Come Undone
by ThatwasJustaDream

Summary

Luckily, Danny's there when it happens- the day Steve comes undone.

Notes

Written for the Weekend Challenge on the 1_million_word comm, the challenge being the Duran Duran song "Come Undone". Sorry it didn't go prony but it went hurt/comfort instead!

“I’m going to have nap-brain. The rest of the damn day.”

Danny hadn’t been one hundred percent sure Steve was really waking up this time until he heard him mumble those words, felt his body shifting on the couch.

It was good Steve was awake, because it had been a couple of hours and Danny, frankly, needed to move, too. The leg tingles had started a while back. If he didn’t kick his feet off the coffee table, get some circulation going, he wasn’t going to be able to walk.

“You mean that dazed feeling? Mopey?” he did his adjusting and let the hand on Steve’s head wander as Steve stretched; let his fingers scratch lightly through Steve's hair, make deeper circles against his scalp.

“Yeah. That.”
“You woke up in mid-sleep cycle, that’s all. Drift back off, maybe.”

“No, it’s okay,” Steve sat up and grabbed the glass of water on the table almost in one motion; the glass Danny had drawn, anticipating he'd need it when he woke. “Thank you.”

“You’re welcome.”

“Must be all that sun. I feel dry as a bone.”

Danny started to say something back and stopped. If Steve needed to believe – or needed Danny to think - his being dehydrated was really about excess sun? Best to let him.

The whites of his eyes were still an angry pink, and the slump in his shoulders hadn’t left him. He looked like he had a two-day bug. Funny, how an emotional break and the flu often look so much alike. Not funny ha-ha.

“There’s Advil tabs, too,” Danny nodded toward them on the table.

“I don’t need them.”

“Will they hurt anything?”

“No. I guess not.”

“So take ‘em.”

Steve did, watching Danny a little more closely as he swallowed.

“You’ll probably want to go home tonight….” Steve said, setting down the glass.

'Okay...' Danny thought as the words fell on his ears, weighing his whole self down a tad. There should really be a book, or a web site – something for those intimately involved with the emotionally constipated. Like a translation guide. Did Steve want him to go home, or…

No. Steve did not. Of course he did not.

“I...uh, I thought I’d stay. It’s late and…no sense me driving home and driving right back here in the morning on the way to work. Right? I can pull us some dinner from whatever’s in your always impeccably stocked fridge and…”

“We can order in. Easier…”

“Easier. But not as good. Seldom ever as tasty, in the end, and never as fulfilling, so…”

“Okay,” Steve, to his surprise, set down the glass and dropped back onto his lap and it sucked some of the air out of him, watching that happen. “Thanks, D.”

Danny was the one who usually lost it over the kids. The little girls, admittedly, for obvious reasons – the kidnap victims and the murdered teens were the absolute worst. They bothered Steve, too, but Steve tended to keep it on the other side of that huge wall of his.

The kid this time? He was fourteen. Had lost his mom a couple of years ago in a car accident that had racked him up pretty good, too. His dad went missing and they’d promised – all of them, not just Steve- they’d promised they’d do everything in their power to find him. Then they did find him; shot through the head.
Danny had been a few minutes behind Steve getting to the scene where the body was located; a rental storage place. He rolled in to find him taking a drainpipe lying on the ground to a metal shed over and over and over and…

The shed ended its useful life in a lopsided, collapsed triangle. Then Steve had collected himself enough to go sit with the boy and break the news…only to lose it again in Danny’s car, thankfully in the passenger’s seat, on the way back to his house. He’d fallen limp against him when Danny found a parking lot to pull over into - like a half ton of sobbing, choking bricks.

“I haven’t had pasta carbonara in a really… long time,” Steve said. “It’s great.”

“Not bad if I do say so myself….”

They ate and then washed the dishes, scrubbed the pots. Danny kept the conversation going – a bit one-sided, maybe, but it did the trick.

“We could call out tomorrow,” He offered as Steve switched off the bedside lamp. “No one would bat an eye.”

“No. Staying home… I get that sick-day feeling. Like I’m not supposed to do anything fun because I didn’t go to school. You know?”

Danny actually did get that - the burden of the overly conscientious.

“How can you be so good at this?” Steve asked as they each settled into the dark, into their pillows.

“What, just because I bitch and moan, you think….”

Danny let the thought trail off, distracted. Normally Steve started out on his side, facing away and ended up sprawled on his back. He was turning toward Danny now, from the get-go, his head finding the spot by Danny’s ribs, an arm going over him.

“There’s nothing you can ever do or say…” Danny took it slow, looking for the right words. “… that’ll push me away. You are a million percent safe with me. Okay?”

He felt him nod, and knew that was as much of an answer as Steve could give.

It might have been uncomfortable for some people, falling asleep like that for the first time, but it worked. Him and a Steve who was unspooled? Undone?

They fit just right.

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