Summary

The silver lining of having to fight Arias is that if Chris isn’t interested, Leon can always blame the concussion.

Chris/Leon. Pure fluff. 
Leon gets hurt, fixed, kisses and a bagel. In that order.

Notes

Thanks for all the lovely comments on Connect, I'll try and write some more when I get the chance. 
Here’s a fluffy one-shot that doesn’t really have a plot. I just wanted to write something nice happening to Leon. :) 

This is set straight after Vendetta.

They head back to the BSAA’s building after Arias, everyone taking the opportunity to grab a shower before getting the main points of the report down. Most of it can be done later, but getting a testimonial from each of them immediately after the fact is going to look a lot better at the inevitable inquest into why a chunk of New York ended up getting levelled and why half the city was infected,
even if they were eventually cured.

Chris doesn't mind, though. Having DSO agent Leon Kennedy showering next to him isn't exactly a hardship, although he's having a difficult time keeping his eyes off the smaller man, who quietly leans with his forehead against the wall and just lets the water pour over him.

“Jesus, Leon,” Chris mentions after a moment when he realises that the dinner plate-sized marks all down Leon's side aren't just shadows. “You really hit the side of that building hard, you okay?” He asks, remembering the way Leon had been thrown across the roof and into a solid concrete wall. It'd happened again a few minutes later as well – Leon had hit a glass barrier hard enough to shatter it and almost gone off the roof – the bruises could have been caused by either of those. That or Arias picking him up and squeezing him like a toy.

“I'll get checked out after the report.” Leon murmurs, low and still leaning heavily on the wall.

“Are you sure? How's your arm? You were holding it earlier,” Chris asks, unable to see from the way Leon is standing.

“Isn't broken.” Leon mutters, sounding exhausted as the adrenaline wears off, trying to relax his aching muscles under the hot water. “Just gotta get it fixed.”

Chris doesn't understand for a moment, frowning and moving around Leon to his other side, trying not to look down at the perfect curve of Leon's ass because he's still leaning against the wall and Chris has had dreams about him in that position. Leon doesn't move, though, and he has his eyes closed, looking as though the wall is the only thing holding him up. Leon is small and lean, works in bursts of incredible skill and agility and then crashes afterwards when the adrenaline drains out of him. Chris has seen him after a couple of his more intense assignments and watched the way every one of his injuries had hit him at once after he allowed the pain to filter back in. He'd been more worried than he wanted to admit the first time he'd seen Leon start to shake after going up against a G-virus monster and winning, the way he'd just stumbled to a chair and had to sit down for a while, still smiling and answering questions for the report but unable to stand up because his legs couldn't support him.

“Leon...” Chris breathes when he sees the smaller agent's arm, horrified. His shoulder is black with bruising and his arm hangs limply, his shoulder bone jutting up where it shouldn't. He can see what Leon meant now – it isn't broken, it's just dislocated. No wonder he'd been cradling it quietly on the flight back. It's going to be another hour until they can get to the medic, who's in with Rebecca checking her over as the most urgent case after almost turning when she was infected.
“I'll live.” Leon says quietly, just breathing against the wall. Chris wonders if he can even move, noticing the fine tremor that runs down his back.

“You're gonna end up with nerve damage if that doesn't get put back in soon.” Chris points out, frowning. Leon is quiet for a long moment, shivering.

“Yeah.” He says softly then, his voice ragged. “Yeah, you're right. I'd better…” he pushes himself away from the wall shakily, turns a little and places his good hand flat against the bricks, taking a deep breath and closing his eyes, preparing to slam it against the wall to try and pop it back in.

“Hey, hey, wait a minute!” Chris stops him, reaching out to his good shoulder and trying not to notice how it feels to touch his skin. Leon looks up through slightly glazed eyes and waits, swaying.

“I thought you wanted me to do it now?” Leon asks in a voice that worries Chris, a little too ragged and dazed, his heavy blue eyes struggling to focus.

“Let me help you, okay? You're just gonna hurt yourself more if you do it like that.” Chris offers gently, watching the way Leon turns and looks up at him, trusting and vulnerable.

“Yeah, okay. Thanks.” He says roughly. “Sorry if I curse you out for it.” He gives a forced little half-smile and Chris returns it, stepping closer and doing his best not to notice that they're both naked and ever so close and he's wanted Leon for years. He takes hold of Leon's elbow on the bad side and runs one hand up his arm, carefully feels the out of place bone so that he knows where it needs to go. Leon closes his eyes and shudders, gripping the wall behind him with his good hand.

“This happened when Arias picked you up?” Chris asks to distract Leon, who shivers and is about to reply. Before he can, Chris twists and jerks his arm up, thankful that he has the strength to do it in one shot. He feels the bone crunch wetly back into place and Leon gives a tight cry of agony, his knees buckling and his good hand jerking up to clutch at Chris, who catches him easily.

“B-bastard-” Leon gasps in pain against his chest, clinging to him and shaking badly for a long moment, his breath coming out in wheezing pants while the pain rocks through him.

“Sorry,” Chris says gently, stroking his back, soothing him down. “I've got you, take your time.” He murmurs, glad to have Leon in his arms, even if it isn't quite the way he'd always wanted.
Leon takes a long few minutes to be able to get his knees to hold him up again, managing to lean back against the wall and look up at Chris, flushed with pain and still breathing a little heavily.

“Guess all those muscles come in handy,” the smaller man murmurs raggedly, eyes still a little glazed.

Chris is about to reply when he notices the trickle of red winding its way down from under Leon's hair, frowning.

“Leon, you're bleeding.” He reaches out, brushing the smaller agent's long hair aside so he can see the wound. It's a little gash above one eyebrow and he looks it over carefully, worried.

“It's okay, just glass from the barrier. Rebecca checked it on the plane, got a mild concussion but she said it's not serious.” Leon says in an exhausted voice, not resisting the way Chris is touching him, just watching the larger man with a slight smile. “You make a good nurse.” He murmurs with a more genuine little smile, closing his eyes when Chris uses a damp flannel to carefully wipe the blood away.

“That's not what Claire'd tell you.” Chris laughs softly, looking down into Leon's eyes and knowing he's probably given away too much with the way he's been touching the smaller man. Leon's heavy eyes flutter open and he looks up at Chris, searching his eyes for a long moment but not looking upset or nervous.

“Wanna take care of me a little more?” Leon murmurs, soft and smiling slightly. “If you're not interested I'm gonna blame it on the concussion, just so you know.”

Chris laughs quietly, doesn't move his hand from where he's holding Leon's hair aside.

“I'm definitely interested.” He murmurs, leaning down slowly, giving Leon plenty of opportunity to back out if he wants to. He doesn't, angling up into the kiss when Chris tilts his head back with the hand in his hair, pressing into his pretty mouth and pouring years worth of want into the kiss. He feels the way Leon groans softly into it, his good hand sliding up to drag clever fingers through the back of Chris' short hair and Leon's flexible body pressing against him, angled a little to protect his still tender shoulder.

The kiss seems over too quickly but Leon pulls back a little, gasping for breath against his lips and laughing raggedly.
“I might have...bitten off more than I can chew here...” He admits with a smile, swaying again. “I might need some actual taking care of.” He keeps his good hand on Chris' huge shoulder and the larger man leans in, kisses his jaw gently and smiles.

“I've got you, don't worry. No more acrobatics for today, I think we could both use some downtime.” He murmurs, reaching behind them to turn off the water before helping Leon over to the benches where the BSAA have provided a change of clothes.

“My hero.” Leon claims, wincing as Chris helps him sit down on the bench. “I say this every time, but I'm getting too old for this shit.” He claims, looking at the grey sweats they've been given.

“Nobody is gonna believe you if any of the footage from the roof cameras survived. You still move like you're twenty.” Chris laughs, sitting next to him and ruffling his hair with a towel.

“Agh.” Leon says flatly, swatting him away with his good arm and trying to flatten his hair back down for a moment before giving up and getting to work pulling on his clothes. Chris quickly dresses so he can help Leon with the shirt, gingerly sliding it over his injured shoulder. It's big on him, thankfully, so it's loose enough that it doesn't hurt him too badly. It also hangs off his smaller frame and shows his collarbone, which Chris is happy to be allowed to stare at.

“Not my usual style,” Leon mutters, plucking at the fabric of the t-shirt in distaste. It's a long way from tight shirts and leather jackets, but Chris thinks he looks pretty fetching in it, especially with his hair sticking up like he's just got out of bed.

“Looks good to me,” Chris tells him, helping him up again. Leon leans happily against him, looking tired but content as they head out towards the meeting rooms where the quick initial reports can be recorded before they get some well earned time off.

“You gonna take me on a date now that we've been naked together, Captain?” Leon asks in a low, playful voice. “I'm a pretty big fan of breakfast, I don't know if I've mentioned that.”

Chris laughs, recalling all the times he's heard Leon complain when he hasn't been given anything to eat before being sent out.

“I feel like you might have mentioned it once or twice...” He grins. “How about breakfast in bed? There's a pretty nice hotel just down the block that's probably still standing, I feel like we deserve
some luxury after today.” He asks, raising his eyebrows suggestively.

“That’s a good plan, I see why they made you captain.” Leon says, the smile still on his face as Chris helps him into the office for his report. The recorder is already set up and Hunnigan is on a screen, recording as well for the DSO. She asks him how he is but definitely notices the way Chris helps him into the seat, smiling slightly at how careful Chris is with him.

It doesn’t take long and Chris heads into the next room to submit his own report, catching Rebecca on the way out from her own interview and giving her a quick hug before saying goodnight. By the time he gets back Leon has just finished and the screens are dark, the tech who’d been recording everything helping Leon up. Chris quickly steps in and helps, his arm around Leon’s waist, careful of his bruises.

“That is embarrassing.” Leon laughs slightly, thanking the tech before limping out, leaning heavily on Chris who doesn’t mind at all.

“I’m enjoying it,” the captain claims, tracing a circle on Leon’s waist just under his ribs. Leon shivers and flushes, much to Chris’ delight. “Oh? I’m gonna remember that.” He claims, making a mental note of the sensitive spot.

“You’re gonna be in trouble when I can move my other arm,” Leon claims, closing his eyes for a moment at the cool night air when they get outside, sirens echoing faintly in the distance as the clean up from Arias carries on. The hotel isn’t far and Chris orders them both coffee and pastries when they check in, helping Leon to the elevator and up to their room. When they get in Leon whistles in appreciation at the size of the place, making no comment about the single large bed and sitting down on it gratefully when Chris helps him over to it.

“Nice place, this is a pretty good first date considering I’m only half functional right now,” he claims, laying back carefully and groaning at the soft bed. “Oh yeah, you really know just what a guy needs after fighting a G-monster.” He sighs happily. Chris laughs at him and collects the coffee and pastries when room service taps politely at the door. He sets them on the bedside table and pulls Leon’s boots off, leaning over him.

“Does the half of you that’s working want a bagel?” He asks, smiling when Leon reaches up with his good arm and pulls him down for a long, slow kiss.

“Mm’hmm.” Leon murmurs into it, tired but pleased. Chris hasn’t seen him so relaxed and happy in a long time and he loves it, drawing back with a few little kisses to Leon’s jaw, looking down at him for a long moment in appreciation before sitting back a little and helping him sit against the pillows,
handing him a bagel and his coffee. Leon takes them, leans against Chris’ huge shoulder and seems content to stay that way, enjoying the food after using so much energy.

“Didn't realise I was so hungry,” Chris mutters after his second pastry, moving the tray onto the sheets so Leon can reach for an apricot tart and nod, agreeing.

“M'not judging,” Leon claims, taking a bite of his treat. “The whipped cream in your stubble just makes you sexier.” He says, laughing when Chris wipes his chin and snorts.

“Wanna watch a movie?” He asks, picking up the remote from beside the bed. Leon sips his coffee and nods against his arm, yawning.

“No romcoms or zombie movies.” Leon mutters, shifting to get a little more comfortable with the pillows behind him, still leaning on Chris because all his muscles mean he has a high body temperature and he's like a big, warm wall.

“Gotcha.” Chris flips through a few channels, finds one of the older James Bond films and leaves it playing, settles back with a croissant and wraps one big arm around Leon, who gets comfortable against him.

“This is an excellent first date.” Leon murmurs sleepily after a few minutes, eyes heavy.

Chris laughs softly and draws him a little closer, enjoying having the solid presence of the smaller man at his side, pressed against him comfortably.

“Yeah, it's pretty nice.” Chris agrees, turning his head to kiss Leon's hair as the smaller man slowly falls asleep against him, his breath evening out. Chris turns the volume on the TV down and closes his eyes as well, falling asleep much happier than he'd expected to after fighting Arias.

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