The Emerald Ring

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/37845304.

Rating: <u>Teen And Up Audiences</u>
Archive Warning: <u>No Archive Warnings Apply</u>

Category: <u>F/M</u>

Fandom: <u>Eternals (Movie 2021)</u>

Relationships: <u>Druig/Makkari (Marvel)</u>, <u>Druig & Thena & Sprite</u>, <u>Kingo & Makkari</u>

(Marvel), Kingo & Sprite (Eternals)

Characters: <u>Druig (Marvel), Makkari (Marvel), Thena (Eternals), Sprite (Eternals),</u>

Kingo (Marvel)

Additional Tags: set in the Olive Tree Florist Universe, Alternate Universe - Modern

Setting, fancy dinner date, an attempt of me writing something funny,

Misunderstandings, How Do I Tag, Not Beta Read

Language: English

Series: Part 7 of Olive Tree Florist

Stats: Published: 2022-03-20 Words: 3,639 Chapters: 1/1

The Emerald Ring

by Alice Luna

Summary

There was a particular ring that Makkari had been eyeing from one of her favorite antique shops, for the longest time. It was a gold Art Deco ring from the 1920s with a well kept emerald that Makkari adored. But for whatever reason, the stubborn old man who ran the shop refused to sell it to them and even upped the price so it was more expensive than what Makkari had planned for.

"Do you want to go by that store?"

She huffed out, "No, I looked the other day and he already sold it, can you believe it?"

Yes.

After all, he's the one who bought it.

Notes

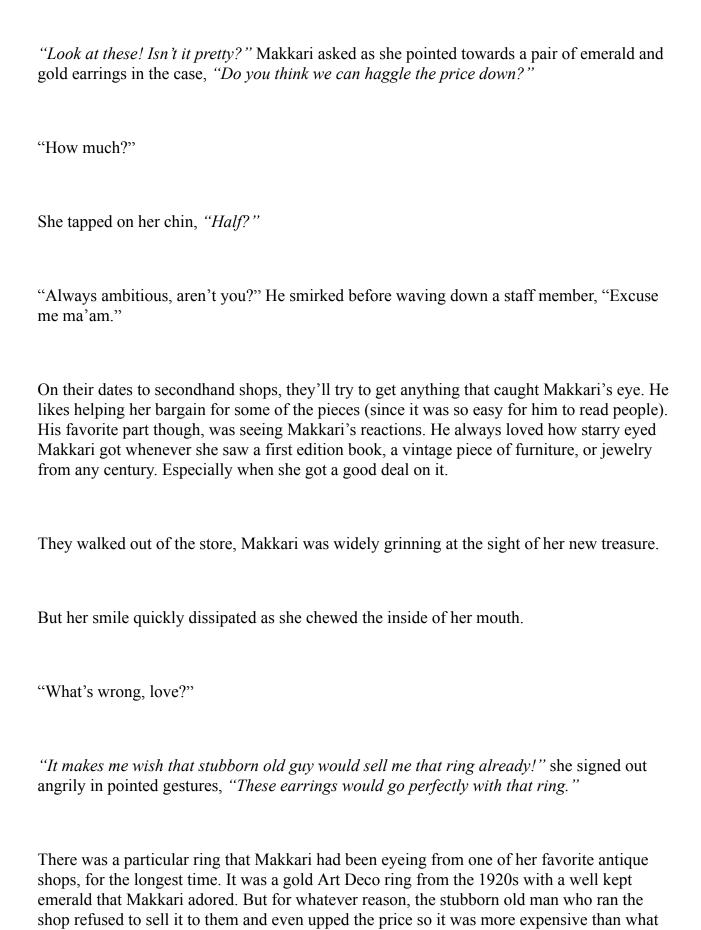
Hello!

Welcome to another part of the Olive Tree Florist Universe! Unfortunately, I only have one story today, but it is a bit longer, so I hope that it'll still be enjoyable. Today's story will have Druig and Makkari as the main leads today.

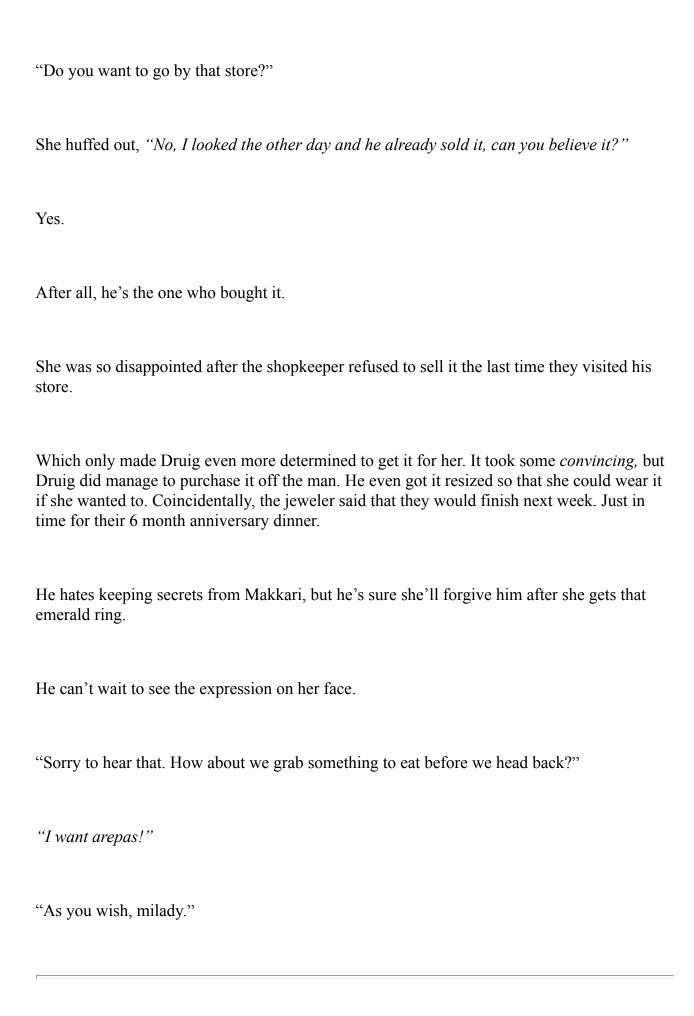
As always, I apologize for any mischaracterizations or plot holes. If anyone has any advice for what I can do better, I would greatly appreciate it! As always, the italics are used to indicate that a character is signing and I've added quotation marks to hopefully make it easier to read.

I hope that this story brings your day a little joy.

See the end of the work for more notes



Makkari had planned for.



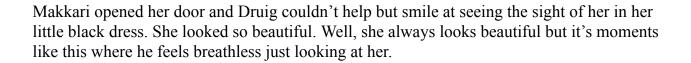






He raised an eyebrow at their tone. "Sprite."
"Ok, ok I was just seeing if Kingo wanted the leather jacket," they admitted, waving their phone in the air as proof before quickly putting it down before Druig could actually see anything on the screen.
"I don't think he would be caught dead in it," Thena stated as she stepped closer to Druig, "Yes, this looks nice."
"Yeah, you look like you're part of this century now."
"You're hilarious," he said in his most deadpan voice possible. "Thanks for your help, I guess."
"Wow, gratitude? Who are you and what have you done with Druig?" Sprite asked.
"Yeah, yeah go home already."
"Have fun tonight."
As soon as the door shut, Druig opened his sock drawer and examined it carefully.
It didn't look like Sprite messed with it. Well, whatever. He's gotta head out soon before he's late. He took the ring box out from underneath one of his rolled up socks and grabbed the bouquet that he made for Makkari the other day before heading out the door.

All ready!



"Don't you look gorgeous, my lovely Makkari?"

"Don't you look handsome, my sweet Druig?"

He held out the bouquet towards her. This time, he made it with red gerbera and yellow jasmine, "Flowers for the lady."

"Thank you!" She admired them for a moment before signing, "Let me put it in some water."

"Shall we?"

She smiled as she linked her arm in his.

He didn't know where it went wrong.

The car ride from Makkari's apartment to the restaurant was fine. He was driving and she complained about how slow he was going as she always does. They got to the restaurant. They had to wait a bit, so Makkari went to the bathroom, but then they were seated almost as

soon as she got back. It was only after their waiter Luca told them the specials of the day that Druig noticed how tense Makkari was.
She kept tapping her fingers on her lap and looking everywhere but him as they waited for their food.
"Kari?" He reached out and she jumped a little in her chair. Druig proceeded slowly with caution, "Everything alright?"
Makkari hesitated, but nodded almost robotically.
"Are you-"
"Sorry for the wait. Here is the gnocchi with our classic house sauce. And our short rib pappardelle pasta. Please enjoy."
"Makkari-"
A water pitcher was thrusted in front of him. "More water sir?"
"No."
"What about you ma'am?"
She shook her head.
"We're fine."

"Very good sir. Please let me know if you need anything else."

As soon as Luca left, Makkari insisted, "I'm fine, I swear!" before her hands immediately clutched onto the silverware and she began eating at a fast pace like always. But she remained jittery and tense.

Druig barely processed the taste of the food. How could be? His girlfriend's panisking about

Druig barely processed the taste of the food. How could he? His girlfriend's panicking about something and he's currently running through a hundred different scenarios because he has absolutely *no* idea what's going on. There has to be something, something that he's not getting.

That's when a flash of silver caught Druig's eye. Wait, wasn't that Karun? Why the hell did he have a video camera? If he's here, that means... Druig discreetly turned around to see Kingo and Sprite.

Why the fuck were they here?

He knew that Kingo was acquaintances with the restaurant owner (that's how they got this dinner reservation to begin with), but Druig would've assumed that they would've spied on him and Makkari on one of their earlier dates, not now.

Was that why Makkari was so nervous?

No, she would've been more amused than nervous if she knew that Kingo and Sprite were here.

It must be something else.

Without speaking, he signed out, "If something's weird, we can leave now. I don't want to be here if you're uncomfortable."

She shook her head, "It's not that."
"Then what is it?"
"It's nothing!"
"Please tell me? I want to help if I can." Makkari tapped her finger on her lap with a contemplating look on her face as she looked back and forth from him to her phone. "Please?"
Finally, she sighed out in defeat and held both of her hands up so she could sign, "Kingo Kingo said that Sprite saw a ring at your apartment and he said you were going to propose tonight. He wanted me to know so I didn't get blindsided, I guess? I dunno, he literally texted me when we got here and I started thinking about it and I'm justI love you Druig, but we haven't even talked about marriage yet!"
"You love me?" he asked aloud in shock. Druig knew on some level that she loved him and she knew that he loved her. But neither of them had said 'love' until this point. At least not directly. He couldn't help but smile at the verification of her feelings for him. "I love you too."
Makkari looked at him with wide eyes, realizing what he just said. There was a quick flicker of a smile before it quickly became a serious frown, "I love you. I love you, but I do not want to get married right now."
He gently took one of her hands in his, stroking her thumb to comfort her. She looked at him waiting for him to say something, anything.
Druig smiled at her and with his free hand signed out, "My apologies my dear Makkari, but I wasn't planning on proposing to you tonight."
"You're not?"





"I don't know!" Kingo shouted, still in disbelief that Makkari rejected Druig. Like did they go in a rift and fall into an alternative universe or something?! "I can't believe she said no!"
"Stop shouting!" Sprite looked around the menu again to see Druig looking downward. They've gotta get out of here before Druig finds out that they witnessed his failed proposal. "Let's get Karun and go."
Kingo already had his phone out with his fingers flying across the screen, "On it."
"My condolences again sir. May the rest of your evening be better," the waiter wished with a pitying expression on his face.
"Thank you, you've been a great help Luca."
Ooh chocolate cake. Makkari's gonna love it.
He didn't see Kingo or Sprite on his way out, so they must've left. Whatever, he'll deal with them later. He'd rather enjoy the rest of his night with Makkari than worry about them.
Druig rummaged through his pockets in search of his keys, but it looked like his car was already open. He opened the passenger door to see Makkari lying down with his missing keys jingling in her hands.
"Just when did you take my keys?"
She tossed him his keys and sat up, "After I slapped you. I figured it would be better to wait in the car than to stand outside in case Kingo and Sprite were looking for me." She held his cheek, trying to examine the bruise. "Sorry did I hit you too hard?"







Druig opened the door loudly, greeting them all with a, "Good morning."
Kingo and Sprite's mouths fell open at the sight of them and their linked arms.
"About time you two showed up." Gilgamesh looked at them with a knowing smile, "Looks like someone had a fun night."
"It was alright. Definitely better towards the end," Makkari signed, as they unhooked their arms so Druig could fix them up a plate. "Phastos, how's wedding planning going?"
"The seating chart is a mess and the venue we wanted was double booked. It's chaos."
"Sorry to hear. Waffle to ease your pain?" Druig asked, offering a speared waffle out to Phastos.
"Nah, I've got enough."
"Suit yourself. Kari, you want more eggs?"
"And more waffles!"
"Here you are, milady," he said as he set a full plate in front of her and sat beside her. "So what's new with you, Sersi?"
"UmWell, there's this new project at work and I'm the head of it."
"Nice. What-"



enough. And now he can't hide anything in that drawer because she knows now. "And can't I just get a ring for my girlfriend because I love her and I thought it would make her happy?"
Kingo slumped in his chair, "Good lord, the universe is not broken, the Drukkari ship has not sunk."
"Stop being so fucking dramatic."
"You've got a part in this too, Sprite."
Makkari pulled at Druig's sleeve to get his attention, "You have something on your mouth," she signed out before she moved to wipe away the crumbs that were on the side of his face.
He gave her a beaming smile in return, "Thanks."
"Urgh, you two are so cheesy."
"But you love us anyways," Makkari signed with a smile as she leaned in closer to Druig.

Thank you for reading until the end! I have a some ramblings that I would like to share, but if you're not interested in my ramblings, you can always skip them.

For this story, I played with the idea of Druig feeling obligated to propose to Makkari because their relationship was going 'slow', but I didn't like how that worked out, so instead I decided to write a story where there's this misunderstanding that Druig is going to propose and thus shenanigans and of course sweet moments too.

(Also in this story, I've included a little bit about Druig's past as a lawyer. I've honestly been debating on making a tumblr post or something about everything that happened before the events of Olive Tree Florist, so if that's something that anyone would be interested in seeing, please let me know)

I had a lot of fun writing this story. I hope that this story bought you a little joy. Thank you again for reading.

Please stay safe everyone!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!