

Snow

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by [Pixie](#)

Summary

Written for the prompt: Does your OTP ever have snowball fights?

"What's this?"

"Fort." Tim never uses any more words than are absolutely necessary.

Gabriel smiles. "A snow fort?"

The boy nods, intent on his drawing.

They'd spent the morning in the yard, flinging snow at each other, and the dogs. Tim is eleven. Small. Quiet. An introvert in a house of extroverts and an artist amongst adventurers. They'd switched up the teams so everyone was paired with everyone, and his side had won as much as lost, but Tim knows he's the weak link. His parents are decorated Starfleet officers, his sister is a fourteen year old phenom who's all but accepted to the Academy already. Not that she wants to go, but that's beside the point. It doesn't matter how many times his sister tells him the world needs dreamers just as much as heroes – *even more, Timmy!* – he wishes he was like her. Andie is a crack shot with a snowball, the morning's MVP. But there is nothing weak about Tim's mind and a strong defense is just as valuable as a swift offense.

"We'll be fighting to get on your team for the rematch, kid."

Tim looks up with a grin. Gabriel ruffles his hair with affection.

"Let me know when you're ready to build. We can surprise Mom."

Tim nods and returns to his design. His father heads to the kitchen to dial some hot cocoa, with cinnamon. He's whistling as he passes the table and Kat shoots him a questioning look. He answers with a wide smile and ruffles her hair, too.

"We did good."

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