

The Emerald Ring

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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](#)

“Look at these! Isn’t it pretty?” Makkari asked as she pointed towards a pair of emerald and gold earrings in the case, *“Do you think we can haggle the price down?”*

“How much?”

She tapped on her chin, *“Half?”*

“Always ambitious, aren’t you?” He smirked before waving down a staff member, “Excuse me ma’am.”

On their dates to secondhand shops, they’ll try to get anything that caught Makkari’s eye. He likes helping her bargain for some of the pieces (since it was so easy for him to read people). His favorite part though, was seeing Makkari’s reactions. He always loved how starry eyed Makkari got whenever she saw a first edition book, a vintage piece of furniture, or jewelry from any century. Especially when she got a good deal on it.

They walked out of the store, Makkari was widely grinning at the sight of her new treasure.

But her smile quickly dissipated as she chewed the inside of her mouth.

“What’s wrong, love?”

“It makes me wish that stubborn old guy would sell me that ring already!” she signed out angrily in pointed gestures, *“These earrings would go perfectly with that ring.”*

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.

She was so disappointed after the shopkeeper refused to sell it the last time they visited his store.

Which only made Druig even more determined to get it for her. It took some *convincing*, but Druig did manage to purchase it off the man. He even got it resized so that she could wear it if she wanted to. Coincidentally, the jeweler said that they would finish next week. Just in time for their 6 month anniversary dinner.

He hates keeping secrets from Makkari, but he’s sure she’ll forgive him after she gets that emerald ring.

He can’t wait to see the expression on her face.

“Sorry to hear that. How about we grab something to eat before we head back?”

“I want arepas!”

“As you wish, milady.”

“Druig, you’ve really gotta update your wardrobe. It looks like you haven’t gone shopping for centuries,” Sprite said as they tossed out a polo from his university days. “What even is half of this stuff?”

“Agreed.”

“I don’t recall asking either of you for fashion advice.”

“No. But you need it.”

“I don’t need you telling me what to wear for a date with my girlfriend.”

Most of the time, his dates with Makkari were casual. They went to all kinds of museums and exhibitions to admire art and relics from history. They would go to swap meets and antique fairs to haggle for pieces that caught Makkari’s eye and eat whatever deep fried thing-on-a-stick that caught Druig’s eye. They would lurk about antique stores and bookstores.

But this date was going to be a bit different.

It was at some schmancy Italian restaurant that Kingo got them a reservation for.

And apparently he can’t just wear a leather jacket and call it a day. Hence why his *helpful* siblings have decided to raid his closet.

“Sprite and I aren’t telling you what to wear. We’re saying what you shouldn’t wear,” Thena remarked as she pulled out a gray muscle tank, “This isn’t black. Why do you have this?”

“I exercise in that!” He doesn’t only wear black, he just mostly wears black.

“Hm. We should go sparring again,” Thena said as she put it back to pull something else out, “A leather jacket with fringes?”

“Ok, that one can go.” He just bought that at a shop because he was drunk and freezing. Nothing more, nothing less.

“Great, another thing to throw in the donate pile.”

“Again, I didn’t ask for either of your help.”

“Well you’re getting it.”

“Have I mentioned how insufferable you are recently?”

“Hm, dunno when was the last time that you were an unbearable prick?”

“Play nice you two,” Thena warned as she started going through Druig’s suits, “Why do you still have all of these?”

Ah yes. The suits that he wore back when he was working in that law office. Black suit jackets, black ties, black dress pants. He remembered a lot of late nights working himself to the bone. He remembered how a little piece of him died every time he couldn’t win a case, every time he couldn’t protect someone from a crime that they didn’t commit. He remembered mourning in those suits.

But that part of his life is already over.

Now, he just has to worry about flowers, his family, and Makkari.

“I should get rid of ‘em already,” he said, moving to throw out the whole heap.

“Keep a jacket,” Thena said, “You can wear it on your date.”

“What happened to not telling me what to wear?”

“It’s advice. If you wear your black pants with it, it’ll look nice.”

“Put this one underneath,” Sprite demanded as they threw a black v-neck that landed on Druig’s head.

“Aren’t you nice?”

“Just hurry up and change.”

“Aye, aye, ma’am.” It’s a little surreal to be wearing these clothes after so long. The jacket and pants still fit, but it looks a lot different without the white button down and tie underneath. The black v neck looked alright, so it should do.

A sudden “*Thud!*” sounded off. What is going on out there?

Once he exited his bathroom, he saw Sprite oddly close to his dresser.

“Sprite. What are you doing?”

“Nothing.”

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.

Here.

All ready!

Makkari opened her door and Druig couldn't help but smile at seeing the sight of her in her little black dress. She looked so beautiful. Well, she always looks beautiful but it's moments like this where he feels breathless just looking at her.

“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 thrust 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 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 just...I 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?"

“No, I’m not. But if you’d like me to, I’m sure I can come up with something on the spot.”

Makkari finally let out a chuckle, letting the tension release from her shoulders. *“Not right now. I like what we have now.”*

“What a coincidence. So do I.”

She sighed and shook her head, *“Why did I listen to Kingo?”*

Druig gestured towards the table that he saw the spying pair at. With a smirk, he asked, *“Do you feel like pulling a little prank on Kingo and Sprite?”*

Makkari smirked and raised her chin. *“Of course! What’d you have in mind?”*

This is getting so fucking boring. Kingo snuck them in because he wanted to record the proposal, which is why Karun was at another table on the other side of the restaurant, but they don’t even have a good view of Druig and Makkari’s table from here!

“Are you sure he would propose tonight?” Sprite hissed out as they used a giant menu to block their faces.

“You’re the one who found a ring! Why else would he have a ring? In a box? Hidden away with his socks!”

“Stop talking so loudly, they’re gonna find out we’re here!”

Smack!

What just happened?

Sprite put the menu down at the sound. Makkari was standing up with her hand out while Druig was holding onto his cheek, did she slap him?

Wait, what *the fuck* just happened?!

Makkari turned sharply on her heel and ran out of the restaurant- *Wait, what?!*

Kingo put the menu up so Makkari didn't see them on her way out.

A waiter came by to ask Druig, "Sir, is everything alright?"

Druig had placed his hand on his face, looking distraught, "I wanted to propose, but she said no."

"My goodness! I'm terribly sorry sir. Please have a dessert, on the house."

"I appreciate it, but would you mind if I had it to go?"

"Of course sir. I'll get that for you right away with your bill."

"Shit," Sprite cursed, "Why would she say no?"

“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?* ”

“I’ve lived through worse,” he shrugged off.

“I don’t think that makes it hurt any less.”

“I’m fine. Swear.” To further ease her, he held up the little dessert box, “I also managed to get a little something to go for us. It’s chocolate.”

“My favorite!”

“You know we probably shouldn’t go back to the restaurant again.”

“Eh, that’s ok. I wasn’t that crazy about the food anyways. Let’s head back to your place?”

“Of course.”

It was only when they got back to his apartment and demolished the cake that Makkari asked, *“So what was the ring that Kingo was talking about?”*

“Do you really want to know?”

Makkari nodded with a ‘duh’ expression on her face. *“Show it to me.”*

“As you wish, milady.” Druig rustled out the ring box from his suit pocket and opened it to reveal the emerald ring. Her face lit up when she recognized it.

“No way! How did you get it?”

“I have my ways. May I?” Makkari gave him her right hand and he placed it on her fourth finger. “It looks perfect on you.”

“I love it, thank you!”

He rotated her hand a bit so that the lights could shine onto the emerald, causing it to glisten and glimmer. Seeing a ring on Makkari’s ring finger on her right hand certainly made it tempting to put a matching ring on her opposite hand.

Not today, but someday.

Whenever they felt like it was right for them.

Druig lifted her hand and kissed it. “I love you so much.”

He looked up at her to see her glowing in glee. Her smile was growing and her hands were firmly planted on the edge of his shirt, looking ready to rip it off. *“Care to show me how much you love me?”*

“With pleasure, my beautiful Makkari.”

He wrapped his arms around her waist and pressed a kiss into her forehead, her cheeks, her nose and her chin. She hated when he was like this, deliberately slow. But Druig finds ways to make it up to her. He gave her another smile before leaning down to her lips to give her a searing kiss.

“It was crazy! I thought that Sprite and I fell into the next dimension or something! In what universe does this shit happen when the Drukkari ship has sunk?”

“Kingo.”

“Like how are we going to exist if one of the major couples in our friend group ceases to exist?”

“Kingo.”

“Obviously I’m going with Makkari and I guess Sprite and Thena have to go with Druig, but like what about the rest of you? We haven’t had anything this major happen since Ikaris left!”

“Kingo,” Ajak called out placidly, “It’s not that we don’t believe you two, but maybe there was misunderstanding somewhere. Are you sure that she rejected him? You were a few tables away from them.”

“No, no, I wouldn’t believe it either if I didn’t see it! She literally slapped him and walked out of there! Druig was shocked, he looked heartbroken! If you don’t believe me, then ask Sprite or Karun, they saw the whole thing!” Kingo’s voice rang out desperately.

Meanwhile, Druig and Makkari were on the other side of the door with Druig signing to her so she knew every word that Kingo was spouting out.

“Wow, he really believed us.”

“I know, shocking isn’t it?” He held up his arm towards her, “Shall we go prove him wrong, my beautiful Makkari?”

Makkari linked her arm in his, smiling wide, *“Lead the way.”*

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?”

“Um... Well, there’s this new project at work and I’m the head of it.”

“Nice. What-”

“Hold up!” Kingo interrupted, standing up from his seat, and pointing an accusing finger towards them, “We thought you two broke up!”

“Yeah, what the fuck?”

Druig calmly grabbed his fork and said, “That was for rummaging through my things and conspiring with Kingo,” before stuffing his face with food.

“Then what’s that?!” Sprite asked, pointing to the emerald ring on Makkari’s finger.

“Druig gave it to me, isn’t it pretty?”

“It’s lovely!” Sersi complimented, “Is this the ring from that antique shop you were telling me about?”

Makkari nodded, *“Druig managed to convince the guy to sell it.”*

“Did you control his mind?” Kingo asked.

“It’s not mind control. It’s just a little psychological trick, that’s it,” Druig protested. Seriously, just because he has a degree in psychology doesn’t mean that he ‘mind controls’ people.

“Then why did you buy a ring if you weren’t going to propose? And why would you hide it in a sock drawer?”

“Because that’s the only drawer that Makkari doesn’t go through.” She always steals his clothes whenever she stays over, but she doesn’t take his socks because his aren’t fuzzy

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.

End Notes

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 brought 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!