving him a conciliatory smile. “Hey, Will and I were going to get drinks with the guys from the warehouse after work, if you want to join us?”

“Oh, can’t.” Fitz shrugged awkwardly, still not meeting her eyes. “Have to work overtime. Punishment for putting Ward’s stapler in jello.”

“You did not,” Jemma gasped gleefully, and then he was leaning forward to explain his latest prank with that enormous boyish smile and the momentary tension dissipated.

During the afternoon staff meeting, at some point after Mack and Coulson went tete-a-tete about Coulson’s latest personnel decision and before Hunter stormed out because Bobbi wasn’t showering him in enough attention, Jemma fell asleep right on Fitz’s shoulder. He thought about gently nudging her back awake but Coulson didn’t notice and it was such a comfortable, warm weight, and she had said she’d had trouble waking up that morning. Letting her sleep, and even sitting there long after the meeting had ended so as not to disturb her, was just the sort of thing a best friend did.
"He will come for me"

Chapter Summary

for anon
There’s a NSFW interpretation of this prompt that I chose not to write but would not be opposed to writing (NEWSFLASH: I’M TRASH). Here’s another interpretation ;)
Unsure what this is but w/e

“Well, Doctor Simmons, your twenty-four hours are almost up,” sighed the thugs’ ringleader, his impatience plain. “Unless you’re ready to talk, I’m going to have to authorize alternate methods of interrogation.”

“Oh, I’m not concerned.” Jemma smiled calmly, despite the coarse rope binding her hands and feet uncomfortably to the chair. “My husband is a very dangerous man. Agent Leopold Fitz – perhaps you’ve heard of him. He’ll come for me.”

“Fitz?” The man snorted and looked around at his men, who were likewise laughing. “Isn’t he the scrawny, pale one?”

Jemma gritted her teeth but didn’t respond. I am the only one allowed to call Fitz pasty.

“I’ll be glad to meet your hubby, Doctor, if he’s ready to be more cooperative with us than you are. Of course, you could just talk now and save him the trouble…”

Jemma remained sullenly silent, so he shrugged and gestured for his men to move out.

“We’ll be back in an hour, Doctor Simmons. Time enough for you to think about how much you value your thumbs.”

Jemma rolled her eyes and stuck her tongue out at the door as it closed behind them. Entirely too melodramatic. Like they swallowed those ridiculous spy movies.

She went back to examining the room, as she’d been doing for most of the previous day. The damn chair was secured to the floor – if only she’d done those workouts with May, maybe she’d be flexible enough to–

And then, above her, with a muffled curse and a bang, the grate on the ceiling vent dropped to the floor.

She gaped. When she’d said Fitz would come for her, she’d imagined Mack and May bursting in, guns drawn, and Fitz scurrying behind, frantic with worry. He would look admittedly small and pale next to the specialists in their tac gear, but he’d be there, and she’d be safe.

What she had not anticipated was Fitz himself sliding down a rope suspended from the ceiling, panting, a slight sheen of sweat on his forehead, dressed all in black and chest strapped in a bullet-proof vest.

Oh, her husband was getting properly laid tonight.
“Fitz!” she breathed as he dropped lightly to the ground and ran to her. “Where are the others?”

“May’s up in the vents, Mack and Coulson are out in the main building ready to take out whoever needs to be eliminated.” He had her limbs freed in seconds and slid a knife back into a pouch on his leg as he helped her to her feet. “This is just an extraction, not a battle.”

Her hands fell naturally on his upper arms and Jemma leaned into him.

“What are you doing?” he demanded, eyes very wide.

“I missed you, and you look so – so –” Flustered, Jemma waved a hand at his whole ensemble. “I’m appreciative!”

“Not the time, Jemma,” Fitz groaned.

She tried to get him to climb back up into the vents first, so she could watch his bum as they crawled away, but he knew exactly what she was up to and made her climb on the chair first.

“Just so you can ogle me,” Jemma grumbled, but she let May haul her up and away.
Catching feelings

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Could you write a drabble where FS are "friends with benefits" or something like that, and Jemma is the one that realizes that things go beyond the physical aspect, while Fitz is Oblivious? I just thought you would make a wonderful job out of it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

“How was your day?” Jemma panted as Fitz tried to tug her jeans down over her hips.

“Um, fine,” he mumbled, kissing up her jaw so desperately it felt like he was trying to swallow her.

“Just fine?” Her voice went up embarrassingly at the end; Fitz had dragged his hand up her side so he could cup the back of her head and somehow managed to hit a dozen previously unidentified erogenous zones along the way.

“Yeah, normal. Grant proposals, meeting with the boss, boring stuff like that.”

“Mm.” Jemma pressed her lips together to fight a moan. He had this absurd fascination with the crook of her neck and was exceptionally thorough about exploring it. He was thorough about every part of their activities, really: his mouth hadn’t even moved below her collarbone yet and they’d been making out on the couch for ten minutes.

His phone vibrated on her coffee table and Jemma’s hand tensed involuntarily on the back of his neck. Fitz’s teeth slipped across her skin and he pulled back to look at her.

“Are you not feeling it tonight, Jem? Because if you just want to watch a movie, or–”

Not wanting to think about what was wrong with a friendship in which they watched movies and cooked together and shared sundaes and, oh yeah, also had regular, fantastic sex but weren’t dating, Jemma said quickly, “No, no, it’s great, you’re so hot, don’t stop–”

She turned them over as best she could on the narrow sofa and fixed him with her best ‘ravenous sex vixen’ look, desperate to convince him. As she plunged for his mouth, she thought that maybe, just maybe, if she could just lose herself in the way he touched her and the way the tension coiled in her gut and the way he stuttered her name when he came, she could forget that she missed his morning warmth when he didn’t sleep over and that she’d thought about asking him if he wanted a drawer at her place and that she loved him so much she wanted to cry from keeping it a secret.

“Jemma, stop,” he pleaded, dragging her hands away from his buttons. “This doesn’t feel right.”

“I want this,” she promised. It wasn’t a total lie: her body constantly wanted him. But her mind was elsewhere, on the what-comes-next, on the what-happens-when-you-meet-someone-else. “I want you, Fitz, I–”

“Jemma, stop it!” he cried, and he twisted his face away from her searching mouth so sharply that
she squeaked and fell off the couch. “Ah, bloody hell–”

She was weeping now, not because she’d hit her head on the coffee table but because he was reaching for her with worry in his eyes. “I can’t – I have to–”

She’d almost reached the door when she remembered it was her apartment, so she wheeled around and ran for the bathroom, where she locked herself in and sank to the floor, her back to the door.

“Jemma?” Fitz’s voice called tentatively a moment later.

“Maybe you should go.” She tried to keep her voice as evenly as possible even as she started hiccuping. “I’m sure I’m just – hic – just PMS-ing or –”

“No, you’re not,” he replied, and there was a soft thump like he’d rested his forehead against the door. “You had your period last week, when you asked me to buy you soft pretzels and cookie dough–”

She laughed through a sob, because he’d done it without question and helped her eat them and groaned on the floor with her when they regretted it later.

Fitz was silent for a long time and she thought he might’ve left. Then–

“Did I hurt you?”

“No,” she said quickly, firmly. “You’ve done nothing wrong, Fitz. It’s – it’s me, I’ve mucked things up.”

“Jemma, I can’t – can you please come out and talk to me? You sound bloody miserable and it’s freaking me out.”

He did, indeed, look slightly frantic when she slowly opened the door. His hands reached for her, then twitched back to his own hips, then fell to his sides.

“I can’t do this anymore, Fitz,” she whispered.

“Okay,” he said at once, though his chest caved with an exhale that looked painful. “Okay, if you– can I ask why?”

“Because we –” She hiccuped again. “I’ve violated one of our conditions for the arrangement.”

The range of expressions that ran across his features in five seconds was impressive. His eyebrows scrunched together, his tongue protruded slightly as he seemed to mentally run through the few commandments they’d laid out for their no-strings-attached partnership, he opened his mouth and cocked his head, and then his eyes widened.

“You–”

“I’m sorry,” she said miserably, clapping her hands over her tear-soaked face. “You know I pride myself on being emotionally stable and logical and rational and this must make you so uncomfortable but I can’t even sleep with you when I know that I’m invested in this in a way you aren’t–”

The next second hands were pulling her wrists away from her face and Fitz was kissing her, walking her backwards into the bathroom.

“Fitz, stop, didn’t you hear what I just said?” she gasped when she remembered herself enough to escape his lips. (Each kiss could be the last he allowed her.)
“I feel the same way,” he breathed, ineffable, effervescent bliss lighting every inch of his face. “I’ve been shitting myself for weeks trying to figure out how to tell you – I even told my therapist about you–”

“You – you l-like me?” she clarified breathlessly.

Fitz chuckled, dropping an impossibly feather-soft kiss to the tip of her nose. “I was thinking of words a bit stronger than that, but yeah. I’m mad about you. More than friends-with-benefits mad.”

Jemma gaped at him for a full thirty seconds, hands frozen on his shoulders, before she launched herself at him. “Where were we?” she whispered, and Fitz hoisted her up on the edge of the sink and answered her with his lips.

Chapter End Notes

I realized I didn't make Fitz oblivious but in a drabble-length thing you gotta have them get emotional resolution, right??
He is a part of her morning routine, as much as her first cup of tea and her half hour on the treadmill. He gets on one stop after her and must work farther into the city because he stays seated when she disembarks. Jemma sometimes wonders if he watches her go.

He’s usually reading, biting the nail of a forefinger while he hunches over a worn paperback. She considers submitting a photo of him to that Hot Dudes Reading Instagram, though she’s not sure he’s their usual type. His sweaters don’t exactly show off his muscles like those of the men normally featured, and there’s something boyish about his face, but once he glanced up and caught her looking and his round blue eyes and long eyelashes did something in her gut that the models and jocks on that account never had. But creating a “Cute Guy on the Metro” account would move her from casual secret admirer to full-on stalker.

She hides behind her travel mug and sneaks glances at him. She notes the not-quite-blonde, not-quite-brown hair of his eyebrows and wonders if the carpet matches the drapes.

Fitz thinks, sometimes, when the subway rattles to a halt between stops and everyone looks up in surprise and his eyes fall, out of habit, on her, that they must have met before. When their lines of sight accidentally meet and they both blush and look away too quickly, something in the soft curve of her cheeks as she smiles fills him with a soothing warmth akin to familiarity. Of course, there are other faces he recognizes from taking this route every day for several years, but only she is reliably in the same car – the fifth; he’d counted, so as never to get it wrong – at the same time.

He wonders if she feels it too, this connection. Or maybe it is an illusion, the way concert-goers feel a moment of unity and companionship through anonymity in the moment with the house lights go down.

She gets off the metro two stops ahead of him. Most likely this means she works in government of some sort, though the way she’s often marking up papers on her knees during the ride suggests it’s nothing particularly confidential.

Once or twice she has been absent, and he’d spent the whole day at work fretting that something terrible had happened. He has decided not to share his unreasonable concern for a total stranger with anyone, lest they pronounce him insane.

It’s summertime, so there are an unfortunate number of extra passengers in the car this morning. Jemma squishes herself further into the corner to accommodate an elderly couple who are chattering in something that sounds like Afrikaans. She looks up and sees her mystery man nearly being trampled by a family of Egyptian tourists. He catches her eye but instead of turning away he mimes
suffocation. She grins down at her lap with a flutter in her chest; this is sure to be the highlight of her day.

There are dozens of monuments and other attractions around her work, so half the car rushes forward to get off at the same stop as Jemma. She tries to be patient but she’s pressed in from all sides and now she’s going to smell like other people’s sweat and sunscreen.

She’s got one foot on the platform when something catches her blouse from behind and a nervous Scottish voice says, “Sorry, you dropped this.”

It’s him. He’s touching her sleeve and holding one of her reports and this close she can see his Adam’s apple bob under a stubble-swept neck and the little polka dots on his button-up, which clash rather adorably with the stripes of his jumper.

“Thank you,” she whispers, and then she nearly gets crushed by the closing doors.

Though they’ve ridden the same train every morning for several years, Fitz has never seen her in the afternoon. Perhaps their timing is off: maybe she works late, she seems the type.

It’s ridiculous, he knows, to think he can tell anything about her from a distance, but he’s built these little stories for her in his mind, about what sort of jam she prefers, the state of her apartment (impeccably neat, of course), what sort of news on the telly gets her riled up.

In any event, today she steps into his car in the afternoon. He sees her and his finger slips mid-turn of a page, leaving behind a paper cut. She too freezes. This isn’t part of their script. Neither of them are sure how to behave.

And then she crosses the car, determination apparent in the set of her freckled brow, and sits right beside him.

Fitz is panicking. He’d known, from the moment he handed her her papers and smelled her unusual perfume – something like pine – that she is more than a mirage. But now he feels her warmth, the press of her hip into his leg, the way she shifts as she deposits her purse in her lap and crosses her legs.

Should he say something? She has all but acknowledged that she, too, feels something between them. But what if they break this long-held pact of silence and distance and she finds that he’s far too bumbling? What if she’s too self-centered, or boring, or doesn’t like his mum? What if the anticipation of someday knowing her outweighs the actual knowing part?

“You’re bleeding all over your book, did you know?”

He gapes down at the paper cut, which has indeed started to seep into the corner of his page, but before he can react or even just die of embarrassment, she’s rifling in her purse for something and then leaning across him with a cloth she’s wet with her tongue. She holds his hand and carefully dabs at the thumb.

“There, that should do for now. I hope that’s not a library book.”

Fitz remembers he’s supposed to respond, if this is a conversation, so he clears his throat and shakes his head. “No, it’s, uh, it’s mine. An old favorite. Third time through.”

And just like that she’s peeking at the cover and asking about his favorite genres and by the time he
gets off at his stop, he’s given her the book to borrow and written his number in it. Just so she can return it.

Jemma bounces in her seat for the remaining minute of her commute. She knows she shouldn’t, but she’s going to stay up all night finishing the book. She hopes mystery man – Fitz, she’s learned his name at last – doesn’t mind talking first thing in the morning.

She just might make a rather large donation to the metro company this Christmas. She feels unbearably grateful for the service they provide to the community.
Jemma recovery headcanons: books

Chapter Summary

for lostgirl966, who told me to write whatever i wanted <3 have a lot of Jemma post-Maveth headcanons and poor agentcalliope usually has to deal with them so here’s me unloading one of them.

Reverse culture shock, Jemma remembers learning in some weekend seminar at the Academy, can often be much more challenging, more painful, more disorienting than the original adjustment. It helps to have a term to apply to what she is feeling. To explain why she drifts past the people she’d known as friends and feels they are strangers. Why her bed feels too soft and the lights too bright and the food too spicy. Why she doesn’t belong her anymore.

It’s not that she wants to be back on Maveth. She knows that is ridiculous, remembers how miserable she was there, how she prayed on more than one occasion to simply never wake up in the morning. (She has told no one this and never will.) But there, at least, she knew her place. The weather was predictable. Her emotions were reliably low. There were fewer people to disappoint.

She sets herself a timeline. Six months on Maveth, so if in six months she still hasn’t found a way to exist here without constant depression and discomfort, she will … she doesn’t quite get that far. Leaving the team is how she wants to end that sentence, but that thought spirals her into a different kind of anxiety.

One afternoon she is in Coulson’s office, awaiting Andrew’s arrival. Knowing better than to touch Coulson’s memorabilia, she turns instead to the bookshelf and pulls out a hardback at random. She cracks it open and freezes.

The scent, the dust, of the book fills her lungs. She has inhaled so much dust in six months she is sure it will line her insides forever, but this – this is –

There had been books on Maveth. Will had had a few, that he’d brought on his mission. But they’d all been very technical and dry and printed the very year his mission had departed, so they smelled only of the slightly sour stench of Maveth.

This book carries the rich must of well-worn pages and cracking leather spines and she is rushed at once through her first library card, reading late into the night even when her father warned her it would ruin her eyes, arguing with Fitz in the stacks at the Academy, research papers, end-of-term novels on the lawn, exclusive access to off-limits sections of the Library of Congress –

The walls she’s been meticulously constructing brick by brick are swept away by the rush of sensory memories and she is crying, there in the middle of Coulson’s office, from relief, from regret, from exhaustion.

Andrew calls it a breakthrough. He lets her leave the session early and she curls up on her bed with the novel: Robinson Crusoe. The irony of the choice is not lost on her. She is still trapped with a foot on each planet, but she knows in which direction she is walking.
Three Years fill-in

Chapter Summary

At some point wibbelkind asked me to fill in the “fade to black” in Chapter 5 of Three Years, my first multi-chapter fic… So here’s something? Tone is slightly different than the fic but ¯\_(ツ)_/¯ Didn’t really feel like writing smutty detail so this probably a safe T rating.

Jemma would never be exactly grateful for the more than one thousand days she and Fitz had been separated. But now that she had him securely in her life again, she could appreciate the ways they’d grown apart to grow together.

She kept a hand on his knee as they sat side-by-side at the island in her kitchen, eating pasta that felt significantly less significant than it had when she’d been cooking it. At some point her gaze drifted over to him, to watch him swipe a dab of tomato sauce from his lower lip, to rove over the fabric of his shirt stretched taut against his hunched back. With a frustrated noise somewhere between a laugh and a huff, she dropped her fork and left her seat to kiss him.

She would’ve climbed into his lap as she’d done in the car but he slipped off the stool as she pressed up against him. His wide palm supported her cheek and the back of her head; his fingers slid into her curls and just barely scraped her scalp. The kiss had all the heat of their most recent embrace but none of the desperation. With the lights already slightly dimmed and the gentle jazz and the first patter of rain against the windows, it felt like the seduction Jemma had hoped it would be, though she wasn’t sure which of them was doing the seducing. Their bodies, their breaths, their lips still slightly sweet with wine and tomato sauce were inextricable.

They walked slowly, pivoting in slight circles and bumping into furniture, towards the bedroom. Jemma knew she could start untucking Fitz’s shirt or loosening his belt but as badly as she wanted the climax of this interaction, as long as she’d been waiting for it, as many inappropriate thoughts as she’d been batting away in cafes and the Arboretum and the hallway between their flats, just kissing Fitz was still new. She wanted to spend a few years doing this, feeling his muscles and jaw work under her fingertips, learning the ways their mouths could fit together.

In their mutual distraction they bumped against the nightstand beside Jemma’s bed and knocked over the lamp. They separated for the first time and laughed, softly and somewhat bashfully. But looking up at Fitz, someone so familiar and so new, someone so safe and so thrilling, the humor vanished from the moment, replaced with an unbearable swelling of emotion, a disbelief that this man could exist, could be her best friend, could be in her life. Already close to tears, Jemma surged up on her toes to kiss him again.

There was no foreplay, no finesse, and they both kept laughing shakily as they discarded their clothing, never willing to go more than a few seconds without kissing. Halfway through taking his trousers off Fitz seemed to decide upon different priorities and fell upon her, pressing his mouth urgently, repeatedly, tenderly to hers as if sending a message in Morse code against her lips.

Jemma had never been less afraid of something in her life, but still, her whole body was wracked with anxiety, with anticipation, with certainty that a moment so perfect could only herald imminent apocalypse. She tensed beneath Fitz as he lowered himself towards her.
“Hey,” he whispered, stroking her cheek, his chest heaving as if they’d already made love. “We
don’t have to – we can keep kissing, or–”

“Well, of course,” she chuckled breathlessly. “It’s not that I don’t want to – I –” She closed her eyes
because suspended as he was above her she could see every inch of him from the downy beginning
of his hairline to his lust-darkened eyes to … new, private aspects of him with which she hoped to
become intimately familiar in just moments. But it felt important to tell him. “I’m just so glad you’re
here.”

And she latched her arms around his neck and pulled his mouth down to hers so that he could feel
her gasp when their bodies joined.
Jemma has been avoiding Fitz’s house for weeks. Not *purposefully*, of course – what kind of friend would that make her? But he’d gotten so wrapped up in his new girlfriend and she assumed he wouldn’t want his odd, female best friend hanging about all the time. And she had plenty of work to do, anyway.

Now she stands at the end of his drive, a little pot in one hand. They’d first bonded over his garden, when she was new to the neighborhood and would jog or stroll by. He’d accidentally sprayed her with his hose (he *claimed* it was accidental) and she’d pretended to be cross and then she’d noticed the carefully tended rows so incongruous with his mussed hair and grimy house slippers and she’d spent an hour getting the full tour. Thus Fitz had become her first friend in the neighborhood, and then shortly thereafter her best friend in the world.

But his garden has fallen into disrepair. Most of the plants look to have dried up, dead through neglect, and weeds encroach everywhere. Jemma nearly kneels to begin tending it herself, but if it turns out he’s merely been on holiday and he comes back to find her in the dirt, he’ll tease her mercilessly.

The gardener, it seems, matches the garden: when Fitz opens the door, though he is dressed and his hair is combed, he seems not to have shaved in several days and dark circles underscore his eyes. Jemma feels instantly remorseful: she should never have waited this long.

“I thought you might need this,” she says bracingly, extending the potted plant she’s brought for him. “To catalyze the return of your garden to peak form.”

“Thanks,” he mumbles. He doesn’t invite her in, but he doesn’t shut the door either, so Jemma follows him into the kitchen, where he sets the pot on the counter and slumps into a chair.

“You should really water that…” Jemma trails off, watching the way he’s hunched over. She steps up beside him, rubs a hand over his back. “Fitz, what’s going on?”

He shrugs, eyes on the tile floor. Content to wait, Jemma runs her fingers lightly across his shoulder blades and brushes over the neckline of his t-shirt to gently massage the back of his neck.

At last he sighs, a shuddering exhale that sounds painful. “I can’t seem to be interested in *anything*, Jem. I wake up and I’m tired. I get up and I’m not hungry. I walk outside and can’t find the motivation to lift a spade.”

“And Cathy –“
“She broke up with me, a while back,” he mutters.

“Oh. So you’re depressed because she ended things?”

“No, it was the other way around.”

“She broke up with you because you’re depressed?” Jemma demands fiercely. She knows she should remain comforting, but—

“I don’t blame her,” Fitz admits wearily. He stretches slightly, arching his back as Jemma begins to knead his shoulders in earnest. She takes it as a plea to continue. “I’m useless. My work is suffering, my yard’s crap, I’m no fun to be around. I just – I just don’t know what to do. It came out of nowhere.”

“This happens,” Jemma reminds him softly, circling the chair so she can crouch before him, tilting his chin up with one finger. “It’s happened to you before. You’re not unlike a garden yourself, Fitz. You have your seasons. This is your – I don’t know, your winter, or something. It will pass. Spring will come.”

He nods and bows his head gratefully, bumping his forehead accidentally against hers. She nearly tumbles backwards and he catches her wrists to steady her, and their faces are already so close, and Jemma’s not sure who leans in first. But Fitz’s mouth on hers is gentle and then suddenly hungry and there is a sensation like a flower opening in her lower gut.

It is only as she unthinkingly tries to settle on his lap that he pulls back.

“I’m sorry!” they both blurt out.

“I don’t—“ Fitz’s hands worry about her face and shoulders and hips but his eyes are still on her mouth. “I don’t want your pity, if that’s what this is, and I’m not – I’m not sure I’m in a position to be in a relationship.”

“I know,” she assures him, willing to step back the minute he lets her go. “I don’t pity you, and I don’t want anything serious either.” She will later ask herself if she was really so oblivious as to think that would ever be possible with Fitz. “But if you want—“

He kisses her again before she can finish the thought, her intentions obviously clear enough anyway. They stumble to the bedroom, panting broken thoughts about laying down ground rules for this triste and ultimately deciding those can wait until after.

The next morning, when Jemma leaves Fitz’s hours in the grey dawn, she sees he has somehow already planted the flower she gifted him. A different sort of blooming takes place within her chest.
Chapter Summary

for myself :)

this grew out of disparate thoughts: reflections on Jemma's recovery, a love for all things Fitz-helping-Jemma, and a desire to see Fitz/Iain woodwork. kind of rambly and all over the place but *feelings*, you know.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Among the hardest parts of her return is the way Fitz doesn’t understand.

Not that he doesn’t try: he wants to understand, he twists himself into knots trying to understand, but she has experiences and fears and regrets and habits that are beyond him. She sees it the instant he first catches sight of her shiv: confusion, concern, wariness. (She takes extra care to hide the shiv from him thereafter.)

He thinks the lab will help her, as it once did, but it instead triggers something akin to panic. He thinks he is doing everything wrong for her recovery, when it is his hand that resteadies her tilting world. They look back fondly on the fragile approach to normalcy they’d inhabited just before she’d been taken away: it seems a familiar, comfortable, forgiving place in comparison to their disjointed interactions now.

They try to take the shiv away from her. Andrew suggests it is acting as a crutch; others whisper she will hurt someone, she will hurt herself. She looks to Fitz, begs him silently, tearfully, to be her protector when she can’t be her own (at least not without frightening them all and earning herself a padded cell somewhere). In the end she agrees to return to working in the lab, if they will just let her keep the shiv.

It goes missing one day from her workbench. (Is she getting ‘better’, then, growing so comfortable and careless she will let it out of her grip, out of her possession when she leaves the room?) She is frantic, sprinting through the base with an urgency she’d hoped to leave behind.

She finds Fitz in the garage with her shiv in one hand. She is halfway through a tirade accusing him of not being on her side, in her anger punishing him for her own fears of losing him and needing him, when he stops her, shows her what he is doing.

He has been trying to whittle her a new shiv, something more optimized for self-defense but alike to the original in material and weight. He has splinters under his skin and blisters on his fingers from hours spent hunched over prototypes. He holds a few out to her, wanting her approval.

She cries abruptly, first in the middle of the garage and then against his chest, where he cradles her despite his bewilderment. Because even if he doesn’t understand – understand why she keeps the shiv, understand her night terrors, understand why this shiv in particular is more important to her than a professionally-carved one – he is trying with energy and time and love she’d thought would exceed human limits. She wonders if his last eight months have been as sleepless as hers. She wonders what
about his six months she doesn’t understand.

She explains to him that she hopes to one day watch this shiv burn, when she is ready. When he turns back to his work station she feels not even a twinge of concern that he has misheard; he may not have understood, but he has listened. She sits close beside him and watches him whittle, watches his fingers quick and steady along the wood, and instead of a weapon the next piece curls under his attention into an immaculate double helix which blossoms at its tip into a rose.

She rests her head against his shoulder. Out of violence and pain, life and beauty.

For now, she carries the rose in her pocket next to the shiv and sleeps with both under her pillow. They defend her in different ways.

But someday, one will hang in the kitchen of their cottage and the other will be ash in their fireplace.

Chapter End Notes

hi from afar :) starman update coming very soon. hopefully gonna be making more drabbles soon, but my availability is all over the place, as most of you know.
nothing crazy to see here, just a topic i feel like i haven't seem much with fs that i was interested to have them chat about... since it's something *i* plan on doing, if i ever have kids!! (which is weird bc with fitzsimmons i imagine them just popping out babies left and right but whatever)

“Fitz, could I have a word?” Jemma says resolutely, not wasting a moment as she hurries into the kitchen. She’s fretted enough; it’s time to address the issue.

“That’s my cue,” Mack mutters, and he takes his cereal to go. On his way out, he pats Jemma gently on the shoulder. Are her nerves quite so apparent?

“Are you breaking up with me, Simmons?” Fitz asks without looking up from the newspaper. This has become a little joke between them: that after all they’ve been through, it will be something mundane like his shaved whiskers in the sink or her rainbow-order organized closet that ends things between them.

“Actually…” Jemma sighs. When Fitz looks up in alarm, she adds hastily, “I was more afraid that what I’m about to say might make you want to break up with me.”

The look he gives her – that sardonic tilt of the head, the disbelieving scrunch of the eyebrows – assures her he thinks any such scenario is inconceivable. He pats the stool beside him and she sits, fiddling with the butter knife. Fitz sobers quickly: he’s not accustomed to seeing her this hesitant.

“You know you don’t have to be scared how I’ll react, Jemma,” he tells her gently sliding his hand along the island to just graze her knuckles.

“It just seems a lot to ask of you, and –“ She winces and retracts slightly, rubbing at her temple. “I’ve been thinking about it a lot since we visited your mum and I can’t – if I don’t—“

“What specifically about seeing my mum has you frazzled?” he inquires slowly, trying to catch up to her.

Jemma exhales heavily but faces him fully, eyes pleading for his patience. “Do you remember when your cousin visited? You had his son Geoffrey on your hip and your mum was right there, fitting him in that little jumper she’d knitted, and – Oh, I don’t know, you both just looked so happy, and it just hit me that we hadn’t discussed – that we’ve never talked about – I don’t want to have children,” she finishes in a rush.

Fitz can’t hide his shock quickly enough. His mouth ticks open just a tad and he says dazedly, “Oh.”

“Not – oh dear. Not that I don’t want to have children, I don’t want to have them. I want to adopt.”

As if he’s participating in some sort of actor’s master-class, Fitz’s face takes on a new expression of confusion. “Oh,” he repeats.

“How do you … feel about that?” Jemma asks tentatively.
“I – bloody hell, Jemma, I wasn’t even thinking about kids for another five years at least,” Fitz splutters and leans heavily forward onto his forearms.

“The adoption process usually takes several years anyway,” Jemma gushes, “and I didn’t mean we have to do it, now or ever, really, just – I thought you deserved to know that that was my preference. In case that’s a deal breaker. I know how important family is to you.”

Fitz studies her face carefully. She knows if he were angry or deeply hurt he’d have turned inward, so at least they’re still talking. “Is it – for medical reasons?”

“No,” Jemma assures him. “Or – well, I’ve never been tested. But I’ve thought about it a lot and it’s rather important to me. You know what my family is like.” She looks down, discomfited by the topic even after all these years, even with him. “It has been the family I’ve created rather than my biological family that has given me the most love. And there are so many children who could benefit from a stable parental unit—“

“Stable?” Fitz teases, gesturing towards the secret underground base they inhabit.

“Maybe in a few years our situation will be different,” Jemma shoots back. The tension in her shoulders melts as he smiles at her. “Besides, think what it would mean to Daisy.”

“Are you suggesting we adopt Daisy? A bit older than I imagined for our first one,” Fitz chuckles and shakes his head. “I’ll not lie, Jemma, it’s not something I’d thought about. I…I never had a good relationship with my da’ and I just worry—” It’s his turn to look to the floor, to breathe shakily to reach for her hand for support. “I worry I’d end up like him, or my kid wouldn’t like me, or…. But I know that could all happen with biological and adopted children alike.”

“So you’re not upset?” Jemma probes gently.

“Of course I’m not upset,” he scoffs. “I’ll need to think about it, is all. Doesn’t take one conversation to figure this out. Honestly, I’m just glad you want to have kids with me at all.”

Jemma leans into his space to hug him tightly about the shoulders.

“Don’t be ridiculous,” she whispers against his neck. “You would be the best dad.”
The little Jemma knew of such things, she’d always assumed heated encounters only happened when alcohol was involved. Years of studying interactions in the Boiler Room and watching Daisy’s trashy reality shows suggested only with a little liquid courage could people relinquish their inhibitions and let their bodies acknowledge what their minds and hearts kept hidden.

But she’d not had a drop of wine to drink, and still she knew they were both being painfully obvious.

Fitz was seated diagonally from her – mercifully, or they might’ve been accidentally brushing elbows and hands and feet all over the place – and she had to keep her gaze focused on her plate to stop herself from staring at him. Was the same heady blush rushing across his cheeks and the tips of his ears? Was it more noticeable if they didn’t interact? – Surely the others would notice the difference.

It’d started just ten minutes before, when they’d all gathered in the living room to take what Daisy insisted on calling a family picture. (Coulson refused to let her assign actual family roles, though everyone knew where he would fall.) They’d crowded in front of the fireplace in their holiday sweaters, and of course Jemma and Fitz were next to each other. They’d hardly separated since they’d driven over together, Jemma driving, Fitz clutching the bread pudding in his lap like his first-born.

From one side, Mack had looped an arm around Jemma’s shoulders. Fitz had done the same from the other direction, but it had felt so strangely formal, so his hand had slipped down to settle on her waist, the gentlest pressure tugging her towards him. She glanced up at him in pleasant surprise, and the flash went off just as they smiled at each other.

“Oh, do it again, Daisy, I wasn’t looking,” Jemma pleaded, extracting herself self-consciously from Fitz and rushing to look at the picture as Daisy took the camera off the top of the piano.

Daisy studied the picture silently for a moment, then, grinning, handed it to Jemma. “I think it’s perfect.”

Jemma stood looking at the picture so long that the room had emptied but for her and Fitz as everyone else returned to the kitchen.

“How bad is it?” Fitz chuckled, moving up behind her so she could’ve leaned back into his chest with only the slightest movement.

Jemma couldn’t find the words. The camera had caught them – at what, she wasn’t sure. But they’d driven here as best friends, and yet there in the picture, surrounded by real couples, they looked inappropriately romantic. Fitz’s fingers peeked around her waist, she was beaming up at him and leaning towards him, and he – his whole face was glowing, and his eyes were slightly lowered,
falling somewhere in the vicinity of her for-the-occasion lipstick-adorned mouth.

Behind her, Fitz made a strangled little noise low in his throat.

This was when Jemma started thinking about alcohol. She thought about dozens of times she’d been dancing or gone on dates or even just flirted with a man in a bar, just to try it out, and never had her surroundings ‘melted away’ like people say they do. Most of those times she’d drank a bit too much, chasing that feeling. And here she was, totally sober, all her colleagues and her boss in the next room, and her inhibitions were rapidly skittering out the door. All because her best friend had looked at her with something akin to what she felt whenever she looked at him.

“Fitz,” she breathed, about to turn to face him—

“Hey guys, Yoyo wants to say grace and we’re all waiting on you,” Bobbi said from the doorway before disappearing with a little smirk like she knew exactly what she’d interrupted.

Which was how they found themselves here, seated slightly apart, both studiously ignoring each other and all the things unsaid and undone between them. Fitz kept dropping cranberry sauce off his fork on its way to his mouth, his hand was shaking so badly. He looked up and found her staring at him and this time the sauce went all down his front and into his lap.

“Bloody h—“ He leapt up from the table, gelatinous red goo falling to Coulson’s white shag carpet. “Oh, shit, sir, I— I’ll just go clean myself up and then—“

He hurried away towards the restroom. Jemma waited just a moment before saying, voice intentionally light and unaffected, “I’ll go help him. Doesn’t know a thing about laundry, you know.”

Still rambling, she nearly knocked her chair over in her haste to follow Fitz. Everyone was staring, but as if drunk, Jemma couldn’t bring herself to care about what they might be thinking.

When she opened the bathroom door, Fitz whirled from the sink where he’d been desperately scooping handfuls of water onto his chest and crotch. “Jemma!” he squeaked. “What the hell are you – I could’ve been on the toilet—“

“I thought you wanted to—“

“What, have a tryst in the loo?!” he demanded, his voice breaking adorably on the word ‘tryst’.

“Well, I don’t know, I think maybe – yes,” she huffed at last, deciding the time to play coy had passed. (It had probably passed ten years ago, if either of them were being honest.)

Fitz’s chest rapidly deflated, his blue eyes wide and intent on her face. He groped around for something to support himself, affecting a casual posture, but his hand hit the towel rack and slipped so that he fell over sideways into the wall. “Jemma,” he whispered, half pleading, half breathlessly needy, like an answer to when she’d said his name in the living room.

They collided somewhere in the middle of the little room, flowing together like waves that crashed against and around each other. Jemma’s hand curled around the back of Fitz’s head, his arms scooped low around her back, and they were kissing, kissing like they’d been doing this for years rather than just imagining it, separately, wistfully, hopelessly, in their individual bedrooms.

The door opened again and they broke apart, Fitz stumbling back against the sink with lipstick all over his face.
Daisy’s gaze swiveled between them and a wicked grin spread across her face. “Well, if this ain’t a Thanksgiving miracle,” she chortled. “Great job cleaning him up, Jemma. Now you’ve got cranberry sauce all over you, too.”

Jemma glanced down and groaned; there was a clear line of smudged red sauce down her cream sweater. When she looked up at Fitz, he didn’t look the least bit apologetic, and the eagerness in his eyes made her nearly jump him again right there, Daisy’s judgment be damned.

“We’re cutting Joey’s pies and Hunter has a strict ‘no saving pieces for people making out in the bathroom’ policy,” Daisy continued. “Though you should know. But seems like you’re getting your dessert in here, soooo…”

“We’re coming, alright?” Fitz sighed, forcibly shoving Daisy’s head back around the doorframe. “Just – give us a minute.”

Daisy moved back towards the kitchen, muttering something about ‘judging by your pants you’ll need more than a minute’, and Fitz turned to face Jemma.

“So.”

“We don’t have to go back,” she suggested. “We could actually lock the door this time and—“

“While I appreciate your enthusiasm,” Fitz grinned, “I’d rather continue this somewhere we won’t be interrupted once Trip’s magical chili hits everyone’s digestive systems.”

Jemma laughed, leaning her face into her hands, and Fitz stepped up to her, gathering her in his arms so she was laughing against his knit sweater.

“It just feels like it’s taken us long enough, I’m afraid to wait another moment,” she admitted, still chuckling.

Fitz hesitated, frowning at the door over her head, then shrugged. “I’m not that keen on pie.”

Jemma laughed so hard she had to clutch his shoulders for support as he backed her against the door and began suckling on her pulse point.
Chapter Summary

Hi all, my internet is so bad and data so expensive (my internet on my computer runs off data on my phone) that I can't go back and check the chapter number or who requested a continuation forever ago but this is the follow-up to Academy-Era "I'm really drunk, please help me", definitely recommend reading that one first!

A tray full of food drops straight onto Fitz’s textbook and he looks up in indignation to find Jemma Simmons standing over him. Two out-of-the-lab confrontations in as many days; what has he done to anger the gods?

“I was reading that,” he snaps at her, edging the tray away with the end of his fork.

“Really? I didn’t think you could see anything around the whole potatoes you were shoving into your mouth.”

“Did you want something, Simmons?” he grinds out.

She lowers herself to the bench across from him and glances around the mess hall as if to check they aren’t being overheard. Which, admittedly, is never a guarantee in a spy school. “Actually, yes. The other night, when I… When I…”

“When you got smashed off your arse and thought it was a good idea to come wake me up?” he supplies drily, not bothering to lower his voice.

“Yes, that,” she says, frowning at him. “Did I… say, or do, anything…untoward? Anything I might regret, or anything I should know about before the whole school becomes the Spanish Inquisition?”

“I’m not going to tell anyone—“

“Just answer the question, please, Fitz.”

He considers her. “You seriously don’t remember?”

Simmons ducks her head and pulls her tray towards her. It strikes him then that he’s never seen her here, in the mess hall. Last he’d known, she always ate in the school library, always with her nose in a book (like him), always alone (like him).

“I’m a bit fuzzy on the details,” she admits with a tightness around her mouth. “The last thing I remember is your roommate warning us we couldn’t use your room to hook up.”

“Ahh, I see your concern. We didn’t, by the way. Hook up,” he clarifies, unsure why his cheeks are suddenly warm. “Since I know that’d be about the worst thing for your reputation—“

“Fitz, please,” she interrupts him. “Focus.”

“It depends how you define untoward, I s’pose,” he says slowly. He thinks through their conversation in the hallway outside his room, a drunk and emotional Simmons crying against his
chest as he comforted her. “You said something about making animal noises outside the professors’ quarters, and you promised to name your first-born after me—”

“Oh, really!” Simmons huffs, and she stands again, grabbing her tray. “You’re impossible. How you’ve made it this far with the absolute lack of decorum you demonstrate on a daily basis—”

Fitz’s every instinct tells him to keep shooting quips at her, to thank her for her thanklessness, and yet—“Hey, Simmons,” he finds himself saying, his voice softening. “I’m not going to tell anyone anything, alright?”

“I appreciate that,” Simmons says stiffly.

A moment of awkward silence follows, as she stands there looking across the mess hall and he tries not to watch her. Even amongst their much older peers, she has a confidence of carriage and an anxiety about her eyes that are confusing, intriguing, damnably irritating in their contradictions.

At long last she sighs and looks down at him. “Do you mind terribly if I finish my lunch here? I won’t make it to the library and back in time for my 2:00 class.”

She sits, not waiting for an answer. Fitz tugs his book towards him and closes it, sliding it into his messenger bag.

He’s never had someone to talk to at lunch before.
Animal Trainers

Chapter Summary

anon on tumblr requested fitzsimmons circus trainers, Jemma with dogs and Fitz with monkeys. I felt I couldn't in good conscience support the conditions under which such animals are allegedly kept so... this is what came of it. hoping to share in reply to that request on tumblr if i ever get good enough internet!!

“I don’t know if I can go through with this.”

Jemma’s been expecting this, honestly. The night has been too perfect, too gentle, too full of promise to end well.

“What’s the alternative, Fitz?” she whispers.

They’re sitting on a hillside above the fairgrounds, eating stale popcorn in the twilight still swollen with the day’s heat. Their acts long over, they’ve relinquished the circus to the late-night, less family-friendly attractions; the Ferris wheel is halted but still alight and the aroma of fireworks still lingers. From here the whole thing looks peaceful. Innocent.

“We’ll get caught.”

“We might not.”

“We wouldn’t even be able to go to the same prison.”

She has to laugh at that, though he sounds absolutely dismayed. When they’d met seven months prior, Fitz wouldn’t have cared one whit if she ended up in a Siberian work camp or as the tenth wife of some chieftain on the far side of the globe. He’d seen her doing her act, trussed up in gold-embroidered pantaloons and guiding her dogs around, and assumed she was like the rest: callous, greedy, entirely unperturbed by the discomfort and poor health of all of the circus’s animals.

She, of course, had thought the same of him. He was only an apprentice at the time, with the monkey act, and she concluded, erroneously, that it was just a job for him.

Then he’d fallen into the river on a dangerous crossing between two stops and been rescued by one her dogs. Wrapped in a blanket in her wagon, watching her putter about in plain trousers and none of her stage make-up, he’d learned how wrong his assumptions had been – and how similar he and Jemma were.

When not teaching them to jump through hoops and balance balls on their noses (“Dogs could teach themselves that, honestly,” she’d sighed, rolling her eyes), Jemma prepared them to act as service dogs for the elderly and the impaired. It was mutually beneficial work: not only could she help people, but she saved the dogs from being shot on the spot when they exceeded their usefulness to the circus.

In the present day, Fitz is watching her more openly than he ever has. She knows he’s in love with her. She saw it happen that first night in her wagon, when they shared their secrets over hot tea and brandy. Hardly one to spare affection on anyone but her dogs, she’d not known what to do. Until,
some weeks later, he confessed he’d only taken the job with the circus with the intent of freeing the 
monkeys, and she’d felt her stomach swoop and her cheeks warm and an entirely unnecessary urge 
to kiss him. An urge she still hasn’t worked up the courage to give in to.

“We could always pull a Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,” she suggests cheerfully.

“**Jemma!**”

“Fitz, this—“ She waves out over the neon lights and carousing fair-goers. “This isn’t us. I love 
being part of a team, and seeing the world, but – there has to be a better way.”

“Aren’t you afraid?”

He speaks to his knees, his voice low, and she knows he’s embarrassed to even voice the thought. 
She knows he doesn’t think of himself as brave. Even though he’s been bitten upward of sixty times 
by untrained animals and keeps coming back. Even though he’s practiced picking the locks on the 
monkeys’ cages because he so fervently wants their freedom. Even though he once took a punch to 
the ear when wrenching a drunk, handsy acrobat off of her.

She almost says *of course I am*, and then she looks at him, properly looks, and feels that swoop 
again.

“No,” she answers frankly. “I should be, but I’m not. Because you’ll be there.”

He glances up at her, eyes wide and vulnerable.

“Besides, what an *adventure*, Fitz!” she gushes, and he snorts and looks away. “Maybe we’ll be 
bandits for a little while but I’m sure we’ll find a proper *team* of bandits, like-minded Robin Hood 
types with whom we’ll gallivant across the continent, maybe even the world, liberating downtrodden 
animals and humans alike—“

He interrupts her so quietly she almost misses it. “Okay.”

“What?”

“Oh, *Fitz!*” she squeals, and she hurls her arms around his neck. She’s unsure whether this is entirely 
fair, whether she’s exploiting his feelings for her to get him to say yes or whether her own feelings 
are too strong to let him go. “You won’t regret this, *I promise.*”

“I will,” he counters, half-heartedly trying to peel her off of him. “You’ll be an absolute nightmare 
and we’ll be lucky if we don’t murder each other after the third night around a campfire—“

“I’ll make it worth your while.” She stretches up, flush with excitement and a little fear and the 
proximity of him, and kisses his cheek firmly, just below the cheekbone.

“What – what does that mean?” he calls after her hoarsely as she clambers up and starts back to the 
fairgrounds to pack and prepare. “Jemma? **Jemma?!!**”
anon asked: I don’t know if you’re taking prompts now, but if you are, I’d die for a ficlet about FS and their sleeping arrangement (since we won’t be seeing if because of the time jump) and trying to hide it from everyone else.

Wow this prompt shows you how slowly I’ve been going through my requests!! I know this has been done a million times by now so I’m relegating my response to a bullet-ficlet-thing. Hope it still holds some sweetness :) 

- They’ve always spent an inordinate amount of time in each other’s bunks – well, at least they did before the Pod, and then again in the last few months of healing their friendship – so at first no one finds it particularly strange when they trail after each other every evening.
- But Jemma wants more. They both do. They want the little moments that fill the silences and cracks of life, not just the big milestones. It feels too soon, too precarious, to move in together, officially or unofficially, but they want to spend every second together.
- Their rooms aren’t adjacent, or they’d consider simply building a door. They briefly float the idea of a tunnel (“If anyone can engineer, I can,” Fitz smirks), but it’s not really feasible (“I’d hate for everyone to find out about us because May falls through the floor in the middle of her morning meditations” – this, from Jemma).
- So they make do, and trade off. Each morning one or the other will have to get up early, discard borrowed clothing or scrub away lipstick stains, and sneak back to their own bunk. Jemma finds she rather enjoys it: she never did get to sneak out of her parents’ house as a teenager. (She never had a reason to, but that’s neither here nor there.)
- One night Fitz stays up waiting for her as she tends to wounded agents – since Lincoln’s passing she’s back to be the de facto team doctor – but he falls asleep on top of his blankets. Jemma slips in without waking him and wraps around him from behind, pressing her cheek to his back, happy to be big spoon or little spoon or teaspoon or whatever so long as she’s here with him.

“Everyone alright?” he asks sleepily. “And you’re not getting blood all over my good linens, are you?”

He turns just his head to smile at her blearily, then catches sight of the alarm clock behind her. “Bloody hell, Jemma!” he squawks, startling to disentangle himself, “it’s nearly 5AM, May will be up soon—”

“I don’t care,” she mumbles, using his shoulderblade to soothe an itch at the tip of her nose. She latches her hands together, trapping him against her. “I want to be here. I want you.”

- It ends up not making a difference. Later that morning, when they groggily emerge (Fitz accidentally wearing Jemma’s slippers and her in his pajama bottoms), their big reveal is overshadowed by Daisy’s departure. Coulson and Mack are already hot on her trail, and May barely spares them a glance as they take in the news on the television, Quake’s first impact.
- Years later, Jemma will thank Daisy for that, for being such a distraction that they could ease gently into a public relationship. “It was the one good thing that came of your leather-and-
studs phase,” she teases fondly.
“Stop fidgeting,” Hunter muttered, nudging Fitz hard in the side.

“I’m not fidgeting!” Fitz protested, sliding the half-arsed swan he’d constructed out of the cocktail napkin around the back of his beer.

“If you’re nervous to see Simmons, you can just admit it,” Hunter chuckleed. “You couldn’t take your eyes off her during the ceremony.”

“I’m not – that’s not –“ Fitz shot a glance over to Daisy and Lincoln, who were snogging on the other side of the booth; hopefully their obsession with each other’s tonsils would keep them from overhearing.

“Yeah, I can multitask,” smirked Daisy in the present. Fitz groaned and buried his face in his hands.

“Jemma Simmons is the most infuriating person I’ve ever met,” Fitz hissed at Hunter. “Why you insist on trying to force us together—“

“Besides the fact that when you first met her a few years ago you called her ‘amazing’?“

“I was drunk, Hunter, and as I recall I followed that up with ‘weird and confusing and entirely too’—“ He paled and trailed off.

“Entirely too pretty for her own good’, wasn’t it?”

“I’ve since revised my assessment,” Fitz insisted firmly.

“Listen, mate,” Hunter said conspiratorially, slinging an arm over his best friend’s shoulders. “Now that I’m married and don’t have to spend all my time chasing Bobbi down, I can help you with your love life.”

“What qualifies you as matchmaker?”

“Uh, remember the part where I’m married?”

Fitz snorted and waved towards the bright green drink Hunter had halfway finished. “Yeah, I do remember that you got married by an Elvis impersonator in Vegas and you’re having your reception in some casino bar. Real romantic.” He huffed and extracted himself from Hunter. “I’m getting another drink.”
“Then you went to the bar,” Daisy continued, squinting in concentration, “and—“

“And I showed up,” Jemma finished grimly.

Now Fitz remembered.

He’d been at the bar all of twenty seconds when Jemma strode in, still in her bridesmaid dress, still looking impeccable even though they’d taken photos in the ridiculous Las Vegas afternoon simmer. He hoped she’d just walk over to join the others but their eyes met and there was no way she could avoid coming over.

“Nice ceremony,” she said breezily, leaning on the bar next to him.

“It’s certainly Hunter’s style,” he agreed. “The rock version of Pachelbel and all that.”

“Listen, Fitz, have I done something to offend you?” Jemma asked abruptly, her head cocked slightly as she studied him. “Only, I can’t figure out why you’re always this frigid to me.”

“I’m not frigid!”

“I did research in Antarctica for six months and the frostbite there was less severe than what I develop every time I’m within twenty feet of you.”

Of course she’d done research in Antarctica. Bloody Renaissance woman.

“Maybe I just find you insufferable,” he snapped, grabbing his beer from the bartender and whirling away.

“Well, alright then, Leopold.”

He stopped dead. Oh no she didn’t. They might not spend much time together – only when forced by their mutual friendships – but the first thing Fitz always told everyone he met was that the L word was off-limits.

“What did you call me?” he growled, turning to face her again. She’d got a tiny devious smile and had somehow accumulated a good dozen shot glasses.

“Originally meant brave people, from the Germanic ‘leud’ and ‘bald’, though of course now more commonly associated with a lion, also for its bravery. Funny, I wouldn’t say that quite…fits, forgive my pun.”

“Are you calling me a coward?” he spluttered. He’d known she could be painfully forthright, but this?

“On the contrary. Bobbi told me you nearly drowned saving Hunter when your submersible malfunctioned. Injured yourself pretty severely in the process. Doesn’t sound very cowardly to me. Then again… You’re here in the most notorious party city in the world, allegedly celebrating your best friend’s nuptials, and you’re drinking, what—“ Her fingers slid across the cool, sweating glass of the bottle in his immobile grip and turned it so the label faces her. “Five percent? How very un-Scottish of you.”

He could debate the veracity of Scottish stereotypes with her later. (He was sure she could hold her own on even this obscure topic.)
“That’s all I’ve got, sorry.” Daisy shrugged, smirking over her coffee mug at Jemma and Fitz’s bright-red faces. “Hunter refereed your alcoholic skirmishes and the three of you left together sometime after one. You’ll have to ask him what happened next.”

Jemma turned slowly to Fitz, hardly believing the words coming out of her mouth. “To the bridal suite it is, then.”
Pregnant on Maveth

Chapter Summary

Anonymous asked:
Hello! I know you're probably busy, but if you could find the time to write:
FitzSimmons hookup before Maveth, leaving Jemma pregnant once the rock takes her??? Super random, but I know fritzen_lcaos on Insta did it once with graphics, and I'd love to see your twist on it in a Fic version :)))

hehehehehe so this is definitely a copout but this comes from a discussion had a while back with chinesebakery about the continuing mystifying douchery of many men. here’s my short and snarky ficlet.

“Do you really think that’ll even work?” Will asks skeptically, glancing over at where Jemma has the phone’s speaker pressed to the slight bump at her stomach.

“I know it will,” she replies breezily, turning a bit farther away from him so her bare skin is out of his gaze. “Whenever we get back – because we will get back – my baby will already know its father’s voice.” She doesn’t tell him that her understanding of human biology doesn’t extend to the finer workings of pregnancy and that she plays (and plays and plays and plays, on endless repeat) the video of Fitz as much to comfort herself as to soothe the baby.

She thinks it might be selfish, considering that she can’t have a properly nourished, safely swaddled pregnancy on this hellish planet, but she’s glad that she and Fitz reconnected when they did, and that they’d been a bit reckless. She can’t imagine going through this ordeal without this reminder (a piece of her, of them) that Fitz loves her and is working to find her just as they are working to get back.

When their brilliant plan, their mapping of the stars and their tracking of the portal’s openings and their bottle-launching goes awry, Jemma doesn’t even blame hormones for her collapse on the cave’s floor. She’s not ashamed to cry. She doesn’t want to be here, not with Will, not with anyone but Fitz. She’s never wanted to be pregnant before but now she is and she’s blissfully happy but she doesn’t want to do it alone.

“Hey, hey, it’s okay,” Will murmurs, putting his arms around her. “It’s just the first attempt. We’ll manage.”

She cries against his shoulder. It’s all too much.

And then Will’s hand slides down over her back to grip her bum.

“What are you doing?” she squeaks, pulling back.

“Jemma,” he whispers, and his eyes are dark, his breathing quick. “Jemma, I’m so glad you’re here
He’s trying to palm her breast through her shirt and she slaps his hand away, scrabbling backwards. “What on earth, Will?! Even if I were – even if I wanted – which I don’t – I’m four months pregnant!”

“And you’re still beautiful,” he breathes.

Jemma stands up, strides over, and kicks him in the nuts.

*Fin*
"Well this is awkward" + "I think I'm in love"

Chapter Summary

for jemmamaximoff

“You’re a good friend for coming to this thing,” Daisy comments, cheerily linking her arm with Fitz’s. “I owe Hunter a favor, but you’re just here out of goodwill.”

“He’s like a brother to me,” Fitz mutters, perusing the event’s program booklet so she won’t see the pink in his cheeks and tease him for it. “When he’s not blisteringly drunk or calling me Sparky. And his sister’s important to him, even though we’ve never met her—”

“Step-sister,” Daisy reminds him.

“Same thing. By the transitive property, it’s only right I come to support her, and thereby him, at her big conference.”

“Hunter says she’s a real braniac,” she muses. “Just like you. Bet you two would hit it off.”

“Don’t act like you couldn’t out-code, out-hack, out-manipulate every person in this room,” he says idly, flipping the page.

“Well, we all have our talents.” Daisy flips her hair dramatically, then nearly falls forward as Fitz stops abruptly. “What?”

“Listen to the biography for this one presenter – Cambridge by 14, first PhD from Stanford at 16, combined PhD and MD from Harvard by 19 –“

“Really gave up there at the end, didn’t they?” Daisy snorts. “Three whole years for a PhD and MD? Slacker.”

“Original research on stem cell technology and cures for immune-degenerative diseases… Ten published articles, including three on the potential for inter-science and inter-disciplinary cooperation… Scientific consultant to the United Nations and the European and African Unions… Working on a novel?!” Fitz looks dazedly up at Daisy. “I think I’m in love.”

“Let me see the greasy old guy you’re so smitten with,” Daisy teases, snatching the program from him. Then – “Oh. Oh this is good.”

“What?” Fitz demands, just as Hunter bounds up, looking surprisingly sharp in a grey suit and blue tie.

“Hey loves, thanks so much for coming, the keynote’s about to start and all the presenters need to get up there but you’ve got to come meet my sis first, she’s at the stage entrance—”

He drags them across the lobby as people swarm for the auditorium doors.

Waiting for them, bouncing slightly on tiptoe, pushing up glasses that she seems unaccustomed to wearing and talking to herself as if practicing the speech she’s about to give, is the woman from the

“Guys, meet Jemma. Jemma, this is the gang,” Hunter gushes.

“Well, this is awkward,” Daisy chuckles under her breath to Fitz as she breezes by him to hug Jemma warmly.

Fitz gulps.
They wait for extraction several blocks away from the club, standing several yards apart just off a path by the darkened river. They had to pass dozens of couples snuggled on benches in the moonlight; Fitz and Jemma studiously ignore them – and each other.

Jemma has her leather jacket snugged tight about her against the cold that puffs their exhales, and she’s scrubbed off what she could of her fierce makeup. She looks a bit more like herself now, and Fitz can’t decide if that makes her more approachable or more terrifying.

He knows they should say a few curt, pained words to each other and then wait in silence. That’s all their friendship is anymore – or rather, their friendship has faded into forced professionalism. If he were here with May or Agent Alvarez or someone else with whom he knows the extent of his relationship, they’d limit it to that.

But their kiss in the club has cracked something in their façade, and unplanned emotion is spilling out.

“You could’ve compromised our mission,” Jemma mutters, as if her thoughts had been running parallel to his.

“I didn’t. We got the intel, we got out safe,” he replies steadily. “And besides, you improvised first.”

“Oh, very mature comeback,” she scoffs.

“If the kiss was terrible, just say that instead of dancing about.”

“That was neither what I was saying nor what I meant. We both know the kiss was superior.” Jemma’s lips purse as if she wishes she could take that last bit back.

“Superior?” Fitz repeats, hopefully not sounding as breathless as he feels, his heart thrashing against his ribcage. “What was your ranking system?”

“This is not the conversation we’re having—“

“You want to talk about the mission, then?” he demands. His intensity draws Jemma up short, leaving her with chin jutted and nostrils flaring but an anxiety about her eyes that reveals her vulnerability. “I tried the role you created for me. I tried to act the part, but funnily enough it wasn’t working for me. And as they say, the best lies contain a grain of truth.”

“So which was the kiss?” Jemma whispers. “The lie or the grain of truth?”

Fitz’s shoulders drop, as does his gaze, away from the fake black bangs brushing her eyebrows and down to the grass under her boots. “I think you know the answer to that.”

And then the car is pulling up, an imposing SUV, and they slide into the back seat and back into a
tense silence.
you look incredible in that

Chapter Summary

harry potter and the beatles, the only constants in my life.

for lostgirl966

Chapter Notes

*disclaimer – my sorting will forever be more simplistic and less creative than that of the Sorting Hat. disagreement is okay.

“I think I’m gonna be sick,” Fitz croaked, running both hands up the sides of his head and through his hair only to flatten it again immediately afterwards.

“Everyone feels nervous before their first game,” Daisy assured him.

“Yeah but everyone else gets more than one game, case they monumentally screw it up the first time.”

With a sympathetic and entirely unreassuring wince, she opened the door just a smidge, letting in a sliver of light and the boom of Sam Koenig’s magically amplified voice.

“…since Ravenclaw currently leads the lot, each point is vital. Of course, some insiders say this match can hardly be considered part of the run-up as Gryffindor has had to call up its third-string – I repeat third-string, Billy and I didn’t even know that was a thing – Keeper, with both Campbell and his understudy down for the count after an experiment gone wrong in Charms class. Never assume you know better than Flitwick, kids, never. Anywho, this leaves Gryffindor with untested fourth-year Leopold Fitz – whether he will manage to block a single Quaffle is anyone’s guess…”

“Nope, definitely gonna be sick,” Fitz amended.

“Fox in the hen house, fox in the hen house!” Elena shouted from the other side of the changing room, but she grinned and tugged good-naturedly on Jemma’s cloak as the Ravenclaw Seeker passed her.

“You shouldn’t be in here,” Fitz said automatically, glancing around as if to make sure their team’s master plan (there was none, or none which they’d deigned to share with the third-string Keeper) was well-hidden. “You’re the enemy.”

“As if Gryffindor stands any chance of coming within striking distance of our sizable lead,” Jemma chuckled, smirking up at Fitz. She had his number – 15, an indication of how low he fell on the roster – traced on her left cheek in red paint. “Besides, I only wanted to wish you luck. You look incredible in that, by the way,” she added, indicating with a slowly roll of her eyes down his body that she meant the crimson robes. “It suits you.”
“They’re a bit big, don’t think anyone had time to take them in,” he muttered. She might be in a different house but he was neither blind to his friend’s brilliance and beauty nor immune to her increasingly obvious hints, and she was currently standing very close to him, smelling of vanilla and the pine branches they burnt in the corridors this time of ear. “If it goes terribly, I can just throttle myself in the extra fabric.”

“Don’t worry, I told Trip to take it easy on you,” Jemma said brightly.

“Did you really?” Fitz was torn between relief – Antoine Triplett was Hufflepuff’s top Chaser and most eligible bachelor – and a pang of embarrassment.

“Of course not. But you don’t need that. You’ll be brilliant.” She patted his chest with a gloved hand and stood on tiptoe to kiss his cheek. “See you later.”

He was still staring at the swinging door, mouth slightly agape, when Daisy came up beside him and nudged him with the end of her broom. “We’re lucky we’re not playing Ravenclaw this week.”

“Hmm? Oh. But the Hufflepuff Chasers are better—”

“I don’t care about their Chasers. If Jemma were out there, you’d be too busy watching her Seek to even stay on your broom.”

“I wouldn’t – that’s not—” he huffed furiously, but Daisy just chuckled and led the team out towards the roar of the crowd.

And, well, he couldn’t really deny that the thought of how Jemma might react to a display of previously unmanifested athletic prowess served as significant motivation.
“I came home to find you crying while watching a movie, please tell me what’s going on!”

Chapter Summary

for recoveringrabbit

“Sorry I’m late, I – Fitz! What’s wrong?!?”

Jemma had seen Fitz cry before, certainly, but for all that he’d been bullied at the Academy for his rash, youthful reactions to things, he’d always been a stoic crier. A little lip quiver, the rims of his eyes red, a few solitary tears brushed away in embarrassment –

But here he was, burrowed in the corner of their couch, a pillow clutched to his stomach and his whole face puffy and splotchy from crying.

“Good god, is it appendicitis? Why didn’t you call me? Or an ambulance, that would’ve been the logical first—” He was shaking his head rapidly, furiously, and she gasped, a terrible idea now causing her physical pain. “It’s not your mum, is it?”

“Mum’s fine,” he finally spluttered. “I’m fine, but—”

“Use your words, please, Fitz,” Jemma reminded him gently, perching next to him on the couch. He shifted slightly, automatically, so that their legs just touched. She slipped a hand over his knee to comfort him.

“I was just w-watching—” It became too much for him again and he screwed his face up before burying it in the pillow. When at long last he emerged, he had to fight hiccups as he continued. “I was watching that new Planet of the Apes movie, Return of the Return of the Apes who Returned and then Left and then Returned Again.”

Jemma waited for the other shoe to drop. ‘And then some terrible news came on the telly.’ ‘And then I accidentally electrocuted myself making popcorn.’ At the very least, ‘And then I stubbed my toe.’ “….And?”

Fitz hiccupped again and looked at her with wide eyes. “And that’s it. Have you seen it? Jemma, it’s devastating – when the baby ape falls from the cliff—”

“Oh you ridiculous man,” Jemma muttered to herself, but every good relationship involves acceptance of each other’s bizarre idiosyncrasies, so she slid her arm around his shoulder and pulled him to her, letting him cry against her chest. “There, there. I know they’re quite human-like, with their hands and their expressive eyes—”

“I don’t care about that,” Fitz snuffled into the (very expensive, dry-clean only) silk material of her blouse. “They’re clearly superior to humans, hic – that’s the point of the films, obviously.”

Jemma hummed in vague agreement. She somehow managed to always be sick or otherwise occupied when Fitz attended the movies’ midnight releases in full ape costume.
“But that’s also their downfall,” he whispered, one hand flopping despairingly against Jemma’s leg. “They’re too good and trusting and the bloody humans get rid of them.”

“You wouldn’t get rid of them, though, would you, Fitz?” she murmured soothingly.

“Of c-curse not, I’d abandon this malarkey and go live with them!” After a moment of silence and less frequent snifflies, he added, sounding mollified, “’Cept for you, of course. Don’t think I could live without you, even for the apes.”

Jemma didn’t say anything, but she made a silent promise that when *Planet of the Apes* Episode LXIII was released, she would be there beside Fitz in that ridiculous Mrs. Ape costume.
The cloth in front of Jemma billowed forward for a moment, and in her haste to scoot back from the encroaching knees and the pair of scuffed brown dress shoes, she hit her head on the table and cursed.

A second later the tablecloth was drawn up entirely and a face appeared.

“Oh! Hullo,” said its owner, the tips of his ears going slightly pink as he took her in, crouched under the table in her lavender dress and the ridiculous flower crown the bride had insisted upon. “Sorry, didn’t mean to bother you.” Halfway through ducking back out from under the cloth, he seemed to realize it hadn’t been his behavior that was disruptive. “Ah – you’re not up to something dastardly down here, are you? If you’re pickpocketing or groping people I might have to report you.”

“Groping—” For goodness’s sake. “If you must know, I caught the bouquet.”

“And now your boyfriend is chasing you down with a diamond bigger than thumbnail?” he guessed, adjusting his powder blue bow tie.

“Hardly. Haven’t got one. Boyfriend, that is – I have a thumbnail. Two, actually.” She held them up for his inspection, leaving the bouquet in her lap. “But there are about thirty eligible men within the rough age bracket deemed acceptable for me by my mother, who has undoubtedly paid each of them £50 to pursue me, with an extra 50 if they make it to a third date. Oh God, you’re the first one, aren’t you?”

“She must have deemed me unacceptable because I’ve not seen a cent,” he muttered, adorably miffed. “So what’s your plan, then? To stay under there until the reception ends?”

“Or at least until they’re too drunk to tell the bridesmaids apart. This may be a terrible imposition, but in the spirit of unity and kindness and whatever else the presiding official was droning on about, would you mind keeping watch?”

“I can do one better.” And he disappeared.

Jemma only had to wait a moment in confused disappointment before he was back, this time sliding down off his chair and onto the floor in front of her, two glasses held precariously in one hand and a plate laden in appetizers in the other. He had to duck a bit more than she did, and the way he leaned forward, his foremost curl tickled her brow.

“You’ll get your trousers all dirty,” she protested half-heartedly.

“At least then I’ll have a reason to get them cleaned instead of spending the next half year wondering whether I should and really just leaving them in the closet. Champagne? The waiter thought I was barmy for taking two but—” He shrugged. “I hate these things even without thirty suitors chasing after me. Nice to have company for a change.”
“Cheers to you, then—” She hesitated, her companion still nameless.

“Mm – Fitz,” he supplied, half of the mini-quiche he’d bitten falling back onto the plate.

She suppressed a giggle, not wanting to offend him so early in their friendship, and said again, “Cheers to you, Fitz.”
Whoops

Chapter Summary

"I told you I’d only marry you if you did this really outlandish thing and you did and I’m kind of charmed" for reymanova

Grew out of a joke from chinesebakery and then got kind of emotional? Another version of this will emerge eventually

It’s a long-standing joke between them. As long as they’ve been friends, everyone’s thrown that word around.

Married.

“You two are so in sync, you’re just like an old married couple.”

“I’ve never seen two people spend so much time together unless they were married.”

“Wouldn’t you save a great deal on housing and transportation if you two just got married and moved in together? Imagine the tax benefits.” (The last from Jemma’s mother.)

The notion used to be laughable. They would snort in disbelieving amusement and look at each other, eyebrows raised, so glad to be on the same page with their indignation and condescension towards other people’s stereotypical expectations.

“Believe me, I’d jump through a hole in the universe before I’d marry her,” Fitz would mutter – and though their friends invariably looked shocked, Jemma always laughed and concurred.

“If he jumped through a hole in the universe, then I’d marry him. If only because he’d gone through all that trouble to defy the physics of space-time.”

She’d pat his arm affectionately and they’d get back to work. They knew where they stood with each other – brilliant equals, best friends, lab partners, side-by-side, content with that.

Of course, all that changes. That equilibrium becomes disrupted and the subject of their incredible compatibility becomes a sore spot, an intense emotional vulnerability opening between them. Skye is, perhaps, the last one to tease them about being married.

And then Fitz does it. He doesn’t think about it until they’re laying in the rubble of the monolith, Jemma puffing irregular breaths against his neck as she readjusts to Earth’s atmosphere. After six months of desperation and adrenaline he feels relief and exhaustion taking over him. But Jemma nudes him.

“Does this mean we have to get married?” she whispers.

He looks down at her in shock. She’s bone-tired too, but her eyes shine with mischief through her dust-coated face.

Her voice is hoarse and pained but it’s like she’s trying to fill the air between them with half a year of
lost conversations. “I didn’t mean for jumping through a hole in the universe to be a pre-condition to
engagement. Is it some sort of strange Scottish tradition? At least take me on a date first.”

He could kiss her, but he settles for an almost-painful hug instead as they both teeter into sleep.
“Did you get it?” Fitz demands as Jemma slips into the library, hastily shutting the floor-to-ceiling doors behind her the instant she’s through. “Oh, god, you smell terrible.”

“Well, excuse me for trying to salvage medical supplies – for you -- before all of London is under water!” She hurls the full duffle at him and rings her hair out into the carpet. “Nearly drowned getting back in here – the first floor’s totally submerged. At least the rains have stopped so we should be good here for a tick.”

“Glad you didn’t drown, then,” he mutters absentmindedly, beginning to sort through the supplies. He catches her arched eyebrows and clarifies quickly, “Because we need these supplies.”

“And because you don’t know how to light a fire, apparently. The temperature’s already dropped five degrees and it’ll only get worse once the sun’s fully down.” She tries the light switch again, as if the power might’ve come back on in the hour she’s been gone, and strides over to the massive fireplace.

He must be losing it. Some sort of post-traumatic stress – mid-traumatic? – from the hurricanes and the floods and the animals loosed from the Zoo. He’d almost just admitted to being glad for having Jemma Simmons for company. Certainly he can think of worse companions for the apocalypse, but the only daughter of the family with which his family has been feuding for three decades doesn’t rank very high. And in his parents’ house, no less. God, if they survive the freeze in North America and come back to find her here—

“Do you need me to stitch up that cut?”

She’s standing over him, a fire crackling miraculously in the hearth, and looking at the bloody gash he’s been hoping she hadn’t noticed peeking through his ripped trouser leg. *Mustn’t show weakness.* “Course not. I’ll just pour some alcohol on it—”

“That’s saline solution,” she informs him, plucking the bottle out of his hand. “The alcohol’s in the brown one.”

He keeps his back to her as he gives himself stitches; he’ll not give her the satisfaction of seeing him wince. He can hear her spoon hitting the inside of a can of ravioli. (One each per meal, that was the ration they’d agreed upon in their tersely negotiated Survival Charter.)

“This wouldn’t be half-bad with a glass of red,” she muses. He glances over his shoulder at her. She’s put one of his sweaters on in place of her wet blouse and is sitting in front of the fire, the loose hairs around her ears glowing a bit from the light. She looks several years older than she did when they first took refuge here, just days ago.
“Maybe that can be our next supply run.”

She laughs, eyes flicking up to him and back down. “We could even poison each other’s glasses for old time’s sake.”

They read on the couch, as they’ve done each night, sitting at opposite ends with books from his parents’ endless collection. (They’ve not yet had to burn any books to keep warm, but Jemma’s started categorizing them by worth and relevance.) But tonight she’s shivering, despite two pairs of socks and his sweater, and he notices that the tips of her hair froze before she could get it to dry from her swim. He tries to push it away, but guilt nags at him that she’s suffering because he needed those supplies.

“Are you alright?” he asks stiffly. “Do you need a blanket?”

She sets her book on the side table and draws her hands into her sleeves. She watches the fire for a moment, then looks at him, eyes soft and sad and lips a frightening shade of blue. “I’m cold,” she whispers. “Come closer.”

He doesn’t know when he lost the ability to disobey her. He settles beside her, body rigid as she tucks her legs beneath her and curls into him. Wrapping an arm around her automatically, he can feel the extent of her trembles.

“Don’t get hypothermia, alright? You’re the doctor between us.”

“Sir, yes, sir,” she chuckles.

It feels like treason, or at the very least a massive family disloyalty, to sit here with her in the tiny globe of light cast by the fire, to have this peace amidst the chaos outside.

After some time he relaxes, sinking back into the couch and daring to rest his head along the back of it, just shy of brushing Jemma’s hair.

She must think he’s fallen asleep, because she stirs just enough to a quick, grateful kiss to his neck.

But he’s not asleep. He feels the burn of her lips and he promises to himself to stay up the whole night if he must, to keep her from freezing.
“There was definitely something in those brownies,” Jemma giggled, tripping over a nonexistent carpet as she and Fitz stumbled towards their apartment.

“Pistachios?” Fitz held two fingers a nut’s-width apart to demonstrate.

“No, I mean something illicit, to cause behavior change.”

“Do we not always act like this?” Fitz demanded, leaning against their door – they assumed it was theirs, it would be terribly awkward if not – and attempting a yoga pose.

“Get inside before Agent Doherty comes along and tries to run experiments on us,” she tittered – tittered? Goodness those brownies had been strong.

He didn’t move, rather spread his arms to support himself on the doorframe, so she squeezed herself between him and the door and jiggled the lock open, at which point they both promptly fell through and onto the floorboards.

“Oof,” Jemma said, belatedly, and they both dissolved into snickers once more.

“Mmm,” Fitz hummed, dropping his head onto her stomach. “You’re really soft.”

“Oi!” She smacked his shoulder but couldn’t suppress the laughter that made Fitz move up and down atop her. “I’ve been working out every day this month. I should be muscular, not soft.”

“But I like it,” Fitz whined with a prod to her side.

“Are you calling me pudgy, Agent Fitz?”

“’Course not, Agent Simmons, but even if you were it’d be nice. It’s nice.”

Jemma really wished they’d closed the door before they’d gotten themselves in this position, because Fitz was starting to snore and she was loathe to unlink their hands where they’d joined unconsciously on the floor beside them.
"You smell nice"

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimsmons

“Oh, god, can you move the couch about ten feet closer to the door?” Jemma groaned, slumping bonelessly against the counter as soon as she’d hung her coat up.

Fitz glanced up from chopping eggplant. “Long day?”

“The longest. I thought things would be calmer, less stressful somehow, once Coulson became director again, but—” She shook her head, then grimaced and rubbed the back of her neck. “And Daisy needed a sparring partner and I foolishly volunteered. Thought I could make up for all the hours in the gym I’ve had to miss this week. Do you know, I think Daisy still owes me about fourteen apologies for previous infractions but she did not pull punches.”

“How were your regen simulations?”

Jemma let out a long breath; the exaggerated pout she’d been affecting to milk his sympathy melted into a deep frown, a crinkle between her eyebrows and a slight tremor in her chin. “I don’t know what to do, Fitz. There have now been twenty-three reported cases of this new disease and – it’s not responding to any laws of human biology.”

“It’s inhuman, then?”

“Maybe.” She shrugged and pushed herself off the counter to walk towards him. “I’m trying everything I can logically cobble together – and a lot that is entirely illogical, which as I’m sure you can imagine pains me deeply, but our systems of knowledge are rather useless here. I feel so – so impotent, so useless, so—Hmph.”

She’d wrapped herself around him from behind – carefully, as he was wielding a knife – and now she burrowed her face into his back.

With a soft chuckle, he craned around as much as he could without disturbing her. “Comfy?”

“You smell nice,” she mumbled.

“I just showered. Probably my soap. Or the laundry detergent.”

“No, it’s just you.” She tilted her head up towards him, her face already relaxing into a smile. “Sometimes I think we have the hardest job in the world, but if I get to come home to you, I’ll grin and bear it. Especially when you’re wearing this ridiculous apron.”

Fitz let them both just breathe a moment longer, savoring the silence and calm, before he set down his knife and twisted to take her properly into his arms.
"I don't wanna get up, you're really comfy"

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimsmons

“This is nonsense!”

“It’s not nonsense, it’s physics! You should love this, Fitz.”

“This has nothing to do with physics. Well, alright, everything has to do with physics, but the Spec-Ops cadets were not thinking academically when they proposed stacking. And how did I, the smallest person at this party, end up on the bottom? Face-up no less?”

Jemma whacked him, as best she could smushed between him and another cadet laid atop her. “I am equally small, thank you! But that miiiiiiight have been my fault. I was a teensy bit excited to participate and shoved you down.”

“Damn you, Simmons. I was going to blame Ogden.”

“Well, in any event, now we’ve participated in the sort of things normal students at normal colleges do.”

“There’s nothing normal about this.” He stretched his neck to see beyond her. “Oi, they’re getting up.”

Jemma didn’t respond, even as he felt the weight lift off of her and the other cadets drifted away into the smoky front hallway or the pulsing dance party happening in the kitchen.

Fitz nudged her again. “Simmons?”

“I don’t want to get up,” she grumbled, and to his shock and horror and fascination she let her knees slip alongside his, trapping his legs between hers; at the same time she poked his chest with her nose. “You’re comfy.”

“And you’re drunk,” he chuckled, somewhat relieved to have an explanation for her strange, if not unwelcome, behavior.

“Tipsy!” she corrected indignantly, sitting up a bit so her hair swept the side of his face. Fitz closed his eyes in the glorious agony of the sensation. “Pleasantly so.”

“Well we can’t stay here all night.”

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him.

“What was that for?” she demanded as she rolled to the side.

“You’re drunk, you’re laying down, it’s only a matter of time before you puke.” She was still staring at him; couldn’t she see – couldn’t she tell by what she’d felt a moment ago, sitting on him -- that he needed a minute to… compose himself? “Sometimes it’s really hard having a girl for a best friend, you know that?”

“Hehe. **Hard,**” Jemma stage-whispered.

“Oh, bloody hell,” Fitz groaned.
I want to hear you sing

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimmons
This is from something we used to have to do at camp.... and it felt like the least creepy way to present this prompt ;)

“No.”

“Fitz—“

“Unequivocally no.”

“I just want to hear you sing.”

“You know—” Fitz twisted in his harness to look down at Jemma, then gulped at the height and zipped back around to lean his helmet against the wall. “As my belayer, you're supposed to focus on my safety. I don’t feel particularly safe right now.”

On the ground, Jemma chuckled and tightened her grip on the ropes keeping Fitz suspended next to the rock wall. (She liked to tease him but she wasn’t cruel.) “A part of any healthy relationship is also pushing each other’s boundaries. Remember, green, yellow, red – not a sex thing, I swear,” she said quickly to the trainers gathered to watch. “Comfort zones, Fitz! I just want to challenge you. Sing the song and I’ll let you come down. You know how I love your voice.”

Fitz kicked the wall petulantly but sighed and began to sing. “I’m a little teapot—“

“Louder!” Jemma called gleefully. “And act it out.”

Gritting his teeth, Fitz extended one arm out to the side and curled the other towards his head, forming a teapot with his body.

“I’m a little teapot short and stout, here is my handle here is my spout—“

“Please someone film this,” Jemma choked out through her paralyzing laughter.

“…Tip me over and pour me out,” Fitz grumbled, ending his serenade with a slight, unenthusiastic tilt to the side.

“I’m going to remember this day as long as I live,” Jemma breathed, actual tears pricking the corners of her eyes as she slowly unfurled the rope and let Fitz descend smoothly to the floor.

He stumbled a little as his feet (finally) touched ground again, but before he could undo the harness Jemma stepped over the pile of rope and kissed him, perhaps more vigorously than was appropriate for a family-friendly rock gym.

“You are the best boyfriend,” she chortled, tugging fondly at the clasp of his helmet. “And my favorite person.”
“I hate you, you know that?” Fitz muttered.

“Only as much as you love me,” Jemma wheedled.

“Hmph.” But the corner of his mouth perked up and he leaned in conspiratorially, a hand on her lower back so he could whisper in her ear, “Just for the record, I think I’m going to have some sort of Pavlovian response to that song from now on. And I’ll expect to be rewarded in kisses.”

“Oh really?” Jemma looped a finger in the belt of his harness. “Maybe we should expand that green, yellow, red system into other areas of our relationship.”

“Loving you is always yellow,” Fitz murmured. “But in the best way.”
This is probably a bad time but marry me?

Chapter Summary

for inevitablyfitzsimmons -- picture Clue the Movie vibes

“As high society engagements go, this dinner party is quite unconventional, albeit very lively,” Jemma commented dryly as she cautiously pushed the door to the attic open with one hand.

On the steps below her, Fitz was having to concentrate very hard on the potential imminent danger rather than the beaded fringe at the bottom of her flapper’s dress, or the way it swished as she climbed the stairs, or the soft sound it made brushing against her bare thighs, or the glimpse of garter he got every time she stepped up. “If the butler’s to be believed, our host had no intention of reviews of the evening getting out.”

“Oh, don’t tell me you believe this ‘Mrs. Plum in the billiards room with the candlestick’ nonsense about Godfrey being murdered.” Jemma tugged a cord on the single bulb suspended from the ceiling and frowned around the crowded tumble of boxes and crates and sheet-covered furniture. “He’s probably just run down the road to buy more snuff or whiskey or what have you, and then the storm kept him there. He’ll be back by the time it clears up.”

“If it clears up,” Fitz muttered darkly. He had to duck just a bit under the sloping roof, straining the suspenders under his suit jacket. “Look, there’s obviously nothing here. We should get back down to the others.”

“Are you scared?” Jemma crooned, spinning to face him. (Not that that helped with the whole concentration problem. Her dress was one silky surface, from her barely-there straps down to the fringe. And those eyes— Well, right now they were mostly teasing him, as she walked backwards, but they were still unfortunately enchanting.) “Oh, Fitzy, I’ll protect you. But really, it is our duty to search every inch. If I were a murderess I wouldn’t stash a body in the most obvious space in the mansion, but then again, I’d be an uncommonly keen murderess and would never be caught and—”

“Look out!” Fitz darted forward just in time to catch her gloved hand, stopping her a moment before she stepped backwards into a space where old boards must have rotten and fallen away. “Bloody cripes, Jemma.”

“Please, Fitz, I’m fine,” she scoffed, but Fitz wasn’t fooled – she was obviously covering for her racing heart and the fear which was making her hand tremble in his. “It’s not like—”

But what it wasn’t like Fitz wasn’t to learn, because a breath later a deafening crack of thunder broke just overhead, a flash of lightning illuminated the attic from its single window at the far end, and the light bulb went out.

Fitz shrieked. They might’ve both shrieked but he would later distinctly remember shrieking as they leaped into each other’s arms, the torch falling from his hand to roll across the floor and fall through the gap in the floorboards.

“Jemma?” Fitz breathed, terribly aware of the ominous quiet that had fallen over the house now the power had gone out (or been cut).
“Yes, Fitz?” she whispered against his chest.

“I know this is probably a bad time but I can’t help thinking we might die tonight and logically that makes no sense as a catalyst for what I’m about to say and I’m not even entirely sure I’ve made my intentions clear even though I’ve dropped a bloody fortune buying your records and we’re out to dinner nearly every night but – marry me?”
“You've got to be joking.”

“I don’t joke about this, Jemma,” Fitz intoned, propelling her out the bedroom door with a pillow and a throw blanket in her arms.

“It’s a game, Fitz.”

“It’s not a game, it’s Mario Kart.” He crossed his arms as she turned to face him, his no-nonsense expression somewhat ruined by the adorable cartoon pretzels patterning his pajamas. “It’s practically a religion.”

“Don’t most religions include something about forgiveness?” She nearly added something reminding him how patently ridiculous it was that she should have to ask for forgiveness for beating him fair and square –

“Stop batting your eyelashes at me, Simmons. I spent ten years pretending to be immune to your charms, I can do it another ten hours.”

With a huff, Jemma abandoned all pretense of googly-eyes and flung the pillow and blanket onto the couch behind her. “You’re just embarrassed because I trounced you in front of our friends and now your fragile male ego is bruised.”

“That’s – how dare y—I can’t even—” Fitz spluttered. “Well, you didn’t even have the grace to choose a good character. You picked fucking Peach!”

“Yeah,” Jemma hissed, prodding him sharply in the chest. “I’m just that good.”

“Jemma, I love you,” Fitz sighed, “but I also hate you. Enjoy the couch.” And he stepped backwards into their bedroom, locking the door behind him, the insufferable man.

“I cannot believe I married you,” Jemma muttered to the picture of Fitz on the end table as she punched her pillow down.

Prompt = “I beat you at Mario Kart and now you're banishing me to the couch for the night?”
Never an early riser, Fitz certainly hadn’t expected the silence of the mountain lodge to wake him. The point of the staff retreat in Canada was to relax – okay, really the point was team-building, but the hot-tub and fireplace and smoky drinks were certainly helping them all relax as well – and the peace was so complete that he found himself awake in the grey hours of winter dawn, padding down to the kitchen to at least make the most of his unfortunate inability to fall back asleep.

The hallways were cold and dark, and he glided past the other bedrooms in his thick socks. Was this what Jemma enjoyed about getting up at ungodly hours? There was a certain fragile possibility to the stillness, a solitude you could fill whatever way you wanted.

The kitchen’s single window did so little to dispel the shadows in the room that he’d made it halfway to the fridge before he realized someone else was already there, sitting at the long wooden table with a steaming mug of tea.

“Christ, Jemma,” he sighed, hoping she hadn’t noticed his jump. “What’re you bloody doing sitting in the dark light that? You’ll give a man a heart attack.”

“Sorry,” she said, seemingly automatically, offering him a faint smile. “There’s more tea on the stove, if you want.”

_No comment on my miraculously being out of bed before lunch?_ Something was up. Fitz poured himself a mug, considering ways to approach her obvious absent-mindedness, but he’d still come up with nothing by the time he slid into the seat opposite her.

They sat in comfortable silence for a few moments, both gazing out the window at the snow-covered mountains. Even from here Fitz could smell the honey she’d added to her tea. He could also see the way her hands trembled slightly as she raised the mug to her lips and held it there interminably, never sipping.

“If you wanted iced tea you should’ve checked the freezer,” he joked gently.

As if she, too, had been waiting for an opening, Jemma set her mug down too quickly, tea sloshing over onto the table. Rather than rush to clean it up, as his friend would’ve done any other morning, she began chewing on one thumbnail, a nervous habit Jemma _detested_ and which she’d spent their years in university eradicating.

“I have to go back to England.”

Fitz burnt his tongue as he tried to swallow, choked, and fought to keep from spitting the tea back up. “W-what?”

She met his eyes for the first time since he’d entered the room, their normal bright amber closer to the dark brown of her sweater, the light somehow gone. “It’s my dad. He’s sick. I need to be there.”
Fitz blinked rapidly. He’d never been good at thinking on the spot and his groggy morning brain was struggling to compute. “Oh. How many vacation days do you need? I can give you some of mine if that’s the issue—“

“Fitz, it’s not—” Jemma’s chin trembled and she looked away. “I don’t know how long it’ll be. We don’t know how long he has. Maybe he’ll make a miraculous recovery but I believe in science, not miracles, however much I want to at this moment, and if the worst should happen and he – then I couldn’t leave my mum like that.”

“So when you’re saying you have to go back to England—“

“I have to go back to stay,” she whispered.

“But— We don’t have a branch there, and you said yourself, the opportunities for chemists of your caliber in Sheffield are dismal—“

“I can waitress, or something,” she said, taking a deep steadying breath and nodding to herself as if she were running through a plan she’d not doubt been formulating as she sat by herself in the dark. “Whatever I need to do until I find a job in my field.”

“What, analyze the E. Coli in the hamburgers?” Fitz snorted.

“Fitz, why are you being like this?” Jemma cried suddenly, smacking a hand down on the table so that both their mugs spilled this time. “I just told you that my father is dying and I have to turn my life upside down and you’re making jokes and telling me all the reasons I can’t leave, as if I didn’t know them already!”

He dropped his head immediately, his automatic defense against the hurt in her face.

She was right, of course. He was being an arse, and selfish, and immature, and he knew why. But he couldn’t tell her, and certainly not now.

He released a slow breath, steeling himself, and reached across the table for her hand. Her fingers curled around his immediately, desperately, too tightly, and he lifted his gaze to her face, her beautiful, perfect, terrified face.

“I’m sorry, Jemma,” he murmured, stroking his thumb over hers. “Of course you’ve got to go. I’m not trying to – to make you feel like you’re abandoning me – us – or anything, just – I’m a mess without you. Don’t know how I’ll live with you gone.” That was skirting dangerously close to his deepest secret, but best friends could feel that strongly about each other, surely.

“Fitz,” Jemma whispered, leaning towards him and covering both their hands with hers. “I feel the same way. You’re my best friend in the world. Do you know what’s ridiculous? In all of this, it’s not quitting my job or facing unemployment or having to live with my parents for the first time in fifteen years that’s the most challenging prospect for me to face. It’s doing all that without you.”

He nearly threw it all to the wind. “I’ll come with you, he nearly said. I’ll quit my job, too. I could get a flat in Sheffield, or even go back to Glasgow and get a job near you and commute every day, spend weekends helping you with your parents. We could finally visit Ireland. You could meet my mum and look at baby pictures of me and I’ll make you the best bloody scones in Scotland and you’ll realize you’ve been in love with me all along—“Jemma,” he breathed, starting to close the distance between them.

“Are you folks here to help me make this morning’s granola?” the lodge’s cheery head cook called, flicking on the light and bustling in as Fitz released Jemma’s hand and sunk back into his chair. “The
secret’s in the sweetener.”

Jemma was still watching him, eyes still a little teary but a new something on her face, a relief, a gratitude. Like she’d been waiting for his blessing before accepting what she needed to do. He knew Jemma Simmons needed no one’s approval, but his heart throbbed with the knowledge that she nonetheless wanted his.

“You’re my best friend in the world,” she repeated softly.

“And you’re the strongest person I know.”

He squeezed her shoulder as he passed her, capturing the cook’s attention so Jemma could have another moment to compose herself. When she finally joined them, accepting an apron and a mixing bowl, she smiled slightly at Fitz, ducking her head in an uncharacteristically shy way. He resisted a strange temptation to tuck her hair behind her ear – maybe he could claim it was for food safety purposes? – and reminded himself that a single smile from Jemma was worth the years of loneliness and yearning that surely lay ahead with her on one side of the Atlantic and him on the other.
"So, what do you think their punishment should be?"

Chapter Summary

for anon

“So, here we are again. Anything to say for yourselves?”

“If you’d just let us explain—” “Really, it’s all a misunderstanding—”

“A misunderstanding? We came home to find three fire trucks and the shed smoldering and it’s a misunderstanding?” Amelia shook her head in disbelief. “Honestly. How you two have survived this long...” Turning to her brother, she queried, “What do you think for their punishment? Grounding? No video games?”

“No television, definitely.”

“No TV?” Jemma spluttered. “But the Who premiere is this week—”

“Should’ve thought of that before you blew the shed up,” Amelia said firmly.

“Well, technically, that was your father’s doing – I’m responsible for the burning drapes, I was trying to improve on their fire retardation—“

“No one likes a tattletale, mum.” This from Ben, seven years old and inexplicably well-versed in social mores he’d certainly not learned from his parents.

“Accidents are the lifeblood of science,” Fitz insisted. “We’re so close to a breakthrough.”

“You’ve passed breakthrough and gone straight to simply breaking everything.” Amelia rolled her eyes – sometimes Jemma rued their similarities. “I’m revoking your experimentation privileges until you come to us with guidelines to prevent this sort of nonsense in the future.”

“Let’s remember who’s in charge here.” Fitz tried to puff his chest out and look stern, which Jemma privately thought made him look a bit constipated. She’d have to let him know later.

“We can work with guidelines,” she said complacently, slipping her hand into her husband’s with a ‘down, boy’ raise of her eyebrows. “We’ll have a preliminary draft drawn up before you’re finished your homework.”

As they living room, Ben called after them, “Still no Who!”

“Oh, come on!” Fitz groaned.

“Life is a cruel mistress,” Ben shrugged.

“I think we raised them a little too well,” Jemma murmured.
Things you said when we were the happiest we ever were

Chapter Summary

for hemnalini

I couldn't decide on a time for FS to be happiest because that would imply that thereafter they were less happy... which is how we ended up here ;)

Long after most party guests have left and the sky over the cul-de-sac melts periwinkle with sunset, Jemma and Fitz take advantage of their octogenarian exemption and let the younger folks clean up. Toddlers still play in the kiddy pool – some their own great-grandchildren, some friends from the street – and their youngest granddaughter is leaning in close with a boy whose floppy hair and tight jeans should make Jemma protective.

But she can’t seem to care. The grass is cool beneath her bare feet but the air is still that swollen warmth that only August nights can hold. She may have hearing aids and an appointment for cataract surgery, but her son has just gotten engaged on her fiftieth wedding anniversary and sensations seem amplified.

Beside her, Fitz is silent, but his wrinkled face is peaceful. She thinks fondly that he’s come full circle, aging back into cardigans and plaid. His stiff fingers can’t do up ties anymore, but sixteen-year-old Jemma still would’ve been able to recognize this much older version of her best friend.

Her best friend. He’s still that, isn’t he, somehow, after all this time? It takes some kind of impossible magic, something beyond her scientific comprehension, to allow two cantankerous, opinionated, stubborn, ridiculous people to live together for fifty years. Maybe it’s just Fitz. After all, he’s always been the forgiving one – of everyone else, if not himself – the selfless one, the one to end an argument because he couldn’t stand to remain angry with her. Everyone always said they’re so similar but perhaps it’s their differences that have made them strong.

She’ll never tell him this. He’d protest that he’s not forgiving, he’s weak; he’s not selfless, he’s foolish. He’d remind her of the times she’s sacrificed herself and the pain she’s gone through to build their family and the fights she’s jumped into for him.

He’s watching her now, eyes soft and a little milky behind his glasses, as full of emotion and expression as they were sixty years ago when he first confessed his feelings under the ocean.

“We’ve done okay, haven’t we, Fitz?” she murmurs.

He reaches out, pretending to tuck her grey hair behind her ears though she’s long since cut it short, then drops his hand to cover hers on the arm of her lawn chair.

“I’ve just realized,” he says softly, “I think I’ve made my peace with the first law of thermodynamics. I always thought death would feel like a destruction of energy, but seeing all we’ve created – it’s just a balancing out. We fade out so others can shine.”

“That’s not exactly how it works,” she whispers, tilting her head so it rests just on his shoulder.
“I like the idea, though. You and me, going out in a sunburst which spirals into new life.”

Neither of them comment on the idea that they’ll be going out together. They don’t need to – it’s understood.
Things you said in the grass and under the stars

Chapter Summary

for maliasscott

Things you said under the stars and in the grass

100 meters.

God you’re an idiot.

200 meters.

Worthless, useless—

300 meters.

But that doesn’t mean you had to do that.

400 meters.

Pretty girl smiles at you once and you dump all your shit on her—

500 meters.

Fitz stumbles and swears, the throbbing fire back in his left leg. He catches himself on the wall along the track, but even when he takes his weight off of the injured leg the pain is unbearable.

Running laps before getting approval from his physical therapist probably hadn’t been the wisest idea. But the group texts from his pick-up football league are becoming insufferable, and and he needed – he needed to run from his own stupidity.

He’s barely eased himself onto the grass oval at the center of the track before Jemma is jogging over to him. He wouldn’t be surprised if she’s planted a tracker on him or is somehow remotely monitoring his pain levels.

“What are you doing here so late?” he asks as she kneels beside him.

“I could ask you the same thing,” she sighs. She tries to give him a withering look as she rolls up the leg of his exercise trousers but she mostly looks like she very much wants to roll her eyes at him and is restraining herself. “I was finishing paperwork in my office. I don’t have the time to analyze progress and draft plans during the day, when working with clients, so I’m usually here until long after normal people are home watching the 6 o’clock.”

He leans back with his hands in the cool grass to brace himself. “If you saw me from your office, why didn’t you come stop me earlier?”

“My job is to tell you what to do, not to punch you for being stupid enough to disobey my
suggestions, however much I might want to.”

He winces as she lifts the ankle, pain sparking up the whole limb. Her touch is gentle, though, just the pads of her fingertips smoothing over his skin, surveying his reaction, locating the latest flare-up.

“I wanted to push myself,” he mutters. “I needed to know if I could do it.”

“Fitz.” There’s the withering look. “For weeks the doctors were convinced you’d never walk again. What we’ve done is a miracle.”

“No such thing as—“

“It’s medically significant, alright?” she cuts him off. “And a personal accomplishment for both of us.”

“But it doesn’t mean anything,” he says petulantly. He stops himself short of ripping up grass and tossing it across the field but it’s a close one. “If I can barely walk, if 500 meters knocks me on my arse, none of it was worth anything.”

He has no right to treat her this way. The failure is not hers. On the contrary, she’s the only one who really helps. She’s the only one who makes him feel hope. She’s been nothing but wonderful.

“There are thousands of people who would gladly take your place,” Jemma replies coolly. “If you think walking is worth nothing, then—“

“That’s not what I meant—“

“Well, the only alternative interpretation is that you believe one’s physical ability is at all correlated to one’s worth as a human being, in which case you’re a fool and you’ve not been listening to a word I’ve said these few weeks.”

They are silent as she continues to work. She can’t push his trousers up much beyond his knee, for which he is grateful, so she gently kneads over the fabric and then back down, massaging his muscles. He watches her focus on her work, her hair tucked behind one ear. And with every rush of relief she brings to his leg, he feels also a flood of guilt.

It had come at a low point for him. Yes, any movement, any feeling in his leg was improvement, but he’d been weeks behind on the plan Jemma had drawn up for him. Overwhelmed by pain and exhaustion and disappointment and fear and confusion and regret, he’d wanted to shout, to break the massage table in her office, to tear up the plastic gloves she kept organized by size in her cabinets, to overturn all the chairs in the waiting room.

Instead, he’d done the one thing that felt like it could save him instead of sending him spiraling into further despair. He’d reached for her, both hands on her face, and kissed her desperately, a long fierce kiss that ended with one or both of them crying. They’d not talked since.

She’s his physical therapist, for god’s sake, not his girlfriend. She’s being paid to be nice to him, to be patient, to act interested in his research and laugh at his jokes.

Training his gaze on her hands, he murmurs, “I’m sorry I kissed you.”

Jemma’s hands still at his apology, but only for a moment.

“I’m not,” she says softly.
His chest constricting is probably a side-effect of the accident, only now manifesting itself. He hopes she doesn’t feel him trembling under her touch.

When he finally looks up, she is watching him with gentle amusement, patient affection, and something akin to fear.

They both lean forward, but just then the stadium’s floodlights go out. Fitz can now barely see Jemma – there is only a faint sliver of moon tonight – but he hears her laughing and can’t help himself from doing the same.

“Well, at least now we can see the stars.”

“C’mon, let’s get you up,” Jemma chuckles, sliding an arm under his and around his shoulder so she can support his weight. “At this point we’re technically trespassing.”
Jemma wakes from her nap unusually groggy. She’s normally quite good at timing her sleep, whether abbreviated or for a full night, so that she can complete cycles and wake up refreshed. But she’s waken before her alarm, disturbed by a twinge of heartburn from her mother’s massive welcome-home lunch, and there’s nothing for it but to go downstairs and hunt for some tablets.

This – the grogginess, not the acid reflux – is her excuse for her behavior when, upon hearing Fitz and her father speaking in low tones in the sitting room, she stops outside instead of making her presence known. It’s noteworthy only because both Fitz and her father are not active talkers. They prefer to sit beside each other on sofas during cocktail parties and make witty comments to each other without once engaging in small talk with other guests, unless getting up for more ice for their drinks required conversation. Personally she doesn’t mind: she knows Fitz will gush for hours when interested enough, and she’s just glad he and her father found their own peculiar way to get along.

But talking? Just the two of them in a room? It’s… unprecedented.

“One more time, son. You know I don’t keep up with you when you talk that fast. You and Jemma both. You want something—“

“Yes, sir.”

“Something only I can give you?”

“Yes—”

“Do you need a loan or something, Fitz? I’ll not deny it’s unexpected, given how you and Jem seem to have your heads on straight with savings…”

“No, that’s not—” Fitz huffs dramatically and even from here, hiding behind the doorframe, Jemma can tell he’s nervous, working himself up into a bluster that’ll only make it more difficult to communicate. “Bloody hell, this is harder than I expected.”

“It can’t be as bad as all that, son. Just get it out there.”

“Okay. Just get it out there.” Fitz paces close to the spot where Jemma is standing; through the crack in the door she sees him wringing his hands. “Sir, Jemma and I have been dating for four years now—”

“Only four?” Mr. Simmons asks drily. “What do you call the ten years you spent sharing her bedroom before that?”
“That wasn’t – we weren’t –” Fitz splutters, not as able as Jemma to tell when her father is winding him up. “We didn’t, sir. Didn’t … didn’t.”

“Proceed.”

“Jemma and I have been dating for four years now. We’ve been best friends for more than half of my life now. Before that we were lab partners, before that acquaintances, before that— Right. Not important. What I’m trying to say, sir, is, well, I don’t know when it happened, or why I feel like now’s the time, but—“

Jemma claps a hand to her mouth because she’s just understood what Fitz is asking and she very nearly revealed herself with a squeak. She should really move, she really shouldn’t listen – but shouldn’t she, when this is all about her, after all?

“Sir, I intend to ask Jemma to marry me and it’d be wonderful – I’d really appreciate it – would you – gah,” Fitz groans, catching himself after that nearly unintelligible rush of words. “Please put me out of my misery and tell me you understand what I’m asking,” he pleads.

The arm chair by the window squeaks like it has for twenty years as her father stands. An anxious breath Jemma’s been holding for a full minute is threatening to explode from her chest – why is he crossing the room so slowly?? Not that such antiquated rituals implying male ownership of women hold any weight with her, but—

“Son,” Mr. Simmons chuckles, “I’ve known what you were asking since you and Jemma arrived this morning. You’ve been a mess. You’ve been calling me sir. Of course you can marry Jemma, you can do whatever you damn well please so long as it makes her happy. Only – ask my wife too, would you? She’ll be ever so peeved if she doesn’t get to cry over you a few extra days.”

Jemma has to sneak back upstairs and pretend to be asleep for a while longer so she can compose herself enough before dinner.
“Fitz?” Jemma called, padding into the kitchen in her pajama bottoms and blazer, having only gotten halfway through changing. “What is this?”

Fitz blinked owlishly up at her from the bar stool on which he was perched at the kitchen counter. (They had a perfectly good table and chairs, but he always gravitated to this spot – Jemma theorized it reminded him of the seating arrangement in past labs.) “What – what do you think it is?”

“Honestly?” She looked skeptically at the pink and yellow … something dangling from between her thumb and forefinger. “Well, I suppose, we are three years into our official relationship, and I know there often comes a time when couples find a need to… well… spice things up in that area, but I thought we were—“

“We are!” Fitz rushed to cut her off. “It’s not a sex toy, Jesus, Jemma.”

“I wouldn’t have judged you if it were,” she shot back defensively. “I’d have had a few questions. Such as why it looks worn in but I’ve not seen hide nor hair of it before today.”

“It’s not. I didn’t. It’s—“ Fitz puffed up his cheeks and scrunched a hand in his hair, watching her nervously. “It’s a cat toy.”

Jemma was silent a full thirty seconds, staring at him, before it registered. “A cat toy.”

“Yes.”

“As in something for an animal of the feline persuasion.”

“Yes.”

She shot another look at the object. “Which we have because…”

“Oh, bollocks. I was hoping to warm you up to the idea, but…” Sticking his pencil between his teeth, Fitz knelt in front of the sink, opened one of the cabinets, and drew out a cardboard box.

“Fitz—“ Jemma said warningly.

“Shhh,” he whispered, moving towards her achingly slowly so as not to jostle the box. “He’s sleeping.”

Sure enough, curled up amongst some of Fitz’s rattier t-shirts and one of Jemma’s favorite dish towels was a very fluffy, very tiny calico.

“We have a cat?”

“We do now.”
“My mum’s allergic.”

“All the more reason to—” He caught her expression and quickly shook his head, re-directing. “I’ll make that joke later.”

“You hate cats.”

“I don’t hate cats!” he squeaked, still in an undertone. “I hate when their organs somehow find their way into my food-designated refrigerator. As you can see his liver’s still where it belongs, so I’ve got no problem with him.”

Jemma could only maintain her frown a moment longer, so she ducked her head to look at the kitten again. Tentatively, she reached into the box and stroked a finger along one soft foreleg. The kitten whimpered and curved towards her hand but didn’t wake up.

“Why the sudden desire for a pet?” she murmured.

“Just saw him, you know, at one of those fairs the shelter sometimes does downtown – I’d been at the farmers’ market with Daisy, and – well – I don’t know, it feels like time, doesn’t it?”

“Mmhm,” she smirked, understanding finally reaching her.

“Aaaaaaaand,” Fitz wheedled, eyebrows drawing up slightly in that endearingly innocent and pleading expression he’d recently learned to use against her, “if it acts as a scaled-down test run of what it might be like to have a small human in our lives, adopting Mr. Whiskers could be the best decision we make this year.”

Jemma snorted. “We are not naming it that.”

“Him, Jemma,” Fitz hissed indignantly, twisting so that the box was farther away from Jemma, as if to shield the cat. “Mr. Whiskers is a him. Or at least—“ He glanced down. “I think?”

“This is very encouraging material for your audition as a father.”

“So we can keep him?” Fitz breathed.

“Of course we can keep him,” Jemma sighed, shaking her head indulgently. “I’m just glad when we have children I’ll know about it well in advance.”

Fitz’s beam was luminescent. “You said when.”
Some like it hot (Fitz does not)

Chapter Notes

I'm not really sure why I'm posting this... I still have a lot of ideas and images for fic but I feel distant from this space and am not sure how many people are still on here and other reasons... But hope this'll get it out of my system for a few days.

Academy Era, or maybe SciOps

“So this is how I die.”

“Don’t be so dramatic, Fitz,” Jemma huffs, flipping over again so she can deliver the scowl he’s thoroughly earned. The movement nearly presses her face into his bicep, slick with sweat and more golden than usual after their week in the tropics. She suppresses an utterly bizarre urge to press her nose to his skin and inhale and instead meets his wild gaze. “For a scientist you’re terribly irrational.”

“I’m not being dramatic!” he protests. They’re both half tangled up in sheets, half sprawled out with as much bare skin exposed as possible, but the humidity is too oppressive. “You should’ve hid the label on this thing if you didn’t want me to know.”

He kicks petulantly at the mosquito net shrouding their bed.

“It’s the only thing between you and malaria, be grateful. Many people don’t have access to such protection.”

“Grateful? How do you think these things are so effective? They’re soaked in chemicals that are certain to give us cancer—”

“It’s just a few nights—”

“—personally I’d rather have malaria now than cancer later—“

“—statistically more likely to die when your research partner cracks and strangles you than anything—“

“—And these sheets itch, and it’s too hot!” he grouses.

“Both facts of which I was previously aware,” Jemma sighs heavily. Sleep is obviously still many hours away, if it comes at all, so she opens her eyes again. “Evidence thereof: I’m laying on the same sheets, and you’ve been intolerably cranky all day from the heat, which we expected and planned for given that this is the tropics, and you are currently taking up my side of the bed and increasing the temperature of my personal space beyond what I can reasonably be expected to withstand—“

“I’m only trying to get away from the cancer net!” He flails in demonstration.

“Lower your voice, you’ll wake the other patrons—“

“The only other living things at this hostel are the roaches. Why couldn’t you have booked us at one of the places with air conditioning and screens on the windows?”
“The research budget wouldn’t—“

“Money, funding, limited expenses, blah blah blah. But two beds—“

“Also more expensive,” she grinds out. “Believe me, I’m enjoying this less than you.”

He’s silent, blessedly, for a few moments, flicking at the sheet where it’s only just covering his boxers. (Jemma, standing in the middle of the room in knickers and a sweat-wicking tanktop, had suggested he go starkers if it would help him cool off, but he’d been uncomfortable enough stripping off his shirt in front of her. Honestly.) She knows he always runs a bit hot, knows how much this trip is testing him, knows he’s here simply because she’d asked. It certainly wasn’t his idea of a good spring break activity. But he needn’t be so pig-headed about it--

“Well, I’m not moving,” he mutters at last.

In the past week Jemma has wrangled poisonous spiders, scaled massive trees without a harness, and administered first-aid to Fitz on more than one occasion (more to allay his hypochondriacal fears than to save him from anything), but this, this, confronting the man who is simultaneously her best friend and the perpetual bee in her bonnet, is the greatest challenge.

But he underestimates her tenacity.

She sets her jaw firmly, pushes the sheets off of her entirely, and slides with purpose until she is curled right up against Fitz’s side, his arm hot along the length of her torso and his hand just inches from her sensible knickers. She rests her cheek on his bare shoulder and meets his gaze with deadly certainty.

“Neither am I,” she whispers back.

He looks more terrified than when a baboon had chased him a mile through the rainforest. But he presses his lips together tightly so that their edges begin to turn white, and he drops his head back on the pillow, signaling an impasse.

Jemma can’t help but feel a bit proud at his determination. Even if he is the most frustrating person she’s ever known.
Go (please stay)

Chapter Summary

drunk!fitz mirror to chapter 146, as requested ages and ages ago by chinesebakery

Go

(please stay)

Go

(please stay)

Go if you want I can’t stop you

-Tegan and Sara, "Now I'm All Messed Up"

“Thank you, officer, I can handle it from here.”

“I really am sorry, ma’am,” the patrolwoman repeated, eyeing Jemma’s pajamas and the blanket lines on her bare arms. “But he said he has no friends and your name was on the roster next to his—”

“I’ll make sure he doesn’t destroy anything else,” Jemma confirmed grimly, then shut the lab door behind her.

Fitz blinked up blearily from the lab desk they’d only been sharing a few weeks. His curls were smooshed on one side, like he too had been trying to sleep, though according to the campus patrol that had roused Jemma from her dorm room, he’d been here at least an hour, “improving” upon the other students’ experiments, in his own words.

“What’re you doing here?” he mumbled, a bright pink blush blooming across his cheekbones. He shook his head and turned back to the model in his hands – or rather, the remnants of what had once been a model before he’d handily dismantled it. “You shouldn’t be here.”

“You’re right, Fitzy, I should be sleeping.” She ignored his scowl at the new nickname. “We should all be sleeping. Our first demonstration is on Thursday, or did you forget?”

“Didn’t forget.”

“But you thought you’d celebrate with a drink, or five?” She gestured to the empty glass tumbler on the counter.

He shook his head, sharp enough she was surprised not to hear something crack. “Not celebrating.”

Jemma groaned. How the greatest minds could be reduced to a few syllables through alcohol or the presence of a shapely derriere – “Do you want to talk about it?”
This time Fitz actually laughed, a derisive scoff matched with a smug smirk he’d never have chanced with her sober. “With you?”

“Yes, with me, Fitz. You’re drinking alone on a schoolnight and breaking into private school property – you should’ve called me.”

“Didn’t want to.”

Jemma had had about enough. She didn’t need to be friends with Leopold Effing Fitz to graduate: she only needed him to pass this lab, which would require several more months of barely tolerating each other and stepping on each other’s toes, but she could do it.

“You know what?” she snapped, stepping right up to Fitz and flicking his floppy hair with one finger, “You know what the cop said? ‘He has no friends.’ And that’s true! It’s not even a pathetic self-pitying exaggeration. Because anytime anyone tries to help you or get close to you, you do this! You act all sullen and self-sufficient and you just drive everyone away!”

He was staring at her, mouth slightly ajar, and the instant she stopped speaking Jemma felt shame wrap around her.

“Fitz, that wasn’t—”

“I think you should go,” he cut her off, turning away and sitting heavily so she could see only his back and the uneven way he was breathing.

*I’m just like you,* she wanted to say, would’ve said if she were a different person, the type of person to reach out and touch his back and let him cry like he was so obviously about to do. *I can’t do this either.*

Instead, she walked away towards the door, twisting the tie of her pajama bottoms between tense fingers.

She had just opened the door when behind her, Fitz whispered, “Please stay.”
“Lily.”
“Too popular.”
“Primrose?”
Jemma cocks her head contemplatively, but concludes, “Pretty, but too antiquated. Likewise, Violet.”
“Daisy.”
“Taken,” interjects Daisy from the end of the table.
“Let me guess,” Hunter mutters to her, leaning away from Fitz and Jemma, locked in discussion over their toast and beans. “Naming their as-yet-to-be-conceived first-born?”
Mack snorts into his coffee. “Their dog.”
“Petunia?!” Jemma nearly squawks. “Did you read the same Harry Potter books I did? I am not having a Petunia under my roof.”
“It doesn’t have to be flower-related, does it?” Bobbi wheedles.
“It really doesn’t,” Jemma concurs, at the same instant Fitz says emphatically, “It most certainly does!”
“Names are important,” he continues, pleading with Jemma and trying to draw Bobbi to his side of the argument in the same instant. “Most of us at this table have taken a different name than the ones our parents would’ve had us use—”
“She’ll respond more to the inflection of our voices than to the name itself—”
“—And our poor little woofer obviously won’t be able to make that choice so it’s up to us to do so!”
“I hardly think she’ll disagree with our appellation for her so severely she’ll stop eating that ridiculously expensive chow.”
“Just let me be romantic!” Fitz huffs, and Jemma sets to spreading marmalade on her last slice of toast to hide the way the corners of her mouth quirk up. “We’ve got this whole history with flowers, it’ll make a great story.”
“Seriously, mate, you made us all look bad with that one. A bloody bower of flowers?” Hunter throws his cloth napkin dramatically on the table beside his plate. “I got Bob to agree to a date with me just by letting her eat half my chips.”

“That’s true,” Bobbi confirms.

“So let’s make the story even better,” Fitz is still saying, ignoring the sideline commentary of their entire friend group. “Anytime we introduce our dog, Chrysanthemum-”

“**Hard pass—**”

“Okay, we’ll workshop it – anytime we introduce her, people will coo and think it’s so sweet and then we’ll wallop them with the story of how we met and fell in love and blah blah blah and before you know it they’re crying and telling all their friends about us and we win,” Fitz finishes smugly, sitting back in his seat.

Jemma’s tempted to prod him further, but he’s got this hopeful little glow like something that’s bloomed overnight and is tasting its first dawn and by instinct she wants to nurture that, not trim it before it can flourish. (Her own little Fitz-flower. Their love is perennial, or something like that – she’d best hang on to that idea for their next anniversary; he’s always one-upping her.)

She purses her lips into a critical blossom, just to maintain the suspense, then relents. “I’m sure we’ll find something.”

May, who’s been silent up to now, seemingly engrossed in the non-stop notifications on her work phone, chooses now to speak up. “What about Flora?”

“Aww,” Jemma immediately coos, despite herself, reaching across the table to cover Fitz’s hand with her own. “All-encompassing. And very scientific.”

Fitz grins at her bashfully. “I like it.”

“Bless you,” Hunter mouths at May, sliding a ten-pound note towards her.
Anonymous asked:
Fitz asks Jemma out after confessing that he has feelings for her. She is shocked and doesn't know how to respond. She does the whole 'we have been best friends for so long, if we were to date, it would be weird.' Fitz is heartbroken and confides in his bud's - Mack and Hunter of the Crash-and-Burn. Hunter tells Fitz he needs to get confidence with the fairer sex and talks him into joining Tinder. What could possibly happen?

“I am *humubriated*. Humiliac? Humunculus.”

“Humiliated?”

“That’s the one!” Fitz cried, nearly upending the eight or so empty shot glasses in front of him as he spun to face Hunter, grabbing him by the shirt and pulling him roughly in. “Hue-mill-ee-ated. Humiliated. Latin, that is. Did you know I studied Latin? Knew everything there is to know by the time I was twelve, ‘course. Silly language. Suppose we should be grateful, though,” he mused, releasing Hunter and looking around for another drink.

“C’mon, Turbo, it can’t have been that bad,” Mack said consolingly, glancing at Hunter around Fitz’s back.

“When was the last time you were rejected by your best friend and lab partner?” Fitz shot back, falling off the side of his stool and hardly even noticing.

“Technically, mate, from what you told us she didn’t straight-out reject you,” Hunter reminded him.

“Says the bloke who’s got such a convoluted relationship with his ex that he regularly has break-up sex! That’s not a thing! You don’t get sex for breaking up! I don’t get sex *period*, you certainly shouldn’t get it for pissing Bobbi off!”

“Your turn,” Hunter muttered to Mack.

Mack smoothly replaced Fitz’s latest tumbler of straight gin with a bowl of pretzels and watched pityingly as his heavily inebriated friend immediately set to picking all the salt off. “Hunter’s right, Fitz. Jemma didn’t say no, she said she needed time to think about. Remember how confused you were when you started having feelings for her? We were in here every night – you probably single-handedly kept this place open with your ‘Coping Sessions.’ You two have been friends for so long, it’s no surprise she’s a bit caught off-guard.”

“But why couldn’t she just love me?” Fitz groaned, planting face-first into the snack bowl.

“Maybe she does. Give her time, maybe she’ll realize that behind the incredible, weird thing you’ve had there’s always been something more.”

Fitz peeked up at Mack. “Something more? Like holding hands and kissing in the rain and two straws in one milkshake more?”
Hunter mimed gagging, but Mack nodded enthusiastically. “Maybe! That’s up to her now.”

“And if she doesn’t feel that way?”

“Then—” Mack heaved a sigh, wishing very much Fitz’s mum were around to handle this. “Then that’s that. You go back to loving her as your best friend if you can, or you take some distance from her if you can’t.”

“And you find somebody new!” Hunter chimed in.

Fitz shook his head sharply, and when he sat up properly a few pretzels clung to his scruff. “Don’t want somebody new. Want Jemma.”

“Yeah, that’s been established,” Hunter chuckled, digging his phone out of his pocket with a new interest in the conversation. “But we can’t always get what we want, but if you try real hard, you just might—”

“Get what you need!” Fitz crooned at the top of his lungs, startling the other midday patrons of the seedy bar. “Great song. Top form.”

“And this is where Tinder comes in,” Hunter slid his phone across the bar to Fitz, who scrunched his nose at it.

Mack tried to grab the phone. “This is a bad idea, Hunter— Turbo’s not made for these kind of things—”

“Oi!” Hunter slapped Mack’s hand away. “He’s been hung up on the same bird for ages. He needs to meet some fresh meat. Some lovely ladies,” he corrected quickly, as Mack glowered. “Get a sense of what’s out there in the world. Regain his confidence.”

“Have some hook-ups, you mean.”

Fitz glanced rapidly between them. “No, no, I can’t do that, what if one of them murders me? My mum always said—”

“Your mum’s not here mate,” Hunter said bracingly, and Mack wished again, desperately, that that wasn’t the case. “It’s just us, and as your best mate – no offense, Mack, but we were all thinking it – I’m taking it upon myself to get you back out there. Or at least get you laid.”

Fitz’s nose was nearly pressed to the screen as he tried to read the bios despite his spinning vision. “This one’s like ten years younger than me. And this one’s too blonde – I like brunettes. And this one – she’s got a PhD, so that’s something, but it’s in art history—”

Hunter let out the huff of a long-suffering visionary and gently wriggled the phone from Fitz’s hands. “Why don’t you let me?”

Mack picked up Fitz’s unfinished drink, muttering into the liquor, “I’ve got a bad feeling about this.”
“They’re doing it again!” Jemma fumed, storming into Fitz’s room without knocking and flinging a blizzard of flyers onto his bed. A few slipped behind the mattress, but for once Jemma didn’t try to tidy up.

“Whozzat now?” Fitz muttered from where he was bent over his latest project, bits and knobs spread across his desk, a blow torch that should’ve been confiscated by their RA months ago in one hand and a magnifying glass in the other.

“Them! Everyone! The other cadets! I hate them all!”

“Me too, Simmons, me too.”

“Are you even listening to a word I’m saying?” Jemma demanded.

Fitz clicked off the blow torch and slid his safety goggles up into his hair. When he swiveled to face Jemma, there were red lines around his face where the goggles had been snugged tight against his skin. “You hate everyone. Which isn’t entirely fair, as their inferior intelligence doesn’t make them less likeable, at least not in the most conventional understanding of friendship—”

“I don’t hate them because they’re less intelligent than me, Fitz, I hate them because of this!”

She brandished one of the flyers so close to his face that he had to lean back in his chair just to get a good look at it. Once he had, he groaned and swatted at the flyer, tugging it from Jemma’s hand and crumpling it in his own.

“Bloody hell. Not again.”

“They’re insufferable!” Jemma began to pace, stepping pointedly over the piles of clothes left at nearly equal intervals across the floor. (Fitz’s gadgets, of course, were kept in pristine order. Those would never be so carelessly tossed aside.) “It’s presumptuous, it’s immature, it’s invasive—”

Sighing, Fitz studied the paper in his hand. They’d really upped the design on this one. Someone must’ve illegally downloaded Photoshop just for the occasion. But the idea was the same as every flyer that had come before: A betting pool. Restarted every semester. Run by some of the cadets, very hush-hush, definitely not approved by the staff. First meet-up and setting of bets was to be this Friday in the Boiler Room.

The subject of the bet?

When, how, and why Cadets Jemma Simmons and Leopold Fitz would finally “snog their brains out and finally merge into one inseparable entity.”

“O’Malley is shagging someone new every week, why don’t they go after him?” Jemma was still blustering at top speed.
“Jefferson snogged a professor,” Fitz murmured absentmindedly, gazing at the poster but now seeing through it, a wicked idea forming.

Jemma whirled to face him. “Which professor? No – no, don’t tell me, I don’t want to know. Just – ugh!” With a frustrated huff she collapsed backwards onto Fitz’s bed, the layer of flyers crinkling beneath her. “I know it’s a non-issue and not even worth our time, but it’s distracting. You’d think this was all some plot to make us lose our focus, to knock us from our top spots! Which is impossible, of course, but I wouldn’t put it past them.”

“But they would put it past us,” Fitz said.

Jemma pushed herself up on her elbows so she could see him. “You’re not making any sense at all, Fitz.”

“We’ve asked nicely a dozen times,” he explained slowly, still gathering the pieces of the plan in his mind. “That’s never going to change their minds. But think about how they view us – brilliant in the lab, hopeless socially, totally unprepared for the field and the deception it requires. So the last thing they’d expect—”

“Would be a deception,” Jemma finished, already grinning.

“We’d need an inside man, of course, someone to place a large bet and to pass falsified information —”

“Marjory would help, she’s got a massive crush on you and hates everyone making our friendship a big affair.”

Fitz spluttered. “Marjory – crush – me?”

“She said she likes your hair,” Jemma said, nose wrinkling at the very thought. “Something about it being great for gripping during—”

“Yeah, thanks, that’s quite enough of an explanation,” Fitz choked. “Back to the plan?”

“Right. So, with Marjory as our mole—”

“We can set the bets up exactly as we want them. Manipulate what everyone thinks is happening between us. Then, just when they think they’ve got us, we pretend we’ve gotten together, we’re so happy, blah blah blah, and we do it exactly when Marjory’s planted bet – made on our behalf – will reap the greatest reward. Snag the bulk of the pool right out from under them.”

“Really put on a show,” Jemma savored the words with a mischievous grin. “Humiliate them, get them off our backs—”

“And get a nice pot while we’re at it,” Fitz concluded smugly, settling back in his chair with his hands crossed behind his head.

“Fitz,” Jemma breathed, smiling at him almost salaciously. “I declare, that’s quite devious of you. Excellent ruse.”

“Well, I did watch a lot of American television growing up, cop shows and mysteries and whatnot,” Fitz shrugged humbly, though his chest puffed out a bit with pride. “Picked up a few things. My talents extend far beyond the lab.”

“I can see that,” Jemma chuckled. “Marjory’s a lucky girl.”
“Simmons!”
"You're really soft" -- NSFW version

Chapter Summary

for jemmannesimmns. rated m/e for nsfw content!

Chapter Notes

the safe for work version is drabble 170 in this collection!

“I don’t think I can wait another minute to be alone with you,” Fitz whispered as he came up behind Jemma, finding her hips under her leather jacket.

Jemma shivered involuntarily, not from the chill of the Zephyr but from the electric heat generated by his body hovering inches from hers. “Fitz,” she breathed, keeping her eyes trained ahead, watching Voss and Robin and Coulson in the plane’s former cockpit. “There’s nowhere we can – there are too many—”

Before she could scrabble together the logical reason she’d forgotten for why they couldn’t just shag right there, Fitz moved fully against her, his chest heaving against shoulder blades, his erection pressed to her lower back. He caught her responding moan with a hand over her mouth and eased her backwards away from the others, into the shadows.

“Please,” he murmured, his lips in her hair, the hand on her lips trailing down to collarbone. “Being around you after so long, being engaged to you and having to act like everything’s normal, it’s driving me mad – you’ve got to talk me down, please, anything, say anything, just distract me…”

His desperation was doing nothing to abate Jemma’s sudden flare of arousal, but she determined to keep a level scientist’s head, despite his fingertips finding the skin between her shirt and trousers, despite his lips at the curve of her ear.

“Okay,” she hummed, patting his searching hand consolingly. “Imagine you’re – we’re in Professor Vaughn’s class. Or – no, we’re doing a dissection!” Fitz’s head tilted forward against hers with a little noise of discontent, which she took to be a good sign. “It’s absolutely filthy, the smell is making you gag, and the ventilation system’s broken so it’s hot and the stench is just hanging there. You’re wearing those dark blue plastic gloves, and one of your old ties and cardigans—” Oh dear, she was having trouble focusing her gaze on anything around them.

“And you’ve got your hair up in a ponytail,” Fitz whimpered, “like you always do in the lab. You’re acting all serious in your lab coat, telling me what to do—”

Focus, Jemma pleaded with herself. “But – but it’s a dissection, Fitz, it’s disgusting, and you’re soft, you’re really really soft, your cock, I mean – you’re not at all aroused, not hot and hard and heavy, not – not ready – not pulsing with desire—”

“Desire for you,” he sighed against her neck, and Jemma lost it.
“Fuck it all,” she snapped, and she grabbed his hand to drag him through the Zephyr, determined to find somewhere to shag him silly.
the paint's supposed to go WHERE?

Chapter Summary

for anon. s5 canon-divergent crack

When Daisy had rushed out of the room with a hurried suggestion that Fitzsimmons find a way to connect with the others, this was probably not what she’d had in mind.

“The paint’s supposed to go where?”

“Stop squirming,” Jemma commands, halting Fitz’s escape attempt with a sharp yank on the hem of his open shirt. “I’m nearly done. We just don’t want anything slipping to the side and revealing your pasty skin.”

“I’m not that pa— Whatever,” he mutters, trying to hold still as she sweeps the brush she’d found across his chest. The blue paint is bloody cold, and though the actual sensation of the bristles on his bare skin is intriguingly sensual, he can’t even enjoy that given what they’re about to do. And he’s wearing dark blue lipstick and it makes speaking feel weird. “Considering my years in a cryogenic state, I think I look quite peachy.”

Jemma steps back to examine her work. “Alright, that’ll have to do.”

“Sure you don’t want to be on top?” Fitz asks hopefully as Jemma crowds into his space to button his shirt up for him, taking great care so as not to smear the still-drying paint.

“I’m more recognizable,” she reminds him. She reaches to pat his chest reassuringly, then remembers herself and settles for patting the top of his head like he’s a puppy. “And with your wound, you shouldn’t be carrying my weight. Here, put this on.”

Fitz tests the paint on his hands to be sure it’s dried, then accepts the giant black overcoat from her and pulls it on, his body nearly disappearing in it. “I feel like Hive in this thing.” Looking up to where she’s rolled up her trousers so the paint at her ankles is visible, he asks, “How d’you want to do this?”

“It takes a couple goes and Jemma nearly tips over, which would’ve sent both of them flat on their faces, but eventually she loops her arms around Fitz’s feet and gets herself steadily upright. Fitz desperately wants to cling to her shoulders, but he needs to keep his arms out through the overcoat. Though maybe, if he plants them just so, it’ll look like he’s got his hands on his – their? – hips…”

“Button up, Fitz,” Jemma reminds him, and he takes over from her where she’s unable to reach on the overcoat’s front.

“It takes a couple goes and Jemma nearly tips over, which would’ve sent both of them flat on their faces, but eventually she loops her arms around Fitz’s feet and gets herself steadily upright. Fitz desperately wants to cling to her shoulders, but he needs to keep his arms out through the overcoat. Though maybe, if he plants them just so, it’ll look like he’s got his hands on his – their? – hips…”

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“Get up on that box – just there – and I’ll crouch down—”

“Is this how Mack sees the world, d’you think?” he marvels. The ground looks quite far.

“You can ask him when we see him,” comes Jemma’s muffled voice from below his crotch. “I’m going to take us towards the door now – you’ll have to tell me if we’re about to hit anything. And remember, if you run into anyone we don’t know, act all Shakespearean and pompous.”
“Got it. Smug, arrogant blueberry. Allons-y, Simmons.”

And they toddle off, looking for all the world like a slightly wobbled, somewhat cobbled-together, but very determined Kree.
Jemma waited until her parents were in bed, her father’s in-home nurse had retired to his own room, and she could reach the privacy of her childhood bedroom before she flung herself down on her bed and sobbed.

Six months back home in Sheffield and the days were interminably identical. Her father showed no signs of improvement. Her mother was wearing herself thin trying to be cheery through it all. Jemma tried to support them both, but they’d only insisted she go out and find a job to keep herself busy, “get away from us decrepit old folks,” and in six months she’d had not a single job offer. She was just too embarrassingly overqualified for everything. Every interviewer seemed terrified she’d take their job; every manager laughed in her face.

She hated that everything felt out of her control, but she hated even more than it was getting to her. She knew life could be difficult. She knew she should still be grateful for the many years of fascinating work she’d done in America before moving back. She knew that, logically, her life would still in many categories be considered privileged.

But she felt like she deserved a cry, after everything. It did something to ease the oppressive greyness that had settled in her chest.

When she wore herself out, she rolled over onto her side, sniffling, and reached for her phone in the dark. She preferred to keep her bedroom dark these days – seeing the posters and trophies and framed articles about her accomplishments was too bitter.

Her thumb hovered over Fitz’s name. Their last conversation had ended naturally and she hadn’t had a reason to start a new one. Admittedly it’d only been a few hours, and he was probably busy at work, or getting lunch – a lunch break he used to share with her – but even when her phone didn’t buzz with an update, she’d still check it compulsively, determined to fill Fitz’s absence from her daily life with his voice in her head, his jokes on a screen.

In the wake of her cry she felt a raw clarity and content resignation. The mere thought of Fitz never failed to make her smile; their texts, as much as they twisted a barb of regret in her gut, were a thread of gold in her dreary everyday; and on the rare occasions they worked out the time difference and their differing schedules, his voice suffused her with a buzz akin to excitement, something she’d not felt for half a year.

So why shouldn’t he know that? Why shouldn’t he know he was her rock and sanity and light in the darkness?

Drawing her knees up to her chest, she texted him the truth, as best she could.

*I miss you.*

*I think about you every minute of every day.*
I wish you were here.

She fell asleep in the fetal position clutching the phone to her chest.
When Jemma first heard the door to one of the other bunks slide open, she assumed it was Skye, who was having more trouble than the others acclimating to sleeping in the eerie chill and silence of the Bus. The light from the common area went on, slipping under her own door, but Skye’s usual pattering on her keyboard and indecisive opening and closing of the refrigerator didn’t follow. Instead, footsteps approached Jemma’s bunk and stopped. She sighed and flicked on her bedside lamp, waiting. Only when the footsteps started up again, shuffling away, did she call out.

“Fitz.”

There was no answer, but the footsteps halted.

“Fitz, you can come in.”

The door to her bunk slid open slowly, just wide enough for Fitz to show himself. He leaned against the doorframe, head down, feet bare, mouth twitching slightly with restrained emotion.

“Can’t sleep?” Jemma queried softly.

He nodded jerkily.

“Had a nightmare?”

He nodded and shrugged, fiddling with the door handle.

“About your mum again?”

He nodded.

“Well, come on, then,” she murmured, patting the mattress.

He looked up at her then, questioning, his boyish face startlingly severe in the dim light, his eyes a bit unfocused and vulnerable.

“Come on,” she repeated firmly and slid over to show she was serious. “Your mum’ll be asleep for another few hours, you can’t call her now. You can stay here til it’s the proper time.”

Jemma had climbed into Fitz’s bed dozens of times at the Academy and Sci-Ops, when she’d drunk a bit too much and didn’t trust herself to be alone, when she was buzzing with what they’d learned or done that day and needed to whisper excitedly to him until he groaned and pretended to smother himself with a pillow, when they both got stranded by snow and she felt miserable about not making it home for the holidays. But this, Fitz coming to her bed, was much more rare and therefore much more delicate and precious. She knew he savored the comfort of their closeness as much as she did, but for whatever reason – probably out of some sense of chivalry or respect for complicated gender power dynamics – he held himself back from seeking it out. So when he did come to her, though her heart ached for his disquiet, she felt a selfish shiver of pleasure to be needed by him.

He shut off the light in the common room and closed the door behind him. There was no hesitation, not now that the invitation had been proffered. He crossed the room almost greedily, desperately, and
collapsed onto the mattress beside her, not even bothering to get under the blanket. Now that he was so close, Jemma could feel him trembling.

She didn’t care what any of the others thought. She knew Fitz was braver than the lot of them, the way he felt so much and hurt so much and still persisted.

She reached around his head to turn off the light again, then curled up against him and tucked her arm around him, finding one of his hands on the mattress. She’d stopped thinking this strange a long time ago. His thin chest and bony shoulders felt like they needed to be held.

“I’m sorry I woke you,” he mumbled, as he always did.

“Don’t be silly,” she chided, teasing his ankle bone with her cold toes. “We’ll call your mum first thing in the morning, alright?”

“Yeah,” he whispered. “Thanks, Simmons.”

Jemma didn’t let herself fall asleep until she felt his breathing even out and his grip on her hand unclenched. Then she too drifted off, her nose tucked into his curls, most of the mattress empty because they were pressed so close together.

Can I lay by your side, next to you

And make sure you’re alright

I’ll take care of you

Chapter End Notes

i’ve wanted to write fitz climbing into jemma’s bed for ages. it’s funny that despite their very egalitarian friendship/relationship, the idea of a man climbing into a woman’s bed still felt imbalanced somehow. so i let jemma lead the way.
nice wrists

Chapter Summary

I don’t even really know what this is... I had an image for a Fitz-as-club-owner ficlet but it was much more like flashy and glamorous and sensual and lust-at-first-sight but that didn’t feel totally right for Fitzsimmons so this happened instead

“Oh my god!” “There he is!” “That’s him! The Leo Fitz!” “I could just die, he’s so dashing…”

“Hey Mack,” Fitz sighed, stopping at the door but staying just out of reach of the fawning women standing on line to the club. “Busy night?”

The bouncer, whom Fitz had hired entirely for his size, his personality being decidedly un-bouncer-esque, chuckled, clearly enjoying his boss’s discomfort. “Business is booming, sir.”

“You don’t have to call me that,” Fitz grumbled. “And we need to add a back entrance,” he added, for about the twelfth time that month.

One of the women made a dive for him and he barely evaded it, ducking into the dark entrance just in time. The interior of Turbo was hardly better than outside, with its pounding music and strobe lights and the heavy press of bodies. At least there was a modicum of anonymity as Fitz pushed his way through to his office, but gasps and glances still followed him through the crowd.

“Buy you a drink, Fitz!” Hunter, one of the regular bartenders, called out, as he always did.

“Not while I’m on duty,” Fitz replied, as he always did.

With immense relief, he reached the locked door to the hallway that led to his office. Checking over each shoulder to be sure no rabid admirer was about to force their way in after him, he got the door open, locked it quickly behind him, and proceeded to his office, already shrugging out of his suit jacket.

“It’s like perfectly intelligent, mature women lose their bloody minds when the moon comes up…” he muttered to himself.

“Couldn’t agree more.”

Fitz screeched and flung his jacket at the voice in the darkness. A muffled “oof” suggested he’d hit at least part of his target. When he managed to fumble the lights on, he saw a woman’s body – scantily clad in a mini-skirt and sparkly top, much like all the other club-goers – and his jacket where, presumably, her head was.

“Who the hell are you and what are you doing in my office?” Fitz demanded. Grabbing the walkie on his belt, he started to call for Davis, but just then the woman pulled the jacket down – and Fitz stopped.

“Don’t – don’t call for help,” she said, probably intending for it to sound like an order, though it came out more as a plea. “You’ll want to hear what I have to say.”
“Oh, no,” Fitz laughed humorlessly. “I’ve dealt with enough crazy stalkers to know not to hang around long enough to let them start talking—”

“Has anyone told you that you have very nice… wrists?” the woman asked desperately.

Fitz gaped at her. This was a new level of mad. “Wrists?”

“Oh, bloody hell.” The woman rubbed at the crease in her forehead. “This is not going as I’d expected. I think they thought you’d take one look at my legs and go bird-brained or something.”

Now that she mentioned them, Fitz did look at her legs. “They? Who are they?”

“They’re my bosses. The head honchos. The big brass. The ones who’ll fire me if this goes badly,” she finished, wringing her hands. “As it seems to be.”

Fitz felt sorry for her, but he still made no effort to get rid of the wtf expression he was sure was frozen on his face. “And you are?”

“Jemma Simmons,” she answered promptly, extending a hand. “Agent Jemma Simmons. I’m with MI6.”

“You’re a spy?” Fitz clarified, shaking her hand tentatively.

“I know, I know, it doesn’t seem like it – this isn’t my specialty, really. I’m more a behind-the-scenes agent, much more proficient there. You’re my first, actually,” she admitted as she handed him identification. “My first field mission.”

“If you’re a spy, then why are you dressed like… that?”

“Firstly, judgy,” Agent Simmons scolded. “Secondly, I wouldn’t have gotten in for free, weaseled free drinks, and slipped through the club unnoticed if I were dressed for the office.”

“Fair.” Fitz slipped the walkie he was still holding back onto his belt. “That still doesn’t explain why you had to come meet me here during club hours, instead of when it’s empty and you wouldn’t have to sneak about.”

Agent Simmons flushed. “Well. There’s a bit more to this outfit than just free entry, free drinks, and easy passage. I – you see – my superiors were under the impression that you’re a typical playboy billionaire who takes full advantage of his ownership of a night club and all the fame and glamour that comes therewith. They thought, if I snuck in here in this outfit, you’d… well, I’d seduce you and get you to admit the truth,” she finished quickly. “But I can see you’re obviously not the playboy billionaire type.”

“The truth about?”

“Suspected criminal activity stemming from this club, whether physically or through the money that passes through it.”

Fitz nodded, as if being accused of criminal activity were something he’d come up against before. “But, um, if you’re undercover, aren’t you supposed to, y’know, not tell your target?”

“Yes,” Simmons sighed, dropping onto the couch at the side of the room. “That was our first lesson at the Academy. But, as I mentioned, this is my first field mission.”

“So you went with nice wrists?”
“Oh, shut up.” She smiled a bit and look down at her lap, tilting her feet so they came out of her ridiculous heels. “But I may have wanted to sabotage the mission as well.”

Fitz was going to have to take Hunter up on that drink after all. “Is that so?”

“It is.” She met his gaze, and this time there was a determination and ferocity he hadn’t yet seen in her, an intensity that seemed to suit her. “I would love to see my asshole sexist bosses’ plan fail miserably. Besides, I think you’re innocent.”
"You're doing it again."

Fitz nearly drops the dumbbell with which he is doing tricep dips and glances guiltily at Hunter, who's working with twice the weight. "I was not. Er, doing what, exactly?"

"Lusting after her with your tongue out."

Fitz's gaze snaps back to Jemma before he can help it. He hadn't been _lusting_, just ... gazing appreciatively at her calf muscles as she helped an older woman stretch on the far side of the gym. Gazing appreciatively while yearning to feel her neat ponytail tickle his forehead and chin and chest, maybe, but hardly _lusting_.

"I wasn't," he defends himself weakly, forcing himself to look away.

"She said she's into you too, yeah?" Hunter says.

"Not... in so many words," Fitz mutters. Jemma seems fully attentive to her client, so he sets the dumbbell down and stops pretending to be trying. "She just said she wasn't sorry I kissed her."

"In bird-speak, mate, that means she wouldn't be sorry if you did it again, either, maybe wouldn't even mind if you slipped into the locker room with her copped a feel over that sports bra--"

"Shut up," Fitz snaps, smacking Hunter across the head with a towel, partly from his own embarrassment and partly to defend Jemma's honor. "She just -- hasn't said anything, since that night on the track, to make me think she was being anything more than polite, or trying to smooth things over. I mean, I can't blame her. I didn't even realize, before I kissed her, that I felt that way--"
"What way?"

*Like my skin tingles when she's near? Like her laugh has done as much to heal me as her exercises? Like our minds were made to fit together?* "The only time I really feel clear is when I talk to her," he admits, simply, blushing.

Hunter looks like he's about to suggest they go get a round of pints -- it's 8AM -- when a tall, unfairly buff guy in the gym uniform strides over to their station with a clipboard. "Hey Fitz, I'm Trip. I'll be your new physical therapist."

"But -- Jemma's my--"

"Don't worry, she filled me in on your accident, your injuries, and the progress you've made," Trip reassures him, beaming an annoyingly disarming grin. "But I'll be taking it from here."

Hunter doesn't seem to realize he's doing bicep curls with his water bottle instead of a weight as he watches the conversation. Fitz pinches his bottom lip between two fingers and fights the tremors.

"Why isn't Jemma working with me anymore?" He can see her, right there, so there's no way they can sell a lie of a family emergency or sudden serious illness keeping her from his case.

"I dunno," Trip shrugs, following Fitz's gaze. "They just told me this morning that I'm taking over."

Fitz's stomach roils and he thinks he might be sick right on Trip's fluorescent green trainers. She really was just being polite when she said she wasn't sorry about the kiss. She really *is* painfully uncomfortable around him now, so much so she's had to switch off his case because she can't stand to be around him as he ogles her. It's so *typical*, he thinks to himself, following along dully as Trip explains their workout plan for the day, for him to mistake her kindness for more. He doesn't find it easy to let people in, to feel their affection is genuine, and the one time he does he's totally and completely wrong. He'll have to find a way to apologize to Jemma that doesn't make her think he's stalking her or something.
After Trip lets him go - "great first session, man, GREAT first session - he heads to the empty gym pool to work through things. He can't exactly do sprints anymore, obviously, and he's never been one for yoga or meditation and actually fears them a little, especially since the accident and all the noise in his head. In the pool, he can get lost in the rhythm of his arms and the waves against his head. And unlike in the main gym, where he feels frustrated in his own limitations and the comparisons he inevitably makes to other gym-goers, here he sometimes believes in his own strength.

Hunter, acting as lifeguard, spreads out along a lounge chair with a copy of Cosmo he'd picked up in the lobby. Fitz is already warm from the workout, so he slides into the cool water and immediately into a first, ferocious lap.

With his head underwater, he fumes. He's not angry at Jemma -- not mostly, anyway. He's pissed she didn't tell him she'd moved off his case, but the other stuff only he's to blame. He could try to blame the accident and its various repercussions for his body and mind, but he's always been a bit strange, especially in the social department. And sometimes -- like now, when he's found someone who seems to make his life immeasurably brighter, and when he discovers he doesn't bring the same joy to her life -- it just makes him furious.

After ten laps he pauses in the shallow end, breathing heavily, wiping droplets from his face. He's considering climbing out and heading to the showers when the door opens and Jemma comes in, wearing a practical black one-piece.

Hunter's eyes go wide. He gives Fitz a very obvious nod and slides the magazine up over his face and pretends to be asleep.

Fitz turns away and plunges back into the water, hitting his stride again quickly, running away as best he can. But Jemma catches him easily and they swim a few laps side by side, silent, their strokes echoing against the high ceiling. At first Fitz pushes himself, wanting to race her, to prove something, but they inevitably settle into synchronicity. He finds, with bitter unsurprise, that her pace works perfectly for him.

When he next stops to catch his breath, Jemma treads water a few yards away, just her head above the surface.

"Your movements seem good," she says softly, her voice nonetheless loud in the silence. Fitz hopes Hunter has actually fallen asleep by now. "You couldn't have managed that a few months ago."
"I had a good PT trainer."

Jemma rises in the water and glides towards him, her beauty unfairly further magnified by the reflections on her skin and the way the water necessitates a slow grace. "Can I try something?"

She eases him into the water and into her arms. He wants to protest that he feels like a baby, but he can't. She's turning slowly and he feels weightless, free of his body. If only he could be free of his mind for a minute as well. He lets his eyes close, just to see how it'll feel.

Jemma shifts her grip, her fingertips sliding against the back of his knee and his shoulder. Her arms feel so strong around him. "I'm sorry you found out that way, that I'd stopped working with you."

He grits his jaw and his eyes are open again, moment of peace dissolving. "So you asked for it?"
He's wondered. He thought maybe a supervisor had noticed they were too close and removed her against her will.

"I did. But I meant to tell you myself. I meant to explain--" He struggles out of the cradle of her embrace and splashes a bit awkwardly away from her, feeling a need to cover his bare chest. "You don't need to explain, Jemma."

"I think I do," she says determinedly, and he sees a bit of the fire that she works to contain when she's functioning as a trainer, a position that requires her to be positive and respectful and cheery. "I asked to stop working with you despite your being my favorite client -- or rather, because you're my favorite client."

"I am?" Fitz asks, flabbergasted.

Jemma laughs, smoothing her hands over the water between them. "I didn't laugh at all your jokes because I was being paid for it. I genuinely thought they were funny."

Fitz shakes his head, smiling in bemusement. "Think you need your head checked."

She smiles and shrugs. "Probably. But you've always got a new story or fascinating discovery or
podcast recommendation, and you've got strength and grit unlike anything I've seen before--"

Fitz snorts. "Any of those guys out there could lift more weight than me -- hell, they could probably lift me."

"There are different kinds of strength, Fitz."

He can see that she's serious, and it scares him. She's looking him dead-on, which is the only way he knows she's scared too.

"None of this explains why you shirked me off on Trip," he points out.

"Isn't it obvious?" she murmurs. She's floating towards him, and at the last second she slips a bit on the bottom and he has to steady her by catching her elbows. "I'm not allowed to date my clients."

"Not allowed to -- oh!" Fitz exclaims, and he wraps her up, feeling her wet arms slide around his neck as he kisses her. She smiles against his lips and he reflexively does the same. In the water it's easy, nothing really, to hoist her up so her legs wrap around his waist.

"There's a kids' class in here in five minutes," Jemma mumbles.

"Don't care," Fitz whispers, combing her matted wet hair back so he can properly look at her. "My therapist is helping me work through some things."

He hoists her up onto the side of the pool and keeps kissing her until the first five-year-olds arrive and Hunter has to cover their eyes with his magazine.
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