

Just Kevin

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Just Kevin

by [Nikotheamazingspoonklepto](#)

Summary

Our favorite history buff meets our favorite redhead and falls in love. Awkward flirting ensues.

Notes

This is for LittleWonderly~ I hope you like it, I tried really hard to come up with something soft n sweet for you! Happy Holidays!

Thanks to [Leahelisabeth](#) for the beta! And thanks for running this event!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

“Welcome to Columbia House, what can I get for you?” Kevin asks with his eyes still on his book, reading up on Irish folklore.

“Black coffee, one sugar please.”

“What size?” Kevin looks up and is stunned when he is met with a pair of icy blue eyes, sunkissed freckly skin, and a mess of auburn curls in an undercut, watching him patiently. He realizes he’s staring when those plump pink lips turn down into a confused frown. Kevin’s cheeks burn and he clears his throat. “Sorry, what was that?”

Blue—eyes raises an eyebrow at this. “Small.”

Kevin punches the order in and adds his employee discount, offering up his widest smile. “That’s one-seventy-five, uh, the name for the order?” He tries to be as sly as possible, *needing* to know his name.

“Uh,” he looks confused as he swipes his debit card for the drink. They don’t take names here, especially when it’s a slow Wednesday morning before the morning rush. “It’s Neil.”

“Thanks,” he smiles and hands Neil his receipt, grabbing a cup to get Neil his coffee. “I haven’t seen you in here before.”

“Just opened the flower shop across the street,” Neil explains, watching Kevin carefully. “We’re selling holiday arrangements right now.”

“Oh! Foxglove? Nice, I’ll stop in if I ever need an arrangement!” Kevin is sure he is smiling too much for this early in the morning, but Neil only smiles gently in return.

“I’d appreciate that. The whole local businesses supporting each other shtick is important.”

“Yeah,” Kevin bobs his head a bit too fast before he catches himself and stops, holding out Neil’s coffee to him, a single sugar mixed in. “It is.” He stares at Neil’s long fingers as they brush his when he accepts the cup, cheeks burning momentarily. His hands are so small—no, *slender*.

“Well,” Neil clears his throat and Kevin realizes they’ve been simply staring at each other. “I’ll see you around...”

“Kevin!” He offers way too quickly, back straightening at the raised auburn brow making its return. “I’m Kevin Day, this is my father and stepmother’s cafe.”

Neil stares at him for a moment and then something flickers through his icy blue eyes, smirking ever so slightly, that Kevin swears he’s imagining it. “Well, *Kevin Day*, have a good day.”

With that, Neil turns on his heel and gives him a backward wave. Kevin watches him intently as he exits; the bell over the door chimes again as it opens and closes. *He has a really nice ass, his legs are fantastic too.*

“You’re a disaster, Day.”

Kevin lets out an undignified yelp and whips his head around to see Andrew standing just behind the wall by the counter, holding a tray of freshly baked croissants. His best friend and roommate is Columbia House’s full—time baker. His father offered him the job because of his muffin recipe and Andrew only accepted the position because Wymack promised to not make him work with the customers. It was a fair deal, especially because Andrew’s baking is not only delicious but perfect every single time.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about,” Kevin huffs and starts wiping down the already clean counter space.

He has never seen a more bored expression on Andrew’s face as he drops the tray heavily on the counter. “Sure you don’t. Put these away.”

“Asshole...” Kevin glares after him and grumbles, pulling on food safety gloves to do as he’s told, but not because Andrew told him to. Because it’s his job.

~ three weeks later ~

“Did you know that the first known coffee grinder was mass-produced in the early eighteen hundreds in France, but the inventor remains unknown. But by the mid-eighteen hundreds, various coffee grinders were seen in almost every home in Europe and America!”

Neil stares at Kevin from over the coffee machine as Kevin makes his usual cup of black, one sugar, usual discount applied. “No, I did not.”

Kevin smiles at Neil and adds the sugar to Neil’s coffee, stirring it before he adds the lid and cup sleeve. Neil has come in every single morning at six-thirty for his coffee and has let him give him random historical facts (mostly about coffee) without interrupting or dismissing him. Andrew tells him he is being an idiot, but Kevin feels warm that his favorite customer continues to show up, seemingly showing interest in his hobby.

“Well, it’s a fact!”

That smirk that Kevin has grown accustomed to seeing on Neil’s face twitches at the corner of his lips and he can’t help but stare. Then it shifts into a full-blown smirk and he realizes he’s been staring for *too* long and his cheeks heat up, meeting Neil’s icy gaze.

“I’m sure it is, Kevin Day.”

“Just ‘Kevin’ is fine!” He gulps when that smirk widens.

“Okay, ‘Just Kevin’, I’ll see you tomorrow morning.”

“See you!”

Kevin waves, even though Neil has already left, and follows his path through the door and past the cafe's window, knowing he has a stupid smile on his face.

"You could actually ask him out, you know." Kevin yelps when Andrew pops up beside him. He smooths a hand through his hair and over his apron to compose himself while Andrew stares up at him, an annoying glint in his eye.

"Why would I do that?" Kevin pretends there is a spot on the counter that *absolutely* requires his attention and scrubs at it.

"Because I haven't seen you fall all over yourself for a guy since Knox and Moreau."

Kevin freezes, remembering how two of his old crushes ended up together and moved to California. It had hurt, but he knew they were meant for each other and not him. He jumps slightly when a coffee stirrer smacks him in the cheek and takes in Andrew's serious gaze, swallowing.

"He seems to like you, just visit him at his job after your shift is over." Andrew walks away so he can't argue, as he always does, and Kevin sputters.

"Since when do you give advice or encouragement!?" Kevin huffs when Andrew ignores him and resorts to pouting, thinking about what he said. Remembering Neil's playful smirk, his neck heats up as he bites his lip and sighs. What could it hurt?

~

Kevin paces outside of the entrance to Foxglove. Renee had relieved him fifteen minutes ago at the end of his shift but he still can't make himself go in. He's feeling ridiculously anxious over this and Neil's coffee is getting cold.

Get over your self-doubt and get in there! Make an impression!

Kevin growls at himself, scaring a passing pedestrian, and squares his shoulders. When he exhales, a cloud forms in front of his face, reminding him it is the middle of December. It may not be as cold in South Carolina as it is in the northern states, but he's sure Neil's coffee is lukewarm at best now. He groans. He should go make a new- No! No more excuses! He's been pining (as Andrew's cousin Nicky would say) over Neil since he saw those gorgeous blue eyes.

Finally working up the courage, Kevin yanks open the door to Foxglove and marches inside. The shop is decorated beautifully for the holiday season but he's looking for Neil. He makes his way around a display of evergreen wreaths and finds Neil cashing out a customer, who is blatantly flirting with him... and clearly, by the annoyed expression on his pretty face, Neil is not having any of it.

"So when do you get off of work?"

“When my shift ends.” Neil doesn’t even look at the man in front of him, wrapping a potted poinsettia in plastic. “Will that be cash or card?” He takes the card from the man and Kevin can’t help but freeze when his eyes flick over to him, pinning him in place as he holds his gaze and smiles at Kevin.

The customer glances over his shoulder and gives Kevin a sneer after giving him a once over. When he looks back at Neil, he’s smiling again. “So, I’d love to take you out for coffee.”

Neil finally looks at him. “I get my coffee from one man and that isn’t *you*.” Neil shoves the receipt and card in his face and offers a vicious smile. “Have a happy holiday.”

The man straightens up quickly, leaning away from Neil and his, honestly, frightening expression and takes the offered card and receipt. “Th-thanks, you too.” He grabs the wrapped poinsettia and rushes past Kevin, his face white as snow.

When Kevin looks back at Neil, his expression has shifted back to normal, his playful smirk back on his lips. It puts Kevin slightly at ease, smiling back.

“That for me?” Neil asks, a playful lilt in his voice as he leans against the counter on his folded arms, looking Kevin in the eye.

Kevin jolts and looks at the cup of luke-warm (if he’s being generous) coffee in his hands and nods, walking up to the counter. “How’d you know?”

Neil’s smirk widens as he takes the cup from him, sipping it without changing his expression. Maybe it isn’t as bad as Kevin was expecting. “Didn’t you hear? I only get my coffee from one man and one man only.”

Kevin blinks, his pulse speeding up, and watches Neil come around the counter and stop in front of him for a moment. He swallows hard as he looks down at him. He never realized how short Neil was, but his presence is overshadowing everything around them so completely, Kevin can’t focus on anything but him. “I only work five days a week, though.”

Neil laughs and walks around Kevin, downing his coffee and leaving the empty cup on a work table as he makes his way into the aisles of flowers. “I only come in when I see you working.”

“Really?” Kevin is *definitely* blushing now, his neck and face burning far more intensely than before. Could it be that while he’s been watching Neil, he’d been watching Kevin in return? Longing for more than the few minutes and limited conversations they’ve had when Neil came in for coffee? Damn, he hates that Andrew knows him so well...

“Your rousing history lessons seem to keep me returning for more, *Just Kevin*.” Neil gives him a teasing grin. Kevin swears Neil’s cheeks turn pink for a moment, but Neil turns to the selection of flowers, choosing a few before moving on.

“Well, that’s good.” Kevin realizes he’s wringing his hands and shoves them into the pockets of his coat instead. “No one else listens to my ramblings...” *That* has to count for something, right?

“It’s your passion, why wouldn’t I listen?” Kevin’s lips part in surprise, unable to say anything as he follows Neil around while he builds his bouquet. “And you don’t judge me for my ‘boring’ coffee order.” Neil lets out a soft laugh.

“It’s coffee!” Kevin finally manages to find his voice. “If you drown it in sugar and flavored creamers, then you’re not getting the full flavor of the coffee. You’re just getting a sugar high with a side of caffeine.” Neil pauses in his crafting and looks up at Kevin in wonder. Kevin’s entire face burns at the way those eyes widen. “W-What!?”

Neil’s face relaxes in a soft smile, turning back to his flowers. “Nothing, I just didn’t think someone else thought like that, I feel the same way. That and I don’t like sweets.”

Kevin laughs at that. “Andrew would be appalled. He loves sweets.” When Neil makes a noise in question he flushes because he’s the one who pushed him to come here. “Oh, he’s my best friend; we work together.”

“Is he the blond guy who creeps around the corner while I’m there?”

“Uh...” Had he really not noticed that Andrew was always watching when he and Neil were chatting? “Yeah, he does that. He’s protective.” Kevin laughs nervously and rubs the back of his neck. *I’m going to kill him...*

“My uncle is like that; he bought me this shop so he could keep an eye on me.” Neil huffs but still smiles fondly and Kevin can’t help but smile as well. It is nice to have people who care, after all. “So, what brings you here, other than a personal coffee delivery, *Just Kevin?*”

And the blush returns. “Well...” *Come on, Day, just ask him!* “I wanted to see if you would like to get a coffee with me sometime.” Kevin freezes when he realizes what he just asked and Neil pauses in his crafting again to laugh. “I—I mean—”

“I’d love to,” Neil grins and walks past him again, leaving Kevin stunned where he stands. It takes him longer than he’d like to admit to regain his composure before he whirls around to follow Neil, finding him at a work station, wrapping the flowers with blue paper and a green ribbon.

“Really!?” Kevin’s voice cracks and he finds himself leaning over Neil so he jumps back a step. Why is he so awkward...

That soft, playful laugh of Neil’s is so nice... it makes Kevin’s heart skip a beat, especially paired with that smile and how his eyes light up and— Kevin blinks rapidly when the bouquet is held up in front of his face.

“Yes really, *Just Kevin*, these are for you.”

Kevin takes the bouquet with very careful hands, shaking only slightly as the protective plastic around it crinkles, and holds them to his face, smiling as he smells them. When he lowers the bouquet, Neil is glancing to the side, flushing a pretty shade of pink; it makes his face hurt from how big he smiles.

“Thank you—”

“But, can we go somewhere else? It wouldn’t be the same to get coffee elsewhere.” Neil looks up at him again and all Kevin can do is nod. “Your eyes are so green, they match the ribbon I used, they’re beautiful...”

Kevin swears steam is coming out of his ears. How can Neil not be as flustered as he is!? “I like yours too, it’s what I noticed about you first...”

Neil smirks. “Not my height?”

“No! Of course not, I wouldn’t—”

“I’m teasing you, *Just Kevin*,” Neil smirks.

“It’s Kevin,” he nearly pouts and those icy eyes dance with laughter.

“*Still* teasing, Kevin,” Neil bites his lip and looks away for a moment, appearing rather nervous all of a sudden. “I can close the shop early for lunch if you want to go somewhere now?”

Not about to miss this chance, Kevin bobs his head rapidly in agreement and Neil smiles brightly. “Yeah! I know a place nearby.”

“Alright, just let me get my coat!” Neil darts around the counter faster than Kevin can blink. He clutches the flowers to his chest, not knowing what to do with himself.

He doesn’t have to wait long. Neil returns with his coat in hand and ditches his apron at the register before walking to the door. Kevin’s feet move without him telling them to, following after Neil who is flipping the sign from OPEN to CLOSED. Neil opens the door and holds it for him, making Kevin grin and walk out, only to stop when he sees Andrew outside the cafe on the other side of the street, smoking and staring straight at them.

“Something wrong?” Neil steps up beside him and Kevin watches Andrew smirk. “Oh, is that your friend?”

“Just some smug asshole,” Kevin groans. Andrew gives them a two-finger salute before heading for the Maserati.

“Then let’s go!” Neil laughs and touches his bicep, regaining his attention. His soft smile makes Kevin forget about Andrew, distracted by walking with Neil.

“I’m glad you agreed to this, Neil,” Kevin finds himself saying, still clutching his bouquet tight. When Neil is quiet, he looks down and Neil is flushed once more. Twice in one day and Kevin hasn’t seen him do so the entire time he’s served him coffee, unlike Kevin who embarrassed himself every single time. “Neil?”

“Thank you for inviting me, I thought you were going to ask that first morning.” Neil chuckles at him when he hides his blush in his flowers. He’s worried the cold is going to ruin them. “I wouldn’t have said yes.” Kevin frowns, but then Neil continues. “Then you started

stumbling all over yourself to tell me about what you read the day before, or any little fact you could think of. It was nice to actually learn you could be passionate about something. It's why I came back whenever you were working."

"I think I could be passionate about you."

Neil laughs again and Kevin just grins.

"I like that about you Kevin Day, you're so unapologetically yourself."

"I'm just Kevin."

End Notes

Thanks for reading! I hope you enjoyed your gift, please tell me what you think!

~<3Nikos

PS: I'm still laughing because it took Kevin three weeks to finally tell Neil he didn't have to call him by his full name, only to be given a silly nickname. ^ _ ^

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!