

Flower Boy

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Flower Boy

by [GlassesAndMonocles](#)

Summary

In which Kaito is surprisingly good at throwing flowers across the room and Shinichi is waiting to maybe return the favor.

Notes

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

“I’m so sorry—I’ll pay your water bills from now on!”

Pavlovian response states that repeated stimulus gives a repeated response. Ring a bell at lunchtime, and the dog will salivate, knowing it’ll get food. Ring the final bell to a school day, and kids will feel relief since they get to leave.

Or, in his situation, when Shinichi enters the room, Kaito has this sudden urge to throw a flower at him.

Only, he doesn't know where this stemmed from (see what he did there?).

He didn’t even know he did it until today. Right now, as he stared at the vases in Shinichi’s library. All the flowers displayed like gems in glass cases.

He should stop—that’s a lot of watery vases for a library.

Though, in his defense. It probably wouldn’t have gotten this far if Shinichi (for some reason) hadn't silently taken every flower.

Being aware of this didn’t stop him from chucking a bluebell at Shinichi when he entered the library again.

Like all the other times, he caught it.

“It’s fine. I’m sure it evens out your gardening bills,” he said, weirdly okay about the situation. A bluebell gets placed in the vase beside him (it matched his eyes), and that was that.

The first time they talked about this, and it ended with him teaching Shinichi about flower-care.

Then there was the next time. Then another, and it seemed to have opened Pandora’s box in the process.

Except. Instead of all the evils in the world. It was Shinichi’s acknowledgement.

“What’s this one today?”

Kaito tried to stop his hand from throwing the plant. He swears! Even he had no idea how it appeared.

“Orchids,” he replied, a bit miserable. He got a pat on the back for his troubles. The hand rested there to steer him into their class.

“They look nice. You’ll have to show me your garden at some point.”

He must be annoyed by now, just covering it with feigned interest.

“This Saturday,” he said, just to appease any hidden irritation.

The annoying thing is, he can't even check if he's bothered by this.

He's known Shinichi for around three months but still couldn't read him well. It's as deadpan as ever when Shinichi nodded and switched to talking about their physics homework.

Holy Houdini—what if he's angry at him?

The rest of the day was split between paying attention to their professors and keeping the offending arm from throwing flowers.

Of course, he lost. And Shinichi had an extra five flowers while he's still confused on why his hand had mutinied against him.

Shinichi must be at his limits as well. Endless patience finding its end.

He fiddled with a pencil as they walked to Shinichi's house. Dropped it when he rested his chin on Kaito's right shoulder (probably to stop him from throwing another flower).

"You all right?" Shinichi asked because he's kind like that.

"It's nothing."

A flower snuck out of his left sleeve and Shinichi exchanged it for his dropped pencil. All while Kaito just stared at the blasphemous hand.

"Are *you* all right with this?" he asked, flailing his hand in the direction of the cornflower.

He must've looked stupid in the process. That'd explain the laugh he gets (he should do that more) before Shinichi dipped his head down. The thornless stem of the flower gets twirled between his fingers.

"They're beautiful," Shinichi said, in the most matter-of-fact tone. It's the same way kids say, "beautiful" to a pair of dirty socks in their Christmas presents.

Before he could cry, Kaito changed topics and promised to help move the vases to the kitchen.

The coin he fidgeted with dropped to make room for the daylily he'd thrown.

"Darn!"

"Good morning to you too," Shinichi laughed, looking back at him, judging him. "What's got you so frustrated?"

Everything. "I forgot to weed my garden." It's not quite true, but it's true enough for Shinichi to pat his head in a placating gesture. His hands sunk into the ever present bedhead there, messing it up even more, and Kaito felt like a kid again.

“We’ll do it tomorrow,” Shinichi stated, and—sure. They can do whatever Shinichi wants. He deserved it for dealing with him.

Maybe he could save their friendship by wowing him with The Garden.

(...So caught up in his thoughts, he missed the “Beautiful,” Shinichi had whispered, looking at Kaito before he gazed wistfully forwards).

“What’s this one today?” he asked, louder as he handed him the coin.

Saturday came, and he greeted Shinichi at his front door (he’s going to ignore the bluebonnet thrown).

“Where to?” Shinichi asked, beside him. His yellow cardigan brushed against his fingers.

For the first time in days, he’s content. “To the ends of the Earth.”

When they arrived at his place, he opened the fence to his pride and joy, The Garden.

A smile bloomed on his face when he saw Shinichi’s slacked-jaw expression. Staring at how every inch of the space was overtaken by raised flower beds laying end to end.

The wooden perimeter became their path to step on instead of any actual paving.

He took him around, named each flower as they balanced on the framings, and they talked about everything while digging weeds out. Perching on the wood like demented gargoyles.

When they had nothing else to say, they lapsed into a comfortable silence for a few hours.

Well, before Shinichi broke it by putting his spade down.

“Something’s bothering you.” Honestly, he’s surprised Shinichi waited this long to bring it up.

He placed his spade down too, ready to start exaggerating his woes to hide just how much it bothered him.

“My body’s rebelling against me,” he breathed out, leaning against him in a pseudo-swoon.

Shinichi lightly shoved him off. “Have you found out why?”

“Nope...” But maybe he could. “Only that I throw flowers whenever you’re in the room.”

Shinichi paused. “Maybe it’s because you hate me.”

“No!” Regret choked him instantly, definitely not. He’d been close to singing the first stanza of how great Shinichi was, but luckily was stopped by his teasing smile.

“Perhaps it’s the complete opposite reason then,” Shinichi offered, a bit of hopeful—

Ohhh.

He's so stupid.

"I'm kinda stupid, aren't I," he said, to one, beaming Shinichi.

There was a rustle of clothes before a golden sunflower was thrown at him.

He didn't grow sunflowers.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Edit: I changed it back into a one-shot bc I'm savin the 2nd bit for smt else. Coming soon?

KEK

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