Spread Your Wings and Fly Away (While You Still Can)

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Spread Your Wings and Fly Away (While You Still Can)

by EepyWithNoTimeToSleep

Summary

Tommy’s a legally 18 year old guy that works a coffee shop handing out pastries and coffee for sleep deprived teens and adults.

But when he’s not working with caffeine he’s working with criminals alongside his best friends and roommates.

(This is a wip fic and isn’t even complete first chapter but hope u like it anyway.)

Chapter 1

Tommy was a normal person who is legally 18.

In the morning, he gives out coffee to people who are 100% sleep deprived. And if you did not know people in the morning, who are most certainly do not want to be there, are not the greatest people to talk to either.
Well, let us be honest Tommy is not the greatest person to talk to either, but you did not hear that from him.

Most mornings Tommy does not even want to move but electricity, roofing, living, anything, is not free. So, he peels himself out of bed and goes off to work.

Tommy tries not to complain that much. He is luckier than most.
He has a place to rest; he has food, AC, and protection from the weather cycle.

But regardless he was grateful, a bit upset at times but grateful.

Tommy put on his headphones as he walked out of his apartment. It was a habit he had picked up, sometimes it's just best to ignore your surroundings. Or at least pretend you are. Normal people did not care about what was happening, because there were heroes to do that for them.

Tommy normally just played a random playlist Tubbo made, or some song Ranboo had said he liked a while ago.
Some day he would mix it up and put on a podcast or audio book that he had heard was good somewhere.

Tommy mindlessly heard the music in the background. He did not even know what song it was, but it was all right. Just a random playlist, he was sent from Tubbo.
It was normal for them; Tubbo liked putting music together in his own categories. And Tommy was simply happy to have background noise.

Tommy checked the time; he could take the train, but it was not that far of a walk.
And besides, he did not really want to have to go through all the touching that came with taking the train today.

It was a lovely day, sunny with a nice breeze.
Which was rare for where he lived, being it normally is cloudy even in summer. So, Tommy was going to enjoy the sun while it lasted.

Once he arrived at the coffee shop, he went on to do the normal opening routine. Only after that does he switch the sign from 'closed' to 'open.'
Tommy looked up at the clock taking note that he opened a bit later than usual, but it is fine.

Everything goes as always, some regulars and some new customers come inside for their daily, if not hourly coffee, then either sit down or leave for work. Pretty normal.

There are some customers that Tommy recognizes from them always coming in around the same time. Sometimes if Tubbo or Ranboo get off work, or streaming for Ranboo, early they stop by themselves.

In all Tommy quite likes his job, even if sometimes he must deal with Karen's and burns. Honestly, he prefers getting burnt then having to talk with a woman who does not know what she is talking about.

“I’ve told you already!”

Tommy sighs, “Yes, I am aware you don’t want any dairy, and I have offered you all the alternatives that we have.”

“Well, I don’t want any of those weird sounding nut milks!!” The lady, no the Karen, practically yells in response. She is referring to Almond Milk by the way.

Tommy runs a hand down his face; he has been in this “debate” for 10 minutes now. “Ma’am I can’t help you, if you don't want any of the milk types I have offered then I can remove the milk completely-”

“NO!!! You do not understand!!!” She shouts.

‘Your right I don’t, because your fucking crazy and stupid an-’ Tommy takes a deep breath, he can practically predict the next thing she is going to spout out. ‘Oh, can I speak with your manager and tell them how horrible you are- blah blah blah-’

“Are you even listening to me!!? Hey!”

Well, shit here it comes.

“I want to speak with your manager!!” The Karen shouts out, “You have been nothing but disrespectful, and your service here is horrible! I am surprised you were ever allowed to work here!”

Tommy sighs and runs his hand through his hair. “Ma’am today is her day off-” a lie “and seeing how this isn’t much of a big deal-” that one's true “to call her and make her take time out of her day just to try and please you will only make her upset.” Another lie, his boss is honestly a people pleaser and would not mind.
“So, pick, you either can take the coffee without milk, or you can leave.”

The woman huffs and storms out the door slamming it shut.

‘Thank fuck she’s gone’ Tommy groans and pastes on his “customer service smile” which he had perfected over the years.

Ding

“Hello welcome in what could I get ya?” Tommy asked, it had become second nature.

If the bell rings greet and ask what they want, then repeat till the day is over and hope Prime is on your side, so you do not get any more Karens then necessary.

The costumer that walked in was clearly new since Tommy's never seen them. They had pink hair, which was sick, but Tommy would not say that aloud.
They were over dressed for a coffee shop, instead looking like they should be in a 5-star restaurant instead of a "hole in the wall" café.

Tommy really could not wait for his shift to be over; his back was aching, and he could practically hear his bed calling him.
Well, it was not technically Tommy's bed, but it was close enough.

"Um... Hallo?" The pink haired stranger was giving Tommy a look that looked like it belonged in a nonchalant contest, the stranger would win.

“Hello, welcome in what can I get for you?” Tommy recited from memory.

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