

Simple Harmonic Motion

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Simple Harmonic Motion

by [midnightjuly_\(roadmarks\)](#).

Summary

Darcy's no physicist, but she's all about the scientific method.

Notes

Written for kick_back_80s for the 2012 Rare Women Fanfic Exchange. This doesn't really fit anywhere into the movie timelines, so I'm going to say it's a canon AU and call it a day. \o?

It takes Jane a full hour to notice the puppy wandering around the lab, but in her defense, it's early and she's sleep-deprived, and -- most importantly -- she's severely under-caffeinated.

"I think it's working," Darcy announces as the coffeemaker makes one last weird grinding sound before finally giving in, and within moments coffee starts to slowly trickle down into the pot. "Hell yeah, I'm the coffeepot whisperer."

"I am going to write you the best reference letter," Jane says. "Seriously. It's going to be so great."

"Awesome," Darcy says, grabbing a couple of mugs and then leaning over to grab the milk out of the fridge. "Hey, do dogs like milk?" she asks, pouring some into her mug.

"Hmm? I don't know, why?" Jane asks absently, watching the progress of the coffee into the pot. There should be enough for a cup soon, even though Darcy always chides her whenever she pours a cup before it's finished brewing.

"Spock looks hungry," she says.

"What?" Jane glances at Darcy, who nods over to the other side of the lab, where a tiny black dog is watching them with sad eyes. "Oh my god, how long has he been here?"

"He was outside the door when I came in this morning. It was so cold out, and he looked like he'd been outside all night, so I figured I'd bring him in to warm up. And then I named him Spock, because seriously, he's got Vulcan ears."

"He can't stay here," Jane says.

"Are you allergic?"

"No, just... he's a *puppy*," Jane says, wrinkling her nose. "A lab's not the best place for him. He's going to need a lot of attention. Besides, he must have come from somewhere. His owners are probably frantic."

"Yeah," Darcy says. "I mean, I put an ad up on Craigslist saying I'd found him, but I should probably put up some posters, too."

"Good idea," Jane says. "You want to do that today?"

"I'm supposed to be working," she protests half-heartedly, and Jane rolls her eyes.

"Consider this your project for the day. You finished collating all that data yesterday, right?"

"Tuesday, actually," Darcy says. "Yesterday I ended up arranging all your books in alphabetical order. So yeah, unless you've got something urgent for me today, I can track down Spock's owner."

"No, you go on," Jane says. "Take him with you, though?"

*

It's getting dark when Darcy gets back, and she's still got the dog with her. "No luck?" Jane asks.

"I called every shelter in a hundred-mile radius and no one's been looking for a black puppy. No one's called or emailed about the posters or the Craigslist ad, either. I even checked with the pet store to see if one of their puppies got out or something. It's cool if I bring him in tomorrow, right?"

"I guess." Darcy puts Spock down on the floor, and he yips, sniffing at Jane's shoes before biting at the bottom of her jeans. "For something named after a Vulcan, his behavior is highly illogical," she says, and Darcy laughs.

"I'm sure he'll grow into his name," she says. "Anyway, have you eaten yet?"

"Yeah," Jane says, and Darcy narrows her eyes.

"Since lunch?"

"Um," Jane says, glancing at the clock. "I had some cereal?"

Darcy sighs dramatically, then holds up a paper bag. "Lucky for you I stopped by the diner before coming here."

"Oh," Jane says, blinking. "Thanks, but you really didn't need to --"

"I really did," Darcy says. "Now eat, come on."

*

Four days later, the dog's still around, and while Jane's learned to mostly ignore him the same way she ignores Darcy singing along to the radio, today he keeps whining and she's already down to her last nerve.

"Could you *please* do something with your dog?" she finally snaps, slamming her notebook shut. "I can hardly even concentrate."

"Because you haven't slept in three nights," Darcy mutters, but she stands up. "I'm going to take him for a walk."

"Make it a long one," she says, feeling bad the moment the words leave her mouth. Darcy doesn't say anything, though, just purses her lips for a moment and then walks out.

Jane rubs at the bridge of her nose, trying to get rid of her headache, but it doesn't work; when she opens her notebook again, it's suddenly too quiet to get any work done.

*

Darcy doesn't come back that day, but she's in at her usual time the next morning. "You feeling any better today?" she asks, an eyebrow raised, and Jane nods.

"You were right, I really just needed a good night's sleep," she says, a little sheepish. "Sorry."

"It's cool," Darcy says, and then she's reaching out, rubbing her thumb along the back of Jane's neck. "You work too hard, though. You should relax more."

"*Someone's* got to pull their weight around here," she jokes, but her cheeks are inexplicably flushing.

Darcy doesn't move her hand right away, and she takes in Jane's flustered expression for a moment before smirking to herself, finally pulling back. "Right," she says. "In that case, you go get your science on, and I'll, I don't know, organize the files on your computer."

"Sounds good," she manages.

*

After that, it's like she can't stop blushing and fumbling with things and dropping her notes everywhere and seriously, she thought she got over this whole "someone attractive is possibly interested in me, what do I do" thing in *high school*, and here she is thirteen years later, acting exactly like she did when the cute boy from the math club in eleventh grade asked her to junior prom.

Besides, even if Darcy *was* kind of flirting earlier, which she probably wasn't, Jane's her supervisor and that's totally inappropriate. "Ugh," she says, dropping her head down onto her arms, and then behind her, Darcy says, "Something wrong?"

She jumps, whirling around. Darcy had gone up to the roof a little while ago, and Jane hadn't heard her come back down. "No big deal," she says, gesturing at the papers in front of her. "Just... this data doesn't make sense."

"Uh huh," Darcy says. "You realize that's today's mail, and the data you're pointing to is a take-out menu, right?"

"Oh," Jane says, cheeks flushing again. "I mean, um. The data I was thinking about?"

"I'll leave you to it, then. I'm going to do a grocery run. You want anything?"

"I'm good," she says.

Darcy heads out, and Jane looks down. Spock's staring up at her, his head tilted, and she sighs. "Don't you start judging me," she says, leaning down to pet him behind the ears.

*

Darcy comes back just as Jane's getting ready to give up for the night. "Hey, so, I was thinking," Darcy says, leaning against the wall. "You know when you told me to go look for

Spock's owner, and that it was my project for the day? That means it counts towards my hours for the internship, right?"

"Yeah, sure, why not?" she says.

"Cool," Darcy says. "In that case, I'm pretty sure that if you also count all the supplies runs and driving you places and everything, I've finished all the hours I was supposed to do when I signed on."

"Oh," Jane says. "That's -- that's great. So, um, are you heading back home soon, then?"

She shakes her head. "Nah. I mean, I've already got my ticket bought, and that's not for another three weeks."

"Well, you're definitely welcome to stick around here for as long as you want," Jane says. "I know the science isn't really up your alley, but it's been great having you here."

"Oh, science is definitely up my alley these days. Especially the scientific method. I mean, hypothesis: my way hot boss is into me. Except now she's not technically my boss anymore, so if she wanted to make a move, I'm totally up for drawing that conclusion."

"Um," Jane says, her eyes widening. "I -- that's how the scientific method works."

Darcy looks at her for another few moments before her confidence seems to deflate. "Hey, that's science, right? Put the theory out there for someone to shoot it down, I know how it goes."

"What? No, I -- you're not wrong, just -- a good hypothesis needs to be tested before you can make a conclusion. Or, well, after a lot of testing and analysis, and --"

She's cut off when Darcy leans in, pressing her lips to the corner of Jane's mouth. "Oh," Jane says, and then she's shifting, turning it into a proper kiss. Darcy's hands tangle in her hair, and she bites a little at her bottom lip, and Jane can't help but smile into it, digging her fingers in where they're resting against Darcy's hips.

"So," Darcy says, pulling back. "Are you still writing me that awesome reference letter? Because I'm pretty sure you might want to leave this part off, or I'm going to get some awkward questions during my interviews."

"Oh my god," Jane says, then starts to laugh. "I'm not even going to comment on that. Now come on, let's get out of here."

"Where are we going?"

"We're dropping your dog --"

"At this point, I'd say he's *our* dog," Darcy says.

"-- *the* dog off, and then we're going to go out to get something to eat. I'm pretty sure I owe you more than a few dinners by now."

"Oh, you totally do. More than a few, even. I've been keeping count."

"Really?" Jane asks. "Damn. I guess we're just going to have to keep going out until I've caught up."

"That's cool," Darcy says. "Although I just want to put this out there, I'm totally up for staying in, too."

"You're terrible," Jane says, laughing again.

"You like it."

"I kind of do," Jane admits, and Darcy beams.

"So, are we going or what? I'm pretty sure we have a hypothesis to prove."

"Oh, well, in that case, let's go," Jane says, picking up her keys from the desk. "You know me, can't keep science waiting."

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