Random Tumblr Ficlets

by Dana

Summary

Fills for tumblr prompts/possibly other random things. New chapters: 8

Notes

I did a sentence starter meme on tumblr, and these are the ficlets that got written because of it!

This set is mostly double drabbles, one longer ficlet at the end, ranges from gen through various takes on Sam, Gene and Annie (and some OT3ishness in general). There's some AU, some canon friendly moments, some attempts at humour and some scattered bits of whump. Oh and canon typical language, that as well.
'Please stay,' Gene mutters, defences worn down by a bloody long and awful night after an equally wretched day.

Annie stops, turns round, and Gene can only guess at how bloody miserable he must look, hunched down in the lopsided plastic chair. He looks up at her, sees how she's staring right back, her own worries gnawing at her face. Her gaze flickers from him, to Sam lying in the hospital bed, pale but bruised and so very, very still, the beep of the heart monitor, the rushing whoosh of the ventilator.

Annie nods, steps towards him, and she holds out her hand.

Gene takes it, tugs her close, presses his head against her stomach, winds his arms tight.

Hadn't meant to shout, fling blame, because if there's anyone who helped cause this misery, it certainly wasn't her.

Certainly hadn't meant to run her away.

'Don't know what to do,' he mumbles, and he feels her arms moving, her fingers slipping into his hair, hugging him as best as she can. Maybe this is just to show his own need, that there's more than just Sam between them – how, if Sam doesn't wake back up, there won't be even that.

'Stop trying to cheer me up!' Sam snaps, and Annie tenses, eyes him warily.

He'd been pacing the waiting room, pale and trembling, dark circles round his eyes, all in all a nervous wreck who'd otherwise cleared the room with his incessant, moody silence. She'd teased him and smiled at him, not making light of what had happened, only knowing that he was blaming himself, and hard. With good cause, of course, but telling him to not give up already, well, that hadn't helped. Annie'd had to think of something else.

'I shot him, I bloody shot him, Annie! What if I've killed him? Oh bloody hell, Jesus Christ, what if he dies?'

She hadn't quite expected that level of vitriol in Sam's retort, and Sam one moment away from crumpling, Annie hugging him tight just as the first muffled sob escapes. The next bubbles up as she clings to him, as she feels his arms wrapping around her in return, his body shaking as he weeps.

'It'll be okay, Sam,' she tells him, soothes one hand down his back. She has to believe in what she's told him, though the truth of it hardly seems a very likely thing.

'That's a good look for you,' Gene mutters, eyeing Sam, the split lip and bloody nose, as well as what will likely prove to be a rather sensational black eye. The sharp look Sam gives back has him regretting that idle comment faster than can be reasoned, so he digs in one pocket to pull a
handkerchief out. Passes it to Sam, who wordlessly snatches it away.

Gene keeps on watching him, feels a deep urge – almost a twitch, really – to snatch the cloth right back, to be the one to dab at Sam's wounds. But he stands back, can't get caught like that at a crime scene of all things, where all eyes are on them, one way or another. No, Gene has to keep off, aloof, watch Sam suffer, because there are appearances that need to be kept up, after all.

Sam, quietly resentful, doesn't look up, bloodying the handkerchief, looking hurt and lost and guilty – well, really, looking just like himself. Gene promises himself he'll make it up to Sam, knows Sam knows that as well, and goes off to shout at the plod as Annie comes round, leaving her to fuss over Sam's state instead.

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for little_cello: Sam and Annie, mention of Gene (Sam/Gene, slight Sam/Annie maybe?)

'Sam...' Annie says, and Sam favours her with a humourless grin, his eyes flicking from her face to some point beyond her shoulder, the same direction she knows the Guv had walked off. 'Everything's going to be fine now, you know that, right?'

'Yeah,' he says at length, rubbing his forehead with one hand, dabbing his bloody lip with a borrowed handkerchief with the other. 'Right, of course.'

'Sam?' she says, noting how his attention keeps straying back over her shoulder, sometimes frowning, always looking thoughtful, more than a bit lost. He seems rather dazed – seeing how he looks like he'd gone three or more rounds at one of the boxing rings she knows the Guv likes so much, she wouldn't be surprised if he was concussed. Hardly the first time, either. 'There's an ambulance here still, maybe you need to go to hospital?'

'Annie, I...' He blinks, shakes his head, opens his mouth to say something, hesitates. Loses himself in thought for a moment, then nods. 'You know, that actually sounds like a very good idea.'

'Christ, Sam, Jones really must have hit you hard.'

He laughs, winces as he rolls his eyes. 'Annie, you... you have no idea.'

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for little_cello: Sam and Gene (Sam/Gene)

He's stiff and sore by the time he makes it to his flat (having been in and out of A&E in record time, not actually having been concussed), sees that the door has been kicked open. He pushes it open, of course sees that Gene's waiting for him inside, winces, the door swinging shut behind him.

'Guv.'

'So, instead of listening to my more than sound reasoning in regard to Ricky Jones, you felt it necessary to wander off and get yourself into a bit of trouble. Must be a day ending in y.'

'Yeah,' Sam sighs, 'it's good to see you too.'

'You know I didn't mean it,' Gene snaps, standing, rushing at him – Sam tenses, but Gene's surprisingly gentle as he pulls Sam into his arms. He should push Gene away – wants to, but maybe he does need him, at least right now – so he puts his hands on Gene's arms, leans his head against Gene's shoulder.
'At least you didn't take your beating like a good boy. You definitely put the hurt on Jones.'

'I'll get that handkerchief cleaned,' Sam murmurs.

'No worries, Sam,' and Gene's lips brush at the corner of his eye. 'Take your time.'

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for **aisforinterval**: Sam and Gene (I TRIED TO BE FUNNY, I AM SO SORRY)

'That is one hell of a mess,' Gene mutters, then whistles, and Sam rolls his eyes. The room is too small as it is by, the both of them plus one corpse.

'Show some respect, Guv,' Sam says, glowers at Gene, who's currently crouched down beside the body (cigarette and all, but at least it seems like he's taking care with his ash). 'That man right there was somebody's son.'

'What?' Gene says, pulling himself to his feet, turning round. 'Don't get your delicates in a bunch, Marjorie, was only just stating a simple fact.'

'Maybe so, but it's hardly helpful.'

'Just going to be that sort of day, isn't it? Nag, nag, nag.'

'Must have known his killer,' Sam sighs, rubs his cheek. 'Doesn't look like he tried to defend himself, like he was caught off guard – so it might have been a crime of passion, given the, ah, brutal nature of it, really.'

'Poor bastard had his head bashed in – say it like a man, Tyler. No need to dress the bloody sentence up.'

Sam huffs, scowling. 'Next you'll comment on his state of attire.'

Gene rolls his eyes. 'Rather sure you mean the lack of it, Sam.'

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for : **rebelxxwaltz**: (Sam/Gene) (I ACTUALLY TRIED TO BE FUNNY HERE AS WELL, DOUBLE SORRY)

He's adjusting well, or so Sam tells him. Doesn't think any of this is real, but when he says so Sam just gives him this look – sarcastic, almost amused, maybe even raising one eyebrow as he stares Gene down (depends on the day): 'I have no idea what you mean by that, Guv.'

And that? Gene knows a lie when he hears it.

Anyhow, he's not Sam's Guv these days, but old habits die hard. Fair enough, because Gene's not quite used to DCI Tyler, doesn't know if he ever will be – still, that's hardly the most shocking change that Gene's been presented with lately.

Plus, he feels alone, but Sam seems to get that as well. Evidently there's a flat in his name, but Gene spends all of three nights at it before he decides otherwise – as though that, in avoiding it, it'll just go away – and spends his nights at Sam's place instead. It's nothing at all like that shitty bedsit of Sam's, from that world that Gene still thinks of as real. Doesn't miss the god-awful wallpaper. Doesn't miss the god-awful bed.

The one here is much better – very nice, and very, very big.
He flops into said bed one night, rolls over onto his side, hears running water from the bathroom. Closes his eyes. Feels the slight dip of the mattress, opens his eyes immediately.

Jerks up –

*flails*

– and then falls backwards, right out of the bed.

‘Where the fuck did that clown come from?’ he shouts, picking himself up – hears Sam laugh, like this is some sort of sick joke, or maybe just something that is typical, at least given Sam's less than sane day-to-day. The fact that it seems to be spreading – is madness something you can catch, something that spreads like the common cold? Bloody hell, *no*, Sam is the lunatic here, Gene is perfectly *sane*.

‘Jesus Christ, it's gone now – what the sodding hell is going on here, Sam?’ He flops back down, sitting down on the edge bed, scowling in Sam's general direction: Sam, standing at the bathroom door, pyjama bottoms on, towel draped across his shoulders.

‘What...?’

‘What with that stick you like to keep up your jacksie, never thought you the sort for practical jokes.’

Sam's grin is as enigmatic as it always seems, at least these days. ‘What joke? Oh... just wait until you meet the little girl.’
Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

I did a h/c drabble meme on tumblr, and this is what got written because of it!

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for aisforinterval: Sam, lonely

The atmosphere is cheery: loud talking, raucous laughter, the smiles that Annie sometimes sends his way, the ones that Sam half-heartedly returns. The pub is packed, the Party Seven reduced to nothing, and maybe after the events at the mill Sam understands his DCI a little bit more. All in all, he knows it's been a good night.

Still, that doesn't keep Sam from feeling like he's standing alone on an island built of his own fears, surrounded by his colleagues, his almost friends.

Because Sam can't stop thinking about what Ted Bannister told him: what is he fighting for?

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for aisforinterval: Sam and Gene, death of a loved one (AU, CHARACTER DEATH)

'Yeah... I mean, this just... it's not possible, Gene.' He's too pale, shocked, blood on his face, on his hands. 'She can't be dead.' Keeps repeating that, at least when he's not just crying, plod mucking about a crime scene that never should've been.

'What am I going to do now?' Sam asks, and Gene's close enough to breaking down, so he grabs hold of Sam – hugs him, it's that or a punch – and Sam gasps. 'Why couldn't he have shot me instead?'

'He's dead too,' Gene mutters, only keeping it together because it's his duty, having been Annie's Guv.

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A week goes by and then it happens: Sam mentions Annie (too much, too soon), and Gene roars as he stands. Sam flinches, Gene throws a bottle across the room, moves like lightning, because Sam blinks and then Gene's slamming his fist into the wall.

Sam staggers over, shouts, 'you're hurting yourself, Guv!', tries to stop him, only Gene doesn’t see him, doesn’t hear him, so Sam takes the next two punches instead. Sam's groan rouses him, though, luckily enough, because Gene blinks, stops – stumbles backwards – drops to his knees.

And then –

Sam’s never seen Gene cry, let alone sob.

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'Make it stop,' Sam mutters, eyes black as pits, pale-skinned, drenched with sweat. 'P-please… she sh-shouldn't b-be here. M-make her g-go away, G-Gene…'

Gene scowls, pulls the duvet up, hisses in surprise when Sam’s hand latches onto his wrist, his grip surprisingly strong – especially seeing as he’d been, for days now, as weak as a kitten. ‘Christ, Tyler – ’ Gene starts, reaching to pry Sam’s fingers away.

Sam blinks, stares. ‘Sh-she won’t l-leave me alone, G-Gene… don’t let h-her… take me… a-away…’

His eyes slip shut – then, his grip slackens – and Gene sighs, ‘crazy bastard,’ straightening the duvet once more.

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Gene mumbles something about not wanting Sam to see him like this, and Annie grits her teeth, swallows her bitterness, wishes she didn’t fit into the equation that once was Sam and Gene. Gene’s on his knees in front of the toilet, and Annie’s either been rubbing his back or helping by holding his hair back. He’s so drunk he’s sick with it, and he shudders (once more) before heaving up.

He’ll apologise later, he always does – apologise, and tell her it won’t always be this bad.

Not that Sam could possibly see him. Not that Sam’s ever coming back.

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It’s Christmas Eve, 1973 and Annie giggles – sits on Gene’s lap – smiles in his face. ‘Hullo, Guv.’

'Bloody hell, Cartwright – ought to warn a man.’ But he tucks his arm about her waist, because maybe he’s had a bit too much to drink as well (though clearly, Annie’s had more.) 'What'll Tyler think?'

Gene had thought…

'Maybe I hope he gets jealous.'

Oh.

(Maybe Gene does, too.)

'Sam's not my keeper, you know.'

Oh.

(Both well worth keeping, far as Gene can see.)

Annie leans forwards (her lips are so close).

'That so?'
Someone gasps.

She answers with a kiss.

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for talkingtothesky: Gene and Stu, bullied

Seeing as they both have a tendency to take what their father dishes out, mostly in their Mam’s
defence, Stu’s not surprised that, at school, Gene fights back. ‘She’ll have a fit,’ he mutters, grabbing
for a clean cloth.

Hesitates.

Relents.

'Got a few hits in yourself, yeah?' Dabs the cut at Gene's eye.

School is a world away from home, and that means different rules, where Gene just doesn’t have to
stand and take it – so, at least he’s able to stand up to some of the bullies in his life.

Gene nods, grits his teeth, grins.

Always grins.

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for little_cello: Sam/Gene, cut

'Can't fix me,' Sam mutters. Gene wants to shake him, slam him against the wall – but what he does
is hold him, crush Sam against him, thinking it might somehow mend Sam's sanity. Undo Sam's
words.

'Help me,' Sam says, somewhat louder, close to tears.

Gene presses his nose into Sam’s short hair. Sam squirms. Groans.

'Don't wanna leave… can't stop her… thought I could cut her out…'

'Quiet, Sam,' Gene mumbles. 'Go to sleep.'

Sam shifts again, moans. Relaxes, doing as he’d been told.

There’s a call Gene should make… only, because he’d lose Sam, he knows he won’t.

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for xysabridde: Sam/Gene, cut

'Well?' Gene mumbles, really too pale, but that's blood loss for you – courtesy of the long, vicious
cut, the one staining his shirt, Sam's hands. Sam's already done everything he can. 'What's the
diagnosis, quack?'

'Not a doctor,' Sam snaps, regrets it immediately. 'Don't move? Ambulance won't be long.'

'H-how bad's it, Tyler?'
Sam’s applying as much pressure as he can, but the blood… he’s not watching Gene bleed out, he’s not – he’ll be okay.

'Not bad at all,' Sam mutters, lies. 'Look, when you're feeling better…'

'Date?'


'Yeah. Date.'

—for xysabridde: this one wasn't specifically prompted, but it's Gene's pov on the above request.

‘Well?’ Gene mumbles, blinks up at Sam, and it’s a small mercy, really, him too shocked to feel the pain. Sam’s gaze darts about, frantic, with Gene’s own blood all over his hands. ‘What’s the diagnosis, quack?’

'Not a doctor!' That raw catch in Sam's voice, like he's two seconds away from breaking down, the sudden smile, tentative on his lips. 'Don't move? Ambulance won't be long.'

'H-how bad's it, Tyler?'

'Not bad at all,' Sam mutters, and Gene knows it's a lie. 'Look, when you're feeling better…'

'Date?'

Sam smiles. Nods. Gene feeling like he’s slipping away.

'Yeah. Date.'
Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Not really tumblr prompts this time (more just phone prompts, but whatever). All of them are drabbles, most of them were prompted by little_cello, the seventh by xysabridde, and the last one just happened because I'm weird (but it was also for Xys). These ones are all mostly gen.

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for little_cello: Sam, Annie and Gene (Vaguely OT3ish or Sam/Annie+Gene) - snow

**Complementary Enough**

Snow covers the city like a blanket. Gene doesn't even have to try hard to convince the newly-weds to stay the night. The streets are in no condition to be driven on and Sam's such a bloody nervous skirt when it comes to road safety.

They take over the way they always do. The roast is one more meal Gene can never probably give thanks for, though he mostly tries.

Afterwards he slips a shot of whisky into his cocoa. Annie hides her grimace with a sigh.

They're still a bother but they make this house feel like a home.

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for little_cello: Sam, Annie and Gene (post 2x08) - sand

**No Matter What**

Sam bends but doesn't break, picks and chooses which confrontations escalate to actual fights. He doesn't have to be belligerent for the sake of it anymore.

Annie notices. If Gene does, he doesn't say.

If anything else has changed since the train tunnel, it's all for the better. Maybe it's too good to be true. Maybe he'll never stop trying to make it right.

He's settled in now the way he never was before. Sand and time, memory and dust, and his future in the past. This is home now: there's no going back

Sam has to make it work.

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for little_cello: Sam and Gene (post 2x08) - a very comfy chair

**Sincere**
The chair's the nicest he could find in this day and age, the company closer to the worst. How Gene manages to fill up his life completely, on-and-off duty, Sam'll never know.

Sam's on the bed. Gene's claimed the new recliner as his own. 'S'not bad.'

'Yeah, I wouldn't know.'

Gene chuckles, settling back. If the bastard thinks he's sleeping now, he's got another thing coming.

'Live a little, Sammy-boy.'

Sam eyes the cane that's pushed to the side – out of sight, out of mind. If Gene does want to kip, Sam wouldn't really hold it against him.

'I am.'

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for little_cello: Sam and Gene (post-whumpy pseudo comfort) - rope

Relief

'Oi. Stay awake.'

Gene dealt with the gag first, and now he's moved onto the rope. Sam should say something but his head hurts too much. Speech keep slipping away.

He's hot and tired on top of that... he thinks it's been hours since he was grabbed, but it collapsed into one big blur.

He was bleeding, but now...

His head lolls forward...

'...dozy git, always lazing about...'

The rest of him slumps as the rope falls away. Gene catches him.

'...thanks.'

Gene huffs, hoists him up. 'Manners now? Patterson really worked you over.'

Everything still hurts, but Sam laughs.

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for little_cello: Sam and Annie (post 2x08) - crossed

Crossed

He leaves the planning session without warning. It's Annie who follows him into the gents. 'Annie, you can't -'

'Sam, what's wrong?'

'Just a nosebleed...' He's wiped the mess clean.
'It's really just that?' She's never that easily convinced.

Fair enough, because it's really so much more: dreams where he chokes to death on his own blood, all his bones shattered to dust. It's something gone wrong between this life and the last, maybe as simple as the wires having crossed.

'I'm really okay.' He takes her by the arm.

'If you insist.' She really won't leave it at that.

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for **little_cello**: Sam and Gene (post-whump banter) - faint

**Passing Time (not out)**

'I swear to God, if you faint on me like the bloody girl you are then I'm kicking you in the bloody arse!'

'Could you... stop mentioning blood... please?'

'Right, right – sorry. Forget I said anything at all.'

'...okay.'

'Oi – you heard me, no passing out. Consider that an order, you ruddy nonce..'

'Got... got it, Gene.'

'Come on, almost to hospital now – just keep pressure on it.'

'I... okay.'

'And tell me again how you managed to slice your hand open so nicely?'

'Dunno... just talented... I guess.'

'Gladys?'

'Guv?'

'Think about getting yourself a new hobby, okay?'

'….sure.'

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for **xysbridde**: Sam and Gene (Sam/Gene domestic fluff with a side of minor whump - Gene burning himself

**Lending A Hand**

It's gracious of him to lend a hand at all – if Sam wants fancy 'dinner-dates' at home, he should be the one to cook them. Of course, even Wonder Boy can only do so many things at once.

'Look, just stir it. Gently. Please.'

'Got it, Tyler – stirring it. Gently. Hurry up.'
'Great... one second then. Be right back.'

'Hurry. It. Up!' Grinning, Sam goes, Gene's gaze following after. Such a bloody ponce. Looks good in the apron. Looks better in less.

'Shit!' His hand's under the cold tap before he can blink twice. 'Maybe stirring's a bit advanced.'

'Prick.'

for **xysabridde**: Sam and Gene

**Local**

'...turnip brain.'

'...what was that?'

'You're a turnip brain, Guv – bloody hell, Rickey finally trusted having me about, but then you had to waltz right on in! Poor little Sammy, he can't handle the undercover work –'

'You hadn't checked in! Anyhow, yeah, I get it, I messed up – big time. Still don't see how my being a turnip brain comes into play!'

'Ah, well, Rickey's in Manchester up from Herefordshire – I've some cousins there... well, I'll have some cousins there eventually. Just seemed fitting.'

'...if Rickey doesn't kill you first, I might have to do it myself'

'Ha-bloody-ha.'
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

I did a mood prompt on tumblr, and this is what got written!

for xysabridde: Sam, 'adored'

The smile is half thoroughly sloshed, effortlessly beautiful, and Gene jerks his head to the right, cheeks tinged pink. 'Go on, put a jacket on – got something to show you, Sammy-boy.' The amount he's been drinking, it's something of a miracle he's not slurring his words. Still, it's the smile that's convinced him, the smile that kept Sam from just slamming the door on Gene and climbing back into bed. Not that closing and locking the thing has ever done a good job of keeping Gene out of his flat, but he should get marks for effort.

'Outside?'

Gene rolls his eyes. 'Yes, outside – and you call yourself clever.' He still looks amused, still smiling, and that warms the cold edges of Sam's heart. 'Hurry up.' He jams his hands down into his pockets, rocks back on his heels, looks pleased as punch.

'Right – whatever you say.' He turns around, leaves Gene at the door, picks his jacket up and slides into it, slips into his boots. It's a ridiculous combination, leather on top of his pyjamas, but it's not like anyone should see him. Checking the clock to reconfirm the time, it's still just after half past four. No, anyone with sense is still asleep: that must be why he and his Guv are awake. Takes one to know one, right?

'REady?' Gene's beaming, licks his lips. Sam huffs and rolls his eyes, closes the door behind him as he joins Gene in the now cluttered hallway. So much empty space, but he and Gene are jammed up close, their bodies nearly touching. It's touch that got them started down this path, touch that will keep them going. There's hard edges and there's rough spots, and what's convinced him Gene's better for him than Annie? Just one more foolish decision he's made since coming to 1973, since deciding to stay – but foolish doesn't necessarily mean bad.

'Yeah, let's do this.'

'Good – come on. Hurry up, Tyler – we haven't all bloody night.' He's halfway serious now, and Sam wonders at just how much he's been drinking, how much of this is real and what part of it is just for show. They really don't have all night. It's going to be morning soon enough, and Sam really does want to get back into bed.

Oh, that and what right Gene had to wake him at this time of the night – hadn't they been arguing? Gene's forgotten that, or so it seems, and Sam's not sure he's ready to give it up yet. He's got a bit of a drunken swagger in his step as he hurries down the hall, and the grin that creeps onto Sam's lips does so completely unbidden. Whatever he's planning, it's got him in a good mood. Fair enough, Sam was tired of the fighting too – he doesn't have to give up his defensiveness completely, even if this is some sort of attempt on Gene's part to make amends.
'Well?'

The cold air hits him as they head outside, door swinging shut behind them, and Sam huddles in his jacket. 'Alright then – what did you want to show me?'

It's black out, splattered glowing pools from the street lights overhead, and Gene turns about and stares at him. Openly, frankly, the sort of stare that pulls him apart. It's a simple, honest sort of appraisal, and it heats Sam's cheek against the chill of the night.

'Guv?' He'd rather be in bed, sleeping. Still, he wants to know what's going on inside Gene's head. It's a mystery most of the time, a constant case that Sam wants to crack. Sometimes he feels he's got Gene figured out, only then Gene goes and changes all the rules of the game.

Gene staggers once as he takes a step towards him, stops, takes Sam's face in his hands. 'Just showing you this.' His voice is low, breath warm, stirring against Sam's lips. The kiss is slow, and thorough, heat that rolls down through him, spreads out and consumes him completely. It leaves him clinging to Gene's coat, grinning like a fool, giddy with delight.

'What was that for?' he asks, only when he's able to.

'Not ashamed of you, Sam – of this. Of us.' The faint twitch of Gene's lips, the utter sobriety of his words.

The beat of his heart, the slamming pace of it, pounding against his rib cage. 'Gene, I never said – '

'You never said it, and God knows you always say too much. This one thing you were less than forthright about, but I know what you were thinking.' He doesn't sound drunk now, Sam's reminded once more just how good Gene is at playing this game. 'I'd show 'em if I could, but you know I can't. It would ruin us completely, and you're a bit daft at times but even you don't want that. Now, give it some time and maybe it'll all change – you seem to think so – but until that happens, don't you dare doubt what we have. I don't.'

Sam nods, can't find his words, shocked and sliding towards senseless, fingers going numb. 'Good.' Gene's smiling, quick as all that. One hand runs back, smooth and steady, cupped along the back of his neck, the stroking pressure of his thumb. 'Give us one more kiss then, Tyler – bloody cold out here. Let's head back inside, that should help to warm us right up.'

Sam crushes their mouths together, grin against smile, joy in between. How does Gene do it, say so little and yet leave him feeling so completely adored? Whatever he's done to deserve this man, he'll be paying that debt off for the rest of his life.

But for now, Gene is right – the cold's getting to him, they really need to head back inside. Sam pulls away from their kiss, grinning like the madman he's sometimes considered. He slides his hand into Gene's, grins wider at the tight squeeze it receives.

They should be okay.
for xysabridde: 'I can't breathe!' (Sam/Gene-ish)

His head hurts, his lungs feel funny, he's sitting hunched over on the edge of the curb with Sam kneeling at his side, the wet smell of rain and old exhaust making his head spin. It's the black of night, the city rain-slick, Sam's gonna soak his trousers, kneeling like that. He actually wouldn't mind a bit of kip, actually – where the hell is his car?

'You're gonna be okay, Guv, just stay with me, alright?' Oh yeah, and on top of everything else, Sam won't shut his bloody bastard trap.

'Where exactly d'you expect me t'go?' Gene mutters, snappishly, wheezing, his lungs twisted inside out – he knows they're working, but his brain's not quite getting the message, and the panic's sinking into him, clammy, ice-cold. 'I can't breathe.'

'Just the shock talking, Guv. Come on, don't let go of my hand – nice easy breaths, yeah, you've got it, you're doing good.'

Gene groans, and how typical is it that Sam's making something out of nothing, just the way he always does. 'Don't be s'bloody Dorothy about it, Tyler. Just a sodding bump to the head –'

– a bloody messy one, matting his hair, if Sam wasn't clutching at his hand, he'd be scrubbing at it right now, what happened, what happened, there's blood on Sam's collar, what happened, why can't he remember? –

' – stop making such a ruddy fuss about it.'

Sam grins faintly, lamplight causing his eyes to spark. 'Don't let go, okay? Just keep listening to the sound of my voice.'

Gene groans, but then he's laughing, desperately, squeezing at Sam's hand. It's helping – it really is helping – as if he'd let Sam know. 'Yeah, that last bit should be easy enough, seeing as you never shut up.'

The grin sharpens. Gene closes his eyes, listens, breathes

for talkingtothesky: 'I'm sick of being useless.' (Sam/Annie, possibly vaguely Sam/Annie/Gene)

'Hey.'

He's sitting at Annie's bedside now, had sat there while she slept. He sat there until she woke,
watched her eyes flutter open, her lashes dark against her cheeks that were still too bloody pale. He hadn't liked waiting, but it gave him time to think – plus, he'd needed the time to calm down.

His breath catches, his smile threatens to split his face apart. She blinks, slowly, looks about, not quite sure of where she is. He'd rode with her in the ambulance, though only when Gene had given him a direct order to do so: not that Sam hadn't wanted to be with Annie, but he also wanted to deal with the scum who'd thought it was fair game to shoot her. It was Gene who focused his rage on that, and Sam's as well. Violence was the only suitable response in this situation, and Gene had plenty of it for the both of them.

So he was there with her when she reached hospital, watched them wheel her inside. He'd been at such a loss, and he didn't appreciate the stinging in his eyes. It's like she's been ripped away from him, and now he's missing a very essential part of himself.

He was taken inside, a nurse thinking he needed to be checked over. He had blood all over his hands, but the cat had his tongue and he'd forgotten how to talk. Anyhow, none of that blood was his own.

Once they sorted that out, he washed his hands. Scrubbed them and scrubbed them until his skin was nearly raw. They're clean now, but he'll never forget the feel of it, Annie's blood all over his hands. He's clean as well. When Gene finally did show up, he'd been ordered home to freshen himself up. He wanted to argue – oh God, did he ever want to argue – but the words were stuck in his throat. He needed to leave, because if he didn't he'd break down, and on Gene of all people.

No, he went home, did as he'd been told. He trusted Gene with his own life, of course he trusted him with Annie's.

'I'm sick of being useless,' she'd snapped at him, too many days before. 'Isn't that what you want to say? Isn't that what all of you bloody well think?'

Because Billy McMillan had thought it appropriate to cop a feel when he'd been on the way out of the station. She'd stood up for her own honour, had twisted McMillan's hand back behind his back, told him to think better about doing that sort of thing again. But her cheeks had been bright red, Ray and Chris had thought it the funniest thing in the world, and Annie had stuttered helplessly before letting McMillan go. So, it was a matter of regaining honour, of proving she wasn't just the useless skirt. No wonder she'd been so intent on taking him down. No wonder she'd not been thinking straight, had blindly stumbled into harm's way. They'd had nothing to hold McMillan any longer, but seeing as he'd shot a police officer, they had more than enough to pin him down now.

'Hey,' she says, finally, somewhat dazed (he chalks that up to the painkillers, of course), blinking slowly, as though finally seeing that he's there. Sam smiles at her, smiles because she's there, because she's still real, still alive, because he was worried he'd lost her forever. He'd thrown open the curtains at some earlier point, when he couldn't just sit anymore, when he needed to stand and pace. The afternoon light is thin, but at this point, Annie needs all the sun she can get.

'How do you feel?'

Annie shifts a bit, wincing as she tries to sit up. He's up immediately, helping her, biting down on the bitter twist of emotions that had stalked him across the last seventy-two hours, all of it backed by his exhaustion: the anger and the hopelessness and the fear. She came through surgery and she was going to make a full recovery. Still, it had been too close – much too close, something he never hopes to experience again.
Gene hadn't spent all that time here alone. There was work to do, McMillan to charge – McMillan who'd been beaten into a bloody pulp. Gene's proprietary about his team members, and Annie was clearly one of his own. McMillan had hurt her, could have killed her, and it's a miracle Gene hadn't killed him.

When Sam came back, it was his time to order Gene out, to freshen up and try to get some rest. He was exhausted, dead on his feet, the tell tales signs of the beating he'd given McMillan showing on his knuckles. Between the gunshot that had sent Annie to the hospital in the first place and the thorough beat down he'd given the bastard who'd done the shooting, Gene had raged more than enough for the both of them. Sam was running on fumes. It was Gene who really needed the rest.

'Thanks,' she mutters, sitting up, gives a little sigh. 'Guess it really happened. Here I was hoping it was just a bad dream.'

'Yeah, me too.' Still standing at her side, he sets his hand on hers, but that small touch doesn't seem to be enough – he winds his fingers about hers, presses a kiss into her curls, feels her fingers pressing back in return. As though, with those few, small gestures, he'd done something that really mattered.

Still, Sam doesn't know what to say – he's not in the habit of giving her comfort, and he doesn't exactly know where to start. He tugs his hand away, sits down on the edge of her bed, wraps his arms around her instead. This, he can do, and he feels Annie's arms easing up around him, her breath warm against his cheek. The whole of her body is warm, burning through the thin fabric of her hospital gown. He thinks he could hold on to her forever, or at least for the next few hours.

'It really is dangerous, this line of work... but...' She seems a bit breathless, she shouldn't push herself. 'I'll try and not... get myself into this sort of trouble again, Sam.'

He blinks, feels the stinging in his eyes. He's not going to cry on her, not now, not when she's the one who's been hurt, when she's the one who'd nearly died. Trying to make him feel better, even know, and Sam kisses her cheek, her lips, shakes his head in wonder.

'Is it alright if I keep a better eye on you? I'll try and not be too overbearing. I'm pretty sure the Guv'll break me if I let you get hurt again. You... you're not useless, Annie. You know that, right?'

'I...' Annie's blushing, can't quite meet his gaze. 'I, yeah... And, you know, I don't actually mind it, you looking out for me, Sam.'

'Good... okay, good.' And he doesn't know what else to say, because he honestly doesn't feel like he's any good at this sort of thing. It would be so easy to say the wrong thing, to say something endlessly stupid. Really put his foot in it.

'Where's the Guv? What happened to McMillan?'

'McMillan's going away for a good long time. Sent Gene home, he needed to get some sleep.'

She nods, slowly, her curls brushing against her cheek. 'Thank you.'

After that, he's really left at a loss for words. Hiding his relieved smile in her hair, he hugs her gently. Yeah, he's definitely not letting go of her any time soon.
Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

I did ANOTHER angsty sentence prompt meme on tumblr and this is what got written!
All ficlets in this chapter were betaed by the ever wonderful talkingtothesky, thank you! ♥♥♥

for little_cello: Sam/Gene, 'What happened doesn't change anything.'

'What happened doesn't change anything,' Gene mutters, and the rational part of Sam's mind – what hasn't already been beaten bloody, black and blue, by the guilt and the regret and the all consuming feeling of, I could have done better, this should have happened differently – wants to believe what's just been said.

Sam's hardly at his most rational.

Gene's hand settles on his shoulder, but Sam doesn't flinch. He doesn't do much of anything, actually, beyond standing and staring at the area before him that had been, three days prior, cordoned off. They'd done a good job of cleaning things up, after the body had been taken away, after forensics had gone over things – a decent enough sweep of the crime scene, even for the barbaric world of 1973. If it wasn't already burned into Sam's memory, you couldn't even imagine all the blood.

He wishes it still wasn't so vivid.

He rubs at his palms, still feels the tackiness of the blood. He washed it away days ago, could have been minutes, for how real it still seems.

'You were a good copper three days ago, you're still one today.' Gene's voice, gruff but honest. 'Now, I know it's left you feeling like a sack of worthless shit, and if I weren't in such a bloody good mood I'd be more inclined to agree with you.'

Sam huffs out a laugh, low and bitter, and jerks away from Gene, hands balling into tight fists. 'Only you're not, oh bloody joyous day. I suppose I should be grateful... isn't it always my fault?'

Gene makes a grab for him but Sam, suddenly fluid, dodges and twists about, catches his Guv off guard with the fist that's been planted to his gut, eyes gone wide. 'He was a kid! He needed our help!'

Grunting loudly, Gene shoves him back, Sam stumbling once before he's able to regain his balance, narrowly avoiding the retaliation that shoots his way – though he's unable to avoid the next attack, not as Gene barrels forward, fully at arms now, slamming into Sam and taking him down. 'He was an addict and a dealer! You should be glad there's one less piece of scum littering our streets!'

Sam kicks out, breathing hard, twists and struggles, needs to get his arms free, trapped between his Guv and the footpath beneath them. 'He was fifteen!'

'Doesn't mean he wasn't dead already!'

Gene's not doing any hitting, just holding onto him as Sam struggles against him, the whole of Gene's weight rather effectively wearing him down. Sam kicks out, hits something, but the harder
Gene squeezes, the harder it is – understandably – to breathe. To move, to think, to act.

'Let me... go... you... bastard...'

Sam's head falls back. He blinks, needs to keep fighting, weighted down, movements gone sluggish. His eyes are fluttering closed, dead already, dead already, Gene's voice, booming and breaking him down. Could just be that Gene really knows what he's talking about and Sam, just like the red-headed kid, three days before, is dead already. He's sinking into darkness, steady and swift, the heat of Gene's body receding – he's cold, so cold, unmoving in a hospital bed, decades away, or dead already, trapped in the past. There's no getting out of this – why does he still even fight it? This is what he wants, clearly, or else he'd have figured out what he needed to, finally made his way home.

'Guv,' he groans, breathless now, only then he's sitting up, and Gene's pounding him on the back, saying something but Sam can't hear it over the sudden storm of sound, the bussing and the beeping, Sam coughing as he struggles to get air back in his lungs.

'Bloody hell, Sam,' Gene mutters, and that, crystal clear, the feel of his gloved hand on Sam's back oddly soothing as he keeps on rubbing, as Sam coughs some more, breathes, throat burning some, but alive. Sam, minutely, is weighed down once more, by the enormity of it all, gravity tugging on him, the whole of his body drooping towards Gene. There's something about him, at least in this moment, that Sam can't name, that's had a hold on him since the first time he'd punched Sam in the kidney. He feels it now, dizzy from adrenaline, cracked like a fool.

He's got his head down so he doesn't have to look Gene in the eyes as he speaks again – at least, that's what Sam wants to believe. 'Not your fault he didn't feel like he needed the protection, Sammy-boy – but if it came down to it, between you being shot, or some bastard taking the bullet instead, now you know which one I'd choose.'

Sam blinks, momentarily stunned – did Gene just tell him, indirectly, that his being here matters? That he himself, Gene Hunt, would rather Sam be here than not? He leans in that much closer – still needs to fully catch his breath, right? There's a second there, no more than that, where, with Gene's arm almost gone about him, Sam wants to say he doesn't need protecting either. He also doesn't want to be here, not sat on the footpath with Gene helping to keep him sitting, not in this decade at all, only he doesn't really know.

The moment passes by.

Gene can't make it all better – Sam could have done things differently, and a kid didn't have to die. Gene didn't have to save him, maybe that bullet would have sent Sam home. It isn't just Gene that Sam has to fight against to wake back up, or the world at large, he's having to fight his own mind.

Because it wants to keep him here, and he doesn't want that. Gene's protection, Gene's help, Gene's anything. No, all that matters, all that ever has mattered, is figuring out why he's here, and what that means in relation to what he needs to accomplish if he ever wants to get back home.

'Thanks,' he says, though he's sure he doesn't mean it.

'Come on,' and that's Gene moving away from him, leaving him on his own just long enough to stand back up. Sam starts to stand back up as well, only Gene grabs him by the arm and pulls him to the feet. He doesn't just let go, he never does. He stares Sam down, and Sam stares back, a second
passing where either of them might have blinked, only then Gene's nodding at him, gruff as ever.

'Driving you to the pub – I'll even buy your first drink.'

Sam smiles like it matters, though he knows it does not.

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for **little_cello**: Sam/Gene, 'What happened doesn't change anything.' (first attempt, fluffier than was expected)

'What happened doesn't change anything,' Gene says, and Sam wants to believe him. 'Accidents happen, you know? We all screw up, sometimes... doesn't mean you're not a good copper.'

He nods, can't bring himself to look at his Guv. Looking at him would mean admitting something, and whatever that something is, it's not ready to be named. 'Thanks,' he says, and that seems a safe enough (and easy enough) response.

'Anyhow...' Warm fingers, callused, brush across the back of his hand. 'Anyhow, you came back. Couldn't ask for more.'

Sam looks at him, sees his acceptance, and smiles in relief.

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for **xysabridde**: Sam/Gene, 'It's okay to cry...'

'It's okay to cry...' he says, and one moment Gene's glaring at him, the next he's punching Sam in the face. Fair enough – right? Not exactly – Sam had been aiming for sympathetic, understanding, giving his Guv a shoulder to lean on. The blow to the face had, understandably, caught him by complete surprise.

'Shit! What the hell – ' He grabs for his nose, feels the blood, only then Gene's right in his face, red-cheeked, furious.

'I am not going to cry, you bloody great Jessie! I'm going down to pub and drinking my weight in the best that Nelson has to offer, and you – ' he jabs Sam in the shoulder, hard, ' – are going to pay!'

Sam blinks. 'I – what – huh?' There's no more empty space behind him – Gene's backed him up against the wall, but he's still edging in closer, less and less space between them, until even space is an illusion that can't be denied. There's heat and confusion and pressure, Gene so close now they're nearly touching.

'My wife left me – yes, I'm sad – yes, I'm angry! No, I do not... I do not need...' Sam flinches, but the second punch slams into brick instead of his face. 'I do not need...'

Sam sniffls, a warm trickle escaping his nose, the first slip of blood. 'She never was good enough for you.'

Gene, glowering, huffs out a bitter sounding laugh. 'You'd say that, you never even knew her.' Gritting his teeth, grinding his fist into the brickwork, Sam scowls in response, turns and grabs Gene's wrist, yanks his hand away from the wall. There's no undoing the damage that's been done already, but at least Sam can try to stop him before he does any more. Gene growls, quickly turning him about and slamming him forwards, right into the wall – once again, Gene catches him off guard. The breath is forcefully knocked from his lungs from the sudden impact.
'Guv, Jesus Christ, come on, I was just...'

His eyes snap shut, teeth grinding together as Gene twists his arm, bones straining and screaming out in protest. Sam, though, keeps his mouth shut, grimacing through the pain. He's already put his foot in it, hasn't he? Opening his mouth would only lead to more of it, given the going rate.

'I'm not gonna cry,' Gene breathes out, hot against Sam's ear, and the chill that licks at Sam's spine has him wishing that Gene would just ease up, a fraction, let Sam twist back around, kiss him, tell him just how glad he is that Gene's wife has finally buggered off.

The kiss would be perfect, hot and broken and bloodied, just like them.

He'd really get what was coming to him, then, even if it was just a thorough kicking. With Gene bearing down on him the way he is currently, Sam can't think as straight as he'd like – maybe that thorough kicking would be a good thing, help to clear his thoughts, clear the air. As it is, Sam's inching towards the amount of pain he can tolerate without too much protest. Just as surprising is when Gene lets go and backs off, seeming to understand that point himself, as aware of it as Sam.

He straightens his arm out slowly, reaches up to rub at his shoulder as he turns around. Gene doesn't look quite as furious, though he's still very clearly angry, eyes wide and bright, still some bright colour on his cheeks. 'Alright then?' he asks, and Gene nods once, sharply. 'I'm sorry I even brought it up,'

'As you bloody well should be,' Gene snaps in reply, scowling down at his scraped and bloodied fist before shaking it out, digging into his coat and pulling a handkerchief out, tossing it at Sam. He turns around without saying anything else, not even waiting to see if Sam's caught it or not before beginning his stomp back to the Cortina.

Sighing, Sam wipes at his bloodied nose, hand balling into a fist as he lowers it to his side, the soiled bit of cloth caught in between. One of these days, he really needs to learn when to keep his mouth shut. Given his previous record, he doubts it'll happen any time soon.

for rebelxxwaltz: Sam/Gene, 'Ever wonder if the world would be better off without you...?'

'Ever wonder if the world would be better off without you?'

Gene's sure that Sam's been waiting on the perfect moment to ask that, ever since he first entered his flat. At the time, he'd shot Sam a look, and Sam had stared back at him with drooping eyes: sat on his bed with his back to the wall, looking for the life of him like the whole of his wretched little existence was collapsing in around him. Sam's too bloody good by far at playing out the melodramatics to the fullest effect, as he'd been right then.

Gene hadn't even needed to kick the door in – no, almost as if Sam could be a gracious host from time to time, he'd left the thing unlocked. Sam, seemingly not in the mood to make small talk, watches Gene move about the flat, tossing his coat over the arm of the recliner and loosening his tie before making a direct line for Sam's so called 'kitchen'.

He's stopped down and rummaging about in the cabinets, seeing what booze they have on hand, when Sam asks his question. It'd be one of those nights, then – Gene ignores one mostly empty bottle and grabs out a full one instead. It even looks like a halfway decent year, too – Sam must have wasted most of a week's pay on it. And he hadn't even opened it yet... well, Gene isn't gonna let it go to waste.
He stands up, ignoring Sam for the time being, and does a bit more rummaging about, fetching down two clean mugs before opening the bottle. 'Nope!' The time, he feels, is right, and he finally gives Sam an answer as he splashes a good amount of drink into each much – a bit more into his own, of course – before setting the bottle aside and grabbing up the cups, crossing over to stand before Sam.

'Drink up.'

Sam blinks, gave the glass a weary look, one he then shared with Gene. 'Won't help,' he mutters, rubbing at his forehead.

Gene sighs, shrugs, and shakes the glass at him – gently, wouldn't do either of them any good to spill the whisky. 'Doesn't hurt.'

Sam huffs out a sad little sigh. 'Maybe.' He reaches out and snags hold of the glass, leaving Gene free to drop down to sit at the far end of the bed. The bed frame rattles and some of the springs are given reason to groan out their protest. Sam tugs his arm back in, stares down at the amber-dark whisky, his expression hidden now. 'Thanks.'

Gene grunts out a laugh. 'Don't thank me, Gladys – it's your booze.'

'Well, it's always the thought that counts.'

'Suppose so.'

Sam grins – well, it's a flicker of something, across his lips, so close enough to what Gene would rather see – but hides that behind his mug, bringing it up to take a slow sip.

'What's it today then?' He could sit about and waste both their times, but it's a much better idea for him to just cut to the chase.

Sam lowers his drink, shakes his head, and when he looks at Gene his eyes are so wide and expressive, dark and deep, that for one clear moment – the most clarity he's ever been blessed with, or cursed with – whatever madness Sam is feeling, Gene doesn't just feel it, but he believes it, too.

He looks too old, too weighted down but whatever his nameless burden might be, and all Gene wants to do – in that one, bright moment – is take that trouble, that pain, away.

It passes, the way it always does. It's probably better that it does.

Sam shrugs, turns away, staring at something across the room. 'I... dunno. Everything, I guess? I just... I know I need to keep fighting, but I keep forgetting what I'm fighting for.' He laughs, forces it out. 'You don't even know what I'm talking about.'

'Then educate me.'

'I... I'm losing it, Guv – sometimes I don't even know what I'm talking about.'

'Tyler, I'm pretty bloody certain you can't lose something you never had in the first place.'

Sam grimaces, tries to hide it behind another swallow of whisky. 'You're really good at pep talks, Guv, why don't you give them more often? I haven't felt this enthused in, oh, decades.' He spits that last word out.

Gene rolls his eyes, downs the rest of his whisky, balances the empty glass on his knee. 'You're a whiny little gobshite sometimes, you know that? You're not putting out for me so maybe I don't feel like I need to lead you along, not the way Cartwright does. But then, are you even putting out for
Sam chokes on the mouthful he has, manages to swallow it down. He blinks at Gene, the surprise shining clear across his face, the wheels in his head spinning in overdrive now – Gene's realised, seconds too late now, that he'd gone and said something he really hadn't ever meant to say.

Sam's hand is trembling, faintly. 'Not that it's any of your business, but there's nothing going on between me and Annie.'

'Are you ruddy serious? Christ. Stop leading that poor bird along, Sam – plenty of other fish in the sea.'

'I'm... it's really not your business, Gene. I'm not leading Annie along. We're friends, and that's all.'

Gene just shakes his head, grabs his glass up. 'Refill?'

Sam nods, stretches his arm out automatically, hands his over. 'Would you, um...?'

'Hmm?' Gene stops, hand on Sam's glass – the one that Sam's still got a hold on. Their fingers are very nearly touching, as it is. Maybe he'd like Sam to ask him: would you like me to put out for you? Because I'm sure we could work something out.

'Just... another double, that's all.'

Gene stares down at him, studying him frankly. 'Don't believe you,' but he tugs on the glass until Sam, finally thinking it a good idea, just lets go.

'Ah, well, you know,' Sam lowers his gaze, folds his hands in his lap. 'I'm a terrible liar.'

Gene makes a thoughtful noise, really thinking it over. 'That's true,' and his voice is a bit more husky than he'd have liked, because Sam – looking up, slowly – hears it, the way he always notices the things that Gene would rather he not. His throat is going dry, does regret have a taste? Is it bitter and dry, is it supposed to tear him up inside? Make him feel like he's had one chance, one good chance, and he was blind to it when he let it slip him by?

There's so much he'd like to say, but he bites his tongue and keeps his mouth shut – however he'd like to look at it, it'd be a bad idea. The worst one, ever. He turns away and stomps back over to the worktop, dumps the mugs down and goes about dumping more whisky into them. He glances back at Sam, just to see where his deputy's attention is focused: he isn't trying to hide the fact that he'd been staring. He's sat forward now, looks like he's got some things he'd like to say as well, only he's playing it the same way that Gene is, and isn't saying a one.

Turning away from him, Gene dumps that much more whisky into each mug, the bottom of the bottle closer and closer. Yeah, one of those nights, definitely – and somehow, he's only sure it'll get worse before it decides to get better. That's just the way it goes, at least when it comes to Sam.

for aisforinterval: Sam and Chris, I'm not cut out for this.'

'I'm not cut out for this,' he mutters as he wipes a hand across his sweaty brow, stares down at his hand afterwards – is that just grit, or is it blood as well? He'd been whacked over the head pretty decently (it still hurts), so hopefully it's just his mind playing tricks on him... only he really does know better than that. His vision adjusted to the low lighting in the room he's currently stuck in, oh, ages back. This is no dream, no trick, and there's no denying it is, in fact, blood on his hand.
Sam, sat across from him in the gloom, gives him one of his funny little looks – he's got a lot of them, after all. Some of them really seem to piss the Guv off, but then, a lot of the things Sam does tend to do that. This one, though, just looks thoughtfully confused. 'What do you mean by that, Chris?'

Chris shrugs, isn't it obvious? Or is the Boss just acting sarcastic to really make the seriousness of the situation they're in seem that much more real? Cause Chris really doesn't need any help there, it's bloody real enough already, the pain and the cold, trapped in a room no bigger than a pantry, one with bad lighting and only the one exit. At first he'd wished he'd got into this mess if he'd been partnered with Ray – on second thought, it's probably better this way. At least Ray would just blame it on him and be done with it.

Then there's the fact he knows they're living on borrowed time.

'I just... bit in over our heads here, is all.' He frowns at the cut on Sam's brow – that's there because of Chris. All of this, it's all Chris' fault. Why isn't Sam shouting at him? Why isn't he blaming him for being the screw up they both know he is? Because he is. Ray would tell it to him the way it was. Even the Guv wouldn't hold back. But Sam? Never really makes any sense.

Sam smiles, gives a faint little laugh, and nods. 'Yeah. Comes with the job though, the dangerous stuff – doesn't mean you're not cut out for it, Chris. You've shown a lot of potential since I joined CID, you've... you've really come a long way – you're a good cop.'

A good copper – Chris smiles, rubs at his brow again. All he's ever wanted was to be a good copper. He's thought he hadn't been cut out for it before – he drops things and trips over his own bloody feet more often than not, and tends to make a fool of himself in general. Part of that's a coping mechanism – well, that's what the Boss would call it. Maybe dad was right and he should have just went into the family business and sold shoes, because Chris has always been afraid. That he'll really cock things up.

The way he's really cocked up this undercover op, though Sam's not called him on it yet (and all because Chris called Sam 'Boss' when he should have been calling him by his assumed name instead). Maybe there's no point in that if they don't end up getting out of this alive. 'Come on... relax. The Guv knows where we are, there's procedures to follow for when we don't call in that even he knows are important. We're gonna be alright.'

Chris, back to the wall, nods. He pulls his legs up, wraps his arms around them, rubs his face off on his trousers. Alright – he doubts they're gonna be alright. Smith's already said he'll have his lads deal with them, after finding out they were cops. Just letting them stew in it for a bit, to make the eventual kicking that much more fun – well, for some of them, though hardly all. Chris is pretty sure they won't be enjoying themselves.

Sam's voice interrupts him, crashes into his thoughts. 'What's the first thing you ever remember doing? I mean, once you made PC. You... I mean, different age and all. What was it like back then?'

Back then? The Boss has a way of saying things all wrong, but Chris doesn't always hold it against him – he gets things messed up too. 'I...' Chris frowns, thinking back. What had it been... oh, right. 'I sicked up all over the first dead body I ever saw, back when I was still in uniform.'

Sam winces. Chris shrugs.

'Ray... he was a DC then, but we were kind of mates already, you know? Kind of, anyhow. He said it happened to the best of us – not that it had happened to him.' He shakes his head, the memory rolling through him. 'He had the most awful moustache back then, you should have seen it. I mean, it was just bloody ridiculous.
Sam huffs out a laugh. 'Still awful now – so that really must have been something.'

Chris almost feels like smiling. 'Yeah, well, it was bigger then – bushier. Like he always had something stuck to his face.' He laughs too. 'Course I had to grow one too, but it was never quite as big. I just... always wanted to be a good cop, and Ray was one of the best I knew. Still is, just... well...' He looks away, shrugs. 'Know some better ones – just, eh, don't tell Ray that, will ya?'

'It'll stay between us.' There's no joking in Sam's voice, so Chris looks up and stares across the width of the room – it's not much, really – and he smiles in return. It confuses him the way Sam always has to pick fights with Gene, and sometimes he's just torn between wanting to do things the way the Guv would – or Ray – or the way that Sam would. More often than not, Sam seems to know what's really going on. He reacts well in dangerous situations, he's always thinking about to do things right. He doesn't sick up on corpses, which is an added bonus.

Maybe, in hindsight, it's better that it's Sam here and not Ray.

'Thanks. Hope that means we don't die.'

'We're gonna be alright, Chris. No one's going to die.'

Chris nods, and smiles, and hides his face against his knees once more, hugs himself that much more tightly. He hears everything that Sam has told him, but he just can't find it in himself to believe.

'Hey, look, I'll buy you a drink when we get out of here – promise.'

He can't bring himself to look up, closing his eyes and smiling, even though his face is hidden. 'Thanks,' he mutters, and hopes it's enough. 'What about you?'

' Hmm?'

He shrugs, peeks out over his knees. 'When you first joined the force, what was it like? What's your first big memory? Had to be something special.'

Sam huffs out a laugh, leaning back against the wall. 'I remember... I was trying to help this little old lady cross the street, but she didn't really appreciate the assistance so she started hitting me with her handbag. God, my mates laughed about it for weeks.' He rubs a hand across his brow, shaking his head, and Chris can't help it, not as he laughs.

And laughs, and then a bit more. He fears he may have gone and cracked, but then Sam's moved across the room, given his shoulder a firm squeeze. 'We'll be alright.' Chris nods, and the Boss smiles before retreating to his side of the room. They'll be fine – all Chris has to do is believe.

That, of course, is the hard part.

for aisforinterval: Sam and Annie, 'Just leave me ALONE.' Post 2x06.

'Just leave me alone,' Annie hisses out, sharp and low, and Sam jumps back, looks like he's been slapped. He'd followed her out from CID into the hall beyond – for all the fussing he's been doing, it's a right surprise she didn't just scream, punch him right in the face. 'Don't you think this is all getting just a bit too old, sir?'

Not that he knows. Sam has a way of always seeming to be out of the loop.
'I – I'm sorry,' and how does he do it, look like a hurt little boy who's done no wrong at all, and her the awful monster who lashed out for no good? Most of the times, she wants to take care of him because of that, though there are other times – like now – which leave her wanting to tell him how his fussing about makes her really feel. Only there's no clear-cut response to that, for as much as it mostly annoys her, digs under her skin, makes her feel things she'd rather not feel, *confuses* her, there's that small part of her that really likes knowing that he cares.

She swallows down her own apology and forces a smile, reaches out to give Sam's shoulder a light pat, followed up by a firm squeeze.

'I'm alright, Sam – yesterday happened, and that's all that can be said. It could've ended badly, but it didn't – you know as well as I do that danger is a part of the job.'

He nods twice, slow and then sharply. 'I know that, Annie, I... I just wish it didn't have to be.'

She nods back at him, because she does understand. 'I wish that too.' How is it, then, that he's suddenly got both his hands around that one of her own, squeezing it between the both of their own? Another flash of annoyance, tempered by his smile. The heat drains out of her in a flash. 'How about we just watch each other's backs?'

This time, the smile she gives is perfectly reflexive, not forced at all. 'I'd like that a lot.'

His smile brightens, and it all seems worthwhile.

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for *aisforinterval*: Gene and Harry Woolf, 'What happened doesn't change anything. Post 2x02.'

'What happened doesn't change anything.'

He says it like he means it, and it leaves Harry with a bad taste in his mouth – as well as with the sudden, intense, urge to laugh. Of course it's all changed, and it's Gene who doesn't want to see it, denying the truth, wanting to warp it until it suits him better. It's what he does in his job, and it works – why shouldn't it work for him now?

It's almost as if, any second now, he expects Harry to tell him it's all untrue. Gene should know better by now, and not just because Harry made him too good – cold hard evidence has damned him, the truth has been aired like so much dirty laundry. It's the boy inside Gene, the one who looked to him like a father, who trusted him and believed in him, that can't seem to swallow it all down. That Harry has failed him, just like his own father failed him, betrayed him in one go.

Does it make him feel bad? Of course it does. But it's his own bloody fault for going to Gene in the first place. He really had underestimated his former DI – and more than that, he'd underestimated Sam Tyler. There's too much regret, but he can't let it blind him, nor can he simply sweep it away. It is what it is, and he's done what he's done. There's no escaping that.

'You're a fool to say that, Gene.' He grunts as he heaves himself up, forcing himself to sit up in his hospital bed. Gene, stood at the closed door, flinches but doesn't move to assist him – but he deserves that, he supposes. Even if Gene had come to him, he'd have turned aside his helping hand. He doesn't need that now, nor does he want it.

'Everything has changed, you just don't want to see it.'

Gene grimaces. 'You don't mean that. You...'
He's been drinking, drinking too much – Harry can see it in the flush of his cheeks, the bright
wideness of his eyes, the way he isn't quite steady on his feet. 'I really didn't want you to remember
me like this.' Like this, a prisoner inside a hospital room, an armed guard keeping watch of him
beyond that closed door – and even that small thing, Gene being able to shut it when he came in to
speak to him, seems like such a blessing.

Still grimacing, Gene shakes his head. 'I won't. I just...' He fishes about, looking for the right thing to
say – only, Gene knows it just as well as Harry does, there's really no right thing to say.

'How's your leg?'

Harry huffs out a laugh, winces as he shifts about. 'Hurts, understandably so.'

Another flinch, like Gene had been struck by those words, just a solid a hit as any half-decent punch.
Like he's the one who'd been shot in the leg. 'Don't...'

'You shouldn't have come here, what did you expect? For me to make it all better? I can't do that.
And if you're looking for a shoulder to lean on, you've... really come to the wrong place, Gene.'

Gene shakes his head, tired, so tired – Harry can see it, in the sudden stoop of his shoulders. 'I just...'

'I'm sorry – does that help? I'm sorry it had to come to this.' I'm sorry I failed you, he'd really like to
say – he never will.

Gene rubs at his eyes, trembles some, still shaking his head as he balls both his hands into fists.
'Doesn't make it any better. Thanks though, Harry – for trying.'

'Go home, Gene – or go to your DI, if he's what you think you need. Just keep an eye on that one...'

The sorrow's gone, replaced with rage – ah, a much better emotion, far more suitable to this man, his
man – burning, bright and intense, all consuming. 'Don't say that. You don't... don't know Sam.' A
flicker of confusion crosses his face, drives out the anger for one, small moment – maybe Gene
doesn't really know Sam either. Only when rage comes back, it's brighter than before. 'I trust him.
You don't know Sam.'

'That may very well be so, Of course, you thought you knew me.'

Gene growls, looks like he needs to hit something. Fist grinds against palm and he turns away, paces
back and forth across the small room several times before stopping at the door, fishing out a pack of
fags from an inside pocket. He holds it out, uses it as some sort of offering – he can't be hoping for
peace. They've struck a downward spiral, and there's no coming back from it. Harry supposes even
that is his own bloody fault.

'No thanks. I'm trying to cut back – those things can kill you, you know.'

Another flinch, hardly noticeable, but there's no hiding the shaking as he pulls a cigarette out. 'Sam...
Sam would say...'. His words trail off, swallowed by nothingness. Gene goes about lighting it, sucks
a deep breath in, blows out the smoke. 'You'll be here a few more days before they transport you to a
prison hospital. I'll see you around... Guv.'

Harry straightens up, though the sudden exertion is exhausting, the pain that much more noticeable.
'I'm not your Guv anymore, Gene.'

Gene blinks, stares at the cigarette in his hand, then at Harry. 'You'll always be my Guv.'
Harry supposes that's his due, as well – even if the eventuality of it all ended up breaking him in time, Gene has (and always would be) loyal to a fault. Loyal, yes, but not blind. Blindly loyal Gene would have given him what he wanted in the end, and damned them both in the process. Now only the one of them need burn for his sins.

'Go home, Gene,' he says, repeating himself now. Gene glowers at him, hurt and confused, dropping the cigarette to the floor and then stamping it out. He straightens up, like he means to fight it, but the flare of heat fizzles out just as suddenly as it had struck.

He says nothing else, simply leaves, but Harry knows it's for the best.

———

for aisforinterval: Sam and Gene, 'Don't trust me.' Post 1x07.

'Don't trust me.'

Gene blinks, turns to look across the table. The air's hazy, and Sam – sat across from him – hardly seems real. Gene supposes he could blame that on the liquor he's been downing, having got to that point where he's pleasantly buzzed – only, he's clearly not drunk enough by far.

'Why not?'

Sam shrugs, snatches up his pint. 'Just because.'

'Still think you're heading back to Hyde.'

Sam stops, glass halfway to his mouth. He nods, once, sharp and decisive. 'Yeah, that. You want to trust me, really, that's great, but... but you shouldn't. I'm not gonna be here forever.'

'Says you.'

'Yes, well, that would be the point. I just need to figure out why I'm here, and then...'

Gene downs his whisky, slams the glass down. Sam doesn't flinch, just takes a drink and watches as Gene splashes another shot into his glass. That bottle had cost a fair bit, and he's still somewhat annoyed that Sam hadn't wanted to share it.

'You're here because you're a copper, and this is your job. You also happen to be a nit-picky pain in the arse who doesn't know when to shut his mouth, which irritates the bloody hell out of me most of the time but you do mostly know how to help get things done. You fight me because you think it's the only thing you can do, but clearly some part of me appreciates the differing opinion. I don't need a team of Ray Carlings.'

There's no point adding, you can't just unmake trust – well, you can, and even though Sam is the biggest self-righteous pain that Gene's ever known, he can't think Sam capable of betrayal. No, that would break everything – and that mess with the tape? Gene had known that Rathbone wouldn't do anything. Sam's the one who had to learn things the hard way.

How is it that Sam's such a bloody good copper, but he doesn't know the rules? He'd hate to see Sam's convictions be the end of him. Expendable? Hardly.

Sam shudders, clutching at his glass before setting it down. 'Point taken.' He looks back across the gloom of the table, still as unreal as he's ever been, a hint of a smile passing over his lips. 'I can't promise I'll always be here, Guv.' He falls quiet, looks confused, really torn up by it – like he wants
something and he needs to say something else, because he never can make it easy, not even on himself.

'Good – don't need you being daft and making promises you can't keep. Just don't say you're running back to Hyde tomorrow, and I really couldn't ask for more.' He does get how Sam feels, though – add enough drink in and it all becomes an emotional mess. He'd hate it if Sam wasn't there anymore, even though sometimes it's all he really wants. Doesn't mean he wants Sam to leave.

Sam huffs out a laugh, small and weary. 'I'll try.' He frowns, eyes his mostly empty pint, the spare glass that has, until now, remained untouched. 'There's always a choice.' He hesitates, doesn't meet Gene's gaze – what's the nutter going on about now? 'Does your earlier offer still stand?'

Gene finds his own reason to chuckle, shaking his head fondly as he splashes some whisky into Sam's glass. 'Always.'

for aisforinterval: Sam and a canon character of your choice (Sam and RUTH), 'Don't listen to them. Don't you EVER listen to them.'

'Don't listen to them. Don't you ever listen to them.'

Sammy knows his mum needs him to listen – she doesn't often speak in that tone of voice, shooting an unpleasant look at the school building's brickwork. So he nods, and she licks at her handkerchief, reaching out to wipe at the blood trickling from his nose. 'Tommy Frank was saying stuff about dad, about how he...' Sammy sniffs, which makes mum frown. 'I was just trying to make a point, is all.'

She scowls at the school building, then straightens his top. 'They don't know you, Sammy, they don't know anything. Daft boys like Tommy Frank think too highly of themselves, but don't really have much in the department of brains!' She smiles, pulls him into a hug. She's right though – Tommy really is daft. His marks are always lower than Sam's.

Mum lets him go and he misses the warmth of her arms immediately. When they're walking down the footpath to Auntie Heather's car, mum's holding onto his hand. 'Now, tell me what happened? How did you end up getting into that fight?'

'Don't want you thinking I was asking for it,' he says, looking away. 'I'd never think that, Sammy – just, I know how mean some little boys can be. Want to sit up front today?'

He nods, smiles. 'I'd like that, yeah.'

'Come on then.' More smiles, and she opens the door for him. He's smiling so much, it makes his face hurt. He'd been trying to make a point, that's all. He climbs up into the front seat and mum buckles him in. She's in the driver's side not too long after that, and he'd really like her to put some music on, but he knows they're going to be having one of their Talks.

'I'm not angry, Sammy – I know how important it is to fight back, to stand up for what you feel is right. There's some things you've got to hide, but some others...' His mum shakes her head, her smile gentle. 'Some things you can't.'

'I... I just though... dad wouldn't have, would he?'

'Course your dad would have wanted you standing up for yourself, Sammy – if you're going to grow
up and be a copper, you're going to have to know how to take care of yourself.' That isn't really what he'd asked, but he thinks it makes sense. She ruffles his hair as he says that, which makes him feel better.

'Guess I was... just... you know...' He toys with the seatbelt. 'Trying to be above it. Didn't wanna have to resort to that. I was just trying to talk to them but that just got him more angry and then he started hitting me. He was wrong about dad, that's all! He was being mean about him and he doesn't even know him – and I was just trying to tell him, that's all, but he... he told me I didn't know anything, that I never would'

'Think first, only hit if you have to – is that what you're trying to say, Sam?'

He nods. 'Yes, mum.' She doesn't just call him Sam all the time. It makes him feel all grown up, and he likes that feeling a whole lot.

'I think... no, I know, your dad would like that. You're such a good boy, he... I know he misses you.' She looks sad, and he really hates it when she looks sad. It happens when she talks about dad, which must be why she talks about him so little – but when she does, she only has nice things to say. 'He'll be back one day, don't you worry.' She goes about starting up the car.

He wants to believe her, so he does. She's his mum, after all, and mums always tell the truth.
for talkingtothesky: Sam/Gene, 'ear biting' (this is pretty much just under 2k of smutty foreplay)

Gene doesn't mind sharing his thoughts, though as a rule he keeps his feelings to himself. It's easier that way, because he's not a pansy and he'd likely strangle Sam for calling him one (well, maybe not, depends upon the day). Mostly what he's trying to avoid is Sam finding out how much he enjoys just kissing, and not just because Gene happens to be kissing Sam.

There's times it's gentle, others where it's not. Sam's not shy when it comes to swapping spit, will tangle his fingers in Gene's hair and give it a tug when he feels Gene's attention is slipping, mouth still going at it, licking and biting at the inside of Gene's mouth. Before the bird broke it off with Sam, Gene had on occasion caught the two snogging like naughty teens. When Sam's kissing him like this, it's not anything like that.

No, this is like Sam's trying to get into him, any which he can, as if the pliant bastard in his arms has decided he's the one running the show. If Gene keeps on slipping up and letting Sam assume he is, then one of these days the power's really going to end up going to his partner's head.

And the thing is, Gene likes the thought of that more than he rightfully should.

Gene's partial to the rough edges just as much as he's become fond of the sweet. He knows he'll get to bend Sam over and they'll get on with the show, so he tries to hurry things along. He hates himself (just a little) for doing it, but letting Sam know that the build up is just as good as the main act would be admitting more than too much. So he keeps it to himself, quietly enjoys the way their tongues tangle, thoroughly appreciates the pink-flush of Sam's kiss damp mouth, and gives Sam's arse a firm, telling squeeze, using that as a point of leverage to grind their bodies together.

They're mostly clothed, because Sam's been trying to get his way, and what that means is that Sam likes to take his time, and Gene doesn't mind it either, not when Sam's wriggling atop him the way he currently is.

Gene doesn't mind some aspects of their relationship (he's not daft enough to think it's anything else), but letting Sam know he likes these little, touching things, that's more than one bloke should ever have to admit.

Some buttons are undone, and Sam lost his belt before they even made it up the stairs, his shirt following along shortly enough (Gene's could turn and see it if he wanted to, hanging off the doorknob). Sam's just in his vest and trousers now, and Gene kneads his arse through his trousers and Sam's breath catches in his throat with a shuddering sigh, halfway to a moan. He keeps at it and all that accomplishes is their bodies rubbing together, more, harder, hotter, and one or the both of
them are going to end up coming in their pants if they don't get a move on, soon.

Sam, though, stops. Gene groans as Sam settles back, thighs rubbing together where their legs meet, Sam's hands pushing hard against Gene's chest as he straightens back up. He tilts his head one way, then the other, catching his breath and letting Gene chase after his own, but all he can do is stare up at Sam's sweat-damp face, the curve of his lips, the light in his eyes. If he's not supposed to look Sam in the eyes, it's a rule that's never been stated but one he's still always happy to break. More often than not, Sam smiles because he's as into the connection as Gene is. Maybe he knows more than he's ever let on. Would just suit him, knowing, what with Sam always having been on his big Hyde horse.

Of course he'd go and think that now, flat on his back on his messy bed (it never saw this much action when he was married, not that he didn't try). Sam's hands start shifting upwards as he begins the slide back down, licking at his lips in anticipation, and Gene feels his own lip drag across his. The feeling is mutual. They're rubbing together almost everywhere now, and Gene reaches up to grab at Sam's shoulder, while Sam pushes a hand up into Gene's hair, gives a gentle tug.

'You're thinking too much... pretty sure that's supposed to my job.' There's a little grin on his face, the dusky-pink flush of his cheeks causing his eyes to simmer like good whisky, and Gene squeezes Sam's shoulder and rocks his hips upwards, trying as best he can to press their bodies that much more.

'Mood's shifting, Gladys,' he snaps, but he loves it, Sam lain on top of him, the heat of his body radiating outwards, soaking into Gene's. If Sam's half as aware of the twitching in Gene's trousers (and bloody hell, it's Sam, of course he'd notice something like that) then Sam must be aware of just how much Gene's liking it. Not much point in hiding it, now.

'This is important.' Sam sounds half-serious. He gives another tug on Gene's hair, and Gene rolls his eyes and mutters a curse as he slides his hands down the curve of Sam's back, rough and ready, grabbing back a hold of Sam's arse. Another firm squeeze is given, and Gene rocks the slighter body against his own. Sam gasps, then groans, and glowers down at him as he gives an even harder tug on Gene's hair. They're back where they started, with Sam atop him, a bit more colour in his cheeks and down his neck than there'd been a minute before.

'Girl,' Gene growls.

'Bastard,' Sam snaps in reply. The mood keeps on shifting, Gene grinding their bodies together, slowly, steadily, rolling about the bed and messing up the covers some more. Sam pants and groans and outright pulls on Gene's hair. Gene hisses. Sam's eyes go wide, and then the prick's laughing as he hides his face against the curve Gene's neck. He is, all of a sudden, hard yet relaxed, his breath warm where it rolls beneath the edge of Gene's collar, arms draped across Gene's shoulders, and Sam's erection nudging comfortably into Gene's gut.

'Can't we get on with it?' He tries to sound like he's half as angry as he'd like to be, but he's smothered beneath warm, comfortable, hard Sam, and angry isn't just something he's able to pull off as convincingly as he'd like to. Sam gives another laugh, angles his head to the right, exhales a hot huff of breath before he bites at Gene's ear.

Gene gasps, gripping Sam's arse so hard it's certain to leave bruises. A shiver runs through him, a pinprick of pleasure tinged with the sweetest pain, which only leaves him wanting more. 'On second thought,' Gene manages as he growls, Sam twisting above him, rubbing their bodies together, 'do that again.'

Sam pauses, moves a little, does as Gene's asked him, not hard and fast this time, instead hard and
slow. Sam bites down and Gene groans, digs his fingers in that much more as he keeps a steady grip on Sam's arse, nails dragging rough against the likewise rough fabric of his trousers. 'Like that?' Sam whispers, but he's close and it's loud, and Gene shudders as he groans, tilts his head to the left. 'Again?'

The faintest nod, Gene's hands sliding upwards beneath Sam's untucked shirt as Sam presses the edge of his teeth into the shell of Gene's earlobe, eases off and sucks at the mark he'd left behind, which only leads to Gene hissing out one ragged breath and dragging his nails further up Sam's back. Sam lets out a shaky little moan of his own and has to stop, catch his breath, does some further shifting about until he's able to press a kiss to the top of Gene's head, one he drags back downwards until he's kissing along Gene's ear.

Sam nibbles, delicately, and there's more of those pinpricks of pleasure shooting through him like miniature rockets going off, Sam shifting against him, biting down harder as Gene clenches his jaw and does his best not to gasp or groan. Only then the damp heat of Sam's lips aren't just sucking, or licking, no, it's as gentle as a caress, and Gene's hard-on perks up and strains against the insides of his pants.

'Shit,' he groans, and Sam's chuckle is hot against his ear, Sam easing off and reaching up to toy with his hair, tug on it gently, set a line of biting kisses up along the curve of Gene's jaw. 'You're a right bastard.'

Sam grins, smug as anything, does a little more shifting and there's hard pressure against Gene's stomach. When he slides back and back down Gene opens his mouth to protest, shuts it when Sam's mouth seeks out the softest skin at the bottom of Gene's earlobe and delicately slips it between his lips.

No amount of clenching his jaw in the world can keep Gene from groaning, and he does, low down in his throat, hands roving against Sam's back, up and down, squeezing where and when he can. 'Gene,' and that's Sam panting, right against his ear, one hand sliding down to tease at his already loosened tie. The pink of his tongue flicks across his lips and that's when Gene knows he needs to take back control of things, or else the teasing won't ever end.

Which is why, half a breath later, he's caught Sam up and flipped him onto his back, has pushed his way between Sam's legs, caught Sam's wrists up in his hands and pinned them to the bed. Sam's right where he needs to be, he's Gene's prey, but he's grinning in triumph like he's the one who's won. Of course he has, in his own sick, twisted way – not that Sam's the sick, twisted one, Gene's just as guilty of being a bloody filthy pervert. Sam's come out of this on top, even if he's really on bottom. He's seen just how much Gene enjoys things when it isn't just hard, fast, now.

Gene's sure he'll never understand Sam completely, and as the last of the tingling fades from his love-bitten ear, with how Sam's progressed and shown him switches he never knew he'd possessed, he'll likely never understand himself even half as well. Gene growls, angry at himself more than Sam, though at least Sam has some sort of hard pounding to look forward to.

'Can't we get on with it?' Sam shifts his hips upwards, rocking their erections together, and as Gene groans and Sam grins, Gene's suddenly aware that he's very likely forever stuck with this obnoxious pain in the arse, one who's forever happy to turn Gene's own words words back onto him. He knows he should, be he doesn't mind the thought of that like he should. Forever hardly seems like it'll end up being enough.

'Suppose we ought to,' he mutters, as if in afterthought. Gene releases his hold on Sam's wrists only to sit back, ready to start stripping Sam instead. He gazes down at Sam, who's looking back at him, smug and glowing. It's one more thought that Gene's going to have to keep to himself, but he'd have
it no other way.
Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Prompt stuff from tumblr! Kisses, for the most part.

for talkingtothesky: Sam/Gene, 10 (neck kiss)

Sam gets Gene inside, and that's when the grabby hands strike again. It was distracting enough on the drive over, an outright pain to avoid at the pub, but here in the relatively safety of Sam's dark flat.... well, it's not bad at all.

Sam kicks the door shut, determined to get them to the bed, only then Gene shifts all of his drunken weight to the left – Sam stumbles, knows what's coming, and with Gene's arm around him, there's nothing he can do to stop it now that the free fall has started. Impact knocks the breath from his lungs, leaves him dizzy – that breathlessness turns to barely restrained giggles as Gene's groping and nuzzling leaves them both wriggling about on the floor.

'Oh my God, Guv, can't you even wait to get into bed?'

'Nope,' Gene snaps back, with a flash of clarity in his eyes – Sam can just make it out in the dimly lit gloom of his flat. 'Gotcha.'

Sam grunts and ends up giggling again as Gene rolls them back over, stubble rough against Sam's throat as Gene kisses his way down his jaw – the apparent destination being Sam's neck. He arches up but Gene neatly pushes him back down.

'Bit of spontaneity ought to do you some good.' Gene nips at him, the bare catch of his teeth, only then there's more kisses, more nuzzling, Gene's mouth so damp and the scruff on his cheeks rubbing Sam raw.

'Really thought you were drunk. You let me drive.'

Gene hums his pleasure against Sam's skin, shifting them onto their sides – he hasn't stopped kissing, but he seems to be finished with words. Sam gets a good hold on him, hands bunched up in fistfuls of camel-hair, throws his head back and helplessly moans his own pleasure.

for breval: Sam/Gene, 3 (nose kiss)

Gene's back is to the headboard, their bodies sweat-slick in between, Sam's head bent forward and his breath puffing out against Gene's pink-flushed neck. He shifts, feel the quake of Gene's legs against his thighs, slides, shudders as he gasps. 'Good?' he manages, and Gene nods and swallows, louder than a roar. Of course it's good – it's better than good. Sam does love this position. He thinks Gene's just as fond of it, since they come back to it again and again.

'Don't hurry on my account,' Gene says, words just as unsteady, and Sam smiles and turns his head, presses a kiss to Gene's throat. Another gasp, the flutter of breath beneath his lips, the taste of salt on
his tongue. Sam rises up again, groans on the way down, Gene chuckling near breathlessly now as he loops an arm tight about Sam's waist.

But Gene's not telling him to hurry up, and it goes beyond perfect, muscles bunching as he rises back up. Gene's so hard inside him, so hot against him, and Sam noses at his neck, his jaw, licks a line across his cheek. 'Kinky sod,' Gene mutters, almost as an afterthought, and that's got Sam smiling all over again. He places a kiss on Gene's nose and goes perfectly still, clenching, Gene shuddering as everything grinds to an awful, perfect halt.

'Bloody hell!'

Sam moans and he's falling, falling into Gene, Gene thrusting weakly as he's able as they go back to the start of it, skin to skin.

'You were saying?' And that, with another kiss to the nose, Gene clutching him closer, tighter, the blunt press of hard nails.

'Don't you bloody well stop,' Gene hisses out, but he doesn't have to ask, or demand, because Sam's found his rhythm again, agonisingly slow.

———

for breval: Sam/Gene, 4 (forehead kiss)

Sam grumbles and shifts about in bed, yanking the duvet up to just under his chin. 'I hate this,' he mutters, snuffling and then coughing pathetically – almost on queue, that. 'You're not really gonna leave me here on my own, are you?'

'Are you always such a bloody child when you're feeling poorly?'

'Stick around and you can find out for yourself.'

'Left you here yesterday, of course I'll do the same today.'

Now Sam's pouting. It's not going to work, even though Gene's left with a sudden intense urge to kiss said pout away – not a good idea, he doesn't need to catch whatever it is Sam's already got. He instead drops a kiss onto Sam's warm, sweaty forehead, ruffles his fingers back through Sam's cool, damp hair.

'I'll pop by to check on you at lunch. And I'll be home tonight just as soon as I'm finished at the pub.'

'Gene.'

Gene rolls his eyes, pats Sam's cheek – Sam snatches his wrist with one clammy hand, tugs weakly.

'I miss you already.'

Once again, Gene's eyes roll heavenwards.

'Bloody hell – lay off the sodding sap, the sugar'll rot out all your teeth.'

'Won't complain about it when I'm sucking your – '

'Hush now. I'll forego a visit to the pub if it means that much to you.'

'It does.' Sam gives another tug on his wrist. 'Still miss you.' He turns his head away, coughs – just as pathetically as before. One more snuffle, and he glares forlornly – and rather blearily – back at Gene.

'I miss my mum.'
Gene glowers. 'Not your mum, Gladys.'

'I know that, Guv – wouldn't ask her for...' The faintest smirk curves his lips, slight but sharp. Gene huffs and yanks his hand away, turns the duvet down. Sam twists over onto his side, facing away now, scooting over so he's closer to the middle of the bed. Gene drops down behind him, kisses the back of Sam's neck, one hand groping down Sam's chest until he finds the hardness waiting for him in Sam's pyjama bottoms.

'And then you'll let me go to work?'

Sam bucks forwards, impatient. 'Mhmm. It'll help me get back to sleep.'

'So you say – you tart. You sure you're really feeling that unwell?' But he's tugged Sam's bottoms down with one hand, and now he's tugging on warm, firm flesh, silken heat beneath his hand. Sam's breath rasps and he leans his head back, damp hair tickling Gene's cheek. Gene kisses his neck once more, again, listens to Sam as he sighs and moans. He doesn't last long, shooting his load all over Gene's hand, and just like he'd said, he's already dropped off by the time Gene's cleaned himself up and chucked the messy tissues into the bin beside the bed. Gene's shoddy job of pulling Sam's pyjamas back up have left just too much hip showing, and he strokes it with a thumb.

He stands up, sighs and shakes his head as he stares down at his DI – his partner – his Sam, cheeks flushed from his recent exertion. His breathing has evened out, barring the odd snuffle of his mostly clogged nose. There's an illusion of innocence, of vulnerability, that often follows Sam into his waking hours. Gene pulls the duvet back up, drops one last kiss onto Sam's forehead.

'Love you,' he says, and he swears that Sam's heard him – Sam's lips have curved once more, but this time into a smile. 'Sweet dreams, Sammy-boy.' Gene straightens back up, and Sam slumbers onwards.

If he hurries on up he'll be back for lunch in no time flat.

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