

## Flowers for a Boy

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/14387880) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/14387880>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Steven Universe (Cartoon)</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Connie Maheswaran</a> , <a href="#">Jeff (Steven Universe)</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Mindful Education</a> , <a href="#">Fluff</a> , <a href="#">daises</a>
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-04-21 Words: 485 Chapters: 1/1

# Flowers for a Boy

by [mandaree1](#)

## Summary

Connie apologizes to Jeff.

## Notes

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

Connie is used to being alone. It's something she's dealt with most of her life. But even that can only go so far when she's forced to wait in the hallway, clutching a tiny vase of daises in her hands. It's only fair they ask for his- Jeff, the nurse told her. His name is Jeff- permission first, and it's only fair that she be forced to wait. Though she hadn't meant any harm, she'd absolutely done harm here, and she had to face those consequences.

Connie hadn't gotten used to being strong. She knew she was, of course- she'd been through months of sword training for a reason- but she never really put any thought into it once the blade was out of her sightline. Clearly, that had been a mistake. She could flip someone her size, and she could easily shatter the glass in her hands. It's mind-boggling, but it's the truth.

The nurse appeared in the doorway, a single hand leaning on it. The smile on her face is perfectly neutral. "He says it's okay, dear. But, please. Try not to cause him any stress. He's had a long day."

So's she, though Connie would never dare say that out loud. "Yes, ma'am."

Jeff is sitting up in bed when she enters. His eyes are wide as she approaches, stopping halfway when she noticed the wrap on his arm. Connie swallows, remembering what Garnet had told her, and sticks the vase out.

"They're for you," she says.

"Oh," he says. "Um. Thanks?"

That's not exactly promising. "I just stopped by to apologize," Connie explained, then immediately backpedaled. "I don't expect you to accept it, of course. But it's wrong to- to do something like this to someone and not say sorry." She carefully set the daises down on the table next to the bed. "I'm so sorry about all of this."

She doesn't expect Jeff to speak again, but he does. "Your name is Connie, right?"

"Yup." Connie straightens her shoulders a bit. "Connie Maheswaran. My mom works here."

She wonders why she told him that.

"Cool." Jeff hesitantly shifts a bit closer. He contemplates reaching a hand out, then decides it's too much, biting his lip. "Why'd you do it?" he asks. "Do you hate me or something?"

Connie sighs, shaking her head. "No, no. I don't even know you."

"Then why?"

"You won't like the answer."

"Tell me anyway."

Connie doesn't argue. She didn't think she really had the right to, after doing what she did to him. She slowly sank down into a chair. "I've been training to defend myself. When you bumped into me, my body reacted like it was supposed to."

Jeff blinks once. Twice. "You've been training to suplex people?"

She winced. "More or less?"

"That's so cool!"

Connie shrugged, pleased in spite of herself. "Not when you accidentally hurt some random kid's arm, it's not."

## End Notes

Hey, it's only been like a year since Mindful Education aired- or something like that, anyway. Take this Connie-Jeff fluff.

-Mandaree1

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