

## The Stuff Great Love Stories are Made Of

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# The Stuff Great Love Stories are Made Of

by [Cumbersmaug](#)

## Summary

Neither of you knew the series of events that would inevitably force you together... Fate is such a frigid bitch isn't she?

## Notes

This was inspired by different AU posts found on tumblr, the result is a super precious and humorous story about how the reader and Tadashi fell in love. Oh how sweet...

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

I take my grades very seriously and you're the lazy asshole who asks a ton of off-topic questions to distract the professor and I might be a foot shorter than you but I swear to god I'll fight you AU

-

That damn goody goody asshole... sure he seemed harmless, taking notes, and asking pertinent questions. Maybe the problem was that he seemed too perfect, therefore he had to have something really fucked up about him, at least that's what you thought.

You continued your doodle on your sad sheet of notes. You didn't get why people just didn't do the readings, that's where Callaghan got all of his lectures anyway. You rose your hand for the greater good. It was time to distract him, so you could get through the remainder of this lecture with your sanity intact. Ok so maybe not the greater good, but you were getting pissed off.

"Y/n, yes?"

"Professor Callaghan? Are we going to go over the ethical standards of the laws of robotics?" Callaghan smirked at you.

"Of course we are, don't you think we're getting ahead of ourselves though?"

"Professor, you wound me so," you dramatically placed a hand over your heart, ignoring the snickers you got in response as well as one harsh glare. "It's just we so often go over coding and the nuances that go along with it, we hardly ever stop to think of the possible ethical issues we may face while creating and programming such feats of technology." You fluttered your eyelashes, resting your cheek in your hand. Callaghan let out a soft chuckle.

"Very well, Y/n." Thus Callaghan spent the last fifteen minutes of his lecture giving a brief introduction to ethics when dealing with robotics and programming, and you packed up your

things with your sanity whole. You thought you were home free, that was at least until Goody-boy stopped you after you slung your messenger bag over your shoulder.

“Is this a joke to you?” You could see the smoke billowing out of his ears.

“Um, I don’t know, you don’t seem to be saying anything funny, so I’m going to say no as my final answer.” The complacent smile on your face only made him angrier.

“Unlike you, some of us are trying to get an education here.” He stooped a bit lower in order to look you fully in the face. You rose a brow.

“Excuse you. The information I requested for Callaghan to go over was highly relevant to the topic we are learning about, besides, all his lecture material comes from the reading. The only one who actually asks decent questions is you and I am positive you could have derailed his ethics intro if you really wanted to, so chill out, Hamada. Besides, my classes are over for the day and I want to go work in my lab.” You tried to scoot past him, however he was refusing to get out of your way. You were taken aback when you looked up, you swore he was going to hit you. You never pegged him as one for violence.

“Are you kidding me?”

“Once again, neither of us has told a joke.” Okay, maybe you deserved a little love tap.

“L/n, come on, I just want to get through one of his lectures without the urge to shove you against the wall.” He watched the devious smirk curl on your lips before he realized what he had said.

“Ah, you’re not angry, just aroused. Tadashi, if you would have just said something, we could have taken care of this a long time ago.” You saw confusion flicker over his eyes.

“What are you talking about?” You planted your palms firmly on his shoulders, backing him up swiftly against the wall. You dropped your messenger bag to the floor, pressing your chest

to his ribs. Tadashi froze against you.

“Oh I’m sorry, you said you wanted to shove me against the wall. I suppose I’m just no good when it comes to instructions, perhaps you could help me.” You placed his hands on your hips, spinning you both around so you would be against the wall.

Tadashi’s breathing had picked up. He had no idea what you were playing at and he wasn’t sure if he wanted to put a stop to it or not. You had a smart mouth on you, but he couldn’t deny how cute you were, or how your sassy comments made his blood boil. He wasn’t so sure as to whether or not that was for a completely different reason now.

“What are you doing, Y/n?” His hands never strayed from your hips, though you wrapped yours loosely around his neck. Tadashi’s words came out softer than you both expected, leaving you with a pouty expression he had never seen, and him with a small smile that had never been aimed at you before.

“I just thought that since you think I’m such a shithead, I would give you what you wanted.” You tried to say it with as little feeling as possible. You would give anything to see his glare again and not this precious soft expression.

“And what’s that?”

“Me pinned against the wall.” Your thumb swiped through the hair on the nape of his neck. Chills broke out over Tadashi’s skin at your touch, you saw it ripple through him.

“Right.” he murmured. He tipped up the bill of his cap, pressing his forehead to yours. You shuddered, trying to pull him closer.

When his lips finally touched yours you couldn’t stop the moan that fell from your lips. He couldn’t help but smile against you. Maybe he found a new way to shut you up, and perhaps, you might even let him.

~

The guy with the bibles on the quad has cornered me and is screaming about hell, please rescue me

~

Your interactions with Hamada have become more awkward and rosy cheeked than they should have been. You probably shouldn't have made out with him after lecture was over, but hey, he was hot and you were a little lonely. Besides, he was a great guy... just not for you (at least that's what you thought). Thus you went back to your ways, pissing him off and getting Callaghan off topic.

As soon as lecture was over, you bolted out of the room, ignoring the fact that Tadashi had been staring at you the entire time. He had no right. Just because you both had kissed... made out... he may have copped a feel... Just because you both had gotten physical gave him no right to claim you. He had tried to talk to you for the past week, about what, you had no clue. Which is why you decided to grab lunch on the quad today. It was further away from the center of campus and the grilled cheese there was exactly what you needed to relax.

As usual, campus was gorgeous. SFIT maintained its grounds very well. The grass was always green and the Japanese styled bridges were well looked after. You were scene gazing so intently, you hadn't noticed the bible thumper coming right at you.

Just as it happens, you were wearing an outfit made of sin today. The sheer black lace crop top you had on showed off your red bralette. Your denim shorts didn't even fully cover your ass. But it was summer! It was always fucking hot and at least you weren't sweating your ass off. Besides, you looked hot as hell, so it was all worth it in the end.

As soon as you stepped foot onto the cobblestone, you heard angry yelling. You blinked, looking around. You saw the man furiously shaking a bible in your direction. "Some poor soul is going to get it," you thought. You looked behind you, noticing everyone was staring at you. You let out a disappointed sigh. Of fucking course.

You tried your best to just keep your head held high, but as you passed him, he started moving towards you, cornering you.

“There is a special place in hell for people like you!” Jesus Christ, was this guy even trying.

“I know I belong on a throne, its okay.” He sputtered before screaming. This man was screaming at you, it wasn’t even coherent at this point. The only words you were picking up were ‘harlot’, ‘needs Jesus’, ‘human garbage’, and the like.

You promised your mother you would not get into fights in college, but this asshole was asking for it. That and he had no right to give you a headache when you were so hungry.

You looked around, only seeing that a small handful of people had gathered to watch your public shaming. No one you knew was around to help out. You sighed, turning your head away from the idiot who was now red in the face yelling about Christ. As you turned, you noticed someone coming on the quad.

You didn’t think you had ever been so happy seeing a baseball cap before.

Tadashi looked up, rolling his eyes at the screaming. He didn’t understand why these people had to corner students. He stepped forward through the crowd, dropping his bag when he realized it was you who the man was yelling at.

His body took over. Tadashi ran to you, shielding you with his body, scared the person was going to hit you with his bible.

“You okay?” His concern was more comforting than it should have been.

“Yeah, just, get me out of this, Hamada. I’ll buy you lunch.” He smiled as he turned around. He grabbed your hand and tugged you out of the corner, ignoring the statements about, ‘lover’s in sin’, and ‘Satan’s hotbed’. For good measure he kicked one of the signs he had set up. You grinned up at him.

“Wow, I never knew you had it in you.”

“I guess you bring out the rebel in me.”

“Rebel wanna grilled cheese?”

“Rebel wanna grilled cheese.”

This was the stuff great love stories were made out of.

~

'it's my turn to open up the cafe today and you were sleeping under one of the tables when I came in and I don't know what to say so I'm just sweeping awkwardly around you'

~

Opening the café was normally an enjoyable experience. It was rare for him to have the time for himself to just rest in his own headspace. He had actually gotten a full night's rest last night, so he was ready to open the café... that was until he noticed someone was sleeping under one of the tables. As he approached, he recognized that it was someone he knew.

...What the hell were you doing sleeping under a table in his Aunt's café?

Tadashi had no idea what to say or do, so he just opened up the café around you, hoping you would wake up at some point. He had wiped down the work counter and set up the row of coffee pots. It was only as he started sweeping up the floor that you stirred.



He paused at your back, watching as you slowly rose from the ground, rubbing your probably aching back.

“Cass, why didn’t you wake me up?” Tadashi rose a brow in amusement, unable to keep the smile off his face.

“Not Cass.” He saw your body freeze. You slowly turned to face him.

“...You’re the nephew?... Oh Jesus, Mary, and Joseph. Tadashi, why do I keep finding out stuff about you in the weirdest ways?” You placed your head in your hand. This was too strange.

“I have no idea. Now, would you mind explaining why you were sleeping down here under a table?” Tadashi rested the broom against one of the still stacked chairs, sitting himself down on the floor in front of you.

You sighed, rubbing your shoulder awkwardly.

“I help Cass out on beat poetry nights. She thought I had already left when she locked the doors, but I was in the back checking inventory. I didn’t want to have her unlock the door for me, so I just curled up under here. I’ve done it before and I thought Cass would be opening this morning...”

“Do you want to help me open?” Tadashi tilted his head to the side.

“Yeah, why not. But I swear, if you tease me Hamada, I will hurt you.” Tadashi smiled, standing up and offering you his hand.

“You got it.”

“Y/n! What are you doing here so early? Did you fall asleep under one of the tables after closing again?” Cass came rushing over to you as you prepared some of the morning batter for doughnuts.

“Yeah. I opened with Hama- I mean, Tadashi today. He woke me up.” She smiled and wrapped an arm around your shoulders.

“Oh sweetheart, next time that happens, just come upstairs! We can set you up on the couch or you could kick one of the boy’s out of their beds,” Cass eyed you and Tadashi for a moment. She noticed Tadashi’s shy smile as he looked over you and your embarrassed one. “Or you could just sleep next to Tadashi.” She held back her laugh as Tadashi nearly fell over. You had carefully hid how pleased you were at the suggestion.

“That sounds wonderful. Thank you, Cass.”

...Tadashi was going to have to look out for you two.

~

We’re both baristas and sometimes I have trouble reaching for things and I show up to work one day to find a personalized stool with hearts and my name on it I HATE YOU but also thanks

~

You had never felt so stupid walking into work. Hiro was waving at you happily. How had you never noticed the resemblance between the two of them? You shook your head as you walked behind the counter. You stopped when you saw ‘it’ though.

“What is that?”

“Do you like it?”

“What IS THAT?”

“Tadashi made it for you last night.”

“WHY?”

“He noticed you had trouble reaching some of the stuff on the higher shelves.” You groaned into your hand.

“Why are there hearts all over it?” Hiro started chuckling.

“I thought you’d like those.”

“... You Hamada brothers are more trouble than you’re worth.” Hiro was chuckling at you in all the down time of your shift. What was more, you really wanted to use the little step stool they had both collaborated on. You just didn’t want to use it in front of either of them... lest they tease you for it.

Your time came when an important looking business man asked for the blonde Mexican blend of coffee that Cass kept on the top shelf. Hiro had gone to the back for something, and you hadn’t seen Tadashi all day. You hopped up on the stool, pleased with how easily you were able to get the jar.

Tadashi entered the café just in time to see you easily plucking a jar of coffee of the shelves. He smiled to himself knowing that you were getting some use out of the step stool. He hoped you didn’t know he had made it especially for you.

When you turned around to give the man his coffee, you saw Tadashi slipping into an apron. He had better not have seen you using his damn stool!

As the rush died down, Hiro decided that his shift was over. He had stayed over to witness his awkward brother blushing around you more than he should have while you angrily ignored him. His work here was done.

This left you and Tadashi together, leaning against the work counter.

“Alright, Hamada, why did you make me that monstrosity?” Tadashi glanced at the stool in question, about to answer, when he saw all the hearts and your name in large bold lettering.

“Umm, I saw you were having trouble yesterday, and I just thought it would help out with your sh-”

“No! Don’t mock me with your height, Hamada! Just because I have to get onto the countertop to reach stuff, doesn’t mean I have trouble reaching! Maybe you just have trouble climbing! Also... pick a better color next time you decide to paint something with your little brother.” Tadashi had never seen you flustered before. Your arms were crossed and you refused to meet his gaze.

“I didn’t paint it. I was just going to leave it up here, but I guess Hiro thought it would be a better idea to embarrass the both of us.” he muttered. You both stood in silence for a moment until your cough broke it.

“In that case... Thanks. That was really sweet of you, Tadashi.” You pecked him on the cheek and then shuffled out from behind the counter to clear tables.

Tadashi couldn’t keep the smile off his face for the rest of the day.

~

You're obviously high or hungover so I'm going to rescue you and tell the teacher why your answer wasn't as strange as it sounded, but you'll owe me

and

Excuse me, I know we don't have assigned seats in college, but I've been sitting in this one for eight weeks and it seems you're in my spot

~

Why the fuck did you show up this morning? You clutched your head, fucking classes that took attendance were the absolute worse, and you could not be convinced otherwise. If it wasn't thirty percent of your grade, and if you hadn't already missed the two allotted classes, you definitely would not have shown up. To think you wouldn't get a hangover... stupid you. You rolled your eyes, at least this class was an elective.

Jesus, you should have stopped after your fifth shot of Jager. You shook your head as you walked into the classroom. No. Son of a bitch! That was your spot! You glared daggers at the punk who had the gall to sit in your seat today. You were in no mood to take shit from anyone, including yourself. You had been there all damn semester, and you were not moving today, God damn it.

You were about to jab them in the shoulder with your fingers when you realized... when the fuck did Hamada get in this class.

"Tadashi, you're in my seat." He turned at the sound of your voice, face lighting up when seeing you.

"I didn't know you were in this class." He slipped into the next seat over. You smiled at him and settled into the already warmed seat.

"I needed an extra three credits, so I figured I would get some electives out of the way. What the hell are you doing in Orgasm: 104?" He chuckled and rubbed the back of his neck.

“It sounded interesting, that and gender study classes are always fun.” You felt the corner of your lip rise against your will. Great. You were still probably a bit drunk. “You okay, you look a bit out of it.”

“Think I’m still a little bit drunk, Tadashi. Not gonna lie.” You pulled out your notebook and your pencil, readying yourself for the professor to start lecture.

“Why did you come in?” Fucker sounded like he was fighting back laughter.

“Because this class takes attendance and though I may be an irresponsible adult, I am a responsible student, despite your previous beliefs.” You heard him let out a laugh. Your conversation was cut short as the professor started to speak.

You were following along well enough in the beginning, however you had started to really feel like shit in the middle, thus you were more focused on just looking like you were focused while trying not to shake and cry.  
And then you got called on.

“Y/n, what do think about hysteria and how the time period neglected the fact that female pleasure existed outside of the realm of marriage and of penetrative sex?” It was a simple question, but in your current state of mind, you butchered everything.

“I think that those doctors knew what they were doing, and that, um, women were unaware of their bodies... because the clit hadn’t been discovered and uhh,” oh sweet Jesus, what were you even saying. Luckily, Tadashi came to your rescue... again.

“Sorry professor, but what I think Y/n means to say is that because of the nature of the reaction women had to paroxysms, they had to be aware of the fact that they were inducing orgasms in these women diagnosed with hysteria, thus inadvertently discovering the pleasurable capacity of the clitoris, as well as keeping that information from the public eye so the medical profession could continue to make money off of these women.” You were staring at him in awe. That was what you were trying to say, but it sounded so nice coming from his mouth.

“Yes, very good, both of you, anyway,” the professor continued on, giving you odd glances every now and again. At the end of class, as you were gathering your stuff up slowly, trying not to throw up, you felt a warm hand on your shoulder.

You saw Tadashi smiling at you.

“Hey, I have a few hours before my next class, you wanna go get some breakfast?”

“That sounds awesome actually. My treat, considering you saved my ass back there.”

“You don’t have to do that, besides, you paid last time.”

“Yeah, well you saved me then too. Thus, following the pattern, it’s still my turn... Also if I throw up on the way there, fear not, it’s for the best.” Tadashi shook his head, wrapping an arm around your shoulders. It’s like he knew you were cold and wobbly.

“You’re crazy, you know that right?”

“Of course, however for the sake of now, let’s just pretend this is normal.” You leaned a bit heavier against him, resting your head a bit on his chest, his arm wrapping tighter around you. The heat that filled your hearts at the action would carry you both through the day.

What the fuck was happening to you both?

~

We argued so much during a class discussion that we both got kicked out and we’re still arguing outside of class

~

Tadashi continued to sit next to you in your orgasm class. You didn't mind one bit as he always spoke so smartly about the topics you would discuss. He had never spoke up in that class before he knew you were there. You liked to think it was because he was trying to impress you. In reality, he really was, that and the material was fun to read. You never let on that you were impressed though, even though you really were. You wanted to make out with him again.

Today was discussion, and having been asked by the professor to not participate so much, you were not looking forward to it as much as you normally would have been. When some of your peers around you started saying shitty things, well Tadashi could see your eyes darken. You were starting to look like a pissed off kitten with how you were scratching the back of your notebook. You were leaving behind actual claw marks.

You started to frantically write on the random back of one of your sheets.

'Hey, wanna make a scene so we get kicked out?'

'... Why not.'

You were both shocked at his answer. Tadashi never 'misbehaved.' You were both excited.

"I can't believe you would think that the use of pink Viagra, when it has no real effect on the consumer, would be a good idea!" you shouted, glaring at Tadashi. He swallowed his laugh to counter.

"I'm not saying it's a good idea, I'm saying that sometimes the placebo effect has just as if not stronger effects than the actual drug itself!"



“That may be true but advertising that there is an effect of raised sexual desire when there is no true evidence to support that claim is wrong! The medical industry is trying to make women feel like their lowered sex drive is their fault when it is society’s!”

“Then rather than attacking the FDA, shouldn’t we just focus on society and the equal education and treatment of women?”

“Okay Hamada, that’s very idealistic of you, however in order for that plan to actually work you would have to first elect officials into office that would advocate for good sex education and equal rights for women.”

“It’s always politics and ethics with you!”

“It should be like that for everyone!” As you two paused for a breather in your impromptu shouting match, the professor came up behind you. She read the hastily written note on your notebook and hid her laughter.

“Alright you two, out in the hallway. Finish up out there.”

Without response to the professor, you both stood, still shouting at each other.

“Way to impose your sense of morality and politics on the general population.”

“Way to completely ignore the importance that politics play in our society.”

This was the most fun you two had ever had in this class.

~

Formal events are not my thing these shoes are new and this is a very long staircase at least you were at the bottom to break my fall I'm so sorry

And

I don't want to go to this party/dance alone so please be my date

~

You thought that your years for shitty formal dances were over. Apparently not. To make matters worse, you were still alone. This felt like high school. It was pissing you off. You sighed and leaned against the staircase. At least the place was classy.

You didn't even know that the robotics department held a formal. You saw a few familiar faces, but you were just looking for one. You had the strangest feeling he was going to be here. You didn't have much time to think about that, as you heard clamoring at the top of the stairs. You turned around to see Tadashi hurtling towards you. You were too stunned to move.

Thus he landed on top of you, luckily your clutch saved your head from a concussion and you saved Tadashi from certain death.

"Y/n, I'm so sorry! These shoes are so slippery and I had no idea that they would be so useless! Are you okay? Oh my goodness, y/n, I'm so sorry." He still had not gotten off of you and you didn't push him.

"Chill, Hamada. I'm fine. Are you okay, you looked like a baby giraffe the way you fell down an entire flight of stairs." you teased.

His ears and cheeks turned pink.

"That bad?"

“Oh yeah. Don’t worry, it was kind of cute.” You pat his cheek. He took that as a sign to get off of you. He offered his hand and you gladly took it. It was hard to get up after falling in heels.

“Well, I was hoping to ask you this sooner, and after something less embarrassing, so I understand if you say no, but I really don’t want to be here alone. Will you be my date?” Tadashi held out a now crumpled rose. You let out a sharp laugh.

“There’s no one I would rather go with, Tadashi.” You grabbed the rose and stuck it in your hair. He let out a laugh, grabbing your hand and pulling you to the center of the dance floor. He was sliding all over the place in his dress shoes.

Eventually, you both kicked off your shoes to dance in the swanky ballroom. You were by far the classiest bitches in the joint.

~

I fainted during the dissection and you’re the one who caught me

~

Why the hell you were dissecting frogs in Callaghan’s class, you had no idea. He had said something about studying the anatomy and structure of living animals to get working and moving models for potential robotic designs. But you supposed he knew what he was talking about.

You looked at Tadashi with boredom on your face.

“I thought I had dissected my last frog in high school.” you sighed out, cutting vertically across the abdomen. Tadashi looked pale. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I just don’t like cutting things.”

“...isn’t half your major medicine?”

“...I like to focus on the robotics part of it.” You sighed, pulling him over to you.

“Well, it’s already dead, so there’s nothing to be scared of.” You put the scalpel in his hand, only for him to fall into your arms. This time you were more ready for him to fall on you. You caught him, happy that all the other partners were too absorbed in the activity to notice Tadashi.

Callaghan noticed though, and didn’t say a word as you dragged him out of the room.

You were pretty sure he had taken pity on you both when you saw you both had gotten a B+ for the assignment.

~

You’re afraid that you’ll lose me in big crowds so you always hold my hand but now you just hold my hand when there’s only, like, five people around and I’m getting very suspicious

~

You and Tadashi had decided to go to a convention together that was being hosted by SFIT. Callaghan was giving extra-credit to the students that went, not that either of you really needed it, and you thought it would be fun. So as you were both wandering around the booths, in awe at some of the incredible tech, Tadashi grabbed your hand. He noticed you staring at your joined hands with confusion.

“Just so I don’t lose you, there are a lot of people here.” He had never been so proud about telling a lie. But when you looked around, there were quite a lot of people.

“Alright, thanks, Tadashi.” Your smile made your eyes close. Tadashi thought it was a good thing because you couldn’t see how red he had turned.

You both spent the majority of the convention joined at the hand. You stayed like that even while he walked you home.

-

You were both wandering around the streets, straying away from both of your homes. Tadashi’s hand wrapped around yours. You looked around seeing many people, and nodded to yourself while you interlaced your fingers with his. You didn’t want to get lost in the crowd.

As the day died down, you found that you had strayed into an empty park. You saw that there was only one other person there with you, and that was the person making sure you wouldn’t get lost.

“Hey, Tadashi?”

“Hmm?”

“There’s no one out here...”

“That is a correct observation.”

“I can’t get lost... Why are you still holding my hand?” He got really quiet all of a sudden.  
“Tadashi?”

“I just want to hold your hand.” he muttered. You blinked a few times before grinning.

“You’re an idiot, Hamada. You could have just said so.” With that you pulled him over to you so you could wrap your free arm around him in a hug.

“I’ll keep that in mind.”

“Please do.”

~

my roommate told you to crash in her room during a party that you’re not really in the mood for but you end up in my bed because she’d switched the room signs over that morning so people would stop having sex in her room only now the party’s over and I can’t bring myself to kick you out because you look so peaceful and cute and also because people are still having sex in her room so I climb into the bed with you and man you smell so GOOD.

~

Tadashi wasn’t sure why he even showed up. Your room-mate had invited him to a party she was throwing in your shared apartment. He hadn’t seen a single trace of you. And now he was a bit too tipsy to go home. He understood why you had such an aversion to Jager now. Lucky for him though, he did stop after five.

“Hey, Molly, is there somewhere I can lie down?” He rubbed his head. He wasn’t used to this. She looked at him with a sympathetic smile.

“Sure, Tadashi, you can use my room.” She had forgotten to tell him that she had switched the signs. She smiled to herself, knowing that when you came home from the lab, you would have a tall Asian man in your bed. As Tadashi was slipping into your room, she noticed people slipping into hers... She was tired of strangers having sex in her bed God damn it!

It was about an hour later you came home, too tired to party. You nodded at your room-mate and slid through the crowd to your room. You sighed as the sound dulled and you could finally strip down and into some nice pajamas.

When you slid under the blankets, you weren't expecting another body to be there. You jumped and in your shock made no noise. You sighed at seeing such a familiar face. Then you blushed at what was obviously going on in the room next to you. Your room-mate must be pissed knowing people are having sex in her room again.

Well shit, you couldn't kick him out. "Hey, Dashi." Those earth toned eyes blearily opened. When they focused on you, a slightly tipsy smile greeted you.

"You're finally here." Oh damn it. This wasn't supposed to be such a sweet interaction, you just wanted him to move over a bit. But you'd be damned if you weren't flattered.

"Yeah, can you scoot over?" He nodded and shuffled to the side, opening his arms for you. You let out a breath through your nose. You curled into his side, resting your head on his shoulder. He let out a happy sigh, slipping his arm into the curve of your waist.

You wanted to cry, he smelt so good, and for such a lean guy he should not be so comfortable. But he was, and he smelt so good.

"I'm happy you're here." he muttered, falling back to sleep.

"Me too." And you were.

~

'I'm on the verge of tears because of a rude customer and you step in and stand up for me'  
AU

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You were both hand in hand, walking to the café for your shifts. Tadashi was a bit hung-over and you had to keep in your laughter. You had made him breakfast that morning when he woke up a bit confused as to why he was in your bed.

“I don’t know how you were able to even make it to class that day...” He muttered, rubbing his face with his free hand.

“Tadashi, I have a feeling this is your first hangover.”

“You would be correct, and it’s horrible.”

“Aww, I’m sorry, babe.” You let go of his hand in order to slip your arm around his waist. He smiled a bit, wrapping his arm around your shoulders.

“I have a new found respect for you.”

“Just wait until the nausea kicks in.” He shuddered as he opened the door to the café.

Cass rose a brow at him.

“Take it easy on him, Cass, he’s suffering through his first hangover.” She chuckled into her hand. She waved you both off in order to go to the back and finish baking.

You were both faring well with the morning rush, keeping up with orders and tables as they filled up. It wasn’t until a man in a pressed suit came in that the day started to turn. He had ordered a complicated drink and while you were in the middle of making it, he started shouting at you.



“Would you hurry up! I’m already late and I don’t have time for incompetent workers to waste my time!” You ignored his anger and continued to work, almost about to pour in his extra shot of espresso. “You’re not even paying attention, what are you, 13 and on a power trip?” You put the lid on his coffee and slid it over to him with the nicest smile you could manage. Instead of taking it and leaving he stayed there, shouting. It was near the middle when he insulted the café as a whole you started to shake in anger. Hot tears were gathering in your eyes and it was taking all of your self control to not leap over the counter and pummel him into the ground.

Tadashi had been in the back, grabbing a few more boxes of coffee filters when he saw and heard what was happening on the floor. He rushed out as he heard the shouting. He saw you straining against your anger as a customer berated you.

“Excuse me, sir, I’m going to have to ask you to leave.”

“Oh great, another youth of America on a self righteous binge.” Tadashi rose a brow. Was he stupid?

“Sir, if you don’t leave now I’m afraid I’ll have to force you from the café.”

“I’m so scared.” You let out a vicious cry, leaping over the counter and grabbing the man by the lapels of his blazer.

“You know what? You really should be, now get out!” Your voice was low, menacing even. The man’s eyes widened a bit before he smirked.

“Someone’s found their fire.” You felt a hand skitter up your side. You growled and practically hauled the man out the door.

“I thought you were late, you had best get going!” You watched in anger as he left on down the street. You felt arms slowly wrap around your waist and shoulders, a head coming to rest on top of your own.

“You know, that was terrifying.” You felt a smile curl on your lips.

“Sorry.”

“Not you, you were intimidating, but he was horrific.”

“I agree. Thanks for trying to kick him out for me.”

“No problem. Thanks for kicking him out for me.”

“No one talks like that to you. Except for me.” Tadashi smiled into your hair.

“So, after our shift, you wanna go on a date? I feel like it’s time I finally took you out. And you did just save me back there, so it is my turn.” You smiled in earnest now.

“That sounds great.”

“Take out in my bed with a movie?”

“Perfect.”

The stuff great love stories are made of indeed.

End Notes

Indeed.

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