**The Break In**

by *ialwayslikedthetie*

**Summary**

Danny and Steve start an all-out sex war... where will it take them, and what will they discover about one another, and themselves, along the way?

*Complete*
Danny woke up to something cold and solid clicking into place around his wrists. His handcuffs, and they were around his headboard bars, an assumption which was proved by a quick jerk of his arms above his head. Shit. And there was something over his eyes so that he couldn't see, and by the silky feel he was pretty sure it was one of his ties.

He felt a large, warm hand slide down his arm, and brush over his chest and stomach - definitely male, and definitely going somewhere south.

It had been a particularly hot night, he'd gone to bed naked with just a sheet for cover, and as he felt the sheet being pulled slowly off him he considered calling out for help, fighting his assailant for control, finding a way to remove his restraints and blindfold... but this was... exciting!

"Who is that?" He gasped as he felt himself fully exposed. There was no reply.

Any other thoughts of escape were drowned out as a hot, wet mouth planted a searing kiss onto his lips. He fought it momentarily before letting the man take control. Escape was not an option yet, so best to go with the flow, he figured. The fact that he was getting turned on by this situation helped that decision somewhat.

A tongue pressed against his lips and he allowed access to his mouth, deepening the kiss and getting rewarded for it as he felt the hand back on his chest begin to work its way down over his stomach again. The man's other hand was behind Danny's neck, holding his mouth in place to receive one of the best kisses he'd had in a while. Searing hot and passionate, but nonetheless gentle somehow.

The stomach pressed against his own was a wall of solid muscled abs, smooth and warm against him.

The kiss was broken and the mouth began to make its was along his jawline, stubble scraping against stubble causing a delicious sensation. Nips and kisses which pulled moans from his lips were delivered down his neck. Despite not knowing who was on top of him, he opened up his
throat to the other man willingly.

He gasped as teeth scraped down his collarbone and then over one of his nipples, allowing a small whimper to escape his mouth as both hands now combined to smooth over his stomach and dip down to mere inches from their goal, thumbs settling into the groves of his hips. That hot mouth was slowly making its way down over his abdomen, causing little sounds to be pulled from his throat that he couldn't quite control, but he somehow didn't care.

There was no point in feeling embarrassment in this situation, he didn't even know who the man was and the sensations and excitement running through his body told him he shouldn't care.

And then that hot, delicious, wet mouth engulfed the head of Danny's hard cock, and even thoughts were no longer an option.

He let out a loud moan and his hands jerked in their bonds. One of the strong hands was now gripping his hip almost painfully tight as he arched off the bed, while the other gently stroked his balls and then grasped the base of his cock. A tongue swirled around the head of his cock, before making its way murderously slowly up and down his shaft, making him gasp. Then the mystery man pulled Danny into his throat, letting the muscles there work around the shaft while he slid him in and out, deep throating him further each time until his nose was buried in the soft curled blonde hair at the base. The man stilled for a second, and then hummed gently as he slid back all the way up Danny's cock, making him writhe on the bed.

"Oh god!" The words tore from Danny's lips as the mouth left his cock, leaving him bereft. He was so close, and now the hands were leaving his body and he felt the mattress rise back up as the man left the bed. For the first time he let it sink in that he was naked and tied to his bed, no weapon, no defense. Maybe he should have used that moment when the man's head was between his thighs to get him in a headlock and choke him out. Maybe. But then he would have missed out on the blow job.

He only had another second or two to consider his fate before he felt a weight rejoin him on the bed and a hand slide underneath his lower back and lift him up as pillows were shoved unceremoniously underneath him. He planted his feet on the mattress and aided his assailant in positioning his hips, something that one part of his brain was admonishing him for whilst another part cheered him on.

That first, sensible part of his brain was completely silenced as a lubed-up finger gently pushed into his ass. He gasped at the cold sensation, but forced himself to relax as the finger worked its way into him. He canted his hips further upward to allow the man to insert two fingers, and he moaned at the feeling somewhere between pleasure and pain as his hole was stretched in preparation. The other hand gentle stroked his straining cock before settling around the base, the thumb travelling up and down the underside of the shaft. A third finger followed inside and he
pushed against the fingers and the hand grasping his cock, moaning and desperate for the contact.

The fingers slid out one final time and Danny heard the sound of a condom wrapper being ripped open. As a cop, he shouldn't allow this vulnerability to continue - a silent intruder breaking in and forcing himself on Danny sexually, a crime which could turn even more dangerous and violent if it went the wrong way. He was bared to this stranger, stretched out on his bed, naked and open and restrained. As a free and single man, however, being spread out, tied and used by this unknown man was more of a turn on than he should freely admit.

He spent a lot of his life in control, to a decent degree, being a cop with a gun and a badge, being in charge of his own life. Yes he got shot at quite a lot, and his car was more often than not driven by his superSEAL partner, but he could end all of that if he wanted, he had the control. Choose a different job, or argue Steve down if he really needed to. But as he tugged again at the cuffs securing him to his bed, and fastened his fingers around the metal columns of the headboard to avoid any damage to his wrists, he felt like letting go of this control was exactly what he needed. He was more than willing to be taken along for this ride.

The weight on the mattress between his legs shifted, slim hips pushing his thighs further apart until he felt the head of the other man's cock push against his ass, the pillows placing him at almost exactly the right height.

There was a moment when he felt finger tips rest gently on his thighs, a silent question. He could still stop this if he wanted, if he needed. But right now, he needed it to continue. This was probably the weirdest break in he'd ever experienced.

He relaxed his head back against the pillows, braced his arms against the headboard and tilted his hips up slightly, squeezing his knees against the stranger, implying his willingness. *Yes, go ahead, I need this.*

The hands slid under his thighs, strong biceps curling underneath as he was lifted up slightly. He noted that the grip was further down on his bad leg, gentler. Coincidence? Was this someone he knew?

That thought was forced out of his mind as the huge cock entered his ass. The man, who had been silent from the moment this had all begun, let out a moan which was cut off part way through. He hadn't meant to make a noise, he'd got caught up in the moment and now he was afraid Danny had recognised his voice. So he was someone familiar.

Not wanting to stop now, Danny released a keening moan as he moved against the man, signaling
for him to continue. The grasp became firm again, as he pushed slowly all the way in to Danny, filling him until he was in up to the hilt. He stopped, allowing Danny to acclimate to his size, before pulling out most of the way and sliding back in again, setting up a delicious rhythm.

Danny locked his arms to brace against the bed and canted his hips for a better angle, wrapping his legs around the other man's ass and pulling him in harder. The man's hand was still around Danny's cock, and began slowly pumping him. The room was filled with heavy breathing, gasps, and the occasional breathless moan, which Danny soon realised was coming from his own mouth. The rhythm built, getting harder and faster as both men lost themselves in each other's bodies.

The angle changed again suddenly and fireworks shot through Danny's body as the other man's cock hit his prostate over and over. Danny cried out in pleasure as the combination of being fucked hard and the strong solid hand wrapped around his dick sent him over the edge. He came over his chest and stomach, clenching his muscles around the other man inside him who jerked and made a choking noise, trying not to cry out as his own orgasm hit, but continued to stroke Danny as he came down from his orgasmic high.

After a moment the man pulled out, and even as Danny still worked to get his breath back, a deep, sloppy kiss was planted over his mouth. He returned the kiss, but the lips were torn away after only seconds.

A small key was pushed into his hand and, before his brain reconnected to his body and he was able to slip it into the cuff locks and free himself, he had already heard the front door open and close.

He pulled his tie over his face until it hung around his neck, wiped his chest down with the sheet, and made his way steadily into the front room once he was sure his legs were steady enough. Sighing, he checked the front door. It was locked.

He stood there, taking a second to put two and two together whilst buck naked in nothing but a silk tie. The assailant was slim, muscular, had the ninja skills to creep up on Danny and cuff him while he was asleep, was careful of his injured knee and of Danny in general, and had given him several opportunities to end the events of that night. And also, apparently, had a key to his house.

Well, Danny thought, it certainly doesn't take a detective to work out who has... ehem... taken this detective.

He smiled, looking down at his key chain on the coffee table and fingering the key to Steve's house. Tomorrow at work he wouldn't give anything away to his partner, but tomorrow night the
SEAL was going to get the shock of his life, in the form of matching payback. Two could play at this game.
Revenge Is Sweet

Chapter Summary

Danny knew his ninja SEAL partner would not be easy to get one over on. But revenge was going to be sweet!

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Danny knew his ninja SEAL partner would not be easy to get one over on. Luckily they had experienced an exhausting day, chasing drug dealers around Oahu until their legs ached, and Danny had insisted that the team go out for beers afterwards to celebrate the arrests which ensued, just to make sure Steve would be both tired and at least slightly drunk to aid with reduced reaction times.

He hadn't mentioned anything about the previous night to anyone, and aside from a throw-away comment about Danny seeming more relaxed today (which Danny had put down to having 'a good night's sleep'), neither had Steve. And it was true, he was a lot more relaxed today after being laid truly and thoroughly the night before by a (not so) mysterious assailant, but as Danny sat across the Side Streets booth from the man who thought he'd got away with the sneak attack sex the previous night, he quietly plotted his revenge. And that plot began with lots of alcohol.

Three hours later, Danny was aiding his moderately inebriated partner through the man's front door and onto the couch.

"I'll leave you here then, shall I Superman?" He patted Steve lightly on the shoulder and gestured towards the stairs, "I'm not carrying you up there before you ask..."

Steve shook his head, "Nah, I'm not that drunk, Danno. Anyway, I'm going to stay up and have another beer, maybe watch the game. You wanna stay?" He patted the cushions next to him.

Danny shook his head, "I'm heading home, you neanderthal. I can't believe you want more to drink!"

Steve shrugged and stumbled through to the kitchen, grabbing a bottle from his fridge and flopping back down into the corner of the couch. "Your loss," he muttered, flicking the TV on.

That's what you think, Danny allowed himself a grin before saying goodbye to Steve and closing the door behind him. He made sure not to pull the door completely into place, so that it wouldn't make any noise when he pushed it open again later. He climbed into the Camaro, gunning the
engine so Steve would have no doubt that he had left, and drove off around the corner where he re-
parked. Having consumed only two lite beers at Side Streets, he was fine to drive. Now to wait.

An hour later, he snuck back around to Steve's house, peeking in through the front window to
check on his target. The SEAL was snoring softly on the couch, having changed out of his shirt and
jeans into an old ripped t-shirt and some sweatpants, half of his beer forgotten on the coffee table.
Danny pushed the front door gently and it opened with no noise whatsoever - perfect. He closed it
behind him, steadying the handle so that it wouldn't click loudly back into the doorjamb.

He was very careful draping the tie over Steve's eyes where his head hung over the back of the
couch, pausing as the man shifted and muttered in his sleep, continuing to tie it in place when he
settled again. It was the same blue silky tie that Steve had used on him, he thought that had a nice
poetry to it.

Now for the hard bit - with no way of securing Steve's hands to the couch, Danny was going to
have to wake him up and overpower him. That was why he had spent the evening plying him with
alcohol. Danny was confident in his own fighting skills, but he wasn't an idiot. Steve was a highly
trained Navy SEAL, and he'd seen him take down a perp with precise and solid skill more than
once. This was going to have to be done quickly, making the best of the slower reaction times,
blindness and element of surprise.

Danny quickly and quietly removed anything that could be used as an impromptu weapon against
him - the beer bottle, TV remote, even the small coffee table got moved to the other side of the
room, and then stood behind the couch, leaned forward and pinched Steve's nipple as hard as he
could before ducking out of the way.

A brief display of confused flailing occurred, and Steve stumbled to his feet, clearly trying to work
out why he couldn't see. His hands went up towards his face, and Danny climbed over the couch,
grabbing his wrists from behind and quickly cuffing him with a practiced ease.

Steve let out a surprised yelp and spun to face his assailant. Even blindfolded and tipsy, he made
an attempt to barrel into the attacker with his shoulders and fight back, years of training kicking in
through the haze of alcohol and sleep. Danny predicted this move (knowing your partner well
wasn't just handy for job-related matters, apparently!) and moved to the side, using Steve's
momentum against him. He leapt to the floor and shoved his knee into the back of Steve's knees, so
that the taller men ended up kneeling on the seat, while grabbing the cuffs with one hand and
taking a fistful of Steve's short hair with the other, forcing him stomach first into the back of the
couch.
Steve had been pretty gentle with Danny the night before, and use of restraints aside he had in fact given Danny the option to say no at several points through being hesitant and respectful. Danny fully intended to afford the man the same treatment, however he got the impression that Steve liked things a little rougher in bed and wanted to make sure the guy had fun tonight, plus he needed to subdue him in the first place before he could get to the nice bit.

He planted his knees either side of his partner's, squeezing his calves inwards to hold Steve's in place, sliding his hand from the short brunette hair and down the man's neck in a gentle but solid movement before planting it firmly in the middle of Steve's shoulder blades and pushing him forward so that he was bent over the back of the couch. Steve let out a surprised noise and struggled for a moment, before he was made aware of his attacker's intentions when Danny ground his hips against Steve's ass, letting his hard and obvious boner do the talking. Steve froze.

Still holding on to the cuffs tightly, remaining in firm control, Danny used his free hand to slip underneath Steve's t-shirt, stroking up over his lower back in a comforting motion, around his side and using his fingers to caress the line of dark hair which formed a tempting trail into the top of Steve's pants.

He paused there, intentions clear, but giving Steve the choice now to throw him off or say no. Tension thrumming through his body, Steve had not been entirely happy at being taken by surprise and subdued by his unknown attacker, but when it became clear that he wasn't completely lacking in control, he relaxed significantly. Danny waited patiently for a sign that he was okay to continue.

Steve let out a soft moan, a peaceful sigh of acquiescence, and moved his ass back against Danny's crotch as a physical sign that this was something he wanted. The detective had to bit his lower lip to stifle the moan which wanted to escape his lips. He understood how Steve had got a bit carried away the night before.

He slid his hand down into Steve's pants to find that the commando was, in fact, commando, and ran his rough fingertips over Steve's burgeoning hardon. The Navy man moaned at the teasing touch and pushed into the grasp on his cock, but tonight was Danny's night for control and he was having none of it.

He removed his hand, ignoring the whimper which escaped Steve's lips, and stood up, stepping back from the couch. He pressed down on his partner's back, signalling for him to stay put, and quickly stripped down to his boxers before grabbing Steve by the shoulders and hauling him around, pushing him down onto the couch so that he was lying along its length, facing upwards with his hands still tied behind him.

As a reward to Steve for behaving himself and waiting patiently, Danny decided it was time to give him some well-deserved attention. He placed a knee in between Steve's legs and leaned over him,
planting a hand on each bicep and trailing gentle kisses along Steve's jawline from chin to earlobe. Steve bucked upwards as his partner's talented tongue swirled around the outer edges of his ear and his mouth settled around the earlobe, drawing it in and grazing sharp teeth over the sensitive skin. Danny noted that reaction for later use.

He kissed and licked back along the stubbled jaw, before settling his lips over Steve's and beginning a tender kiss which slowly built in passion. He nibbled on Steve's lower lip, pushing with his tongue and requesting access, which was quickly granted. He grabbed the hem of Steve's shirt, hauling it up over his head, careful not to dislodge the tie, and behind his neck. He couldn't remove the shirt while Steve was cuffed, and it was old so he hoped he wouldn't mind it getting stretched where it now held his shoulders back like a strange secondary restraint.

He dove back down to fasten his mouth over Steve's again, before leaving a hot track of kisses, nips and licks down his captive's throat and over his chest, paying specific attention to both nipples, especially the one he had pinched earlier, before continuing over his solid abs and down to the waistband of his sweatpants.

Silently sending up a prayer of thanks to the gods of nakedness for Steve's lack of boxers, Danny took a moment to teasingly run his fingers along the skin just above the waistband, drawing little gasps from his partner, before gliding them down over Steve's slim hips and discarding them on the floor behind the couch. The SEAL lifted his hips off the sofa to help, and Danny rewarded him by trailing his fingers up Steve's inner thigh and lightly stroking his balls. Seconds later, he fastened his lips around the head of Steve's cock and his partner let out a long moan which suggested he'd been waiting too long for that very moment.

After slicking him up nicely, Danny drew the whole of Steve's length into his mouth, deep throating his partner with ease despite his size. He let his throat muscles work around his partner's cock, pulling back and taking him in all the way again several times, fighting against his gag reflex in exchange for the pleasure of hearing the sounds coming out of Steve. Long strings of curse words and other unintelligible noises, interspersed with gasps and moans, were emitted from Steve's mouth as Danny's very talented mouth went to town on his dick. He could tell Steve was drawing near to orgasm, and he took this moment to pull his mouth off his cock with a devilish and provocative popping noise.

Steve whined once again in frustration and pushed his hips up to where Danny's mouth used to be, desperate for more attention, but Danny was already up off the couch and ready for the next stage.

He roughly hauled Steve up into a standing position, loving the fact that his partner was now a jelly-legged shaking mess, and turned him so that he was facing the couch again. He nudged the back of Steve's knees just like before, happy when the taller man got with the program and got back into his original position bent over the backrest, willingly spreading his thighs for his captor.
Danny took a moment to observe the gorgeous sight in front of him - this government-trained Navy SEAL killing machine, bound and blindfolded in all his naked glory, solid muscles under tanned skin, laid out in front of him with his ass in the air, all for his own personal use. It was enough to give him a severe power trip and practically make him come in his boxers right there and then.

He got a reign on himself and shed his boxers, before digging the condom and lube sachet from the pocket of his discarded trousers and positioning himself behind Steve in between his legs. He used the t-shirt still stretched around his shoulders to pull his partner upright, allowing him the access to tenderly nip a line down Steve's spine, making sure a couple of bites were hard enough to leave little red marks.

He coated his fingers in lube and slowly ran his index finger down Steve's crack, revelling in the soft groans it elicited, before sliding it inside his hole. His partner bucked against him and moaned, and Danny began to work him open, adding another finger and then a third whilst palming his own erection and nibbling at Steve's hip and smooth ass cheek.

Once he was happy that Steve was open and willing, he tore the condom packet open with his teeth, rolling it onto himself and adding more lube. Echoing Steve's moves from the previous night, he lined himself up against his hole, gently placed his hands on the SEAL's hips, and employing all of his self-restraint, he stopped and waited. This was Steve's last chance to halt the proceedings.

His partner's next move took Danny a bit by surprise when he braced his knees against the cushions and pushed himself back onto Danny's waiting cock. Once again, Danny had to bite his lip to stop himself moaning out loud as his dick entered Steve and was enveloped in his tight heat. He couldn't help the slight grunt which came from his throat as he sunk in all the way to the hilt, and one hand snaked around to smooth over Steve's abs and then down to grip his thigh while the other gripped the chain of the handcuffs and pulled his captive's arms taught. He pulled out again and then began a careful rhythm, not quite pushing in all the way, getting Steve used to the thickness of his cock before building the speed up. The SEAL grunted and bucked underneath him, pushing back against Danny and seeming to want more and more of him every time.

Happy to oblige, Danny let him take his full length, getting lost in the feeling of his dick plunging into the other man.

And that was when Steve finally spoke, and the words he said were probably the single hottest thing Danny had ever heard come out of that pretty mouth.

"P-please... Fuck me hard."
Using the restraints to his advantage, Danny slid almost all of the way out of Steve before pulling on the cuffs to add to his momentum as he slammed back into his partner. He dug his fingers into Steve's hip hard enough to leave bruises as he drove his cock deep into him again and again, making Steve cry out in pleasure as he allowed himself to be used and abused by the other man. He'd figured Steve was one for rough sex and boy was he glad he was right.

He could feel himself building to orgasm, and he reached around with the hand not holding the cuffs and grasped Steve's leaking cock, jacking him off to the rhythm of his own thrusts. His other hand moved to grip the t-shirt twisted around Steve's shoulders, raising his torso and changing his angle of entry slightly.

Steve's voice came out hoarse as he moaned 'Oh god oh god' over and over as Danny hit his sweet spot with stunning accuracy. It took him only a few seconds to fall over the edge into bliss, spilling heat up over his own stomach and Danny's hand as it massaged him through his orgasm.

Danny pumped into him three more times before coming himself with a grunt, fingers still wrapped around the t-shirt, holding Steve in place against the couch. He laid himself forward along Steve's back as their heart rates and ragged breathing returned to normal.

Ignoring the wobbly feeling in his knees, Danny pulled out, tossing the condom into the trash can, stood and quickly pulled his clothes back on. He realised that his t-shirt was inside out after he'd yanked it on over his head, but put the thought out of his mind as his speedy escape was now more important, and Steve couldn't see him anyway.

Slipping his shoes back on, he walked around to the back of the couch where Steve was still resting in his kneeling position, re-learning how to breathe.

He slipped his hand under Steve's chin, encouraging him to straighten up so that he was almost level with Danny. He dipped down and kissed Steve, letting it quickly turn rough and dirty as he ran his hands through his partner's mussed up hair, tugging slightly as it carded through his fingers. Steve moaned into his mouth and gave as good as he got with his tongue.

Danny retrieved the cuff keys from his back pocket and slid them into Steve's hand, closing his fingers around them tightly.

Then he broke the kiss, turned his back and quickly made for the door. He allowed himself a last glance at his mess of a partner, who was still leaning against the back of the couch looking more than a little satisfied, before closing the door and locking it behind him with his own key - something which was quickly becoming their signature move.
He strolled across the front lawn and round the corner to his waiting car, feeling pretty self-satisfied.

He'd planned and executed the operation, as Steve would say, with great precision. He'd got one over on a Navy SEAL, and revenge really was sweet!

He pulled away and breathed a sigh of relief, allowing himself a feeling of pride in his achievement tonight. However as he pulled up at the next set of red lights, he swore loudly at himself.

"Shit! My tie!!"

Chapter End Notes

Hope you've enjoyed part 2!

Everything is a competition with these boys - who is going to win this little war?
Danny strolled out of Max's office with the case paperwork he had just collected. McGarrett had once again been silent on the subject of the previous night, and Danny hasn't said a word either, as if it were all a dream or an alternate universe event or something that just didn't encroach on their normal lives. Although he was pretty sure he'd caught his boss staring at his ass a couple of times, and maybe it wasn't a coincidence that when getting dressed that morning he'd gone for the dark grey slacks that a drunk Kono had once said showed off his rear end beautifully (read: announced to the entire patronage of Side Streets while pointing and wolf whistling - no more tequila for Kono was the rule now).

Aside from the glances, Steve had in fact been very quiet for the whole morning, much more so than usual, and Danny was a little worried that he'd stepped over a line last night and wasn't aware.

They had certainly both appeared to enjoy it at the time.

He hit the button for the elevator to take him back up to the Five-0 offices and waited, letting his mind drift back to the previous evening and visualised bending Steve over his couch again. His dick twitched at the mental image and he told himself he had to compartmentalise - no good getting a raging boner at work!

It was then that a strong hand clasped around his mouth and nose, muffling a surprised yelp, before he was dragged backwards into a supply closet and the door was slammed and locked behind him. He was pushed up against the closed door, chest first, and he dropped the file as he automatically grabbed at the hand covering his face and tried to speak.

"Shhhhh," he felt the hot breath on his ear sending tingles down his spine and relaxed a little.

A sneak attack at work, you bastard! he thought, though he was far from angry as his cock began to fill with fresh vigour. He planted his palms against the solid wood of the door in front of him to steady himself.
The hand was removed from his mouth and he tried to turn around, but he was shoved back into the door and pinned there by the weight and pressure of Steve's body pressed in a hot line against him. He heard the soft sound of silk slipping over skin as Steve drew the tie he'd accidentally left at his house out straight between his fingers, and then it was carefully slipped around Danny's eyes and tied in place.

He gasped as one of Steve's hands slid down the front of his body and rubbed a palm over his erection through his slacks, and as he opened his mouth another hand smoothed up of the stubble on his throat and jaw and a finger slipped into his mouth. He bit down gently to hold the finger in place and swirled his tongue around the tip, drawing a growl from the Navy SEAL immobilizing him against the door.

Steve grabbed Danny's broad shoulders, spinning him around and shoving him back against the door, demonstrating that he was in control of this session. Danny held up his hands and splayed his fingers, as if he had a gun pointed at him, and leaned back against the door to show his submission, and was rewarded with a gentle kiss which very quickly turned hot and dirty. Steve licked along his jaw and nibbled on Danny's earlobe, eliciting a breathy 'oh fuck...' from the detective’s lips. Steve allowed himself a dirty snigger into Danny's ear as he ran his tongue over the sensitive skin and turned his partner's knees to jelly, letting his hands roam all over Danny's broad chest and down over his stomach, tugging his shirt out of his slacks and running his fingers over the bare skin underneath.

Danny let out a loud moan at the feel of Steve's rough fingertips, and one of the hands shot up to once again cover his mouth.

"Be quiet, or I'll have to gag you," Steve's voice was hoarse and full of heat.

Danny whimpered and nodded his head. This was... unbelievably hot!

Steve's hot mouth went back to his ear, and trailed down over his throat, licking and nipping as he went, fingers fumbling with the buttons on Danny's dress shirt and popping them open one by one, before finally going to the tie which was around his neck and pulling him forward into a deep, passionate kiss.

Danny leaned up into Steve, tipping his head back and lifting up on his toes slightly to compensate for their height difference, and his hands went to Steve's biceps to steady himself. Steve grabbed his wrists, breaking the kiss, and pushed his partner back up against the door, holding his wrists up high and pinning him in place.

"Am I going to have to tie you up, or are you going to behave?" His voice was low and dangerous in Danny's ear, raising the hairs on the back of his neck and making him shiver.

"Oh god, yes..." Danny stuttered.

There was a short pause before Steve replied, and Danny could hear his smile in his voice, "Which one are you saying yes to?"

Danny licked his lips, doing it slowly to ensure Steve saw it, imagining his hazel-blue eyes following his tongue. "Both..." he sighed.

Why did he feel like he could be so open with Steve? Why did he feel safe with this trained killing machine taking control and holding him captive? He felt like he could put his fantasies, his safety and his life, in this man's hands, and never have to worry about it being the wrong decision. It felt so extreme, like giving a delicate glass ornament to a huge burly giant and knowing that he
wouldn't crush it.

Trust. Pure and simple and honest.

Steve hummed an appreciative noise against Danny's throat and clamped both of the detective's wrists over his head in one hand, the other brushing over Danny's ear and giving his throat a gentle squeeze before tugging free the tie from around his neck. He slid the material slowly from under the shirt collar before bringing Danny's hands down in between then and wrapping it around his wrists, tying it firmly but not too tight.

Teeth grazed over his throat and collarbone, and Danny heard someone whining breathlessly before he even realised it was him. Steve pushed open his unbuttoned shirt and worked his way down over the soft hair covering his chest and stomach, until he was kneeling in front of his partner and wrestling with his belt and zipper.

Danny felt hot breath caress his cock as it was released from the confines of his boxers and he shivered involuntarily. Steve took hold of Danny's tied wrists with one hand and used the other to kneed his ass cheek and grip his hip as he began to run his tongue up the shaft in a slow torturous movement.

The detective tried to thrust forward but was held firmly in place by his partner, who dug his fingers in as a warning for misbehaving. A quick nip to the skin on his pelvic bone stilled him completely and he sighed as he let Steve have full control. The hand on his wrists slipped down in between his thighs and nudged them until he widened his stance, making him step out of his shoes and pants which had still been around his ankles while Steve moved them to one side.

Steve took him into his mouth and sucked gently, tonguing the slit and around the head as his hands disappeared from Danny's skin. The sound of a lube sachet being ripped open was Danny’s only warning before slick fingers parted his ass cheeks and rubbed over his hole. He bit his lip to stop the moan and let out a huff of air through his nose instead as Steve pushed a finger inside.

The SEAL continued the blow job in earnest, putting his all into it, taking Danny's cock deep into his throat and making little humming noises which sent vibrations through the blonde's body, making him gasp and sigh. His fingers worked Danny's hole open, two now sliding in and out, curving round to rub over his prostate a couple of times teasingly while his thumb massaged his perineum.

Danny resisted the temptation to place his hands on Steve's head, knowing he might get a more severe punishment for any further transgressions. Even that thought brought him closer to orgasm as three fingers now worked their way inside him.

Steve's hot, wet mouth engulfed his cock again, throat muscles working around the head and the occasional tiny scrape of blunt teeth on his shaft made him push his head back against the door and arch his back.

"Oh god Steve, 'm gonna-"

The fingers slid over Danny's prostate again and applied pressure there, while Steve simultaneously pulled his cock all the way into his throat. Danny's world went white as he came, hard and unrelenting into Steve's mouth as the man swallowed him down greedily. Danny bit the inside of his lip so hard to keep from crying out that he drew blood, and the next thing he knew he was on his knees, straddling Steve who was still kneeling on the floor, being held up by strong arms as he tried to steady his breathing.
Steve was rubbing big comforting circles on his back, kissing his neck and the side of his face as he came back to himself.

"Oh my god..." Danny managed to huff out as his vision cleared, "God that was..."

Steve laughed in his ear, "Hm, I gathered," he muttered, lifting Danny's bound hands up over his head so that they were draped around his neck and shoulders.

Then he lifted Danny's ass up, lined himself up having divested himself of his cargo pants and boxers at some earlier point and already rolled a condom onto himself, and lowered Danny's open hole onto his cock.

He had to quickly throw a hand over the detective's mouth as he practically howled Steve's name, and brought Danny's head down so that he could swap his hand for his mouth in keeping his partner quiet as he settled back Danny into his lap, sliding in until he was completely sheathed inside the other man.

Danny sighed into his mouth as he adjusted to Steve's size again, and then began fighting for dominance in the kiss which ensued, tongues and teeth clashing until Steve lifted him up and slammed him back down again, winning control of the kiss through distraction techniques Danny had never quite experienced before.

Steve grabbed the blonde hair at the nape of his partner's neck and pulled his head back, kissing and biting at the stubbled skin, all the time using his other arm to lift Danny's ass up and lower him back down, controlling the speed and depth of the thrusts.

Danny pulled his hair from Steve's grasp and fastened his mouth onto his partner's earlobe, and it was Steve's turn to stifle a loud moan against Danny's chest.

Both of his hands went to Danny's gorgeous ass, raising him and pushing him back down faster and harder while the blonde nibbled Steve's earlobe and sent him over the edge.

Fingers dug into his hips, adding to the bruises from the first night, and Danny grinned an evil grin as he squeezed tightly around Steve's spasmming cock, drawing an even bigger orgasm from his partner. His smugness was short lived, however, as he suddenly found a full set of sharp teeth clamping down on his right shoulder.

"ACK!" was all he could manage before pushing his mouth against Steve's neck to stop himself crying out even louder. His bound hands scrambled for purchase at the back of Steve's head before catching the hair there and tearing his partner's teeth out of his flesh, pulling his head back.

"God, Steve, you bastard!" he yelped, unable to put his hands to his wound and check the damage.

Steve, for his part, appeared to be trying to remember simply how to breathe as the last waves of orgasm left his body shaking.

Danny brought his hands in between their bodies, struggling with his bonds.

"Here, sit back," Steve whispered hoarsely and Danny complied, letting himself be lowered backward onto his ass on the cold floor, before hearing "Shit, Danny you're bleeding, I'm so sorry."

"You bit me, you absolute cock," Danny growled, still pulling against the tie on his wrists. He could hear Steve moving around the room, opening a box and tearing open a packet, before something cold and wet was applied to his shoulder. Sharp pain ripped into him and added to the dull hot ache already settling in there.
"Ah, fuck off!" He swung his hands out and connected with what felt like Steve's bicep.

"Sorry buddy, it's disinfectant. It'll help," Steve mumbled, guilt peppering his words. "God Danny, I'm sorry, that was just... too intense... I didn't mean to hurt you. It's just when you did that thing... wow..."

Danny felt Steve smooth a pad over his shoulder and stick it down at the edges, and figured the box he'd found must have been the first aid kit.

He heard Steve pulling his clothes back on and sat quietly for a few seconds before coughing loudly. "Um, I'm still a little tied up here, babe?"

Steve laughed from somewhere across the room, "Yeah I need to make sure I can get away before I release you, I'm pretty sure you're not my greatest fan right now!" He sounded like he was smiling, but his voice was tight as well. He must feel really bad about the bite.

But the weird thing was, Danny didn't mind. Yeah, it hurt like a bitch, but he knew his partner didn't mean to hurt him, and the fact that he had driven Steve so far over the edge that he had lost control like that actually made his chest swell with pride.

He still trusted the guy with his life. And, he was beginning to realise, maybe a bit more. Maybe something else just as precious.

Steve hooked his hands around Danny's biceps and helped him into a standing position, and before Steve could say anything else, Danny grabbed his partner's t-shirt and pulled him down into a sweet kiss. The taller man tensed for a second before relaxing into the detective's mouth, sighing softly. Danny tried to project all his forgiveness through his mouth and into Steve, making the contact gentle and loving. Steve's hands went to the sides of Danny's face before his left hand drifted to the shorter man's injured shoulder, carefully skirting the edge of the bandage.

"I'm sorry," he whispered as they pulled away from each other.

"I know," Danny gave him a gentle smile, "I know you are. It's okay." He didn't have to see Steve's eyes to know he meant his apology.

A small penknife blade slipped between Danny's wrists and sliced off his bonds.

There was a moment of silence before Danny cleared his throat and took a breath in.

"Steve... did you just cut my tie?"

"Um..." Steve mumbled.

And then, like a speeding bullet, Steve was gone, practically breaking the lock on the door in his haste.

Danny pulled his blindfold off and glared at the remains of his tie on the floor, before breaking into a grin.

"Neanderthal..." he muttered as he re-dressed himself and stuffed the bits of tie into his pants pocket, collecting the dropped case file from by the door. He slid the blue silk tie around his neck and tied it with practiced ease. It was a little dressy for work, and maybe slightly crumpled from its moonlighting as a blindfold, but it was better than nothing.

He sneaked out of the small room and into the nearest bathroom and tidied himself up, smoothing
his hair down and trying to make it look vaguely like he hadn't just been molested in a supply closet by his ninja boss.

When he walked back into the Five-0 bullpen, Steve was in the doorway to his own office, leaning against the door jam and talking to Chin. He nodded at Danny as if he hadn't just left him naked downstairs.

Chin walked towards Danny, taking the file off him when it was offered. "Mahalo, bruh. You took your time down there, you get lost or something?"

Danny laughed and just shrugged in reply, regretting it immediately when pain spiked in his shoulder again. Chin stopped and looked him up and down, a frown creasing his normally placid features. "You change your tie, bruh?"

Danny tried to hold down the blush that suddenly spread over his cheeks and tugged self-consciously at the tie. "Yeah I uh, spilled coffee on the other one."

Chin shrugged and continued on his way to his office, while Danny shot Steve a glare across the room. The SEAL was trying and almost failing to stop himself laughing, and had to dash into his office and close the door before he gave the game away.

Danny closed his own office door behind him and settled carefully into his chair, still feeling a little sore.

An email pinged up on his laptop and he clicked it open.

Nice tie, think I recognise it from somewhere? -S

Danny hit reply,

You owe me a NEW TIE, animal - D

*ping* You look better without a tie, anyway... I won that round - S

Danny smirked,

I better not catch anything from that bite... like an inability to follow procedure, or neanderthalism or something. You won that battle (sort of), but I'll win the war - D

*ping* 'Sort of'? - S

You just lost your puny mind and bit me, that was MY doing. Bet you can't push me that far! - D

*ping* Challenge accepted - S

Danny grinned and settled back in his chair, shivering in anticipation.

Chapter End Notes
Let me know if you enjoyed that! I'm glad the boys are finally talking to each other now there's no point in trying to hide (poorly) who they are!

Anything you want to see in chapter 4? Remember, it's Danny's turn next ;)

Side note: writing porn on your phone while on the bus to work is an interesting experience!!
The Key Is Misdirection

Chapter Summary

Danny gets his chance to cause some damage in return, if he can ever stop messing with Steve's head...

Chapter Notes

Firstly, can I just say thank you to everyone for your encouraging words and reviews? Your comments give me life (and force me to write smut on public transport!), so thank you for that!

A special mention to blogger thisisformynaughtyshit on Tumblr who is the most amazing artist and has sent me a couple of sketches of scenes from this fic (OH MY GAWD!) and has made my day! If you follow me on Tumblr (or would like to), please take a look at my primary blog soiknowwhenitduck, and my fanfic blog ialwayslikedthetie, and the fabulous illustrations are reblogged on the primary one.

Okay, enjoy!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

It had been two whole days since the closet attack. Two days, and Danny had done nothing at all. And he knew it was driving McGarrett insane!

The longer he left it, the more uneasy and excited Steve became. Even Chin and Kono noticed the boss was on edge, but he just kept making excuses about too much coffee and not enough sleep when they enquired, so they backed off and left him to his nervous energy.

Who knew Danny had such an evil streak? Certainly not him. He was surprised that he was able to resist jumping his ridiculously hot partner at the first opportunity, but the sadist in him was finding it way too entertaining to watch the SEAL's anticipation levels ebb and flow. He was pretty sure he'd forced Steve's blood pressure to sky rocket to unhealthy levels by keeping him hanging.

Danny would make sudden moves toward Steve with no result to throw him off kilter, like when he leaned in close as if to kiss him, only to duck to the side and take a malasada out of the open box on the table, or when he crept up on him while he was working at the tech table and abruptly started talking right in his ear, which made Steve jump out of his skin and swear loudly, earning him a reproachful look from Chin.

He even started letting his hand drift a little too close to Steve's thigh in the Camaro when changing the radio station, and 'accidentally' squeezed past him at a crime scene for no good reason other than to get a grope in.
He was loving it, seeing Steve out of his depth and overtly aware of Danny's every move.

He leered at his partner whenever possible, keeping him on his toes and making sure Steve knew about his interest, and was enjoying the little sideways glances and appreciative noises from Steve whenever he wore a tight shirt or nice-fitting slacks. He was enjoying the attention a lot. So he was pleased to see Steve's disappointed face when he announced to the team on Friday afternoon that he would be taking Grace to Maui for the weekend.

"I need a break, so we're heading out tonight. If we catch a case, do not call me, because I won't care!" He grinned, waving goodbye to the team as he marched out of the bullpen toward the glass double doors. He couldn't help but smile to himself at the way Steve had visibly relaxed when he'd realised the imminent attack was not going to happen until at least Monday, despite his discontent at the idea of a Danny-less weekend.

"Try not to have too much fun, bruh! You might break something!" Kono called after him cheekily, referring to his usual grumpy demeanour. Although he had been much less grumpy the last few days, come to think of it.

Danny climbed into his Camaro and looked over at Steve's truck, deep in thought. He drove home, but he didn't pick Grace up, he didn't pack for Maui, and he didn't arrange for plane tickets or a hotel. In fact, he popped open a beer and sat down to watch a recorded football game on his flat screen, after setting his alarm for 5am the next day. Because he wasn't going anywhere this weekend, except Steve's house...

At 6am the next day, he was hiding around the side of Steve's house, watching his unwitting partner kick up sand as he padded across the lanai and down to the ocean for his reliably consistent early morning swim. His ass looked great in a pair of blue board shorts and his tanned skin looked golden in the early morning light. Danny was almost tempted to throw his plan out of the window and jump him there and then, but he'd never get the sand out of... well, everywhere!

Once Steve was a good few meters out, Danny slinked back around to the front of the house and let himself in with his key, locking the door behind him. He went upstairs, stripping down to his boxers and dumping his t-shirt, jeans and sneakers out of the way in the adjoining bathroom so that Steve wouldn't see them. He stretched out the muscles in his legs, back and shoulders, careful of the tight skin on his right shoulder where a certain neanderthal animal had sunk his teeth in three days previously.

He pulled Steve's bedroom door open so that he could hide behind it, leaning against the small shelving unit there which held Steve's sporting trophies from when he was younger. He used the time to peruse the contents of the shelves – along with the trophies and a football were a couple of photos of Steve and Mary when they were little kids, one where they were teenagers taken outside on the lanai, his parents' wedding photo, some Navy memorabilia, and a photo of the full Five-0 team taken from a newspaper cutting after a high-profile case... but one item in particular caught his eye and made his chest ache - a framed photo of Steve, Danny and Grace from one of Grace's Honolulu Shrimp games a few months back.

He knew this photo, he had a copy at home on his laptop. Kamekona had taken it, and he knew damn well that it was a group shot of the whole team and not just of the two coaches and Danny's daughter. But here it was, a cropped down version of the photo, just the three of them, placed in amongst some of Steve's most treasured memories in his bedroom.
He was still examining the photo when he heard the back door open and close and Steve begin to climb the stairs, so he popped it quietly back into place and put his whirling thoughts to the back of his mind. He licked his lips and crouched down, ready to spring, renewed anticipation sending adrenaline coarsing through his system.

At some point downstairs, Steve had removed his swimming shorts and replaced them with a towel, wrapped loosely and low on his hips. Danny took a second to appreciate his good fortune in life before swinging the bedroom door shut and leaping onto his partner's bare back.

He wrapped his arms around Steve's neck and his legs around his waist as the taller man reeled from the surprise and yelled out "What the fuck??", stumbling backwards.

Danny's back hit the door, the force from Steve's body knocking the wind out of him for a second. Steve's hands were grasping at his arms, and Danny managed to slap a cuff onto one of the flailing wrists before Steve grabbed him by the shoulders, bent at the waist and body-flipped Danny over his head and onto the bed. Thank god for springy mattresses.

The stunned detective lay there breathless for a moment and groaned from the impact of being thrown at a door and then a bed, having literally had his world turned upside down, before he looked up at Steve's expression and let out his manic little giggle.

Steve was now naked, towel lost during the struggle, and had the most incredulous look on his face as he tried to get up to speed with what was happening. "Danny? You're meant to be in Maui!"

"The key is misdirection," Danny winked before kicking up a pillow and flinging it into Steve's face, the distraction giving him the time he needed to jump up, grab the dangling cuff from Steve's wrist and twist his arm round his back to cuff the other wrist.

A combination of Danny's adrenaline-aided speed and Steve's confusion meant that the shorter detective could stand back and admire the fact that he had just managed to handcuff a naked Navy SEAL in his own bedroom in under three minutes, while in his boxers. Steve was obviously just coming to the same conclusion as he looked down at himself, tugged at the cuffs and then looked back up at Danny, mouth agape.

"What the actual fuck?" he exclaimed.

Danny just grinned smugly and crossed his arms over his chest. "You're mine now, McGarrett," he growled, voice getting low and dangerous despite the smile on his face. He stepped up to Steve, brushing his hand over the taller man's cock, and looked him right in the eyes. "On your knees, sailor."

Steve gulped. Being the taller of the two men, a solid wall of muscle, with the knowledge of how to kill a man with his bare hands in at least thirty different ways and the training and ability to do so, McGarrett was more than a match for a short, mouthy cop from New Jersey. Danny knew this. And yet he watched as Steve slowly sank down onto his knees in front of him, looking up at him through those beautiful long eyelashes, waiting for Danny to tell him what to do.

He stroked his hand along Steve's cheek and jaw, slid his fingers under his chin, and lifted his partner's face so he could look straight down at him. He sighed at the glorious sight.

"No blindfold this time?" Steve gave him a cheeky grin.

Danny shook his head, "No, you've murdered enough of my ties, Steven. I'm keeping them safe from you."
Steve's smile grew wider, "It was only one tie."

"One is one too many, babe," Danny gave him a playful pat on the cheek, "and that was a perfectly good tie..."

"No such thing as a-" Steve began, but was cut off when Danny bent down and caught Steve's soft lips in between his own, kissing him gently. He licked along the line of Steve's mouth, slipping his tongue in when that hot mouth opened up to his unspoken request. The kiss was soft and gentle, and in complete contrast to the way he then gripped the short hair at the back of Steve's head and pulled his head back. Steve gasped, but didn't fight back, as Danny straightened and used his free hand to slip his boxers off his hips and step out of them when they fell to the floor. The blonde man crowded into Steve's space and brought his face in level with his thick, erect cock, making Steve kneel up and shift his position to get into place.

All pretense was out the window now. They had begun to know each other's limits, likes and dislikes, how far they could go and how dirty they could get. If at any point one of them refused or pulled back, the other would instinctively back off, never forcing it or taking it too far. They had an unspoken mutual respect for each other's boundaries, at work and at play, which was what made their seemingly fraught partnership work so well. But until that stopping point was reached, they could play as rough as they liked.

Danny stroked a thumb along Steve's ear, pulling him in close to his cock. "You know what to do," he whispered, with that commanding edge sending a shiver down Steve's spine.

The SEAL licked a wet trail up the underside of his partner's dick before taking the tip into his mouth and sucking, tongue swirling over the head. Danny moaned and gripped the back of Steve's head, pushing forward with his hips until Steve drew in a shaky breath and deep throated him. Danny reeled off a list of expletives as Steve bobbed his head up and down on his cock, licking, sucking, teeth grazing and throat muscles working, growling and humming, letting the vibrations travel through Danny's balls.

"Fuck, babe, you are so- oh god- so damn good at this..." Danny breathed out as Steve looked up at him through those eyelashes again, lips wrapped around his dick, and Danny had to pull out of his mouth to keep from coming right there and then.

He gave Steve's cheek another playful slap, barely hard enough to make a noise but still establishing his dominance. "Get on the bed."

Steve stood up and squared his shoulders, using his height to tower over Danny, challenging him. Danny crossed his arms over his chest and raised his eyebrows, waiting. Steve smirked and decided to let his friend have his fun, walking to the bed and shifting his knees forward onto it until he was part way down the length of it, and lowered his chest down onto the mattress so his ass was left raised up slightly.

Danny moaned as he ran his hand over Steve's ass. It was like his partner was reading his mind, choosing that position. Truthfully he would have taken what he was presented with, any position Steve had gone for, he would have been grateful for it just to get the chance to bury his cock inside this gorgeous man again, and he'd left the request open to interpretation simply because he wanted Steve to go with what was most comfortable for him. But this?

"Fuck me..." Danny whistled in appreciation.

"Thought you wanted it the other way round," Steve needled, eyes glinting with humour.
Danny smacked his ass lightly before retrieving the lube sachet and condom from his pants in the bathroom. "Watch it buddy, you don't want to get on my bad side right now!" He made his way onto the bed and kneeled in between Steve's thighs, letting his hands roam over every inch of tanned skin he could find, marvelling at the satin smoothness, the taught muscles underneath, running his fingers over the various battle scars he found, wanting to kiss them away. "Steve, you are so beautiful."

Steve stilled under his hands, surprised by the sudden tenderness in Danny's voice. "Danny..." he began.

The detective shushed him, "No Steve, don't say anything. Right now I'm going to take my time with you and have you exactly the way I want, but just be warned that after all this we're going to have a chat about the fact that this last week has been the best week of my life, about the fact that this doesn't feel like some no-strings fucking because it's so much more important than that, about the fact that you have a photo of you and me and my kid on your shelves and that something in my chest did a fucking triple back flip when I saw it... you understand?"

Steve nodded into the mattress, and Danny was pretty sure he could see a smile on those lips.

"If that freaks you out, I'll get off you. You want me to go, babe?" Danny instantly regretted those words as they left his mouth, but he knew it was something they had to set straight if this was going to go right.

Steve twisted round to look at him, smiling eyes looking Danny up and down the way he sometimes did when he thought Danny wasn't looking. "No, I don't want you to leave."

"That is- that is great babe because right now?" The raw need was back in Danny's voice now, "God, right now I am going to fuck you senseless and make you scream my name, you got that?"

Steve moaned into the bed, "Oh god Danny, it turns me on so much when you talk to me like that..."

An evil grin slipped onto Danny's face, encouraged that Steve could be that open and honest with him, and he leaned over Steve's back and nipped a line along the skin there. He lowered his voice even further, volume and tone, so it was a sultry combination of a whisper and a growl. "I am going to fuck you, deep and hard, and you're going to take my cock and beg for more, aren't you?"

Steve squeezed his eyes shut, pushed his hips back against Danny's hard cock and hummed a little, his bound hands flexing with the need to grasp at something, anything. "Yes," he whispered.

Danny squeezed the lube out onto his fingers and took his time preparing Steve's hole. He entertained himself with the sounds he pulled from his partner's mouth as he ran his teeth and tongue over the man's lower back, ass and thighs, while his fingers slid in and out of him. Steve tasted of the ocean, salty and hot underneath Danny's tongue, still damp from his swim and now with sweat mingling in with the drying sea salt, he was a taste sensation.

Danny had three fingers in his partner now, knuckle deep and bringing loud stuttering moans out of him as he flicked over Steve's sweet spot, making him buck back against his hand.

"You like that, do you?" God, owning Steve was a kink he never knew he had, but the guy just really brought the best and the worst out in him.

Steve rocked backwards again, rubbing his thigh against Danny's cock and trapping it between their bodies, "Mm god yes!" was the muffled answer.
Danny let him have another treat as he brushed his fingertips once more over Steve's prostate, and
slid his fingers out in a slow, torturous manner. He slipped the condom over his cock, taking his
time and letting Steve lie there in a constant state of anticipation. Then he lined up and impaled his
partner, pushing in smooth and fast, marvelling at Steve's cries beneath him as he wavered over the
line between pleasure and pain.

"Ah fuck Danny fuck..."

Danny settled himself all the way into Steve's tight, hot channel. He drew out slowly, making
Steve moan some more expletives before he pushed back in again hard and fast. He did that over
and over while the SEAL underneath him gasped and moaned, Danny's name flowing over his lips
with every thrust like a mantra. Knowing he could pull those sounds from his partner was almost
better than the physical sensations of sinking his dick into that beautiful ass.

He grasped Steve's cuffed wrists and used them as leverage to slam into him harder and faster.
Then suddenly he pulled out, encircling the base of his cock with his fingers and squeezing hard,
determined not to come yet, wanting to drag this out as much as possible.

This was the point where Steve stopped behaving himself. His lightning-quick superSEAL reflexes
enabled him to flip onto his back, bring his cuffed hands down below his feet so that they were
now in front of him, and within milliseconds he was on Danny, taking him down to the mattress
with a wild look in his eyes.

The detective opened his mouth to protest but Steve's tongue got in the way of his words as it was
shoved down his throat, and Danny settled for digging his fingers hard into Steve's shoulders,
bruising the skin, melting into the kiss.

Steve hooked his cuffed hands over Danny's head and under his shoulders, trailing hot kisses down
the blonde man's throat and neck, taking control. He stopped at the raised skin on Danny's right
shoulder, the near-perfect imprint of his teeth still pink and healing. He ran his tongue over it,
eliciting moans and swearing from Danny.

"Hm, this is probably going to scar," he observed, grazing the area with his teeth again.

"Fucking animal..." Danny pulled him back up and tongue-fucked his mouth until they were both
gasping for oxygen. "How did you get on top of me again?" He asked, his lop-sided grin making
his eyes sparkle.

Steve laughed, "I believe you refer to it as 'having ninja skills'?"

Danny took hold of Steve's hips and positioned him, pushing up into his waiting hole again.
Having the tables turned had taken the edge off his own imminent orgasm and meant he could go
back to thrusting into his partner without worrying about coming too soon.

Steve groaned into Danny's neck and tightened his hold around his broad shoulders. The cuffs were
now digging into Danny's back, but he didn't care as he continued his assault on Steve from below.
The SEAL's lips and teeth were again blazing a trail over his chest as they sighed each other's
names. It was no longer one or the other in control, but two equals intent on pleasing each other
as best they could.

Danny pulled out and tried to flip Steve over, managing to land them both on the floor when he
misjudged the width of the bed. Steve's foot connected with something which crashed to the floor,
letting out an 'oomph!' sound as all the air was knocked out of him. Danny ducked out from under
his encircling arms and lifted his hips, wasting no time in slamming back into the temporarily
stunned SEAL. He reached forward and grasped Steve's leaking cock in his hand, bending down and taking the tip into his mouth.

Steve gasped and shouted something unintelligible at the sensation, and Danny's only warning of his partner coming was a strangled "Oh fuck DANNY FUCK!"

Danny swallowed him down, stroking him through his orgasm with his hand and licked him clean as Steve zoned out underneath him, an image of pure bliss. He grabbed Steve's hips and flipped him over, thrusting into him a few more times before his own orgasm hit him like a freight train. In his last few seconds of clarity he saw his chance for revenge and took it.

"ARGH DANNY FUCK!" Steve screamed as Danny's teeth clamped down on the back of his neck.

Danny smoothed the disinfectant wipe over the back of Steve's neck again.

"Ow..." muttered the trained killing machine, who was sitting on the floor, long legs stretched out in front of him, shoulders in between Danny's knees as he leaned back against the bed. Danny sat on the edge of the bed and gently tended to his injured partner.

"Oh stop moaning, I barely broke the skin," Danny berated his partner, but couldn't stop the smile which crept onto his face, "It's gonna bruise like a bitch though." No need to mention to Steve that the inspiration behind that move was an Animal Planet documentary on lions that he'd watched a couple of weeks back. Now who was the animal?

"Good thing it's the weekend then, so no one will see my wounds if you're gonna try and damage me!" Steve tried to sound annoyed, though it wasn't quite working. He used his bare toes to poke at the remains of the lamp which they had taken out during their fall from the bed. "And my belongings..."

Danny dipped his head down next to Steve's ear, "Well, Kono did warn me I might break something if I had too much fun... And need I remind you of my tie?" he needled.

Steve looked up at him, wincing at the pull on his bruised skin. "You're never allowed to wear ties. Ever again."

"Try and stop me, Superman..."

"I will, you know. I'll have to drag you off into a supply closet and remind you who your boss is if you wear them to work."

Danny smiled down at him, planting an upside down kiss on his upturned lips. "I think you're confusing punishment with reward there, you neanderthal."

Steve settled back against his partner's legs and sighed as the detective planted another kiss on top of his head.

"Speaking of..." Steve grinned, "I'm pretty sure 'neanderthalism' isn't a word..."

Danny sighed dramatically. "Has it, honest to god, just taken you three days to work that out?"
"No, I just thought I'd be nice and let it go, but I'm not so inclined to be nice to you now..."

Danny patted Steve's chest and swung his leg over his head to get up from the bed. His back felt stiff and bruised, his ribs ached, and he was pretty sure he'd done something to his knee again. If they were going to keep doing this, he was going to require extra health insurance... or maybe borrow some of Steve's football pads to see him through.

"You want coffee?" He asked, pulling on his boxers and leaving the bedroom.

"Yeah, uh Danny?" Steve called after him.

"What is it, babe?" Danny yelled up the stairs.

Steve, still naked, came out onto the mezzanine floor and waved his cuffed hands at Danny. "Where's the key?"

Danny looked up at him, spun on his heel and strode off into the kitchen, leaving Steve with nothing but the sounds of his laughter echoing up to him.

"Danny? Danny!!" Steve called after him. "Hey, who won that one??"

Chapter End Notes

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Hope you liked the deeper interaction between the boys, now they have the weekend to spend together maybe they will need to use their mouths for some talking rather than the other stuff they've been doing, to avoid complete sexual exhaustion!

Let me know what you think, and feel free to answer Steve's question!
After coffee, Danny had to give in and uncuff Steve. He'd enjoy watching him struggle to add his grass-fed butter into his cup and drink from it with both wrists still linked together, and the pouty face had been a real bonus, but when the increasingly annoyed SEAL had hinted that he might kick Danny out ("And you really can go to Maui for all I care..."), he caved at the idea of losing out on a hot weekend in with his boss and went to retrieve the key.

Steve probably could have found it if he'd bothered looking, but Danny was pretty sure he was trying to make a point of being difficult. He figured Steve had deserved the little punishment for breaking the rules that morning, not that he minded all that much...

The problem with drinking so much coffee all the time was that Danny found the caffeine didn't really have as much of an effect as it used to. As if he was slowly immunising himself to it over the years. Plus he hadn't got much sleep the night before and then had to get up at 5am, a time which should be outlawed in all civilised societies as far as he was concerned, to sneak round to Steve's place in time for his stupid early morning swim. And then there was all the physical exertion... So while Steve was annoyingly awake and active, Danny was drifting off into a doze on the couch, having sprawled himself down the length of it and rested his feet on Steve's lap while the SEAL flicked channels on the TV and talked about getting food in for that evening’s dinner.

He didn't even realise he'd fallen asleep until he opened his eyes and Steve was no longer under his legs. The TV was off and the house was silent. The clock on the wall read 12.30, and he guessed he'd probably been asleep for an hour or two. He sat up and rubbed his eyes, smoothing back his ruffled hair which was basically a lost cause at this point.

A notebook sat on the table, flipped open to a page with scrawly spider-like handwriting on it.

**Gone to the store, hope you like spaghetti bolognese? - Steve**

Danny licked his lips in anticipation, though whether it was for the Bolognese or Steve’s return, he wasn’t sure. Ah hell, it was both.
He decided now was the best time to take a shower. If Steve was out then he couldn't tell him off for taking longer than 3 minutes, right? Danny smiled at the memory of the time he stayed on Steve's couch while in between apartments and they'd had the shower argument. If only he'd known he could have shared his boss's bed instead, he might never have left again!

Steve's shower was massive, a huge expanse of shiny white tiles and chrome fittings, with big glass sliding doors to the double-size shower enclosure. For a man who spent barely any time in the shower, this room was a palace.

Danny turned the tap for the rainforest shower and left it to heat up while he flung his boxers and tshirt onto the floor of the bathroom. He knew it would rile Steve up if he was messy, so he left his clothes out in the open and purposefully skewed the rug at an angle with his foot, just because he could. He probably wouldn't enjoy needling his partner so much if the guy didn't make it so deliciously easy, and it gave Danny tingles when Steve's eyes got full of fire and he and made jibes back at him – their intellectual sparring matches made his day sometimes. And they would probably only get better now, if he could push Steve until their arguments turned into angry sex!

*Seriously Danny, you really are turning into a fucking evil tease*, he smiled as he tested the temperature and stepped under the stream of water.

He sorted through the bottles on the shelf, working out which was shampoo, conditioner and body wash, and squeezed the shampoo into his hand, running it through his hair. The hot water running down his body and soothing his aching muscles felt like heaven, the powerful stream of water pummeled his body into submission, easing the tension there. He stretched and flexed his shoulders under the heat as he rubbed the bubbles into his scalp, closing his eyes and moaning softly. He needed to spend his next pay check on one of these showers, that or just come round to Steve's to use his. Or maybe he should just move in...

He grabbed the conditioner and massaged that into his hair. The body wash went on liberally, his hands ran through the hair on his chest, down over his abs and stomach and brushing over his hardening cock. He took his time, being very thorough with his wash. His sessions with Steve felt like the equivalent to a gym work out, sweat was a given.

Warm hands gripped his ass cheeks from behind and squeezed.

"Ah you fucking ninja bastard!" Danny yelled and spun to face Steve, who was naked and gorgeous as ever, all smooth defined abs and tattoos and oozing sex. He was hard, and he was looking at Danny like he was a malasada and Steve was a starving man.

"You messed up my bathroom," he growled as he shoved Danny back against the tiles.

"How long have you been there?" Danny pushed water that dripped down his face out of his eyes and ran his hands down Steve's solid back.

"I've been watching you since the shampoo went on. You really like your showers, don't you?" Steve started kissing a hot line down the side of Danny's neck.

"I really do," Danny sighed and dug his fingers in to his partner's hips, "hence why I take my time. You're gonna have to put up with that."

"I think I can learn to live with it, if it means I get to watch." Steve whispered in his ear between kisses, and then backed off with a cheeky grin spreading across his lips. "And 'hence'?"

Danny laughed, "Oh, shut up," he muttered and pulled Steve down for a kiss.
And it was one fantastic kiss. Passionate but tender, forceful but gentle, they moaned into each other's mouths as they explored each other with tongues and hands. They'd only been wrecking Steve's bedroom a few short hours ago, but Danny already felt like he'd been starved of Steve's hot body for too long. Danny kneaded the flesh of Steve's hips with his fingers while Steve ran his hands up the detective's throat to his jaw, where they settled in a tender clasp around his face. Their cocks bumped together lightly between them, sending sparks of pleasure up Danny's spine. He canted his hips in towards Steve to achieve more of the same friction, the kiss intensifying.

Apparently Steve's superSEAL lung capacity was bigger than his own, because Danny had to break the kiss first, gasping in some much needed oxygen. Steve's hand went to Danny's elbows and started to lift him off the shower floor, but Danny smacked his hands away.

"I swear to god Steven, I know I'm shorter than you but do not try to lift me up 'cause I will break your neck. I'm not your doll," Danny scolded lightly.

The SEAL looked a little surprised and released his grip. "Sorry Danny, I won't do that again," his apology was genuine although he appeared a little disappointed and looked down at his feet like a chastised child.

"It's okay babe, I just think we've got to be clear on what we like and what we don't. You promise you'll do the same with me?" Danny put his hand on Steve's face and made him look him in the eyes. Their eye contact had always communicated so much, out in the field and in the office they were well known for being able to have seemingly entire conversations just by exchanging looks, and this was no different.

Danny wanted to tell him not to worry, he wasn't annoyed, but it was important they get this right, it was important they were honest because this really meant something. And Steve just seemed to get it. A little smile twitched across his lips and then he was back to kissing Danny even harder than before, hands roaming everywhere they could reach. The train had not been derailed, thank god.

Danny returned the attention and moaned as Steve started blazing a trail down over his ear and down his neck, tongue running over the raised teeth marks in his shoulder again and drawing gasps from the blonde detective. Then he was pushed back against the tiles and Steve was descending to his knees in front of him, teeth grazing over his chest and abs on the way down.

His hands followed his mouth, running through Danny's chest hair, digging in on the soft ridges of his abs and then splaying out over his hips, thumbs settling into the V lines which lead teasingly from his hip bones down to his hard cock.

Steve's name was ripped from Danny's lips as his hot, hungry mouth fastened over the tip of the blonde man's cock and his tongue sought to discover every inch of flesh there. Danny pushed the back of his head into the tiles and arched his spine, his hands grasped at his partner's shoulders but couldn't find purchase on the wet skin, so he went for Steve's hair instead. The SEAL grunted when Danny's fingers slipped over the back of his head, and Danny thought he'd crossed a line, removing his hands. Mouth never leaving Danny’s cock, Steve reached out and grabbed his partner’s hands, placing them back on his head, and Danny almost lost it as the SEAL took him all the way into his throat.

He grasped Danny's cock with one strong hand and kissed up the length of the shaft, and Danny felt like he was going to fall apart as he licked and caressed him, applying just the right amount of pressure with his hand and using his teeth to tease his overly sensitive skin. His whole body felt charged with electricity, and his partner was simultaneously grounding him and providing the voltage. Steve slipped his hands around to grasp Danny's ass cheeks and squeeze, using his grip as
leverage to pull Danny in and out if his mouth, deepening the movement and burying his nose into Danny's soft blonde curls.

"Oh god Steve Steve," Danny gasped out, "Babe that's so good."

Steve went back to teasing him with his unbelievably talented tongue, encouraged by Danny's moans and swearing. Danny couldn't think straight, his entire world narrowed to Steve's mouth on his dick.

He squeezed his eyes shut as Steve brought him closer.

"Steve I'm gonna come..."

He squeezed Danny's hip, letting him know it was okay to let go, and moaning around his dick, the vibrations travelling through to his balls. Danny's knees went out from underneath him as he came hard, but Steve's quick reactions and strong shoulders saved him as his hands flattened against Danny's stomach and hips, securing him back against the wall.

The SEAL eased him through his orgasm before standing up and plastering his body against Danny, trapping him against the tiles and holding him up as he melted into Steve's chest. He slipped his fingers under the shorter man's chin and lifted his face up for a kiss. Danny could taste himself in Steve's mouth and he sighed at how wonderful that feeling was.

"I'm gonna have to invest in a better tasting shower gel," Steve whispered in his ear.

Danny let out that ridiculous giggle, endorphins still coursing through his body and feeling a bit giddy, and he snorted.

Steve laughed, a deep rumble in his chest, "Wow, that was attractive!"

"Shut it, McGarrett!" Danny slapped him gently on the side of the face.

"You're getting very demanding these days, Williams... I think you're getting a bit above your station." Steve smiled down on him as he moved Danny back into the shower stream to rinse him down again.

"The day I join the army is the day you can start telling me what to do..." Danny squirted shower gel onto his hands and began to wash Steve down.

His partner let out a deep, tortured sigh.

"The Navy, Danny... the Navy..."

"Is this a thing then?"

The two of them were laid out on Steve's couch, heads at opposite ends resting on the pillows and legs entangled where they met in the middle, feet wedged under each other to keep their toes warm. They'd got dressed, and Steve was wearing a white t-shirt (which was definitely Danno-approved) and dark blue knee-length shorts. Danny was wearing a pair of Steve's black boxers and one of his Navy t-shirts which stretched nicely over his wide shoulders. It had made Steve look at him with a certain level of possessiveness which had made his skin tingle.
Danny looked away from the movie he was only half watching anyway, surprised at Steve's sudden query.

"Is what a thing?"

"This." Steve waved his hand, gesturing between them, still staring up at the TV, not looking Danny in the eye.

Danny smiled. He knew Steve wasn't good at emotional stuff. His family weren't as open as Danny's were, so whereas Danny was fine with discussing whatever was on his mind and expressing himself as loudly or discreetly as might be required, Steve was a bit of a closed book. More open to Danny than most anyone else, granted, but still. He didn't feel comfortable voicing his inner thoughts, so the fact that he had been the one to initiate their impending discussion made Danny's heart beat twice as hard. He must really think it was important.

"Depends. It's a thing, I guess. What is your definition of a 'thing'?” Danny figured he'd go along with Steve's vague referencing, but he wanted to hear how his partner felt about this. Steve's articulate response was to look down at his chest and shrug. "Well, I'm glad that's been cleared up..." Danny rolled his eyes to accompany his gentle sarcasm.

Steve laughed. "What I mean is, are we an 'us'? Are we a couple, or is this casual?"

Danny paused. Wow, okay. He's done with being vague then!

"What do you want it to be?"

Steve pushed himself up on his elbows and met Danny's gaze for the first time in the conversation. "Why do I have to be the one to decide?"

Danny mirrored his position and it was his turn to shrug. "I bring baggage, Steven. An ex wife and a kid. I'm not exactly a great catch, and I know what I want but I need to know where you're coming from."

"Uh, have you seen my life, Danny? I'm hardly baggage-free!" Steve waved his hand around the room, indicating the house.

That house represented a lot - it was his family's home. He grew up here. His mother had died in a car crash when he was a teenager, tragic enough in itself but for her then turning up years later and admitting to faking her death due to complications involving her being a CIA agent. And then disappearing again after flipping Steve’s world upside down. His dad had been murdered here by a man who Steve had been tracking for years and trying to bring down in his days as a Navy SEAL, and Steve had witnessed the kill shot over the phone.

But it was also the place the two of them had first met, at gun point admittedly but they'd moved on since then... it was the place Steve hosted cook outs and barbecues on the lanai with the team, Thanksgiving and poker games, where they'd shared beers and banter. It was the roof under which Steve had allowed Danny to stay when he was having problems with accommodation, and now it was the room in which they lay together, feet lodged under each other, legs tangled and skin warm against skin.

Steve was referencing the bad stuff when he pointed to the house, but Danny right now could only see the good.

But they were both damaged goods, he knew that. And he also knew that Steve had abandonment issues with the amount of times he'd been screwed over or lost someone he loved. So it had to be up to him. And he had to prove to Steve that not everyone who loved him would leave him.
He took a deep breath and shrugged. "If you want it to be casual, I'm ok with that, I can settle for that. But... If you want it to be more... I'd like that. But no pressure, you know."

Steve was silent for a few seconds, his gaze dropping from Danny long enough to make the detective feel like his heart might actually just wither and die there and then. "So do I call you my boyfriend then?"

Danny laughed, relief sweeping through him. "What are we, teenagers?"

"I dunno, we're fucking like teenagers!" Steve had a wicked glint in his eye. God damn him and his sexy face, Danny sighed inwardly."But we don't tell Chin or Kono or anyone. Not yet, anyway..." Steve looked over at Danny, "Not that I don’t want to, but we don't need that pressure right now. There will be... questions."

Danny nodded, "Agreed. Same goes for Grace."

They lay there for a while watching the movie and trying to act like what they'd just discussed was no big deal, but they kept throwing each other sideways glances and grinning like idiots. Steve eventually pulled his feet out from under Danny and meandered toward the kitchen.

"I'm gonna start on dinner, you want a beer?"

"Yeah, but I'm gonna put some pants on. I want to be dressed appropriately if you're actually gonna cook for me," he teased and headed for the stairs.

"If you wanna be dressed appropriately for me, that would involve you removing clothes, Danno!" Steve called after him.

Danny grinned, but headed up to pull on his jeans anyway. Boxers were not dinner table wear, they were for pizza-on-the-couch evenings only. He cleared up his stuff from the bathroom floor and even straightened the rug, stuffing his clothes in the laundry basket with the towels.

And there they were. On the counter. A brand new toothbrush, still in its packaging, and a boxed electric razor exactly like the one Danny had at home. Steve had bought them that morning, clearly, while he was buying their dinner at the store, but Danny had been a little too distracted in the bathroom earlier to notice what Steve had brought up there. He'd already decided I was staying, and long term by the looks of it...

Danny trotted back down the stairs, marched into the kitchen where Steve was washing tomatoes in the sink, grabbed both sides of his face and kissed him hard.

"Not that I'm complaining, but what was that for?" Steve turned his body and rested his hands on Danny's hips.

Danny smiled up at him. "Just... Thanks for the toothbrush and razor..."

Steve gave him an incredulous look, "You are so weird..." he grinned. But Danny could see he knew exactly what it meant.
Did you like our boys being all honest? So cute and domestic...

Don't worry, they'll get back to the more intense stuff later, once they've stopped being soppy!

As a side note, I have made plans for the next couple of chapters (6 and 7 will be Sunday, 8 onwards will be the boys back at work), but if there's anything you guys want me to try and work in there, scenarios or little kinks etc, let me know and I'll see what I can do (writer's discretion, of course!)

A bit of reader interaction is always fun :)

Getting To Know You

Chapter Summary

Danny wants to find out what Steve likes, but without the interference this time!

Chapter Notes

Note: Thanks to FluffyFluffyFish for the 'falling asleep on the lanai' idea - credit where credit is due ;P

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny woke up on Sunday morning with his legs tangled in Steve’s sheets, and an empty space next to him where his boss should be.

He sat up and made a vague attempt to tame his hair, but gave up as he knew it would probably just get messed up later. Today was a new day, and Steve was going to know about it. Last night they had been shamelessly domestic, which was lovely and something he missed about being in a relationship, but today he was already drawing up a schedule in his head and it mainly consisted of hot sex with Steve McGarrett. Maybe lunch as well.

He and Steve had cooked dinner together, drinking beers and moving around each other in the kitchen with ease, like a well-oiled machine, just like at work. They’d known each other for three, going on four years now, and just seemed to automatically gel regardless of the activity, and the friendship part of their relationship hadn’t really been affected which Danny was pleased about. It was just being added to.

They had eaten Steve’s gorgeous bolognese, watched RED and RED 2 while draped over each other on the couch, full from the meal. Some making out and a bit of heavy petting had ensued, but both of them were a bit tired and feeling a bit too soppy to rev the engines too hard. So they had gone to bed, and Steve had honest-to-god snuggled with him. That was delicious. Having that solid wall of muscle at his back and those tattooed arms wrapped around him. He’d woken up in the night to find Steve’s face buried in his neck and the SEAL’s warm hand planted on his chest, palm flat to his skin like he was making sure Danny couldn’t escape, and he’d been afraid to move in case he woke his lover up.

Then Steve had suffered a nightmare and woken up in a panic, calling out something incoherent, kicking the sheets off him and sitting up on the edge of the bed in the dark. Danny had knelt at his back and rubbed his shoulders until his heart rate slowed back down, and then pulled Steve back to the mattress, tucking the sheets back around them and spooning his partner, holding him tightly. No words were exchanged. No words were necessary.
Danny made his way down through the quiet house, looking for the errant Navy man, guessing correctly that he had probably gone out for a swim. His predictability was going to get him into trouble.

As he stepped out onto the lanai, he spotted Steve in his swimming shorts on one of the beach recliners near the house, asleep in the morning sun. Apparently the nightmare had taken it out of him a bit more than he’d let on, or maybe he’d just over-worked himself with the swimming. The ocean water was still drying on his skin, leaving a light dusting of sea salt behind.

He could look at that for hours, mapping out every inch of Steve’s body with his eyes. Much better to do so with his tongue, however…

Danny disappeared back inside the house and collected a few supplies, returning silently to Steve’s side and divesting himself of his t-shirt. He carefully brought one foot over the recliner, so he was straddling Steve’s sleeping form without touching him, and bent down to kiss his partner awake.

Steve startled when lips were planted on his, but huffed out a little laugh and began to kiss Danny back. He went to raise his hands to Danny’s face, but was impeded, and looked down groggily at his wrists, which were now fastened to the recliner’s arms with makeshift bonds, namely a bathrobe belt tie and the strap from one of his thigh holsters.

“Ah Danny, not fair,” he grumbled and pulled at the restraints.

“Morning sailor,” Danny winked at him and placed his hands over Steve’s wrists, “Nuh uh, I still haven’t forgiven you for cheating with the handcuffs yesterday, so you’re going to behave today!” He looped both ties around again and knotted them tight just to be sure.

He placed a hand either side of Steve’s head on the recliner and bent down to kiss him again, “Also, for your information, a new law has come into effect today in the state of Hawaii, which stipulates that you are not allowed to leave the bedroom in the morning without my express permission. Penalties will vary. And I’m a cop so I have to enforce these things, you understand…” He gave Steve a playful grin.

Steve screwed up his face into an obstinate expression and tilted his chin up in defiance, “And how exactly do you intend to implement these rules? You gonna arrest me?”

“Oh, you wouldn’t want to go to jail, you’re too pretty,” Danny smirked.

Steve’s laugh was cut off abruptly by a moan when Danny kissed down the line of his throat, teeth scraping over his adam’s apple, and flowing down to his chest. The detective moved so that his knees were either side of his partner’s hips on the recliner, his calves bracketing the other man’s thighs, as he administered little nips and kisses to Steve’s collar bone and pectorals, swirling his tongue around each nipple in turn.

He tasted of salt and the ocean, and a masculine, musky undertone that was innately Steve.

The brunette writhed underneath him and made little whimpering sounds and whispering his name.

Danny looked up at his partner and took in the sight, still a little giddy at the fact that Steve was all his now. “I’m just gonna take my time down here babe, but I want you to let me know what feels good, yeah? Tell me if you like it or if you don’t.”

Steve nodded his comprehension and laid his head back against the padded cushion underneath
him, “Yeah, god yeah that sounds good…”

Danny began working his way over the tanned expanse of chest muscle again, enjoying the sounds his partner was making under him. His brushed his teeth over a nipple and received a moan as a reward, then he nipped at the nub with his teeth, immediately soothing it with his tongue.

Steve let out a little ‘ah’ noise, and Danny looked up at him. “Good ‘ah’ or bad ‘ah’?” he prompted.

The SEAL arched his chest upwards, “Good ‘ah’… very good,” he murmured, eyes still closed.

Danny smiled and mouthed at Steve’s stomach, shifting his legs down so that he could move along the length of Steve’s body, bit by bit. “Good, you’re gonna have to be more specific, babe,” his words were muffled as he spoke directly into Steve’s skin, letting his hot breath skitter over him, eliciting more gasps, “because every time I have to ask you means more time my mouth is talking and less time that its doing things like this…” He nipped at his partner’s abs and trailed gentle bites all the way down over his side, making sure to run his tongue over each patch of skin to soothe afterwards.

Steve jumped a little with every bite, “Mmm, good. All of it…”

Danny worked his way back up his torso and kissed along his jaw, pressing his body along the length of Steve’s, then he kneeled up and hooked his fingers into the waistband of the swimming shorts, tugging gently.

“I’m also thinking of bringing in a ‘no clothes in the house’ policy at some point, as they just seem to get in the way…”

Steve lifted his hips up, allowing Danny access to pull his shorts down and release his hard dick.

“That could make Thanksgiving with the ohana a bit awkward,” Steve chuckled, watching his partner climb off him and throw his swimwear over his shoulder, “And you’re still wearing your boxers, so that’s a bit hypocritical.”

Danny quickly stripped his underwear off and it joined Steve’s clothing on the beach, “You were saying?” he grinned.

“Get back over here,” Steve moaned.

The detective didn’t waste any time in straddling his partner again, tongue and teeth going straight to Steve's ear, working along the edge and down to the lobe. His captive whimpered and pushed into his mouth.

"God yes, that. That's good!"

Grinning, Danny spent a bit more time on Steve's ear before he began repeating his earlier performance and retracing his path down Steve’s body with his mouth, his own erection sliding heavily over Steve’s stomach, hips and thighs as he worked his way lower. The SEAL rested his head back and closed his eyes, focusing on the sensations being presented.

"Ack, no not too hard," Steve winced.

“Sorry,” Danny mumbled and massaged the red patch with his thumb while he licked a stripe
along the edge of the V which led to his lover’s magnificent engorged cock.

“Mmm… forgiven…” Steve sighed out.

Danny hovered over Steve’s dick, letting his hot breath caress the sensitive skin and making Steve wriggle and buck his hips up to meet his mouth. He opened to Steve’s cock, tentatively resting his fingers on the shaft to direct it as he sucked the tip into his mouth. Steve groaned underneath him and pushed up further, but Danny’s other hand was on his hip and pushing him back down to the recliner. Their eyes met down the length of Steve’s body and Danny raised his eyebrows slightly, giving Steve a look that told him he was being naughty again, before twirling his tongue around the head and taking Steve deeper into his mouth.

“Oh god yes, look at me…” Steve whined, “I want to see you…”

Danny met his eyes again as he worked his mouth around his cock, those beautiful eyes which appeared hazel one minute and blue the next, were heavy-lidded, full of heat and dark with lust as Steve seemed to drink in the image of his lover sucking him, burning it onto his brain and keeping the image forever. Tingles ran up Danny’s spine as he thought about being the subject of Steve’s lust, his intense gaze, and he re-doubled his efforts.

He pulled his mouth off Steve with a lascivious popping sound, still not breaking eye contact, and crawled up his body again until he was suspended inches from his lover’s face. “What do you want me to do?” he asked, voice low and hoarse, “Tell me how you want it.”

Steve had to close his eyes at the intensity of the moment, overwhelmed, and took a deep breath to calm himself. “I want…” he cleared his throat when his voice came out only as a whisper, “God, Danny, I want to be inside you…”

Danny gulped and tried not to have an aneurysm. God that sounded so fucking amazing – so perfect – coming out of that mouth.

He reached down and grabbed the bottle of lube he’d retrieved from Steve’s bedside table earlier, flicking open the lid and squeezing some out onto his fingers probably a little faster than was respectable. But who gave a damn about respectable right now?

He dipped down and kissed Steve with a desperate yearning, reached back and slid a finger into his ass, moaning into his partner’s mouth as he attacked it with his tongue. He prepared himself quickly, with two fingers working his hole open and getting him ready, making sure to slide his cock along the length of Steve’s a few times to keep his lover entertained as he stepped up to three fingers. He broke the kiss, leaving Steve breathless and gasping for oxygen, and grabbed a condom from the supplies pile, ripping it open with his teeth and rolling it onto Steve’s twitching dick. He added some more lube before dropping the bottle on the floor again, and shifted further up to place his knees either side of Steve’s muscled stomach, positioning his ass over the SEAL’s cock and wasting no time in sliding down onto him.

The head of Steve’s cock entered him, and both men threw their heads back and moaned. It felt so good, engulfing his lover inside him, gliding down onto him slowly, feeling his muscles stretching to accommodate the thick member. The experience went from having an edge of pain to just pure pleasure as he sheathed Steve to the hilt and the SEAL’s dick hit his sweet spot on the way up.

“Ah, fuck…” Danny swore breathlessly, his brain short circuiting for just a moment. Steve was moaning underneath him, and his name being pulled from those lips brought him back down to Earth.
He lifted himself up again, bracing his hands on Steve’s chest, and rocked back down again, canting his hips at just the right angle for Steve’s cock to hit his prostate and fire shots of electricity through his body.

Someone was swearing loudly, it may have been him or possibly Steve. Maybe both. He picked up a slow rhythm, using his knees to lever him up and down, inducing them both into a panting, groaning mess. Steve’s hands flexed where they were tied, like he wanted to take hold of Danny and never let him go. Their heavy-lidded eyes met and they couldn’t break the gaze as Danny moved over Steve, silent communication mixing with moans and heavy breathing. I want you, I need you.

Steve screwed his eyes up, throwing his head back and arching upwards as he came, shouting Danny’s name and twisting beneath him, and Danny grasped his own cock, reaching orgasm after a few short strokes and shooting his come onto Steve’s stomach. He collapsed down onto his partner, their chests heaving as they gasped for oxygen and their brains re-engaged with reality.

“Fucking hell, Danny…” Steve sighed after a few minutes, blinking up at the blue, cloudless sky, “What are you trying to do to me?”

Danny pushed himself up on shaky arms and grinned down at his boss. “I thought you’d have worked it out by now.” He pulled off Steve, rolled his body to the side, and allowed himself to drop the short distance to the ground, bare ass hitting the sand with a bump. He didn’t have the strength to lower himself down properly or even consider standing yet, so he just lay there and breathed deeply.

“You’re trying to kill me, aren’t you?” Steve’s voice drifted down from the recliner.

Danny laughed, “Yup, it’s going to be a slow process, but I’ve actually been hired to take you out and this is my chosen method…”

“Fine by me,” Steve sighed sleepily, “but if you could not be a sadistic bastard this time and maybe untie me straight away, that would be good.”

Danny used the support pole of the arm of the recliner to haul himself up into a kneeling position. “Spoil my fun…” he muttered mischievously as he worked the knots open with his fingers and released his captive lover, who massaged his wrists but was too blissed out to bother moving otherwise.

Danny grabbed his boxers and wiped over his stomach where his come had transferred onto him, and then obligingly wiped down Steve as well. The SEAL wriggled a little bit, but was having trouble staying awake after the exertion. Hell, so was Danny.

He nudged at Steve’s side, “Move. C’mon, budge over,” he prodded until Steve rolled onto his side and muttered something about nagging, then he grabbed Steve’s towel from the back of the nearby chair where it had been thrown earlier after his swim and settled down next to his lover, spooning him just as he had done last night. There was enough room for them to lie on their sides next to each other, but only just. He draped the towel over their hips to retain a vague amount of dignity in the unlikely event that someone did venture around the side of Steve’s house.

Danny kissed Steve’s shoulder gently, resting his head on one arm slung above his head, the other hand sliding around to rest over his partner’s heart. Sleepily, Steve encircled Danny’s wrist and arm in both hands and pulled him in close. Danny was probably going to have to get used to this gentle clinginess – he found it endearing, but he also knew that it probably came from Steve feeling like he was going to get left alone again.
He settled into Steve’s warm back and sighed deeply as they both drifted off.

“I’m not going anywhere, babe.”

Chapter End Notes

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Hope you enjoyed that - it was a little shorter than previous chapters but I’m hoping I made up for it in smut?

Now that Danny has found out what Steve likes, the SEAL is going to want to return the favour...
Getting To Know All About You

Chapter Summary

It's Sunday afternoon, and the boys debate whether there's any point in them wearing clothes...

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the encouragement, comments and suggestions, guys. You're making this whole writing experience completely worth it. I hope I'm doing Steve and Danny justice! As of Monday, they will be back at work and having to pretend they haven't just spent the weekend getting to know each other intimately! That should be fun...

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny kissed up the back of Steve’s neck, making him groan sleepily.

“Wake up, sleeping beauty,” he smirked, “You’re a Navy SEAL, you should be able to handle a bit of physical exertion, especially when you weren’t the one doing all the work…”

Steve snorted and stretched his body out like a cat would, pressing the full length of himself back against Danny as he did, making the detective’s cock twitch in response.

Danny smoothed his hand over Steve’s abs, then nudged him in his side. “C’mon babe, get up. Much as lying out here with you is nice, I’m gonna get sunburned down one side and I’ll look ridiculous.”

Steve pushed himself up and swung his feet to the ground, “You always look ridiculous,” he teased, “button down shirts and slacks and loafers…”

Danny smacked him on the back, “At least I have a wider variety of clothes in my wardrobe than you, Commander Mc Cargo Pants!”

“I have board shorts, too,” Steve smirked as he got up and walked into the house, taking the towel they’d been using to cover themselves with him.

“Hey!” Danny yelped, suddenly completely exposed to the fresh air. He leapt up and chased after Steve, smacking his bare ass as he ran past him in the kitchen and eliciting a surprised cry from his partner, dodging his grasping hand. Steve whipped the towel out at him, but missed by inches. They were acting like stupid teenagers, and Danny loved it. He was grinning all the way up the stairs as he went to find a fresh set of clothing for himself and Steve.

He picked out a pair of Steve’s old dark blue sweatpants for himself, rolling the bottoms of the legs
up so that they fit him better, and grabbed a grey t-shirt from the draw.

He went into the bathroom and opened the new razor Steve had bought for him, buzzing it over his jaw and leaving a fine layer of stubble because he hated looking baby-faced and he had a sneaking suspicion that Steve liked the 5 o’clock shadow look. He managed to find half a tin of hair wax in the back of the bathroom cupboard and ran some through his blonde hair, just enough to style it while leaving it a bit fluffy. He wasn’t generally a vain guy, but he wanted to look good for Steve right now, wanted to get a bit of a reaction out of him. It felt good having Steve look at him the way he did, more so the way he had been for the last week.

He and Steve had always had this weird flirtation thing going; eye contact that lasted longer than it should, hugs that were more romance than bromance, some underlying attraction that neither of them had admitted to. So they’d just hovered close to each other in some tense holding pattern where they never quite met in the middle. And he was so glad that Steve had finally broken that pattern for them, even if it had been in a sneak attack which he thought he’s get away with.

He briefly wondered how Steve would have handled things if Danny hadn’t wanted what happened last Monday night, if he’d freaked out at a man breaking into his house rather than needing that release and allowing it, if he’d somehow freed himself and realised it was his partner. It had been a big risk for Steve to take, Danny knew that. It was something that could have ruined their friendship if he hadn’t felt the same way. Luckily for the SEAL, Danny had sort of worked out quite early on that it was Steve in his bed, or at least had a very strong suspicion, only to have it confirmed when he’d found the front door locked behind the intruder. And he’d wanted that more than anything, for a very long time.

He fetched some grey sweatpants and a white t-shirt for Steve, and took them downstairs for him.

“I thought there was a ‘no clothes in the house’ rule, Danno?” Steve smiled at him, leaning against the counter, gloriously naked. He noticed Danny licking his lips and flexed his chest muscles a little bit, smirking at his partner’s reaction.

Danny threw the clothes at him, which he caught. “I think I’ll have to revise that policy, otherwise I’ll never be able to leave you alone. And we need to do other things besides rutting like rabbits… like eat breakfast, for example.”

Steve pulled on the sweatpants and gestured to the food he’d laid out on the countertop, “Already sorted!”

Danny looked at the assortment. Bran flakes, oats, something unidentifiable that looked like it was out of a military ration pack, some tinned fruit, and orange juice. He couldn’t prevent the disgusted look on his face. “This,” he made a sweeping gesture at the assembly, “is not breakfast. Where are the pancakes, the waffles, the croissants, the malasadas? Where’s the maple syrup? Where’s the bacon?”

It was Steve’s turn to look disgusted. “Croissants? What? What the ever-loving fuck, Danny? Your eating habits are horrendous!”

Danny smirked and grabbed a glass of juice and tipped the tinned peaches into a bowl, heading to the table. “All this is gonna have to change if you want to keep me coming over, Steve,” he teased gently, “I need to keep my energy levels up if I’ve got to deal with you all day and not just the work part of it!”

Steve poured himself some bran flakes and picked up a banana from the fruit bowl, “Who says I wanna keep you around?” he mocked back.
Danny swallowed his mouthful of peach slice and laid back in his chair. “Oh, you wanna keep me around McGarrett, and you know it!” He winked at Steve, who just raised his eyebrows and continued eating his cereal.

This felt good, them teasing each other over the breakfast table. Homely, but still keeping each other on their toes.

They finished their food in companionable silence, occasionally meeting each other’s gaze and smiling. None of it was awkward, it was just comfortable and felt right.

Danny got up and began to tackle Steve’s overly complicated coffee machine again, while his partner went out to the lanai to bring in the stuff they’d left out there. Trust the Navy guy to pick a machine which looked like it had come off an alien spaceship. Or maybe was an alien spaceship. After his many pre-work visits to Steve’s house over the year since he’d had the thing installed, he’d just about got it down pat, knowing where to put the beans and not to press that red button on the side unless he wanted to get burned by a blast of steam. That had been a horrible morning…

He’d just hit the button to start the machine off when he felt Steve come up behind him and a warm hand slip round his side and down the front of his pants. He moaned and leaned back into Steve’s solid presence, leaving his hands on the counter top and pushing backwards.

“You’re going to be the death of me, McGarrett,” he whispered, his breath hitching as Steve massaged his cock, making it spring back to life. Steve’s mouth started making its way over his ear and down his neck, his hand pulling at the t-shirt collar to move it out of the way and allow his access to more skin. He kissed over the back of Danny’s neck and sent electricity running up and down his spine and raising goose bumps over his skin. Danny let out a slightly embarrassing keening whine and pushed his ass back into Steve’s crotch, finding him hard.

“Oh, you like that, do you?” Steve growled in his ear.

“Mmmm…” Danny didn’t think he could manage words right now.

His partner ran his free hand through his hair and pushed his head forward, attacking the back of his neck with his lips and grazing his teeth over the sensitive skin, and Danny straight up lost the ability to think. He gasped and pushed his ass back against Steve again, and was rewarded with Steve’s hand finding its way under the front of his t-shirt and flicking rough fingertips over his hardened nipples. Danny let go of the counter top and reached back to grasp at Steve’s hips as they ground against him, bunching handfuls of the sweatpants in his fists. Steve continued his offensive on Danny’s neck, occasionally flicking his tongue over an earlobe and growling softly, which was not helping Danny to stay composed in the slightest.

“Fuck, babe, I’m gonna come so quickly if you keep doing that…” Danny managed to get the words out in between sharp intakes of breath and moans, “God that’s good…”

Steve removed his hands from under Danny’s clothing, ignoring the dissatisfied whine, and directed Danny through to the living room and over to the couch, before turning him around and lifting his t-shirt over his head. He ducked his head down and pushed his tongue into his partner’s willing mouth, controlling the kiss and running his hands all over Danny’s shoulders and up his neck to the back of his head, holding him there while he deepened the kiss further. He scraped blunt nails down over the back of the detective’s neck and Danny moaned into his mouth, his own hands roaming under Steve’s t-shirt and digging his fingers into that smooth back.

The SEAL hooked a thumb into the waistband of Danny’s pants, tugging them down and letting them fall to the floor, then he pushed Danny down onto the couch and stripped off his own t-shirt,
pulling the condom packet and lube he had squirreled away while outside from the pants pocket, before dropping them.

Before he could get any further, however, Danny had moved forward in his seated position on the coach and was closing his mouth around the head of Steve’s cock. The brunette let out a moan and balled his hands into fists at his side as Danny gripped both of his ass cheeks in each hand and focussed all of his attention on licking trails of fire up and down Steve’s dick, sucking the tip in and out of his mouth, teasing with his tongue and teeth.

Danny looked up to see his lover watching him, biting at his lips as he tried to keep it together. He kept up the eye contact, taking Steve fully into his mouth until the man apparently couldn’t handle much more and pushed Danny back into the couch. His knee went in between Danny’s thighs, and strong hands man-handled him until he was lying along the couch with his head on the cushions at the end and Steve was kneeling in between his legs, rolling a condom onto his thick cock even as he licked a wet stripe up the underside of Danny’s. He arched his spine and pushed his head back into the cushions, moaning loudly.

He felt Steve begin to kiss his way up over his stomach, his fingers caressing up and down Danny’s inner thighs and over his balls, causing him to whimper and writhe under him, bucking his hips upward. Steve’s mouth reached his nipples and teeth grazed over them, before he continued up and worked his way over Danny’s collar bone, up his neck and sucking on his earlobes again. Danny gripped the couch tightly underneath him, holding on for dear life as Steve took him to heaven using only his mouth.

Danny absently wondered if Steve was going to try and make him orgasm just by nibbling at him, and the way he was going he probably would have been able to if he kept it up long enough. But Steve was shifting further forward in between Danny’s thighs and lifting his hips up, and Danny helped him by planting his feet firmly on the couch. Steve applied lube to his fingers and slipped them between Danny’s ass cheeks, finding him still pretty open from their earlier session on the lanai, but working on him nonetheless. Then he was positioning his cock and pushing slowly inside his partner.

Danny hooked his heels around Steve’s ass and pulled deep him inside of him, both men moaning loudly at the sensation, and Steve moved gently inside him, pacing out a rhythm which began to build fast. He leaned down and kissed Danny on the mouth, hard and hungry as he ploughed his dick into him, and Danny grabbed the sides of his face, fingers carding through his hair and nails scratching at his lover’s scalp. Steve moaned and bucked harder into him, pulling his mouth away as he straightened his back and hauling Danny’s ass higher into the air as he shifted his knees underneath him. He brought Danny’s bad leg up so that his thigh was laid straight up against Steve’s stomach and chest, knee hooked over his shoulder. The angle change meant that Steve could plunge harder and deeper than before, and it also meant that he was hitting Danny’s sweet spot with every thrust.

Danny was practically howling, his whole body felt tingly and over-sensitive as his control ebbed away. He gripped the couch cushions and threw his head back as his orgasm hit, yelling Steve’s name and spilling over his stomach and chest. Steve came seconds later, brought over the edge by Danny clenching around his cock. He released his bruising grip on Danny’s thighs, pulling out and collapsing on top of his lover.

Danny came back to himself a few minutes later, slowly realising that he was being crushed to death by Steve.
“Are you asleep again, Superman?” he grouched.

Steve laughed, his head buried in the crook of Danny’s neck, “Nah, just… breathing. Breathing is good.”

Danny winced and nudged at his partner, struggling to draw in oxygen. “I’d agree with you if… if I could breathe myself…”

“Oh!” Steve immediately levered himself up in a push up position, “Sorry…”

“Mmm, I might be able to forgive you…” Danny smiled and leaned up to kiss Steve, a gentle, slow-motion collision of their lips. Steve sighed and Danny smiled into the kiss. God, this was perfect.

Steve was first to pull away, but his smile told Danny he didn’t really want to. He got up off the couch and made his way through to the kitchen, coming back with some damp paper towels for Danny to wipe down his stomach with. They each pulled clothes back on, before looking each other up and down and realising they’d accidentally swapped t-shirts.

Steve looked down at Danny and licked his lips, “God damn Danny, tight white t-shirts and you are my new favourite duo…”

Danny smirked, “Why do you think I keep giving them to you to wear?”

They kissed again, hands on each other’s hips. This was officially the type of Sunday Danny was interested in repeating as often as possible.

“You want coffee?” Steve asked after pulling away.

“Well I was making one, but I got a little distracted so it’s probably cold…”

Danny spent the next half hour going through Steve’s DVD collection, occasionally asking things like ‘Do you have anything that doesn’t involve multiple explosions?’ and ‘I can’t believe you have Alien, but not Aliens. Are you an idiot?’ before they settled down to watch Backdraft. Steve then had to listen to Danny bitch about the inaccuracies of the film (he knew ‘because his dad was a firefighter god damn it, and that would never happen Steve, it just wouldn’t!’) until he turned it off part way through and dug out Demolition Man instead.

They ate lunch and sat out on the lanai talking, working their way through a six-pack of Longboards while Danny told Steve all about Grace’s last parents’ evening and how proud he was of his little girl, and also how smug he’d felt when Step-Stan wasn’t able to come to the parent’s evening due to an ‘important meeting’ and he’d got to needle Rachel about his absence a couple of times. When Steve pointed out that he didn’t think any meeting could be as important as Grace, Danny thought his heart might explode, and he had to hide his reaction by taking a long swig of beer.

Steve talked about doing up the Marquis and finally getting it running properly while Danny teased him about it being an old wreck until Steve threw a bottle cap at him. The sun began to set, casting a range of reds, oranges, pinks and yellows over the lanai and the ocean that stretched out at their feet, and it didn’t really feel like they’d been out there for hours.

Agreeing that they didn’t really feel hungry enough for dinner, they headed back into the house and elected to have another shower before bed. They washed their hair and soaped each other down,
their lips rarely apart from each other’s, letting the heat wash over them and through them.

Steve pulled the same move at the previous day and backed Danny into the corner, but he turned the shower head so it still hit them as they kissed and kneaded at each other’s flesh. Danny’s lips felt swollen from all the kissing, he was getting stubble rash from his partner’s unshaven face, but he just couldn’t quite bring himself to care as their tongues battled in a never-ending languid war. A war when even if you lost, you still won.

Their sexual one-upmanship had gone out the window now. It was no longer about who was winning and who could take the other by surprise; it was just about making each other feel good. Wanted. Needed.

Steve took hold of Danny’s stiff cock, both of them turned on by the heat of the shower and the almost constant make out session, taking their time and getting lost in each other. Danny ran his hand up Steve’s shaft and circled his thumb over the tip, making his lover growl low and long into his mouth before beginning to kiss his way along Danny’s jawline and lick and nip at his earlobe.

They slowly worked on each other, massaging, caressing, squeezing, drawing moans from deep inside the other and revelling in the sensations. Danny licked a long line over Steve’s collarbone, shoulder and up his neck, settling in on his ear and slowly bringing him closer to completion. The SEAL moved his other hand to Danny’s balls and rolled them gently between his fingers, the blonde moaning into his ear the whole time. Steve’s mouth went down to his neck and ingrained a row of nips along the muscle there, and still both of them were unhurried, refusing to rush this moment.

Eventually Danny laid his head back against the tiles, knowing he was just on the edge, and Steve mouthing at his exposed throat pushed him over into orgasm. Steve leaned into him and slid his dick through Danny’s spasming hand a few times before coming in between them himself, and they held each other up as their lips locked again. They trapped their cocks in between them, against each other’s stomachs, creating wonderful pressure as they came down from their high.

They stood underneath the full spray of the shower head again and gently cleaned each other up, stepping out and towelling the other down, still stealing kisses and leaning into their lover whenever they could.

They stood side by side at the sink and brushed their teeth, Danny still stupidly happy when he popped his new green toothbrush in the pot next to Steve’s blue one. Dental paraphernalia should not have this effect on him, but there you go.

Steve threw fresh sheets onto the bed and they lay together for a long time, Steve on his back with Danny resting his head on his shoulder and pressed along his side. His leg was slung over Steve’s so that it rested in between the brunette’s thighs, and Steve’s arm was curled underneath Danny’s neck and his hand traced lazy circles on his bicep. Realising that they hadn’t actually exchanged any real words since Steve’s suggestion of the shower, Danny felt like he needed to express himself, but couldn’t really work out what he needed to say.

“Steve, this weekend has been…” he trailed off, not sure what word he could use without sounding cheesy or like a complete goof. Lovely? Wonderful? Astounding? Amazing? Ridiculous? Nothing covered it.

“Yeah,” he felt Steve smile against his forehead, “I know, Danno.”
Oh dear, I think Steve forgot to set his alarm? *evil giggle*
Chapter Summary

Danny tries to work Steve into a frenzy, but ends up having the tables turned on him by tall, dark and military.

Chapter Notes

Thanks to Oceania for the ideas which led to this chapter's development, I hope this satisfies you :)

Stayed up late writing this one last night, and had to do lots of editing today due to tiredness and consumption of Guinness leading to a certain level of incoherence towards the end...

This chapter covers Monday-Wednesday

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

A mad scramble brought Danny out of a very nice dream, and he looked up to see Steve rushing around the room, throwing clothes on.

“Is something on fire? ‘Cause you need to let me know too…” he muttered.

“Shit Danny, we’re late for work. I didn’t set my alarm and now it’s 8.32!” Steve was tugging cargo pants on over his boxers and searching for a pair of socks, but could only find singles. They were both normally in the office for 8.30, so they were going to be more than half an hour late.

Danny looked smug and settled back into the pillows, stretching out languorously, “You are late for work, SuperSEAL. I am not due in until this afternoon because my flight—“ he gestured to the sky, “—does not land until after midday.”

Steve stopped and gave him an incredulous look, “You do know you didn’t actually go to Maui, Danny?” He pulled his boots on and laced them up.

“But as far as Chin and Kono are concerned, I did. And I did my research, buddy, I know how to make a cover believable. I know which flight I’m supposed to be on.”

Steve was gathering up his gun and badge from the chest of drawers and scraped his hand over his jaw, which had a thick layer of stubble turning into a beard as he hadn’t shaved for the whole weekend. “I don’t have time to shave…” he mumbled, “What time are you planning on showing up then, slacker?” he directed back at Danny as he straightened himself out and went to the bedroom door.

Danny shrugged, “Well allowing time for me to pretend to drop Grace off at Rachel’s and then
head to the office? About 1.30, 1.45?”

“Unbelievable…” Steve muttered, “I gotta go, can you lock up?”

“Sure, sure,” Danny waved at his partner as he dashed from the room. He heard him thunder down the stairs, and a jingle as he grabbed his own keys from the side table. The door opened and slammed behind him in his rush.

The detective settled back further in the pillows and pulled the sheet up around him, only to jump back upright when he heard the door open again and footsteps running back up the stairs. Steve burst into the room, leaped onto the bed and grabbed Danny’s face in his hands, laying a hard and glorious kiss on him, which Danny returned. Steve pulled back and looked into his eyes.

“Good morning, by the way,” he beamed, and then he was gone again.

Danny’s face broke into a grin and he collapsed back onto the bed. God damn that beautiful SEAL…

Danny marched into Five-0 HQ at 1.40 with a box from a local bakery in his hands. Chin, Kono and Steve were standing around the tech table and looked up at his sudden entrance.

“Hey bruh, how was Maui?” Kono reached over to give him a hug as he arrived next to them. “Ooh, are those malasadas?” She practically snatched the box from him.

Danny laughed, “Uh, yeah, they are. And Maui was great thank you, we had a fantastic time.” He punctuated the word ‘fantastic’ with a raised hand gesture and looked at Steve when he said it.

His boss grinned at him, “Glad to hear it, buddy,”

Kono and Chin were digging their pastries from the box, and Danny reached in too before he lost his to one of the cousins.

“We got a case or something?” he waved to the screens.

“Nah, we’re just reviewing last week’s case,” Chin said after swallowing a mouthful, “We’d have finished by now, but the boss man was a bit late this morning.”

Kono giggled, they’d obviously been giving him some abuse over his tardiness.

“Oh yeah?” Danny went straight back into ‘terrorise Steve’ mode and clapped his hands in front of him in glee, “Tut tut, Steven. What’s that about, losing your Navy precision time-keeping? Nice beard by the way, very Robinson Crusoe.”

He received a glare in return as Steve gestured to their colleagues, “Well, as I was explaining to these two earlier, I didn't have time to shave this morning after waking up late because my neighbours yappy dog was keeping me up all night. Very irritating little thing.”

“A yappy little dog?” Danny raised an eyebrow.

Steve tilted his chin up obstinately, “Tiny.”

Danny put his head on one side and crossed his arms over his chest, “Well, maybe if this dog was
annoying you that much, you could have done something about it? Like tell your neighbour to sort it out?"

Steve leaned forward on the tech table, staring Danny down, the creases at the corners of his eyes giving away his amusement. “My neighbour wasn't in, but I’m considering tying the dog up and gagging it if it tries to keep me awake again.”

Danny raised an eyebrow.

Kono creased her brow in confusion, still looking at the screens while listening to her colleagues’ banter, “Is it even possible to gag a dog?”

Chin flicked some images from the tech table up onto the monitors, “You muzzle dogs, you don’t gag them,” he said absently.

Steve raised his eyebrows back at Danny and crossed his own arms over his chest, shifting his weight to the other leg and looking proud of himself. Danny glared at him, tore off a piece of malasada and slid it into his mouth along with his pointer finger. He then drew the finger out as slowly as he dared so that the cousins didn’t notice, licking off all the cream. Steve’s grin faded and his mouth opened a little in wonder.

He cleared his throat, “Uh yeah, so anyway we were just c-closing up these files and sorting them to be saved to the HPD database,” he recovered, stuttering a little bit and refusing to look Danny in the eye again.

“Well I’ve got some paperwork to submit for it, so let me get that done and I’ll place it in the file,” Danny strutted off into his office, feeling rather satisfied with himself.

Game on.

Danny received a phone call from Rachel later that day asking him if he could take Grace for Monday evening and Tuesday, as she had to go with Stan for an urgent business trip. He agreed without argument, which threw his ex-wife a little bit. Normally he would at least make some sort of comment about Step-Stan and the guy's work seemingly coming before Grace, something cutting, but he just accepted outright and said he’d pick her up at 6 that evening.

He was more than happy to take his little girl whenever he could, and all he’d have to do would be look after her in the evenings, take her into school in the mornings, and arrange for her to go to a friend’s afterwards for a couple of hours until he finished work on the Tuesday. Maybe he’d do one of his father-daughter movie nights, or make pancakes with her. He was in too good a mood to torture Rachel, so he let her off and didn’t push like he would on a normal day.

He had been planning to go back to Steve’s that night, but his daughter would always come first and foremost in his life, and he knew Steve realised that. He leaned in through Steve’s door when Kono and Chin were in their respective offices and told him about the change in plans.

“No worries,” Steve shrugged and leaned back in his chair, “we’ve got all the time in the world.” He gave his partner a soft smile, which tugged at Danny’s heart strings, and he returned it.

The afternoon passed slowly due to the paperwork, but 5.30 came around and they all packed up and went their separate ways, Danny and Steve throwing one last look at each other over the roof
of the Camaro before Danny climbed into the driver’s seat and Steve got into his truck.

Steve didn’t know what hit him on Tuesday. Danny spent the day effectively torturing him at every possible opportunity.

There was a repeat of Monday’s malasada performance while he was trying to brief the team in his office on a case which had come in that morning, Danny standing at the back of the room so Chin and Kono couldn’t see him, licking cream off his fingers and staring Steve right in the eyes as he did it.

Then when they went out to the crime scene and Steve was talking to an HPD officer, Danny walked behind him and pinched his ass, making him lose his train of thought.

While they were in the Camaro, Danny would wait until they pulled up at some lights before palming Steve’s cock through his cargo pants. The SEAL stalled the car twice because of that.

Danny was loving it, and as much as Steve bitched at him and smacked his hand away, he could tell he was enjoying the attention too. Even if it was… inconvenient…

Steve spent the afternoon sending Danny out with Kono and pairing himself off with Chin when they had to go to a suspect’s private home and rental property simultaneously. The cousins didn’t seem to find it suspicious, as they had paired off with each other’s respective partners before now, but Danny gave Steve his grumpiest frown as he left the office with Kono. Steve just stuck his jaw out at the detective, his eyes saying ‘serves you right!’

When they had all returned to the Palace after the raids, Danny made a special show of stretching out his shoulders while removing his tac vest in front of Steve, keeping eye contact and licking his lips, enjoying watching Steve’s mouth dropping open and then having to leave the room.

Then, with no success with the raids on finding the suspect, and no further leads until the evidence was processed by the lab, the team left again for the evening and Danny collected Grace from her friend’s house for a movie night. She insisted on watching Pirates of the Caribbean, which Danny didn’t argue with as he had a bit of a crush on Johnny Depp. Then he chased Grace around the house after the movie finished, both of them wielding fake swords made from wrapping paper roll inner tubes and yelling ‘Yar!’ at each other. She jumped out from behind the kitchen counter and stabbed him in the stomach with her cardboard ‘sword’, and he dramatically dropped to the floor and pretended to be dead. Grace leaned over him and poked him in the chest, and he launched up, wrapping her in his arms and performing a kiss-attack while she squealed and tried to get away.

When he finally put Grace to bed and entered his own room, he was tired to the bone, but still grinning from ear to ear.

His phone sat on the side table on charge, flashing light indicating he had a message.

[Steve] What are you doing? The time showed the text was only twenty minutes old.

His smile got wider and he replied.

[Danny] Grace stabbed me with a pirate sword and I died, but I ’m feeling better now. You?
[Steve] I’m ok, bored. Pirate sword? I can’t leave you alone for two minutes …

[Danny] We watched Pirates of the Caribbean

[Steve] I bet you like Johnny Depp

[Danny] Shut up

[Steve] Knew it! I’ll get some rum in and rent a pirate costume if you’re not careful!

[Danny] Promises … what are you doing?

[Steve] Prepping for a meeting with the Governor and some diplomats tomorrow morning. Official stuff. Not fun.

Danny grinned, knowing exactly how to cheer up his partner, and snapped a quick photo before sending it. His phone beeped with the reply a few seconds later.

[Steve] Jesus Danny, I can’t keep that on my phone, it’s an official business phone!

[Steve] Thanks though ;P

[Danny] Did you just use an emoticon in a text? Are you twelve?

[Steve] Fuck off Danno

[Danny] Night Steven

[Steve] Good night, Daniel

Danny sat in his office at 10am on Wednesday morning, filling out reports on the previous day’s house raids on his laptop and eating a jelly donut. He leaned back in his chair and took another bite of his sweet treat. He glanced up out of the glass window of his office when he heard the doors to the bullpen open and saw Steve march in, decked out in his full military uniform, with his cover tucked under his arm. Danny almost choked on the bit of donut in his mouth, and dropped the bit in his hand down the front of his shirt.

He swallowed hard and swore, brushing at the red stain now marking the white shirt with his fingers. He stood up and picked the ruined donut up of the floor, tossing it into the trash can, and quickly followed his boss who had gone into his office and was placing his cover and a file onto his desk. God damn, he looked gorgeous - the uniform trousers showed off his ass beautifully, the cut of the jacket accentuating his slim waist and square shoulders. Danny had seen him in this uniform before of course, but not before he’d become more fully acquainted with the body underneath it. Now he knew what he was dealing with, it looked about a thousand times hotter. He was pretty sure he'd just discovered a uniform kink, that was new!

Danny leant on the doorjamb, shoved his hands into his trouser pockets and let out a low whistle. "Daaaamn, who ordered the strip-o-gram?" he teased.

Steve turned around smiling, but it was quickly replaced by a look of shock and worry. "Danny,
shit, is that blood?" He stepped toward his partner and reached out to the stain on Danny's chest.

He looked down at himself and burst into laughter. "No, you goof! That's raspberry jelly!"

Steve let out the deep breath he was holding, "Oh, thank god,"

Danny smirked, it warmed his heart that Steve was concerned for him. "Don't worry babe, the ridiculously boring paperwork and lack of leads hasn't caused me to punch myself in the face yet... although it's going that way! So, what's with the uh, formal wear?" He made a rolling hand gesture that encompassed the whole of Steve's body from feet to head and his eyes followed.

"Official meeting this morning, I told you. Governor told me to dress to impress." Steve unpacked the contents of the file and placed them on his desk in front of his chair.

Danny nodded unable to tear his eyes away from that broad chest, decorated with medals, "Well you certainly managed that..."

Steve smiled and looked out toward the empty bullpen, "Chin and Kono?" he enquired in a casual tone.

A lop-sided smile crept onto Danny's face. "They're out getting a couple of witness statements, and fetching lunch on the way back. I think they're getting you a--" he was cut off by Steve's lips sealing over his own, and he took hold of the taller man's wrists when his hands cupped Danny's face to keep them there, leaning back against the open office door. The kiss was gentle, slow and loving, and Danny melted against Steve's chest as he returned it with feeling. Steve pulled back and smiled, Danny cleared his throat. "-tuna sub." he finished.

Steve laughed and grabbed his partner's face again, but this time the kiss had more heat to it, like he'd been thinking about Danny all morning and couldn't hold off any longer. The detective moaned against his lips, opening his mouth to Steve's tongue and planting his hands on the SEAL's hips, squeezing. Steve stepped forward and ground his crotch into Danny.

The doors into the bullpen opened and Steve and Danny pulled apart like a grenade had been tossed in between them. Steve immediately went to sit behind his desk, spreading the paperwork out in front of him as if he'd been working. Danny exited his boss's office and ran a nervous hand through his hair while adjusting his shirt collar with the other.

"Hey guys," he waved to Chin and Kono nonchalantly, "Did you get food? I'm starved."

Chin raised an eyebrow at Danny's slightly ruffled appearance, and Kono pointed at his shirt and laughed. "Um bruh, you're so not starved. The evidence is all over your shirt!"

Danny looked down once again, and had the decency to look a little guilty, "Alright alright, the donuts were calling to me... where's my chicken sub?"

Chin handed him a sandwich wrapped in paper from the bag, and he headed toward his office, gesturing back toward Steve's open door. "McGarrett's back." he informed them.

He reached his office and closed the door behind him, leaning back against it and letting out a deep, slow breath.

That was seriously close... and damn Steve for looking so fucking hot in that uniform! He'd spent the whole of yesterday winding his lover up at every opportunity just to get a rise, and Steve had just managed to blow his blood pressure sky high without even trying.
With still no leads and the witness statements bringing yet another dead end, Steve announced it was time for the team to go home at 3 o’clock. They’d actually run out of paperwork due to Danny trying to distract himself away from looking at his boss in that uniform by hiding in his office and filling out everyone else’s reports as well as his own, only emerging on two occasions for coffee.

Kono even popped her head into his office and asked if he was okay, informing him that it unnerved her when he was quiet. He’d smiled warmly and made excuses that he was just tired.

When they all got outside, Danny noticed that Steve’s Marquis was sitting in his spot where the Silverado was usually parked.

“Why’d you bring the Marquis, Steve? Showing it off to the Governor were you?” Chin enquired with a smile as he climbed astride his motorbike.

Steve waved a hand at the car. “The truck decided to pack up on me first thing this morning, so while it’s in the shop I had to take the car to the meeting. Lucky I got it running well the other week!”

“Lucky it didn’t clap out on you too, wouldn’t want you pushing it up a hill in your dress uniform,” Danny dug at him, referring to the time Steve convinced him to go for a drive in the rusty death trap and they got stuck in the middle of nowhere (as far as he was concerned, everywhere in Hawaii was the middle of nowhere) having to wait for a tow truck.

Steve glared at him and put his cover back on his head defiantly. Danny bit his lip and had to turn away.

As everyone left, Danny was first to drive off, turning left at the parking lot exit and heading toward his house. He looked in his rear view mirror to see Steve turning right and heading in the opposite direction home. At the first junction he came to, he changed his direction and headed for the highway that would lead him back towards Steve’s place, and stepped on the gas. He pulled up outside Steve’s just in time to see him pull the Marquis into the garage, get out and hit the button to lower the electric door. He dashed across the lawn and did an Indiana Jones-style roll under the closing door, picking himself up and dusting off his slacks.

Steve stared at him with wide eyes from where he stood at the driver’s side door and laughed, “What the fuck, Daniel?”

Then Danny was on him, pulling him down by his lapels into a hot kiss, while Steve slid his hands around the blonde’s waist, cupping his ass. Danny slipped his hands under Steve’s jacket and kneaded his back with his fingers, attacking Steve’s mouth and nipping at his lips, tugging the shirt of Steve’s pants. His boss began to remove his jacket.

“No, nuh-uh,” Danny grabbed at the jacket, pulling it back around Steve’s torso, “Leave that on.”

A devilish smile spread across the SEAL’s face, “Why’s that, Danny? You like?”

“You damn well know I do, you absolute asshole,” he pulled him back down for a kiss while he fumbled with Steve’s belt and fastenings, then his own. He’d been trying to provoke Steve into dragging him off for some rough and ready sex since the previous morning, and here he was losing it instead. “You’ve been walking around the goddam office since 10 o’clock, looking like a fucking wet dream, and you expect me not to do anything about it?” There was a hint of
desperation in his voice, but right now he didn’t care.

He pulled Steve’s head back up with a firm grip on his hair, making his lover gasp in shock and being manhandled, and grazed his teeth down the man’s throat. He pulled at the knot on Steve’s tie until it hung loose around his neck, undoing the buttons of his shirt until his chest was exposed, and then worked his way down as the skin was made available to him. Steve ended up back up against the side of the Marquis’ hood, hands running through Danny’s blonde hair as his clothes were tugged at by the assertive blonde.

Danny pulled away and looked back up at Steve. “Where’s your hat? Put the hat back on,” he practically ordered.

Steve was a little stunned. “My cover? It’s not supposed to be worn indoors…”

“Are you being serious right now, Steve?” Danny gave him a disbelieving glare. “Ah, fuck it,” he muttered, not wanting to waste time with an argument, and grabbed Steve by the waist, pushing insistently at him until they were in front of the Marquis. He tugged his boss’s pants and boxers down so fast that he didn’t have time to fight back, backing him into the grill and pushing him backwards over the hood with a firm hand on his chest. Steve had to place the heels of his feet on the front bumper to support himself.

“Ah, Danny!” Steve looked more than a little surprised at the rough treatment, but his smugness at having this effect on his partner seemed to cancel it out. Danny was unbuttoning the rest of his shirt and kissing his stomach, making him squirm. The detective could feel himself getting carried away, his world narrowing down to his partner sprawled on the hood of his beloved car, and he had to have him right here and right now. He bit at Steve’s abs a little too hard. Steve yelped loudly and instinctively pushed Danny away, and the blonde immediately backed off like he’d been bitten himself, rubbing his hands over his face.

“Shit Steve, are you okay? I’m really sorry,” he gasped, re-engaging with the real world again and feeling very guilty at his actions. His desperation to fuck his partner had taken him over like he was possessed. “I’ll stop.”

Steve stayed in his position lying on the hood of the car, still a little shocked. “No I’m fine Danny, I just… watch the teeth, okay?” The SEAL made eye contact with his lover, lust in his eyes, “But for fuck’s sake, don’t stop.”

“Oh,” Danny mumbled, and then his eyes brightened again as he understood he hadn’t stepped over the line, “Oh! Okay!” He was back on Steve in milliseconds, using his hips to push the man’s legs as far apart as he could while allowing for the fact that Steve’s pants were still around his ankles. He dug in his pocket for the condom and lube which he’d been keeping in the Camaro’s glove compartment since the weekend, and pushed his own pants down around his thighs before rolling the condom on. He spilled lube onto his cock in preparation, then smothered it over his fingers before flinging the bottle over his shoulder. He pulled Steve down the hood a little so that his ass was just hanging off the front at the perfect height for Danny.

When the first finger pushed into Steve, he moaned underneath Danny’s grasp and his own fingers tried to find purchase on the ridges of the car’s hood. Danny had to mentally pull on his own reins, making sure he slowed down so that he didn’t hurt his lover, so he took his time preparing Steve’s hole. He reached forward and stroked fingertips up the SEAL’s shaft, before grasping his cock and stroking a thumb over the head. Steve moaned and bucked into his hand, both of Danny’s hands working on him the whole time and sending waves of pleasure through him as he stepped it up to two fingers.
After a minute or so, Danny finally inserted three fingers, sliding them in and out of his lover a few times before he decided he couldn’t wait any longer. He took hold of Steve’s hips, using his thumbs to spread his cheeks before lining up his cock and pushing in gently. Steve gripped the edge of the hood and pulled himself toward Danny, taking his full length in one smooth movement, moaning loudly and biting his lip. Danny cursed and held onto Steve’s hips for dear life. It felt so good, being buried to the hilt in his gorgeous partner, as he lay spread open over the hood of his car with his shirt open, uniform jacket all rucked up around him, short brown hair ruffled in every direction. His exposed chest had a sheen of sweat coating it, his cheeks and neck flushed pink, and he was arching his back with his head pressed into the cooling metal underneath him as Danny penetrated him - a glorious, erotic mess.

His hands ran over ever inch of skin he could find as he began slowly thrusting, Steve groaning and writhing underneath him, gripping the car with white knuckles. He reached down again with his lubed-up hand and massaged Steve's dick, wanting to give his partner as much pleasure as possible. Steve was making some magnificent sounds as Danny began to pound into him.

"Holy shit..." Danny growled and did as he was ordered. Steve was bossy even when he was on the bottom, and Danny loved hearing that sort of filth come out of his sexy mouth. He reached down again with his lubed-up hand and massaged Steve's dick, wanting to give his partner as much pleasure as possible. Steve was making some magnificent sounds as Danny began to pound into him.

His partner leaned up on his elbows and pushed against him hungrily, spreading his knees wide, "God Danny, fuck me harder..."

As he bucked back against Danny and his muscles tightened around his cock, Danny whispered a hoarse string of profane words and he rocked into Steve a few more times before coming himself. He collapsed forward over his partner but his knees went out from under him and he reached out for purchase on the Marquis, only succeeding in grabbing Steve's shirt. The fabric of his jacket provided no friction whatsoever against the flat metal, and Danny simply ended up pulling him off the car after him.

They landed in a heap on the floor, Danny's shoulders and upper back taking the brunt of the impact, and they lay there breathing heavily, waiting for the fireworks to stop going off in their brains. Then Danny burst into laughter and Steve smacked him on the shoulder before rolling off him onto the floor.

"Ow." Steve grunted. "You are definitely try to kill me. My knees are bruised to hell!"

Danny let out his manic giggle which developed into a short coughing fit, before pressing his head back into the concrete floor as he lifted his hips up and hitched his pants back up around his waist, disposing of the condom in the trash bin near his head. "Sorry," he grinned.

"No you're not," Steve raised himself into a sitting position and tried to untangle his boxers and uniform pants.

Danny staggered unsteadily to his feet, found a rag to wipe his hands on and leaned against the Marquis, looking down at his partner as he sat there negotiating with his clothing. "Yeah, you're right. I'm not sorry,"

He smiled and took Steve's hand, pulling him up so that he could re-dress himself. Steve looked down at his now bedraggled state; sweat, come and dirt from the garage floor all over his creased
jacket.

"Expect a dry cleaning bill in your in-tray tomorrow," he grumbled.

Danny was already opening the door into the house with his key. "It's cute that you think I'll pay it!" he called as he disappeared inside.

Chapter End Notes

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Did you like it? I'm thinking Danny's injury will be a plot point in a later chapter. Poor love, I do like a bit of minor Danny Whump...
Slippery When Wet

Chapter Summary

The boys get a little dirty catching a suspect, and then they head to the Five-0 locker room and get a little dirty in a completely different way. And then Chin walks in...

Chapter Notes

Apologies for the vagueness of the case part of the plot... but that's not what we're really here for, is it?

___

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny was tired, bruised, and now he was caked in mud. But at least Steve was too.

He insisted that they get a ride back to the Palace in an HPD vehicle to avoid getting his car dirty, and gave the keys of the Camaro to Chin to ensure its safe return... once the Hawaii native had stopped dying of laughter, that was.

They had tracked down and finally caught up with their suspect, Jason Calvin, at his cabin near the edge of Keaiwa Heiau State Park. DNA evidence back from the lab had given them definitive proof of his involvement in the shooting, and an ex-girlfriend had told them about the man’s hideaway. He had led the four of them on a merry chase through the forest in an attempt to get away. Danny had gained on him in some muddy marshland, at which point he had decided to turn and fight rather than stay in flight mode.

Danny had ploughed right into him, tackling him into the mud with a move straight out of a big league football game. He'd done his best to hold the guy down, but the wet mud made keeping his grip on Calvin difficult and they had clawed at each other and slipped over several times before Steve emerged from the trees and leapt into the fray. Between them they secured their suspect and Danny finally managed to get a zip tie on Calvin's wrists.

When they had called Chin and Kono and confirmed capture and arranged to meet back at the site where they had left the cars, Steve told them that they had got a little dirty, but that didn't prepare the cousins for the sight of their colleagues coated in brown sludge. Their laughter echoed around the clearing as Steve and Danny did their best to look dignified.

Danny had it worse; it covered ninety per cent of his body, half his face, and it was in his hair. Steve's legs were thoroughly coated, and he had streaks over his arms, neck and face where Jason Calvin's hands had caught him as he flailed.

And so Danny insisted on the HPD 'taxi', because he was damned if he was going to ruin the interior of his beautiful Camaro.
They returned to the Palace and headed straight to the offices to collect their spare changes of clothes. The fact that they kept spare sets at the office said a lot about their job - they'd had clothing ripped, soaked, and covered in blood before. And of course there was the time they came back from that restaurant smelling of fish after digging a bullet out of the catch of the day.

They then headed through to the Five-0 men's private locker room to sort themselves out.

The shower cubicles were tiled in cream and coffee colours, the dividing walls came up to around nipple height on Steve, and a little higher on Danny, and the cream plastic doors went all the way down to the floor where there was a small ridge to step over to stop the water escaping. They each turned the taps on their respective showers to allow them to heat up while they fetched towels and threw their clothes into plastic bags which they threw into their lockers to take home later. Danny stripped off his shirt and Steve took in a sharp breath through his teeth. His partner's shoulders and upper back were one large mottled bruise under the mud which had seeped through his shirt, purple and yellow blossoming across the wide expanse of skin.

"Shit Danny, your back!" Danny had headed home shortly after eating dinner at Steve's the previous evening. He didn't have any clothes at his partner's house yet, so staying over was awkward in the mornings when he ended up having to head home anyway to change. Maybe when he replenished his store of clothes at the office, he'd make sure to put aside some extra sets to keep in his car. His leaving had meant that Steve had seen the full extent of their fall in the garage until just now.

Danny craned his neck and tried to look down at himself. "Yeah, I spotted that in the mirror this morning when I had a shower... I blame you, of course," he grinned.

Steve looked mildly offended and checked around the locker room, even though he knew the showers were exclusive to Five-0 and Chin would be booking Calvin down at the HPD before bringing him to the Palace for interrogation, and yet he still spoke in a hushed tone while replying, "I think you'll find you were the one who fell over and took me down with you, Danno," he reached out and ran his hand delicately over the bruising, "So you might wanna take responsibility for that one." He headed for his shower.

"Yeah, but whose fault was it that we were screwing on your car hood?" Danny answered in an equally hushed tone.

Steve opened the door to his cubicle, "Uh, that would be you, again..."

Danny shook his head, "Nope, pretty sure it was you, Mr I'm-A-Navy-Commander I-Like-To-Look-Like-A-High-Class-Stripper McGarrett."

"Come say that to my face, Williams," Steve joked as he stepped under the stream of water. Next thing he knew, Danny was turning off his shower and opening Steve's cubicle door, muscling in on the limited space.

"Okay," he smirked up at him.

Steve tried to push Danny back out of the cubicle, "Danny, seriously, not at work!"

Danny gave him a look, "Two words: storage closet," he ticked the words off on his hand.

Steve laughed, "Three words: lockable storage closet!" and gave his partner another shove toward the door. Danny was having none of it and reached up to bring his lover in for a kiss. Steve
smoothed a wet thumb over Danny's cheek, wiping away some of the mud there, before ducking down to connect their mouths in a soft kiss. It didn't remain delicate for long, as they pressed up against each other in the small cubicle and their hips pushed together, their slowly hardening cocks meeting with delicious friction between them. Steve's tongue slipped into Danny's mouth and glided along the roof of his mouth, making him shiver in delight, and their hands roamed and kneading at each other's flesh. Danny let his hand slide down his boss's smooth back, and round to fall in between them where he gripped Steve's cock and massaged slowly.

Steve made a little hum of approval and he squeezed at the detective's ass.

The two of them almost leapt out of their skins when they heard someone enter the locker room, and they both looked towards the door with wide eyes. Luckily from this angle they were hidden by a row of lockers midway between the showers and the door, but they had seconds before they were exposed. Steve took the only course of action he saw open to him, grabbing Danny's shoulders and forcing him down below the enclosure wall just in time as Chin came into view.

"Hey Chin!" He blurted out, voice pitched just slightly too high. "How's it?"

*For a Navy SEAL, thought Danny, he is no good at acting normal!*

Chin gave him a funny look. "It's all good, Steve. I left Kono booking the perp so I could head back and change my shoes," he gestured to his mud-covered boots and socks.

"Ah cool, no worries, I'll be out in a bit and we can interrogate Calvin." Steve’s voice had pretty much regained it's normal timbre by this point. Danny was crouched below him, and changed his position as quietly as possible to halt the cramp that was beginning to form in his right thigh, so that he was on his butt on the tiles with his back against the side wall.

Steve began to wash the mud off his neck and arms, showering Danny with a combination of clean and dirty water, while he tried to play it like nothing was strange at all. He wasn't sharing a four and a half foot square shower cubicle with his naked male partner, no siree.

Chin was sitting on one of he benches and slipping out of his boots and socks. He looked up while putting a fresh pair of socks on, "Where'd Danny go?" he asked Steve.

"Um, I dunno. Think he went to get a change of clothes?" Steve shrugged.

Danny thanked the powers that be for the fact that he had hung his fresh set of clothing up in his locker and closed it before getting his shower ready. The evidence of Steve's lie was hidden from view behind a thin metal door.

"You think he's been a bit quiet lately?" Chin asked in a hushed tone.

_No, please god don't let them have a conversation about me while I'm sitting down here on the floor!_ Danny put his face in his hands, _I don't need this!_

Steve was caught a little off guard, but quickly recovered. "Uh, I dunno. I think he's just been tired. You know him and his insomnia..."

Chin made an noise signalling his agreement, "He does seem a lot happier though. Kono said he was really bright and smiling when they were out at that raid the other day. Maybe it's because he's seen Grace a lot recently." As far as the cousins were concerned, Danny had seen his daughter for five days in a row, which was unusual and bound to put him in a good mood.

Steve shifted away from Danny when he poked him viciously in the leg, trying to signal that his
boss needed to end the conversation and get rid of their well-meaning colleague.

"Mm yeah maybe," Steve mumbled and went back to washing himself.

Chin shrugged as he slipped on some clean shoes and began to walk away. He was almost out of sight, so Steve looked down at Danny and smiled, and Danny placed one hand on the floor and the other on Steve's outstretched hand to help himself up. Chin suddenly spun on his heel and turned back to Steve, causing him to whip up his head and drop Danny, who slid back into a sitting position and tried not to sigh in annoyance.

"Or," Chin held a finger up in the air, "or maybe he's met someone!"

Steve's eyes widened and Danny felt him tense his body. "Really? You think?" His voice managed to disguise his unease, but if Chin came any closer he might spot the blonde sitting in the back corner of the cubicle. The SEAL tried to shift his body to block any possible view and leaned with his arms folded casually on top of the door.

"Yeah, that's probably it you know," Chin smiled and turned to leave again, "I wonder who the poor girl is!" He threw over his shoulder as he walked out of the door.

Rude! Danny thought, even though he knew Chin was only joking.

Steve waited about 30 seconds to make sure Chin wasn’t coming back until he finally offered his hand back to Danny. The detective took it and used the support to shift himself onto his knees on the wet tiles, the water still raining down on him. When Steve gave him a questioning look, he shrugged.

"While I'm down here!" he grinned, and Steve gasped as Danny licked a stripe along his now soft dick, breathing life back into it as he worked his tongue over the head and then around Steve's balls.

"Fuck!" Steve moaned and gripped the tops of the shower walls for support.

With Danny using both hands and his mouth on him, he was hard again very quickly. Steve leaned back against the cool tiles and kept one eye on the locker room door while his lover nipped and sucked at his sensitive skin and ran a finger over his perineum and up between his cheeks to press gently at his puckered hole.

Steve grunted and grabbed a bottle of hair conditioner, tapping Danny on the shoulder with it. Danny took it and grinned up at his partner.

"Eager?" he teased.

"Shut up Danny, or I'll gag you..."

"You keep threatening that and yet you never follow through," Danny coated his fingers with the slick liquid.

"It will happen, I swear to god Danny," Steve growled at him.

"But if you gag me then I can't do things like this..." Danny took the full length of Steve's hard cock into his mouth, swirling his tongue around the head before pushing forward and deep throating his lover. Simultaneously he reached round and pushed a finger into his ass. The SEAL bucked forward into him and he had to fight against his gag reflex, pulling back and grazing his teeth along his long shaft. He curled his finger around until Steve made a choked noise indicating
he'd found his prostate, and teasingly massaged his finger over the sweet spot, drawing gasps from his partner.

He shifted his knees so that he could kneel up further and gain a better angle as he sucked and licked at Steve's dick, teasing up and down his shaft and caressing it with the fingers of his free hand. Then he wrapped his fist around it and used the slick of his saliva to slowly bring Steve further toward orgasm.

He pushed a second finger into Steve's hole, sliding them slowly in and out, taking care to be gentle as conditioner wasn't a great substitute for proper lube. Steve thumped a fist into the wall, grunting, and his hips pushed forward into Danny's hand and mouth, and then back into his fingers, like he couldn't quite decide which sensation to focus on.

"Shit shit shit-" his swearing was cut off by a sudden sharp intake of breath, "Shit Danny m'gonna ohmygod..."

Danny applied gentle pressure to Steve's prostate and hummed around his cock, hand still massaging at the base as he slid his mouth up his shaft again. Steve held the walls in a death grip as his back arched and he pressed his head back into the tiles, and then he was coming, hard and fast into Danny's mouth. The first spurt hit the back of his throat and he pulled back, the rest of it going down his jaw, the side of his neck and onto his chest. Steve was leaning forward over him on wobbly legs, hands planted on the top edge of the wall above his head, eyes tightly closed and trying to catch his breath.

"Jesus Christ, Danny. How do you do that?" he let out a long breath and shuddered as he came down from his high. Danny leaned back against the wall, looking up into his lover's flushed face knowing proudly that he'd caused that blissed out expression.

He palmed his own rock-hard cock as he waited patiently for Steve to come back to reality. The noises the SEAL had been making were travelling into his ears and straight to his balls, and he already felt like he was going to explode.

Steve leaned down and hauled Danny to his feet, leaning into him and trapping him against the wall as he kissed up his neck, tasting his own come on Danny's skin, and licked the patch of sensitive skin behind his ear that he knew set him on fire. Danny closed his eyes and raised his head up, allowing Steve access to his throat and sighing contentedly.

Steve's hands took over from his own and it was his turn to grip the top of the walls and moan in appreciation. The SEAL had obviously been paying attention, as he knew exactly where Danny's weak spots were and how to treat them - gentle kissing and hot breath just behind his ear, sucking on his earlobe, grazing of teeth down over his pulse point, nibbling on the bit where his collarbone met his shoulder which was still decorated with Steve's teeth marks.

Danny hated being marked. He'd never liked the idea of hickies or biting or other forms of laying ownership. Each to their own and everything, but he couldn't really understand how some people had a need to publicly exhibit evidence of their sex life, or at the very least didn't care that it was displayed. But those teeth marks, he would proudly wear them until the end of time. They were Steve's. He was Steve's. And he could quite happily admit that he belonged to the Navy Commander who was currently on a top secret undercover mission to kill him with his extraordinarily talented mouth.

Steve's big hands worked him to a beautiful, intense climax, and before he could call out his lover's name, Steve's mouth sealed over his, muffling the cry. He stroked him through his orgasm as his tongue probed Danny's mouth and one of his hands went to the back of the blonde's head to support
him as he went limp against Steve's solid body.

He was moved under the spray of the shower, still attached to Steve at the lips. His vision started to grey a little at the edges and it occurred to him he hadn't really taken in any oxygen for quite a while. He finally unlocked his lips from Steve and inhaled deeply, laying his head on his partner's shoulder and letting the breath back out in a shuddering rush.

"You okay, Danno?" Steve asked gently.

Danny took a second to reply, still fuzzy around the edges. "Yeah... yeah 'm good..." His arms were wrapped around Steve's back, he didn't really know how long they'd been there, but he knew how long he wanted to leave them there. Unfortunately, they probably needed to get back to work and go and interrogate Calvin.

He pulled himself together and stood upright under the shower, letting it sluice over him and remove any mud which hadn't already been rubbed off during their activities. He couldn't help the languid smile which settled over his lips, and he opened his eyes to find Steve staring at him with the same smile echoed on his face and something indecipherable in his eyes.

"And there I was, thinking I could channel my pent up sexual tension into scaring Calvin in the interrogation room..." Steve teased, "You're gonna make me look like a softy, Danny."

"I always knew you were a teddy bear, Steve. I'm just showing the rest of the world, is all." Danny squeezed some shower gel into his hands and smoothed it over Steve, and they took turns in washing each other down, making sure they were both completely clean. Steve was especially careful as he rubbed over Danny's shoulders and back, using the palms of his hands on the bruised skin and laying little kisses on the parts which were darkest purple.

Danny felt so relaxed, he was practically purring, and Steve looked to be in a similar state, both of them stretching out their muscles when they were out of the shower and reluctantly towelling off and pulling on their clothes. Steve had yet another pair of black cargo pants waiting for him, and a deep blue t-shirt which brought out the blue in his eyes. Danny took his fresh grey slacks and white shirt out of his locker and then realised that he'd forgotten to bring shoes in with him. His mind had been on following his man into the shower room while he was as filthy on the outside as he knew he could be on the inside.

The kiss Steve laid on his lips wasn't filthy, however. It was beautiful.

Then Steve flexed his hands out, cracked his knuckles, and gave Danny a grin. "Right, I'm gonna go and scare the shit out of that fucker. You coming?"

Danny grinned back, mischief in his eyes. "Hells yeah." He followed his boss back out of the locker room, watching his ass the whole way.

Chapter End Notes

Phew, that was close! And I love it when the boys are blissed out and relaxed, a bit of
a release does them wonders!

Let me know what you're thinking :}
Chapter Summary

Steve thinks Danny has way too much to say, and someone catches them out...

Chapter Notes

Sorry about the delay, I had a business conference and that didn't really allow for smutting, and yesterday I wrote another short fic because I wanted to do some fluffy stuff, lol.

At the conference we were surprised with an afternoon of team building by the guys at Spy Games, and we ended up having to solve codes, diffuse bombs, identify countries from satellite images, and even throw axes! We also did Fastest Guns in the West, where we had thigh holsters and guns, and had to draw against each other to win, and I won on my team! I attributed my training to Five-0, of course :D I may use this as inspiration for a chapter, or maybe a separate fic.

Aaaaaanyway, enough about me and on with the smut!!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The interrogation of Jason Calvin led to information about an arms deal that was due to happen in the early hours of Saturday morning. Calvin had rolled on his dealers in exchange for a slightly reduced sentence, practically jumping on the opportunity when it was offered to him.

Otherwise, the rest of Thursday went by peacefully. Danny and Steve had headed to their respective houses, still relaxed after their shared shower experience. Other than a few suggestive texts, and another photo that Steve had to delete off his phone, Danny spent the evening putting his clothes through the wash and ordering in a pizza. He lay on the sofa in his boxers and a t-shirt, reading a crime novel, scoffing at the blatant ignorance of correct police procedure, which just made him think of Steve all over again.

As if summoning the man by magic, his phoned beeped on the coffee table. Danny lay the book down, pages open, on his chest and grabbed the phone.

[Steve] Have you eaten?

Danny sent him a photo of the remaining pizza. He always ordered way too much so that he could re-heat some the next day and not worry about another delivery charge. The forward-planning bachelor strikes again.

[Steve] Can I have some?
Danny] You'll have to come here to get it, I'm in my underwear and I'm not getting dressed again.

Almost instantly there was a knock on his door. Danny folded the corner of his page down, dumped the book on the coffee table, and went to the door to look through the peep hole.

He unlocked the door and swung it open, "So how long have you been out there, exactly?"

Steve shrugged his shoulders, "I went out to pick the truck up from the garage and accidentally drove here rather than home?"

"Was that a question?" Danny teased and stood aside to let his partner in.

"I dunno, I'm not good at coming up with lies on the spot." Steve dumped the black holdall he was carrying on the easy chair and picked up a slice of pizza, biting into it hungrily.

Danny raised an eyebrow, "Well then you're a useless SEAL... unless, what's in the bag, body parts? Did you kill someone, Steven?" He joked and walked over to the bag, unzipping it. Cargo pants. "Aw, are these for me? Did you bring us matching his'n'his outfits?" He mocked, pulling the pants out and waving them at Steve.

The SEAL smirked, kicking his sandals off and putting his feet up on the coffee table, "No Danno, those are mine. You need to stick them in your wardrobe just in case, and I'm taking some of your stuff back with me tomorrow."

A grin the size of Honolulu was threatening to tear Danny's face open. He'd been thinking about keeping clothes in his car for when he visited Steve, and there the guy was saying that he wanted to keep Danny's clothes in his house. In his wardrobe. Nice to know they were on the same page. If anything, Steve was ahead of him.

"Oh what, so I gotta give you a drawer now?" He threw the pants back onto the bag and swayed his hips slightly as he walked toward Steve, enjoying the way the man's eyes followed the movement. "I'm being ordered to give up some of my personal space, my home, so you can come in and take over, huh?" He straddled his boss's thighs on the couch, his ass resting on Steve's knees, his own knees either side of Steve's hips, and licked his lips as he hovered over his lover.

The SEAL looked up at him and swallowed the last bite of his slice, looking a little affronted. "I'm not ordering you, Danny," he said softly, "I'm just not very good at knowing how to ask, I guess... feel free to tell me where to stick it." He gestured towards the bag, inferring Danny could say no to the domestic invasion.

"Oh, I'll tell you where to stick it, SuperSEAL," Danny grabbed the sides of Steve's head and ducked down to fasten his lips over the other man's. He tasted of pizza, which Danny was not at all averse to. Steve's hands went to the detective's hips and held him possessively as he returned the kiss with heat. They stayed like that for what seemed like ages, losing themselves in the feel of each other's mouths, hands roaming and grasping. Danny started to tug at Steve's t-shirt and Steve grabbed his butt, pulling him in closer before taking the hem of Danny's t-shirt and pulling it up and over his head. Danny's hands went straight back to Steve's clothing, but the SEAL had other ideas. He gripped Danny's hips and pushed up from the couch, twisting them so that Danny ended up on his back on the cushions, Steve above him and still trapped between his thighs. Steve stripped off his own t-shirt and went to work on a repeat performance of their earlier shower, kissing and nibbling at Danny's ear and neck. The blonde man managed to get the button and zip of Steve's fly undone and delved both hands into the newly accessible pants and boxers and bringing his partner's hard cock out of its increasingly tight confines.
Steve pulled at Danny's boxers, but came across a logistical dilemma when he realised he was in the way of removing them. He stood up and grabbed Danny's hand, pulling him up with him. "Bedroom, now," he smacked his partner's ass as he moved past him.

Danny strode off toward the bedroom, "Do you ever stop giving orders?"

Steve placed his hands in the small of Danny's back and propelled him forward, into the bedroom and to the foot of the bed. "Not when it comes to you, Danno. Whether you follow them or not is the real question. Just remember that this is a benevolent dictatorship..."

Danny smiled as the front of his calves bumped the end of the mattress, thinking about the first time they'd been together in his bed, just ten days ago. "Oh yeah? What's the benevolent part?"

A strong hand planted itself between his shoulder blades and shoved him forward, just hard enough to twinge his bruised skin but not so that the pain was unpleasant. He put his arms out to catch himself as he bounced on the mattress and leaned up on his elbows, making sure to flex the muscles in his ass cheeks for his willing audience of one.

"Allow me to demonstrate..." Steve licked his lips and gripped the waistband of Danny's boxers, the blonde raised his hips to allow for their swift removal and they were soon flung across the room. Steve's cargo pants and boxers came off as one, and then he was crawling up the bed with his hands and knees either side of his partner, and his lips were on the back of Danny's neck, sliding his cock over Danny's ass cheeks. The detective was still leaning up on his forearms and he let his head drop forward until his forehead was on the mattress, moaning as Steve once again went in for the kill and used his weak spots against him.

Hot breath and a slick tongue made their way over his shoulders, delicately investigating every inch of tender skin there, and Danny couldn't make up his mind whether he wanted Steve to hurry it up or slow it down. It was heavenly torture, and he moved his hips into the bed below him to gain some pressure and friction against his hard cock.

Once Steve got past the bruising, his mouth became more urgent and the treatment rougher. By the time he reached his partner's lower back, the SEAL was switching between mouthing the skin and nipping with his teeth, Danny was writhing underneath him and zaps of pleasure were coursing through his body like electric shocks, raising the hairs on his skin and making him grind into the sheets. Steve bit his right ass cheek lightly and he let out a strangled noise which his boss seemed to delight in as he repeated the action with his left cheek, receiving a similar reaction.

"Oh fuck Steve, yes..." Danny mumbled into the air space between his chest and the bed. He couldn't move from his position, couldn't breathe, couldn't think. Steve's knee pushed in between his thighs and he spread his legs for his lover, exposing himself for whatever Steve had planned. The brunette's tongue traced a wet line down from where his ass met his back, travelling lower with a slow intensity, his thumbs kneaded Danny's flesh, fingers gripping his hips and elbows pushing his thighs further apart from the inside so his arms curved beautifully over the line where Danny's ass met his thighs. Those thumbs then pulled his cheeks apart and Danny let out an embarrassingly loud and completely unintelligible noise as Steve's tongue swept over his hole.

"Oh sweet Jesus fuck fuck..." he pressed his forehead further into the bed when the hot tongue came back for another sweep and circled around his entrance, "Holy shit Steve!"

He felt Steve break into a grin and his stubbled jaw tickled him in places he never thought his partner would be. "You get very blasphemous in bed, you know that?" Steve teased.

"Fuck, don't stop!" Danny whined and shifted against the sheets again. He could get bossy as well
when he needed to be.

Steve pushed his face back into Danny's ass and did another sweep with his tongue, adding as much saliva as possible for lubricant before inserting a finger into Danny's tight channel. The detective cursed again and dropped his chest to the bed, face into the mattress, gripping the sheets tighter and bucking his hips up against Steve's invading digit. Steve continued to nibble at the back of his thighs while he worked Danny open, but the lack of proper lube added an extra edge of pain to the experience and dragged hoarse moans from Danny's mouth.

"Fuck, Steve get the lube," he waved at the bed side cabinet, "I mean I like it a bit rough but holy shit..."

Steve bit his ass cheek again lightly before withdrawing, stepping backwards onto the floor and going to the cabinet where he dug out a condom and a bottle of lube and placed them on top. He paused, looking thoughtfully at Danny as he lay gasping on the bed.

"Jesus, Steve hurry the fuck up," Danny just wanted his partner back on top of him, right now. Why is he just standing there looking at me like that? his brain screamed.

"You're very vocal tonight, Danny..." The SEAL's voice was teasing, but it had an edge of danger to it which prickled along Danny's skin.

"Well yeah, if you're gonna do stuff like that to me, I will be!" Danny reached out to him, "C'mon, what are you waiting for?"

Steve's eyes seemed to turn darker and he licked his lips, staring deep into Danny's eyes. "I want you to be quiet," he growled.

Danny moaned. God he loved it when Steve got all dangerous like this; it had turned him on many times before without Steve knowing, when they were interrogating criminals or fighting bad guys, when Steve's voice got low and calm, getting that much closer to animalistic and all the things that Danny's brain linked to that. And he was beyond turned on now; he wanted it, he wanted to challenge his partner, he wanted an animal.

He let a small defiant smile play across his lips, leaned back up on his arms and flexed his shoulders.

"No. You don't tell me what to do."

They stared each other down for a moment, and then Steve turned and whipped the belt tie out of the loops of Danny's flannel bathrobe which hung on a hook nearby. He launched himself at the blonde, and Danny flipped over on the bed in time to grapple with the flying SEAL, wrestling for the domination even though he knew he was going to eventually submit willingly... but why make it easy for Steve when it could be so much fun?

Steve grasped Danny's shoulders and pushed him down into the bed, while Danny went for a throat grab and knocked his partner off balance, taking his chance to flip them so he was on top. He ended up kneeling over Steve, one knee in between his thighs, and went in for a rough kiss which the brunette returned. Then his hair was grabbed from behind, and Steve pulled him away, baring his teeth in a grin like a Cheshire cat, leaned up and nipped along the pulse line of Danny's throat. His years of Navy combat training were now put to excellent use, wrestling his lover into submission on the bed while simultaneously kissing and nipping at his mouth and jaw.

They ended up with Danny backed up against the headboard, the pillows rucked up between him
and the bars, his wrists encased by Steve's huge hands and held against the wall above his head. Steve was putting all of his strength into holding him there as he fought back, until Danny decided it was time to let his partner win. It would be interesting, at some point, to see who might actually win a real physical fight between them, but that was for another night. Tonight, he wanted Steve to win. Because he couldn't quite see how he was really losing when it meant he was going to be royally fucked by an adrenaline-high Navy SEAL.

Steve grabbed hold of the flannel belt and wrapped it tightly around Danny's wrists, before taking hold of his hips and hauling him back down the bed, using the long loose end to secure his hands to the bars of the headboard. Danny moaned loudly and raised his hips up in an attempt to meet Steve's as he kneeled over him on all fours, but Steve climbed off him and walked over to his wardrobe. He carefully selected a black tie from the rack inside, and stalked back over to Danny, placing it over his lips as he stared into his eyes with lust in his own. He tied the length of material around the back of Danny's head, gagging him.

Danny tried to speak, wanted to make a sarcastic comment along the lines of 'I guess you don't want a blow job then?', but the wide part of the tie was over his lips and he couldn't even work it so that the material was in his mouth. He took a deep breath in through his nose and gave his partner a look which said 'Do your worst, and do it now.'

Steve definitely understood that bit, collecting the bottle of lube from the bedside table and rolling the condom down his thick length.

Danny closed his eyes and arched his back as Steve began a torturous, slow trail down his body, rough nips and open-mouthed careful bites contrasted with delicate kisses, raising goose bumps across his skin and making him moan into his gag.

Steve grazed his teeth over Danny's nipples and they hardened under his mouth, as he alternating between sucking and nipping. Danny writhed and made undignified noises, unable to voice the dirty things he really wanted to say to his partner.

Steve moved lower, teeth grazing over his stomach and dragging his blunt nails down the sides of Danny's rib cage and over his hips. Danny moaned and bucked up toward Steve again, but his strong hands grabbed his hips and held him down the bed. Danny made an impatient sound and Steve slowed his pace to spite him, leaving gaps in between his bites and kisses to hover over Danny's stomach and purposefully let hot breath skitter over his skin.

The most perfect punishment, the tantalising torture of a SEAL with an evil streak, a beautiful combination of Heaven and Hell wrapped up in a tattooed package of muscles and smooth skin and dark, lustful, devilish eyes. And he was Danny's.

Danny opened his eyes to look down at his lover, his breath hitching as he watched him close in on where his hard cock was resting against his stomach, twitching with every little nip, every lick from that talented tongue. He groaned loudly as Steve skirted around his dripping cock, travelling down with his tongue and flicking it across and finally around the base of his erection. The brunette's hands were still pinning his hips to the bed firmly, so even when he bent his legs and tried to push up with his feet, Steve simply held him in place, never breaking contact between mouth and skin.

Steve's tongue traced a slow, wet trail up the underside of Danny's cock, eliciting moans of pleasure and relief from his partner, and when he ducked back down and sucked Danny's balls into his mouth, rolling them around with his tongue, the detective almost came right there and then. He screwed his eyes shut again and fought against the feeling. He wanted to last as long as possible, wanted this to go on forever, and he jerked a little and made a sharp sound which signalled to Steve
that he needed to stop what he was doing before it was all over. His partner seemed to understand
as he pulled away gently and let Danny's balls slide out between his lips. Then within seconds he
was grasping Danny's cock with one hand and encasing the head in his mouth, the other hand still
pressing Danny into the bed. More undignified sounds came from Danny as he tried hard to control
his breathing, sucking in as much oxygen through his nose as possible without having the use of
his mouth. Every exhale turned into a moan or a breathy whine as pleasure flowed through his
body. Lubed up fingers pushed their way into him and he let out a keening moan of
encouragement. It wasn't long at all until he was ready, pushing against his lover's hand and trying
once more to buck up into his mouth.

Steve lifted his head, slid his hands under Danny's ass and moved forward on his knees into a
kneeling position, pulling Danny into his lap with the blonde man's legs spread to either side of
him, bent at the knee. Steve angled Danny's hips as his partner planted his feet firmly on the
mattress to help as best he could, and Danny grasped the headboard bars above him.

Steve lined up, pressed the tip of his cock against Danny's waiting hole, and then stopped. Danny
opened his eyes after a second and looked down his body at his lover, who was tracing lazy circles
on Danny's abs with his finger. Their eyes met.

"You want this, don't you?" Steve teased darkly, "You want me to shove my cock into you."

Danny moaned and tried to push toward Steve, but from his position he had no leverage. He closed
his eyes and whimpered as Steve smoothed his palms over Danny's thighs.

"Tell me how much you want it," his voice was low, almost a whisper. And he was enjoying this.
Damn him and his control issues, Danny thought desperately.

He pressed his head back into the mattress and squeezed his knees against Steve's ribs, moaning
loudly.

Steve laughed softly, "I need more than that, Danno,"

Danny looked at Steve again and started a muffled tirade of abuse which just came out as a long
line of "Mmmm mmf mhm mmmhm-" and cut off sharply as Steve thrust forward suddenly,
sending pleasure coursing up Danny's spine.

He inhaled deeply, relaxed into his lover and braced his arms against the bars above his head to act
as a counterpoint to Steve's sudden vigorous thrusting. He closed his eyes tightly against the
sensations, but needed to see Steve above him too much. He opened his eyes again, watching Steve
with hooded lids as he drove deeply into him. The SEAL's eyes were closed, his head thrown back,
sweat beginning to drip down over his face and neck as he pushed harder and faster, building his
speed seemingly exponentially and using all his effort to slam into his partner. Danny canted his
hips slightly upward and suddenly Steve was hitting his sweet spot with every movement, cock
sliding back and forth over his prostate. He could feel his orgasm building with each lunge, and he
moaned loudly in time with Steve's thrusts to let him know he was close. Steve reached forward
and slid his hand up Danny's shaft. His world went white as his climax took over his body, pulsing
through him and causing him to spill heat over his stomach and chest.

He was vaguely aware of Steve's movements becoming jerky as he fell over the edge of his own
orgasm, and the next thing he knew, he was sprawled on the bed with Steve lying on top of him,
head on Danny's chest and trying to normalise his breathing.

"Fmmm..." Danny said.
Steve took in a deep breath, "I couldn't agree more, Danno,"

Danny was too tired to laugh properly. He was too tired to do anything except lay there and try to memorise the way it felt to have Steve laying on him like that, his arms wrapped around Danny’s waist and muscled thighs either side of his knee, but his shoulders were beginning to ache from being in one position for too long.

He nudged Steve, who appeared to be falling asleep after his vigorous exercise, until he groaned and moved, stretching up over Danny and tugging on the robe belt until it came loose and his partner could lower his arms. He helped untie his wrists, and as Danny was loosening the tie to release his mouth, Steve ran a flat tongue up his stomach, licking some of Danny's come off his skin.

"Mmm fuck, Steve..." Danny breathed out.

Steve grinned and settled in against his lover, pressing their lips together in a slow kiss. Danny opened his mouth to the SEAL, tasting himself on Steve's tongue and moaning softly. Steve reached down and disposed of the condom, and then he was laying his head on Danny's shoulder and curling into him in a warm line down his side, arms snaking around his waist again and one leg hooking over one of Danny's. The detective slid his arm underneath Steve's head and rested that hand on his partner's bicep, the other hand went to Steve's arm which lay across his chest.

Danny let out a deep sigh. He didn't think this could feel much more perfect. Steve's breathing evened out and he drifted into a restful sleep in Danny's arms. He lifted his neck and kissed the top of Steve's head gently, before settling back into the sheets.

He woke up in the night, feeling sticky and hot. Steve had shifted so his was practically on top of Danny, so he had to gently roll him off so he could get up. If Steve woke, he gave no indication of it.

Danny slipped into the kitchen and grabbed a water bottle from the fridge, swigging from it as he collected the remaining pizza on a plate and placed it on one of the fridge shelves. He placed the half empty water bottle on the table on Steve's side of the bed and went into the bathroom to wipe his dried come off his stomach.

*Steve's side of the bed, did I just think that?* Danny looked at himself in the mirror and a smile crept onto his face. *Yes, definitely. Perfect. Happy. I'm happy.*

It had been a very long time, he realised, since he had been truly happy. There had been moments, yes, when something good happened. But they were temporary bouts of happiness, a few minutes, a few hours, a couple of days. But he'd been in what seemed like a permanent state of joy since last Monday night, new purpose and vitality in his bones, and it didn't feel like it was going away.

He went back to the bed, where Steve had apparently woken up, downed the rest of the bottle of water, and swiftly fallen back asleep on his side, facing away from the middle of the bed. Danny crawled up next to him and curled around him, playing big spoon to Steve's warm and solid little spoon, and kissed his shoulder.

Steve sighed. "Danno..."

Danny kissed his shoulder again. They said it to each other all the time, he and Steve, usually followed by the word ‘buddy’ or a similar term of friendly endearment. It was one of those things...
they had always done which caused other people to assume they were more than just work partners when they weren’t, like Danny calling Steve ‘babe’, or their complete lack of boundaries when it came to each other’s personal space. But it was the first time he’d said it since they’d gotten together, the first time it wasn't platonic, even though he wasn't sure it had ever really been platonic for him. The first time it carried this new weight of meaning behind it.

"I love you, Steve."

But his partner was fast asleep again.

Danny woke up again at 8.30, an empty space next to him in the bed but the smell of bacon floating through the house.

He staggered into the kitchen after pulling on some boxers, amazed to see Steve checking the rashers under the grill and slicing a couple of bread rolls open, also wearing only boxers. What a sight.

"Steve... we're late for work and... are you cooking bacon?"

Steve grinned, "No we're not, and yes I am."

Danny stared at him, "Explain. Both, please."

Steve slid the bacon off the grill onto the open rolls and placed one on a plate, handing it to Danny. "Well I happen to know your boss has got the hots for you, so I think he'll let you off... also the briefing isn't until 10am, and I texted Kono and Chin last night saying not to come in until then and get sleep while they can."

Danny gestured at the bacon roll with raised eyebrows before stuffing it in his mouth.

"And you said the other day you liked bacon for breakfast... plus you look so attractive eating it..." Steve teased. He began to eat his own sandwich, a little less vigorously.

Danny finished his mouthful while sticking his middle finger up at his partner. "Are you able to eat unhealthy things? Won't the bacon start a little war in your stomach with all the kale and the protein shakes and start throwing grenades or something?"

Steve walked past him and patted him on the ass. "Nah, it'll probably just walk straight in, point a gun and demand to see identification, and then take over..."

It was still early, so Danny's brain took a moment to catch up and realise Steve was comparing their first meeting in his garage to a bacon vs kale food war. And that was a sentence he never thought he'd ever think...

He rushed through the rest of his sandwich and followed his partner into the bathroom to share a shower.

The briefing went smoothly, HPD and Swat cooperated and accepted Steve as their temporary leader while the departments worked together.

Afterwards, Steve insisted that everyone should relax for the afternoon, go out for drinks and food,
and get a very early night - they would be convening at the Palace at 3am for a pre-dawn raid at 4am at the docks. Five-0 pealed off as a group and headed to a local bar and grill for lunch, feasting on steaks and fries and Longboards while they laughed and joked together, trying to wind down from the tension caused by the impending fire fight.

At 4pm, Danny received a call from Grace, telling him about her week at school. He went outside into the bar's enclosed courtyard to take it as the acoustic night was getting into full swing and he wanted to indulge in a chat with his daughter to soothe his nerves about their raid. He was confident about his team and their abilities, and in his own fighting skills, but he was also painfully aware that it was completely possible for things to go awry. You could plan for every factor, and still have something out of your control blow up in your face. If Grace hadn't called him, he probably would have called her later, so he stood in the courtyard and rested back against a wall as he listened to her excitedly tell him all about her school projects, a trip she was going on next week, and reminding him that the next Honolulu Shrimps game was in two weeks time.

Speaking of the Shrimps, his Assistant Coach strolled out to check on him at that moment and they waved to each other.

"Grace?" Steve mouthed silently, pointing at Danny's phone. When Danny nodded, Steve whispered, "Say hi from me."

"Yeah baby, I know when the game is. I'm your coach after all, I arranged it." He gave Steve a guilty look and shook his head. He'd completely forgotten, actually. Steve rolled his eyes at his partner.

"Uncle Steve says hi," he listened and then moved the phone's microphone away from his mouth, "She says hi. And she loves you."

Steve leaned in and Danny titled the phone back so Grace could hear his reply, "Love you too, Gracie!"

Danny's heart felt like it was going to implode. His partner, in both senses of the word, telling his daughter that he loved her, was just about the best thing in the world. Adding to that though, his memory of whispering those words to Steve last night while he was asleep, and he had to look away.

"Yeah Monkey, I'll see you soon. Danno loves you. Bye."

He hung up and Steve immediately grabbed his arm and pulled him around the corner to a spot hidden from the doors back into the bar. No one could see them if they looked out into the courtyard.

The band started playing their next song as he leaned in for a kiss, their lips brushing softly before connecting more solidly, and the acoustic notes of Everything Has Changed drifted across the courtyard from an open window.

Steve pulled back at the words 'All I know is you said hello, and your eyes looked like coming home, all I know is a simple name, and everything has changed...' and gave Danny the softest look he'd ever witnessed, hovering with their faces inches apart and Danny looking up into his eyes. It felt so intimate.

"You're a sap, McGarrett. You're a teddy bear, you are a fucking half-baked cookie." Danny prodded him in the chest and Steve glared at him, trying not to smile at the look in Danny's eyes. "You're adorable, you know that?"
"Don't call me adorable, I'm not a puppy," Steve muttered, moving in towards Danny and dipping in for another kiss, nonetheless.

"Yes you are..." Danny smiled against his lips, returning the gentle kiss and opening up to his partner's probing tongue.

They lost themselves in each other's mouths, gentle and loving, full of unspoken promises. Steve's hands were on the sides of Danny's face and he didn't even remember when they'd arrived there. Danny slipped his arms around Steve's waist.

The ballad drifted across the courtyard from the open door. Danny didn't generally consider himself a romantic - he was open with his feelings and put his all into his relationships, both platonic and romantic, but that was just the way he'd been brought up. He wasn't soppy though, he didn't get silly over song lyrics and yet...

'Come back and tell me why I'm feeling like I've missed you all this time, and meet me there tonight and let me know it's not all in my mind...'

God, why did this cheesy song mean so much more now that Steve McGarrett was holding on to him for dear life and running his tongue across the roof of Danny's mouth? He pushed his hands under the back edge of Steve's shirt, not to initiate anything sexual, just to feel his lover under his fingers, and Steve leaned into him and pressed him into the wall gently. This whole kiss wasn't about sex, it was about a different kind of longing. And there he was calling Steve a half-baked cookie...

God damn acoustic ballads...

They eventually broke the kiss, ending it through a series of gentle pecks to the lips as the last notes of the song drifted away on the breeze, smiling eyes gazing into each other's. It was hauntingly beautiful and made Danny's heart want to just give up and move in to Steve's chest full time where it belonged.

He leaned his head back against the wall as Steve pulled away, and he moaned in protest.

"We should probably go back inside..." Danny said, not really wanting to as it meant not being able to run his hands over that lovely tanned skin until later that night.

But Steve was staring at a nearby table on the courtyard, within full view of their position, which now had two fresh bottles of cold beer sitting on it.

"Steve, where did those beers come from?" Danny's heart leapt into his throat, "They weren't here earlier..."

Steve shook his head and looked at Danny, "So much for keeping it a secret from the team..." he mumbled.

Chapter End Notes
*GASP*

Uh oh, who was the silent deliverer of beer? Who saw them? And what is going to happen at the raid?

Once again, comments always gratefully received :)

I Will Never Leave You

Chapter Summary

When Steve and Danny get trapped in a small space, Steve finds the best way to distract Danny from his claustrophobia - a rather unexpected way!

Chapter Notes

Twas the night before the op, and all through the house, not a creature was stirring, not even... ah, who am I kidding? They're both awake...

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn't because they were in a relationship, it wasn't because they were having sex, and it certainly wasn't because Steve was his boss. It was because he loved Steve with all his heart and soul, before the relationship and now during. That was the reason he stepped in between Steve and the shot gun.

As pain blossomed across his back and the force took him forward to land on top of Steve and everything began to go black, he knew beyond a doubt that it was the one and only motive. He wanted Steve to live.

His world fell away as Steve screamed his name.

Nine hours earlier... 8pm

"Danny, are you awake?"

Danny felt Steve's whisper on the back of his neck, as they lay on Steve's bed with the SEAL's arms wrapped tightly around his waist.

"Yeah," he groaned and rubbed his face, "can't sleep..."

They'd gone to bed at 6pm in preparation for the pre-dawn raid, drawing the black out blinds in Steve's room to block out the Hawaiian sunshine, but they'd just tossed and turned for two hours and evidently neither one of them had been able to quieten their minds long enough to fall asleep.

"What are you thinking about?" Steve nuzzled against the back of his head.

Danny shrugged and just stared blindly into the darkness in front of him, "I can never sleep properly before an op like this. I hate it. I know the plan is great and the people are well trained
and ready, but I always have this niggling sense of doubt, you know? Something's gonna go wrong..."

"You need to stop worrying, Danno. We'll be okay, it's what we do. You shouldn't be so negative. That sort of thinking gets you hurt," Steve pulled him in tighter and gave him a reassuring squeeze.

"Alright Superman, why are you still awake then? You telling me it has nothing to do with the raid?" Danny turned himself so that he was laying on his back, and Steve pulled his arm out from underneath his partner and laid it straight upwards under the pillows so that he could rest his own head on it and look at Danny's face.

"I was thinking about... where did those beers come from, Danny?" Steve sounded concerned. Danny couldn't lie, he'd been pondering exactly the same thing, on and off. Turns out a team mate discovering your secret same-sex affair with your boss, combined with an impending exchange of bullets with criminals, was a cocktail powerful enough to keep anyone awake.

"Yeah I wondered about that too... Chin and Kono didn't seem to be acting any different when we went back inside the bar. They were just normal. Neither of them said or did anything to indicate it was them, but I'm pretty sure they both know how to be very discreet if they want to. I don't know Steve, I really don't." Danny sighed. "I just wish I could sleep right now, I need it."

He felt something hard and solid press into his thigh, and Steve let out a soft huff in his ear, making the hairs on the back of his neck raise.

"Good god man, are you ever not horny?" Danny slapped playfully at Steve's arm which lay across his stomach.

He felt Steve smile against his ear. "I can't help it with you around, Danno. You are so hot," his hot breath was skittering down Danny's neck.

"Sweet talker," Danny smiled. And damn it if it wasn't working.

"It'll help us sleep," Steve whispered, as if Danny had needed any further convincing.

Steve tugged at his boxers waistband and he slipped them down and used his feet to push them all the way off his legs. He turned on his side so he was facing his partner and smoothed a hand over Steve's rough stubbled jawline, looking into his eyes for a moment before moving forward for a kiss.

It was tender and loving, but very quickly turned heated as they intertwined their legs and pulled their bodies in close to one another. The skin-on-skin contact was gorgeous; that solid, warm, smooth muscle pressed against his chest and stomach was enough to make Danny shiver involuntarily. And apparently Steve had already divested himself of his boxers, so he must have been planning the sex. Good boy.

Their cocks rubbed against each other producing friction which set Danny’s brain on fire. His lover. His partner. His Steve.

He kissed Steve harder, using his teeth to nip at his lips and making him hum and kiss even harder in return. Danny slid one thigh underneath Steve's and the other in between, so they were locked together and whenever one of them moved their hips their cocks would glide up and down the other's. They lost themselves in this for a few minutes, gently thrusting in toward each other while they kissed and massaged each other's flesh with needy hands.

They moaned into each other's mouths and let their hands wander, grasping at biceps and shoulders
and assed just to pull themselves closer to one another. They were chest to chest, pressed together tightly, hot sweaty skin on hot sweaty skin, and still they seemed to be pushing themselves further into each other, like they wanted to melt into one.

Steve pulled away and reached over into the bedside drawer to grab the lube bottle. He squirted some into his hand and reached down. Danny was expecting him to lube himself up, but his huge hand slid around Danny’s erection instead and he moaned out loud with the surprise. Steve grinned like a Cheshire cat, Danny could just make out that beaming smile in the dark.

"Don't look so proud of yourself McGarrett, two can play at that game,” Danny grabbed the lube bottle and dumped a load into his hand before grasping Steve's solid cock and sliding his hand ever so slowly up the shaft.

Steve made an undignified noise and shoved his face into the pillow. Danny laughed, but was cut off when Steve's hand glided upwards and he did a last minute flick of the wrist which sent electricity into Danny's balls.

The second Steve unburied his face, Danny’s lips were on his again, tongue pushing for entry which Steve willingly opened to. Their tongues and teeth collided and the kiss turned rough, both finding it hard to coordinate their mouths in between grunts and gasps while their lovers was using dirty tricks to jack them off. Their competitiveness obviously hadn't completely left them. For every move Danny made, a sudden movement down the shaft or using his thumb to circle the head, Steve would use another move against him, flicking his wrist at precisely the right moment or varying the pressure by tightening and releasing his fist.

Danny shifted and introduced his other hand into the game, Steve moaned loudly against his mouth and his other arm slid under Danny's neck, around his shoulders and tightened, pulling them solidly into each other. Three hands and two cocks were now trapped between them in a sticky, lubricated entanglement, where every time someone moved it caused both of them to pant and swear and moan, ever movement meant pleasure for both of them as skin slid over skin.

Steve leaned up on his shoulder and pressed his mouth against Danny's neck, kissing and nibbling along his pulse point. Danny went for Steve's neck as well, nipping along the muscle and then moving upward and taking Steve's earlobe into his mouth. Simultaneously he thrust his hips forward and the sensations that followed had them clinging on to each other for dear life.

As he moved his cock forward it glided across one of his own wrists, but also through Steve's fisted hand and against Steve's dick. Steve bucked in response and he slid through Danny's hands and against the detective's hard stomach. They used the leverage created by their thighs being locked together to thrust mindlessly in towards each other, each move eliciting gasps and moans which got louder and louder, cocks sliding through a maze of lubricated solid flesh and fingers and muscle.

"Fuck, Danny 'm gonna..." Steve spoke directly into Danny's shoulder, his mouth over the teeth marks he'd left there a week previously. That memory flooding into Danny's mind along with the sensations he was now feeling was enough to take him right up to orgasm.

Both of his hands squeezed reflexively as he felt himself fall over the edge, causing Steve to cry out and push his forehead into Danny's shoulder. They both tensed and cried out as their come pulsed between them, hard heavy breathing was the only thing that filled the room.

When Danny's brain started to function with some sense of normality again, he brought a hand up to caress Steve's jaw while he kissed him gently.
"Eurgh," Steve said into his mouth.

Okay, so maybe the brain function isn't quite up to par yet, Danny figured as he pulled his sticky hand away from Steve's face.

"Um... sorry?" He tried.

"You don't sound sorry," his partner grumbled. Then he leaned in and buried his face into the crook of Danny's neck again, transferring the come and lube combination over onto the side of his partner's face and neck.

"Ugh, you dirty bastard! Mine was an accident!" Danny tried to back away but Steve brought both of his hands up and squashed him and his lover together. One of his hands was still tacky, leaving a trail down Danny's back, and rubbing the two of them together caused the mess to spread even further over their chests and stomachs.

"Oh god no, this is disgusting!" Danny was laughing though, even through his complaint, and slid his hands around to wipe them down Steve's back and over his ass.

It was Steve's turn to complain, but his eyes were smiling and forming those little creases at the corners that Danny loved to see. "Ugh. This is your fault, Williams, clean up your mess!"

They laughed and kissed each other gently, smiling against the other's lips and sighing.

They lay still for a couple of minutes before Steve whispered, "A shower may be a good idea, I don't want to wake up stuck to the bed."

Danny made a disgusted noise in agreement and they peeled themselves off the sheets and made for the bathroom. Once in the shower, they washed each other down while exchanging gentle kisses, and then went back into the bedroom where Danny stripped the messy sheets and Steve collected some new ones to throw on.

They climbed back into the bed and it felt glorious - fresh cool sheets which smelled pleasantly of light fabric softener, both clean and warm and naked, and deeply satiated by one another. They drifted off to sleep in no time at all, wrapped in each others arms.

Danny and Steve had their backs to a shipping container, Kono and Chin were in the same positions opposite them, dressed in full tac gear. The light was dim, it being so early, so they all had to be fully aware of each other in the dimness.

Five-0 were taking point on the raid, while HPD had eyes on the targets using wireless cameras they had installed during Friday afternoon. SWAT team members were in similar positions to them all over the dock.

The team waited, tense, ready for when they had the go signal.

Then a voice came over the radio. "Mission is a go, the cat is out of the bag! Go go!"

Danny felt like having a stern talking to about whoever came up with that code for 'they've opened the boxes full of weapons and we have the evidence on film', but put it to the back of his mind as he advanced through the high-walled corridors in between the containers with Steve just ahead of him, gun grasped in his hands.
He followed his partner's hand signals and silently crouched low at the corner, checking their six the whole time, as the SEAL whipped around the end of the container and slammed the butt of his gun into the back of a lone bad guy's skull, dragging him back around the corner where Danny deftly slipped a zip tie onto his wrists and ankles for collection later. They crept on through the maze of metal, and when they heard yelling and gun shots from about forty feet away they knew the game was up and the cops had been spotted. They tore toward the noise of the fight, past some open containers, when suddenly a solid corrugated wall slammed into them from the side. They were thrown sideways into on of the open shipping containers and the one that had hit them crashed into it and shifted it a few feet before coming to rest in front of the doorway. One of the bad guys must have gotten hold of the crane.

Steve was almost immediately hovering over Danny, checking on him in the darkness and pulling him to his feet. They were both a little dazed from the impact, but scrambled to where their container met the wall of the other, a shaft of dim morning light coming through at the edges.

They pushed at the wall of metal, but the containers were huge and nothing would budge.

"Hey! Hey!" Steve called out, then growled under his breath, "Oh for fuck sake, this looks great doesn't it? We're leading the damn mission and we get trapped in a fucking box!" He grabbed his radio and spoke into it, "This is Commander McGarrett, Detective Williams and I have been trapped in a shipping container on the south west edge of the pier, it's a yellow container and there is a red container now blocking our exit. We are unable to move it, can you send back up and advise? Over."

The radio crackled back, "Commander, please be advised all respondents are currently engaged. We will send someone as soon as we can, but you're gonna have to sit tight I'm afraid. Over."

Steve sighed, "Acknowledged, over." He dropped the radio back onto its loop on his vest.

Danny's pulse felt like it was going to jump out of his throat. His vision greyed a little around the edges and he dropped his gun, placing his hands on his knees to support himself. His chest felt tight, like he couldn't take in enough oxygen, like he'd never be able to breathe again.

He heard Steve's voice, but it felt distant and distorted, "Danny? Danny, hey you okay?"

He tried to answer, but his inability to breathe hampered his attempts. "We gotta... Steve we gotta get out..."

"Shit, claustrophobia... It doesn't normally come on this quick," Steve was rubbing his back and trying to get in front of his face to make Danny look at him.

No, it didn't normally come on this quick. Danny could usually handle these situations for at least a few minutes before having a panic attack, but tonight was different. The adrenaline was already running high from the mission, Danny had woken up with a bad feeling in the pit of his stomach that something was going to go badly wrong tonight, and being taken by surprise with the impact from the swinging container hadn't helped at all. Everything combined to make him look like a complete useless fucking idiot in front of his boss and lover. He hated this. This phobia, this weakness, it made him feel pathetic.

He tried to take deep breaths and steady himself, straightening his back, "I'm 'kay, 'm alright Steve,"

Steve squeezed his arm and left him standing there, running back to the edge of the container, thumping on the side and shouting for help. Danny pushed himself to join him, even if his blood
was thundering in his ears, and they both tried pushing at the red metal wall again.

After a couple of minutes they realised that everyone else must be a bit busy and that, really, their predicament was far from the most important thing tonight.

Danny leaned back against the wall of the container which had taken them out and trapped them in this steal hell. His knees gave out and he slumped into the corner with his knees up against his chest, his breathing was becoming more difficult again, now that they didn't have the distraction of calling for help.

Steve knelt in front of him and pulled on his ankles until his legs were out straight, which helped a huge amount with the breathing, but Danny knew he must have wild eyes and look like a sweaty mess. Steve shifted until one knee was in between Danny's thighs, hovering over his good leg, and he took Danny's face in his hands and leaned in to capture his lips in his own.

Danny immediately calmed. His world narrowed to the feel of Steve's mouth against his, his huge warm hands on his face, the feel of his arms under Danny's finger tips as he reached up to return the caress. He wasn't thinking about where they were anymore, he was thinking about "Steve's eyes and his hands and his smile and those little crinkles that formed in the corners of his eyes when he laughed, and that laugh, it was music, a symphony to Danny's ears, like when they'd been in Steve's bedroom earlier, it was warm unlike where they were now and oh fuck we're stuck in a tiny fucking steel box!!

He gripped at Steve's face and began to hyperventilate again. "Hey hey, Danno it's okay. We're okay, look at me." He leaned into kiss him again but Danny flinched and pushed him away.

"No no nonono we're not okay, *this* is not okay!" Danny gestured wildly to their surroundings. "Steve you gotta help me, distract me! Something!" His hands grasped at the wall behind him and his fingers slid across rusty metal, just reaffirming in his mind where they were.

Steve was getting back in front of him, talking to him, gripping his face and trying to make eye contact again, saying his name, but Danny's eyes were flicking to everything around him, the walls, the floor, the roof, all solid and too close, the tiny crack of slowly-brightening dawn light which was doing nothing to soothe him, and what did Steve just say?

Danny's wide eyes went to lock with Steve's again, "W-what did you just say?"

Steve smiled at him, he could just make out his face in the not-quite-darkness.

"I said, I love you too, Danno."

Danny's brain struggled for a second, trying to comprehend. "What do you mean, *too*? I didn't say it, I haven't said it to you?" His brain reeled as he desperately tried to work out if his panic attack had caused him to blurt anything out about his lover, but no he'd been pretty quiet apart from the heavy breathing. He hadn't said it, not today.

"No Danny," Steve sighed and smoothed a thumb over his cheekbone, "No, not tonight. But you said it. When we were in your bed the other night. You thought I was asleep and you said it."

Danny was stunned. "You were awake? But why- why didn't you say anything, why didn't you let me know you heard me? You absolute bastard, why didn't you...?" he trailed off. "You didn't want to say it back." His voice was soft and it caught a little as he said it. It hurt, so much. *He didn't want to say it, he doesn't love me back. And now I look like a complete idiot, an emotional loser. Why is this my life?*
Tears pricked at his eyes, but right now he couldn't care what he looked like because the man he loved didn't love him in return. He'd known about Danny's confession for more than twenty four hours and said nothing. Danny was angry and hurt and he felt empty.

"No, Danny. Not at the time. I was scared," Steve's voice was so soft, so unsure of himself, nothing like his usual SEAL personality. He sighed, "Everyone... everyone always leaves me Danny. And I've been telling myself that even though I want this to go on forever, you and me, that it's not going to last. I feel like you're gonna leave me eventually. Because there is no way, no way on God's green earth that I could have that sort of luck. No way that I could get someone as amazing as you and keep hold of you. No way that I could make someone like you love me. That shit doesn't happen to me, Danno. And then there's you whispering in the darkness that you love me and I feel that new meaning behind it, not like we used to say it but... it's so much more now. I didn't know how to handle it, and I'm sorry. I'm so so sorry, because I should have said it back. Straight away. I should have said it years ago. Because I love you, Daniel Williams, with everything I am-"

He was cut off by Danny's mouth crashing into his own. They gripped at each other's faces and hair and shoulders and tried to melt into each other, if only it were possible to just become one whole person like they were meant to be, not the two halves which had always known they were missing something important. The kiss was simple and deep and pure. They broke apart and wiped at each other's tears.

"-and everything I will become." Steve finally finished.

Danny let out his manic giggle because he felt like he was going to implode and explode simultaneously. He launched forward into Steve and knocked him onto his back, landing so he was on all fours above him and kissing him hard again. "You goof! You fucking idiot, Steve! I'm not gonna leave you, I've always been there for you and I always will," he rained kisses down on his boss's lips and face, "You god damn idiot, get it into your thick Navy skull now, right now. I will never leave you, not willingly, not ever. You got that?"

Steve smiled up at him in the dim light, tears running from his eyes and over his temples and disappearing into his hairline. "Yeah Danno, I got it."

They locked together in a kiss they never wanted to end.

Steve's radio crackled to life, "Commander? We're coming in now to get you. Over."

Steve broke the kiss reluctantly and grabbed the radio, thumbing the button and having to clear his throat.

"Received and ready," he grinned and raised his head to kiss Danny again, before remembering something, "Uh, over."

Danny snorted and climbed to his feet, before reaching down and pulling Steve upright as well. He looked around him at the walls which didn't seem quite so close now and smiled. Someone was on their way, they weren't trapped anymore. And Steve loved him.

Steve loved him.

He went to go in for another kiss, but voices outside the container announced the arrival of the rescue party and both of them started wiping each other's tears away and tidying their hair and clothing up, trying to make it look like they hadn't just had an emotionally-charged make out session.
The container blocking them started to lift and shift slightly, and Danny went to pick up his gun, holstering it.

"Steve? Danny?" Chin's voice came through the slowly widening gap, "You two okay in there?"

"We're good, Chin," Danny called back, "Just glad to hear your voice. Everything okay with the op?"

"Yeah bruh, we did good. It's over. Not too many injuries on our side,"

The gap grew larger as someone put the crane back to work and dragged the container, making the metal squeal on the concrete below. When it was wide enough for them to step out, someone yelled at the crane operator and everything came to a stop. Danny was first out, followed by Steve, and they found themselves surrounded by members of SWAT as well as Chin and Kono, and some HPD officers leading off some of the bad guys.

A cheer went up in the small crowd, calls of 'Nice of you to join the op!' and 'Welcome back!' drifted over the air to the duo, who both looked suitably embarrassed, although maybe not for the reasons the surrounding officers would presume.

"Yeah, ha ha, laugh it up!" Steve was saying to the SWAT guys who were ribbing at him, some of them literally jabbing him in the ribs, and Danny locked eyes with Chin who smiled at him. Then he looked at Kono, and she smiled and raised her eyebrows at him, then nodded slightly towards Steve.

Danny rolled his eyes, "The beers were you?" he asked cryptically.

Kono shrugged and smiled, "It was my round," she said simply, and leaned into Danny's ear, "and also I now have a new phone wallpaper of a photo of you two making out, so I win too!" She pulled back and grinned evily, and Danny smacked her on the arm and stuck a finger in her face.

"Delete that. Well, send it to me, then delete it," he tried to sound menacing but couldn't quite manage it with the grin plastering his face.

"Make me," Kono smirked and strolled off into the crowd.

Danny sighed and looked over at Steve, who had moved out into the centre of the area and was getting a run down of the events they had missed. He went to stand next to his boss, looking over his shoulder at the stream of bad guys being led off by HPD officers. They'd caught so many of them, they run out of zip ties. And that was why everything suddenly went wrong.

He'd known it, ever since Calvin gave them the information and they knew they had a bust to make, something in his gut had been screaming at him that it wouldn't go to plan. He'd tried to put it down to his usual glass-half-empty approach on life, but that hadn't felt right because Steve had already more than filled that glass this past two weeks. He'd put it down to being tired, just nerves, just paranoia. And the he'd thought maybe it was getting trapped in the container; that was it, that's what had gone wrong.

But Danny should always trust his instincts. Always.

In a split second, one of the dealers, a big burly guy with a shaved head and a broken nose, tore free from the officer holding him. No cuffs or zip ties meant his hands were free to grab the unsecured shot gun from the back holster of one of the SWAT team nearest to him. He whipped it round and pointed it at the crowd of officers, and Steve spun to find it pointed at his torso from only four feet away.
Danny saw it in slow motion, every officer reacting by going for their weapon, including Steve, and none of them would be in time. Steve was still wearing his tac vest, but a shot from that close a range would still do damage. Even if the pellets didn't pierce the armour, the impact alone could cause serious internal bleeding if it hit someone in the stomach. And that was going to happen to Steve. But not of Danny could help it.

So, no. It wasn’t because they were in a relationship, it wasn’t because they were having sex, and it certainly wasn’t because Steve was his boss. It was because he loved Steve with all his heart and soul, before the relationship and now during.

And Steve loved him back.

That was the reason he stepped in between Steve and the shot gun, grabbing Steve's tac vest and dragging himself in front of him so he was facing Steve and his back would take the full blast. He was still wearing his vest, and his back stood a better chance than Steve's stomach.

There was the loud explosion of a shot gun firing, and he felt like someone had just punched him in the back. With a truck.

As pain blossomed across his back and the force took him forward to land on top of Steve and everything began to go black, he knew beyond a doubt that it was the one and only motive. He wanted Steve to live.

His world fell away as Steve screamed his name.

Chapter End Notes

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Do NOT worry, this is NOT a death fic! Don't you dare even think it, you know I love our boys too much to do that to them, or YOU!

Danny is now going to have to recover, so no rough sex for him in the next chapter, but he does get to have his revenge for the gagging on Steve in a different form!

Anyway, this one emotionally drained me, so I'm going to huddle into the fetal position in the corner and bang my head against the wall until I feel better...
Danny came around to voices and bright lights.

There was one voice he didn't recognise, with a local accent and a soothing tone, saying something about allowing only one person to stay with the patient.

Then there was Steve's voice. It had a strained edge to it, saying he wanted them *all* to be there when Danny woke up. Agreeing noises came from the back of the room, definitely Chin and Kono. His lover, his friends... his ohana. They were here.

He smiled through the fuzz he felt in his brain, like he was drifting through clouds. He felt absolutely wonderful, no pain whatsoever, like he could fly if he really tried hard enough, but right now he just didn't have the energy. Maybe later.

He must have made a noise because suddenly Steve was above him.

"Danno?"

Beautiful Steve, he looked so smooth and angelic, like a sculpted piece of marble, like a work of art. And boy, was Danny high right now.

He knew it, knew that familiar feeling of pain meds blurring reality and the bright lights of a white hospital room. He'd been working with Five-0 long enough to have woken up in hospital a couple of times. He felt great now, but he also knew he'd feel like a truck had hit him once the meds were decreased.

His fuzzy mind told him to speak to Steve, let him know he was okay, but all he could do right now was slide his fingers around Steve's wrist where his hand was on the bed, stare up at him with a goofy grin, and impart the important message: "You're pretty..."
Kono started to giggle uncontrollably, probably partly through relief that Danny was awake, but more likely because she seemed to find their pairing ridiculously cute anyway, even without the stupid drugged-up declarations of a grown ass man who currently sounded like a five year old girl. And he should know, he'd had one...

"Uh, thanks Danny," Steve smiled tightly, "How you feeling, buddy?"

"Floaty..." Danny mumbled, "Wha happened?"

The local man stepped up, he was wearing a white coat so Danny could only presume he was his doctor. "You took a shot gun blast to the back while wearing tactical gear, Detective Williams," he held out his hand, "I'm Doctor Kame, I'm looking after you right now."

Danny shook his hand and grinned a bit stupidly. He really needed to stretch his legs, he felt stiff and awkward, numb. He tried to shift, flex his toes, something. But nothing would move.

He grasped out at Steve's hand, pulling him in toward him, panic screamed through his brain and the machine next to him which had been softly beeping away to show his calm heartbeat began to emit an alarm. "Steve, I can't move my legs! Steve I'm paralysed!"

Steve grasped his shoulders, "No no, Danny calm down, they've just given you an epidural and put you in traction so you don't move. Stop panicking. Hey hey, you're okay, I've got you!"

Danny tried to slow his breathing, "Fuck fuck fuck..." he breathed out a deep breath, "God I thought..." Steve rubbed calming circles on his shoulder.

Kono and Chin were now at the foot of his bed, trying to reassure him with their presence and sympathetic looks.

Doctor Kame came into his peripheral vision again. "You've been out for a while, Detective. We've done quite a few scans and tests already; your physical reactions are good, and the area of damage around your spine appears to just be swelling. We need to keep you still for twenty four hours or so, but after that we'll do some more tests and then arrange for some physical therapy for you, to get you back on your feet. But everything looks to be positive."

Danny pushed his head back into the pillows and breathed deeply, trying to calm his heart rate. Steve smoothed his hand over Danny's forehead and grasped his hand again, squeezing.

"Steve I want a hug, take me home..." Danny mumbled, still quite spaced-out, and not entirely comprehending everything.

"We can't go home yet, Danno, you need to stay here and get better." Steve leaned down and planted a kiss on his forehead, and a look crossed his face like he'd just realised Chin and Kono were still in the room. It was very similar to his Aneurysm Face.

Danny grinned, "Don't worry, Kono had the beers..."

They both looked up at Kono and Chin. Kono shrugged and gave Steve a smile and innocent wide eyes. Chin was also smiling. He laughed and looked at Steve and Danny with affection when they looked a little confused.

"Oh, we'd already worked it out, way before she caught you out at the grill," he gestured at his cousin, "We are cops, guys, and if you two thought you were being subtle then you are seriously deluded... sorry."
Danny snorted, "I love you guys... and not just because I'm high..."

He looked up at Steve, whose look of terror had now diminished, and he looked happy until he looked down at Danny and his smile faded a bit. He blamed himself.

_He always blames himself_, Danny thought, _why does he always feel he is responsible for my actions?_

He squeezed his partner's hand tightly. "I'm okay Steve, I'm okay. Stop with the Aneurysm Face or it'll stick like that," he smiled, a wave of tiredness swept over him and he felt his eyes slip closed. "I'm glad you're okay, Steve..."

"Me? You're the one who stepped in front of a gun, you idiot," Steve’s voice carried more than a little culpability under the teasing tone.

"Had to look after you, you great goof," Danny muttered before he drifted off into the tempting outreaches of slumber.

When he next woke up, there was only Steve in the room. Asleep in the chair, he still somehow managed to look stressed.

His hand was resting solidly on Danny's shoulder and his brow was creased as he slept with his head resting back against the wall. Danny reached up and ran his hand over Steve's, and his partner grunted and blinked his eyes open against the sunlight filtering in from behind the drawn blinds.

He looked over at Danny and realised he was awake. "Hey you,"

"Hey," Danny whispered, his throat felt dry and his voice was a little hoarse. Steve leaned over and grabbed a cup of water from the side table, ready and waiting for when his partner woke up. Steve held it to his lips and he took a sip. "Thanks, buddy. You okay? Sleeping in those chairs sucks..."

Steve gave him a weak smile and leaned in closer, speaking softly, "Danny, stop asking me if I'm okay. I'm fine. Because of you, I'm fine, I'm alive. But, and I say this with nothing but love, what in the ever loving fuck were you thinking?"

"Uh, I was thinking I wanted to save your life?" Danny was still a little fuzzy from the drugs, less so than earlier, but he was pretty sure Steve hadn't quite understood the situation, "If you'd gotten hit in the stomach, even with your vest, you could have got badly hurt Steve, or worse. I couldn't let that happen."

The SEAL ran his hands over his face, which had a decent layer of stubble covering it. He looked very tired, like he'd had trouble sleeping, and Danny wasn't even sure how long it had been since the raid. "Shit Danny, you could have been killed. Did you even think of that? You could have been paralysed. You have to have PT now, you'll be in pain. For God's sake, Danny. I... could have lost you..."

"Every silver lining has a fucking cloud with you, huh?" Danny gave his partner a soft look, "Complaining about stuff is my job. Can we just focus on the fact that I'm alive, you're alive, everyone's alive..."

"Except the guy who shot you..." Steve interjected.

"Huh?"
"The guy who shot you, pretty much received a bullet from every cop there..." Steve shrugged and looked a little overly satisfied for someone who was talking about a dead guy, "Deserved it as far as I'm concerned..."

"Steve, can you promise me you're not going to mope around and blame yourself for this? Bad stuff happened and it was my decision," Danny weakly smacked Steve in the shoulder when he looked like he was about to argue, "and I'd do it again in a heart beat. Because I love you."

Steve leaned forward and kissed him. "I can't promise you anything, Danno, but I'll try." His phone began to ring in his pocket, and he stood up and walked to the other side of the room to answer it. "McGarrett... Okay, thank you. I'll get Detective Kelly and Officer Kalakaua down there straight away."

He hung up and Danny gave him a questioning look. "We caught a case, I'll send Chin and Kono," "No, Steve, you go. I'll be fine here," Danny waved him off.

"Danny, I'm staying." Steve crossed his arms and squared his jaw defiantly.

"Steve, seriously, go. I'm so tired at the moment, all I'm gonna do is sleep. You need to do your job, our job, and get yourself out of this hospital. I swear to god, if I wake up and you're still here I'll kick your ass," he gestured at his temporarily disabled feet.

"That's not funny, Danny," Steve grouched.

"Yeah it is, I'm a funny guy. Now go. I need a rest from putting up with you anyway," Danny winked at him, letting him know he was only kidding.

Steve sighed, "Okay, alright, I'll go. But if you need me, your phone is right there. You call me, okay?"

Danny nodded his head and accepted the kiss Steve gave him, "I will, now go save the world."

Steve gave him one last pining look before he left, and Danny let himself drift back off to sleep.

It had been a few days since Danny had been taken out of traction, his pain meds had been reduced which was a relief for his brain as he felt like he could think better, but not so much for his back. Every time he shifted in his sleep or made an involuntary move without thinking, he received a sharp twinge of white hot pain for his efforts, so he had a control he could use to dial up or down on the meds for when he needed it, and strict instructions to use it as little as possible.

Once he was out of traction, he finally allowed Grace to come and visit - he hadn't wanted her to see him unable to move and scare her, it was bad enough her seeing him in hospital again in the first place. It had been an awkward feeling, having Rachel, Grace and Steve all in the same small room at once, especially while Rachel had no idea that he and the SEAL were now partners in both senses of the word, and he didn't want her to guess. He had to tell her the right way. So he quietly asked Steve to get him a coffee even though it broke his heart a little to effectively kick his lover out in favour of his ex-wife. Grace had seemed fine though, thank god, and had told him all about the school trip which she had now been on, and once again reminded him about the Shrimps game the following week. He had to break it to her that he might not be able to come and coach that one and her face had fallen, but when Steve returned and announced he would gladly take over the role of Head Coach and Grace had brightened up again, Danny had to try and hide his joy at her reaction. By the curious look that passed over Rachel's face, however, he hadn't quite caught
himself in time. They'd need to sit down and have that chat soon.

The PT sessions had been tough going, and Steve had been there for every minute of them, handing off duties on their current case to Chin and Kono so that he could attend. The cousins had been fantastic, supporting him all the way and making sure he caught up on sleep at the office where ever possible. They'd also come in to see Danny as much as possible, sneaking in Kamekona’s daily specials and, at one point, even a pizza from the place that didn’t suck.

Steve had been sleeping at the hospital every night, much to Danny's chagrin, to the point that the nurses had laid out a cot in the corner for him. The hospital staff didn't even bother arguing with Five-0 anymore, especially their strong-willed Commander, but that didn't stop Danny from lecturing him every night about getting a decent night's sleep in a proper bed. Steve's standard response quickly became "The bed is too empty without you," which Danny found it hard to argue against as, in truth, he didn't want Steve to go. It was all posturing from both of them. He knew Steve had taken the situation hard, and part of his way of dealing with it was to practically smother Danny with his attention and company, and the detective couldn't really complain. It was Steve's emotional therapy, and it was just as important to him as his own physical recovery. More so.

Danny was finally allowed to get up and walk around on his own, including going to the toilet, which was a massive relief to him, his embarrassment levels, and his nether regions. No more horrendous tubes in places they should never go.

However, he had just managed to twist his back while visiting the restroom, so as he dragged his IV pole back across the room and got back into bed, he hit the meds button a couple of times for good measure.

As the pain ebbed away a little, he decided that 1pm was a good time to check up on his partner and the case.

He picked up his phone and called Steve, settling back into the pillows.

"Hey Danny, what's up? You need anything?" Steve was automatically in mother hen mode as he answered. Danny could hear Chin and Kono talking in the background, but no other noise, so he figured Steve was probably at HQ.

"No, babe, just wanted to check up on my favorite guy... but I thought I'd call you instead..." he grinned, still enjoying getting his little jibes in at Steve. He could imagine him bristling a little and a sly smile crossing his face as he prepared his come back.

"I'm not surprised, Johnny Depp probably has a restraining order on you..."

He rolled his eyes but couldn't stop the grin spreading across his own face, "That is the last time I let you in on any of my celebrity crushes, McGarrett. Could still imagine you in that pirate outfit though..."

Steve laughed softly, "Down boy, no dirty phone calls while I'm on the job."

Danny heard Kono giggle in the background, and Chin saying "Oh, dear God guys, Danny's in hospital and you still can't keep it in your pants?" and laughing along with his cousin. He could envision Steve giving them the finger as well, but an idea was already forming in his mind. A way to thank Steve for looking after him, but also to pay him back for the gagging incident.

He giggled before he could stop himself.

"You alright, Danno?" Steve sounded mildly amused.
"I'm a little high..." Danny slurred into the phone.

"I can tell... look seriously, I'll come back in if you want. The guys can handle this case without me,"

"Nah babe, just wanted to call you and make sure you weren't still punishing yourself over me being in here," he gestured around to the hospital room even though Steve couldn't see him. Habit of a life time.

The cousins' voices grew more distant and then cut off. Danny figured Steve had gone into his office for some privacy. "It's my fault though, Danny. I should have listened to you. You said something bad was gonna happen and it did!"

The detective sighed, *I knew he was still thinking like this*... "Listen, Steve, even if I did feel like something was gonna go wrong, I didn't know what. So if you had listened to me, we still wouldn't have been able to stop it." He listened to the silence on the other end of the line for a few seconds, knowing Steve was still beating himself up and needing to make him laugh, "Plus far as I know, I haven't been dunked in radioactive goop or been bitten by mutant spiders grown in a lab to cause me to develop any psychic powers recently, so you're still the only one with super powers outta the two of us."

Steve laughed and it sounded like music to him. "Why the hell would spiders give you psychic powers?"

Danny went with it. "Have you seen the little fuckers, Steven? You come up behind them with a newspaper and they're outta there. It's like they know what you're thinking!" He waved his arms about again, just glad that he could hear the smile in Steve's voice.

"They have amazing vision, Danno, eyes in the back of their heads. They can see you coming, it's not ESP!"

"Don't blindside me with your SEAL science..."

"SEAL science? What the fuck?" Steve was laughing again, as he was talking, and Danny felt good about that. But he also felt knackered beyond belief.

"Listen babe, I need to get some rest and come down a little from these pain meds, but I'm gonna call you later, 'kay?"

"Alright Danno, I'm gonna try and come by in a bit, depending on what the case brings, but we might have to take a trip to the North shore. I'll definitely be back tonight, but hopefully earlier."

"No worries babe, don't rush, I'm not running off anywhere..."

"That's still not funny, Danny." Steve grumbled.

"Tis a little, babe. 'M funny guy..." Danny was starting to drift even though he was still holding the phone. "I'll see you soon."

"See you later, Danno. And Danny? I love you."

Danny smiled warmly, "I love you too, Steve."

They ended the call and Danny carefully placed his phone back on the side table. He hit the button to lower the head of his bed and settled back into the pillows and dream some drugged-up dreams.
He awoke later having dreamt about Steve. He knew he had because he had morning wood. Or afternoon wood, anyway. The clock told him it was just after 5pm, and it didn't look like his partner had been by yet.

He grabbed his chart from where it hung on the edge of his bed, and it looked like the nurses had come to check on him around half an hour ago. Brilliant, that meant they wouldn't be back for another hour and a half at least.

He reached for his phone and brought up Steve's number. The picture he had for Steve was of the two of them sitting in Side Streets from a while ago. Danny was looking at the camera, Kono had been the one taking the photo, but Steve was looking at Danny in that way he always did, but with a decent dose of alcohol having blurred their personal space 'limitations' even more than usual, Steve had his nose pressed against Danny's cheek and a big drunk grin on his goofy face. Danny must have been blind not to notice it before now. Maybe he had, but had just denied it, thinking Steve couldn't have held those feelings for him. But as soon as Kono had sent the photo to him, he'd put it as Steve's contact photo so he got to witness evidence of their special friendship every time his boss called.

Maybe when Kono eventually sent him her latest snapshot, Steve would get a new contact image.

He hit the call button and raised the phone to his ear, pressing the button on the bed control with his other hand to raise the bed head up again.

"Hey you, you have a nice nap, princess?" Steve's cheeky voice came down the line.

Danny slid a hand under his sheets, under his hospital gown, and stroked his free hand along his hard cock.

"Hey babe," he purred into his cell phone, "You alone?"

"Yeah, I'm on my way back from the North shore, about an hour away. Don't worry, I took good care of the Camaro."

"Knew you would," Danny smiled and continued to massage himself, "I missed you, babe," his voice was low and sultry, and he hoped that translated down the line.

Steve paused, and Danny could hear the sounds of the car and the whoosh of traffic in the background. "You still high, Danno?" He could practically see the smirk on Steve's gorgeous face while he heard it in his voice.

"Nah, just high on you," he smirked in return.

"Cheesy fucker," Steve laughed.

"I really have been thinking about you, y'know," Danny said in an alluring tone, "A lot." He let the final 't' click down the phone line in a suggestive manner.

There was a momentary pause before Steve's voice came back to him. "Oh yeah?" The way he said it made it clear he'd got with the program.

"Yeah, I just wanted to call and have a little chat y'know, especially since you're all on your own in the car. Must be lonely." Danny was still stroking himself, but he had a thought and grabbed a bunch of tissues out of the box on the table and shoved them under his robe in preparation.
"Lil bit..." Danny heard a click and thought Steve might have hung up on him.

"You still there?"

"Yeah, sorry, just transferring you to my earpiece,"

"Thought you were alone?"

"I am Danny, but I think the things you're gonna say to me are going to be a little bit too intimate to even have on speaker in the Camaro so... bear with me, I'm gonna stop somewhere."

He could hear the sound of the car pulling over and the engine dying off. He laughed, "You somewhere private, babe?"

"Off the beaten track... as it were..."

"You thinking about me?" A devilish smile crept onto his face and he began to stroke down his length again.

"I am now," Steve's voice was low and warm, and Danny blatantly heard the sound of a zipper being pulled down. It just made his smile grow wider.

"Good, 'cause I'm thinking about you. I'm thinking about putting your hard cock in my mouth, Steve."

Steve moaned into his earpiece, the sound travelling straight to Danny's balls.

"I'm thinking about licking up and down your cock, about taking you into my mouth and sucking on you. Hard."

"Holy fuck, Danny..." his partner's breathing was getting rougher, his voice catching.

"Babe I wanna swallow you down, I wanna deep throat you so bad." Danny quickly licked the palm of his hand for lubrication and palmed himself again, pushing deeper back into his pillows, "God I want you inside of me, Steve."

"Fuck Danny, I want you so bad right now. What are you doing to me?"

"I'll tell you what I'm doing to you, Steven. I'm kissing you, hard and fast, down your neck and over your chest. I'm licking your nipples, using my teeth on you, making you squirm. I'm holding you down and I'm kissing you all over, Steve. You like that, do you?"

"God, yes Danny..." Steve moaned down the line, "Yes, that's perfect..."

"I want you inside me Steve, I want you to fuck me. Do you wanna fuck me?" Danny was breathing hard himself now, his hand sliding up and down his cock and pleasure running through his body.

"Mmmm yeah, I really do..."

"How do you want me, Steve? What position?" Danny closed his eyes and imagined him and Steve in his bed, Steve's bed, it didn't matter. Somewhere they were together and naked and sweaty.

Steve whimpered a little, "Um, I want you... I want you on your back, Danny. I wanna look at you when you come..."
It was Danny's turn to moan, "Ah, fuck Steve yeah. I'm on my back, under you, just for you. I'm ready and I want you to fill me, you got me? I want you to slide in, push your fucking huge cock deep into me. And I want you to fuck me, hard and fast..."

Steve's breathing was shaky as he listened to Danny telling him what he needed. He groaned and sighed as he was obviously jerking himself off to the sound of Danny's voice, and a shiver ran down the detective's spine at the idea of it.

"Do you wanna fuck me, Steve? You wanna fuck me hard?" He did his best to keep his partner engaged, keep the communication two ways as he wanted Steve to really think about the scenario and be a part of it, wanted to hear his voice too.

"Mm yeah, Danny yeah. I wanna... oh god I wanna fuck you hard and deep. I wanna kiss you and I wanna hold your cock and jerk you off while I fuck your hole,"

Danny moved his hand on himself faster, gripping his cell phone between his ear and his shoulder he began to use two hands on himself in tandem, trying not to arch his back as it twinged when he shifted slightly.

"Ah Steve that feels so fucking good. Faster Steve, I want you to really fuck me. I need you to fuck me... Make me come Steve, make me come over myself."

Steve gasped and swore and moaned Danny's name over and over.

His own orgasm was building fast and he wanted to bring his lover along with him, desperately. He'd jerked off to the thought of Steve before, well before they'd even got together, but the knowledge that he was taking Steve along for the ride using just his voice, his words, really had him on the edge.

"Your cock feels so good inside me... I love it when you fuck me hard... I want you to come for me Steve, I want you to fucking come deep inside me..."

Steve gasped and shouted his name down the phone, making a slightly strangled noise and panting hard as he came. "Ah Danny fuuuuuuck..."

Danny wasn't far behind, bundling the tissues around himself at the last second as the orgasm hit and he bucked into his hands and lost grip on the phone, pain shot up his spine into his neck and he had to bite down on his lip to keep from crying out, but whether it was from the pain or the pleasure, he wasn't entirely sure at that point.

"Mmm fuck," he mumbled and gathered the tissues, throwing them into the trash can, before picking the phone up from where it had dropped off the pillow onto the bed at his shoulder. "Steve, you still there?" he asked, breathlessly.

"Fucking hell, Danny," he heard his lover panting as he came down from his orgasm high, "You have a fucking dirty mouth and I love it. I love you. Jesus, Danny..."

A huge grin spread across his face again, despite the discomfort pulsing through his back, and he gritted his teeth before he replied to Steve, determined not to let him think he'd caused Danny any more pain. "I love you too, babe. You coming to see me tonight, right?"

"Of course, Danno. Where did you think I was headed right now? I've been wanting to come see you all day!" His breathing was starting to sound normal again and it sounded like he was doing his zipper back up.
"You best not have got come on my car, Steven..."

There was a long pause. "Um... no?" Steve tried.

"Oh for fuck sake, Steve!" Danny grimaced, "Clean it, clean it off!"

Steve started laughing hard, "I'm kidding, I'm kidding, there were tissues in the glove compartment!"

"You're a dick," Danny smiled.

"Only to you, Danny. Only to you... I'm gonna get back on the road, I'll see you in about an hour, yeah? I'll pick up some pizza too." The engine roared into life in the background.

"Great. See you soon, babe."

Danny hung up the phone and reached for his pain meds button, tapping it a couple of times to relieve the stabbing pain now emanating from his lower back. Smart idea, Williams, he berated himself, why don't you try doing some somersaults and back flips while you're at it?

He lowered the head of his bed slightly, so he was leaning back further but not completely flat, and he was soon drifting off to sleep from the meds and the satisfaction of making his partner come just by talking to him.

Chapter End Notes

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Ooh, just imagining those dirty words in that New Jersey accent... *drool*

Let me know what you thought!
The Parent (And Uncle) Trap

Chapter Summary

Danny talks to Rachel and Grace, suffers multiple panic attacks, and then the boys get down to the bare essentials...

Chapter Notes

Thank you again so much for your comments, they really do inspire me to come up with more chapters!

Hope you like the fluff in this one, but don't worry - the boys still get rather sensual at the end!

Enjoy :)

___

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny was surprised. The chat with Rachel had gone much better than expected. He'd carefully selected a coffee shop in Waikiki which would be out of the way, but not empty, so she would probably be too embarrassed to make a scene, but if in the unlikely event that she did, not too many people would overhear. He'd expected an explosion, something volatile, or at least some snide comments... but evidently he'd underestimated his ex wife, because she was calm, collected and understanding.

"I knew about your sexuality, Daniel. I know it never really came up between us, why would it? But your mother told me you'd been with men before." She sipped on her green tea.

Danny put his face in his hands, "What the fuck, ma?" he whispered to himself. He looked back up at Rachel, "Well it's good to know my mother outs me to the people I bring home, jeez..."

"Like I said, Daniel, I knew and it never bothered me. If it had bothered me then I wouldn't have been the right person for you..." She paused and shrugged, "Well I suppose I wasn't anyway, but that's not the point. What I am trying to say is, this doesn't surprise me in the least. That you've found someone, that it's a man, or that the person is Steve. It's about time, actually, I was wondering when you two were going to realise."

"What does that mean?" Danny asked curiously, sitting up straight and wincing when his back twinged and the material of the brace cut into his hip a little where it wrapped around his waist.

"Careful of your back, Daniel," Ever the mother, Danny smiled. "And I mean from the moment I saw you and Steve together, I could see something between you. The way you interacted when you had to perform that stake out at my house, the ease that you had with him. I don't know what Steve was like before I met him, but I know you, and I could see... something."
Danny leaned back carefully and placed his palms on the table, "Well, I appreciate your candour, Rachel. I have to say, I was expecting something else today. I'm glad we're at this point in our relationship where we can be civil and, well, friends." He made a mental note to change her ring tone to something more pleasant.

"I'll always be here for you Daniel," she sighed and echoed Danny's posture, relaxing back into her chair and sipping from her mug again, "I think we're both mature enough to wish each other well and accept we're a part of each other's lives. With Grace and... well, we'll be there for each other is my point," she closed down a little at that point and put her mug back on the table. "Listen, I have to go. But if you still want Grace this weekend, it's fine. I just... I think you should tell her about you and Steve."

Danny nodded, "I want to do that. And that was my next question actually, if you were okay with that? I mean, I know it can be difficult for people to understand about same sex relationships and... well..." he trailed off a little, not entirely sure how to phrase what he was trying to say.

Rachel smiled, "Grace's generation are a lot more liberal and understanding than ours was, Daniel. It's terrible to say, but eleven-year-olds are much more accepting than a lot of adults these days... or maybe it's not terrible. Maybe it’s progress…"

They stood and hugged, slightly awkwardly, especially with Danny's injury still in play.

"Oh, and seeing as it's Steve, I wouldn't be surprised if she starts planning your wedding. She loves him very much," Rachel winked, and left Danny with a huge grin on his face.

Yes, much better than expected.

It was Friday afternoon. Two days since Danny had spoken with Rachel, and a good three weeks since he'd been shot during the raid. He'd been released from the hospital after a week with a clean bill of health, a list of back exercises a mile long, and with a dozen PT sessions programmed into his diary. And Steve's diary. And he was pretty sure he'd seen Kono recording them into her's as well. His ohana knew him and his proclivity for avoiding the doctor too well...

He also had prescriptions for enough medication to make him rattle when he walked, a back brace, and desk duty until the physical therapist cleared him for active duty. Suffice to say, he was unimpressed with the entire situation.

But then all he had to do was look at Steve, remember why he was in pain, and suddenly the inconvenience meant nothing.

He walked into Steve's office and tapped on the open glass door. The SEAL looked up and a smile spread across his face. Danny felt his own face react the same way. God, they were such teenagers sometimes.

"Hey Danny, what's up?" Steve dropped his pen on the desk and gave his partner his undivided attention.

"Uh, just checking you remembered that we're picking Grace up from Rachel's tonight? 6.30?" Danny rubbed the back of his neck and tried to stretch his back a little. Sitting at a desk was doing him no good.

Steve made an attempt at looking affronted, "Well what kind of Uncle would I be if I forgot that I was picking up my best girl?" He grinned at the detective.
Danny leaned back against the door, "I knew you wouldn't forget, just mentally preparing you for the amount of sugar we'll probably ingest this weekend, and also the Marvel film marathon I have planned which will, I'm sure, inspire many comparisons between you and Captain America."

Steve sighed, "But he's Army, I'm Navy..." he whined dramatically.

"But we don't care!" Danny mimicked in return.

Steve stuck his middle finger up at Danny. "We'll leave here at 5.30 then, and pick up some groceries on the way."

Danny rolled his eyes and walked back toward his own office, "I don't think we could get more domestic if we tried, Steve..."

"We ran out of milk this morning, remind me when we're at the store. Oh, and dishwasher tablets!" came the reply.

Danny smiled to himself, "Spoke too soon..."

Danny and Grace sat out in the chairs on the lanai, Danny sipping a beer and Grace with a glass of orange juice. They had indulged in pizza and the first Thor movie, and they had all sat on the couch and had a laugh and eaten ice cream with blankets wrapped around them.

Now, Steve was inside putting the dishes in the dishwasher, and Danny had decided to take Grace out to the beach to watch the sun set over the water. He'd given Steve a look, done their psychic communication thing which said "I'm gonna tell her, you want to come out?" but Steve had waved him off with a soft smile which had told him "I think it's better in your hands,"

He was probably right, it was potentially a delicate situation, and Danny wanted to broach the topic at the right moment. And right now was probably it - Grace had gone quiet, having one of her rare introspective moments which always had Danny wondering what was going on in her head. Reds and oranges filled the sky and lit the two of them up.

"Have you had fun tonight Gracie? With me and Uncle Steve?" Danny peeled at the label on his Longboard.

Grace looked up from her drink, which she had been stirring with the little pink umbrella that Steve had put in it for her. "Yeah, I like that we're here, where the beach is," she said, honestly, "and Uncle Steve said we could practice surfing in the morning." She was calm, a bit tired after a long day, and on a sugar come-down, but her eyes were still bright.

Danny leaned back carefully and looked at her. She was the light of his life, and he had to hope she would react well to what he was about to say. He didn't know what would happen if there was conflict between his daughter and his partner, but he was sure it would be the worst feeling in the world.

"Uncle Steve loves you very much, you know? He really enjoyed coaching you guys the other week when I couldn't be there. And he really likes spending time with you."

Grace nodded and gave her dad a wary expression, like she wasn't sure where he was going with this, "Danno, is Uncle Steve going away?"

Danny shook his head and leaned forward in his seat, touching Grace's arm reassuringly, "No, no
sweetie, just the opposite actually... see, me and Steve are... we're gonna be spending more time together outside of work and, well you'll probably see him more when you spend weekends with me. Are you happy about that?"

"Yes, I love Uncle Steve, Danno." Grace gave him a perfect little smile and Danny felt like he'd just won the lottery, like he did every time he was lucky enough to see that happiness on her face.

"Good, that's... That's really fantastic that you feel that way Gracie, because... well, me and Steve were wondering if... ugh," Danny faltered and rubbed a hand across his face, trying to think of what to say. He'd planned it out in his head, but now it just didn't sound right. And it was so much more difficult talking to an eleven-year-old girl with huge brown eyes than it was rehearsing in the mirror in the rest room at work.

"Are you and Uncle Steve boyfriends?"

Danny's brain tried to catch up with his daughter, as she was obviously a lot further ahead of him than he realised. "Hu- what?"

She looked at him with curiosity, but also like she was an adult dealing with a rather slow child. "You and Uncle Steve. Are you-" she gestured back and forth between her father and the open kitchen door, in a habit she'd obviously picked up from her father, "-boyfriends?"

Danny ran his hand through his hair, more than a little stunned. "Uh, yeah. We're um, we're dating. We like each other a lot and-"

"I still want to call him Uncle Steve though, he doesn't seem like a Step Steve," she said 'step' like it was a negative thing, and Danny felt a little bit of gladness that it probably meant Grace still wasn't Stan's greatest fan, and what father wouldn't be glad about that? She carried on without pausing, "Everyone at school already thinks you're boyfriends anyway from when they saw you both drop me off at school on the first day of term and then you had that argument at the bottom of the steps, and I did tell them that Steve was just your work friend, but they said you two obviously liked each other 'cause no one fights like that unless they like each other. Jack is mean to Sophia like that and everyone knows he likes her so..." she trailed off and smiled, "Danno you look so silly with your mouth hanging open!"

Danny closed his mouth and took in a deep breath, stretching his arms out. "C'mere Monkey, I need one of those special hugs right now."

She jumped out of her seat and clutched her dad in her arms, careful of his back, and squeezed. "Are you sad, Danno?"

"No baby," he scrubbed at the tear on his cheek over her shoulder, "No, no way. I'm happy. I'm very, very happy. I love you so much. And I think Steve would still like to be Uncle Steve, definitely."

She went and jumped back onto her chair, grabbing her drink and slurping it down, "Good. I'm happy too. Can we watch Captain America tomorrow? He has the same first name as Uncle Steve." She was too young to fully understand the impact of her words and actions on her father, didn't really realise what it all meant apart from that it made her daddy happy and therefore it must be a good thing, so it was easy for her to just segway straight onto another subject. She had no idea Danny was currently doing his best to quash a flood of tears caused by relief and joy. He swallowed a few times, hard, just to regain his voice.

Steve had appeared in the open doorway and gave Danny a tentative wave. He grinned broadly at
his partner and waved back, beckoning him over.

The SEAL strolled over and tried to look relaxed - the guy was trained by the Navy and faced dangerous criminals on an almost daily basis, but Danny loved the fact that the prospect of a potentially displeased pre-teen seemed to be able to put him on the back foot and disarm him. He answered his daughter as Steve approached, "Yeah, we'll watch that. And The Avengers, and Iron Man if you like?"

"All of them?" Grace sounded amazed at the marathon of movies ahead of her.

"Yeah babe, and we'll order Chinese too," Danny assured her.

Steve arrived behind them, standing half way between father and daughter, and put his hand on Grace's shoulder, "Hey sweetie," his voice was unsure despite the smile on her father's face.

"Uncle Steve, Danno says we can watch loads of movies tomorrow," Grace looked up at him and beamed, sticking her legs out in front of her.

"Oh yeah?" Steve smiled at her and then looked over at his partner. Danny knew he had a ridiculous grin on his face and he didn't care. Because his daughter hadn't hesitated to accept the love of his life into her family. And he felt complete for the first time in a very long time.

"Yeah babe, and apparently you're gonna take Gracie out surfing?"

Steve nodded, "If that's okay with you, Danny,"

"Of course," Danny trusted Steve with his life, and that of his daughter. He hated to swim, and he valued that his partner could provide that which he couldn't, taking Grace swimming and surfing, while knowing she was safe.

Steve gave him a questioning look, still wanting to make sure he'd read the situation right.

Danny smiled and nodded, "Of course," he repeated, "That would be perfect. Everything's perfect."

Steve’s other hand came to rest on his shoulder, and he reached up with his opposite hand so his arm went up across his chest to hold it, squeezing tight. They finished watching the sun dip below the horizon before heading back inside to bed.

"When are you gonna marry my dad, Uncle Steve?"

The question came out of the blue from the back seat of the truck. They'd spent all of Saturday watching films and eating junk food, after the promised surf lesson for Grace, and then Sunday morning had involved going to the beach in Waikiki and eating shaved ices while walking along the promenade. Grace had been quiet for a while, thinking hard, and Danny had figured it was just because she knew they were taking her home to her mother’s after their outing. She had loved her sugar-and-fun-filled weekend, especially the swimming and surfing lesson from Steve on the calm waves of his private beach, and was never keen to leave her father knowing how much he missed her. But apparently she’d been thinking of something else entirely.

Steve went slightly red, eyes wide, "Um um... ugh," he made a few strangled noises and floundered for a response.

Danny dived in to rescue him. "Why do you ask that, Monkey?" His chest felt a bit tight and he
shifted awkwardly. Kids were great for sudden rises in blood pressure.

"Mummy says that's what people do when they're in love. You and Uncle Steve love each other, right?" Danny looked over his shoulder and smiled. She looked so earnest, the simple logic of a child who didn't necessarily understand the complexities of adult relationships. He was determined to always be honest with her and never glaze over life just to make his own situation easier.

"Well baby, it's always best to get to know someone really well before you think about marrying them. You need to spend lots of time together and make sure you're right for each other. Me and your mum probably got married a bit too quick, and Steve and I really just want to take our time with each other. We do love each other, but it's still early, you know?" His pulse was pumping in his ears.

Grace creased her brow in confusion and looked so much like her mother for a moment, "But you and Uncle Steve have known each other for four years! How long does it take?" Jeez, she is not gonna make this easy...

"Well it's different now, Grace. We've only been dating for a few weeks and it's a different kind of relationship." His face was heating up. How did you explain this sort of thing to someone so young?

"How is it different, though?"

Sex, thought Danny, lots of sex. Jesus don't say that, whatever you do! He could feel the embarrassed flush of red creeping up his neck and into his cheeks. "Um. We are still getting to know each other really, seeing each other more outside of work and stuff. Finding out what it's like to live with each other-"

"You're moving in together??" Grace bounced excitedly in her seat, "Are you moving in to Uncle Steve's? I like his house better!"

Danny slapped a palm into his face, "Ah crap, uh no Grace it's not, I mean we're not..." he looked to Steve desperately, hoping for some help. His partner was laughing silently to himself as he watched the road, shoulders shaking as he tried to hold in his mirth. Danny folded his arms over his chest. "Okay, you wanna field this one, Captain America?" and dumped him in it.

Grace giggled in the back seat at the nickname.

Steve gave him a look as if to say "Oh, thanks a lot!" and Danny shrugged. If Steve was going to be in a relationship with Danny, and laugh at his pain, he was going to have to get used to dealing with his kid.

He looked at Grace in the rear view mirror and gave her that lopsided smile that made Danny's stomach do somersaults. "Yes Gracie, Danno's going to move in with me."

Danny was stunned, staring at the profile of his partner's face and trying to remember how to breathe. "Huh?" he managed.

"That's right, isn't it Danno?" Steve turned that smile on him and he stuttered in response.

"Wh- You- I... Okay, you remember how you said you guess you're not very good at knowing how to ask? You were right..." His immediate reaction to make a little verbal jab at his partner when he was uncomfortable was an ingrained response now.

Steve had put his eyes back on the road, but he glanced sideways at Danny and then found a place at the side of the street to pull over. "Give me your keys," he held his hand out.
"What?" Danny felt so confused right now.

"Gimme your keys, Danno." Steve clicked his fingers at him impatiently until he dug his set of keys out of his pocket and handed them over. Steve selected his house key from the bunch and twisted it off the centre ring, before throwing the rest back at Danny. Then he undid his seat belt, twisted so he was facing his partner, and held the key out like he was proposing.

"Detective Sargent Daniel Williams, will you move in with me?"

Grace squealed in the back seat and kicked the back of Danny's seat excitedly. "Say yes!" she whispered loudly.

"Are you sure, Steve? Don't just do this because you're under pressure, you seriously make sure you mean it now. We've only been together properly a few weeks..." Danny desperately wanted to take that key back; symbolically to show his acceptance, but also because, as far as he was concerned, that was his bloody key. Regardless of if he was living with Steve, that was his access to his partner's life.

"I'm being serious, Danny," Steve's grin was goofy but his eyes looked serious, "I would love it if you moved in with me. We're practically married anyway, you said it yourself. Please, move in."

His breath caught in his chest and he felt light headed.

For god sake man, if you faint right now I will never forgive you!

He took a deep, shaky breath.

"Yes. Yes Steve, I will. I'll... I'll move in with you." He took hold of the key and tugged, but Steve didn't let go. Instead, he launched himself at Danny and hugged him tight. The key went flying and pinged off the back window.

"Get off me, you great galoot!" Danny squirmed underneath him, but he was laughing. "You're gonna hurt my back!"

Steve immediately pulled back. "Sorry, Danno," he was grinning as well, and he leaned forward and planted a great big kiss on the detective's lips. It was the first time they'd actually kissed in front of Grace, having waited until she was in bed or in the other room over the weekend before stealing little pecks, and having the odd make out session while pretending they needed a popcorn refill.

"Aaaaaaaaaw!" Grace squeaked from the back of the truck.

Danny was bright red again, a combination of embarrassment and excitement and love, coming together to make his heart beat at a million miles per hour.

Steve was already settling back into the driver's seat, putting his belt back on and starting the engine again. Grace's hand appeared over Danny's shoulder with the key grasped in her little fingers. "Here you go, Danno!" she sang at him in a happy little tune.

Danny took it and picked his keys back up, sliding it back on to the ring as they turned down into Rachel's street. It had sat on his keys since about six months into their partnership, and every time he'd moved to a different crappy apartment or hotel room or into his new rented house, he'd given Steve his newest key or access card.

But this was different. This was really the start of something important.
And once his blood pressure had come back down, and his pulse had stopped thumping in his ears, he was sure the feeling of unbridled panic would go away... It had to, right?

Once they got back into Steve's house (he wasn't going to call it their house until he'd officially moved in and started paying half the bills), his lover closed the door behind them and backed Danny gently into the wall, sliding his hands over his jaw and kissing him deeply.

Not wanting to let Steve in on the twisted feeling in his stomach, Danny tried to relax into the kiss and ran his finger tips over his partner's back, under his t-shirt.

Steve pulled back and smiled at him softly, "You're happy, right?" He must have felt the tension in Danny's shoulders.

"Of course, babe. I'm really happy," the detective leaned forward and captured Steve's lips with his again, hoping the SEAL wouldn't cotton on to the look in his eyes. He was happy, he really was. But this was big. Bigger than big, it was huge. And however much he might have dreamed about the house and the white picket fence and all that came with it, and having that with Steve, he still couldn't quite quell the panicked feeling that sat in his stomach like a lead weight. "My back hurts, is all." That was true, it did hurt, but Danny still hated himself for covering up his feelings with a distraction.

"Come on," Steve took his hand and led him toward the stairs to the bedroom.

"Woah woah, Steve, we can't do anything too... vigorous... the doc said I had to be careful. He saw the bruising on my shoulders, and the bite, and told me I might want to stay away from the animal beating me up..." he grinned.

"Shut it, you. I'm just gonna give you a back massage," Steve was already pulling him up the steps, so he had to comply or end up twisting his back more.

"Strip off," Steve gave him a kiss when they reached the bedroom. It was soft and sweet, not sexual. Steve really did just want to look after him. He flung his own clothes off, down to his boxers, but the way he moved suggested it was more for convenience than anything else.

Danny unbuttoned his jeans and Steve helped him tug them down and step out of them so he didn't have to bend his back too much, like he'd been doing for him since he'd got out of the hospital. Then he helped Danny raise his arms and pulled his t-shirt up over his head. He tore open the Velcro straps on the back brace, and then even helped his partner lie down on the bed, gentle hands guiding him so he was on his stomach in his boxers.

Danny tried to relax a bit more, but he felt guilty letting Steve do such a lovely thing for him while his mind was still a whirling dirvish of anxiety about if they were moving too fast. For god sake, we've know each other for over four years, everyone just automatically assumes we're married anyway, and most importantly I love this man. What the fuck is wrong with me?

His internal monologue was cut off as Steve straddled his thighs and his fingers carefully traced his spine, counting the vertebrae and making sure he was in the right place not to cause any further damage. Whenever he was delicate like that, it always made Danny's brain short circuit - it was so contrary to his usual 'chuck a grenade and hope for the best' mentality, that it made it feel that much more special and intimate.

Steve pulled some massage oil out of his drawer and rubbed it on his hands, warming them up
before gently rubbing his thumbs in small circles either side of the fading bruises on Danny's lower back. The shoulder bruising was now a distant memory, and the shot gun impact had caused more internal bruising than external, but both were now on their way out. A bit of tenderness was all that really remained.

Danny groaned into the pillow and pulled it underneath his chest so he could hang his head off it and breathe deeply.

"That feel good, Danno?" Steve's voice was tinged with a smile.

"Mmm god yes..." Danny sighed.

Steve continued his ministrations, gently soothing the knotted muscles and testing the limits of how hard he could press, carefully listening for any negative reaction from his partner. But it was all positive. The harder he went, the more noises he elicited from the blonde detective underneath him. The tension was beginning to ebb out of his shoulders as Steve began a wonderful deep tissue massage, using the heels of his hands to push along either side of Danny's spine and force the air out of his lungs in a long, dirty moan.

He felt Steve's cock growing hard against his ass cheeks and smiled briefly before another sensual noise was pulled him his lips. "Uuuuh fuck Steve, did the Navy teach you how to subdue the enemy with massage techniques as well?"

Steve laughed, "Nah Danno, when I played football I took a course in sports therapy massage so I could be prepared to deal with my own injuries or my team mates'... never thought I'd get to use it on you though."

"Jeez Steve, please tell me you didn't -mmmmm god- didn't do this with your football team. It will give me mental images I don't think I can deal with right now..." He was already growing hard himself, and it helped that the way Steve was pushing on him meant a delicious degree of pressure and movement between his hips and the bed below him.

"What, you mean you don't want to imagine me as a seventeen-year-old boy, sweaty after a hard and fast game, in the locker room, massaging one of my topless buddies into submission?" Steve purred his words out. Okay, so he had a dirty mouth too when he wanted... He made the whole thing scenario sound like the lead in to a dirty porno.

"Ah, don't Steve. Don't fucking turn me on any more than you already are, it's not fair..." Danny whined.

Steve leaned down and began kissing the back of his neck gently.

"No, god Steve I'm not allowed!" The detective squirmed under his partner.

"I'll be gentle, Danny. The doc said nothing vigorous, but it doesn't have to be..." Steve continued moving his lips over Danny's shoulders as his fingers kneaded at his back, easing the tension inch by inch.

"Mmm fuck okay, yes do it..." It didn't take Danny long to be persuaded. He moaned gratuitously. Steve's careful touch was so perfect, it felt so good to have his lover's hands running over him again. They'd barely done anything besides kissing since he'd been out of the hospital, and after an intense couple of weeks of pretty much nothing but hot sex, it had felt like a weird kind of torture. It was lovely being domestic, but dear god, Steve was a sight to behold and he was only human...

Steve leaned in close to Danny's ear again, his voice a little hesitant. "Danny?"
"Mmhmm?" Danny was having issues with words right now.

"What you said... over the phone when you were in hospital? The bit about about coming inside you... I've been thinking about it a lot and... Would you mind if we didn't use a condom?"

Danny paused and processed this request for a second before responding. "Yeah, that's fine. I mean, we're both clean so... yes, definitely babe." The idea sent tingles down his spine, having Steve bare inside him, coming in him and claiming him as his own.

And why the hell did he trust Steve this deeply, love him so much that he would have unprotected sex with him, be that intimate, and yet have a silly little flutter over moving in with him? You are a fucking moron, Danny Williams...

And with that internal revelation, the knot in his stomach released, the tension left him and he let out a deep breath he didn't realise he'd been holding. Because that's all it was, he was just a little scared. But if he could give himself to Steve in this way, he could damn well get over his hang ups about not having his own place.

He honestly didn't know what he'd been thinking, hesitating about the move when he was so deeply in love with this man... but he wasn't thinking like that any longer. Suddenly the prospect of combining his belongings with Steve's, paying the same bills and owning half of that alien spaceship he called a coffee machine, relaxing on their private beach, watching their TV on their couch and then going up to sleep, or not sleep, in their bed. It was all he'd ever wanted. And it was his for the taking.

Steve was moving over him, getting the lube bottle from the drawer and shucking his underwear, before straddling Danny again and putting his mouth on the back of the detective's neck and kissing, licking, nipping, all the things he knew would drive Danny wild. He threw the lube onto the bed and continued to massage his partner's back, gently coercing his fingers over the sensitive flesh and drawing more heavenly noises from Danny's throat.

He worked his way down and hooked his fingers into the waistband of Danny's boxers, tugging them down as the blonde lifted his hips from the bed stiffly to help. He then lay next to Danny, on his side supported by one arm, while the other hand was liberally coated in lube and the fingers began to stroke and circle Danny's ass, working their way delicately between his cheeks and gently pushing for access. He leaned down and mimicked the motion with his tongue against Danny's lips, and the blonde opened his mouth and pushed back on Steve's hand simultaneously, pulling moans from both of them.

The SEAL carefully prepped him, deepening his kisses as he added more fingers, until Danny was breathless from both, and then he carefully went to straddle his partner again.

He lined himself up, smoothing palms over Danny's ass and lower back almost reverently, like he was taking a mental image and savouring it in his mind, the scene below him of his bare cock about to enter his lover for the first time, the anticipation of the sensation.

"Are you sure, Danny?" he asked, breathless.

"God yes, Steve. I've never been more sure of anything... I need you inside me..." Danny grasped the pillow underneath him and pushed his hips up from the bed.

The noise that Steve made was barely human as his final permission was given, and need took over. He eased forward and down, slowly at first, and slid into his lover. The feeling was better than either of them expected, the skin-on-skin intimacy that came from being this close, this
Steve gripped Danny's hips and raised him up slightly, bundled a pillow underneath him so as not to strain his back, and slipped in right to the hilt. They both moaned each other's names, and Steve laid his chest and stomach over Danny's back, covering him with himself, his arms reaching up and intertwining his fingers in his lover's. They stayed lying there for a couple of minutes, reveling in the new feeling, the new level they had reached, the pleasure it brought just to feel each other's heat.

"God Danny, I love you so much," Steve mumbled into Danny's shoulder, "You don't even realise..."

Danny squeezed his fingers between his own. "I love you too, Steve," he whispered. Any lingering doubts had been banished.

Steve unlocked their fingers and pushed up on his arms, pulling his hips back and sliding most of the way out. This felt so much better than before, Danny didn't even think it was possible but here it was, unrestricted and unrestrained, his lover inside him, filling him with no barriers.

And then Steve was pushing back in, starting the most delicious rhythm, pumping slowly but with enough force to produce the most amazing friction, just on the right side of the line between pain and pleasure, his hips meeting Danny's ass with each gentle thrust as the slower speed allowed him to bury himself deep inside every time.

He lowered his head and kissed down Danny's spine, the sensitive skin between his shoulder blades making the blonde come out in goosebumps as his lips brushed over it. Danny could feel the slow build as his own cock was pushed into the pillow beneath him with Steve's pace, just enough gentle contact to add to his pleasure. Then Steve slid his hand underneath him and smoothed his palm over his pecs, his ribs, his abs, then grasping his cock in his fingers which were still covered in lube, pumping slowly and making him moan and gasp.

Steve shifted his knee and changed his angle, increasing his speed and suddenly he was sliding over Danny's prostate with every other thrust as he alternated between shallow and deep drives, still so cautious to avoid aggravating his partner's injuries. He began to moan Danny's name over and over, like a mantra. The detective was just making incoherent noises at this point, language lost to him under the build of desire and the sensations he received as Steve brought him slowly, gently, perfectly to completion. He took in a deep breath, feeling himself fall over the edge of ecstasy.

He reflexively bucked upwards with his hips as he came, yelling Steve's name and gripping the pillows hard, but Steve placed a solid palm in the centre of Danny's lower back, stopping him from moving too fast and straining his recovering muscles too much, while he drove himself in hard and massaged Danny's pulsing cock with his other hand as his lover went limp under him.

Steve redoubled his efforts then, and thrust in a few more times before his rhythm became jerky and uncoordinated, finding just the right delicious friction to follow Danny into oblivion.

The feeling of Steve spilling his heat deep inside of him made Danny moan with pleasure. It felt satisfying, almost overwhelming, with his lover pulsing into him, filling him.

Steve let himself fall to the side, gently pulling Danny over into a warm embrace. He pulled out of his partner and wrapped his arms tightly around him, their sweaty skin gliding against the other's, all four of their hands clasped together in front of Danny's chest.
They sighed and pressed together, living in each other's glow, and began to drift into a blissful sleep.

Danny managed to peel one sleepy eye open and clear his throat, "So, do you think Chin and Kono would be able to help us move my stuff in tomorrow?"

He was wasting no more time.

Chapter End Notes

Grace is a smart one, she's well ahead of these two goofs... very vague hint from Rachel regarding Charlie ("...With Grace and... well, we'll be there for each other is my point," ) Ooooooh!

And next we'll be seeing how one of Steve's family finds out the news...

Please let me know what you thought!
Chapter Summary

Steve and Danny work through some conflict the only way they seem to know how, and Danny gets a nasty surprise the morning after...

Chapter Notes

Well it wasn't all going to be smooth sailing with these two, was it?

Thanks again for your encouraging comments!

Enjoy!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“I don’t care, Steve, it’s my house too now. You need to respect that!”

It was Friday afternoon, and Steve held the door open to Five-0’s offices for Danny, just as he always did, while Danny strutted past him, waving his arms about, just as he always did.

“Danny it’s no big deal, she’s coming tomorrow afternoon, she’s gonna stay for a couple of days and then she’ll be out of our hair!” They both walked into the bullpen and Danny whirled on Steve.

“It’s not that she’s coming, I really don’t mind your sister staying with us, Steve. It’s just that you didn’t ask me!”

“I told you three days ago, Danny!”

“Exactly! You told me! You didn’t ask, you told. You asked me to come live with you, but as far as you’re concerned, it’s still your house. Still McGarrett House Rules!”

Chin stepped out of his office with a sour look on his face, “Seriously guys, keep it down. I swear since you two moved in together, you’ve been having more and more fights!”

“No we haven’t!” they both protested in tandem.

It wasn’t technically a lie – they’d moved in together over the weekend, and had been quarrelling since Wednesday, but it had all been the same fight. Steve had received a call on Tuesday from his sister, Mary-Ann, who wanted to come and stay with her adopted daughter Joan for a few days. And he’d said yes. Without consulting Danny, without even asking him. Worse still, Mary didn’t know about their relationship yet, so they were going to have to sit down and have the talk with her in person now, when Danny would rather Steve had told her weeks ago, and preferably over the phone just in case she didn’t take to the idea.
And every time they had the argument, Steve just could not see that he’d done something wrong. He couldn’t understand what had pissed Danny off so much, and they’d try not to argue at work (even though they couldn’t always help it) but that meant that they would get home, start the row, and quite often without Chin or Kono to referee, it would almost come to blows.

And then it would all go to hell. Because they’d end up with one of them grabbing the other, and Steve would look at Danny’s lips, and Danny would look at Steve’s, and they would end up fucking over the nearest piece of furniture. Sometimes until they broke it. They needed a new end table for the living room.

“Just keep it out of the office, you two. We’re used to your bickering, but you need to grow up.” Chin stalked back into his office and closed the door. Danny and Steve both gave each other a face which said ‘Jeez, what got his goat?’, then glared at each other and stomped into their respective offices. Fine, they’d take it home again. And probably end up breaking some more furniture doing so.

"What do you want for dinner?" Steve asked as they walked in through the front door.

Danny toed off his shoes and removed his socks. "I'm surprised you're even asking me, isn't this still your house?" he muttered under his breath.

Steve paused in the doorway to the kitchen, "I heard that, Danny..."

"Is your SuperSEAL hearing supposed to scare me?" was Danny's response. He couldn't even work up the energy to take a proper shot at his partner right now. He was just fed up, and once again his fears about moving in with Steve were rearing their ugly heads. He wanted nothing more than to live with his lover, his partner, his best friend... but Steve seemed to still be stuck on the idea that this house was his, and Danny was living with him, not that they were living with each other. He'd moved some of his stuff in, his clothes had got their own wardrobe space, but his personal items had seemed to take a back seat to Steve's belongings, which hadn't moved at all to make room; like a huge metaphor for their relationship.

The TV which had come from Danny's rented house was bigger, higher definition, and was obviously a better choice for the lounge. But it was still wrapped up and sitting out of the way in the garage after Steve said he preferred his current TV with no explanation as to why. Danny had also brought a four-slice toaster with him, but they still appeared to be using Steve's crap old two-slice model and his had landed in the cupboard. Steve just didn't seem to want to change his ways.

"Danny, come on, stop this," Steve walked up to him and put his fingers on Danny's chin, making him look up at him.

He slapped Steve's hand away and took two steps backward, enabling him to avoid Steve's outstretched arm and walk around his partner and through to the kitchen where he could grab a beer from the fridge. As he closed the fridge door and turned around, Steve was suddenly there, standing in his way, challenging him.

"Get out of my way, Steve..." he growled. His partner was really making his blood boil tonight, and it didn't help that all he'd done that afternoon was sit in his office and stewing over the situation, alternating between being angry at Steve and then thinking about the angry sex they'd had the night before. And, oh god, he was thinking about it again.

"Make me." Steve glared down at him, his jaw set square and his shoulders taught.
The detective knew this was his partner's way of dealing with emotional situations, it was in his training, in his DNA, seemingly - divert, distract, disarm. And he hated fighting, not their bickering but the actual arguing, with Steve so much that he let him do it.

Danny quietly set his unopened beer down on the counter top to the side of him, and turned back to face Steve, who was using his height to try to intimidate the shorter man. He should know by now that it never worked. Danny splayed his fingers out and shoved Steve hard in the chest with one hand, forcing him to take a step back with the surprise, and then took a step forward to close the gap again. The SEAL flexed his shoulders again and tried to move back into Danny but now both of the blonde man's hands were on his chest, shoving him so his back hit the central island, and he was closing the distance again.

Steve reached out and fisted the sides of Danny's shirt in both his hands, still trying to dominate the situation. But Danny was pissed off, blood pumping in his veins and thundering in his ears, and he was having none of it. If Steve wasn't going to give him any quarter in the house, then he was going to win some other way.

He grasped the hair on the back of Steve's head, roughly bringing him down for a hard kiss, teeth clashing and tongues forcing entry. His bit down on Steve's lower lip, hard, and the brunette moaned into his mouth and kissed back harder. Danny's hands went to his lover's cargo pants, swiftly unbuttoning and tugging the zip down. His hand went into the pocket on the right thigh of Steve's pants, knowing that's where his partner had started keeping a small bottle of lube for 'just in case' moments. They hadn't done anything which required its use outside of the home or the office showers yet, so it was still full and untouched. Then he pushed the waistband of Steve's pants and boxers down to around his thighs, exposing his already rock hard cock, grabbed his hips and roughly turned him to face the central counter, and Steve had to let go of Danny's shirt.

In all honesty, he didn't enjoy the angry sex quite as much as their usual passionate rolls in the hay, or the gentle, sweet sessions, but it was still fun and certainly relieved a lot of tension. He was finding it also provided him a way of torturing Steve in a completely different and delicious way. He would never actually hurt Steve purposefully, he wasn't that sadistic, but when Steve was acting like a spoiled child like he had been recently, Danny figured that a little bit of mutually beneficial punishment was in order.

He grabbed the hem of Steve's t-shirt and tugged it up, not all the way over his head, but enough for Steve to take the hint and remove it himself. Danny ran his hands over his partner's back, bringing his mouth down on to the smooth skin to bite and lick around the battle scars that marred the surface. His hands gripped Steve's hips and held him in place, a solid grasp but not rough or careless. The SEAL was taut like a spring under his fingers, coiled tight and ready, but allowing Danny the control of the moment. Steve brought his own hands up to grasp his hard, dripping cock, but Danny batted his hands away, taking both his wrists and placing Steve's palms firmly on the counter. No verbal communication was needed as he held his lover's hands there solidly for a few seconds before placing his back on Steve's hips again and trailing his mouth in a jagged line down his back, using his teeth to leave little red marks as he went, fingers gripping hard enough to bruise. Steve leaned into the counter and tried to steady his breathing, but Danny's teeth pulling at his skin was making him gasp and grunt.

Danny unbuttoned his slacks and dropped them, along with his boxers, to pool around his knees. Dripping some lube onto his fingers, he didn't waste any time on pleasantries and pushed a finger straight into Steve, who inhaled sharply and pushed back against him. Danny loved it when Steve was so hungry for him, so ready like this, and on pulling the finger back out he added another straight away, curling them around the knot of Steve's prostate and making him shout Danny's name. The brunette went to move his hands to his straining dick, but seemed to remember
Danny's non-verbal order and put his palms back on the counter, gripping hard.

After only a few thrusts, Danny went straight for three fingers, making Steve hiss and move forward and away from his hand, but Danny simply gripped his partner's hip and pushed forward harder, enjoying the pained groan it elicited. If Steve said stop at any point, he would without hesitation, but until that happened he could be as rough as he liked.

He didn't spend long prepping Steve, and poured lube over his own rock hard cock, positioning himself and pressing against Steve's tight hole until the head of his cock slipped in past the ring of muscle. Steve swore loudly, but didn't move his hands from their death grip on the counter. Danny used his knee to spread Steve's legs as far as his pants would allow, widening his stance and bending Steve forward over the counter to tilt his hips and help compensate for their height difference, enabling him to push in hard and deep, but slowly enough so he didn't hurt his lover too much. Just enough to provide that edge of pain to the pleasure of being filled by his cock.

He loved Steve, and this was still about giving him pleasure just as it always was, but tonight it was going to be on Danny's terms.

He slid one hand round to Steve's abs, rough fingers digging in to the ridges there, and Steve moaned when his hand came within proximity of his throbbing dick, which so far had been left unattended. Danny traced his fingers down Steve's stomach and came within millimetres of touching the base of his lover's erection, but then moved his hand back to Steve's hip and grinned to himself when Steve groaned in frustration.

He began pumping in to his lover, gaining speed and force, revelling in the feeling that came from not having a condom restricting the sensations. Steve felt so glorious around him, and Danny couldn't help but watch as his cock disappeared over and over into his partner's tight ass, fucking into him harder and harder as the pleasure took control and Steve was gasping for air where he lay sprawled across the counter top. A fine sheen of sweat was beginning to cover their bodies, Danny's shirt beginning to stick to his skin with the effort.

Steve began to squirm, desperation over his attention-starved cock making him writhe and whimper. He began moving his hands towards it again, and once again Danny took hold of his wrists and planted his palms back against the counter, but this time he didn't remove his grip.

He drove into Steve hard and fast, feeling the tension in his abdomen building as he approached release. Steve kept moaning his name and pushing back into him, deepening the contact and canting his hips so Danny would hit his prostate with every stroke. The detective’s thrusts became less coordinated and jerking, and his orgasm hit him abruptly and forcefully. He cried out his lover's name and pressed his body flush against Steve's back as his release rocked through him, still holding his hands in place as he squeezed his eyes shut and shot his load deep inside his partner.

Steve moaned at the feeling of Danny’s heat spreading inside him, and gave his partner a few seconds before he couldn't take it any longer and had to prompt him back to reality, straightening his back.

"Danny, please... God I need to come..." he gasped.

Danny kissed him gently between the shoulder blades and, still breathing raggedly, he pulled out of Steve and turned him around to face him using the grip on his wrist. He dropped to his knees in front of Steve's swollen, dripping cock, and Steve moaned out loud before he'd even touched him, watching Danny hungrily through hooded eyelids and long eyelashes.
Danny took him into his mouth, sweeping his tongue over the head and sliding his lips up Steve's length slowly. He could tell Steve was seconds from coming, gripping the edge of the counter as he received so much stimulation after being starved of it for too long, and so Danny took a deep breath through his nose and deep throated his partner, taking his full length, burying his nose against Steve's pubic bone, before pausing and listening to Steve's litany of profanity mixed in with repetitions of Danny's name. Then he swallowed.

As his throat muscles worked around Steve's throbbing cock, the SEAL cried out Danny's name and his hands went reflexively to tangle fingers into his blonde hair. He held Danny there as he pulsed down his throat, and when Danny had to swallow again to avoid choking Steve bucked forward into him. Danny pushed his hands against Steve's hips to stop him bruising the back of his throat as the SEAL lost control of his senses for a moment, and when he finally released Danny's hair and the detective could pull back, he dragged in a ragged breath and doubled over, coughing harshly.

Steve dropped to the floor in front of him. "Danny, Danno fuck I'm so sorry. God that felt fucking amazing, I'm sorry, are you okay?" He curled his fingers under Danny's chin and lifted his face up once he stopped hacking.

Danny looked up at him, red-faced and tears in his eyes from the combination of deep throating and the coughing fit, but nodded and quickly grabbed Steve's face and kissed him, rough and deep, to show there was no damage done. He pulled back several times to take deep drags of oxygen, but went straight back into the kiss each time.

"Fuck, Danny..." Steve breathed as they finally broke the kiss, "Where the fuck did you learn to do that? Jesus..."

Danny laughed hoarsely and used the edge of the counter to pull himself up off the kitchen floor, tugging his pants back up. He took Steve's hand and hauled him to his feet where he proceeded to rearrange his own clothes.

"Never you mind that, Steven," he chuckled and picked his beer up. It was now no longer fridge-chilled, but he was grateful as his throat needed soothing now. "What's for dinner?"

Steve grinned, "I'm too tired to make anything now, we'll get take out... your choice."

Danny gave him the stink eye, "Yeah, right," he said sarcastically.

Steve leaned down and kissed him deeply, savouring the mixed taste of beer and his own come on Danny's tongue as he slipped his own into his lover's mouth.

"No, I mean it. Just tell me what you want."

Danny smiled. So maybe the rough sex was useful for teaching Steve some manners?

It was one of those rare occasions where Danny woke up before Steve, or so he thought until he realised Steve had already been up, had a swim, towelled off and come back to bed again. He lay there naked with the sheet thrown over him, but his hair was still damp and he smelled vaguely of the ocean.

Danny stumbled out of bed and ran himself a shower, soothing his aching muscles, and dried himself off. Feeling thirsty as hell, he headed downstairs and straight for the fridge. He let himself air dry, it was one of his favourite things to do when he could. Wandering around your own house,
naked as the day you were born, was very freeing. He was semi-hard from the relaxing shower and the warm morning air on his cock felt luxurious.

Danny hit the button on the coffee maker and slid a cup underneath, dumping two spoons of sugar in while it filled, and went to the fridge to get the milk. He opened the huge full-length door and put the milk on the centre counter, and then noticed the orange juice. He picked up the carton, popped the lid and took a swig, knowing Steve would have a go at him if he caught him drinking straight from the container, and doing it just to spite his partner due to still feeling a bit slighted. Childish, him?

He was beginning to get a serious hard on, because he kept thinking about Steve and what he wanted to do to him to teach him a lesson for being inconsiderate before he went to the airport that afternoon, and also remembering the events of the previous evening in the very room he was standing in. He was going to have a coffee and then go back to bed and wake Steve again.

He stuck the juice back in the door and swung it closed.

A woman screamed. “Jesus H Christ on a bike!!”

Danny paused for a second in shock, trying to take in the situation. His hand even instinctively went for his gun, which wasn’t there because, surprisingly he wasn’t even wearing underwear, let alone his holster and weapon. He grabbed a dish towel from the counter top and held it in front of his crotch for modesty. Because standing in the doorway to the kitchen was Mary-Ann, and she was pointing and staring, mouth open, eyes wide. And then she was grinning. And then she was laughing.

“Jesus, Danny?? What the fuck?”

Steve thundered down the stairs and appeared behind her at high speed, now wearing boxers and wielding a baseball bat. He dropped it when he saw his sister and hugged her.

“Mary, what are you doing here? You said your flight came in at 2 o’clock!”

“Yeah, but I managed to get an earlier flight. I just got in and Joan’s asleep at the moment,” she gestured to the baby carrier in the corner of the living room, “And I didn’t want to bother you so I got a taxi from the airport. Thought I’d surprise you…” and she looked back at Danny with a sly smile, “…and I’m kinda glad I did!”

“Excuse me, but what the actual fuck?” Danny didn’t even know where to begin at this point. He could feel the flush of embarrassment covering his chest, neck and face.

“Um, come and sit down on the couch, Mary. Let Danny head upstairs and get dressed. We need to have a chat…” Steve guided his sister away from the kitchen door, while she continued to crane her neck to keep an eye on Danny. Steve picked up a cushion from the couch and chucked it to his partner so he could hold it over his ass as he stalked through the living room and up the stairs. Danny glanced at Mary, and she wiggled her eyebrows and grinned at him, making him blush a deeper shade of red.

Damn McGarrett...

Finally dressed, Danny sat in the easy chair, arms crossed tightly over his chest. He was in jeans and a long-sleeved top, despite the fact that it was a warm day, because he now felt the need to be as covered as physically possible in front of Steve’s sister. Not that it made a difference, she’d seen
everything. And she seemed to be enjoying how uncomfortable it was making Danny, like the McGarrett family had a sadistic streak which he was only now beginning to notice.

His cheeks kept flushing red, and he hated it. He felt like a teenager all over again. The first time he'd got to second base with a girl (and her returning the favour) and she'd freaked out over his size when she'd stuck her hands in his pants. Danny had always been... out of proportion... He was larger downstairs than his over all stature let on, so whenever he met someone and they eventually got to the bedroom stage of the relationship, they were more often than not pleasantly surprised. But as a teenager, Marcy Chambers had panicked a little when she realised how big he was; she was only young and inexperienced after all, as was he.

And she had told her friends. And they had told everyone. Practically over night, he was inexplicably very popular with the girls at school, and some of the guys too, and he'd found it quite hard to cope with the mostly unwanted attention. Some of the jocks had picked on him out of jealousy and a need to prove their own manliness, even though he'd never actively threatened them. Some of the girls had been way too attentive, and he'd had to make a run for it more than once when a few of them ganged together. Teenage girls could be extremely scary in his experience...

It had finally stopped when he'd moved to a different school, and he made sure to never date anyone at the school he attended, always opting for people from other districts. Because he couldn't deal with the predatory, teasing looks. Like the one he was currently receiving from his partner's sister. He shrunk into the easy chair and turned lobster red.

"Steve? Have you made the coffee yet??" He called through to the kitchen, trying not to sound too desperate. His voice was still rather hoarse from the previous evening's activities, which didn't help.

Mary licked her lips at him.

"Steve??"

"Easy Danny, I'm coming! You'll wake the baby..." Steve walked in with a tray holding three mugs of steaming coffee and a plate of malasadas, placing it on the coffee table. He'd changed into the jeans and old Navy t-shirt that Danny had brought down for him. He sat in the chair so he was opposite Mary who was on the couch, and so he was near to Danny's seat, sitting back in an attempt to look relaxed, then immediately sitting forward again and clasping his hands together. He was uncomfortable under his sister's gaze as well, though he was trying not to show it. Danny had given up trying to hide it about ten minutes ago.

"Soooo..." Mary stretched out the word for effect and paused, but when neither of the men were forthcoming with any conversation she continued, "Either of you boys gonna elaborate on why Danny was buck naked in the kitchen this morning? I mean, I know you guys have never really had any personal space boundaries with each other but... well if I were a guy in a totally platonic friendship with another guy, I doubt I'd ever find myself standing in his kitchen making coffee and sporting a, frankly massive, boner..."

Danny buried his face in his hands and muttered "Jesus Christ...", Steve laughed nervously, but had the decency to turn a rather intense shade of red at the same time.

"...unless something had changed since I was last here?" Mary finished.

Steve scrubbed at his face with his hands, "Well yeah, something has changed Mare. Me and Danny are kind of… official now, so..."
"I did wonder if anything would happen between you two when Danny got all funny about the surf buddies comment," she grinned.

Steve looked at Danny, "Oh yeah, you were being all over-sensitive that morning about something."

"Leave me alone," Danny grumbled into his hands. He had no intention of going over his past repressed feelings toward his partner.

He'd spent over four years denying his own body's reactions for the man, thinking he'd never get anywhere good through admitting them. The moment he'd seen Steve in his garage, going through his father’s tool box, he’d been attracted to him. At first, when he’s learned that Steve was a Navy SEAL, before he knew what a good man Steve was, he had pushed away the purely physical desire - with the general consensus of society being negative toward guys who liked other guys, and homophobia particularly prevalent in the armed forces, and DADT only recently being repealed, he was pretty sure this ridiculously hot, solid wall of muscle would simply beat the crap out of Danny if he'd realised what he was thinking.

But by the time he leaned that Steve didn't conform to that stereotype, and was in fact at the very least not homophobic, possibly even something other than heterosexual, they had already become close friends. He hadn't wanted to risk that. And so, other than the odd weak moment when he let his guard down and may have given Steve a longing look, or watched a little too closely when he'd taken his shirt off, or touched him for a little too long (God, that time he accidentally patted his partner's ass without thinking as they'd walked out of the Interrogation Room and was so relieved when he thought Steve hadn't noticed!), he had kept his feelings buried.

There was no point in revisiting the past, no point in feeling shitty about not having acted earlier... at least that's what he thought until he unburied his face and looked into Steve's eyes, and saw that the guy looked a little regretful. Just for a moment, then it was gone and he was smiling again. He'd never had the ‘how long have you felt this way about us?’ talk with Steve, not really, and seeing the look in his partner’s eyes just now made him wonder.

Mary snorted, "I'm sorry Danny, I'm just messing with ya." She didn't sound particularly sorry.

Joan woke up in the corner and started wailing. Mary began to get up muttering that it must be time to change her diaper, but Danny seized his opportunity to make himself scarce and launched out of the easy chair. "Don't worry, I got it I got it," he swiped the changing bag from the coffee table where Mary had dumped it and went to take Joan out of her baby carrier.

"Are you sure, Danny?" Mary was hovering half way between sitting and standing, prepared to take her daughter off his hands, but also looking slightly hopeful that it was one less diaper she'd have to deal with.

"It's fine, I know how to handle this stuff." He brought the little girl to his chest, facing his shoulder and ignoring the pain in his ear from her screaming, cradling her carefully whilst juggling the changing bag in his other hand and sliding the strap over his shoulder. He gave Mary a reassuring smile and then bolted for the guest bedroom. He could not get himself out of the room quickly enough.

Danny could hear Steve and Mary continuing their chat downstairs as he cleaned Joan up and changed her diaper. He was pretty sure he heard Steve berating his sister for making Danny feel uncomfortable - at least his partner was defending him, even if it was his fault the situation had even occurred.
He bent over Joan, fussing over her and kissing her nose while she laughed and wriggled around on the changing mat which he had spread out on the bed. It was therapeutic for him after the events of the morning, focusing on the little girl and doing daddy things, re-dressing her in a fresh onesie while listening to her babbling chatter.

Screaming, smelly babies who needed a diaper change, he could handle. Full grown women who were intent on embarrassing him were another thing altogether...

He hoisted the now clean and happy baby into his arms, bouncing up and down gently as he walked around the room and talked to her. "Hiya Joanie, do you remember me? I'm your Uncle Danny, the handsome prince. Yeah, you remember?" He booped her nose and she giggled, looking around the room with huge wide eyes taking in everything. He always found it beautiful how the world was so wonderful and new for a child. They were discovering everything for the first time; the pattern in the curtains, the colours of the trees outside, the shape of clouds in the sky... and that fascination found a way of transferring through to him, making him see the world he took for granted in a new way. "Whatcha looking at, huh?" He followed her gaze out of the window as she stared at the ocean stretching out from the lanai below and squeaked. "It's beautiful, huh? Look at that, what a sight!"

As those words left his mouth, he turned back to the doorway to the bedroom. Steve was standing there, leaning against the door jamb, and for a split second he looked like he couldn't decide if the scene before him was unbelievably adorable, or fundamentally terrifying.

His usual goofy grin quickly took over, and he stood up straight. "Uh, Mary says it's probably time for her feed," he mumbled.

Danny smiled at him and looked down at Joan, who was poking him in the chin with a podgy finger and gurgling, "Is it your dinner time, young lady? I think it maybe is!" He mashed his nose into the side of her face and carried her out of the room, patting Steve on the shoulder as he went past, registering that his partner had gone back to looking like a deer caught in the headlights of an oncoming freight train. "Oh, look! It's the smelly ogre I told you about!" Steve frowned at him, confused, but Danny just continued walking.

"Where are we going, huh? We going downstairs to see your mummy?" He cooed at Joan as he ambled back down the stairs. He couldn't help it, being a father had always been the most natural feeling in the world for him. He'd been terrified when he'd found out Rachel was pregnant (well, 60% happy, 30% terrified and 10% discombobulated), but when Grace had arrived in the world all the fear had just melted away. He'd been a natural, it was what he was built for. So when he was presented with a child he just instinctually slipped back into daddy mode and turned into a ridiculous, mooshy idiot who made silly noises in exchange for giggles.

And Steve, evidently, thought this was cause to have a minor aneurysm. His partner had always looked at Danny in such a soft way when they had dealt with kids during cases with Five-0, but now they were in a relationship it suddenly must have represented something different.

Danny figured he'd deal with that later. Let Steve stew for a while first...

Throughout the evening, Mary continually made positive comments about Danny's abilities with Joan; complimenting his baby entertainment skills and loving the fact that he was effectively taking over the parenting for the day, feeding her daughter and walking her around the house. Mary kept touching him in ways which she probably assumed were subtle, and he gave up avoiding the advances after a while, knowing she was harmless, if a little flirtatious.

At one point, Danny heard her in the kitchen as she sidled over to Steve while he cooked and
whispered, "If you two ever split up, send him my way, yeah?" Then there was a solid sound of Steve smacking her on the arm and a muffled squeak of laughter from Mary.

Later in the afternoon, after they had eaten dinner, Steve was sitting out on the lanai and watching Mary give Joan her first official introducing to Hawaii's ocean. Danny settled into the chair next to him and the two of them watched Mary as she dangled Joan's feet in the water and laughed when she squealed and giggled. He handed Steve his bottle of beer and looked longingly at the mother and child.

"Steve, I want another baby," he whispered.

He heard Steve audibly gulp, and the SEAL let out a nervous burst of laughter. "Uh, last I checked we were both guys, Danny..." he tried to joke, but his voice was tense, "Genetics dictate that-

"We could adopt, like Mary!" Danny cut him off, turning excited eyes toward his partner, "Look how well it worked for them!"

Steve sat up straighter and stuttered, trying to work out what he could possibly say without hurting his partner's feelings, "Um uh but our jobs, Danny! We don't have steady working hours, what would we do if-

"I could be a stay-at-home dad, Steve! I could look after the kids and you could work!" Danny grabbed Steve's hands in his.

"You would never... wait, kids?? As in, more than one??" Steve looked like he was about to have a heart attack.

"Yeah, we could take on two, or maybe even three!" Danny gave him the brightest smile he could muster, and Steve was temporarily distracted by the lopsided charm, looking at him in sheer wonder for a moment, like Danny had hung the moon. And for a moment Danny thought the big lug might even give in, just to keep looking at that smile. But then he went back to pure, unadulterated terror.

"But Danny, you could never give up being a cop! You're made for it, it's in your blood and... why are you laughing?"

Danny had dropped Steve's hands, unable to keep up the act, and was clutching at his sides as he giggled hysterically at his lover's expression. "Oh god Steve, your face! You look like you're gonna die!"

Steve sat back in his chair heavily and folded his arms over his chest, glaring at Danny. "You're a dick, Danny. You absolute fucking asshole!" But the laughter was catching and he was trying hard to fight a smile. "I hate you..."

Danny caught his breath back and grinned at Steve, "No you don't, you love me!" He winked and Steve whacked him firmly in the arm. "God, I wish I'd got a picture of your face!"

“Yeah, you’re hilarious…” Steve rolled his eyes dramatically, then sighed and sobered a little, "You're a great dad, Danno," he smiled lightly, "But I don't know if I would be...

Danny paused and looked deep into his partner's eyes. "Steve, you'd be a fantastic father," He placed his hand on Steve's knee, "and you're amazing with Grace. But I know you don't feel you're ready for a kid, and we've only been together a couple of months, anyway. I wouldn't do that to you, I really was only joking."
Steve had obviously learned his lesson, as he looked softly at his lover and conceded, “Yeah, I guess it’s not nice to spring something on someone without asking first…”

Danny gestured out towards the woman and her daughter in the shallows, "Anyways, between Gracie, Mary and Joan, Chin, Kono, and you? I've already got all the family I'll ever need..."

And now Steve was looking at him like he'd hung the sun in the sky as well.

Chapter End Notes

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Oh dear, poor Danny and his massive... heart...

I hope you liked Mary-Ann's visit (she certainly did!) and I couldn't resist having Danny go all gooey and paternal with Joan, I do love a bit of Daddy Danno!

Anyway, thoughts, questions and comments always welcome! Thanks for reading!
Steve's 6am alarm beeped, waking Danny up as well before his partner could hit the button. Danny groaned. It was Sunday, and from the sounds coming from outside, it was tipping it down with rain - one of Hawaii's little quirks was the weather, where it could be blazing sunshine one minute and thudding down with monsoon-like rain the next. The heavy raindrops beat against the window, and yet Steve still appeared intent on following through with his morning routine, as he reached over to the nearby chair and grabbed his running clothes from where they lay on it.

Sunday mornings were made for lie ins, at least as far as Danny was concerned. Steve seemed to think that every day should begin at the crack of dawn, usually with a half hour- or hour-long swim or run, followed by a three minute Navy shower, some sort of horrendously healthy breakfast and a bulletproof coffee. This was Danny's idea of Hell, and just once he was determined to show Steve that it was worth having a lazy morning.

His partner stretched his limbs out and moved to get out of the bed, but Danny rolled over and wrapped his arms heavily around Steve's torso, preventing him from leaving the bed.

Steve smiled, "Gerroff Danno, I'm getting up," he whispered gently and ran his hand up Danny's arm to encourage him to let go. All it did was send a tingle down the detective's spine at the gentle contact.

"Mmm I seem to remember there is a law in place, something about you needing my express permission?" he mumbled into Steve's shoulder.

His partner laughed softly, playing along, "Okay, please may I leave the bed, Danny?"

"That's 'sir' to you, show me some respect sailor..." Danny teased and squeezed the SEAL tighter.

"Please may I leave the bed, sir?" Steve prodded him playfully.

Danny made a show of considering the request. "Ummmmmm... no," he lifted his head and began
planting lazy kisses down Steve's neck, receiving a moan as a reward.

His partner still struggled against him, however, "C'mon Danno, I'm getting up, I'm gonna have a run. You can stay here if you like."

Danny just hummed against his pulse point, refusing to quit his advances, breathing hot air over his skin and licking his earlobe, making Steve moan again.

"Danny, stop it... Ah, fuck it," he gave in and threw his running clothes onto the floor, rolling on top of Danny, sliding his hand in behind his lover's neck and locking lips for a deep kiss. Danny smiled against his mouth, proud of his achievement. No running for this SEAL this morning!

They took their time, lazily exploring each other's bed-warm bodies as their tongues slid against the other's in a slow battle. They hummed and sighed as skin pressed against skin, palms slid over smooth backs and fingers massaged flesh. There was no hurry to it, no desperate rush, just a need to feel their partners under their finger tips.

Steve broke the kiss and began to work his way along Danny's jaw and down onto his neck. He'd clearly memorised the blonde's weak spots, as he demonstrated his fantastic Navy Intelligence-trained ability to absorb information by tracing every sensitive area with his teeth and tongue like he had a mental map. Danny hooked his ankles around the back of Steve's calves to make sure he definitely wasn't going anywhere, although Steve now seemed pretty content to stay where he was and use his mouth to investigate the expanse of skin which was Danny's throat and chest. He canted his hips slightly and the movement meant that their cocks rubbed against each other through the fabric of their boxer briefs, producing a shudder through both of them.

He pushed his head back against the pillows and arched his spine, pressing his chest up toward his lover's mouth as he grazed his teeth over Danny's nipples. He let out a deep, trembling breath, unable to make too much noise with Mary and Joan in the guest room.

Steve was working his way down over his ribs and abs with his lips, his hot breath was skittering over his bare flesh and raising goosebumps across his body, and Danny massaged at his partner's shoulders in gentle encouragement. Not only had Steve chosen to stay in bed with him, but now he was taking control and being the one to supply the pleasure, and it was magical.

The SEAL reached Danny's belly, sliding his fingers under the edge of his boxers and tugging them slowly downwards, exposing his partner inch by inch, and licked a wet stripe up the underside of his hard cock which was now resting heavy against his stomach. Again, the detective had to hold in a moan which threatened to escape, managing to confine it to a quiet whimper.

Steve raised up onto his knees and pulled the boxers entirely off Danny's legs, then pushed Danny's thighs apart so that he could position his face above his partner's erection, placing his hands either side of the detective's hips on the bed.

He dipped his head down and took Danny into his mouth, running his talented tongue around over the swollen head and settling it flat against the underside before sliding his mouth up the length, gradually and teasingly. Danny felt like he was going to explode right there and then. Steve's mouth was so hot, so wet, and so hungry for him, and being unable to make any real appreciative noises meant that he had to contain himself more than usual. Whispered curse words passed his lips in amongst the sharp intakes of breath which kept him grounded.

"Oh god, babe..." he whispered, "You're so fucking perfect..."

Steve purred around his cock and he arched upward in an attempt to sustain the contact as his
partner began to slide his mouth back up his length, the vibrations going straight to his balls and making him whimper.

The SEAL flexed his huge hands over Danny's hips, digging his fingers in securely, not holding Danny down but just giving himself purchase on his partner's body as he used his mouth to lavish attention on his cock. He bobbed his head up and down slowly, letting his lover's dick slide along the roof of his mouth, back over his soft palate and into the entrance to his throat, lightly grazing his teeth along the thick shaft and offering all the possible sensations for Danny to writhe under.

Every word out of Danny's mouth was a hoarse whisper; being quiet was not something he normally associated with sex, especially not the mind blowing sessions he had with Steve, and every now and then he had to bite the inside of his cheek to keep from crying out. Steve sealed his lips around Danny's shaft and sucked lightly, a gentle building pressure which made Danny grip the sheets and arch his back, screwing his eyes shut.

"Oh god, Steve... yes..." he hissed, "Oh, babe..."

Steve began to work harder, worshipping his cock and slowly intensifying his movements, varying the pressure and speed. It was amazing, the wealth of sensations rushing through his body, up from his dick and into his brain, releasing endorphins and all sorts of good hormones into his bloodstream.

And then something occurred to him. He thought about the last few times they had sex, in particular since he'd told Steve that he loved him for the first time since they'd got together... the majority of the time, Steve had been the one to initiate the sex, usually before Danny had the chance - when they had been unable to sleep the night before the raid, when Steve had given him that incredible back massage, even when they had angry sex all the times during their argument, Steve had always been the one to interrupt the quarrel with his own brand of distraction techniques. Even if he hadn't been the one to start it, each time he had quickly assumed control, overtly or subtly, and ensured that Danny got exactly what he wanted. Not just in the manner of a giving lover but, if Danny really thought about it, in the way that a person who was desperate to hold on to his partner might. Someone who really thought they had to work to cling on to their relationship.

His blood ran cold. Why was Steve acting that way? Was it the same reason he wasn't letting Danny move in properly, wasn't assimilating his lover into his life in the same way he had taken him into his bed? He felt like a moron. He was a fucking detective, why why why had he not seen this? His idiotic goofball of a partner still thought Danny was going to leave him. He'd already told Steve that he never would, but why did he ever think that the man with enormous abandonment issues would ever just stop thinking he wasn't worthy?

"Danny?" Steve's quiet voice drifted up from where he had pulled back from his partner's softening cock. Danny had been so distracted by the sudden revelation going on in his brain that he must have stopped responding to Steve and lost his momentum. He looked down and, god, Steve looked absolutely wrecked. "What's wrong? What did I do?"

_He thinks he's done something wrong!_

Danny felt like a hot knife had been plunged into his heart.

He levered himself up on to his arms and looked into Steve's eyes. They looked so blue this morning, clear and full of some indeterminate emotion which left him looking raw and open. Danny pushed up into a sitting position and grasped Steve by his biceps, forcing him to kneel back on his haunches.
He kept his voice at a low whisper, his breath catching in his throat. "You didn’t… you didn’t do anything wrong. Babe, wh-… what are you doing?"

Steve looked confused, "Um, pretty sure I was just giving you a blow job?" And there was that diversion technique again. Making a joke to avoid emotional conflict.

"No, Steven. I mean with all of this." Danny gestured around the room, and he knew Steve would realise he meant the house and, by association, their relationship. "You're pulling me close and at the same time you're holding me at arm's length. You asked me to move in to your home, but you won't let me move into your life?"

It felt strange having such an important conversation in hushed murmurs, but it was something he knew they had to get out of the way and he didn't want Mary overhearing anything.

Steve looked frightened and slightly broken. Not once, in their entire friendship, had he seen this amount of fear in the man's eyes. Apart from maybe that time Danny had been dosed with Sarin and Steve had run to his side, unable to do anything except watch his friend slowly lose the ability to breathe.

"Danny, I..." Steve faltered and looked down at the bed and away from Danny's intense gaze, "I love you. I do, I've never loved anyone or anything more. But I think..." his voice cracked. The SEAL sucked in a deep breath and then let it out, shuddering. He was vulnerable, raw.

Danny's stomach twisted. 'But...' that word felt like a punch, but he pushed the feeling away, listening patiently to what Steve had to say, because getting any deep level of emotion out of the guy was a rarity in itself. He had to know what his partner was thinking, feeling. He cupped Steve's cheek in his hand and made him meet his gaze again. "Hey, it's okay babe. Talk to me. Please?"

Steve took his time, gathering his thoughts. Minutes passed before he spoke again. "But I think that's what scares me." He looked into Danny's eyes, and the detective felt like his heart would snap in two. "I think... I think I love you too much. And I'm gonna lose you. And then I'll... I'll lose myself, Danno..."

Danny let out the breath he'd been holding. He shifted his knees underneath him, so that he was kneeling in front of Steve on the bed. He gently slid his hands under Steve's elbows and raised him so they were face to face, their height difference reduced slightly in this position. He eased his fingers into the short hair at the nape of his partner's neck and brought him in for the most tender kiss he'd ever shared with anyone. He pushed all of his love, his devotion, his hopes and his soul into the kiss. And he could only pray that Steve felt it. "You're never gonna lose me, babe..."

Steve's arms came up to wrap around Danny's waist and held him gently as their lips stayed pressed against one another's. And bit by bit their grips on each other tightened, muscles tensing, fingers gripping. They opened their mouths to each other and when Danny's hands went to Steve's face they came away wet with tears.

He pulled back, opening his eyes to find Steve squeezing his tightly shut, tears streaking his stubbled cheeks. "Babe, you're crying..." he whispered.

"Danny, don't..." Steve's voice cracked, ashamed that he was showing this level of vulnerability in front of his partner.

"Babe," Danny prompted, and Steve opened his eyes, finally seeing the matching hot, wet tracks down Danny's face, which seemed to make him feel a little less self-conscious about his own perceived weakness. "I love you. So much. And I've told you, I will never leave you, not willingly.
But I need two things from you, okay?"

Steve kissed him gently, "Anything Danno, anything. Just tell me and I'll do it," still so desperate to please.

"First, I need you to realise that you are worthy of love. And I don't just mean from me. You deserve it, you beautiful idiot. Love, loyalty, passion, everything. And people have screwed you over in the past, I know that, but there are people here who love you and will never, ever hurt you. Do you understand?"

Steve shook his head and looked down, "Danny..." he began to argue.

"Do you understand?" Danny raised his lover's face back up to meet his gaze again, "Do you believe me?"

Steve looked into his eyes, searching, for what could have been hours or could have been just seconds. He took a ragged breath in.

"Yes, Danny." Fresh tears formed in his eyes from the raw honesty of the moment and his voice cracked. "Yes, I believe you. It might take me a while, but I do believe you."

They kissed again, deeply, wiping the tears from each other's faces and barely wanting to let each other go.

"What was the second thing?" Steve asked eventually.

Danny smiled at his gorgeous lover, tracing his fingers slowly down Steve's spine and making him shiver. "I need you. And I need you to tell me what you want. Don't do what you think I want, and don't, for god sake, use each time we have sex as a way to just please me. This relationship is a partnership, we're equals, and I never ever want you to feel like you have to work to keep me. You got me?"

Steve looked at Danny like he was the most beautiful thing he'd ever seen. "Yes."

Danny kissed him again, "Now, tell me what you want."

He could feel Steve's cock begin to harden between them through his boxers, and his own responded in kind. He began to nuzzle at Steve's neck and kiss down the corded muscle there. "Tell me," he whispered against his partner's skin.

Steve drew in a ragged breath, "I want... I want you inside me, Danny."

Danny kept kissing him gently, moving over his shoulder and down to his collar bone. "How do you want it? Tell me everything, exactly how you need it. This is about me looking after you."

Steve seemed uncomfortable asking for what he needed, but Danny was determined that his lover was going to get what he needed, and learned that he could ask for whatever, whenever. So he waited until Steve was ready, gently kissing and licking his way up to Steve's earlobe again until his partner worked past his hesitation.

"I want... I want you on top, I want to be facing you, I want... to kiss you while you come inside me. And... for you to do what you did the other night."

Danny gave him a reassuring smile, knowing exactly what he meant. He manoeuvred Steve around so that he had his shoulders resting against the headboard, pillows built up behind him to protect
his back. He pushed another pillow under Steve's hips, removing his underwear as he did. He dug the bottle of lube out of the side table and smothered his fingers before leaning in to kiss Steve while he carefully pushed the first one inside his ass.

Slowly, gently, he continued to prep his partner as he took cues from the SEAL to work out what he wanted from the kiss. He began to delve his tongue in deeper, plundering Steve's mouth and receiving the same treatment in return as they muffled each other's moans and sighs. He now had three fingers inside him, stretching the ring of muscle, lightly thrusting.

Steve squeezed his shoulders, signalling he was ready and eager, and Danny broke the kiss to position himself and spread more lube over his cock. He leaned down to capture Steve's mouth with his again as he pushed inside his lover as slowly as he could, but Steve hooked his ankles around Danny's ass and pulled him forward, plunging the detective's cock into himself.

It was the SEAL's turn to bite his lip and stifle a loud moan, but in doing so mid-kiss, he ended up biting Danny's as well. The blonde growled into his mouth at the dual sensations of entering his partner and the sharp pain in his lip, kissing Steve even harder and deeper. He waited for Steve to adjust to his size inside him, before pushing all the way in up to the hilt.

Steve dug his fingers in to the flesh on Danny's back, and the detective started up a slow but forceful rhythm, dragging gasps and moans from his partner's throat. He watched as Steve threw his head back and relaxed into the embrace, baring his all to his lover, and he couldn't believe this man belonged to him, or that he belonged to such a perfect human being.

He pumped into him, kissing along his throat and revelling in the sounds Steve was trying to bury in his chest. He varied his strokes, switching between deep plunges and shallow drives, and he dipped his hand in between them to palm Steve's hard, dripping cock and rubbing his thumb over the head while re-capturing his partner's mouth with his own. Steve bucked his hips up reactively, altering the angle that Danny plunged into him so he was sliding over his prostate. He gasped and pushed at Danny's chest, breaking the kiss.

"No no, I don't wanna come yet. I want -ah fuck- want you to come first, and then-"

"I got ya, babe," Danny tilted Steve's hips so that he wasn't stimulating him so much that it pushed him too close. He could feel his own orgasm building, a knot forming in his abdomen and tightening exponentially. And he knew what Steve wanted.

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"No no, I don't wanna come yet. I want -ah fuck- want you to come first, and then-"

"I got ya, babe," Danny tilted Steve's hips so that he wasn't stimulating him so much that it pushed him too close. He could feel his own orgasm building, a knot forming in his abdomen and tightening exponentially. And he knew what Steve wanted.

He dipped his head back down, delving his tongue into his partner's mouth, and fucked him deeply with smooth undulating motions in his hips. He came, the orgasm hitting him like a freight train, and he had to desperately fight the cry that wanted to erupt from his chest. He moaned into his lover's mouth as his hips jerked a few times and he shot his come deep inside Steve.

He broke the kiss, desperately needing oxygen as his eratic heartbeat tried to return to normal, and he nuzzled the side of Steve's neck. He only allowed himself a few seconds though, as he didn't want Steve to lose his momentum, before he pulled out and slid down the bed, taking Steve's hard cock in his mouth and lathing attention on it with his tongue and lips.

Steve was having a hard time keep control, his hands fisting in the sheets either side of him, but Danny grabbed his wrists and pushed his partner's fingers into his hair, remembering exactly what he had needed the other night in the kitchen. Steve whimpered, overwhelmed, as his fingers flexed against his scalp.

And then Danny did exactly what he had been asked; he deep throated Steve, dipping his head and drawing his full length in and out of his throat several times, drawing back just enough to take a
short breath through his nose each time before taking his cock back in all the way. He paused, looking up into Steve's heavy-lidded eyes, knowing his appreciation for eye contact, and swallowed. Steve moaned, but didn't come straight away, holding back, trying to extend the moment for as long as possible. Danny pulled all the way back again, keeping Steve's gaze locked, before forcing Steve back into his throat, faster than before, and swallowing reflexively several times. The muscles in his throat pulled Steve over the edge, and he gripped Danny's blonde hair tight, throwing his head back, pushing up hard and fast, his come pulsing down his partner's throat.

Danny waited as long as he could, ensuring Steve's full satisfaction, before running his hand over Steve's grip on his head. He hadn't taken a decent breath in a long time, and his vision was beginning to grey around the edges. He was released suddenly, like Steve had forgotten he had been holding him there.

Danny pulled up and took a deep, ragged breath, but he had waited too long. He'd already been breathless from his own orgasm and Steve's kiss, and then going straight in to blowing Steve had left little time to indulge in restoring his oxygen levels. Between the deep throating and being held in place by Steve's strong grip, the resulting head rush from the deep breath sent him reeling.

As his world tilted, he heard Steve shout his name and a solid grip on his forearms attempting to catch him. The next thing he knew, he was lying on the rug on the floor of their bedroom, with Steve's face hovering inches from his.

"Danno, you okay?" His eyes were wide as he searched Danny's face for a sign he was back with him.

Danny coughed, his throat raw, and the cough soon turned into his manic laughter. Steve's concerned face broke into a grin as he relaxed when he realised his partner was okay, and he hauled Danny up by his shoulders to sit him on the bed, taking his face in his hands and checking him over. Danny slumped backwards onto the sheets and breathed deeply, while Steve hovered over him and kissed his lips and the side of his face.

"I love you Danny, and I fucking loved what you just did to me. It was... oh my god... But for fuck sake, don't kill yourself just to give me the most amazing blow job of my life, 'kay?" He pressed his nose into the side of Danny's face.

Danny laughed, "Hey, that's what we do for each other, right babe?"

Steve curled around Danny, spooning him as they both got their breath back, and Mary's concerned voice came from the other side of the door, making them freeze in place. "You guys okay? What was that thud?"

Danny had to smother his mouth with his hand to hold back his laughter. Steve answered his sister, grinning at Danny as he did. "Sorry Mare, Danny fell out of bed..."

Well, it wasn't a lie.

"Okaaaay," she didn't sound convinced, but they listened to her retreating footsteps before snorting with laughter and snuggling back into each other.

Just as they were drifting off into sleep, Danny opened his eyes and smiled, craning his neck back around to look at his partner.

"Most amazing blow job of your life, huh?" He grinned, proudly.

"Don't let it over-inflate your ego, Danno." Steve kissed him deeply again, and they settled in
together, drifting off as they listened to the rain get lighter against the window pane, and they were fast asleep before it stopped altogether.

Chapter End Notes

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Aw, these boys give me a boner in my heart... an affection erection :) 

Hope you enjoyed the fluffporn!

Comments and questions, always appreciated!
The Do-Over

Chapter Summary

Steve worries about wasted time, and Danny tries to do something about it.

Chapter Notes

Hi guys, hope you enjoy this chapter - just a cute little fluff chapter (yes, there is sex, don't panic!) and Steve and Danny being cheesy and adorable...

Thanks for your continue readership!

Enjoy!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny stood at the sink, washing the few items which couldn’t go through the dishwasher after lunch. He’d left Mary, Joan and Steve in the living room so that he could clear away the plates and food in the kitchen, and was just drying the last few items. He heard someone walk into the kitchen and come up behind him, and a hand firmly squeeze his ass cheek through his jeans.

He laughed, “Gerroff, Steve, you animal,”

Mary-Ann giggled, and he spun to find her standing behind him.

“Oh, god damn it Mary!” he yelled, flicking her with the dish towel.

“Well this butt is not yours to grab,” she said, still giggling, “I couldn’t resist. You have a lovely butt.” She went to go and sit at the kitchen table and grabbed an orange from the fruit bowl.

Danny gave her a smile, despite the embarrassed red flush climbing his neck. She was cheeky, but harmless. “Well this butt is not yours to grab,” he joked with her, hanging the towel up to dry and heading for the coffee machine, “You want a coffee?”

“Ugh, not the way Steve makes it. You don’t put butter in yours, do you?” she crinkled her nose up.

Danny laughed again, “Nah, I have sensible human coffee. Unlike the Incredible Hulk, I intend for my heart attack to be from a malasada overdose…”

Mary peeled her orange, dropping the bits of skin onto the table top, “Okay, well in that case, I will have one of your sensible human coffees, yes.”

Danny hit the buttons on the machine to set it off and placed a mug underneath the spout, turning to lean back against the counter so that he could keep an eye on his partner’s errant sister.
“Where’s Steve?” he asked, still a little wary. Mary seemed to have a constant cheeky glint in her eye ever since she’d caught him naked in the kitchen the morning before.

“He’s gone out to the store, he said he wouldn’t be too long. He’s taken Joan too, some bonding time will be nice for them,” she removed the last of the orange skin and broke up the segments of the fruit.

Danny brought her coffee over, along with a small dish which he managed to slide underneath the fruit just before it hit the table. He swept the bits of skin into his hand and deposited them into the trash on the way to the fridge, and then brought back the milk and a pot of sugar for Mary to add to her coffee.

“Ooh, what fabulous waitress service,” Mary cooed and grinned at him.

“Anything for you, madam,” Danny bowed, and then went to collect his own coffee, sitting in the chair next to Mary. He put the chair at a slight angle and leaned back in it, bringing his left ankle up to rest on his right knee in a relaxed stance while he sipped at his hot drink.

Mary rested back in her chair and fed segments of orange into her mouth, “Good, because I’m taking this opportunity to give you The Talk,” she shook a stern finger at the detective, who looked mildly amused.

“The ‘don’t hurt my brother or I’ll kill you’ talk?” he took another sip of coffee, “Because that’s fine, I get it. I’ve given the same talk to pretty much anyone who’s ever dated my siblings.”

Mary nodded, “Yup, although I think I need to change it to ‘don’t hurt my brother or he’ll kill you, and I will come along and cheer at your funeral’, because he’s a SEAL and all that…”

Danny snorted, “Fair point, and I give you full permission to come kick over my grave stone if I ever hurt him. Not that I will, Mary, you know that right?”

Her eyes met his and searched for a second or two, “Yeah, I think I know that,” she said softly, “And I’m kinda glad he got together with you, Danny. You were always really cute together, and since he’s been back in Hawaii, he’s become…” she paused, deliberating over an appropriate word, “better.”

“Better?” Danny cocked his head to one side.

“I don’t really know how else to put it, Danny. But yeah, he’s been more chilled, happier, like a light has come back on somewhere. A light that was maybe turned off when we lost mom and were sent to live with our aunt, or when he joined the Navy, or… I don’t know. But he came back here, and slowly but surely, he’s coming back to life…” She picked up her coffee and held the mug in both hands in front of her, staring down into its milky depths. “I thought maybe it was because he was back home, in the Reserves, or because he had a new purpose with finding dad’s killer… but when I visited and I met you and the rest of Five-0, and I saw the way you all interacted… I knew it was because he’d made a home here again.”

Danny smiled warmly. It made his chest tight just thinking about how much Steve had opened up with him and the team, relaxed into his civilian life and embraced being back home in Hawaii. When he’d first arrived, he was still very much the Commander, all barking orders and brusque attitude, not really letting anyone get close. Everyone had tried to edge their way into his life, subtly and slowly, but Danny had figured it would be quicker for him if he just battered his way in and inserted himself there – after all, that’s what Steve had done to him!
The SEAL had taken his job as leader of Five-0, and proceeded to wrangle Danny into becoming his partner because he wanted access to his dad’s case and Danny was lead investigator. He’d quite literally marched into Danny’s crappy little apartment and told him they were working together, no two ways about it.

And that had set the formula for their friendship. Neither of them knocked when they walked into each other’s homes, their personal space never even really factored into anything, and what started as a battle of wills while they tested each other’s limits had slowly turned into a teasing, loving banter, a friendship which went deeper than anything he’d shared with anyone before.

They poked and prodded at each other, but that was how they were. It was how they’d always be. They challenged each other, and that’s what made them better.

And as they got to know each other, as they shared experiences, their relationship had grown. When Danny was dosed with Sarin, Steve was there for him immediately. He’d gone with him to the hospital, picked up Grace from school and brought her to see him, he’d thought of everything. And when he was well enough to return to work, the hug that they’d shared was worth all the pain and fear involved, because it had brought them so much closer.

Steve had done so much for him over the years; talking to the Governor to ensure Rachel and Stan couldn’t take Grace away, speaking as a character witness in the family court on his behalf when they had tried to challenge what little custody he had of his daughter, letting him live in Steve’s house when he had nowhere to go.

And he had done his best to repay his partner in kind, helping with the investigation of his father’s toolbox, doing his best to be there whenever Steve needed him. Hell, he’d followed him to Korea and then Afghanistan, just to make sure he was okay. And he’d follow him to the ends of the Earth if he had to.

He realised he’d been quiet, lost in his own thoughts, when Mary nudged his leg gently with her foot. He shook his head clear, “Sorry.”

“Where’d you go?” she teased.

Danny placed his mug on the table and crossed his arms lightly over his stomach, feeling a little vulnerable, “Just thinking about how far we’ve come. Not just Steve, but me too.” He took a deep breath and met her curious gaze, “He makes me a better person too.”

A smile broke out on her face, and she stood up, putting her own coffee down on the table. She stuck her arms out in front of her and made a head motion to signal for Danny to stand up. “C’mere you,” she grinned.

Danny stood and slipped his arms around her waist. She was so tiny in comparison to Steve, it felt like he could probably get his arms around her twice over if he tried. She wrapped her arms around his neck and squeezed him firmly, laying her head on his shoulder. It was a glorious hug, full of acceptance and a shared love for someone important to both of them. Danny could feel her smiling against his shoulder, through his t-shirt, and his own grin widened. Any awkwardness he’d had with Mary had now officially gone. He was a part of their family, and he could feel that through her embrace.

“You two are perfect for each other, Danny,” she sighed, not loosening her grip on him, “I think you need each other.”

“I couldn’t agree more,” he planted a brotherly kiss on the side of her head, and she pulled back
from him, placing her hands on his biceps and smiling at his affectionately.

They heard the front door open and close, and Steve’s voice drifting in from the living room.
“Danny? Mary? Where are you?”

“Your sister’s in here, and she’s groping me again!” Danny yelled out, and Steve walked into the room, carrying Joan asleep in his arms, to find his lover and his sister wrapped in each other’s arms.

“Oh no, I don’t have competition here, do I?” He grinned at the two of them, and the smile crinkled at the corners of his eyes, making Danny’s stomach do a back flip like it always did.

Mary giggled, “Well I’m doing my level best to steal him away from you, bro. But I don’t think I’m man enough for him!” She winked at Steve.

Danny released his hold on her and stepped back, looking her up at down in a theatrical manner.
“Hmm I dunno…” he muttered teasingly.

Mary spun and smacked him on the arm playfully, “You watch it, Danny Williams! My brother’s a Navy SEAL, he’ll beat you up if you’re mean to me!”

“Oh, I’m sooo scared,” he teased back.

Steve handed Joan off to Mary and moved over to Danny, placed a hand in the middle of his back and dipped his head down to kiss him softly when the blonde automatically looked up at him.

Danny put his hand on his partner’s chest to steady himself and returned the delicate affection, smiling against his lover’s mouth. Steve pulled back and grinned, “You’d better be scared, I’ll beat the crap out of you.”

Mary laughed and went to carry her sleeping daughter back into the living room, “Well, from the noises I heard this morning, it sounds like you already are!”

Steve and Danny looked at each other in horror, each turning a lovely shade of red.

“Oh, Christ…” Danny muttered, covering his face with his hand. Steve just laughed and shook his head.

Later in the evening, Danny was walking Joan around on the lanai and pointing out the different views, flora and fauna to her. He had her sitting on his arm so that her back was leaning against his chest and her head was in the crook of his neck, and he was using his other hand to point and pick flowers off the bushes, which he then held in front of her so she could grasp at them and admire the different shapes and colours.

Steve had come to stand in the kitchen doorway and watch him for a few minutes, but he’d disappeared back inside about half an hour ago, and Danny had allowed himself to revel in the time he got to spend with Mary’s little girl. Mary had even referred to him as ‘Uncle Danny’ when she was talking to Joan and feeding her after she’d woken up from her nap, and he was loving the new found affection and friendship between himself and Steve’s sister. It was a wonderful acceptance, and he even liked the way that she made dirty little comments and jibes at them, making sure they knew she was fully aware of (and fine with) what they got up to, keeping them on their toes. His embarrassment levels were dropping as he was slowly inoculated against her sense of humour, and he was glad she didn’t hold back on the jokes, because it showed she was comfortable with Danny, and his relationship with her brother. That was so important to him.
Joan squeaked in his arms as he waved a little blue flower in front of her. “Hey, yeah that’s pretty, isn’t it? Pretty like you!” He gave her a squeeze and bounced her as she grabbed at his hand holding the flower and gripped his fingers in her little hands.

He knew he didn’t want more kids yet, he’d only been teasing Steve yesterday to teach him a lesson, but it was lovely having Joan around getting to interact with a baby again. Grace was only eleven, but growing up so fast, and he found it a lot less stressful dealing with diapers and green pea sick up than talk of boyfriends and helping deal with bullies at school. A part of him would give anything to keep Grace as a little girl forever, never letting her go through the hard times of becoming a teenager or adult, never having her heart broken or dealing with her changing body, just getting to be young and free and innocent. But the other part of him rejoiced as he watched her grow up, mature and turn into a beautiful and smart young girl, knowing that he would always be there to support her as she went through the bad times in life, and share and create the good times too.

He would be there through all of it, and so would Rachel and Stan, and so would Steve. Regardless of the pain caused for all involved during and after the divorce, Danny had to consider the positive points that had come from it – Grace had a greatly extended family, and support base, because of it. Not only Rachel and Stan, and their respective families, but also Danny and the Williams clan, and through being moved to Hawaii, they had picked up Danny’s ohana along the way.

Chin and Kono were fantastic adoptive aunts and uncles, and Steve? Well, Steve was just perfect. He was more than an uncle. That’s how Danny knew that, if they ever did decide to extend their family in the future, Steve would be the most wonderful father on the face of the Earth. Because he already was, with Grace. Yeah, Danny was biased, but he was going to stick with that opinion.

He wiped the sand off his bare feet on the door mat, and bounced Joan as he walked back through the kitchen and into the living room. She was getting heavy and he needed to put her down. But he forgot all about the discomfort in his arm when he saw Steve and Mary plugging in his widescreen TV where Steve’s old one used to be. That one now sat in the corner by the door through to the garage, and the bubble wrap which had been protecting Danny’s TV was sitting next to it, ready to wrap it for storage. Two boxes of his framed photos sat on the coffee table, along with a drill and a box of screws, and the cardboard box labelled ‘Grace’ was standing at the bottom of the stairs, ready to be taken up to the spare room.

Steve looked up from behind the TV and spotted him. “Close your mouth, Danno, you look like a guppy fish,” he grinned.

Danny swiftly shut his mouth, looking around the room again with wide eyes.

“What are you doing?” he managed to say.

Steve shrugged and gestured to the boxes. “Well, you’ve been living here for a week, I figured we needed to get your stuff out of the garage and into the house where it belongs.”

Tears spiked at the corners of Danny’s eyes. Where it belongs! No, don’t fucking cry, Williams!

He smiled at his partner, eyes shining. “That’s, uh… that’s perfect Steve.” He had to clear his throat, emotion threatening to overwhelm him.

Mary looked back and forth between them, “Aaaaw, you two are so cute!” she giggled.

She walked over and took Joan out of Danny’s arms. “I think it’s about time for a nap, young lady,” she hoisted her daughter and carried her up the stairs to the spare room, cooing at her all the way,
“Did Uncle Danny show you the beach? Did you like it?”

Danny sat down on the couch and pulled one of the boxes of photos towards him, pulling one out of him with Grace on his shoulders from when she was about eight. He looked up at Steve to see him smiling softly.

“We’ll hang those on the wall later if you like?” he paused and sighed, “I’m sorry, Danno.”

“What? Why are you sorry, babe?” Danny stood and walked towards his lover, running his fingers up Steve’s forearms.

“You were right, what you said this morning about me keeping you at arm’s length… I was just a bit scared, and now I feel like an idiot for not letting you in sooner. And I don’t just mean you moving in here, I mean I should have had the courage to make a move before now, before we left it for so long.” Steve bent his neck and pushed his forehead against Danny’s, closing his eyes, “I feel like we wasted so much time…”

Danny moved one hand up to cradle Steve’s cheek, “Hey, it’s not wasted time, babe. Think about it, we just spent four and a bit years getting to know each other. It’s given us a great basis of friendship to build something more on.”

The SEAL nodded against him, “I know, but I wanted you from the moment I first met you and I just wish I’d said or done something about it…”

“Wait, from the moment we first met? Like, in the garage, when I pointed a gun at you?” Danny pulled back and made Steve look at him.

The brunette smiled weakly. “Maybe? I dunno, it was pretty hot when you told me I’d need an ambulance…” and his smile grew a little wider.

Danny gave him a lop-sided grin, “Wow, if only I’d known. I had no idea you liked me that early on, I might have done something about it!”

“Seriously?” Steve looked a little broken, like his level of regret had just racked up another notch.

Danny moved his other hand to Steve’s face, “Hey, like I said, it wasn’t wasted time, babe. If we’d got together when we first met, as the people we used to be, it probably wouldn’t have worked. Think about it. I was a lot angrier, and you were totally closed off, can you imagine?”

Steve nodded sadly, “Yeah I know, Danno. But still, four years? We could have had this so much earlier.”

“We have it now. Because of you,” Danny stood on his toes to capture Steve’s lips under his, lowering his voice, “and your kinky-ass ways. Breaking in to my house and blindfolding me? You took a risk doing that, and I’m grateful you did. That night started us down a new path. An amazing path filled with a tonne of really fucking hot sex,” he winked at Steve, “but also this unbelievable love.”

Steve dipped in for another kiss, a little deeper this time. “If I’m honest, Danny, I was a little drunk that night… I’d spent the day watching you stomp around in a mood, wearing a pair of slacks which left very little to my imagination, and when I got home I sank into a bottle of vodka. But I couldn’t stop thinking about you, and how you looked like you needed to cheer up and relax, and I wanted so much to do that for you…”

Danny smirked, “Okay, remind me to get some more vodka in…”
Steve laughed, “You don’t mind that I was wasted when we first… y’know..?”

It was a little adorable that he was suddenly too self-conscious to say the words ‘when we first fucked’, and Danny gave him a reassuring smile. “When you came to mine it was, what, 3am? 4am? Those were not the actions of a drunk man, Steve. You were careful and deliberate, and pretty damn co-ordinated, so I’m pretty sure that even if the alcohol gave you the courage to come over, you’d sobered up enough by that point to know exactly what you were doing. I just hope you didn’t drive?”

His partner shook his head, “No, taxi there and walked back,” he admitted.

Danny laughed, “Wow, that’s a walk of shame I’d have liked to see!”

“How did you know it was me? I mean, you said nothing at work the next day, and even when I made comments to prompt you… well I thought you didn’t know it was me… and I was a little down about it to be honest. But you must have known, because you got me back that night…” he smiled at the memory.

“You locked my door, you moron. Most thieves don’t have a key?”

Steve slapped his hand over his face, “Ah, yeah, that’ll do it...” he muttered.

“There were a few… other clues as well, mind you,” Danny smirked.

Steve raised an eyebrow at him and looked smug, but then his brow furrowed, “Wait a second, ‘thief’? I didn’t take anything, Danno.”

Danny slid his hand around the back of his lover’s neck and brought him in for a kiss, soft and deep. “You know exactly what you stole, Steven,” he whispered against his partner’s lips.

And Steve did, the look in his eyes said he understood, as they went back in for another kiss.

“You’re such a cheesy bastard, Danno…”

Because Steve had stolen his heart.

Monday arrived, and Danny said his goodbyes to Mary and Joan over breakfast, before heading in to work. Steve had the day off to take his sister back to the airport at lunch and run some errands in the afternoon. Danny was glad he had the morning to himself, as it gave him time to plan his present to Steve. He checked with Chin and Kono if it was okay for him to leave work early, and Kono gave him a dirty wink when they realised that Mary would be gone when he got home.

As Danny left, he received a text from the Hawaiian officer.

[Kono] Have fun, you two!

It was swiftly followed by the photo she had taken of them in the courtyard at the grill. Danny pressed up against the wall by Steve, their eyes closed and lips locked, radiating tenderness.

Yes, Steve definitely had a new contact photo…

He drove home to find Steve’s truck wasn’t parked out front. He must have still been out. Perfect...

Danny wrote a note out for his partner and left it on the side table near the front door, where Steve
always placed his keys when he got home. ‘In the garage.’

Then he ran upstairs and swiftly got changed into a fair facsimile of the outfit he had spent all
morning trying to remember. A white shirt with thin grey stripes, a pair of dark grey slacks, black
loafers and, most importantly, a dark grey tie. He’d worn ties less and less over the years, being
highly aware of the attention he started getting from Steve once he’d begun leaving his top buttons
open, starting with the look he’d received at the prison when Steve had been confined for
supposedly killing the governor. But the details were very important tonight.

He heard Steve come into the house and drop his keys on the table, and he snuck out on to the
landing area to watch him, ensuring he headed in the right direction. The SEAL picked up the note
and furrowed his brow, before putting the bag of groceries he was holding down on the table and
walking through to the garage.

Danny quietly headed down the stairs and into the garage after him, waiting until he walked around
the Marquis and stood in exactly the right position. Then he burst through the door, pointing his
gun at his partner and yelling “You! Hands up! Don’t move! Who are you?”

Steve looked up from where he was standing near the rear of the room, startled, his hand
automatically going for his weapon. “What the fuck? Danny?”

Danny tilted his gun up and down Steve’s body so that he could see his weapon’s safety was on,
and advanced on him, repeating himself. “Hands up! Who are you?”

The SEAL looked him up and down, and his look of confusion faded as recognition and realisation
dawned. He grinned and slipped his own gun out from his holster and pointed it at Danny.

“Who are you?” he replied.

“I am Detective Danny Williams, HPD.” Danny took another step forward.

“Lieutenant Commander Steve McGarrett.” Steve countered him, taking a step forward as well.
He’d got with the program. Danny had worried that he was going to look like an idiot, that Steve
would laugh at him for trying out his acting skills, but the smile on the man’s face said otherwise.

“Put your weapon down, right now!” Danny was trying really hard to remember how their first
conversation had gone. A lot of it was burned into his mind, adrenaline tended to do that to you.
Time had blurred it around the edges a little, but he believed he would always remember the first
time he’d met the man who would later become his best friend.

“Show me your ID,” Steve commanded.

“You show me your ID! Right now.” Another stride forward.

“I’m not putting my gun down,” Steve was trying hard not to laugh, he was enjoying this
immensely.

“Neither am I!” Danny could feel his face breaking into a grin too, and he took another step
forward. He and Steve were only a few feet apart now, closer than they had been that first day.

“Use your free hand, take out your ID.” Steve insisted, also taking another step. Still clutching
their guns, their hands were now roughly level, almost touching each other’s chests.

“Please, after you.” Danny winked.
"At the same time?"

"Yeah, at the same time."

"Okay," Steve grinned, "One. Two. Three!"

Simultaneously, both men dropped their weapons to the side, grabbed each other by the face and mashed their lips together in a kiss that very quickly turned dirty.

Steve turned them so that Danny was between him and the Marquis, and backed him into it, grinding his hips against Danny's. Both of them were already semi-hard, and the contact sent more blood coursing southwards. They moaned into each other's mouths as Danny's tongue ran over the roof of Steve's mouth and Steve scraped his teeth across Danny's lower lip.

Danny's hands went to Steve's belt and began to unbuckle him, and Steve did the same. Both of them stripped each other with a feverish intent, Danny managing to get his lover's t-shirt up over his head and Steve unbuttoning most of Danny's shirt before reaching his collar. He pulled back from the kiss as his hands slid down his partner's tie, slowly.

"You know what I wanted to do when I first saw you?" he growled into Danny's ear as he tugged gently on the length of fabric.

The detective let out a shuddering breath and closed his eyes, "Tell me..."

"I wanted to take this-" he jerked on the tie again, "and drag you upstairs to the bed." He moved his mouth right next to Danny's ear, letting his lips brush the edge as he spoke. "I wanted to take my time with you, to discover every inch of skin underneath those clothes..."

Danny shuddered and he smoothed his palms up over Steve's abs, his eyes still closed as he listened to Steve's low voice in his ear. "When you faced me down and told me you were going to call an ambulance for me instead of back up... fucking hell, Danny. I almost took you right there and then."

The detective moaned loudly, and Steve began to kiss down his stubbled throat as his fingers deftly slipped the knot of tie undone and slid his shirt back off his broad shoulders. "Ah, fuck Steve. You looked so hot, I probably woulda let you..."

"How about now?" He licked a wet stripe along Danny's collar bone and his lips worried at the scar he had put there only a few short weeks before.

The blonde detective leaned back against the Marquis as Steve then made his way down to his nipples. "Oh god... now? Now you are so much hotter and you can do whatever the fuck you like to me..."

Steve licked over an erect nipple, "Oh, I fully intend to." He pulled Danny's shirt all the way off, and tugged his lover's pants.

"Oh fuck," Danny sighed, laying his head back on the roof of the car as Steve straightened back up and nipped up along the artery on the side of his neck. He toed put of his shoes and let his pants and boxers fall to pool around his ankles before stepping out of them. He lifted his head and grasped the back of Steve's, kissing him on the lips before trailing hot, wet kisses along his jaw and down over his throat, his hands sliding down his partner's back and tugging at his cargo pants to loosen them and begin to ease them down over his ass.

Steve threw his head back as Danny's teeth left little red marks at the base of his neck and over his
collar bone. The SEAL sucked in a sharp breath when Danny knelt down in front of his partner and took the head of his cock into his mouth, applying delicate suction, reaching down to un-lace his combat boots. It paid to be able to multitask.

Steve moaned and ran his fingers through Danny's blonde hair, stroking down his neck and causing him to hum appreciatively around his cock. Danny slid his mouth up and down Steve's length, swirling his tongue around the head every time he pulled back far enough. He slid his hands up the back of his boss's legs to pull his pants all the way down before gripping his ass cheeks, using the leverage to take him further back into his throat.

Steve let out a series of curse words as Danny's hot, wet mouth devoured his cock, and couldn't help looking down with dark eyes, full of lust, to watch as it slid in and out of his partner's throat. Danny looked up to meet his gaze, keeping their eyes locked as he worked on Steve with his tongue, grazing his teeth along his thick shaft.

Steve grasped Danny's biceps and lifted him to his feet. "The Marquis, Danno," he growled against Danny's lips as he kissed him.

Danny laughed, "You wanna fuck me on the car, babe?"

"No, I wanna fuck you in the car..." His eyes were hooded and his voice had the edge of command to it that set Danny's libido on fire. He felt his breath hitch in his chest and backed away from his partner, never taking his eyes off the brunette as Steve kicked off his boots and stepped out of his clothes.

Danny backed up to the car, ending up at the side of the trunk, the cool metal sending shivers up his spine when it came into contact with his bare ass. Steve advanced on him like the detective was his prey, licking his lips and sweeping his gaze over Danny's body. He whimpered as Steve stood over him and brushed his rough fingers over Danny's hip as he reached past him and pulled on the handle of the Marquis' rear door to open it.

"Get in," Steve whispered, still managing to sound commanding at such a low volume.

Danny gulped, finding himself barely able to speak, "Lube?"

Steve waved the little bottle at him. "Already took it out of my pocket, Danno. Now, get. In. The fucking. Car." He punctuated each word with a little shove at Danny's chest with his hand, still using his height as an advantage.

Danny licked his lips, "Yes, sir..."

Steve gave a low moan at being addressed that way, and seized Danny's lips with his, manoeuvring his lover so that he was in the doorway to the back seat and shoving him backwards inside.

The back seat of the Marquis was wide, but there still wasn't a huge amount of room in there. Danny crawled backwards until the back of his head met the leather interior of the other door, spreading his thighs with one leg bent and leaning up against the seat back, the other foot on the floor in the footwell. Steve crawled in over him to kneel in between his legs, his shoulders rolling like a wild cat, licking his teeth with his tongue. He deposited Danny's tie on the detective's chest, having picked it up off the garage floor before entering the car.

He leaned down and nipped along Danny's jawline, nibbling at his earlobe before moving across to his mouth and smoothing his slick tongue along Danny's bottom lip. Danny opened willingly to him, letting Steve's tongue fuck his mouth as he kissed him in return. He reached down and ran his
fingers over Steve's shaft, but the SEAL grabbed his hand away and held it by the wrist over his head, against the door. He grasped Danny's other hand and drew the tie up to his partner's wrists, binding them together and looping the material through the interior door handle to hold him in place.

Steve taking control like this was one of Danny's favourite things now. He loved being at his partner's mercy, knowing he could fully trust him, but nonetheless having that tinge of uncertainty – it was exciting and erotic. The SEAL squeezed lube onto his fingers and eased one into Danny's waiting hole, making him writhe and buck upwards, moaning his partner's name. Steve sat back on his haunches, still bent over where his shoulders met the roof of the car, and watched his lover through his long eyelashes as he slid another finger inside him and over his prostate. Danny's back arched and he cried out wordlessly as electricity shot up his spine, panting as Steve's fingers rubbed his sweet spot over and over, still working him open gently and firmly.

"God Steve I'm gonna come so hard if you keep doing that..." he breathed.

Steve changed his angle so that he wasn't over stimulating his partner, just occasionally flicking one finger across the knot of Danny's prostate to elicit a reaction from him so that he could watch, biting his lips as he enjoyed viewing the detective writhe beneath him and the noises he drew from him.

When Steve slid a third finger inside, Danny was in heaven. He reflexively tugged at his bonds, just wanting to curl his fingers through the short brown hair and hold on for dear life. Then Steve's fingers withdrew, and he was lining himself up and squeezing more lube onto his hard cock. He pressed up against Danny's waiting hole, applying a tiny amount of pressure, and seemed to enjoy it when the detective groaned impatiently underneath him.

He ducked down to kiss Danny, and his tongue entered his partner's mouth at the same time his cock pushed into his ass. Danny's shout of pleasure was muffled by Steve's lips and he pushed his hips up in an effort to take Steve further inside him, but the SEALS's hands were on his abs, holding him in place as he eased slowly into him, filling him inch by inch.

It was almost too much for Danny, too slow and too delicious to handle, and he knew Steve was enjoying tormenting him.

He tore his lips away from Steve's and groaned, "Steve, please. Shit, please ya gotta fuck me. Don't -ah- don't torture me!" He wasn't above begging, not when it meant he could have Steve fucking him hard as a reward.

But Steve just grinned, an evil spark in his eye, and froze in place, most of his cock buried inside his lover. But not enough as far as Danny was concerned.

"Fuck, please Steve!" He still couldn't get leverage to move against his lover with him leaning on his stomach the way he was. He locked eyes with Steve, "Babe, I need you!"

Steve leaned down so that their faces were only an inch apart, "Tell me what you need, Danny," he purred in a low, silky voice, "beg me to do it to you."

Danny made a choked noise in his throat, "Oh god Steve, I want- I need you to fuck me... I need you to fuck me deep and hard, please."

The SEAL suddenly pushed all the way in up to the hilt, and Danny cried out. Steve slid his arms under the blonde's armpits and hooked his hands over his broad shoulders from underneath, digging his fingers into the muscle. He used the leverage to pump in hard and fast, making Danny
cry out with every thrust, like a mantra. "Ah... Steve... Fuck... yes..."

Without Steve's hands on his abdomen holding him down, Danny could finally hook his legs up and around his partner's waist, pulling him back in every time he withdrew from his body. The SEAL grunted as he pounded into his lover, and buried his face in the crook of Danny's neck. Sweat dripped down his back as he threw himself into driving deep into Danny's ass.

Danny pulled against his restraints and squeezed his eyes shut, feeling his orgasm building low in his stomach, despite his throbbing cock being ignored.

"Steve, god 'm gonna come, fuck I'm gonna come!"

Steve licked one of his hands and moved it in between them, palming Danny's cock, squeezing and sliding his hand up and down to the same rhythm as his thrusts. It only took a few long pumps until Danny's orgasm hit, and he screamed Steve's name as his spine bowed upwards, pulling him in deep with his legs. His come spurted up over his stomach and chest, and Steve dipped down to lick some of the milky liquid from his pectoral. Fireworks went off in Danny's brain and he went almost completely limp in Steve's arms as he panted hard and squeezed his eyes shut, trying to cope with the sensations.

Steve redoubled his efforts, digging his fingertips into Danny's shoulders hard enough to leave bruises, and quickly fell over the edge after his lover. He called out Danny's name and collapsed on top of him as he pulsed inside him.

The two of them lay in the orgasmic afterglow, breathing against the other's sweaty skin and calming their pulses.

"I'll take the job," Steve muttered to himself.

"Uh?" Danny grunted, "What you say?"

Steve smiled and pushed up so he was looking into Danny's face, fingers deftly slipping the knot on his tie until his hands were released. "I wasn't going to take the job, Danno. But I called the Governor and I said yes. Because I found something that changed my mind..."

"Your dad's toolbox," Danny smiled gently at his partner, remembering the scene in the garage all those years ago.

"I thought so too," Steve whispered, "but it turns out it was something else that caught my eye..." He gave Danny a long, deep kiss. "I love you, Danno."

"I love you too, Steve."

Chapter End Notes

Yes, I know there were several cheesy moments in that, but I couldn't resist!

This was a little present for all of those who requested a re-appearance of the ties, and
I do love it when Steve gets all commanding and Danny gets turned on by it! Rawr...

Please comment and let me know what you think, it's really encouraging to hear from you ;D
Chapter Summary

Steve is grumpy, and Danny tries to figure out why, and then finds a way to cheer his lover up!

Chapter Notes

Okay, this one's a little shorter, but hopefully just as much fun for you guys!

This is based on a prompt offered by my Tumblr friend weinsanedreamer, who asked me to start off the chapter with Danny saying "Looks like someone's having a bad day" and then having to deal with a grumpy Steve while he tries to figure out what's going on. She also provided the reason for his bad mood, and I expanded a little bit on it.

Hope she likes it, and I hope you enjoy it too!

___

“Looks like someone’s having a bad day…”

Steve looked up from his desk, a sour look on his face, and grunted at Danny standing in his office doorway. Danny had gone out to collect some evidence from the lab, and had been gone for three hours or so. When he had left, Steve had been in a reasonable mood, but now upon his return he found his partner glaring at his laptop screen and jabbing the keyboard a bit more violently than was required.

"You wanna talk about it, babe?"

"No." Steve grumbled, going back to his emails.

Danny was about to push a little more, but Chin arrived behind him with his phone in his hand. "We got a hit on that phone tap, suspect's gonna be at the airport today at 3pm."

The three of them headed out, Chin on his motorbike and Steve and Danny heading for the Camaro. The detective held out his keys for his boss as they walked through the parking lot, figuring there wasn't even any point in pretending he ever got to drive his own car. He thought he might get a snarky comment from his lover about finally coming to his senses, or at least a smile, but Steve simply took them without a word and dropped himself into the driver's seat.

They made it five minutes down the road in silence before Danny looked over at Steve, crossed his arms high over his chest and stared at him with his head cocked to the side, waiting.

Steve glanced at his partner, then looked back to the road as if trying to ignore him. Danny raised
an eyebrow.

"What?" Steve groused.

"You wanna tell me why you're stomping about like someone pissed in your cornflakes?" Danny used a hand to gesture along Steve's body. "Why so tense, Superman?"

"It's nothing." Steve still wasn't looking at him, and Danny was seriously beginning to worry if he'd said or done something wrong, but he pushed the thought away once he'd done a mental run-through of the morning's events. They'd woken up with Steve's 6am alarm, Danny was feeling unusually alert for that time in the morning, and had provided his partner with an alternative work out to running or swimming. Then, shower, drove to work in the Camaro, paperwork, and he'd gone to the lab... so unless Steve had suddenly developed an aversion to morning sex (highly doubtful!), or Danny doing his job, he didn't know what he could have done to cause the bad mood now radiating from his partner. So it was something else.

"You're gonna have to tell me at some point, we live together and work together, so it's not like you can avoid me." Danny prodded.

Steve turned dark eyes on him for a second. "I can find a way to shut you up," he growled, successfully managing to distract Danny from his line of questioning by giving him an instant boner. Jeez, the way he could set the detective on fire just by lowering his voice a few notches.

Danny gulped and bit his lip, unable to reply as he willed his body to stop reacting. It wouldn't do to turn up and arrest a suspect while sporting a rather obvious hard on. It might give the wrong impression.

They arrived at the airport, and waited for Kono to contact them. She was already inside, and it was her job to lure the suspect out to the North side of the parking structure so that he was away from the general public. Robson Kai was notorious for inflicting damage on innocent bystanders when faced with danger, and Five-0 weren't willing to allow any collateral damage. He also had a record for sexual assault on young women, and had a serious intelligence problem when it came to understanding consent, even blaming the women for tempting him with what they were wearing. So they were going to use this jerk's weakness against him in style.

The young Hawaiian officer flirted with Kai at the baggage claim, wearing the tiniest skirt she could find at short notice, and then left him hot and bothered as she picked up the bag that Chin had planted on the other side of the belt and strutted off to the parking lot where Danny and Steve were waiting.

The bait worked, with Kai following her at a distance, thinking the young woman wouldn't spot him. He was taller than her by a foot, and about three times as broad, with thick ropey muscles. He probably figured this would be easy. She walked between a van and an SUV in the secluded corner of the lot, and he made his move and closed in on her.

Steve and Danny darted from their hiding place behind the van, weapons drawn, and the SEAL rounded the front of the van while Danny came around the back, both prepared to take on the asshole. "Five-0! Get on the-! Never mind..." Danny grinned.

No need to tell the guy to get on the floor when he was already face down on the concrete with Kono contorting his arm behind him at an unnatural angle.

Kai screamed, "Help! Get her off me!" while Kono dug her knee into his lower back.
"I'm sorry baby, but you got me all worked up with those tight pants!" Kono twisted his wrist a little harder. "You brought this on yourself..."

Danny was pretty sure that Kono was one of the most amazing women he knew, and made a mental note to never ever piss her off. That girl was proof that bad ass came in small packages.

They spent the afternoon in the Interrogation Room with Kai, Steve managing to work out a little of his anger on the guy as they drew out the information they needed, and Danny occasionally threatening to bring Kono in to beat the crap out of him again just for his own amusement. Kai was taken away and booked, but even after the successes of the day, Steve still seemed grumpy.

The three cops were standing in the bullpen when Kono suggested to Danny and Chin that they go out for drinks at Sidestreets to celebrate, and Danny glanced at their boss sitting in his office on his laptop.

"I'm definitely up for it, but I'm not sure about sour puss over there..." he muttered.

"Yeah, what's up with him today bruh?" Chin asked, "He got a phone call while you were out at the lab and he's been in a bad mood ever since."

Danny creased his brow. "He didn't mention a call and he won't tell me what's up... I wish he wouldn't shut down on me."

Kono nudged him in the ribs, "Oh, I'm sure you can find a way to get him to open up, boss..." She gave him one of her speciality dirty winks.

"Don't respond to that, Danny," Chin laughed, "You'll only encourage her, and I've heard too much already!" He headed off toward his office.

"You two are gonna come out tonight, right?" Kono asked, already backing away to grab her belongings from her own office.

"I'll see what I can do to drag him out, but I can't guarantee anything. I'll let you know." Danny waved at her and watched his friends leave the office. He observed Steve giving his paperwork the thousand yard death stare for a minute or so, and came to the conclusion there was probably only one way to cheer him up.

He went to his office and closed the door behind him, grabbing a bottle of lube out of his top drawer. Pulling his shirt out of his pants, he unbuckled his belt and tugged his pants and boxers down a little way. He wanted to take that frown off his lover's face, and he didn't want to make Steve work for it, so he doused his fingers in lube and slid them into his own ass, leaning against his desk as he spent a few minutes prepping himself. He palmed his cock, thinking about Steve's words in the car earlier and how much he'd been turned on by his low, dangerous voice. When he was hard and he decided he was ready, he pulled his pants back up and tucked his shirt in, adjusting his erection in his slacks, pocketed the lube, and headed for Steve's office.

"Hey babe," he purred as he leaned against Steve's open office door, "Think you might want to head to Sidestreets tonight?"

Steve shrugged and continued to type, either ignoring or not registering the tone of Danny's voice.

The detective quietly closed the office door and released the cords that dropped the blinds on the door and windows into the main office. He slowly walked toward his partner, swaying his hips a little as he did and smiling when the movement caught Steve's eye and he finally looked up.
Danny rounded the desk and Steve turned his chair so he was facing his partner. He wasn't frowning anymore, but he wasn't quite smiling yet. He was, however, licking his lips as he looked Danny up and down with a predatory look in his eyes, and that sent electricity coursing up Danny's spine.

The blonde tugged on Steve's hand, gesturing for him to stand up, and then turned them so he was in between his boss and the desk, backed up against it. The SEAL pressed up against him, finally smiling a little when he felt Danny's already hard cock between them.

"Fuck, Danny..." he breathed.

Danny slid his hand behind Steve's head and brought him down for a kiss, speaking against his lips in a whisper, "Well, that was the plan, yes."

He ran his tongue along Steve's bottom lip, enjoying the moan it elicited, and slid it in to his partner's mouth when he opened to him eagerly. Danny took control of the kiss, pulling Steve into him hard and alternating between kissing him deeply and nipping at his lips. He shoved his hands underneath his boss's soft cotton t-shirt and dragged blunt nails down his back. Steve responded by grinding his hips into him, his cock growing hard in his cargo pants until they became too restrictive and he had to release himself. He tugged his pants and boxers down to pool at his feet, and one of Danny's hands immediately clasped around his solid length, massaging him and making him moan into Danny's mouth. The other hand went to his own pants, pulling the lube bottle out of his pocket and dropping it onto the desk, unbuttoning his slacks and pushing them down.

They both toed out of their shoes and kicked their pants out of the way, and Steve grasped Danny's ass cheeks and lifted him up onto the desk, their mouths still locked together as they explored each other with their tongues. Danny took Steve's hand and guided it down, brushed over his cock and moving to his ass as he leaned back to expose himself to his lover. The SEAL's finger slipped easily inside his loose, lubed up hole and Steve gasped and pulled away from Danny, looking down between them.

"Holy fuck..." he muttered as he realised Danny was ready and waiting for him. A dirty grin slid onto his lips. "Jesus Danny, you little slut!" He growled against his partner's mouth as he went back in for another taste, working his way along Danny's jaw with his teeth and mouthing at his earlobe.

Danny dropped his head back and moaned, leaning his hands back on the desk to support him and hooking his ankles around the back of Steve's thighs to pull him closer. Their cocks rubbed against each other, perfectly level with Danny on the desk, and they both swore and panted as the pleasure built between them.

Steve pulled Danny forward so he was seated right at the edge of the desk, hips tilted back so that Steve had full access to him as he continued to administer pleasurable kisses along the detective's throat. Without turning away from his partner, he grabbed the lube bottle and squeezed some into his hand, lathering up his cock and then sliding two fingers into Danny for good measure.

The blonde threw his head back and moaned as Steve's fingers brushed over and past his sweet spot, before coming back again for a slightly harder rub.

"Fuck, Steve, you just gonna call me a slut or are you gonna hurry up and treat me like one?"

Steve pulled back and looked into Danny's eyes, looking a little surprised by the words, but then a sly grin spread across his face and his eyes grew hot and dark with lust.

"Danny, you... oh my god..." He growled, unable to find the words beyond the hot desire firing
through his brain.

He grasped the back of Danny's head, pulling it back and exposing his throat, while his other hand went to the detective's back to hold him in place as he rammed his hard cock into his partner's ass up to the hilt. Danny cried out, the sensation just on the pleasant side of pain, and wrapped his legs around Steve's waist to hold him there for a moment while he adjusted to his lover filling him. The SEAL's mouth clamped down over his throat and his teeth grazed the stubbled skin, almost biting down like a gentle threat, an animalistic show of dominance and control.

Danny's brain short circuited with all the sensations as Steve's hand moved from his back to grasp his cock between them, and he loosed his legs around his partner's waist. Steve slowly withdrew his cock from Danny's body before slamming back into him, the movement causing his teeth to dig in a little and Danny cried out under him.

The detective gripped the desk as best he could, unable to reach the edges without leaning too far forward or backward, so he flattened his palms against the wood and squared his shoulders to push back against Steve as he thrust into him and built a delicious, fast rhythm. His partner's hand was still gripping his leaking cock, unmoving apart from his thumb which occasionally darted up to circle around the head and send sparks of electricity shooting down to his balls.

The hand moved from the back of his head and slid up under his shirt to dig bruises into his shoulder muscles and scratch nails down his back.

He made an unintelligible noise as the added sensations brought him closer to completion, and he brought one of his hands round to encircle the base of his cock and try to hold on for longer. Steve slapped his hand away, bringing it back down to its original position on the desk.

"No," his breath was hot against Danny's ear as he tucked his head in to his partner's neck, "I want you to fucking come for me, you little whore..."

"Ah fuck..." Danny moaned as Steve took his earlobe into his mouth and bit down gently, "Steve, I need you to fuck me harder. You're gonna make me come..."

Both of Steve's arms slid under his armpits and his strong hands hooked over Danny's shoulders, allowing him to piston into the detective, hard and fast. There was a series of small crashes as Steve's nameplate, pen pot and stapler fell off the desk when it jerked underneath them with each of Steve's powerful thrusts.

Steve hooked his arms under Danny’s knees and changed the angle, ramming in deeper than before and continually sliding over his prostate.

Danny cried out, the air being forced out of his lungs as Steve pumped into him, and he had to draw in a ragged gasp when Steve's hand grasped his cock and gave a long, slow pump down his length, tipping him over the edge. He came in between them, his come spurting over his shirt and Steve's t-shirt. Steve came at the same time, as Danny's body tensed all over and his muscles squeezed down on his partner’s cock.

He felt Steve's heat spread inside him, as the SEAL continued to stroke him through his orgasm and slide gently in and out of him while he navigated his own.

Danny let himself drop backwards onto the desk, no longer having to worry about landing on anything as the desk's usual contents now littered the floor. Luckily the computer was still on the desk top along with some files, but paperwork and pens were spread across the office. The desk has also shifted several inches across the room.
Steve let out a satisfied moan, his eyes closed as he came down from his high, and he collapsed down onto Danny. Due to the angle, his head ended up on Danny's heaving chest, and he nuzzled against his warmth, listening to his lover’s heartbeat slow back down as his own followed suit.

When they finally had the strength and wherewithal to move again, Steve straightened and pulled his t-shirt over his head and wiped Danny's cock down before holding it under him as he withdrew his softening cock from his partner's ass so as not to make a mess. He grasped Danny's hand and pulled him up into a sitting position with the t-shirt bundled underneath him.

Danny grinned at him and winked, "You happier now, babe?"

Steve smiled and kissed his lover gently. "Mmm much better... doesn't fix my truck though..."

Danny pulled back. "Your truck?" he queried.

"Yeah," Steve sighed, "Mrs Taylor next door called this morning, she said she got home from her night shift and noticed someone had driven into the Silverado and done a runner. She checked, no note or anything."

"That's it? That's why you've been in such a foul mood all day?" Danny couldn't believe his partner sometimes, though he could understand the irritation, but he wasn't sure why Steve hadn't said anything earlier. "Why didn't you tell me that's what happened?"

Steve rubbed at his face and sighed again, "Because... because I now have to pay for repairs to my truck because of that hit and run asshole, and I was going to use that money to take you to Maui next weekend..."

Danny was stunned. "You were what?"

"I was gonna take you to a hotel in Wailua and... well, not let you leave until we came home again," Steve gave him a toothy grin, but it faded again too quickly. "And now I can't, because auto repairs cost an arm and a leg..."

Danny reached up and wrapped his arms around Steve's neck, bringing him in for another soft kiss. "Babe, we don't need a hotel room when we have your entire house to abuse..."

"Yeah but here's the thing-" Steve began, but Danny cut him off.

"Oh no, you better not be landing more family members on me, Steve. Who now, Aunt Deb? Joe?" He was going to kill his partner if he had invited people without consulting him again.

"No no no," Steve laughed, "Danny the painters will be in that weekend."

"Painters?" This was getting more and more confusing.

"Luckily I can still pay them, but that was going to be another surprise..." he looked away from Danny's gaze, suddenly a little embarrassed. "They're going to be painting Grace's room."

"Grace's what?!" Danny's heart was firmly lodged in his throat.

"The spare room, Danno. It's gonna be Grace's room when she comes to stay, which will hopefully be a lot, so I figured... Make it hers..." he rubbed the back of his neck and went a bit red, "Sorry, I should have checked with you, would you like that?"

Danny grabbed him and mashed their mouths together, giving his lover a long, deep and tender
kiss. "Would I like that? Have I told you recently how much I love you, you massive marshmallow-filled goof ball?"

They smiled against each other's lips and pressed their foreheads together. Danny looked down at his messy shirt, and their crumpled clothes on the floor.

"I knew there was a good reason we kept spare clothes at the office... and not just because you have a tenancy to get us shot at." He poked Steve in the stomach where he was still standing in between Danny's legs, "Get changed into something for Sidestreets, we're meeting Chin and Kono there. Now get out of my way, cupcake. I need to do a walk of shame back to my office."

He slid off the desk and collected his clothes from the floor, slipping back into his creased slacks, not even bothering with his boxers and socks, and stepping into his loafers.

"Don't call me cupcake, whore," Steve grinned and smacked Danny's ass as he walked away.

He opened the door and turned to face his boss. "If I'm a whore, what does that make you?" He teased and stalked off across the office.

Steve's voice drifted across the bullpen after him, tinged with laughter. "Very, very happy!"

Chapter End Notes

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Ooh, lovely, I do like a bit of dirty talk between the boys!

If you enjoyed it, please send your thanks into the ether for weinsanedreamer, and leave your comments below! Also, I was talking to someone recently about getting Danny to call Steve 'cupcake' and I can't for the life of me remember who it was, but anyway, I did it!

As a side note, I have started on a Chilliams mini fic, so if that also floats your boat, please subscribe to me and keep an eye out!

Love you, you kinky babes xxx
Sidestreets And Back Alleys

Chapter Summary

Danny gets hit on, and Steve finds a very specific way of dealing with it

Chapter Notes

Hi all, this one is a little shorter, but hopefully it's quality over quantity! It doesn't cover a huge time frame like some of the other chapters have, hence the brevity.

And sorry for the slight delay, but I was challenged to do a Chilliams fic which I dedicated yesterday to writing (A Baptism of Fire, uploaded earlier, if you're interested!) and then I went back to writing about these two sexy beasts!

Hope you enjoy this chapter!

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They arrived at Sidestreets not long after Chin, Kono and Adam. There were no booths, but it being a Tuesday night, the place was surprisingly crowded, so the lined up along the bar and chatted, waiting for a booth to become available.

Danny had found a short-sleeved black t-shirt which clung to him a little and made Steve stare at his arms and lick his lips, and a pair of dark blue jeans at the office. Steve was wearing a Danno-approved tight white t-shirt with a navy blue shirt open over the top, and a pair of black cargo pants as he had no jeans at work.

They propped themselves up at the bar, and Steve got into a discussion with Chin about the merits of an assault rifle vs a shotgun (Chin was on the side of the shotgun, obviously) while Kono and Adam giggled together and chatted about a Kalakaua/Kelly family event which was happening in a couple of weeks. Kono was preparing him for another onslaught of over-protective cousins and handsy aunties.

That left Danny on the end of the line, next to Steve who mostly had his back to Danny while he discussed guns with Chin, listening happily to their discussions and peeling at the label on his Longboard. He got lost in his own thoughts, wondering how he could repay Steve for his kind intentions regarding Maui and getting the spare room decorated for Grace, and he must have been silent for quite a long while.

"You here on your own?"

The blonde glanced up, surprised at the unexpected voice at his ear. A man was standing near him at the bar, a polite and hopeful smile on his face. He was roughly the same age as Danny and looked to be local, he was an inch or so taller, and had very striking brown eyes.
Danny was in a relationship, but he wasn't blind, and could see this guy was pretty hot. Probably someone he might have flirted with, had he not been with Steve now. But there was no regret there – he was in love with Steve and, as far as Danny was concerned, his partner was the hottest guy in the room, possibly on the planet. Along with Johnny Depp...

"Uh, hi," he smiled politely, no need to assume this guy was flirting with him. He might be new in town, looking for friends, or about to ask if Danny had a lighter or something. Danny wasn't really used to getting hit on, so he never actually expected it to happen. He also wasn’t very good at working out if it was happening to him – for a detective, he was pretty clueless when it came to reading the signs with men and women, at least with any high level of certainty.

"Uh, no I'm with my partner and my friends," he gestured toward the line of people next to him, all caught in animated conversations.

"Oh right, you a cop?" The guy leaned against the bar next to him and gave him a flirtatious smile. Oh great, this would be the one time that someone heard the word 'partner' and assumed Steve was his work partner and not his husband!

"Yeah, we're Five-0-" Danny began, about to lead into the fact that Steve was his romantic partner, but the guy gasped and turned so he was facing Danny, still leaning against the bar, and made a moderately subtle show of flexing his muscled chest. Danny forced himself to keep looking the guy in the eye.

"Oh my god, I've heard of you guys! You're like a crack team of cops, aren't you? Like a task force? Wow, I can't believe I've just met you," he gushed, holding out his hand, "I'm Rick, by the way."

Danny shook his hand, "I'm Danny," he smiled. 'And this is my boyfriend, Steve,' were the next words he planned to say, but again, Rick was barrelling ahead.

"Can I buy you a beer, Danny?" He gave him a beatific smile and winked, "You know, to say thank you for your service to law enforcement and the protection of our fair islands?"

Okay, yeah, he was definitely flirting. Danny may be pretty useless when it came to spotting this stuff, but he couldn't miss the way the guy's eyes slid down his body and paused for a long second on his crotch, before flicking back up to Danny's face. He had to let this guy know it wasn't going any further to avoid embarrassment.

"Um, I appreciate the offer but," he gestured to Steve behind him, who was now relating the story of the time he stormed a high-rise building and took out five guys with nothing but a paperclip and his bare hands (at least that's what Danny assumed the story was about, he'd only caught parts of it and his imagination had filled in the rest...), "but my boyfriend should be getting the next round in, and I never miss an opportunity to make him actually get his wallet out, so..." Yes, finally, well done Williams, you got the boyfriend thing in there. Not subtle, but you did it.

Rick looked a little disappointed and his eyes drifted to Steve's back. "Ah, I see, no hard feelings," he gave Danny a soft smile, glancing at Steve's back again before lowering his voice and leaning in conspiratorially, "but if he keeps ignoring you, and you feel a bit lonely, you give me a call, 'kay?"

He slipped a business card along the bar to Danny, who politely nodded and made a show of putting it in his jeans pocket, hoping the guy would get the hint and leave. "Uh yeah, thanks..."

Rick looked him up and down again, less subtle by the minute, sighed and walked away.
Danny took another sip of his beer and glanced at Steve, who was still chatting to the other three, but about surfing now. Not really a conversation Danny could get his teeth into, so he figured he'd wander off to the restroom while he had a chance, the beer and his earlier coffees were filtering through his system now.

He relieved himself and washed his hands, giving his hair a comb through in the mirror with his fingers. Rick's words had got to him a little. He hadn't been feeling ignored before the guy had started flirting with him, he was more than happy to listen in to his friends' conversations without necessarily contributing, that didn't worry him at all. If he didn't have anything to say, he wouldn't say anything, and he didn't have a constant need for attention like some people out there.

But the way Rick had inferred that he was being ignored by his lover, the idea that he looked like some sort of tag-along boyfriend to someone else, got a little under his skin. He didn't often care what other people thought of him, figuring they could take him or leave him, but when it came to him and Steve and how they looked as a couple to the outside world, it was suddenly a bit more important, and made him feel self-conscious.

He shook his head and pushed the feeling away. He really shouldn't let some guy's opinion get to him. He pulled the business card out of his back pocket and flicked it into the trash. What a jerk, thinking that Danny would cheat on Steve because his partner had dared to have a conversation with their friends. That alone, he found insulting.

He strode back out of the restroom and down the corridor back to the bar, too lost in thought to notice the man lurking in the dark stairwell. He was grabbed from behind, his arm twisted up behind his back and his assailant clamped a large hand over his mouth, muffling his shout. He was pushed into the rear door which led to the alleyway behind the bar, the door gave way with the force of his collision, and he was shoved out into the cool air of the night.

His attacker dragged him past a dumpster, deeper into the dark dead end of the alley, and further from the bar door and the exit to the street. He stumbled and reached out for purchase with his free hand as he fought back, but his arm was twisted further up around his back.

He was shoved chest-first into the wall, and the hands finally released him. He spun on his attacker and his right hook connected with the taller man's cheek, sending him reeling.

"Steve??" Danny yelped.

Steve straightened and grinned at him, rubbing his face where Danny had punched him. "Ooh, I do like it when you're rough, Danno," he winked.

"You asshole," Danny jabbed a finger at him and went back to massaging his elbow, "What the fuck did you think you were doing, Rambo?"

"I was thinking that I've been wanting to drag you out of this bar since the moment we arrived..." Steve was advancing on him and he pressed back against the wall as Steve's hands went to his hips, "I was thinking that watching other guys hit on you is actually quite hot, when I know I'm the one who gets to take you home..."

Danny tried to keep his breathing even, bit with his partner pressing against him in the way he was, it was quite difficult. "One guy, Steven. One guy hit on me, he was an ass hat, and you weren't even paying attention so how would you know?" There was no malice in his words, just a teasing tone to needle at Steve.

"I was talking to Chin, that doesn't mean I wasn't paying attention," Steve's voice was getting lower
as he leaned in toward Danny's ear and his hot breath skittered over his skin, a stark contrast to the cool night air. Danny shuddered involuntarily.

"Oh yeah, I forgot," he muttered, "You're a SEAL, nothing gets past you and your radar super senses."

Steve ran his tongue up the detective's neck, along the artery and up to the sensitive patch of skin at the hinge of his jaw. Danny's breath left his lungs in the form of a small whimper.

"I do hope you're not gonna call that guy, Rick was his name? 'Cause I'm definitely not ignoring you, Daniel..." His lips moved against Danny's skin as he spoke, low and possessive, and the blonde leaned into him and nuzzled at his cheek.

"His card is already in the trash, babe," he whispered.

"Good," his lover's hands made their way under his t-shirt and stroked up his sides, raising goose bumps, before moving round and tracing down his spine delicately, "because I don't share my toys too well..."

Danny closed his eyes and settled his hands on Steve's hips, kneading lightly, "Ah, so I'm just your toy, huh?" he teased.

His partner kissed along his jaw and pressed his lips against Danny's. "Not just a toy, no. But I'm definitely gonna play with you..."

The detective couldn't stop the small gasp that escaped his lips, and Steve smiled against him, licking along his lover's bottom lip before sliding his slick tongue into Danny's mouth when he opened up to his partner.

What started as a delicate kiss very quickly turned dirty, as Danny's hands went to Steve's shoulders and jaw, and the SEAL dug his fingers into the detective's back, adding to the sprinkling of fingertip bruises already there. Steve pushed his hips forward, grinding into Danny's as he was trapped between his lover and the wall. He could feel the vibrations of the music thumping through the bricks into his shoulders and revelled in the deep, explorative kiss he was receiving from Steve.

They nipped at each other's lips and ran their hands over skin and through hair as their breathing ramped up and heated passion took over. Steve unzipped Danny's jeans and pulled them down, breaking the kiss to kneel at his feet and take the detective's hard cock into his mouth. Danny barely managed to suppress his reaction, biting his lip and grasping at Steve's shoulders as the man’s talented tongue made its way over his dick, sending pleasurable sensations through his body and into his brain. As he slid his mouth over Danny and grazed his teeth up his shaft, Steve was digging in his pocket and pulling out a small bottle, and making Danny step out of his shoes and the clothes pooled at his feet so he was just in his socks on the concrete.

Danny gasped when Steve nudged his legs apart and slid a lubed up finger into his ass. He was still a little loose from their rough session in the office only an hour or so beforehand, and evidently a bit sore as well as the contact made him hiss a little. Steve continued, gently, to ease him open again, adding another finger and still taking Danny fully into his mouth far enough for the head to slide over his soft palette and enter his throat.

Danny was trying hard not to make too much noise, but the dual sensations were almost too much for him in his current state of arousal, especially when a third finger entered him. His partner was definitely a sneaky bastard, jumping him like this, and he loved it.
Then Steve withdrew his mouth and his fingers, and Danny whimpered at the loss of contact. His partner stood in front of him and unzipped his own pants, shoving them down around his thighs and releasing his own stiff cock. He quickly rolled a condom onto himself, that Danny assumed he'd also been keeping in his pocket, and dived in to capture the detective's mouth with his, his tongue slipping in and swirling around Danny's.

His mouth went to Danny's ear, voice low, hot and heavy with lust, "Danno I know you don't like being picked up but-"

"Just fucking do it, Steve," Danny growled, suddenly needing it more than anything. Just this once he could let that behaviour slide, he was in too deep to go denying anything that might bring them pleasure right now.

The taller man pushed his forearms under Danny's armpits to support him, and the blonde braced his hands on Steve's shoulders as he was lifted off the ground. He immediately wrapped his thighs around the SEAL's waist and slid his arms around his neck to grip tight. Steve backed him into the wall again to support him, and reached down to pull Danny's t-shirt up at the front and nip over his chest, sucking at his nipples and making him moan.

"Fuck, Steve..." Danny groaned, he buried his face in his partner's neck and breathed him in like he was oxygen.

The SEAL's hands went to his ass, pulled his cheeks apart, and then he was sliding down onto Steve's thick cock. The angle was immediately perfect, both men cursing into each other's mouths as they kissed deeply, and once his boss's cock was seated firmly inside him, Danny squeezed his thighs around Steve's waist, signalling that he could move straight away.

His lover gripped him at the waist, strong hands splayed just under his rib cage and holding him firmly against the wall, and then withdrew his cock, drawing moans and sighs from both of them when he thrust back in. The position meant that Steve was burying himself deep inside Danny, the brunette's cock glancing over his prostate with each pumping movement, and Danny knew he wasn't going to last long.

"St- Steve, do you have another condom?" Danny gasped as Steve began to pick up rhythm. The SEAL faltered and looked a little confused, but nodded. "Put it on me... I'm gonna come so hard and I don't wanna make a mess..." The detective took in a sharp breath as Steve shifted to support him while he frantically dug in his cargo pants for the little packet, ripping it open and rolling it down onto Danny's length in between them.

He gave Danny a shit-eating grin, "So this is a good position then, huh?"

Danny grasped the short hair at the back of his partner's head, "Shut up and fuck me," he growled and mashed their mouths together.

Steve proved he was extremely good at taking orders by shifting back into their original position and picking up right where he left off, fucking into his lover hard and forcing him back into the wall with a bruising force. The bricks were cool at Danny’s back, and the evening air was fresh against their exposed skin, but they were generating enough heat to ward off any chill they might otherwise feel.

The breath was being forced out of Danny's lungs with every thrust, and the indescribable pleasure coursing across the nerve endings throughout his body, flooding his brain with endorphins, meant that he was on a serious high, pushing his hips forward to counter each of Steve's movements. A big hand clasped over his mouth, and he finally registered that he'd been shouting his lover's name
out when they were meant to be trying to keep quiet. Two members of the Governor's Task Force
being arrested for public indecency would not go down well...

He felt like he was on fire, unable to cope with all the sensations, his eyes were screwed shut and
his head thrown back against the wall, and he could feel his orgasm about to crash through him. He
drew in a deep breath through his nose and bit the inside of his cheek to stop himself crying out as
he came hard, shock waves ripping through his body as he arched his back and bucked out toward
Steve, who had to counter the forceful push by placing a foot behind him on the ground and
leaning forward.

Danny was still dealing with the firework show in his brain as Steve pumped into him with a faster
rhythm, until he came inside him, releasing his hand over Danny's mouth so that he could grip at
his lover's back with both hands and muffle his own shout against the detective's shoulder.

Steve had to lean against Danny and use his own weight to help hold him up as his knees went a
little weak, before he eventually extricated himself from their embrace and lowered his partner's
feet back to the ground. They kissed gently, still breathless and a little high from their orgasms,
Steve continuing to lean unsteadily against Danny. They removed their condoms and threw them
into the dumpster, Danny was glad he had opted to wear one as he had come a lot between them
and would have messed them both up.

The detective struggled back into his clothes, and Steve held him steady as he slipped his shoes
back on before he zipped himself up.

"Fuck, babe..." Danny mumbled, a little tender now after two rounds of rough sex in as many
hours. "We are definitely doing that one again..."

The SEAL laughed, "Well that's what you get when you flirt with other people, Danno."

Danny looked at him and grinned, "Well in that case, I'm gonna flirt with everyone I see for the
next ten years or so, maybe forever..."

Steve slid his arm around Danny's back and guided them over to the door, holding it open for his
lover like he always did. "Oh, and I heard you calling me your boyfriend, I thought you said that
made us sound twelve?"

"Shut up, Steve, referring to you as my partner is problematic sometimes with our job, so
occasionally I might need to use a suitable synonym…” He explained as the door to the alleyway
swung shut behind them.

“A ‘synonym’?” The SEAL laughed at his use of the word.

The blonde looked back at his partner as he walked along the corridor toward the bar a little stiffly,
"And I would call you a gentleman for opening the door for me, but I don't think it's appropriate
after that..." Danny laughed, and turned back in time to narrowly avoid colliding with Rick who
was headed for the restroom.

The guy looked at Danny, taking in the ruffled hair and flushed tinge to his face, and then glanced
at Steve to see him in a similar state. "Um, hi again," he mumbled.

"Yeah, uh, hi," Danny was trying hard not to laugh nervously, and had to quickly push past Rick to
get back out to the bar. He looked back to see Steve stare the poor guy down and give him that
shit-eating grin, like the cat who got the cream, before he strutted over to Danny and smacked his
ass as he went past.
The blonde looked back at Rick and shrugged, and the guy just gave him a knowing look and a smile that said 'never mind, I tried', and then he was gone. Danny figured Rick knew that he definitely wouldn’t be receiving a call.

Danny caught up with Steve and they joined their friends at the booth they had managed to get, and picked up the drinks that had been bought for them, trying to look nonchalant. Everyone observed their dishevelled appearances, including the bruise which was beginning to materialise on Steve’s left cheek, but apparently elected not to comment. Kono wiggled her eyebrows at Danny though, and his cheeks flushed.

“Where did you two disappear off to?” she asked casually, but she was smirking.

“Uh…” Danny mumbled and looked at Steve, who gave everything away by snickering into his beer.

The woman held her hand out to Chin, palm up, "Sex in a bar!"

Danny went bright red, "What??"

Chin rolled his eyes and deposited ten bucks into her hand. Danny buried his face in his hands.

Steve laughed, "Well technically it wasn't in the bar, as such..."

Chin snatched the money back before Kono could withdraw it, sending Adam into hysterics. Chin then held his other hand out and snapped his fingers at his cousin, who dug out her purse. "Sex in an alleyway! Pay it!"

Adam and Steve were in fits of laughter as the cousins exchanged their wagers and high fived across the table. Danny put his head on the table and decided he was going home and never leaving the couch ever again, due to the embarrassment that being in public seemed to cause. Everyone started cooing over him and pretended to comfort him, cackling as they did.

Sometimes he really hated his colleagues.

“Were there any bets on sex at the office?” Steve enquired.

Kono laughed raucously and Chin muttered something about ‘it better not have been on the tech table’, and Danny looked up at Steve, trying to look annoyed but having to hold back the smile that was threatening to engulf his face.

“Shut up, Steve!!”

Chapter End Notes

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Please let me know what you thought, and I promise not to dally with too many other fics while I work on The Break In. I know you don't like it when I'm disloyal ;P

Love you all!
"Shit, babe, I'm so sorry," Danny stood in the door to Steve's office, "I can't believe I forgot! I just checked my calendar and..." he waved his hands and shrugged, figuring the rest of his sentence was inferred.

Steve looked a little bit annoyed, but also like he was doing his best to contain his feelings.

"I'll make it up to you, Steve. I'll see if I can book us somewhere tonight."

"Don't worry about it, Danny. It's not important," Steve sighed.

It made Danny's chest tight to know Steve was actually trying to protect his partner's feelings when he was the one who had forgotten Steve's birthday. Well, at least as far as Steve was concerned, he'd forgotten. And Danny could be a great actor when he wanted to be.

There was no way in hell that he would have forgotten his man's birthday. Just the opposite, in fact, he'd been planning something for about two weeks now, but it had to be a surprise, and he knew that if Steve was aware he was planning something then he would manage to get it out of him. Probably through some sort of torture.

And whereas Danny might enjoy said torture, he really just wanted Steve to get a surprise. So he had to play 'worst partner in the world' today. It would be worth it.

"No no no, I'm gonna go book something now." He walked off to his office to pretend to book a restaurant, but instead he made a couple of calls to ensure everything was in place for tonight.

Thirty minutes later he was tapping on Steve's door again. "Babe, I've just rung around every damn place on the island, but it's a Friday night so... anyway, I've booked a table at Sam's near the
"Sam's, as in the place that was shut down over health and hygiene standards a month ago?" Steve looked a little green at the very thought of it.

"Hey, they've re-opened and all the roaches are gone now. And they've passed all the checks now, right? And it means that the place was available at short notice, so that's good news!" Worst partner ever!

Steve just nodded and went back to his paperwork, but his jaw was tight and he wasn't looking Danny in the eyes.

The detective made his excuses about getting back to work, and then sent a text to set up the next stage of the deception. Exactly forty-five minutes later, while the team were gathered around the tech table, Danny received a call from Rachel. He was standing close enough to Steve for him to hear her voice on the line, so he was praying that she was a good actor as well.

"Danny, Stan and I have come down with a stomach bug. I know it's short notice, but you pick Grace up from school and have her for the night? And would you mind taking Charlie as well? We don't want to pass it on to them."

Danny looked hesitant and raised his eyebrows at Steve, who had his best emotionless face on. "I dunno, Rachel, it's Steve's birthday, we were gonna go out..."

Rachel did a good job of pleading with him, and he looked to Steve with an apologetic expression, "Would it be okay if we had the kids?" he asked.

Steve nodded, and what a wonderful man he was. It was his birthday, and he was willing not only to take Grace tonight, but also a toddler who he'd never met and didn't belong to either of them, because his lover's ex-wife was sick. He must know that would mean forgoing birthday sex, and possibly also mean being woken up in the night and dealing with Charlie, but he still said yes.

Danny gave him a bright, loving smile, no acting required for that! He squeezed Steve's hand as he answered Rachel, "Yeah, no worries. I'll come pick Charlie up now and get Grace from school at three. See you soon." He hung up and turned to his partner, "I'm so sorry, babe. We'll have to skip on the meal out tonight, but I'll cook up something at home for us."

Steve looked decidedly happier at the prospect of not having to eat out at Sam's, which Danny found rather entertaining.

“Maybe I’ll do eggs or something?” he said as he walked away, knowing damn well Steve’s face would have fallen again. Last time he’d cooked eggs in that house, he’d almost burned the place down, and Steve had put out his dinner with a fire extinguisher...

He grabbed his stuff and headed out of the office, overhearing Chin and Kono making a show of comforting Steve and mumbling about Danny being useless at the whole birthday thing. He even heard Kono whisper the words 'crap boyfriend' - he knew she was acting, but she'd pay for that one.

He headed home and dug the box out of the garage that he'd hidden there a week beforehand, and got changed into some sweatpants and a t-shirt. Steve would be expecting to come home to a house full of children, but he was only going to find one over-sized kid when he got there.
Two hours later he got a text from Kono saying Steve had left the office, and Danny went to get ready, smearing camouflage paint on his face, and hid behind the couch. He’d re-arranged the living room to provide some great hiding spots, and removed anything that could be broken easily.

He heard the front door open and held his breath, making himself as still as possible in his crouched position so as not to give away his location. He listened to Steve drop his keys on the side table, and then let out a confused ‘humph’ noise when he took in the state of the living room. Then the SEAL chuckled, and Danny knew he’d found the Nerf gun, ammo, and the note: ‘Nerf War Rules: Game is one-on-one, (no kids!) First to get three hits is the winner. Champion decides the position!’

There was the sound of the pot of war paint he’d left out being opened, and then Steve strapping the ammo belt onto himself. "Danno?" Steve called quietly, his grin coming through in the tone of his voice, "Where aaaaare youooou?" he taunted.

Danny smiled, so glad he’d had this idea, because Steve already sounded like he was having fun and the foam bullets hadn’t even begun to fly. He should have known that a shoot ’em up birthday would be right up Steve's alley.

The detective launched up from his hiding place, catching Steve by surprise with his back to him. His very first shot bounced off the back of his partner's right shoulder, and Steve wheeled on him. "Hey!" he shouted.

Danny didn't waste any time getting away. He leaped over the easy chair, into the kitchen, and dashed out through the back door onto the lanai, immediately pressing himself against the wall of the house, ready for Steve to come barrelling out after him. He tried to keep his breathing steady, but his adrenaline had already spiked with the sudden burst of action and the knowledge that Steve was now hunting him. Two different types of excitement were combining to put his heart rate up. He reloaded and pointed his weapon at the kitchen door, but Steve didn't emerge. Crouching down, he peeked back around the door. The kitchen was empty. He listened for any sign of his partner, but heard nothing.

A foam bullet ricocheted off the back of his head and he yelped, spinning around. "You sneaky bastard!" he yelled at Steve, who had snuck out the front door and around the side of the house. He had war paint smeared across his cheeks like Danny, and a grin the size of Honolulu stretching those beautiful lips of his. Danny fired, but Steve dodged the shot, already reloading.

He made a slightly embarrassing squeak as he turned and ran back into the house, giggling manically and reloading as he went, and did a flying leap over the couch back as he managed to avoid another bullet. He’d laid out a load of cushions on the floor for just such a move, so his landing was relatively gentle.

Okay, so taking a SEAL on in a gun fight was probably not going to end well for him, but winning wasn't really the aim of this game. He just wanted Steve to have fun on his birthday, and getting them worked up and sweaty was just a fantastic side effect of the whole endeavour.

They fired blindly at each other, and Danny even attempted to ricochet a bullet off the easy chair, but it went wild.

He crawled around the couch and fired at Steve, managing to catch him in the ankle. His partner was reloading, and looked down at him in shock. How the hell was he managing to win? Steve was probably underestimating him, and to be fair to the guy, up until a few hours ago he’d thought Danny had forgotten his birthday entirely, let alone being prepared for being shot at when he got
home. Also, he was used to real guns, not big plastic Nerfs.

Steve's eyes went dark, seeming to zero in on Danny with an intense focus. His stomach flipped.

"That doesn't count," Steve said firmly.

Danny scrabbled to his feet. "Why not?" he asked, taken aback.

"It wasn't a kill shot, Danno." Steve reloaded, but kept his gun pointed at the floor.

Danny grinned, "You're such a sore loser, McGarrett!"

"Am not, but a shot to the foot wouldn't stop me in battle, so it doesn't count now," he crossed his arms over his chest petulantly, though a smile was pulling at the corners of his lips.

"I'm starting to wonder if a head shot would stop you!" Danny teased.

Steve walked toward him and he gripped his gun and took a step back, but his partner was already grabbing his face and pulling him in for a rough kiss. He sighed and melted into the taller man, dropping his weapon and placing his palms on Steve's chest as he kissed him back. The SEAL nibbled at his lip and made Danny moan into his mouth as he ran his hands underneath his t-shirt.

Then one hand disappeared from his skin, and seconds later a foam bullet hit him point blank in the ribs.

He gasped and tore his mouth away from Steve, shocked at the underhanded tactics.

Steve gave him his patented shit-eating grin. "All's fair in love and war, Danno!"

The SEAL pulled another bullet from his ammo belt and was shoving it into the gun as Danny recovered, seized his gun, and made a swift dash for the kitchen again. He dove behind the island counter top and waited, listening carefully as Steve entered the room. He could hear him coming around the other side of the counter, and so he crawled in the opposite direction and they ended up stalking each other full circle around the units before they ended up in their original positions. Both of them were breathing heavily, stealth was out of the window. Danny caught Steve's reflection in the glass oven door in time to see him silently change direction and try to come at him from the opposite side. He took a chance and aimed at the cupboard door next to the oven, and it paid off. The foam pellet rebounded off the wood and bounced off Steve's ribs.

"Ah hah!" Danny leaped up from his crouch, "Third shot, I win!" Steve's bullet bounced off his forehead. "Hey!"

"Told you, Danny, your second shot didn't count!" Steve shrugged the ammo belt off his shoulder and dropped his gun on the counter, advancing on the detective, "So now I get to claim my prize..."

Danny retreated, letting his gun fall to the floor and putting his hands up in front if him defensively, "Your, uh, victory is debatable. A re-count may be required. I should have brought in an independent adjudicator..." he babbled, backing away as Steve followed him into the living room.

"C'mere, I won and I want the spoils of war," he was grinning, eyes dark with lust, and a shiver went up and down Danny's spine.

The detective turned and made a run for it, managing to get half way up the wooden staircase before Steve caught up with him, grabbing his t-shirt and taking him down.
The SEAL flipped him over and pushed his mouth onto Danny's, teeth pulling at his lower lip. The edges of the steps were digging into his back, but he really didn't care as Steve's hips were grinding against him causing pleasure to radiate through his body.

Steve grasped a handful of the front of his t-shirt and hauled him up, and they nipped and licked at each other's lips as they slowly made it the rest of the way up the stairs and across the landing. He pushed Danny into the bedroom and shoved him down onto the bed, straddling his thighs and pulling the ammo belt up over his head.

"So my prize is that I get to choose the position tonight, huh?" He mumbled the question against Danny's throat as he bit over his pulse point, making the blonde gasp.

"Hm, I still don't think you -ah- that you actually won, you don't play fair -ah fuck, Steve!" His partner pulled his head away long enough to strip both of their t-shirts off, before going back to attacking Danny with his teeth, "But as it's your birthday, I guess I'll give you this one..."

Steve growled against his shoulder and Danny whimpered as the sound went straight to his hardening cock. "Damn right..."

Danny swallowed hard. "What's your pleasure then, babe? Tell me what you want and how you want it..."

Steve licked up the side of his neck. "I want you to fuck me," he breathed in Danny's ear, "but I want to be on top."

Danny laughed, smirking up at his partner, "Bottoming from the top, that's very 'you' of you."

He grabbed Steve's ass and flipped them so that he could work his way down over his neck and chest in much the same way as Steve had just been doing to him. When he got to his nipples, he rolled them between his front teeth delicately, causing Steve to hiss below him, wanting to squirm but having to stay still not being able to with Danny's teeth where they were. He then left a trail of open-mouthed kisses down his lover's stomach and over his solid abs, and when he got to Steve's waistband he quickly unbuttoned the cargo pants, stepped off the bed, and had them off in seconds along with the boxer briefs underneath.

He then removed his sweatpants and boxers, and took a moment to look his lover up and down. He was gorgeous, with a light sheen of sweat over his chest from running around downstairs, and now fully naked with his hard cock lying heavy on his stomach, leaking pre-come onto his abs, he was completely magnificent. Danny was wondering exactly whose birthday it was, because he was getting to indulge in a pretty fantastic gift himself.

He took the bottle of lube out of the side table drawer and went to lie on the bed, further down than Steve so that his head was level with his lover's stomach. He grasped Steve's hip and tugged at him until he got with the program and ended up on all fours over Danny, with the blonde cop in the perfect position to lift up his head and take the SEAL's cock into his mouth.

"Oh fuck!" Steve shouted, and seemed to have to stop himself from pushing downwards into Danny's mouth. "Fuck fuck fuck Danny, Jesus Christ..."

Danny had been thinking earlier about doing this treat for Steve, letting him fuck his mouth. He knew Steve loved it when Danny deep throated him, but he also knew his normally bolshy partner was hesitant to ask for what he wanted in bed sometimes, especially when it was something where Steve thought the majority of the pleasure would be for him and not necessarily for Danny. But he did get pleasure from it, because he loved to see Steve happy. So even though he hadn't asked for
it, Danny was going to give it to him.

He reached up and grabbed a pillow to shove under his neck while he worked his tongue around the head of Steve's dick, and then grasped his lover's ass and pulled him down, relaxing his throat and tilting his head upward. He let Steve slide his full length into him, gradually, until his nose was pressed against the deep brunette curls at the base of his cock. Then he gently pushed Steve's hips up again so that he slid all the way out, and swirled his tongue around the head again.

Steve had been moaning all through this, gripping the sheets and cursing loudly. "Danny, I fucking love you," he grinned, and Danny laughed around his cock which made him gasp.

Then Steve looked down at him with soft eyes, "This is amazing, but I don't want to hurt you..."

Danny smiled up at him, "Don't worry babe, I can guide you with my hands, but if it's too much then I'll tap your butt," and he demonstrated by tapping Steve's ass cheek twice with his fingers in quick succession.

He couldn't work out whether the look in Steve's eyes was lust or love, maybe it was both, but the beatific smile he received made everything worth it. "Okay," Steve nodded. Then, still watching Danny beneath him, he moved his hips back down and pushed back into his mouth, gliding over his tongue and the roof of his mouth, over the soft palette and down his throat. He did a couple of short, small, experimental thrusts before pressing all the way in, letting Danny deep throat him again. When he pulled back out, Danny took a breath, and Steve repeated the motion, building up a rhythm where he alternated his stroke lengths, ensuring to pull out regularly far enough for the blonde to take some deep breaths. He watched Danny the whole time, never taking his gaze away, like it was the most perfect thing he’d ever seen.

Danny reached over and grabbed the lube, soaking his fingers with it and, keeping one hand on Steve's hip to be able to control his thrusts if needed, he slid one of the fingers of his other hand into Steve's hole.

It was hard to keep focus on controlling his gag reflex while working his partner open, but he found he could manage it if he used Steve's backwards movements to aid his fingering and concentrated mainly on his own throat. With three of his fingers now inside him, Steve was panting hard and picking up speed, and Danny had to grip his hip to make his movements smoother as his boss began to lose a bit of his control, starting to plunge roughly down his lover's throat.

Not wanting it to all end too soon for the SEAL, Danny only allowed him to carry on for a few more seconds before he tapped Steve’s cheek and the brunette immediately withdrew, looking concerned that he might have done something wrong.

Danny took a deep breath and swallowed, "Sit back," he managed to rasp, throat a little sore. Steve moved backwards, Danny pulled himself up the bed so that his hips were under his partner's ass, and he smothered his cock in lube before bringing his feet up close to his butt and lifting upwards. He entered Steve and both of them moaned with the sensation.

Steve swore loudly and rocked back, taking Danny as deep as he could, pausing for a few moments to adjust to him inside before lifting back off him and sinking back down again. The blonde pushed up to counter his partner's movements, and between them they sought out a tempo that worked, with Danny managing to bury his full length inside Steve. It was times like this that Danny was glad he did sit ups, because this was definitely a work out for his abs. Both of them were breathing heavily and moaning, and when they caught each other’s gaze their awareness of one another’s bodies under their hands felt heightened. Danny felt like he couldn’t tear his eyes away from his lover’s, didn’t ever want to, and apart from the odd flickering glance down each other’s bodies
they held that eye contact like it was a lifeline.

The SEAL leaned down and kissed Danny, and they clung to each other as their muscles tightened and their orgasms built inside them, tongues wrestling with each other and hands running through each other's hair and over sweaty skin. Danny reached down and grasped Steve's cock, still slick from the blow job, and pumped his hand along it. Steve slowed his pace as his finish approached and his muscles contracted, and Danny compensated for him by driving upwards harder, gripping his hip for leverage.

Steve tore his lips from Danny’s as he came hard, cursing loudly and forcing himself down hard on to Danny's cock as he came over his partner's stomach and chest. Danny stroked him through his orgasm and he continued to thrust up into Steve's ass as the muscles squeezed around him, pushing him over the edge. His lover collapsed down onto him, and he wrapped his arms around Steve as he came down from his high, caressing his lover's back and running his fingers delicately over the scars there, the frenzy of the last few minutes dying away, leaving them calm and serene.

The SEAL pressed his face into Danny’s neck and breathed deeply before laying languid, gentle kisses on his neck and to the hinge of his jaw. They relaxed in their post-coital afterglow and gently brushed their hands over their lovers’ bodies, just feeling each other.

“God, I love you, Danny Williams,” Steve sighed against him.

Danny smiled and moved his head so he could look into his partner’s eyes, “Happy birthday, Steve,” he whispered.

“You’re a good actor, I’ll give you that,” Steve rolled off him to lay on his back, “I really thought you’d actually forgotten my birthday…”

Danny leaned up on his elbow and kissed his partner, “Never, babe. I’m not that bad of a boyfriend.”

His boss gave him a goofy grin, “You said ‘boyfriend’ again,” he teased.

“Shut up,” Danny muttered and climbed off the bed, “Get in the shower, and get ready to go out. We have a meal to get to!” He opened the cupboard and pulled some towels down from the top shelf, and looked over to see Steve's worried face.

“No, Danno, no,” he held his hands up, “I don’t want to go to Sam’s. I know I didn’t say anything earlier, but I’m sorry, I don’t want food poisoning on my birthday!”

Danny laughed, “You moron, we’re not going to Sam’s!” He threw a towel at his boss.

“Where are we going then?”

“Just get in the shower, Steven…”

They pulled up outside Morimoto’s in Waikiki, and Steve looked over at Danny with a questioning smile.

“You sure you’ve brought us to the right place, Danno? It’s expensive here, you know.”

“Hilarious Steven, but coming from the guy who always accidentally forgets his wallet, even when we go to cheap places like Sidestreets, that’s a bit rich…” Danny squeezed his knee and got out of
the car. He’d managed to talk Steve into allowing him to drive, with the reasoning that his boss could then indulge in the beers while Danny remained designated driver for the evening.

He watched his partner’s face as they entered the restaurant, wanting to see his reaction as they were led to their table. Steve’s mouth dropped open and he stared at Danny in disbelief, a huge grin forming on his face. Their table was filled, apart from two seats at the far end, with Chin, Kono, Adam, Grace, Mary-Ann and Joan, Aunt Deb, Leonard, and Kamekona.

“How did you…?” Steve was practically speechless, grinning from ear to ear when everyone waved and called out their hellos.

“A magician never reveals his tricks, babe,” Danny grinned, and leaned in so only Steve could hear him, “Oh, and your family members are staying at the Hilton and Grace is going back to Rachel’s tonight, so don’t worry about round two…”

Kono got up from her seat and greeted them. “Hey guys, we’ve already ordered your drinks. Happy birthday, Steve!” She hugged her boss.

Steve thanked her and went to welcome everyone at the table, and she turned to Danny. “Did he like the Nerf guns?” she grinned.

Danny bobbed his head, “Yes, he really liked it… Oh, and I heard you calling me a crap boyfriend earlier, so I’m putting a black mark against your name, Kalakaua.”

She giggled, “Aw, don’t be sore. All part of the act, brah!”

Danny wasn’t about to let it go, however, feeling in the mood to torture his colleague for her cheeky impertinence. He knew full well that she loved the idea of him and Steve together, the not-so-subtle winks and over-abundance of photography on her part made it pretty obvious, and he got the impression that she actually got off on the thought of the two of them.

He leaned in close to her ear and conveyed in a low voice, “Well, he certainly didn’t seem to think I was a crap boyfriend when I was fucking him earlier on the bed… oh, and if you want to collect or pay out on any more bets concerning where Steve and I have sex, you can add the lanai, the Marquis, pretty much every room in our house, oh, and the shower room at the Palace…” he gave her a wink and a nudge.

She gulped, eyes wide, “The Marquis?” she whispered.

“Oh, in it and on it, babe… Anyway, where are the menus?” He wandered off nonchalantly down the table to his seat, a grin spreading across his face as he left Kono opened mouthed and not knowing at all what to do with herself.

Chapter End Notes

Hahaha sorry, that chapter summary was a bit misleading, and that is because I am a mean person! But it's not a lie, Danny was shot three times!

Poor Kono, I fully believe she is a huge McDanno shipper, and Danny is evil... although I'm not sure she entirely disliked getting that extra information, and I think
Adam will benefit from the results??

I have been asked to do a special Halloween chapter, which will probably be a short but fun (read: smutty) one, with costumes and all. I already have it planned out, just need to write it up and I should be posting it tomorrow (Halloween!)

Thanks for continuing to read this, comments are appreciated as always!
Happy Halloween

Chapter Summary

Short bonus chapter - Danny and Steve are meant to be going to a Halloween costume party, but they may be a little late...

Chapter Notes

Happy Halloween guys, please enjoy these two sexy goofballs all dressed up! I do hope my outfit choices for them are to your taste...

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Are you ready yet, Danno?” Steve called from the bathroom.

“Almost… I still don’t wanna go to this stupid costume party though…” Danny grumbled as he wrestled himself into the tight leather pants.

“You know Kono will kill us if we don’t show, she’s been planning this for ages.”

Danny rolled his eyes, “Yeah yeah, I know babe… but I’m seriously regretting letting her pick my outfit!” He slipped the strap for the quiver over his head, attempted to shove the arrows in over his shoulder, and re-adjusted the zip-up leather jacket, before looking in the mirror and fluffing his hair up a little, as per Kono’s instructions, “I mean, she’s given me sunglasses. Who wears sunglasses at night?”

“That’s what you get for bitching and moaning about not wanting to choose a costume,” Steve laughed, “It gets chosen for you.”

Danny tucked one arm of the sunglasses into the top of his jacket, and picked up the bow. Okay, so he was beginning to like the outfit actually. He thought the guy was pretty cool, and Grace had said he was one of her favourite characters in the movies too, so she’d probably like to see her dad dressed up as an Avenger. And the sleeveless leather jacket made his biceps look awesome.

“What’s taking you so long anyway, babe? Normally you’re moaning at me about how long I take in the bathroom and I swear you’ve been in there half an hour,” Danny teased. He was looking forward to finding out what outfit Steve had chosen for himself. Every time he’d asked his lover what he was going to wear, he just replied with the standard ‘it’s classified’, and so Danny had then refused to tell Steve what Kono had selected for him as punishment.

“Well I didn’t realise quite how difficult it is to put eyeliner on, so it’s taking longer than I thought…” came the reply.

“It… what?” Danny’s ear pricked up, “Did you say eyeliner, Steven?”
“We’d better get going, we’re gonna be late,” Steve emerged from the bathroom without looking up at his lover, adjusting his sash belt.

Danny’s mouth went dry and he let out an embarrassing squeaking sound as most of the air in his lungs escaped, but he didn’t care because right now, standing in front of him, was Captain Jack Sparrow.

“Fuck…” he muttered.

Steve smirked, and finally looked up at Danny. He looked so smug at his partner’s reaction, but that self-satisfied grin on his face was quickly replaced by a gawp equal to Danny’s.

“Hawkeye? Are you fucking kidding me?” He looked Danny up and down, taking in all the leather, and licked his lips.

“We could stand to be a little late to the party, right?” Danny rasped.

Steve grinned, “What party?”

“C’mere,” Danny growled, “Fucking come here right now!”

Steve stalked toward his partner, still running his gaze up and down his body, “Leather… shit, no, I can’t deal with this…” he mumbled almost to himself.

They ended up standing in front of each other, and Danny looked up at Steve’s face, with the fake moustache and goatee and the kohl eyeliner and that damned wig… he grabbed his face and pulled him down into a dirty kiss, all tongues and teeth and biting of lips. Steve gripped at Danny’s leather-bound shoulders and moaned into his lover’s mouth.

The SEAL turned them around and shoved Danny backwards down onto the bed. He unzipped his pants, releasing his already hard cock, and crawled over his lover.

“Jesus Christ, Steve, you do realise this is one of my fantasies come true, right?” Danny whimpered.

Steve got that shit-eating grin on his face again as he made his way over his partner’s body. “I swear to god, Danny, if I hear you call me Johnny Depp during this, I’m gonna fucking kill you,” he teased.

“How about Jack Sparrow?” Danny grinned.

“That’s Captain Jack Sparrow to you…”

“Aw my god…”

Steve knelt up so that he straddled Danny, knees either side of his hips, and he grabbed the top of the leather jacket and hauled his partner into a sitting position. He pulled the quiver off over the blonde’s head, arrows flying everywhere as he just chucked it across the room, and dipped down into a hot, burning kiss while he slowly unzipped the jacket completely. He slid his tongue along the line of Danny’s mouth until his partner opened to him, and they nipped at each other’s lips as the kiss intensified. Danny reached up and removed Steve’s pirate hat, placing it on his own head at a jaunty angle and running his tongue along the roof of his lover’s mouth.

The leather fell open under Steve’s fingers and exposed Danny’s chest and stomach for the SEAL to run his hands over, the two of them still connected at the mouth. Danny had been unbuttoning
Steve’s shirt and slipping the thigh-length cloth jacket off his shoulders, but as he broke the kiss to look at Steve in full regalia again, he changed his mind and tugged it back on to him so everything just hung open, giving him a tantalizing view; just enough skin for him to lust over, and just too little so that his imagination could run wild. Removing Steve’s clothes was a habitual reaction, but he wanted to keep him in that outfit, because hot damn!

Steve removed the hat from Danny’s head and shoved him sharply back onto the bed, so he bounced on the mattress with the force of it. The detective moaned, loving the desperation in his lover’s movements. He began to remove the fingerless gloves from his own hands, but Steve slapped at him.

“No, the gloves stay on, Danno,”

Danny grinned, “I wear gloves like these all the time when we do raids and stuff, Steve.”

The SEAL caught his gaze with heat in his eyes, “I know…” then he looked him up and down again and groaned, “Aw, I’m gonna have to take those pants off you…” he whined, obviously loving the leather and the way it showed off Danny’s butt.

The blonde licked his lips, “Yeah babe, but do you wanna just look at my ass, or do you wanna fuck it?”

Steve made a choked off noise and his eyes met his partner’s, just for a second, before he leapt off the bed and started wrestling the tight pants down over Danny’s hips and thighs.

“Holy fuck! You’re not wearing any underwear Danny!” Steve seemed to find that discovery a little overwhelming.

“I can’t in these pants, babe, they’re too tight.” Danny informed him.

This made Steve growl, a low and possessive sound that did funny things to Danny’s stomach. Once he got past the knees, it was relatively easy to tear them off as shoes hadn’t been added to the ensemble yet. He stripped off his own pants, and practically broke the drawer trying to get the supplies out in a rush. Danny was glad to see his partner was grabbing a condom as well as the lube, because these costumes were rentals and it just wouldn’t do to get them covered in bodily fluids.

He watched as his partner rolled the condom onto his cock, and knelt on the bed and shifted until he could lean down and lick a wet stripe up the underside of Danny’s cock as the dreadlocks from the wig trailed over his bare hips, and holy fuck that was an image that would be burned into his brain for the rest of his life.

Steve gripped his hips and pulled him down the bed, and drenched his fingers and cock in lube. Danny placed the soles of his feet on the bed and canted his hips up to give Steve better access, and he moaned and laid his head back as Steve pushed his finger inside him.

As his lover worked him open as fast as he could without hurting him, he kept speaking to Danny, letting him know exactly how he felt about that costume. “Holy shit, Danny, fucking leather. You don’t even know… I don’t know whether to kill Kono or kiss her, god damn! She’s evil! And you… you look so fucking good in it, your arms and…” he made a noise that was half grunt and half sigh, like he was finding it a little hard to control himself, and he seemed to have lost the ability to articulate his feelings any further because now he was just running his dark gaze up and down Danny’s body and licking his lips.
Danny pushed back against his hand as the third finger entered him. “Have you even seen yourself in the mirror, Steve? You look fucking unbelievable. God I love you so much for picking that costume!” He moaned as his partner’s finger slide over his prostate and bucked up toward him, but then the fingers were removed and he whined at the loss of stimulation.

But then Steve was hooking his elbows under Danny’s knees, pulling his thighs out wide to the sides, and sliding his cock into the blonde’s waiting hole. He went in fast and deep, and Danny cried out with pleasure at the feeling of his lover filling him.

And this was a sight for sore eyes, Captain Jack Sparrow burying his cock into Danny’s ass. If Steve had any clue how many times Danny had jerked himself off to the thought of Johnny Depp in that damned pirate outfit, he’d probably be a bit jealous. It didn’t happen now, of course, since the two of them had been together – who needed a fantasy to rub one out to, when you had a muscle-bound Navy SEAL in your bed? But combining the two, the erotic fantasy and the hot reality, it was unbelievable. Danny had to screw his eyes shut and force himself not to just come straight away.

Steve began to move inside him, and he gripped at the sheets and let his partner build his rhythm, until they were both moaning and getting lost in each other. Steve bore down on him, pushing his back into the mattress.

“Oh ow ow ow!” Danny yelped and Steve immediately stopped what he was doing.

“What, did I hurt you? You okay?” He cast worried eyes over the cop.

“I’m fine, I’m okay, I just think I’m lying on an arrow!” Danny reached under his lower back and removed the offending object, waving it at Steve, and the two of them burst into laughter. This scenario was as insane as it was sexy, and it warmed Danny’s heart that they could giggle in the middle of mind-blowing sex without it feeling weird or spoiling the mood.

Steve gave him a soft smile, “I fucking love you, Hawkeye,” he whispered.

Danny grinned at him, “And I love you, Captain Jack Sparrow,”

The SEAL’s smile turned dirty, “Oh, you remembered my title this time! You get a reward for that,” and he hoisted Danny’s ass higher into the air, pulling almost all the way out of him before slamming back in to the hilt and hitting the detective’s prostate like a bullseye.

“Oh fuuuck!” Danny cried out and balled the sheets in his hands, still gripping the arrow, trying desperately not to come all over his outfit. Steve was already settling back into his rhythm, and Danny purposefully changed the angle of his hips so that his lover wasn’t getting his sweet spot every time, because he wanted this to last.

Steve pounded into him, gaining speed, and after a few minutes his movements became more jerky as his orgasm built. He came hard, swearing and shouting Danny’s name, bucking into him and managing to hit his partner’s prostate again as he bruised Danny’s thighs with his iron grip.

Danny released a litany of curse words and squeezed the base of his cock to keep from coming, and once Steve had recovered from the fireworks in his head, he pulled out of Danny, releasing his legs, and repositioned himself to take his lover’s throbbing cock into his mouth. He swallowed him right down, and the wet heat enveloping the detective’s cock combined with having held off for so long, and the beautiful sight of Steve giving him a blow job in that costume, was too much for him. Danny’s orgasm rolled through him as he came into his partner’s hot mouth, and Steve sucked at him as he pulsed down his throat, making him cry out wordlessly and arch his back off the bed.
Eventually he came down from his high, breathing hard, and looked down to see Steve resting his head on Danny’s heaving abs and panting as well as he brought his heart rate back to normal.

“Jesus Chirst, Steve…” Danny groaned, “Please can you keep hold of that costume? Because that was fucking amazing…”

Steve laughed and lifted his head to make eye contact, “Whoever said this was a rental?” he grinned, a cheeky glint in his eye, “And I think we’re gonna have to have a word with Kono about where she got you that Hawkeye stuff, cos we need to buy it… I just want you walking around the house in leather pants every day for the rest of my life, and I don’t think that’s too much to ask, Danno.”

They laughed as they helped each other up off the bed, all shaky legs and ruffled hair. They redressed in their costumes, and Danny helped Steve reapply his smudged eyeliner and stick the fake moustache back down where it had started to come away, and they collected all the wayward arrows from around the room. The detective straightened Steve’s wig and put his hat back on his head.

Steve eyed Danny’s messy hair and smiled slyly. “That’s a good look for you, Danno. Screw ‘bed head’ hair, I think ‘fucked by a Navy SEAL’ hair is definitely in this season…”

“Fuck you, McGarrett,” Danny smacked him in the chest as they left the bedroom, now very late for Kono’s party. He could feel Steve’s gaze on his ass as he walked in front of him, pleased that the SEAL now was fully aware of the knowledge for the rest of the night that Danny wasn’t wearing underwear.

“Yes,” Steve said succinctly, “Later.”

Chapter End Notes

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Phwoar, Danny in leather and Steve as a pirate? YES PLEASE!

Please let me know what you thought :D
Rescue And Salvation

Chapter Summary

Danny has even more reason to hate the beach...

Chapter Notes

This chapter is a treat for those who requested BAMF Danny saving the day and then going after Steve to use up his adrenaline. It's along those lines, but not quite, as I figured the adrenaline-high fuck was more Steve's style. So this is being written from more of an emotional angle, as well as Danny using some pent up energy.

Anyway, I hope you still enjoy it!

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See the end of the chapter for more notes

Adrenaline was coursing through Danny’s veins as he pulled the teenage boy from the surf and up on to the beach. All around him people were screaming and running through the waves, Kono was a short distance away helping two women up onto the beach, and lifeguards were still swarming out to the remains of the upturned speedboat which was wedged in between the rocks.

He’d been out for another surf lesson with Kono while Steve had gone for a meeting with the Governor - with no current cases, Five-0 had the day off, although they were on call. His surfing tutor had picked him up from the house that morning, and his partner was due to join them later, and then they were meant to be going for shrimp at Kamekona’s for lunch. Chin was up on the North Shore seeing family.

Danny should be having fun this morning. He should be catching waves right now and improving his style and trying not to fall off his board. This should not be happening.

He hated the beach. Hated it.

They’d noticed the speedboat while they were out waiting to catch the next wave, Kono mentioning that it looked a little too close to the beach, but then they’d spotted the coast guard boat heading in and figured they would deal with the boat’s owners. He’d just caught a wave in, and Danny had done well but he’d got over confident and lost his balance at the last minute, his head had gone under the water along with the rest of him, and he’d struggled to hit the surface again due to a slight undercurrent. By the time he did, he was closer to the beach, and all he could hear was screaming and yelling. He hadn’t seen the crash itself, it had happened in the twenty seconds or so he’d been under.

He’d hauled ass out of the water, stripped the ankle strap for his board off his leg, and dove into the fray, with Kono not far behind.
The boat had skimmed the beach hitting several bystanders, then flipped and collided with the rock formation that curved around the end of that part of the shoreline, and there had been around eight or nine people on board from what he'd seen. The lifeguards were overwhelmed, because for every person trying to help, there were five more members of the public getting in the way.

He helped a lifeguard pull a bloodied and bruised woman away from the boat, and that was when he spotted the boy’s trapped foot protruding from beneath the white fibreglass underwater. He let the lifeguard take care of the female victim, and he had to duck down underneath the submerged side of the boat, holding his breath and hoping there was an air pocket inside the boat. There was, but the boy’s head was underwater and he seemed to be unconscious.

Danny dragged the kid’s head up into the trapped air; everything was so much louder in the confined space, sounds rebounding off the smooth wood and plastic, and his own rough breathing was echoing around the small chamber while his pulse thundered in his ears. The kid wasn’t breathing, and he sealed his mouth over his lax lips and pushed air into his lungs. When there was no response, he dropped back down into the water and dug at the sand lodged around the kid’s ankle until he could free it, and then managed to pull himself and the boy through the gap he’d entered through.

When they emerged from the water into the open air, he took a deep breath and towed the kid backwards through the surging waves with one hand under his chin and the other wrapped around his waist.

He got him to the sand, put his ear to the boy’s mouth. No breaths. Nothing. He pressed his fingers to the kid’s neck. There was a faint pulse there. There was hope.

His first aid training kicked in and he tilted the boy’s head back, blew into his mouth until his chest rose and then let it fall, before starting his compressions. One two three- each compression in time with his every second beat of own heart, because he knew his was racing -seventeen eighteen nineteen- he zoned everything else out, someone ran past him, kicking up sand as they went, but he didn’t flinch, all his focus on this kid, he couldn’t be more than fifteen or sixteen, and he still wasn’t breathing -twenty-nine thirty.

Check breathing.

Open the boy’s mouth.

Two rescue breaths.

Check for breathing.

Compressions again.

One two three- he just kept going, forcing trickles of water out of the boy’s lungs and mouth. He started a mantra in his head, over and over until it started escaping from his lips, a whisper which slowly escalated into a shout.

“Breathe, c’mon, you gotta breathe kid. Just breathe. Open your eyes, breathe. Just do it. Do it! Do it for me, breathe! Breathe!”

Twenty-nine thirty.

Check breathing.

Open the boy’s mouth.
Two rescue breaths.

The teenager lurched upwards, his abdomen contracting, ocean water spilling from his mouth as he coughed it out and drew in a ragged breath. He grabbed the boy’s shoulders and rolled him onto his side so he could expel the water from his chest, and then moved his arms and legs, placing him in the recovery position. He rubbed one hand over the lad’s shoulders, soothing him, while the other held onto his arm and stopped him from rolling onto his back.

“That’s it kid, well done. Fucking well done. Hack it up, c’mon, just keep breathing. You’re doing great,” his own voice felt distant, and he could feel a cold sweat seeping down his spine.

Two paramedics arrived at Danny’s side, tending to the boy and placing a breathing mask over his mouth. They were asking the detective questions, but he couldn’t hear it, his pulse was too heavy in his ears. He sat back, supporting himself with his hands digging into the wet sand, dizzy and nauseous from the adrenaline, his mind reeling and unfocussed.

A woman’s hand grasped his shoulder and a familiar voice came through over the din caused by his own blood. “Danny, Danny, are you okay? Brah, can you hear me?”

He blinked and came back to himself, turning his head and looking into Kono’s worried face.

“Uhm… yeah, yeah,” he wobbled as he scrambled to his feet, and his colleague gripped him under his armpits to help him up. He looked down at the medics as they moved the kid onto a spinal board. “He, uh, he was unconscious and his head was underwater when I found him. His foot was trapped, I think his ankle is broken. I had to do two rounds of compressions, he, uh, he was maybe unconscious and not breathing for three or four minutes, probably more…”

Kono wrapped her long arm around his shoulders and guided him away from the paramedics as they thanked Danny and picked up the boy on the stretcher, taking him away to the ambulance. She sat him on a bench and squatted in front of him, trying to make him look her in the eyes, but his gaze drifted out to the ocean, his mind still racing, flicking over random, unimportant details. “I think I lost my board…”

“Hey, Danny, you need some water?” she rubbed his knee.

He finally looked at her. “No, I’ve had enough water for today, thanks babe…” he gave her the ghost of a smile.

She looked over at the ambulance as it pulled off the grass and onto the road, “I think you saved that kid’s life, Danny,”

He looked down at his sand-covered hands. “I hope so…” He brushed some of the sand from his board shorts, from his knees, off his hands, god damn there was sand everywhere. He told Steve he hated the beach.

And speak of the devil, because Steve was tearing across the beach from the parking lot and searching frantically through the crowd for Danny and Kono. It looked like he’d gone home to get changed into some beach gear, and then arrived at the beach to see ambulances, life guards and injured people everywhere.

Kono spotted him and stood, waving her hands over her head and getting his attention. He ran over and kneeled in front of Danny, grasping his jaw and stroking his thumb over the detective’s eyebrow. “Danny, you okay? What the hell happened?”

“I didn’t see it,” Danny mumbled, shaking his head.
Steve kept caressing his face as Kono filled him in on the details, and Danny closed his eyes and leaned into it, breathing deeply and letting his heart rate slowly return to normal. He twisted a fist into the side of Steve’s t-shirt to ground himself further. The shock was slowly wearing off and he could feel his mind clearing, listening to Steve’s concerned voice and Kono’s version of events. She finished telling him about seeing Danny do the CPR across the beach, and how she’d got to him seconds after the boy had started breathing again, and how proud she was.

The adrenaline had now completely left his body, and he felt unbelievably tired.

“Take me home, Steve,” he rubbed his face, “I don’t like the beach, take me home…” He knew he sounded like a sullen ten year old right now, but he was exhausted.

Steve stood and grabbed his hands, pulling him to his feet. “C’mon Danno,” he rubbed Danny’s back.

They hugged Kono goodbye, and she said she would get them updates from HPD on the accident, and the victims, as they came in. Danny had left all of his stuff in Kono’s car – his wallet, phone, and change of clothes, even his shoes, meaning he was just in his board shorts and nothing else – but her car was in the other parking lot at the far end of the beach and he just wanted to get home. She promised to bring them by later.

They headed to the Silverado, and Steve wrapped a towel around Danny before he collapsed into the passenger seat, feeling like he had no energy left in his body. That morning had turned, from light-hearted fun and looking forward to a nice lunch with people he loved, into an absolute nightmare. God, that kid had almost died. He hadn’t been breathing. He was fifteen, maybe sixteen, and he’d almost… if Danny hadn’t been there, if he hadn’t been able to get him breathing again… it was too heavy a weight for his mind to bear right now. He closed his eyes tightly and tried not to think for a while.

Danny woke as the truck pulled into their driveway and Steve climbed out of the driver’s door. He didn’t even realise he’d fallen asleep. At some point his partner must have leaned over him and strapped him in, because he didn’t remember putting his safety belt on, but it was there holding him in place. The seat had even been tilted back for him as well. Steve appeared at Danny’s door and opened it for him, and Danny unstrapped himself and climbed out, leaving the towel on the seat.

Steve opened his mouth to say something, but Danny reached up and wrapped his arms around the SEAL’s neck, pulling him down for a kiss. He just needed to feel Steve. The brunette was startled, but relaxed into it and slid his arms around Danny’s bare back to squeeze him gently, and the contact made his skin tingle.

The sleepy fog dissipated from Danny’s head, and the events of the morning unfurled again in his brain. Everything came crashing back through his mind’s eye in pin-sharp detail; the sights, smells, sounds, tastes and textures, like a punch to the head. And the adrenaline surge hit him again, full force.

He screwed his eyes shut against the onslaught and crushed his mouth against his lover’s, teeth clashing as he pushed his tongue into Steve’s mouth. The SEAL let out a surprised yelp, muffled by Danny’s mouth, as he was pushed back into the side of his Silverado.

Danny’s heart was pumping hard again, his skin was itchy, and he had to get his hands on his partner. His fingers went to Steve’s shorts and began to fumble with the string tie at the waistband,
but his lover pushed his hands away.

“Woah there, Danno!”

The blonde backed off and ran his hands through his hair, gasping, “Sorry Steve, I didn’t mean to… sorry…” The blood was still pounding in his ears, but he couldn’t just steamroller over his partner because he was suddenly a bit horny. Okay, extremely horny.

“No, Danny, I didn’t mean stop completely, I just meant not in the front yard!” Steve gave him a smug grin, closed the door of the truck and swaggered into the house. He must have been able to tell Danny needed to blow off some steam, and for that, the detective was extremely grateful. A huge grin spread across his face as he followed his lover inside.

The second he was in the door, he grabbed Steve again, kissing him hard, and began to strip off his lover’s clothes. Danny backed him into the couch and he bit at Steve’s lower lip and pulled his t-shirt up over his head. The SEAL helped by toeing out of his sandals while Danny trailed sharp nips down his throat and over his collar bone, before he tugged his board shorts down to fall to the floor. Once Steve was sufficiently naked, Danny removed his own shorts, and pushed Steve down into a sitting position on the couch.

They were both already hard. Steve enjoying his frantic partner rough-handling him, and whatever blood wasn’t pulsing through Danny’s ear drums was flowing into his cock. He didn’t know where all this energy was coming from, and he didn’t really care, he just needed to expel some of it or he felt like he’d explode. His thoughts kept going back to the beach, and he knew he needed to distract himself, so he channelled all his focus onto his lover, letting the animalistic part of his brain take over so that he didn’t have to think about anything anymore.

He dropped to his knees and took Steve’s cock into his mouth, delighting in the feel of his partner’s hard shaft under his tongue and the salty taste of his pre-come as the head glided over his soft palette, and he swallowed Steve into his throat. The SEAL moaned loudly and ran his hands through Danny’s ocean-soft hair, dislodging some of the salt and sand which had collected there from being in the water. The detective spent the next few minutes indulging entirely on giving his lover a fantastic blow job, rejoicing in the sounds he drew from him and the way he squirmed underneath him. His fingers gripped Steve’s hips with bruising force, kneading the flesh there, and he felt like his strong hold on his lover was the only thing anchoring him, keeping him in the moment.

“Fuck, Danny, yes…” Steve pushed up toward him, and Danny grazed his teeth along the shaft as he pulled up, lips leaving the tip of Steve’s cock with a lascivious popping sound.

His breathing was rough and uneven, and he knew his pupils were blown with excitement and lust. He still wanted Steve, still had to have him, and his own hard cock was beginning to ache with need.

“God Steve, I want to fuck you,” Danny moaned, licking his lips when Steve looked down at him with dark eyes, “I need to fuck you so hard right now…”

His partner leaned forward and took Danny’s face, kissing him deeply and tasting himself on the blonde man’s tongue. The kiss turned dirty, and they bit at each other’s mouths, and pulled at one another’s hair. Danny fought for control and won, grasping the short hair at the nape of Steve’s neck and pulling his head backwards, mouthing down over his neck, shoulders and collarbone, scraping teeth against stubbled and smooth skin alike.

The brunette was panting hard, loving the forceful attention from his partner, seeming to enjoy
giving over control and letting Danny take what he needed.

"Hmmm I want you to fuck me," he breathed into Danny’s ear, and the detective felt something in his stomach tighten as he listened to his lover's low, needy voice, "I want it doggy style and I want you to fucking own me, Danny..."

"Jesus Christ..." Danny felt like he was going to faint. Steve's dirty mouth was going to be the death of him...

He stood up and grasped Steve's shoulders, hauling him up and pushing him toward the stairs to the bedroom. “Up. Go. Now.” He couldn’t handle anything much more complicated than monosyllabic sentences right now, his brain felt fuzzy again and he needed to get Steve into a room where lube was readily available.

They barely made it to the bedroom before Danny gripped Steve’s waist from behind and began to administer bites down over his back, raising little red marks as he went. “If you want me to stop, you just say stop, okay babe?” he whispered against Steve’s skin. He wanted so much just to plough on ahead and take what was his, but the most important thing for him was to make sure Steve knew he was in good hands.

“I know, Danny. I want this,” Steve groaned and pushed back against his lover’s mouth.

The he turned Steve to face him and brought his head down for a vigorous kiss, before tearing his mouth away and letting a snarl curl his lips. “Lie down,” he ordered.

Steve made a small whimpering noise and sat on the bed, but before he had time to lie back Danny had already decided he was taking too long about it. He planted his palm in the centre of Steve’s chest and shoved him down into the mattress, crawling over him and straddling him, pushing his face right up against Steve’s and growling in his ear. “If I tell you to do something, you do it straight away, you hear me Steven?”

The SEAL swallowed and nodded his head, “Yes, Danny.”

The obedient answer sent electricity up the detective’s spine. He needed this, the desire to dominate his partner, gain some control back after the pandemonium of the morning and feeling so very helpless, was now the only thing guiding his actions. He had to take hold of something to give himself focus, and if his lover was going to enjoy it in the process then all the better.

“Stay there,” he nipped at Steve’s earlobe and climbed off the bed to fetch the lube from the side drawer, and the SEAL dutifully stayed unerringly still, his only movement was to fist the sheets in his hands while waiting for his lover’s return. Then Danny slunk back onto the bed and pushed Steve’s thighs apart so his knees were in between his partner’s spread legs, and leaned down to bite down his neck again, alternating between little nips and sucking lightly so as not to leave marks.

When he got to Steve’s collarbone, however, it was a different story. If Steve wanted to be owned, he was going to get it, marks and all, so any skin that would be hidden by daily clothing was his to decorate. Danny sealed his lips over the smooth skin there and sucked hard, raising a red patch under his mouth. Steve groaned loudly and pushed his hips up to meet Danny's, their cocks rubbing along one another’s. His hands went to Danny’s shoulders, but the detective removed his lips from Steve's chest and grabbed his wrists, pulling them up to hold them above his head.

"Leave them there, or I will cuff you. You got me?" He snarled in his ear. Steve let out a low, keening moan and closed his eyes, and had to nod his head having apparently lost the ability to speak.
"Answer me," Danny hissed.

Steve audibly gulped, "Yes, Danny." His hooded eyes met Danny’s gaze, his submission communicated without any further words.

The blonde hummed contentedly, "Good boy..." he whispered.

He released Steve's wrists and went back to his partner's chest, paying specific attention to his erect nipples, grazing his teeth over each one in turn, making the SEAL flinch and sigh underneath him. He bit a little harder over the man's ribcage, making sure to soothe each area with his slick tongue afterwards, and sucking the odd bruise into his skin. When he bit a little too hard over Steve's hip and his partner made a slightly unhappy sound, he toned it down a little; trust was a huge part of their relationship, and knowing that a request for rough play didn't mean there weren't any limits was paramount. If Steve wanted it hard, but not too hard, then Danny would find that line and then back it up until he was just the right side of it.

He knelt up and ran his eyes over his lover. Steve was lying there, hands still up over his head, eyes closed and waiting for whatever his partner had planned. He was raw and exposed, and he was all Danny's. The cop shook his head, grinning to himself - Steve's possessiveness was starting to really rub off on him, and a part of him really liked that.

It was hard not to rush when such a gorgeous man was lying there waiting for him, but he slowed himself down as much as was possible, wanting to take his time for his lover. He leaned down and ran his fingers up Steve’s right thigh, skirting around his hard, dripping cock where it lay heavy on his stomach, and down over the inside of his left thigh. The SEAL moaned longingly, and it looked like it was a struggle for him to keep his hands where they were, but he screwed his eyes shut and managed to obey Danny's command.

"Look at you, babe..." Danny breathed, "You're so fucking hot..."

Steve arched his back slightly, licking his lips, like he wanted to react, needed to grasp at Danny, but knew he wasn't allowed. For a man with control issues, this was beautiful torture.

Danny crawled backward and stepped off the bed. "On your stomach," he growled, and Steve couldn't hold in the lustful whimper which escaped his lips. He quickly rolled himself over and spread his thighs out for his lover, putting his hands back over his head and turning his face to one side, eyes closed, and Danny felt a little light headed from the power trip he was having. Being given control like this, it was a beautiful, erotic gift, and he planned to take full advantage of it.

He placed a knee in between Steve's legs and moved up over him, letting his hard cock rest in the cleft of his partner's ass and rocking against him a few times. Steve moaned underneath him, needy and wanting. He ran his tongue along the shell of Steve's ear and flicked the tip of his tongue over his earlobe.

"You want me, do you babe? Do you want me inside you?" Danny’s voice was a low and seductive, a sensual purr, and he watched as goose bumps were raised on the back of Steve's neck and shoulders.

"Yes..." came the quiet reply.

"You want me to fuck you hard, don't you Steven?" He kissed over the back of Steve's neck and down the length of his spine, tongue undulating over each vertebrae in turn.

"Yes, god yes..." the brunette whispered.
Danny nipped at Steve's ass cheek when he reached it, making him twitch his hips, "You want to be all mine, my possession, don't you babe?"

Steve made a choked noise and swallowed hard. Danny wasn't going any further until he got a proper reply.

"Answer me." He bit the top of Steve's ass harder, but not going beyond that pleasure/pain barrier that they'd already established.

"Ah! Yes, yes I wanna be yours, I want you..." he swallowed again, throat dry from his shallow breathing, "I want you to take me, Danny..."

"Good," Danny purred, "cause that's exactly what I'm gonna do." He took the bottle of lube and squeezed some directly in between Steve's ass cheeks, making him suck in a sharp breath as the cold gel met his hot skin. The blonde slowly stroked his index finger down Steve's back, starting at his shoulders and following the line of his spine, gradually slowing his touch as he got closer to his target so that, by the time his finger was sliding into the cleft at the base of his spine, Steve was moaning with anticipation and gripping at the sheets over his head. He gathered the lube on his finger and pushed in forcefully when he finally reached Steve's waiting hole, and his partner hissed at the sudden change in tempo.

Danny began to carefully work him open, his other hand massaging Steve's butt as he lay kisses at the base of his partner's spine. When he slipped in the second finger and Steve pushed up against his hand, Danny gripped his ass and pushed him down into the sheets.

"You're fucking hungry for me, aren't you?" He smirked, loving how Steve shuddered at his words, "You want me so bad, babe. You love it when I fuck you with my fingers, yeah?"

"Oh god yes..." The SEAL moaned.

"I'm gonna take my time fingering you, I'm gonna get you ready for my cock, and then I'm gonna make you scream my name while I fuck your ass, Steven... You want that?"

His partner's breaths were coming out in ragged gasps as his words turned him on even more. "Yes, yes I want that."

Danny slid three fingers in and pumped into Steve, his other hand still squeezing and massaging his partner's butt cheek. His lover writhed underneath his attentions, flexing his fingers and grabbing at the sheets, tension straining his shoulders as he forced himself to keep his hands away from Danny.

He withdrew his fingers, and Steve made an abject whining sound at the loss of stimulation. Danny backed up and stood on the floor at the edge of the bed, grabbing Steve's ankles, pulling him roughly down the bed so that his knees were at the edge.

"Get up on your knees," he ordered, and the SEAL complied willingly, lifting up so he was on all fours and exposed for his partner, bowing his spine and panting heavily.

The detective ran his hands over Steve's muscular ass and thighs reverently, like he was a work of art, a thing to be worshipped. He switched gears for a moment, from domineering to loving, and gently kissed at the base of Steve's spine and over his ass. "You're gorgeous," he whispered, "I love you so much..."

Steve's shoulders relaxed a little, "I love you too, Danny,"
Danny glided his tongue over Steve's back and down in between his cheeks, tasting a combination of lube, sweat, and something innately Steve than he could never quite put his finger on. His hot tongue slipped into Steve's hole and he had to grasp his partner's hips as he bucked back toward him and cried out in surprised pleasure. Danny delved his tongue in and out of the loose ring, and moved his hands to hold his lover's cheeks apart so he could push his face in as deep as possible.

Steve was making little wordless noises as Danny lathered him with attention, pressing back and wanting more. Danny once again pushed his fingers inside his lover, grazing his teeth over one ass cheek and biting firmly. Steve moaned and pushed back again, signalling that he could be rougher, and he dug his fingers into the loose ring, marking him but not quite breaking the skin, as his fingers slid over his prostate as a reward. Steve shouted his name and threw his head back, groaning as Danny's teeth dug a little deeper, but he didn't pull away, didn't ask Danny to stop like he knew he could if he needed. He wanted this mark. Wanted to be Danny's.

The blonde cop straightened and gripped Steve's hips, pulling him toward him before smoothing lube down his shaft. He pushed into his lover without warning, gliding in and quickly burying himself deep inside, allowing Steve to adjust for a moment before pulling back out again almost all the way. Then he stayed there, just the head of his cock inside Steve's tight channel, and drew his blunt nails down his partner's back. Steve gasped and swore under his breath, and Danny dug his fingers into the hard muscle on his hips for good measure.

"You feel so fucking good," he purred as he gradually began to slide his length back in. It was sweet torture for him as well, but he wanted to really make his partner feel like Danny was the one in control here. "You want me to fuck you hard, do you?"

Steve's voice was strained as Danny's filled him almost too slowly to bear, "Mmm yes Danny, yes I want you to fuck me..."

"You're mine, Steven," Danny withdrew his cock again without getting anywhere near bottoming out, even though he wanted to, "Tell me who you belong to."

"Oh god, I'm yours, Danny. I'm yours." Steve panted the words out and then swore loudly as Danny rewarded him with a smooth, deep thrust, making sure he pressed all the way in and making some short sharp pumps for good measure as deep as he could. Steve howled and pressed back into him, and Danny slid his hand around his partner's thigh and grasped his hard, dripping cock, sliding his palm up and down the shaft while he pressed deep into his ass.

Steve groaned and whimpered under him, and Danny gripped his waist and pulled him upright, releasing Steve’s dick and smoothing his hands up over his partner's stomach and chest as he made more short, firm thrusts into him and pressed his forehead into his smooth back between his shoulder blades. The SEAL arched his back, changing the angle slightly and by the sounds he started making Danny guessed he was now brushing over his prostate. He started to vary his entry, switching between a few shallow lunges grouped together, and long, fast, full-length drives which made Steve claw at Danny's hand on his chest.

He gripped one wrist, twisting his partner's arm around to his back. Once he could use that arm as leverage, he moved his palm from Steve's chest and took hold of his other wrist, bringing that hand down to the SEAL's cock and making him grasp it, wrapping his own fingers over the top and squeezing.

He began to move Steve's hand up and down his own dick, and the brunette moaned loudly, enjoying the feel of Danny's control. The blonde nipped little red marks into the skin of his shoulders and dug his fingertips into the soft flesh of Steve's wrist. He thrust in time with the long slow strokes that he was making Steve exact on his own cock, and as he began to speed up, he
forced Steve's hand to move faster as well, keeping the rhythm equal. He could tell that Steve was close to coming as his back tensed and his moans became lower and more desperate, and he pulled his partner's hand away from his cock, making him gasp out loud.

"Do you want to come, babe?" Danny mouthed at the sweat on Steve's back, revelling in the salty taste of his hot skin, as he twisted Steve's other hand behind his back to join the first between them, "Do you want me to make you come?"

"Please, Danny!" Steve was so close and desperate at this point that he was resorting to begging, and that was something Danny could never resist. He gripped both of Steve's wrists together in one hand, and his other hand went to Steve's throbbing cock. A few smooth strokes down his full length and Steve was coming hard, rearing back into Danny and adding to his own pleasure. “Fuck, Danny!”

The blonde caressed his partner through his bliss, before letting him drop to all fours on the bed again and gripping his hips to plunge into him hard, coming not long after his lover. His own orgasm rolled through him, and he cried out Steve’s name as he collapsed forward onto his back and wrapped his arms around his lover’s waist, breathing heavily against the SEAL’s heaving back.

"Fuck..." Steve muttered succinctly. Danny let out his manic giggle and pulled out of his lover, rolling off him to lie on his back on the cool sheets and remember how to breathe properly.

Steve lowered himself to lay flat on the bed, avoiding the area of sheets where his come had spurted, and then rolled to wrap himself around Danny. They dozed for a while in each other's arms, Danny purposefully letting his mind shut down, refusing to think about anything but the feeling of Steve pressed in a long line down his side. He couldn't sleep fully right now, but his lover made him feel safe and secure, giving him an anchor to focus on, and he needed that right now.

After an hour or so, Steve stirred and stretched like a cat after his nap.

"Wow, Danno. If that's your way of working out stress then I'm gonna have to get us into a lot more risky situations..." he teased, sleepily.

The blonde cop laughed, "No, no I'm good. I could do without that, please boss."

"Oh, I'm the boss again now am I?" Steve leaned up and kissed Danny gently, and he melted into it and concentrated on the feel of his partner's lips on his. When Steve pulled away, Danny grinned at him.

"You may have the title at work, but I've always been the boss and you know it," he winked.

"You wish, Danno," Steve hauled himself out of the bed and pulled some sweatpants on, throwing another pair at Danny. His movements were a little stiff and careful, and the blonde felt a little guilty at being so vicious with his partner, but Steve walked over to him when he sat up, and cupped his jaw for a loving kiss. Maybe he hadn't minded the rough treatment.

The detective gave him a sly smile, "You know it's true."

"I admit nothing," Steve left the bedroom and started heading down the stairs, "I'll make us coffee!"

Danny followed him out onto the landing area to watch him walk across the living room, the marks Danny had left on his skin showing in glorious technicolour on his torso in the sunlight which
filtered through the windows. "Good boy," he purred, and gave Steve a wink when he looked back up at him and grinned, "I'm gonna have a shower babe."

"Alright, coffee will be ready when you're out."

Danny only spent a minimal amount of time in the shower. Normally he loved to luxuriate in the hot water, but the stream running down over his face just kept making his mind flash back to that morning, when his head broke the surface of the ocean and his ears were filled with screams. As he towelled himself down, Steve, who was now wearing a t-shirt, popped his head in the bathroom door to tell him that Kono was downstairs. He appreciated the warning as he still liked to walk around the house naked. He didn't think he could take a repeat of the Mary-Ann incident, especially with Kono's proclivity to take photos...

He pulled on one of Steve's old Navy shirts and some sweatpants. It had been a few hours now since he'd last seen Kono, and she might have some updates for him.

She looked up and gave him a winning smile as he came down the stairs. "Hey bruh, how you feeling?" She gave him a squeeze when he reached her, and he hugged her back.

"I'm okay, thanks babe," he tried to return her smile, but knew it wasn't quite as bright. Physically he was awake, but he still felt emotionally numb again.

She nodded, seeming to understand his condition. "You look better than you did when you left the beach. I thought you were gonna keel over, boss... but I've brought your stuff-" she gestured to his belongings on the coffee table, "-and some good news."

As Steve delivered the coffees, Kono ran through the information she had gleaned from HPD on the crash. There appeared to have been a technical fault with the steering of the speedboat, and the family of nine on board had done their best to alert the coast guard but it had been too late. There had been no deaths, which Danny thought was unbelievably lucky considering the damage incurred, but there were a multitude of broken bones and other injuries. For some it was a waiting game, but others were already on the road to recovery.

Kono shoved a sheet of paper into Danny's hands as he sat between her and Steve on the couch. "Including Akoni Kahele, fifteen year old son of Rafa Kahele, who owned the boat."

Danny smiled as he saw the boy's photo, along with a brief run-down of his details that Kono had gotten from his parents, and his medical results from the morning. It was the kid he'd given CPR to. And he was a good kid too - he was at a great school with promising grades, and loads of extra curricular activities involving science and technology. The brief hospital information showed that his ankle had been broken in two places, and would require a lot of it to be replaced by metal pins, but it looked promising.

"He's actually kind of excited about all the metal!" Kono grinned, "Amazing how kids can look at the bright side."

"You spoke to him?" Danny looked at her with wide eyes, and he felt his lip tremble but he held it back. The kid's okay, he kept repeating to himself, don't you dare cry, Williams.

"Briefly, yeah, he was groggy but I wanted to check on him in person before I headed over here," her big brown eyes shone as she gave Danny the most sympathetic look she could muster. She must have spotted his wobble. "He's really grateful, Danny. Considering he spent around four minutes being unable to breathe this morning, he seems great... the docs said that if you hadn't breathed for him when you did, he'd likely have suffered brain damage. And if you hadn't pulled him from the
surf, he'd be dead..."

“Thank you, Kono.” Tears pricked at his eyes, and a sharp spasm ripped through his abdomen and exited his mouth in the form of a sob. He'd been holding everything in, not allowing himself to feel anything about that morning, thinking he was better off just being numb. He'd been so worried about that kid, but he'd held it down inside and instead indulged in the only thing guaranteed to truly distract him – Steve – but now he knew the boy was okay, his subconscious finally allowed him to really accept what had happened.

Kono placed her coffee on the table and tangled her arms around Danny's neck, and he clung to her, burying his face against her shoulder and gripping Akoni's paperwork in his fist. Steve gripped the detective tight from behind as another sob erupted from him, and his two friends fully enveloped him between them. He felt like an idiot, hating the weakness that flowed through him as he finally let himself feel the strain of earlier events, but he'd never been more grateful in his life to have two of his very best friends hold him the way they were holding him now. Silent, no judgement, just letting him release the pent up emotion and embracing him without hesitation.

Kono's fingers wound their way into his wet hair and stroked down his neck, and Steve gently nuzzled his shoulder and squeezed his arm tight around Danny's waist. His partner's other hand was on Kono's shoulder, silently thanking her for helping his lover.

"It's okay, Danny," she whispered after a few minutes, when the tears had finally stopped flowing, "It's all good. You saved that kid, you did good."

Danny pulled back and nodded, wiping at his red eyes. God, he felt like a goof. But at the same time, he was amazed how he didn't feel all that embarrassed for crying in front of Kono and Steve. They were wonderful people, and he felt safe in the knowledge that they understood him and wouldn't think he was weak for falling apart. It wasn't because he was a man, he didn't subscribe to that macho 'real men don't cry' bullshit, but it was just the sudden explosive force with which it had hit him had taken him by surprise, so it must have shocked them too.

But instead the two of them were now rearranging their legs to lean into him, cuddling into him from both sides on the couch, and Steve was flicking the TV on.

"Whaddya wanna watch, Danno?"

Danny sniffed and looked at the list of crap shows which appeared on the cable channel menu in front of them. All repeats, and the usual garbage which seemed to populate the airwaves at 4pm on a weekday.

"Anything but Baywatch..." he muttered, and the three of them burst into laughter. And it felt good to laugh with his ohana nestled around him, and that important piece of paper still gripped solidly in his hand.

Chapter End Notes

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I need to go lie down now, because the boys cuddling, and ohana moments, make me so happy! And Dom!Danny gives me funny feelings in my loins... Yup, I'm going now...
Let me know what you thought!
Shafted

Chapter Summary

Steve brings home a present for him and Danny, but by the end of the day he's got more than he bargained for...

Chapter Notes

Are you prepared for some Steve!Whump and some shameless smutty humour? Because here it comes! (No, don't pardon the pun...)

Enjoy!

___

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny was out on the lanai, hanging clothes up on some wooden racks to dry in the sun. He much preferred naturally-dried clothes, they seemed to smell fresher in his opinion. It was the Friday morning of a slow week, and they were due into the office that afternoon, but with Danny being the paperwork machine he was, he'd earned himself and Steve the morning off from the office.

Steve had gone out to get groceries, so that left Danny doing housework and washing their work clothes and some of Grace's things from the week.

She'd spent the previous weekend with them, disappointed when Danny refused to go to the beach after his trauma from the previous week, but happy when the replacement option was the zoo. Then she had stayed over Wednesday night when Rachel and Stan went up to the North shore and had taken the baby with them, and Danny had got to enjoy watching Steve learn how to braid her hair under very careful instruction from him.

Danny had become very skilled at braiding quite early on when Grace had long enough hair, and it was part of his father-daughter ritual that he got to do her hair when she stayed over. And he was hesitant at first to share that intimate little practice, but when Steve had looked so honoured at being included in the activity his heart had melted and he realised that he wanted that man to have a stake in every part of his life. They'd put her long hair in pig tails, sat her on a cushion on the floor while they pressed their thighs and shoulders pressed against each other on the couch behind her, and took a pig tail each. Danny had showed Steve each step in the process, and when his partner had got the hang of it, the detective had gotten to show off his own dexterous fingers when he completed his plait at high speed. Steve had worked diligently at his side, with his tongue sticking out of the side of his mouth in an adorable show of concentration. The detective was still secretly proud that his braid looked better than Steve's attempt, even though the SEAL had done very well for his first time, and he was even prouder when his partner seemed so impressed with his skills.

He officially felt like he was getting soft, and he didn't seem to mind one bit.
Still lost in thought, he turned around from the hung clothes to head back inside the house and dropped the empty basket in surprise, because Steve was standing right behind him.

"Gah, will you stop being such a freaking ninja, McGarrett?" he jibed, a little annoyed at being crept up on once again. It was something he'd come to expect since he'd moved in with Steve, but it still freaked him out sometimes. He had to keep reminding himself that it wasn't him being a useless cop, but in fact it was Steve's SEAL training that meant he managed to catch Danny unawares ninety per cent of the time.

He had to admit though, the majority of the surprise attacks yielded fantastic results, and this one looked to be no different as Steve slid his big warm hands underneath Danny's t-shirt and curled his fingers into the muscles at his lower back, massaging. Simultaneously, he dipped down to take the blonde man's mouth in a loving kiss, slipping his tongue in between his lips languorously.

Danny let out a small moan and placed his palms on Steve's chest to steady himself. Okay, the surprise attacks could stay...

Steve knew it immediately got Danny's heart rate up when he jumped him, and he knew how to take advantage of that. Sometimes it was rough and ready and desperate, throwing him against a wall or dragging him upstairs to bed, and sometimes it was like this, gentle and loving, full of something deep and special.

Danny's hands explored Steve, over and under clothing, through hair and over skin, while the SEAL's hands stayed at the small of the detective's back, kneading the flesh there where he knew Danny was sensitive.

They finally came up for air, breathing heavily and eyes filled with lust. Steve had a way of working Danny up and whetting his appetite with something as simple as a kiss.

"Okay, so you want me to stop doing that, huh?" Steve had his smuggest looking grin plastered over his face.

"Fuck you." Danny grinned and went in for another kiss, but Steve pulled his head back.

"Hm, maybe..." he smiled, dropping his grip around Danny's waist and slinking back into the house.

_Bastard..._ Danny thought as he hefted the basket and brought it back inside.

Good old, efficient Navy Steve had already put all the groceries away, however there was one paper bag still sitting on the kitchen table.

Danny went to go peek inside. "Where the hell did you go for food, the North shore or something? You were gone for hours- hey!" He withdrew his hand as Steve slapped it away from the bag.

"Before you look in here, Danno, I want to talk to you..." Steve suddenly looked quite serious, and a little bit vulnerable, and Danny's heart rate picked up again as he worried over what was happening with his man.

"C'mere," Steve gestured through to the living room and they ended up sitting on the couch, turned inward to face one another. Steve placed the bag gingerly on the coffee table, and Danny eyed it with suspicion.

"I took a bit longer because I went to another store to get something... special..." he still looked rather closed off, so Danny reassured him by placing a hand on his knee.
Steve looked up to meet his gaze, "And I want you to know that it's not because I think we're lacking anything, or that we need help, or anything like that, because our sex life is... well, it's fucking amazing, but I just wanted to see if..." he trailed off and looked a little lost.

Danny could see Steve was finding it hard to communicate what he wanted to say, so he figured he'd have to cut to the chase. He used that moment to employ his own ninja skills, honed through years of trying to beat his three siblings to the biggest cookie from the baking tray, and snatched the bag up before Steve's flailing hands could stop him. He dumped the contents into his lap, and stared at it for a minute.

The phrases 'medical-grade silicone', 'multiple speed settings' and 'low frequency vibrations for a great orgasmic experience' were plastered along the side of the rectangular box. And the large sticker that stated 'Today's Deal: free lubricant!' explained why there were three bottles of lube in his lap as well. His boy scout was always well prepared…

Danny snickered and Steve actually managed to look a bit embarrassed.

The blonde leaned back in his seat and crossed his arms over his chest, raising his eyebrows. It was fun to torture Steve, it was often way of getting his partner back for being reckless at work. "Well?" he teased.

Steve turned an interesting shade of pink, the colour flushing up his neck from under his t-shirt. "Like I said, it's not like I think anything needs spicing up or... I just thought it might be fun?"

"And exactly how long have you been thinking this might be fun?" He was grinning, but his partner didn’t seem to notice, as his eyes were on his fidgeting hands. This was entertaining, watching the normally stoic Navy SEAL flinch under questioning.

"Stop it, Danny..." Steve looked uncomfortable now, so Danny figured he'd stop being cruel and take pity.

Danny tipped the items back into the bag. "C'mon babe," he stood and held his hand out to Steve, the other holding the bag.

Steve looked up from hands, all wide eyes, "Really?" he asked tentatively. Interesting, had he thought Danny might reject him or be angry? He obviously still had a lot to learn about how much Danny loved him. And also how much the Jersey man was willing to experiment.

"Let's go upstairs and give this a test run," Danny winked at him.

The brunette stood and planted a searing kiss onto his lips, before taking Danny's hand and practically dragging him up the stairs.

They got to the bedroom and Steve began to methodically strip his partner. Danny dropped the bag next to the bed and stood with Steve behind him, sighing as his lover caressed and explored his body, running his hands over Steve's as they skimmed his torso and unbuttoned his jeans. His t-shirt was drawn over his head, the SEAL's lips tickled the back of his neck and he moaned at Steve's knowledge of his sweet spot. His lover's tongue and teeth and hot breath tracing the vertebrae in his neck and shoulders sent jolts of electricity straight to his dick.

Steve continued his journey down Danny's spine, drawing louder and longer moans from his chest as his fingers travelled down the blonde man's sides and raised goosebumps in their wake.

"I could just do this for hours..." Steve sighed as he knelt behind Danny and tugged his jeans down to expose his ass, "Just explore every inch of you, I want to do that..."
Danny's breath caught in his throat and he had to swallow hard, "I'm pretty sure I'd like that... but it might just drive me nuts to have you take too long about it," he put his hands behind his back to tangle through his partner's hair as he nibbled at the area where Danny's lower back met his ass.

"Oh, I'd take my sweet time, Danny... I like it when you go a bit insane." Steve was more than likely referring to last week, when Danny had lost his usual self control in the bedroom and had become a bit domineering due to feeling slightly emotionally unstable.

Whereas Danny liked to do a bit of dirty talk and vie for control once in a while, keeping his lover on his toes, he was generally happy to keep a nice stable equilibrium in between the sheets or let Steve take charge. Last week had been the first time he'd really taken it up a notch, and Steve had apparently rather liked it. He'd thought that his partner, with all of his control issues, would have a problem with Danny asserting himself as vehemently as he had done, but instead Steve had even hinted a couple of times that he wouldn't mind a repeat performance. The hickies on his body had taken a few days to disappear, and he'd noticed Steve admiring them in the mirror when he thought Danny wasn't looking.

It wasn't totally his style to use and dominate like that, but at least he knew that if he felt the need to let loose again, that Steve would be a more than willing participant. It was reassuring.

But right now it was Steve's turn again, as he got Danny to step out of the clothes pooled at his ankles and then guided him to sit on the edge of the bed. He flung his own clothes across the room seconds later, and then he was standing fully naked in front of Danny's hungry eyes.

The blonde reached forward to curl his fingers around the back of Steve's thighs, bringing him in closer to stand between Danny's legs. His cock was hard and leaking pre-come, and Danny leaned forward to lick a wide, hot stripe up the underside of it as it stood to attention before him. Steve moaned and carded his fingers through his partner's blonde locks, gently at first but then gripping at the short hairs near the base of his skull when he took Steve's head into his hot mouth.

The SEAL grunted and twisted at Danny's hair, not holding him there, but not letting go any time soon by the feel of it. The detective was fine with this, and rolled his tongue around the head of his lover's cock, massaging the thick vein underneath and sucking lightly. One of Steve's hands remained at the back of his head, curving around to obtain a more solid hold, and the other wound its way down to settle in between his shoulder blades, both applying a gentle pressure and stopping Danny from pulling too far away from his cock. As the detective bobbed his head back and forth along Steve's length, the pressure from the hands slowly increased, and Steve began to get caught up in the moment, eyes closed as he gently fucked Danny's mouth.

"Ah fuck, I'm gonna come..." Steve moaned and pulled out from between his lover's lips, "Fuck, you're incredible at blow jobs Danny!" He knelt on the floor in front of the blonde so that their eyes were level, "It's that fucking gorgeous, delicious mouth of yours," he whispered as he took Danny's lips in a frenzied kiss, full of exquisite passion.

Then he shoved Danny's chest so he fell backwards onto the bed, and treated Danny's cock in the same reverent way that Danny had done with his. The long, blazing lick up his shaft, the tongue around the head savouring the taste of the silky drops of pre-come, everything duplicated with precision. And Danny ran his hands over Steve's scalp in an echo of the SEAL's actions, grazing his nails just behind his partner's ears like he knew Steve liked. He allowed himself to enjoy his lover's mouth for a minute or so, relishing the luxurious sensations and flexing beneath the man's solid weight, before leaning up on his elbows and reaching forward to bring Steve's head up and lock him into a kiss. He was loving the attention being laid on him, bit he was keen to get to the main event, and knew that Steve would feel the same.
He heard the bag rustle as Steve brought the contents up onto the bed without pulling his lips from Danny's, but he had to look away to work out how to get the box open.

"Fuck," he muttered, still a little breathless from the blow job. Then he stood up and went to the drawer, whipping out a rather large knife and slicing the box open.

"What the hell is that doing in our bedside table, Steve?" Danny shook his head at his lover, despairingly. First grenades in his Camaro, now weaponry in the bedroom?

"You'll be grateful it's there when someone breaks into the house in the middle of the night, Danno," Steve muttered absently as he threw bits of packaging everywhere in an attempt to retrieve his prize.

"I think the burglar would have enough to deal with, finding two half naked members of the Governor's Task Force," he grinned.

Steve had finally removed the contents of the box, and turned to wave the knife at his partner, "Two armed members of the Governor's Task Force would be better," he teased before slinging the knife back into the drawer.

In his other hand, he held a smooth, pink vibrator. It was a decent size, though not the width or length equivalent to either of them, and had small button controls on the base which were sheathed within the silicone body. There was a bulge between the buttons and the shaft which had a separate bullet vibrator inside, and looked like it could sit against their balls or perineum to offer extra stimulation. The whole thing was waterproof, Danny noted for future reference.

"Does it have any charge in it?" The thought hadn't occurred to Danny until now, but Steve held down the power button and a little LED light came on at the base to show it was ready. He turned it back off again.

"They have to ship lithium ion batteries partially charged," Steve shrugged and grinned, "we'll charge it properly later..."

Then he threw it onto the bed along with a bottle of lube, and advanced on Danny, licking his lips. His predatory expression made Danny's pulse pick up again, and he loved how Steve was now comfortable enough to be more confident with his lover on the subject. From his earlier hesitancy to even broach the subject of toys, to 'we'll charge it properly later', Danny had obviously managed to ease any worries the SEAL had been harbouring.

Steve slid his hands under Danny's knees and pulled him forward on the bed so that his ass was hanging off the end, and the blonde leaned back on his elbows as his lover squeezed lube onto his fingers. The brunette's mouth went back to Danny's cock as the first of his fingers glided into Danny's hole, beginning to work him open. The detective sighed and laid his head back, enjoying the sensations when a second finger was added. He loved when his partner was gentle like this. He liked it when he was vicious too, of course. Hell, he liked Steve whatever way Steve would have him, it didn't matter. But this felt wonderful right now.

A moan was pulled from his throat as Steve massaged his prostate purposefully, and Danny had to raise his head to watch as his lover swallowed his dick down, lathering it with attention again.

"How do you wanna do this, babe?" he asked, breathily.

Steve hummed around his cock, making him gasp, before removing his mouth to speak. "Um, well I was thinking maybe I could take the vibrator, and you could ride me? You should be able to feel
the vibrations too, it's a special one with low frequency pulses which means they travel better."

Danny snorted at his partner being so specific, and then caught his breath when a third finger slid inside him, "Mmm fuck, not that you've been thinking about this a lot or anything, huh?"

Steve laughed, a shamelessly deviant look in his eyes, "I've had all morning to think about it, Danny, you're lucky I didn't just jump you on the lanai..."

"You and I have very different definitions of 'lucky', my friend-" his jibe was cut off by Steve's mouth fastening over his as he moved to straddle Danny, still reaching down between them to work on his hole, sliding his fingers in and out and curling them around to flick over his sweet spot.

Danny whimpered into his mouth and grabbed the lube, smothering his own fingers with the slippery liquid and brushing his fingers down Steve's shaft on his way to his ass, making him buck forwards. He pushed a digit into his lover's tight ring and sighed at the feeling of his heat surrounding him. They worked at each other, both hunching their shoulders to allow their hands to reach each other, but what should have been an awkward position felt glorious with them connected at the mouth, tongues probing, and their fingers massaging and loosening one another. When they started running out of oxygen, they broke the kiss and worked their tongues and lips over one another's jaw lines and necks, stubble scraping against stubble and introducing an extra sensation to the mix.

When Danny knew he was ready, and could easily slide three fingers into Steve, he grasped his partner and flipped them over so that Steve was lying on the mattress while he supported himself on his elbows, and the detective was kneeling between his spread legs. Danny reached for the dildo, running his slippery fingers over it and studying the controls for a moment, before taking the bottle of lube and squeezing a small amount onto the end.

He looked up to meet his lover's gaze, ensuring he was ready, and was met by Steve's lust-blown pupils and heavy lids. The SEAL closed his eyes and leaned his head back, canting his hips upwards impatiently.

Danny slowly pushed the full length of the dildo’s shaft into Steve's ass, the smooth silicone combined with the lube making it easy. Steve made an indecent noise and let himself drop to the bed.

"That okay, babe?" the detective checked on his partner.

"Yeah, c'mere," Steve reached for him, and Danny held the power button until the light came on before crawling up over him, kissing over his partner's thighs and stomach before getting into position.

Steve reached down to hold his hard cock in place as Danny lowered his open hole onto him, and they groaned in unison at the pleasurable sensations. The blonde allowed himself to acclimate to his partner's thick cock filling him, and moved experimentally before starting up a careful rhythm and leaning forward to claim the SEAL’s lips with his own.

They stroked and caressed their hands over each other's bodies and through one another's hair as they moved together, letting the tender and intimate moment flow over them. Danny finally parted from the kiss and leaned back, having to raise himself off Steve a little, and placed his thumb on the controls of the dildo, making his partner let out a little huff of desire when he shifted it. "You ready, babe?" he grinned, breathing heavily.

Steve nodded and planted the soles of his feet on the mattress. Danny pressed the button and Steve
gasped and bucked upward, squeezing his eyes shut.

"Jesus CHRIST HOLYFUCK!" Danny yelled and his spine bowed inwards as the deep, rolling pulsations passed straight through Steve's body, along his cock, and into Danny's ass. He'd expected to feel something, but he hadn't quite been prepared for how far the intense vibrations might travel, and it took him somewhat by surprise as he felt the buzz reach as far as his lower back.

Steve laughed, which was difficult when he could barely breathe himself, but he'd obviously found Danny's reaction entertaining.

The detective pressed down onto him, curving his spine further and taking him deep, feeling the vibrations in his thighs through Steve's hips, and he couldn't help the manic little giggle which escaped his lips. "Aw my god, holy shit..." he cackled, "Fuck, Steve, I'm not gonna last long. This is fucking awesome!"

"Can you turn it down at all?" Steve gasped, writhing underneath him. He wasn't uncomfortable; he just wanted them to keep going for as long as possible.

"Ahhh this is the lowest setting, you animal!" Danny collapsed forward into him and engulfed his mouth again, his body inundated with sensations, nerves firing in all directions and besetting his brain with happy chemicals.

They huffed and cursed into each other's mouths as Danny slowly raised and lowered himself on Steve's vibrating cock. Steve was having to cope with the dual sensations of the vibrator and Danny's tight ass sliding around his cock, and he was moaning and pushing up into his partner to counter his downward movements. Their languid movements turned more wanton and heated as they adjusted to the initial shock of the undulating waves and relaxed into the feeling, and Danny sped up his hips, giving his thighs a work out as he lifted and plunged himself downward and rolled his pelvis, loving the sounds it drew from his partner and the variety of explosive sensations it sent through his own body.

Danny let himself get lost in the stubbly texture of his lover's throat, kissing his way over the man's jaw and neck, trying to distract them both from the speedy effect the dildo was having on them. He knew that if they didn't have the distraction then it would all be over too quickly for him, and he was pretty sure it would be the same case for his lover, who was making little whimpers below him.

"Jesus, Danny, I didn't know it was gonna be this powerful! The woman in the store told me it has like six settings or something..." Steve began running his hands up and down Danny's back and scraping nails over his scalp, as he panted beneath him.

Danny hummed into his partner's throat in appreciation at the fingertip contact continuing to roll his hips and bare down on Steve, "I'd hate to know what number six does if this is number one! Wait a minute, you went into a store and spoke to an assistant about this?" He lifted up a little and looked down at his lover in amazement, and giggled. He couldn't help it. He could just imagine an awkward Steve umming and aahing over different dildos with some woman helping him decide what he should fuck his boyfriend with. The image was too entertaining for words.

"Stop laughing, Danny! And you told me never to buy anything off the internet!" Steve had gone bright red again, still keening and breathing from the stimulation. He was adorable, and fuckably gorgeous all at once.

The blonde smirked and sat back, mouth open and about to mock his partner again, but the change
of angle meant that Steve's vibrating cock brushed over and then sat against his prostate. "Oh FUCK!" The muscles in his abdomen contracting and causing him to buck forwards sharply on Steve.

The SEAL cried out wordlessly as Danny suddenly contracted around him, and he came hard, pulsing into Danny and pushing upwards, making the detective howl again. Steve gripped Danny's thighs hard enough to bruise and screwed his eyes shut as he emptied himself into his partner, the vibrator dragging the orgasm out and making him pant hard.

The second he recovered, he pulled out of Danny and reached down to retrieve the dildo as he pushed the blonde over onto his back. He dipped his mouth down onto Danny's leaking cock, which was throbbing from the lack of attention, and pushed the vibrator into his lover's come-slick ass. Danny bucked up and moaned loudly, thrusting up into Steve's waiting throat, as the sensations he felt overpowered him. Steve hit the button to switch up the settings twice, pushing it to level three.

Danny's orgasm was so powerful when it hit that he almost blacked out, his eyes rolled back in his head as his come erupted down his lover's throat and Steve worked him with his mouth.

The SEAL removed the vibrator after a moment, switching it off and throwing it onto Danny's boxers on the floor, still milking the detective with his tongue and caressing the sensitive twitching skin with his lips, until it was too much and Danny had to use his last bit of energy to haul his lover away from his cock and to his waiting mouth.

They kissed as deeply as they could while still breathless from their orgasms, the taste of Danny's come rolling between their mouths.

They gently tugged and jostled at each other until they were in one of their favourite post-coital positions, facing each other with Danny's head tucked under Steve's chin, and slotted their shaky legs together. Steve snaked his lower arm under Danny's head and the other over his waist, and the detective used his lower hand to cup Steve's cheek while his other hand traced lazy patterns on his lover's spine.

"Thank you," Steve whispered.

Danny opened his eyes and tilted his head to look Steve in the eyes. "Pretty sure I'm the one who should be saying that," he grinned, "that was... amazing..."

The SEAL returned the smile, "No, I mean thank you for not getting the wrong idea and thinking I wasn't happy with us or whatever. I just thought it might be a bit of fun, but I was worried what you'd think."

Danny pressed his lips against his partner's and sighed contentedly, "You don't ever have to worry about what I might think, babe. There may end up being things that one of us wants to try and the other isn't keen on, but we just need to be open with each other and not feel too rejected if the other person says no, okay?"

Steve nodded, about to say something when his phone started vibrating in his jeans pocket on the floor.

"No no no," he groaned as he disentangled himself from Danny and crawled over the bed to reach down and grab it. He hit the 'accept' button and practically growled down the line, "Chin, it's eleven, we're not due in 'til twelve..."
Danny could just hear their friend's voice over the receiver, but couldn't make out what he was saying.

"Alright, we'll get dressed and head straight there, text me the address... yes, I did just say 'get dressed', what did you think we'd be doing on our morning off? ... Hello?" Steve laughed, "He hung up!"

Danny giggled, "Poor Chin, you're so mean!"

An hour later they were on their way to a warehouse near the docks. Chin had passed on to Steve that an informant had come forward to say that it was being used to store drugs, and was currently unmanned as the over-confident perpetrators thought they were still under the radar. Chin and Kono were heading a raid with SWAT on the other side of the island, where the gang were currently holed up in one of the member's houses and indulging in some of their green-leafed produce.

They weren't expecting trouble, but were wearing their tac vests nonetheless, and Danny was strapping on his fingerless gloves and checking his police issue weapon over as Steve drove the Camaro up the access road to the warehouses.

"I'm pretty sure I know what the answer is, but did you call for back up?" he asked as Steve pulled up outside the building.

"You're my back up, Danno," Steve gave him that shit eating grin as he climbed out of the car, and Danny rolled his eyes. He should know this by now...

He took one side of the warehouse doors while the SEAL took the other, and they slid them open and raised their weapons. Inside, the warehouse was relatively empty, with some fishing equipment stacked near the door, a few dozen crates stacked flush against one wall and a small office with large plastic windows, so they cleared the building quickly.

They headed for the boxes and Steve holstered his weapon to grab a crowbar and prise one of them open. The stench of marijuana hit them as a couple of splinters from the wood tore a packet open.

"Yup, that'll be the stash then," Steve confirmed.

Danny took a step back and counted the boxes, quickly estimating the quantity of weed and calculating based on its current street value. He let out a low whistle. "There must be about three hundred thousand bucks worth here, easy!"

"Apparently they had a plantation up in the mountains. Perfect growing conditions and no one to find them out, they've managed to accrue quite a lot of quality product," his boss added.

Steve's radio crackled into life, and Kono's voice came over the waves.

"Steve, come in please? Over."

The SEAL fingered the button. "Hey Kono, how's the raid? Over."

"Good and bad boss. We were told six members of the gang were here, but we've only got five on the premises. Watch your backs. Over."

Danny rolled his eyes and drew his weapon again. Things never went smoothly around here.
"Received and acknowledged, Kono. We're just about to call HPD and ask them to secure the product. Over and out." He looked to Danny expectantly, who raised his eyebrows.

"Oh, you want me to do that, huh? Too important to make the phone calls now?" Danny picked at him as he pulled out his phone, and Steve just grinned at him.

He turned his back on his partner, connecting to HPD and requesting a forensics team and a crew to transport the evidence to lock up, and he could feel Steve's eyes on his ass which made him smile.

As he hung up and turned back to Steve, ready to make a snarky comment along the lines of 'Get an eyeful, did you?', a movement over by the door caught his attention.

"Steve!" he yelled, dropping his phone and bringing his hand up to join the other on his gun as he raised it.

Steve spun to face the intruder, and they only had a moment to take in the spear gun in his hands, taken from the pile of fishing gear, before he lined it up to fire it.

Danny pulled his trigger without hesitation and hit the guy centre mass. He went sprawling backwards, blood blooming over his garish shirt as he went down, dead. But he'd already released the catch on his own improvised weapon, and Danny turned to see Steve tumble backwards into the crates, a steel harpoon lodged in his chest.

His world tilted, and the detective shouted his partner's name, dropping his weapon and leaping to his lover's side. He pressed both hands around the protruding metal, trying to stem the flow of blood.

"Steve, fuck Steve!"

The SEAL had a look of shock on his face, but he was breathing and he was awake, and that's what mattered. The spear was wedged into his right shoulder, and the way he had fallen meant that the other end had split the side of a crate and he was now pinned to it.

Danny tried to assess the wound, realising it was too high to have hit Steve's heart or lung, but there was a steady flow of blood, so it must have nicked an artery or vein. The serrated shaft was about half an inch in diameter, and he couldn't see the arrow head.

"Steve, speak to me babe, c'mon," Danny slid his hand around his lover's back so that he could clamp down on both the entrance and exit wounds.

Steve cried out, pulled from his stunned silence, "Danny! Shit!" He squeezed his eyes shut, and then opened them wide again as he tried to focus through the pain.

Danny's heart was in his mouth as he stared at his partner and tried to hold himself together. He knew he had to keep him talking, keep him from slipping into unconsciousness, so he tried to get a reaction the best way he knew how: ranting.

"You idiot, why were you staring at my ass when you should have been watching your own, huh?" He didn't mean it, but he wanted to grab Steve's attention and hold it.

His partner grinned through the pain, "You shouldn't have such a distracting butt, Danno..."

Danny had to remove the hand at the front of Steve's chest to pull his lover's phone from one of his many pockets - luckily he knew which one - and a fresh flow of blood seeped into Steve's t-shirt.
He hit 911, jammed the phone in between his cheek and his shoulder, and replaced his hand as quickly as possible.

"You see what happens when you let yourself get distracted by me, Steve? You get shot!" He was only half joking. It was something he'd worried about for a while now, whether their relationship would endanger them at work or affect their performance, and so far it hadn't... until now.

Steve smiled weakly, his voice rasping, "Worth it..." he winked and then coughed hard, wincing at the pain.

The call connected, and Danny swiftly gave the operator their location and the details of Steve's injury. Once he knew the ambulance was on its way, he released the phone and let it drop into Steve's lap.

"This, Steven, this is why we need back up!" He pressed his forehead against his partner's, partly for comfort and partly to measure his status. His skin was cold and clammy, he was beginning to go into shock, and Danny had to push down on the fear that was rising from his gut and threatening to take over. *Stay in control, Williams, he needs you to keep him alive.*

"What, a spear to the chest?" Steve teased weakly.

"Stop being so pedantic, you know exactly what I mean!" His arms were aching from keeping the pressure up on his lover's wounds, but there was nothing on this planet that would allow him to weaken his grip right now.

Steve closed his eyes and let his head drop back against the crate.

"Steve, hey hey hey! Stay with me, you big lug! C'mon, open your eyes!"

Steve complied, peeling his lids back open, but his eyes had a glassy quality to them and he was staring straight ahead of him, and not at Danny like he would have preferred.

Danny had to rally himself. His defense mechanism was humour, and he figured it would probably help prompt Steve out of his daze. "Hey, if you die, how long is it okay to wait until I call that guy who hit on me at Sidestreets?"

Steve's gaze flicked to his face, and he seemed to come back to himself. "What, that Rick guy? He lives on the other island, sorry..."

"Did you do a background check on some guy who tried to pick me up in a bar, Steven?" Danny snorted and his lover smiled at the slightly embarrassing noise, "I'm not even going to begin lecturing you on misuse of police resources, or the obsessive level of stalking on your part, because I know you won't listen..."

"Thank god for that... I knew you'd learn eventually." Steve smirked at him.

He never knew how much he needed their banter until this moment. How important it was that they could verbally spar with each other and push one another's buttons. Because now it was so, so important, just to keep Steve engaged.

"Okay, so what's the standard acceptable amount of time to wait after your boyfriend dies, huh? I just need to know so I don't look bad in front of Chin and Kono. We talking weeks? Days? Hours?"

Steve shook his head slightly, "Oh, you're looking at years, Danno. Like a decade, minimum..."
Danny tried to return the smile, his shoulders really feeling the strain now. "Aw, no I'm not waiting that long babe. You're just gonna have to stick around."

His partner's responses were getting weaker and slower, so when he heard the ambulance siren approaching in the distance relief swept through him. They weren't out of the woods yet, but Steve was still conscious and that could only be a good sign. His gloves had absorbed an unhealthy amount of blood, and his knees were in a slowly widening puddle of red.

"Hey, come on Steve. Did you hear me? Huh?? You gotta stick around!"

Steve groaned and tried to fight against his drooping eyelids, "I dunno, Danny..."

He could feel his own pulse jumping in his throat, tears pricking at the corners of his eyes, "C'mon Steve, stay with me! Keep talking!" He couldn't lose him, not now he'd only just got him. His beautiful lover, his reckless idiot, his Steve.

The paramedics arrived at his sides and began work on Steve, and he was forced to back away and give them room as they secured an oxygen mask to his face and began taking his pulse and packing the wound. The brunette's eyes slid shut, and Danny yelled at him to keep them open, but he wasn't hearing his words.

The next half hour passed in a blur. Steve was freed and taken away in the ambulance, while Danny could only watch. They needed space to work so he wasn't allowed to go with him, however much he argued. HPD arrived and began to process the scene, along with Chin and Kono who had heard over the radio that Steve had been injured. Kono had refused to let Danny drive in his panicked condition, and shoved him into the passenger side of the Camaro before tearing off across the island in pursuit of the ambulance. Danny was vaguely aware of the fact that her driving was even more terrifying than Steve's, and vowed not to complain about his partner's behaviour behind the wheel for at least a month. Because he would be back behind the wheel, he had to be. He simply wasn't allowed to be anything else other than okay.

After arriving in the ER to be told that there was no news yet, other than Steve had been rushed into surgery, he paced relentlessly until he abruptly felt like all the energy had been drained from him in one go. He dropped into a chair and stared blankly ahead while they waited for news on Steve's condition. He really had no idea what had happened from the moment his partner had disappeared into the back of that ambulance. Had he stayed conscious? Has his heart kept beating?

He pushed the questions away and zoned out while Kono impatiently badgered the staff on his behalf, constantly in and out of the seat next to him, always active and on her feet, a bundle of energy like Steve would be.

Chin arrived, and he was the calm presence Danny needed. He spoke to Kono first for an update, but watched Danny while he listened to his cousin. He went into the restroom and came back with a wet paper towel, then silently knelt down in front of the detective. He gently peeled his friend's soaked gloves off him, and wiped the blood off his hands and forearms, tending to him like a protective mother. Then he stood and pulled Danny up into an encompassing hug, and the blonde let himself be supported against his friend’s solid chest.

Thank god for ohana.

"What am I gonna do if he doesn't come out of there, Chin?" Danny whispered into the man's shoulder.

Chin didn't answer him, unsure of what to say, but squeezed him a little tighter. Kono's hand settled
on Danny's shoulder, and the three of them immersed themselves in each other's comforting presence.

By the time a doctor emerged, the remaining members of Five-0 were lined up on the hard plastic seats again. The man came through the double doors, and when he asked "Family of Steven McGarrett?" Danny stood and nervously wiped his sweaty hands on his slacks.

"I'm his partner, is he okay?" he questioned desperately.

"It's good news," the doctor began, and Danny immediately felt like he was going to faint, and had to screw his eyes shut and take a deep breath. He was grateful that the surgeon had thought to lead with that, because he didn't think he could have waited a second longer.

The man continued, "Despite losing a lot of blood, Commander McGarrett managed to stay conscious all the way to the hospital. We took him straight into surgery and removed the spear, and his vitals are looking good. Long story, short: he needs to stay in for a few days so we can make sure there is no infection, and barring any complications, he can go home on Monday or Tuesday. He will require a lot of rest, so no work, and need physical rehabilitation to re-establish full movement. He will then need to be cleared for active duty by a PT, but it will be desk duty for a while first."

"He's gonna hate that," Kono grinned, and Danny nodded and smiled at her.

He turned back to the doctor, the most vital question still needing to be asked. "When can I see him?"

Steve's left arm twitching under his hand woke Danny up from his doze.

He'd turned his chair so that it faced Steve where he lay in the hospital bed, and he'd laid his forearm along his partner's so that his hand was wrapped around the inside bend of Steve's elbow and his fingers rested in the slight hollow there. When Steve's fingers moved against his arm again, he opened his blue eyes to see sleepy hazel ones looking back at him.

"Hey babe," he smiled, "How're you feeling?"

"Numb..." Steve mumbled, "I don't think I'll be playing football for a while?"

Danny stood and leaned over the SEAL, first kissing his forehead and then his lips when his lover tilted his head up towards him.

"Probably not..." the detective rested his forehead against Steve's, "You daft idiot, I thought I was gonna lose you. Don't ever do that to me again..." He moved back and held a cup of water to his lover's lips and helped him take a sip.

"Sorry sweetie, I'll avoid the spear gun next time if it makes you happy," Steve quipped.

Danny sat back down and interlocked his fingers with Steve's. "You'd better... go back to sleep, babe, you need your rest."

The SEAL nodded and closed his eyes, letting the pain drugs pull him back under. Before he fell back asleep, he peeled one eye open again to watch Danny take a sip of water.

"Y'know, I've been impaled on two foreign objects today, and I much preferred the first one..."
Danny sprayed water everywhere and gave Steve an appalled look, shaking his head and trying not to smile while the SEAL chuckled to himself.

"You're horrendous, you know that?" the Jersey man laughed.

Steve closed his eyes again, "It's why you love me..."

"One of many reasons," Danny smiled, and let himself drift off again once he knew his partner was asleep again, fingers still tangled together.

Chapter End Notes

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Aw, poor Steve! Now Danny will have to play Doctor and nurse him back to health! Hehehe...

Just as a warning, I'm away for this weekend, being forced to interact with people in the real world on a social basis (oh god...) so I'm going to try to get another chapter in before I go, but then there may be a delay in the next one. I have, however, booked Monday off work (as the socialising will include much drinking of home-brewed spirits!) and so during my own recovery I should be able to write about Steve's! We'll see!

Once again, comments welcome! Please let me know what your thoughts are (especially the dirty ones...
Out Of Control

Chapter Summary

Steve doesn't take well to being signed off work, and the boredom is going to wreck him... or his partner...

Chapter Notes

Okay, this one is short and hot (like Danny! Teehee) but hopefully it will tide you over until I get back and write the next chapter. I'm hoping it will be a bit longer.

Enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Danny climbed out of the Camaro and headed for the house. It had been a long day at the end of a long week without Steve at work.

The three remaining team members had shared the extra workload between them, but when it came to the physical activities of chasing down criminals and doing raids, he missed having his gung ho partner around to back him up. He could hold his own in fights and in chases, but it was always useful to have a SuperSEAL at your back in those situations.

He was worn out. He'd been delayed at work and it was now 6.45pm, and he just wanted to have a nice hot shower and make sure Steve was recovering nicely in advance of his return to work for desk duty. He'd been grumpy as hell for the past week, told that he couldn't go to work, couldn't swim due to his injury and the dressing, and the risk of infection from the ocean, and between that and having to attend PT sessions, he was not a happy bunny. Danny felt guilty that he'd missed this morning's PT session, but the 5am drugs raid had taken precedence, and then there was all the paperwork to explain why he'd ‘accidentally’ run over one of the rabbiting perps with his police issue vehicle. And he couldn’t use the excuse ‘my partner has a bad effect on me, even when he’s not here’, so he’d had to think of something more credible.

He ran his hand over the damage on the grill of the Chevrolet. More garage time for his beloved Camaro, and another dent in his car meant another dent in his wallet.

He walked into the house, closing the door behind him, and was immediately slammed into the wall by a heaving, half-naked force of nature.

Steve began biting at Danny's throat, sharp teeth causing him to yelp loudly.

"Gerroff me, you animal!" Danny laughed, shoving at his partner’s chest ineffectually.

Steve planted a dirty kiss on his lips, sliding his tongue across Danny's mouth until the blonde
allowed him entry. He was trapped between his partner's solid body and the wall, and Steve was relentlessly grinding up against him. His slacks were getting uncomfortably tight, very quickly.

The SEAL pulled back from his mouth, returning his attention to the detective's sensitive neck and pulling at the collar of his button down shirt. "Mmmm missed you," he growled against Danny's throat, before going back to nibbling the skin.

"Really, babe? I couldn't tell..." Danny's attempt at nonchalance was spoiled by the fact that he was now breathing heavily and making squeaking noises when Steve's bites came close to too hard.

The brunette was wearing sweatpants, a bandage that covered the right half of his chest and shoulder, and not much else. His hair was wet, so Danny guessed he'd just had a shower and put a fresh dressing on. And he was unbelievably hard, his cock pressed into the groove in Danny's hip through the material of his pants.

"Been thinking about you all day..." The SEAL's hot breath on his neck made him shiver, and his dexterous fingers were making quick work of the detective's shirt buttons. The fingers on his right hand were still a little uncoordinated, as he'd had a few muscle strength issues there which the PT was working on. Apparently he was determined not to let it slow him down when it came to undressing his partner, however.

"No need to get yourself this worked up, babe. We do have a vibrator now, y'know..." Danny leaned his head back against the wall as Steve's hot tongue ran along his exposed collarbone, sighing. His partner's hands smoothed around his sides, under his now open shirt, to his back. His fingers kneaded at the flesh there, moving up and down his spine before his big hands slid down to Danny's ass cheeks and squeezed hard, almost lifting him from the floor.

"No, not good enough. I want you..." Steve's heavenly lips were back underneath his ear, sucking at his earlobe and breathing heavily against the patch of sensitive skin there. He knew that was one of Danny's weak spots, loving to use it against him. The blonde toed put of his loafers and socks, and Steve's hands were very quickly at his belt, whipping it open and tugging the button and zip until they came undone.

Danny's shirt, pants and boxers were on the floor in time, and Steve's pants quickly followed. The SEAL was still attacking Danny's neck, sending sparks of pleasure down his spine, and the blonde moved his hips forward to meet his lover's, but Steve's hands quickly shoved him back into the wall, pressing him there with bruising force.

"I have had to wait all day for you," Steve's voice was low and dark, his face still buried against Danny's shoulder. The detective’s breath caught in his throat. The Navy man ran his hot tongue over the scars left by his teeth that still marked Danny as his. "I have been waiting for you, wanting you, so you should have to wait for me..."

His grip tightened further on Danny's hips and he tried to push back against the SEAL by grasping his biceps, only to have that set of very sharp teeth press over his throat, with enough pressure to almost break the skin, like Steve was an alpha wolf and he was his subordinate… or his prey. He froze in place, closing his eyes, and carefully removing his hands from Steve's arms to place them at the wall either side of his head in a submissive stance. Steve's tongue massaged his throat, teeth still hovering in a threatening manner, establishing dominance.

His hands trailed up Danny's body, leaving goosebumps wherever they touched, and finally grasped the cop's wrists and held them to the wall. He began to kiss gently at his lover's throat, now that Danny was behaving himself, and the blonde finally allowed himself to breathe again.
He knew that his partner was frustrated being at home, feeling useless and out of the loop. Apparently this was his way of dealing with feeling out of control. Danny could relate. He could also get with the program, no argument there, because Steve was so very hot when he took control like this.

He whimpered as Steve worked his way down over the other side of his neck, still holding Danny's hands to the wall, and growling as he moved. The vibrations from his throat travelled through his lips and teeth, leaving Danny's skin tingling. He was so ready for Steve now, his own cock hard and dripping with a desperate need.

The SEAL’s pace picked up as his arousal increased further, exhilarated by his lover’s obedience, and he assaulted Danny’s throat with his mouth mercilessly, mouthing and nipping and sucking at the stubbled skin. He pressed his chest against his partner’s, crushing him to the wall as he began to lose control over himself, but a particularly loud gasp from the blonde cop seemed to bring him back to himself.

Steve released his wrists and let him drop his hands to his sides, his lust-dark eyes silently warning Danny not to misbehave or otherwise suffer the consequences, and Danny was half tempted to try and find out what those consequences might be. But he let Steve take control without argument, because that was obviously what he needed right now.

Steve dragged him away from the wall, guiding him to stand in front of the couch, and stood behind Danny to start a red hot path of bites over his wide shoulders and down his spine, hard enough to gather flesh in between his teeth and leave a red mark there. Each sharp jolt caused Danny to gasp and whimper, and he knew that Steve enjoyed hearing those sounds and would be encouraged by them. They both needed some release after a tough week, and Danny could find his thrills through being dominated just as Steve could obtain his enjoyment through conquering his lover.

His arms were pulled roughly around behind him, and he spotted the short length of soft rope lying on the coffee table seconds before Steve snatched it up, twisting it around his wrists in the small of his back. The SEAL must have been thinking about this for a while, he was prepared.

Steve manoeuvred him so he was facing the couch, and pushed him forward so his knees ended up wedged against the back. The brunette knelt behind him and picked up the lube from the table, smearing it on his fingers before pushing Danny forward and down onto the back of the couch and sliding one and then two fingers ruthlessly into his ass. Danny hissed at the discomfort, but relaxed into it when Steve purposefully brushed over his prostate as a reward.

Steve prepared him quickly as he pressed his lips in light kisses down Danny's back, the soft attention a stimulating contrast to the wanton aggression just a few moments before. The SEAL was soon smothering his cock in lube and lining himself up to Danny's ready hole.

He pushed his way in, and Danny moaned as his partner took him roughly against the back of the couch, burying himself up to the hilt.

"Ahh fuck, Steve..." His partner felt so good inside him, filling him up and stretching him. Steve lowered his head to Danny's back and breathed in deep, taking a moment to centre himself before pushing Danny forward and down onto the back of the couch and sliding one and then two fingers ruthlessly into his ass. Danny hissed at the discomfort, but relaxed into it when Steve purposefully brushed over his prostate as a reward.

He braced his hands against the back of the couch, either side of Danny's chest, and drew himself forward into his partner. Danny cried out as his lover drove into him savagely, forcing some of the air from his lungs, but Steve hissed as his right shoulder gave out, and he had to right himself before he could pull out again. He slammed into Danny a few more times before he twisted his
shoulder a little too hard again and bit down of a cry of agony.

Danny couldn't stand to hear his lover in pain. He just wanted him to get better, but he knew Steve too well. He knew that he would continue to push himself too hard, and was going to end up doing himself more damage.

"Stop, babe," he sighed, and Steve's thrusts quickly halted.

"You okay, Danny?" His lover asked tentatively through ragged breaths, believing he'd hurt his partner or done something wrong, which just proved further to the cop that his trust in his lover was not misplaced.

"It's okay. Get up, babe," Danny mumbled, stepping back to stand on the floor when Steve's body had moved out of his way. The SEAL's hands went to untie Danny's wrists, but he turned to face him and locked their lips together.

He moved so that Steve was between him and the couch, and used his shoulders to shift his partner backwards so his calves were up against the seat, leaning into him until he dropped into a seated position. Danny planted his knees on the cushions roughly where they had been before, his calves bracketing Steve's thighs, and straddled him. He lined himself up over his lover's erection, and held himself there, waiting.

The brunette moaned, realising that Danny was once again offering himself up to his lover. This wasn't the blonde taking back any sort of control, this was just him rearranging them so that Steve didn't hurt himself trying to prove something. And he was still waiting, not even giving himself the pleasure of sinking down onto Steve's cock until he was permitted.

He used his left hand to grasp the binds at Danny's wrists, and pulled down on them as he thrust up into him. Both men threw their heads back and moaned. Steve ran his right hand over Danny's chest, and growled against his skin. "Ah, fuck, I love you Danny. You're mine, and I want you to fucking ride me." Steve was still very much in command, and he tugged back on the blonde's arms as Danny began a slow rhythm on his partner's cock, rocking his hips with each downward movement.

The SEAL leaned forward and mouthed at Danny's chest, sucking at his nipples and grazing his teeth over them as the blonde moved over him. The detective let out a keening moan as he arched his back and Steve's cock began to brush over his sweet spot, teasingly.

"You fucking love my cock, don't you Danny? You want it so much. I love to fuck your sweet little ass, it's so damn perfect," Steve groaned into his chest, his voice had a raw and wicked edge to it. He pulled on his binds and placed his right hand on Danny's hips to slow his rhythm when he began to speed up. "No, you're gonna go slow. I had to wait for you, you're gonna wait for me... you want me- no, you need me to fuck you hard. But I'm not doing that, Danny. You're gonna ride me, slow and sweet, so I get to watch you."

Danny screwed his eyes shut and whimpered. His cock was hard and throbbing, pre-come leaking down the length, but it was going ignored between them. The angle and position were absolutely perfect, and he knew that if he could ride his partner hard that he would come in no time at all, but he wasn't allowed. Steve was forcing him to go agonisingly slow, making him torture himself on his lover's thick cock, and though it sent sparks of pleasure zipping through his body and sweat dripping down his back, it was a special kind of torment.

Steve was right, he did want him, need him. Desperately.
He could feel his lover's lustful eyes on him, both of his muscular hands gripping him hard and controlling every move almost to the millimetre. Steve's cock was still sliding over his sweet spot, and at the slow speed it meant that Danny bucked forward with each swipe and let out a soft moan every time, but it wasn't quite enough to push him over the edge. The short bursts of pleasure were just too far apart, and Steve knew it.

His partner was loving this, watching Danny carefully and licking his lips, his eyes occasionally closing when Danny clenched around him, only to reopen seconds later and scan down Danny's body again. His gaze was intense, and the blonde found it hard to cope, being so exposed and helpless under his lover's control. But it was also exquisitely erotic, being the centre of Steve's universe in this moment, knowing he was the focus of all that passion.

Steve leaned up for a kiss, at the same time forcing Danny down onto him to take his entire length, filling him and holding him there so he was unable to raise himself up again. His grip tightened even further on Danny's hip and wrists, and the brunette bit at his lips as his partner whined from the sudden withdrawal of stimulation.

"You want to fuck yourself on me, don't you?" His dark and dangerous voice was like silk against Danny's throat.

"God, yes..." Danny gasped.

Steve's hand went from his hip to the back of Danny's head, pulling on the hair there and forcing his head back, and Danny tried to lift up but the downward force on his wrists still stopped him from moving on Steve.

The SEAL's devilish laugh against his throat made him shiver. "Wow, you really need a good hard fuck, don't you Danny? You can't stand this, can you?"

Danny whined and pulled against his lover's grip on his head, only to have it tugged back harder, along with the hold on his wrists being tightened to pull his shoulders back. He was completely at Steve's mercy, with his partner buried inside him, and he needed release.

"Fuck Steve, yes I need you! I can't... Please, please I need you to fuck me!" Desperation rolled through him as he tried to shift his hips, anything to get some friction. His straining cock was beginning to ache, and his chest was heaving from the tension building inside him.

Steve took his time licking over Danny's nipples again, swirling his tongue around the hard nubs while the detective whimpered under his attentions. It was unhurried and languorous, too much and too little all at the same time.

And then with swift and precise movements, Steve let go of Danny's hair, took his bindings in his weaker right hand so that he could wrap his uninjured left arm around Danny's waist and hold him tight. He used his leverage to lift his partner up, almost all the way off him, before slamming him back down again.

Danny cried out, the sensation just the right side of pain, as Steve began to raise and drop him over and over with fierce speed. The fact that Steve was pulling him so tight meant that his own attention-starved cock, which was now trapped between their stomachs, was suddenly overwhelmed with friction as their abdomens pressed together. His pre-come provided the lubricant for the movement and he howled as Steve's cock hit his prostate repeatedly and his own cock slid over Steve's solid abs.

His world went white. He felt Steve slam into him a few more time, before jerking, shouting out
and pulsing his come deep inside him. His own heat spilled between them, coating their chests and stomachs as his intense orgasm slammed into him, pulling a wordless cry from his throat. Steve pressed his face into Danny's neck as he came, and he could feel the vibrations from the SEAL's long, guttural moan against his skin.

Danny rested his full body against his lover's as he leaned back into the couch, panting and twitching as the last of his firing nerve endings calmed. He breathed in the scent of Steve's shampoo, kissed his temple, and let his head fall forward to rest in the curve of his partner's uninjured shoulder.

Steve's fingers came up to slip the rope's knot and release Danny's wrists, and once his hands were free the detective slid them around his lover's back and melted into him. All his energy was now gone; if he'd thought he was tired before he got home, then this was pure exhaustion. Beautiful, all-encompassing exhaustion.

The SEAL tilted them so that they toppled to his left, avoiding pressure on his right shoulder, and carefully slipped his softening cock out of Danny. He languidly rearranged them so that they were locked in an embrace, facing each other, and his left arm was curved under Danny's waist and round his back to pull the blonde in to his sweaty, sticky chest.

Danny nuzzled his head underneath his partner's chin, arms still wrapped tightly around his torso, and was asleep in seconds.

It was almost 10pm before Steve stirred, waking Danny and kissing him gently on his forehead.

Danny groaned, “I refuse to move. Outright refuse. Because I’m pretty sure you’ve broken me…”

Steve smirked and raised himself up, climbing over his partner and stumbling to his feet. Danny rolled forward onto his front and considered going back to sleep in the warm patch left by his partner, but he heard Steve hiss and pushed himself up to see the SEAL poking at a patch of red which had appeared through his bandage.

The blonde sighed and pushed himself up, fighting his stiff muscles to stagger to his lover and run his hands over his shoulder.

“You idiot, you’ve pulled your stiches…” he groused as he began to unwrap the bandage, “What am I gonna do with you, Steve? You need to let yourself heal!”

He looked up to see Steve grinning down at him. “What? Why are you smiling? I’m telling you off and you’re grinning like a dope. You are touched in the head, McGa-”

Steve leaned down and kissed him mid-sentence, sliding his tongue into the detective’s open mouth and cutting off his words. He pulled back and smiled softly, “I just love it when you get all ‘mother hen’ on me… especially when you do it naked…”

Danny glared at him, peeling the last of the bandage off and prodding Steve in the ribs until he walked into the kitchen and leaned against the table. The blonde man fetched the box of bandages and medical equipment supplied by the doctors, and used a disinfectant wipe to soothe the irritated area of skin.

“You’re gonna get this sorted at the hospital tomorrow, I’ll drive you myself if I have to. Before I take the Camaro to the shop…”
“What happened to the Camaro?” Steve queried.

Danny glanced up at him and tried to stop the smile teasing at his lips, “Never you mind that… Now, go get in the shower and I’ll bring up a fresh dressing and join you.” He shoved Steve in the direction of the living room and smacked his ass gently.

“Okay okay,” his partner grinned and went to go and clean up, turning around in the doorway, “But seriously, what happened to the car, Danno?”

The detective sighed, splaying his arms out as if to suggest it was no big deal, “I… may have hit a perp with it, it was nothing…”

“You hit a perp with it?” Steve had that shit-eating grin on his face again, “Isn’t that against police procedure?”

“Shut up, Steven…”

Chapter End Notes

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Please let me know what you thought! I have to go lie down now...
The detective practically leapt out of his chair to grab his cell phone when it rang on his desk. The call showed as an unknown overseas number, and he quickly thumbed the 'accept' button.

He had to school himself to be careful with the way he answered. It could be anybody, and anyone could be listening. His heart was in his throat.

"Detective Williams."

"The line is secure, Danno," came the tinny response. He sounded so very far away, and maybe that's because he was.

"Fuck, Steve, are you okay? I haven't heard from you in a week!" Danny sat back in his chair and ran his free hand through his hair.

"I know, I'm sorry. I'm fine Danny, everything's okay here. I'm gonna try to be home soon, there's just a couple more things to clear up," Steve sounded apologetic, and Danny knew that his partner must be homesick. The guy had spent most of his adult life in the Navy, used to being moved around all over the place and never sitting still, but since he'd gone into the Reserves and settled in Hawaii to head up Five-0, he'd found himself a true home. He'd said it to Danny himself, this was his family and his life now. And however much Danny still grumbled about the island, he felt the same way.

But Steve was on a mission now. Mainly as a favour to his old CO and comrade in arms, Joe White, but also because being in the Reserves meant you weren't completely free from the higher ups hooking you back in.

Danny sighed, "How long?" It had been three weeks without his man. Three long weeks and only two phone calls, the last one being a week ago where Steve had promised to call the next day after being told to cut the call short by someone on the other end, and then he'd heard nothing.

The possibilities that had been running through Danny's mind for the past six days were endless and horrific, and not one of the scenarios had ever entertained a happy ending. He was a
pessimistic person by nature, it was something he was trying to deal with. But it was hard when your lover was halfway across the world (or on the other side of it, or possibly just round the corner, who knows where this particular classified mission was taking place?) and you didn't know what they were even doing. He knew it was dangerous, and that's all it took to put him in a downward spiral.

"I really don't know, hopefully soon," he sounded a little distracted.

"OKaaaay," Danny drew out the word, hoping Steve would re-engage with the conversation, but he stayed quiet, "What time is it there?"

"Um, I can't say anything that might compromise the location, Danny. Look, I've got to go, I'll call you as soon as I can," he was rushing again.

"Wait wait, babe, not to sound needy or anything but... I miss you, okay? I just want you home safe," Danny got up and started pacing around his office, catching Kono's eye from where she stood at the tech table in the bullpen.

There was a pause on the other end. "I know, me too," a soft, but confusingly incomplete answer. Me too? Danny mulled those vague words over.

He tried again, just needing to hear something reassuring from his partner, "I love you, Steve,"

"Uh... I'll be back soon. I've got to go. Bye, Danny."

"Bye..." the detective whispered, but the line was already dead.

He stood and stared at the phone in his hand. That gloomy paranoia began to invade his mind again, like a dark mist. He felt like Steve might be in trouble, and maybe if he at least even knew what country his partner was in, even what bloody continent, he could fly out there and track him down. Fly all that way and bring him home, like he had done before.

But was he secretly hoping that Steve was in trouble, because that would be a preferable explanation, as opposed to anything else, for his reasons for not saying 'I love you too'? So now he was wishing danger on his lover, what the hell kind of a boyfriend was he? A concerned one... he told himself.

Kono tapped on his closed glass office door and he motioned for her to come in, dropping his phone back onto his desk. "Hey boss, was that..?" she waved at the phone and trailed off while looking hopeful, not wanting to say Steve's name in front of Danny just in case.

She and Chin had looked after him for the past week while he was out of his mind with worry, ineffectually trying to get him to take a day off when they became aware his insomnia had been triggered, and generally trying to distract him and make him feel better. But either one of them saying Steve's name at the wrong time had elicited a couple of regrettable reactions on his part, including one episode of crying into Kono's shoulder (which Danny will forever blame on the lack of sleep, and not being a ridiculous emotional wreck) and one bout of what he could only describe as a child-like tantrum. That had lasted around two hours, and involved him stomping about the office and kicking whatever trash can, piece of furniture or door that happened to be in his way. He'd finally been put in his place that day by Chin when he'd lashed his foot out at the tech table, and the Hawaiian man had told him to stop acting like a brat or go home, while he'd caressed the computer like it was an abused puppy. Suffice to say, Danny had opted to go home. He'd apologised to Chin the next day, but was waved off by the older man. He understood what love did to people.
"Yeah, it was Steve. He's okay... well, he's alive anyway..." he sighed.

Kono gave him a bright grin, "That's great bruh! See, I told you, Steve McGarrett is indestructible. Nothing's gonna stop him coming home, not when you're waiting for him!" She gave him a dirty wink, but when it didn't raise the usual smile she furrowed her brow. "What's wrong, Danny?"

She stepped forward with her arms out, and Danny's automatic reaction after the past week was to slide his arms around her slim waist and pull her into a hug. He rested his chin on her shoulder, "I dunno babe, it's probably nothing."

"Nothing's nothing, Danny. Tell me," she squeezed his shoulders.

"He... he didn't say 'I love you' back to me. God I sound like a lovesick schoolboy..." He let go of her and pulled back, folding his arms over his chest and fiddling with his collar.

Kono gave him a wry smile, "Danny, I don't think you need to worry about that. Any idiot can see Steve is one smitten kitten when it comes to you. I'm sure there's an explanation for it, just... don't get worked up about it, yeah?"

Their eyes met, and it was immediately acknowledged between them that telling Danny not to worry was totally beyond 'lost cause' status.

"Can we go out tonight? I have a sudden and intense need for alcohol..." Danny nudged his trash can with his foot and considered booting it for good measure. Kono moved out of the way, just in case.

"It may be Friday, but it's only 10am, bruh. You already making plans for drinking is not a good sign," she teased lightly.

"That's how much I need it..." Danny gave her a weak smile.

She took pity on him, probably because he was giving her the tired, lovelorn puppy dog eyes look. "Mmkay, I'll talk to Chin and see if he's up for it. But stick to the crime solving for now, yeah?"

She headed out of his office into the bullpen, where information on their latest case was up on the monitors.

"Kay, I'll be there in a sec."

Danny stared at his phone on the desk for a moment, Steve's words echoing in his mind again, welling up feelings of loss, and then a brief flash of resentment at the situation. The trash can did not survive the ordeal.

Danny Williams was pleasantly buzzed. More than that, he was drunk and quite happy about the situation, because it meant he didn't have to think about smug Steve McGarrett and his stupid annoying face and his mouth that didn't say 'I love you' and wasn't there to kiss him. Yeah, he totally wasn't thinking about any of that. Not at all...

He just about stumbled up the stairs to his empty bedroom, stripping off and flinging clothes everywhere. Why should he put the stuff in the laundry basket anyway? Tidy was how Steve liked it, and Steve was an asshole. A gorgeous asshole, with nice abs and who possibly didn't love him. *Stop it, Williams...*

God, he was such a sad sack.
Danny crawled up the length of the bed, making a vague attempt at pulling the sheet he was lying on top of over his naked body, but giving up after deciding he'd need to be a rocket surgeon or a brain scientist to understand how to get it untangled.

Chin and Kono had taken him out to Sidestreets for a couple of drinks to take his mind off things, and the night had ended up morphing into him dragging Kono to a crumby club on the edge of town at 1am (Chin had, sensibly, declined the offer and headed home) because he knew they had a penchant for playing Bon Jovi there. Tequila had been consumed, and he danced idiotically on the dance floor with his friend, both of them crooning along to Living On A Prayer. Then at 2.30am he had shared a taxi with Kono, stopping at her house to drop her off and apologise to Adam profusely (and very loudly) for the late hour and the state of his fiancé, before taking the taxi the rest of the way home and heading directly for the bed.

He lay there naked and thought about Steve, shoving all the bad thoughts away and trying to focus on the good, and his inebriation was a good basis for this. Steve's gorgeous face, and his abs, and his hands, and the crinkles at the corners of his eyes when he smiled, and his soft hair and his eyes... he loved him so much...

Danny rolled onto his front, flexing his body into a star shape and stretching out all of his muscles so that his fingers and toes reached for the four corners on the bed. The alcohol and lack of decent sleep from the past week finally catching up with him, he passed into a dreamless sleep... but it wasn't dreamless for long...

He fantasized that Steve was home. That he wasn't in some stupid far away place. And he was naked, and sexy as hell

He felt the mattress shift underneath him as the SEAL crawled up the bed over Danny and kissed the back of his neck, drawing a shameless moan from him, before working his way down over the detective's spine with light little brushes of his lips, delicate and loving. Danny stretched and writhed underneath him, growing harder the further down his partner got. By the time Steve was planting little kisses on his ass cheeks, he was grinding into the mattress below him.

He sighed his lover's name, and the brunette carefully rolled him over onto his back, beginning the long journey back up his body with those gentle lips. He circled his hot tongue around each nipple, taking his time before moving up to Danny's neck, where he was most sensitive.

His mouth and teeth and tongue were absolute heaven for the blonde. He'd missed him so much, wished he was really here, because although this dream was amazing he needed the real thing. He was like a drug addict in need of his next fix. But his alcohol-buzzed imagination would have to do for now.

Steve's hot breath on his neck, his lips and tongue tenderly tugging on his earlobe, it was pure ecstasy. His lover's hands were on his body as he knelt between Danny's legs and hovered over him, roaming and exploring the contours of his chest and abs, smoothing down over his hips and squeezing gently, like he was getting to know Danny all over again. And the blonde returned the touch, letting his fingers skim over Steve's shoulders and down his ribs, raising goosebumps as he went.

Steve kissed his mouth, softly at first but then deepening the kiss as Danny opened his mouth to him. His tongue ran along the roof of the detective's mouth, and Danny pushed his own tongue into the SEAL's, tasting him, trying to breathe him in so as never to lose him again. Danny's drunk brain supplied the idea of buttery coffee as the taste of his partner's mouth, one that he'd enjoyed
many times before on Steve's tongue.

The brunette’s hands were on his face now, holding him still while he kissed him as deeply as he could, still gentle and beautifully slow, but bubbling with passion and strength. Wow, did Dream Steve know how to kiss!

And then he was moving again, following that trail back down Danny's body, but this time with his tongue flicking out, and the occasional electrifying nip of teeth. The detective moaned and arched his back, the feeling of his lover's mouth and hands on him was more than perfect. It wasn't a 'want' for Danny, it was a 'need' - Steve was something he needed, like he required oxygen or sunlight.

And then his lover was taking Danny's cock into his mouth, and he moaned loudly and whispered his partner's name. And it felt so real, so perfect and so right. Steve's tongue massaging the underside of his length, running along the vein and swirling around his head, before dipping into the slit and tasting his pre-come. He applied gentle pressure with his lips, sucking lightly and pulling Danny further into his mouth, bobbing up and down a few times before taking him all the way in, to the back of his throat.

Danny gripped at the sheets as he lifted upwards slightly, and Steve's hands were on his hips again to push him back down to the bed. The detective relaxed as his partner tended to him with his talented mouth, making him sigh and mutter a string of profane words which made Steve smile around his cock.

When his partner's mouth disappeared from him, he whined impatiently, but the SEAL was moving up over him again and straddling his hips. Danny planted his feet on the bed and pushed upwards, seeking his lover's entrance. He was ready and waiting for Danny, his hole already slick and prepared for his hard cock, and the fact that he was already prepped lit tiny fires of desire throughout Danny's body. Steve bore down on his partner as Danny slid into him, and they moaned each other's names and gasped and writhed with the delicious feeling.

His heat felt amazing, perfect, better than Danny's wildest dreams. Hell, this was his wildest dream. He reached down and grasped at Steve's muscular buttocks, revelling in the feel of that velvet skin underneath his own rough fingertips, while his partner adjusted to his thickness inside him, stretching him and filling him in the most beautiful ways.

The SEAL began to move on him, slowly and sensually, riding his full length and moaning his name over and over, whispering sweet nothings; his dreaming mind making Steve say everything he wanted and needed to hear.

"I couldn't stand being away from you, Danny. I hated it, every moment. I don't want to be apart from you for that long, ever again. I missed you. So much. I love you."

Danny reached up and pulled his lover in for a languid, tender kiss, needing to feel those soft lips on his. He ran his fingers over Steve's back, down his shoulders where his left hand brushed over the two month old healed wound where he had been speared, his right hand sweeping over the many bullet and knife wounds from his years as a SEAL and in Five-0.

"I love you, Steve. I miss you," he pressed his forehead up into Steve's and squeezed his eyes shut.

His lover continued to move slowly on him, rolling his hips as he did and creating a beautiful rhythm. "I'm here, Danny," he whispered, smiling, and starting that gorgeous kiss all over again.

The yearning overtook Danny, missing his partner so much, and wanting to make the most of this
dream, hoping he wouldn't wake up until Steve really was home. He gripped his partner's hips, holding him in place above him and using his poised body as leverage, and thrust his pelvis upward. Steve cried out with pleasure as Danny took over the movements, using his thighs and abs in tandem to drive up into his lover's ass, plunging into him, increasing the pace and causing them both to moan into each other's mouths as their kiss reconnected. The brunette pushed back against him, providing the resistance needed to bury his cock deep into him, over and over.

Danny could feel the tension in his belly building, an exhilarating burn that expanded and gave him a voracious flood of energy. He delved his tongue into Steve's mouth as he pumped up into him, and Steve heaved oxygen into his lungs through his nose, intent on continuing the kiss.

Danny used every ounce of his strength to pummel Steve's ass with his cock, while the tenderness remained in his kiss, and Steve held still over him aside from the occasional backwards counter-thrust to take his partner as deep as he could. Danny wanted, needed, both right now - the hot, hard fucking and the gentle, sweet contact, all in one Steve-shaped package.

He could feel the knot in his stomach tighten, and he reached down to run his palm over his cock as it momentarily exited Steve's ass and gather some of the lube, before moving it around to Steve's delightfully solid cock where it hung heavy between them. He wrapped his lithe fingers around his partner's dick and began to pump him, building speed until he was moving his hand at the same time as he pumped in and out of his tight ass.

It didn't take Steve long to come with the doubled sensations, painting Danny's stomach and chest with hot spurts and shuddering, arching his back and pushing back to clench around the detective's straining dick. As he felt Steve's ass tighten further around him, he made one final thrust into him, this one drawn out long, slow, and as deep as he could manage, using his grip on Steve's shaking hips to bury himself deep as he bucked up and came hard.

The SEAL's arms and legs gave way as Danny clung to him, and they collapsed down into the sheets as the detective's muscles spasmed and he pulsed deep inside his lover. They lay there for a long time, with Steve's weight crushing Danny almost enough to restrict his breathing, but he didn't complain, didn't shift, because he didn't want this dream to end. He needed this.

But then Steve was lifting himself up, pulling off him while Danny lay there and panted, sweat sliding down his skin and cooling his body.

He sighed as he imagined Steve pushing him onto his side, spooning him, wrapping him into an embrace, and pulling the sheets over them.

He drifted off to sleep in his own dream, wishing it could last forever.

The first thing Danny acknowledged when he woke was that he was sticky and wet, come matted into the hair on his chest, and dried sweat mingling with fresh drops as he also realised he felt extremely hot. And the uncomfortable temperature probably had something to do with the sheets wrapped around him, and the hot, solid, sweaty male body enveloped around his, heavy arm slung over his waist, huffing boiling hot breaths into his hair and on the back of his neck.

Shit. Shitshitshit. No, he can't have been that drunk. He'd left the bar with Kono, no one else, and after handing her back over to Adam he'd gone home. Alone. He must have. So what the fuck was going on?

Panic and adrenaline coursed through his body and brain, and he steeled himself and screwed his
eyes shut as he managed to turn himself in the sleeping man's arms, not really wanting to acknowledge what he might have drunkenly done.

He forced himself to open his eyes, took in the face of the mystery man, and let out a wracking sob.

Because it was Steve. His Steve. His babe was home, and he hadn't done anything stupid or abhorrent in his intoxicated state. He would never, could never, cheat on Steve, ever - but the belief that Steve wasn't home and the feel of another body wrapped around his had combined to push horrendous doubting thoughts into his hungover mind.

Steve jerked awake at the harsh sound that ripped from Danny's throat, and a moment of confusion passed over his face before he leaned forward and took Danny's lips with his. The delicate contact was a beautiful echo of the previous night, and Danny grabbed at his lover's face to hold him there while he pressed his entire body against Steve's, already kindling their libidos again.

He still tasted of that coffee. It hadn't been a dream, Steve really had come home and made love to him, it was all real.

Steve pulled back from Danny, having to claw at his fingers to free himself.

"Danny, Danno, what's wrong?"

"Oh god Steve, I thought... I thought it was a dream! I thought..." Danny squeezed his eyes shut again, gripping both of Steve's hands in his and pressing his forehead into his partner's.

Steve let his lover calm his breathing and lose some of the tension that had built across his shoulders. After a couple of minutes he pecked Danny on the lips. "Hey, what's going on in that head of yours?" he questioned softly.

Danny took a deep breath, "I thought you were never coming home... God, I know I sound like an idiot right now. But when you didn't say you loved me and you couldn't tell me when you were coming back I..." he swallowed hard and cut off the rest of his sentence. It wouldn't do to break down on Steve like that.

The SEAL nuzzled against his cheek and tugged his fingers from Danny's grasp, only to slide his hands around the blonde's waist and envelop him tightly.

"I'm so sorry, baby," Steve mumbled against his cheek, "I wanted to, I really did, so much. But we had to come in dark, and I didn't know who might be listening at my end. I don't know who I can trust anymore, not after Nick. I mean you knew he was bad news, but I couldn't see it because he was my friend, and I was blinded by that..."

Danny thought about Nick Taylor, Steve's old Navy buddy who had come to Hawaii a few years back as part of a security unit guarding a foreign diplomat, only to emerge as being hired to kill the man before he could admit to his war crimes and free his country from his tyranny. Danny had hated Nick straight off, admittedly a little due to jealousy of the guy's friendship with Steve and the way they seemed to have their own little coded military language that they liked to show off with and get Danny's back up, but also because there was just something untrustworthy about the guy. Danny liked to think he could read people pretty well, and whereas Steve had only seen his old brother in arms, Danny had seen a man hiding secrets and acting suspiciously.

"It's not that I don't want the military to know about you, about us, I don't care about that." Steve continued, "But I don't want anyone to use you against me..." he trailed off, and the two men moved so that they could look into each other's eyes. And Steve looked wrecked, like he was
desperately trying not to cry.

"What do you mean?" Danny asked carefully. He didn't understand, but he ignored the stab of pain at the idea of being a burden to Steve somehow and waited for an explanation.

The SEAL swallowed hard and rushed through his words, "If you were... If anyone ever took you, Danny, if they somehow knew how much I loved you and they took you and hurt you or threatened you... You're my weakness, Danny. You're my Kryptonite. I could never allow anyone to hurt you if I could stop it. I'm trained not to give in to torture, but if it were you at risk I would give up everything in a heartbeat!"

The detective paused, trying to take in all the emotion being thrown at him, and what it meant for them, for everything. His fears about their relationship affecting their jobs resurfaced and he knew they had to tackle it head on, needed to get it straight in his mind.

He closed his eyes and sighed, then pulled himself up into a sitting position against the headboard. He patted Steve on the shoulder, encouraging him to do the same, and when he was settled in next to him, Danny leaned sideways and rested his head on Steve’s shoulder so they were both staring straight ahead. It was a talk that involved a lot of vulnerability, and not gazing into each other’s eyes the whole time would make it easier to hash out.

“What’s changed since we got together?” Danny asked.

Steve paused, “Uh... lots of sex?” he guessed, trying to bring some lightness to the heavy question, “I dunno, we’re closer, I know that. We’ve said I love you like we used to, but it’s a different kind of love now...” He seemed very unsure of himself, like he wasn’t sure where his partner was going with this.

The blonde cop traced his fingers over his lover’s bicep in a comforting gesture, “But has anything really changed? Aside from the great sex, I mean. We’ve always had feelings for each other, right from the start. Even if we didn’t know what they were. And they built and developed over time. But it’s not like we flicked a switch, babe. It’s not like our relationship completely changed overnight...” he sighed and lifted his head to look into Steve’s eyes, “Do you see what I mean?”

“Yeah, I understand, Danny,” the SEAL lowered his gaze for a moment, but then met Danny’s clear blue eyes with his own again, “Nothing’s really all that different.”

The detective nodded, glad because he felt the same way. “Good, because I need to make sure that us being a couple isn’t going to affect how we do our jobs... I mean, you got shot with a goddamn spear gun because you were too busy looking at my ass, Steven. I can’t... I won’t have you in harm’s way because you can’t keep your eyes on the prize.”

Steve grinned devilishly, “My eyes were on the prize, Danno, that’s the problem,” he said playfully.

Danny smiled in spite of himself, “No, bad Steven,” he whacked his lover’s thigh, “But my point is this: six months ago, before this whole thing really started, would you have felt the same way? Would you still have refused to risk me if that situation ever arose and I was used against you?”

Steve stared at his toes, which were sticking out from under the sheet, and looked contemplative for a few moments. Then he nodded, solidly. “Yes. But I don’t think it would have been as likely for the situation to happen. Six months ago, if someone wanted to hurt me then they would hurt me – I wasn’t in a relationship and so they would have taken me. And I could deal with that. But now, if they want leverage against me, they know they can go for the boyfriend...”
They both snorted at the use of the word which was slowly edging into their vocabulary, however
daft they felt when they said it, but Danny quickly sobered.

“Listen, people have always known we were close. I was always at the top of the list of people to
use against you anyway, Steve. I was your work partner and your best friend, admit it, I was at risk
regardless.”

The SEAL nodded again, focussing on Danny’s hand resting on his thigh. “Yeah, I guess.”

“So can we agree that nothing has, in fact, changed? And can you please understand that I know
the potential risks associated with being with you, whether that be as your work partner or your
romantic partner, because our jobs are dangerous?” Danny placed his hand on Steve’s jaw to get
him to make eye contact again, “And can you please be aware that I take on those risks with no
hesitation whatsoever, because I love you?”

Steve smiled at him, his eyes shining, and he looked so beautiful to Danny that the detective’s
heart hurt in his chest.

“Okay, yes,” the brunette whispered, “I love you too, Danno. And I will never avoid saying it
again. I love you.”

“Good,” Danny grinned, “Because I only do this to people who love me…” and then he wrapped
one hand around the back of Steve’s head, the other splayed over his cheek, and pulled him in for a
voracious kiss.

His lover moaned into his mouth, and lifted himself to crawl over Danny, pressing himself down
over his body with the sheet caught between them, and they both tugged absently at the sheet to try
to remove the barrier. Eventually they had to break the kiss to get rid of the bedding, but once it
was on the floor, Danny launched himself at Steve and took him down to the bed, re-establishing
the kiss and letting the cool air flow over his skin.

They were both on their way to being hard again, and Danny pushed his knees in between Steve’s
thighs to part them for access. He knew Steve would still be a little open from last night, but he
clawed the draw open anyway for the lube, pushing two slick fingers straight into his partner as
soon as the gel was on them. The SEAL moaned and bucked against his hand, and Danny tongue-
fucked his lover’s mouth to the same beat with which he slid his fingers in and out of Steve’s ass.

He spoke to Steve in between heated kisses, biting at his lips, “I can’t believe-” kiss “-that you
prepped for me-” nibble “-last night, before you got-” kiss “-into bed. So fucking hot.” He bit
down Steve’s neck and buried his face in the crook of his shoulder.

The SEAL was breathing heavily, stroking his hands up his now fully hard cock, and reaching for
Danny’s although he couldn’t quiet stretch far enough, “I was so fucking horny for you, baby. I
missed you,” he gasped as Danny pushed three fingers into him and crooked them around to
manipulate his sweet spot, “Fuck, oh fuck Danny! Right there!”

The detective couldn’t wait any longer, not with Steve yelling his name like that, and he smoothed
the remaining lube on his hand over his cock before lifting his lover up with his elbows under the
brunette’s knees and taking him slow and deep. His back bowed outwards and he cried Steve’s
name out to the ceiling as he plunged into unfathomable depths, his pelvic bone pressed so tightly
against Steve’s perfect ass that it hurt, and yet he still needed more.

He knew he wasn’t going to last long, Steve felt so hot and tight around him, and he took hold of
his partner’s cock and massaged his length, still holding his hips in the air with his other arm. The
SEAL was arching his own back and pressing his head into the pillows, a litany of curse words leaving his lips, interspersed with Danny’s name, and ‘I love you’ over and over.

Danny knew he wouldn’t even have to move to come inside his lover. He was already so close to falling over the edge just listening to Steve’s words and feeling his hot channel squeezing and relaxing around his cock while he stripped his hand along his lover’s dick.

He opened his eyes, which he’d forgotten he’d even closed, and watched Steve writhe beneath him. His body was a complete masterpiece, sweaty and flushed pink, that treasure trail of dark hair that led down to his dick…

“Fuck, I love you Danny, ah fuck I need you! I love you! Shit, Danny that’s it, keep doing that, fuck fuck FUCK!” His legs wrapped tightly around Danny’s waist, trapping his arm against his side where it was still under Steve’s knee, using the movement to push Danny’s cock out a little way and then hauling him back in sharply, as deep as he could go. Danny’s hand flexed around Steve’s dick, and the SEAL came hard, pulling Danny over the edge along with him.

The blonde collapsed forward onto his lover, chest against chest, and their lips met in a breathy, lethargic kiss that seemed to last forever as they rode out their orgasms. The dried come on Danny’s torso met with the fresh, warm, stickiness of Steve’s, and they both moaned a little at the sloppy feeling of it gliding over their abs.

“We are so disgusting…” Steve groaned as he pushed sluggishly at Danny to try to get him to raise his body up, but the cop just kissed him and pressed down tighter, sliding their sweaty, sticky bodies over each other, forcing a sound of disgust from Steve’s chest.

He laughed, and peeled himself away from the brunette, pulling his softening cock from the man’s ass. “You’re a mess, McGarrett. Shower time,” he stood and tugged the bottom of the sheet out from under the mattress, “and this is all going in the wash, because you’re a filthy animal.”

Steve laughed and rolled off the bed, coming to tower over Danny and pull him up into another kiss. “Oh yeah, because you’re clean as a whistle, huh?” he smirked.

“Fresh as a daisy,” Danny teased, returning the gentle kiss and running his hand over his tacky belly before wiping it on Steve’s hip.

The brunette gave him a dirty look and marched off towards the bathroom, “Oh, I guess you don’t need to take a shower with me then?” He heard the water turn on in the en suite.

“Well… maybe I could stand to be a little cleaner?” Danny didn’t waste much time chasing after his lover.

They spent the rest of the morning lazing about naked, drinking coffee and allowing Danny to recover from his residual hangover. Steve suggested meeting Kono and Chin for lunch, and while he called them and let them know he was home, Danny went upstairs to fetch their clothes, going to the balcony to throw Steve’s jeans and Danno-approved tight white t-shirt down to him, along with some boxers.

Steve looked up at him, “I’m gonna wear my boots today, get me some socks will you?”

Danny nodded and went back into the bedroom, digging in Steve’s sock drawer to try and find a matching pair. For someone who was in the military, Steve’s sock draw was an absolute mess, and he never paired up his socks unless Danny did it for him. He tugged a sock out from the corner
which looked similar to the one in his other hand, and something flew out and thumped to the floor, bouncing slightly.

Expecting some sort of weapon, Danny slid the drawer closed and bent to pick the item up.

It was a box. A small box. A black velvet box.

A ring box.

He froze, all the air leaving his body, and his heart tried to exit through his mouth along with the oxygen. He reached out tentatively, shaky fingers grazing the lid like it was the grenade he’d half expected it to be.

It was real.

Danny picked it up and stood, rolling it over in his fingers, and tried to calm the thumping of blood in his ears. He cracked it open a tiny amount, and the flash of silver he saw told him there was definitely a ring in there. Before he could open it further, he heard Steve start to climb the stairs, and he yanked the drawer back open, shoving the box back in the corner, and slamming it shut.

Steve walked into the room. “We’re meeting them at Kamekona’s in half an hour, I-”

Danny grabbed his pile of clothes from the bed and shunted Steve’s socks into his hand as he made as fast an exit as possible from the bedroom, into the bathroom, and closed the door behind him, catching it just before it banged so he could shut it more gently.

“You okay, Danno?” Steve’s concerned voice came from the other side, and Danny pressed his forehead against the cool wood and took deep, calming breaths.

“Yeah, ‘m fine. Just gonna, uh, shave and all,” he rushed out, hoping it sounded convincing.

“Um, okay,” Steve’s reply was hesitant, but he could hear him leaving the bedroom again and thudding back down the stairs.

Danny stared at himself in the mirror, all wide eyes and harsh breathing; he could see his pulse jumping in his neck. He pulled out his razor from the draw, glad it was electric as his hands were shaking so hard he wouldn’t have been able to handle a blade right now. He had to calm down, had to get himself under control, and he used the time it took to trim his stubble to practice his breathing exercises.

When he was finally calm again, and had pulled on his clothes and splashed aftershave on his face, he hunched over the sink and ran his hand nervously over his jaw. His mind drifted back to their conversation in the bed that morning. “But has anything really changed?” His own words, and Steve’s pause before answering.

He met his own reflected gaze again.

“Shit,” he muttered.

Chapter End Notes
*GASP*

*evil laugh*

Your comments give me life, please let me know what your thoughts are!
Meet The Wildlife

Chapter Summary

The boys go camping in the forest, and Danny is attacked by a wild animal...

Chapter Notes

Ooh, Steve is taking Danny for a romantic getaway? This can only mean one thing, right?

Enjoy!

“"I hate hiking,” Danny grumbled as Steve heaved him back up to his feet. The SEAL even managed to grope his ass as he helped him to his feet from the mud at the bottom of the slope he’d just slid all the way down, “I hate camping. I hate nature. And I hate the woods!” The Jersey native gestured widely to the tall green trees and lush vegetation all around them.

“Rainforest,” Steve corrected.

Danny attempted to kill him with a glare, but his superpowers obviously weren’t working today because Steve just gave him an extra bright version of his shit-eating grin and carried on up the pathway. Or what Steve referred to as a pathway anyway. Danny's definition of a path included asphalt, some sort of paving, or at the very least gravel, not some vague meandering trail in the middle of nowhere.

“Come on, Danno, we’ve just go to find some decent firewood and get back to the camp. Then we can settle in for the evening and toast some marshmallows,” he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively at the blonde.

“If that was meant to be a euphemism for something, it’s lost on me…” Danny groused as he struggled up the steep path which Steve was taking with easy strides.

The detective was wearing an old white t-shirt, and black cargo pants, something which had pleased his partner very much, in several different ways – it meant that Danny was taking their camping trip seriously, having actually selected the clothing himself for the occasion, and had really considered the weather conditions (thin cotton t-shirt with short sleeves to protect him from the sun, but cope with the humid heat) and practicality of having lots of pockets to carry camping bits in like his pocket knife, GPS, and supplies for when the two of them got a little intimate; it also meant that Steve got to look at Danny’s ass in figure-hugging military-style wear, which was apparently a massive kink for him because he kept coming up with any excuse to put his hands on the blonde man’s behind. Also, for the primary reason of destroying his partner’s resolve, Danny had put on some black fingerless gloves. Sure they helped with his grip on tree roots and protected
his palms from some of the undergrowth, but he knew Steve had a thing for seeing him wearing tactical gear.

The view wasn’t too bad for him either however, with Steve in his standard beige cargoes, which always looked good on him, and a tight navy blue t-shirt which showed off the muscles in his back and shoulders, and made Danny want to run his hands all over the skin underneath. To be fair, there wasn’t much that Steve could wear that would ever stop that feeling, but this t-shirt was now definitely one of his favourites.

“Why didn’t you just bring some fire wood anyway? I thought boy scouts should always be prepared?” he teased as he tried to catch up with his partner at the crest of the hill.

“The idea is we have to find our own, become one with the island, Danno,” it was Steve’s turn to gesture to the extensive rainforest in front of them, “You can’t just give in and bring your own before you’ve even tried! Where would be the fun in that?”

“Do you really want me to answer that, Steven?” Danny crossed his arms high over his broad chest. He was actually enjoying himself, not that he would let on. The scenery was gorgeous, lush sweeping valleys of green vegetation and Hawaii’s native flora and fauna. And he always loved to do anything where he could see his lover in his element – okay, maybe not the whole gun fights and violence thing, but the back-to-nature hikes and the swimming and surfing stuff, yes. Because Steve always looked more alive and natural in these settings, and if he was happy then Danny was happy. But they were also at their peak when they were verbally sniping at each other, and so for now he would continue down the path of self-righteousness until Steve decided to find a way to shut him up.

Steve still had a contented grin plastered on his face, the kind that crinkled the corners of his eyes, and he looked down at Danny, eyes flickering down his body again, before dipping down for a quick kiss. Then he was off, bounding through the trees like a maniac and yelling “Come on, Danno, keep up!” over his shoulder.

Danny shook his head, trying to banish the smile which was attempting to creep across his features, and then took off after Steve. The chase was on, and the cave man part of his brain told him that there were spoils to be had at the end of every hunt.

As he pursued his partner through the undergrowth, his mind flicked back to the previous week, to when he’d discovered the ring box in Steve’s sock drawer. He’d had to force himself not to go and rootle through it again and take another look, as he hadn’t got to see it properly the first time, but he’d always been the sort of kid who would avoid seeking out his Christmas presents, even when he knew where they were hidden. He’d much rather get the surprise on the day, than peek in advance.

But currently, he wasn’t sure where he stood on the matter. Right now he was comparing it to Christmas morning, but only yesterday he’d had to go and hide in the locker room at work to contain a mild panic attack at the idea that Steve might propose. He’d spent the last few days flickering back and forth between the disparate states of delight and terror, and it was tiring him out.

It wasn’t Steve that was the issue, of course, it was just the concept of getting married that scared him. After Rachel, and the divorce, he’d vowed never to have anything to do with the whole outdated, stinking practice ever again. Why tie yourself down and make that sort of commitment only to have your heart ripped out and your finances destroyed? Wedding days only led to the day you got your papers served to you by some asshole lawyer who was going to take half your money, and give the other half to your ex. And he didn’t know what he’d do if he ever lost Steve to divorce like
that. Didn't know if he could go through it all again with someone he loved so much, without spiralling into hell fire.

Because that's how his negative mind saw it: an inevitable eventuality, despite his heart telling him otherwise.

So when his heart leapt at the idea of Steve getting down on one knee, declaring his undying love, and saying he wanted to be together until death do them part, it also sank when he remembered that he did that for Rachel and she said those exact words at the altar, but they were parted now and both still very much alive. They were okay with each other now, but it had taken a long time to get there.

Words – that’s all they were at the end of the day. And just because you believed them when you said them, didn’t mean you wouldn’t lose that faith.

At some point in his reverie, he’d managed to gain on Steve, and as he rounded a bend in the pathway between the trees, he saw Steve dive to one side at the other end. He put on a sprint, and leapt into the bush that Steve had hidden in. He bowled straight out the other side, and suddenly there was no ground under his boots.

He fell around four feet and let out an embarrassingly loud scream as he hit the water. The cold lake rushed up around his head as he went under, and he pushed off the bottom of the shallow pool to break the surface again, only to hear Steve’s raucous laughter echoing around the clearing.

“God damn it, Steven!” he yelled, “You think you’re so fucking funny!”

He swam until he could get his footing on the bottom of the lake, and climbed most of the way out before Steve appeared in front of him and grasped his arm to pull him the rest of the way from the water and immediately up into a kiss. Danny smacked him away and looked down at himself in disgust. He ripped open one of the Velcro pockets on the side of his cargoes, and pulled out the GPS which was luckily in a water-tight bag, throwing it as his partner, and then checked on his phone which was also in a bag in another pocket. It was working fine, and Steve should be glad because he’d have made him pay for a new one.

He was only slightly annoyed, even a little glad of the cool down before he over-heated in the humid rainforest air, and for the distraction from where his mind had been taking him.

His partner was still chuckling to himself, but he was looking Danny up and down now, taking in the soaked white t-shirt that was now practically see-through, and the way the cargoes now hung low on his hips due to the added weight of the water, and licked his lips.

“Right, get us back to the tent now, I need to get out of these wet clothes!” Danny tried to ignore how much that sounded like a cheesy set-up line from a porno, and strutted up the bank of the lake while Steve booted the GPS back up.

He decided to torture the brunette further for the inconvenience of the impromptu swimming lesson. He had his back to Steve, but he knew full well that his blue eyes would be watching Danny’s every move, and he also knew what effect he could have on his partner by now.

So he laid it on thick it for the audience of one; first he removed each of his gloves in turn, squeezing the water out of them and dropping them onto the ground. Then he began stripping his t-shirt over his head, making sure to stretch his back and shoulder muscles as he did, and wrung it out over the lake, before slapping it down on a flat rock, and then re-adjusting his pants and showing off his biceps as he did. He ran his hands through his wet hair, re-organising it and
pushing the water out so it would dry quicker, and if he so happened to turn slightly to the side and flex his abs while he did that, could he really help it?

Then he bent forward to show off his ass, and began tearing open and checking the contents of every single one of the four remaining pockets, even though he knew the power bar would be ruined and the other three items were waterproof anyway. But he made a show of straightening up and flicking open the pocket knife, checking it, and wiping it against the cargo pants where they sat on his hip before flicking it closed with a practiced move which he knew would be a weakness for Steve.

Danny, wet, half naked in a rainforest, and displaying aptitude with some sort of weaponry – it was a Navy SEAL’s wet dream, or at least for this particular SEAL it was…

And it worked, because he felt, more than heard, his lover advance up behind him. The GPS device was dropped into the soft grass nearby, and all of a sudden Steve’s hands were on Danny’s bare waist and turning him so they stood facing each other, side on to the water. Steve ducked his head down to steal a kiss as his hands travelled up Danny’s rib cage and over his chest, and Danny responded by returning the kiss, grasping tightly at Steve’s cargo pants waistband, and solidly heaving him into the water.

Steve’s shout of surprise was utter perfection, and Danny’s manic giggle burst from his chest as he knelt down and took a photo on his cell phone of the man, soaked from head to toe, now sitting on his ass in the shallows and looking wretched. That was being sent to Kono and Chin, first chance he got.

And now it was Danny being pursued through the forest, because Steve’s abrupt cold shower had not had the effect that cold showers usually had on men. He’d waited for Danny to pull his t-shirt and gloves back on, place everything back in his pockets, and retrieve the GPS unit, before crouching down at the water’s edge and growling low in his chest.

Danny had looked up with wide eyes, butterflies exploding in his stomach at the sound. When he’d seen the lust-blown pupils, his breath had caught in his chest, and his flight response had kicked in. Because having Steve chase him was probably the most exciting thing he could think of at the moment.

So he was crashing through the undergrowth, trying to navigate using the tiny computer in his hand, and aiming himself roughly in the right direction for the tent whilst trying to elude a wild Navy SEAL in his natural habitat.

There were several points where he heard Steve somewhere behind him in the trees, and he’d done his best to throw the experienced tracker off by breaking branches and then running in the opposite direction – it was actually something he’d learned from Steve a while back, so he knew the tactic wouldn’t work for long, but it seemed to be throwing him a bit for now. That or he was letting Danny think he was winning, just to extend the game.

His hiking boots pounded the damp floor, and he tried not to slip on the wet leaves or trip over the roots and small plants. He dodged around a huge, old koa tree, ducking back and diving under the exposed root system where the ancient specimen had been partly torn from the earth at some point in the past, or maybe it had been washed away, only for the tree to survive and continue flourishing. He pressed his back up against the dirt, sucking in a deep breath and clamping his own hand over his nose and mouth so that Steve wouldn’t hear him wheezing, and waited.

Seconds later, Steve thundered past him, came to a sliding stop in the foliage, and looked around him, eyes flashing and darting from space to space. He looked feral, animalistic, and if the hunt
hadn’t already got Danny’s heart rate up, then looking at the untamed, panting man in front of him would have done it. The detective peeked out from between the chunky roots, keeping an eye on his partner as the SEAL stalked the open area of forest and looked for evidence of where Danny had gone. Then he seemed to spot something, and scrambled up a steep incline and into the scrub.

Danny waited another ten seconds or so and then finally let himself breathe, gasping oxygen into his straining lungs. He looked down at the GPS and could see that the camp wasn’t too far now. He was glad, because he desperately needed to change into something dry, and it was really hard to run in wet pants, let alone with the hard on he was sporting.

He squeezed out from under the roots, and moved through the bushes toward the marker on the electronic map. He wasn’t too worried about Steve finding his way back to the tent; the guy was a walking GPS in himself, and seemed to have amazing homing instincts. He was trained for this sort of thing, so a nature reserve wasn’t going to be his undoing. Plus, he’d already said to Danny that he’d only brought the device in case of emergencies, or if they got separated. Danny briefly wondered if he’d planned this little situation.

He didn’t have time to think about it for long, however, as a member of the local wildlife barrelled into him from the side and took him off his feet. And that wildlife came in the form of a 180-pound Lieutenant Commander.

Danny was hauled back up to his feet by his t-shirt and pushed against a tree trunk with enough vigour to force some of the air from his lungs, and Steve swallowed his huffed protest eagerly as his lips clamped down over the blonde’s and his tongue delved inside his mouth. Danny’s hands shot up to grab at Steve’s short brown hair, and he crushed their mouths together and devoured his lover’s kiss. He’d known from the moment he’d started flexing in front of his boss exactly what he was getting himself into, and although he hadn’t necessarily expected the two-mile sprint through the rainforest, he also wasn’t complaining. Because the adrenaline rush it was giving him, and evidently his partner as well, had really got their hearts pumping, all adding to their arousal and acting as an aphrodisiac.

They grasped at each other, pulling hair and grazing nails over skin, as Steve ground his hips against Danny’s and held him firmly against the tree, and they bit at each other’s mouths until they were forced to come up for air. And then Steve was pulling Danny’s shirt up at the front so he could access his chest and stomach, biting down over his hard nipples and making him yelp and curse. His strong hand was planted solidly in the centre of Danny’s chest, keeping him in place as his mouth moved lower and he licked and nipped over the detective’s abs and dipped his tongue into his belly button, making him squeak.

He pressed Danny firmly against the trunk, communicating that he wanted him to stay where he was, before he moved both hands to the waistband of Danny’s cargoes and opened his flies with quick precision. The blonde carded his fingers through Steve’s hair, watching as the SEAL unlaced his boots, tugged down his cargoes and boxers, and made him step out of them, even yanking his socks off so he was standing barefoot on the cool, damp dirt. It was kind of invigorating, and he flexed his toes against the earth.

Steve looked up at his partner, still breathing hard from the run, and licked a long, hot stripe up the underside of Danny’s hard cock. Never breaking the eye contact, he reached up to smooth one hand along the detective’s shaft, before guiding the head into his open mouth and fastening his lips around it. Danny gasped as the pleasure rushed through his veins, still watching his lover’s upturned face as his gifted tongue worked its magic on his erection.

The brunette closed his eyes, leaned forward to take more of his lover’s cock into his mouth, and
used his hand to massage the base while his other fingers traced lightly over Danny’s balls, and pushed against his perineum gently, making the blonde close his own eyes and sigh contentedly. Steve removed both hands from his partner’s body, maintaining a tender sucking action on his dick, and started digging in one of his many pockets, pulling out a tube of lubricant, snapping it open and dousing his fingers with it. Then his unlubed hand was nudging Danny’s thighs further apart while his slicked fingers made their way up to slide in between his ass cheeks and apply slight pressure against his puckered hole.

As Danny relaxed, Steve pushed his middle finger up inside him, immediately hooking it round to find and manipulate his sweet spot. Danny groaned and bucked against the intruding digit, pushing against him harder when he soon added a second, repeating the motion and swiping over his prostate again.

Danny gripped the brunette’s hair hard as the SEAL grazed his teeth down his shaft, and this seemed to ignite something in the man which made him lose his tame side again. As quickly as he had turned gentle when he had begun the blow job, he now became undone just as suddenly. He swallowed Danny’s cock into his throat, taking him all the way and pushing his nose into the blonde curls at the base, before roughly pulling back and repeating the move as his fingers bruised the detective’s hip where he held him. Danny pushed his head back into the bark of the tree and released a guttural moan of pleasure as Steve’s hot wet mouth and throat worked around him. Abruptly, the SEAL thrust three fingers into his ass, stretching him and making him cry out, but there was no way he was going to say stop because he loved it, loved it, when Steve turned into this animal. His boss spent barely any time working him open, before his hands and mouth all disappeared at once, leaving Danny feeling bereft and empty. The brunette stood and pulled open his own cargo pants, releasing his hard cock into the afternoon air.

He shoved his pants down around his thighs, swiped up the lube and coated himself in it liberally, before muscling up against Danny and crushing him against the tree again. Their cocks slid against one another and they moaned into each other’s mouths as they kissed deeply, and Steve moved as if to pick Danny up, pausing and silently asking if it was okay to do so, even in the midst of passion. Danny had learned his lesson on this one – best not to let his ego get in the way of a seriously good fucking – and he slipped his arms up around Steve’s neck in affirmative answer.

The SEAL’s mouth went to his collarbone, nipping at the skin there, while his arms curved down under Danny’s rib cage and around his back, lifting him into the air before pushing him against the trunk and using his weight to hold his partner there while he readjusted his hands quickly. One hand helped to hold Danny up while the other slipped under his ass and hoisted him a little higher. Supporting him as best he could, Steve lined himself up and let Danny drop slightly, sinking him down onto his cock most of the way along his length.

Steve moaned, but held himself still while Danny hissed as he adjusted to his size after being rushed through the prep. He soon canted his hips forward so that Steve could slide his whole length up inside him. It was as good as he remembered. He wrapped his thighs around his lover’s waist and planted his heels in the small of his back, pulling Steve right in and seating himself all the way down on his partner’s throbbing dick. Danny pushed his face against the top of Steve’s head, and even the smell of lake water and sweat couldn’t put him off as his lover withdrew most of the way from his body before slamming back up into him, filling him completely and sending a wave of sensual bliss through his body as his prostate received stimulation due to the angle.

"Oh fuck, Steve, yes!" He was moaning the words before he even thought about it, but unlike the alleyway, this time they could be as loud as they liked.

He pulled at Steve’s hair sharply again, as he had during the blow job, and sure enough this action
seemed to send a surge of frenzied excitement through his partner’s body, and he bit down on Danny’s collarbone and sucked while he began to feverishly pound up into him. He didn’t clamp down hard enough to break the skin, but it was close enough to the scarring he’d already put there to send a rush of electricity through the blonde’s veins at the memory.

Danny shouted out his lover’s name, over and over, as Steve took him roughly and exquisitely, his jerky assault grinding Danny’s back against the coarse bark with only his thin t-shirt for protection. But he didn’t care right now, because the sensations pulsing through him were overwhelming, and he arched his back as he felt the familiar knot forming in his belly. Again, he tugged on his partner’s hair, pulling the trigger for the hard fucking he needed, and Steve howled in unbridled lust as he rammed his cock harder into Danny’s tight channel, hitting his sweet spot like a target. His hand moved in between them and grasped Danny’s dick, which had gone ignored since the blow job, and the moment his rough fingers slid over the head, Danny jerked his hips forward and came in between them, crying out wordlessly and scraping his nails up Steve’s neck as his orgasm rolled through his body. Between the attack on his neck and the detective’s ass clenching around him, Steve was pushed over the edge as well, and he juddered once more inside his partner before his knees gave way and they fell to the forest floor, breathless and satiated.

Danny groaned and rolled off his partner, immediately regretting it when wet leaves plastered themselves to his bare ass, and he took his time re-learning how to breathe while Steve recovered a little quicker and stumbled to his feet. He hitched his cargo pants back up and fastened them, before collecting Danny’s clothes from the base of the tree.

"I am so bruised!" Danny whined, as he tried to pick himself up off the floor and couldn't quite get his knees under him. His back was definitely not feeling the love, and his ass had just taken a severe pounding so his legs weren't in full working order quite yet.

Steve laughed, reached down and pulled the detective to his unsteady feet, and happily supported him while he pulled his boxers and cargoes back on, helping to peel foliage off his lover's butt cheeks before the blonde could yank his pants all the way up.

Danny stepped into his boots, forgoing his socks for now, and Steve went to stand in front of him to hold his arms as he stood on one leg to slip the other foot inside. When he had both feet safely in the boots, Steve abruptly sank to one knee in front of him.

His breath caught in his throat.

Shit. This is it. Right here, in the bloody forest, after fucking fantastic sex against a tree, and he's gonna propose!

And Danny knew his answer, before Steve even had a chance to speak. He knew that he was going to say yes, because there was no one on this Earth who he would rather spend the rest of his life with. And it had to work between them, it would because it always had.

All his earlier doubts were gone, evaporating in a split second of complete clarity, the moment of truth.

Steve looked up at him and smiled, opening his mouth to ask the question.

"You okay, Danno?"

Danny paused for a moment, his pre-loaded reply faltering on his tongue.

"Wha?" he managed.
"You look like you've seen a ghost," Steve observed as he reached down to tie Danny's bootlaces, which had been his intention from the start.

Danny rolled his eyes heavenward and wished for death. *Idiot,* he thought, *idiot idiot idiot!*

"Yeah, yeah I'm good, babe." Did he honestly think Steve was going to figure that was an appropriate moment? After an adrenaline-fuelled chase through the rainforest and a rough fuck against a koa tree? Well, knowing Steve, it was possible he would, but Danny was just glad he hadn't blurted out the 'yes!' prematurely, or this would be a whole different kind of awkward.

As it stood, Steve had no idea about Danny's inner turmoil, or the fact that the detective's brain was currently calling himself every synonym he knew for the word 'stupid', including in Italian and Russian just for good measure.

Danny picked up the GPS unit from the grass where it had dropped during the initial attack, and began to work out which direction they needed to head in.

"You want me to get us back to camp, or are you gonna do it?" Steve nudged him in the ribs playfully.

"I can do it," Danny muttered distractedly, then kicked his brain into gear when his subconscious screamed at him not to act weird around Steve when he'd done nothing wrong. He looked up at Steve and smiled, "Yeah, I can get us there," he felt confident enough to use the device, and hoped to impress his partner and prove he wasn't completely useless in the wilderness.

"Fantastic. Lead the way, Christopher Columbus!" Steve smacked his ass to get him going, and Danny groaned as he realised he was really going to feel everything in the morning.

Steve just smirked. He let a few meters of distance build between them as Danny took point, holding the GPS out in front of him like it would pull them back to base of its own accord.

He let the tension leave his shoulders as they wound their way back to the tent. Even if that had been a close call, the night was still young and this might not even be the night Steve planned to propose. It was a nice romantic getaway, a camp out in the forest, but not at all out of character for Steve to want to do for any other reason than the experience being its own reward.

At least that whole incident had jump-started Danny's brain into telling him that his unwavering answer was going to be 'yes'. He could allay those fears and not worry about floundering in the moment when it finally did come; because when he had thought it had come to the crunch, there had been no hesitation in his mind at all.

They were back at the tent before long, and Steve made little congratulatory noises at Danny for managing to navigate the forest while the SEAL gathered fresh clothes for them from the truck. The detective was pretty proud of himself, considering he was a city boy, and had only been in the forest a handful of times since coming to Hawaii. And even then, he'd had people guiding him. Steve had given him a renewed confidence in himself, just by being there, and he couldn't help the warm smile which drifted across his face at the thought of their relationship continuing to develop in the future. They made each other better, there was no other word for it.

Steve handed Danny some sweatpants and a black t-shirt, and he was glad they'd packed a second pair of boots each because his were full of swamp water.

"What are you grinning at, you soppy goof?" Steve poked him in the ribs and he batted at his hands.
"Nothing, just thinking about how I'm gonna get you back for chasing me through the forest. You know I hate to run." He turned and headed for the tent, unzipping it and climbing inside after kicking his ruined boots off. There was enough room for them to stand if they were slightly hunched over, though Steve obviously had to bend his back a little more than Danny.

The SEAL followed him inside and watched as he pulled off his tacky t-shirt and unbuttoned his wet cargoes. "Nope, that wasn't the look you had on your face. You say I have faces, well so do you, and you looked all sentimental!" He grabbed Danny from behind and squeezed, planting an open mouthed kiss on his shoulder, before putting on a childish taunting voice, "I think you luuuurve me!"

"Shut up, do not!" Danny teased right back, smacking out at him and pushing him away.

"You do! You fancy me!" Steve playfully shoved at Danny like he was trying to start a fight, laughing raucously when Danny smacked his hands away once again, and the blonde took his moment to catch Steve unawares and charged him, taking him down into the heaped sleeping bags that were already laid out from when they'd unpacked.

They spent a few minutes wrestling, with each man occasionally getting the upper hand, rolling on top of the other and getting in a few stolen kisses as their reward.

Steve managed to strip Danny's wet pants and boxers all the way off him, and shed his own clothes in the process, until they were both naked and rolling on the bedding. The competition died down as their lips locked and their tongues ventured into each other's mouths while they lay on their sides, and neither of them seemed to remember that they'd been trying to win anything.

Instead their hands ran over naked flesh and through body hair, gently grasping at each other's shoulders and asses and thighs, pulling their bodies closer and losing themselves in the feel of their lover under their finger tips.

The only sounds in the tent were the wet smacks of their mouths colliding as they tasted each other, and the contented groans which escaped their throats. Their cocks, now hard again from the heavy petting, rubbed over each other between them, and they moaned and panted at the contact.

Steve reached into a bag he'd left by the sleeping bags earlier and pulled out a tube of lubricant, quickly squeezing some onto his own dick, then Danny's, before throwing it over his shoulder. He smoothed the lube down their shafts, and held both of their erections in one hand, fingers reaching only part way around their combined thickness, while the other cupped Danny's cheek and held him in their kiss. The detective's left hand stayed on his partner's chest while his right went to join Steve's as he began to jack them off together.

He gasped at the feeling of his cock gliding along Steve's hard length, his fingers fitting together with his partner's to encircle both of them. They'd done this before, but it always felt wonderful to be sliding over each other, neither one of them being the top or bottom, but some perfect level of equality where they were both feeling almost identical sensations at the same time. The whole act of masturbation was very intimate, something normally enjoyed in private, and yet here they were joined together in a kind of mutual effort, their hands stroking each other as they stroked themselves, and with their lips locked together as well it was intimate perfection, melting them into a groaning, sweaty heap.

Steve began to rock against him in a slightly faster rhythm, adding to the friction and increasing their pleasure, and Danny squeezed his hand tighter around them to add more resistance. The detective swore and bit at Steve's lips, nudging his face to the side with his nose and burying his face against the SEAL's neck, kissing and nipping, then making his way up to the sensitive patch
of skin behind the brunette's ear. He huffed hot air and let his moans vibrate through his lips, causing Steve's hairs to raise up in goosebumps.

He could feel Steve's pulse jumping under his mouth as he trailed kisses down his neck, and on hearing his breathing quicken he knew that his lover was close to orgasm. The thought of Steve coming under his hands shot tingles up his own spine, and his own completion wasn't far away.

He had a last second thought to save their bedding, and grabbed his t-shirt from where he'd chucked it earlier, throwing it over their throbbing cocks seconds before they came, practically in unison.

Steve groaned against Danny's throat and the detective scraped his teeth over the spot on Steve's jaw where it met his neck, making him jerk forwards and supplying an extra spike of electricity for both of them as their sensitive dicks slid roughly against each other.

They went back to their lethargic kissing as they both came down from their high. Danny loved the rough and ready sex, the fucking and the rutting, the manhandling of one another. But he also loved the slow sweet sex, the gentle touches and making out, the stuff that didn't necessarily end in injury or falling off something.

He carefully wiped them clean, making sure none of their come got on the sleeping bags, and then threw the t-shirt into the dirty pile of clothing in the corner. Then they snuggled into one another, him tucking his head under Steve's chin again, kissing his collarbone lightly. Interlocking their legs, they fell asleep wrapped in each other.

He woke up to Steve sticking something into his ass, and not in the normal enjoyable way.

"What in the hell do you think you're doing, McGarrett??" he yelled, staring at the needle in his partner's hand.

Steve grinned, "It's Doxycycline, Danno," as if that explained everything.

"It's doxy-what? What are you shooting me up with? We're cops, you know, I'll fucking arrest you!" He was only half-teasing, annoyed that he'd been woken so rudely, but trusting his lover regardless.

"Well lucky for us, anti-biotics are perfectly legal," Steve lay back down next to him and kissed him, "It's because we ended up in the water, we could pick up something if we don't combat it..."

He placed the used needle in a disposal box in the SuperSEAL first aid kit he'd brought with them, and picked up the other syringe which he'd pre-filled, and handed it to Danny.

"My turn!" He looked way too relaxed for someone who was about to get a needle in his butt, but then he had already taken a spear to the chest recently, so he could probably cope.

"It's your fault we ended up in the water. You just like sticking stuff in my ass, Steven!" Danny joked as he kneeled up and smacked Steve's ass cheek before jabbing him.

"Goddamit, it’s my ass, Danny, not a dart board!"

Danny giggled and disposed of the needle, lying down on his back next to his lover, “Only a date with you could end up with us having to take anti-biotic shots in a tent in the middle of nowhere…”
The SEAL was about to argue, but Danny silenced him with a kiss.

"What was that for?" he grinned.

Danny rolled his eyes, "Just... I love you, you goof, okay?" Steve opened his mouth again and Danny placed a finger over it to hush him, "Even though you have once again managed to drag me out into the middle of nowhere, with no TV, running water, or pizza. And even though my ass feels like I'm not gonna be able to sit comfortably for a week... well, partly because of that, actually... I love you. And I'm happy. I just wanted to say it."

And he was happy. Happy to wait for Steve, because he knew his lover's intentions and knew what his reply would be. So rather than worry about when and where and how, he was content to wait.

"I love you too, Danno," Steve smiled softly, "and as regards being happy? Me too, very much."

Danny lay back and stretched, enjoying the way Steve's eyes scanned down his body as he flexed the muscles. "But I'd be happier if my neanderthal cave man would bring me food and fire..." he hinted. Their earlier foray for firewood had been cut short when they got distracted, and now they had nothing.

Steve pulled on some sweatpants and unzipped the tent doors. "I'll go get the camping stove out of the truck," he said over his shoulder as he crawled out.

"You brought a fricking stove? Isn't that cheating? Is there a Wilderness Survival badge I can revoke or something to punish you?" Danny teased.

Steve poked his head back in the tent, "You said it yourself, Danno, 'always be prepared'. And it was only back up in case we didn't get firewood. Now, put your pants on and come help me cook dinner, 'cause then I'm gonna bash you over the head and drag you back to my cave..." He winked and disappeared from view.

Danny grinned and called after him, "You already did that, animal... but you're welcome to try it again!"

Chapter End Notes

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Such a close call! I guess you'll have to wait a little longer :D

Please comment and let me know what you're thinking!

X
Danny & Steve go to Maui - the most romantic place on earth, right?

Thank you again to weinsanedreamer for the prompt - she chose 'Danny & Steve's car breaks down in the middle of nowhere'. I abused this a little, it's not so much of a break down...

Anyway, sorry about the delay on this one, I was doing the BBC Children in Need charity call centre (for those of you in the UK, you'll probably know about this) and it was so hectic, but we raised tonnes of money so it was all worth it, even going from a full day of work through into a 7 hour shift on the phones! Ergh :D They gave us pizza, so I can't complain... that, combined with a 2am finish, meant the edit had to wait until today.

I hope it was worth the wait...

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"Well maybe if you'd let me drive, we'd be at the hotel already rather than in the middle of nowhere..." Danny groused.

They'd been in Maui a grand total of two hours and they were already arguing. Fucking perfect. He hadn't meant to start it, but he was tired after a difficult week and their flight had been delayed, and then Steve hadn't even considered offering him the car keys, whipping them up off the desk in the rental office and heading straight for the driver's side like it was just the way it is. Control issues.

He should be happy now that they were actually having a few days off, but he had that tight foreboding feeling in his chest again. And last time that happened he took a shotgun blast to the back, so he wasn't in a great frame of mind.

"I figured it would be nice to see a little of Maui on the way there, Danno, seeing as I'm not really planning on leaving the hotel room once we've got there," Steve was still trying to inject some humour into the situation, despite Danny's dark mood.

"I just wanna go lie down, Steve. And I maybe thought that, with us being on holiday and all, I might even get to drive the hire car. But no," he folded his arms high on his chest and sulked.

He knew he was being immature, but sometimes he couldn't stop himself. He was frustrated with Steve's need to be in charge, and also that he'd made no hints surrounding the ring, and it had now been two weeks since Danny had found it.
"You can drive us back to the airport in two days if you like?" Steve offered, sounding more than a little exasperated.

Danny felt very guilty. God, what was he doing? They'd saved for this holiday together, Steve had been hoping to do it for ages but his Silverado getting damaged had stopped him from treating Danny like he'd wanted to. Then lots of other stuff happening had gotten in their way.

But they were finally here, and Steve was very nicely taking him the scenic route to the hotel which, yes, they probably wouldn't leave once they'd settled in. So it was good to see some of the island before they indulged in each other the entire time.

And maybe, just maybe, this was where Steve wanted to propose? Maybe this holiday was going to have some romantic climax that he didn't, or rather shouldn't, know about? And he was ruining it because he didn't get much sleep last night. Child.

He put he head back against the headrest, closed his eyes and picked at his safety belt, taking a deep breath. "Listen, Steve, I'm sorry, I-"

"FUCK!" Steve yelled out suddenly, and wrenched the wheel as they rounded a corner and a large wild boar was standing in the road. The car fishtailed and spun out of control, doing a 180 and slipping backward down the wet bank and into a tree.

Both of them were jolted back in their seats as the car finally came to a rest, and Danny released his grip on the car door, and on Steve's shirt, as they panted and calmed their pulses. His immediate reaction had been to protect Steve; to reach across, plant a hand on his chest, and hold him back in his seat with a steel grip on his clothes, knowing full well that the guy didn't always do his safety belt up.

This time he was wearing it, but Danny's response had been automatic, and he did it without realising he had. As he pulled his hand away, Steve gripped his wrist and squeezed.

"You okay, Danno?" He turned his concerned gaze on the detective and looked him up and down, checking for any visible injuries.

"I'm okay babe, you?" Their argument was forgotten as they made sure the other was alright.

Steve winced, "I think I may have done something to my ankle, but I'm okay."

Danny opened his door, careful not to slip on the damp leaves, and climbed out. There was a twinge in his back, and the shoulder of the arm which he'd used to grip on to Steve during the crash, but there was nothing broken. He made his way around to the driver's door and yanked it open, leaning down inside to check his partner over.

The SEAL looked intact, and neither of them were bleeding which was a plus. He slid his hand down Steve's left leg, and then his right, squeezing gently to check him over. The brunette drew in a sharp breath when Danny felt over his right ankle, and the blonde shook his head.

"How much did that hurt? On a scale of bruised to broken?"

Steve gave him a weak smile, "Somewhere between bruised and sprained, it's nothing."

"Why, oh why, am I inclined not to believe you, Steven?" He sighed, but helped his lover out of the car when he insisted on getting out. He opened the back door of the car and retrieved their holdall from the back seat, pulling a small first aid kit out of the side pocket and wrapping a bandage around Steve's ankle while he leaned against the vehicle. "Maybe it's because I've had to
start packing first aid supplies wherever we go, huh? Most people have to remember their toothbrush and wallet, I have to remember the bandages and Tylenol..."

Steve just rolled his eyes and bit back a response.

"Well so much for making it to the hotel for check in time..." Danny grumbled as he stood up straight and nudged the car tyre with his foot.

*No, shut up Williams,* he lectured himself, *Do yourself a favour and actually grow up...*

He took a deep breath, looked up at Steve, and swallowed his doom and gloom attitude. "Well, I guess we're gonna get to see Maui's back roads at a slightly slower pace, huh?" He smiled gently.

Steve looked a little surprised at his change of mood, but returned his smile. Danny hefted the bag in his good hand, reserving his aching arm to slip around Steve's waist and shove that shoulder under the brunette's armpit to support him.

Danny regretted his choice of footwear as they slowly made their way up the bank back to the road, his loafers slipping on the mud, but then he hadn't expected to be hiking in them. Steve picked up a sturdy fallen branch on their way up, and used it to hold him up on the other side. The road was a relatively quiet one, Steve having taken an out-of-the-way route for maximum scenic beauty, and they stood for a few minutes waiting for traffic while they both check their phones.

The boar had, very sensibly, made its escape before Danny could find it and turn it into dinner.

"Of course there's no signal, because that would be useful!" Danny moaned, putting his phone away. He looked up and down the road, as if trying to summon a vehicle up with the power of his own mind, then looked down at Steve's ankle. "You okay to walk, babe? We need to start heading in the right direction."

Steve shoved his phone in his pocket and nodded. He placed his walking staff in his right hand, using it as a replacement foot as he went, and Danny slipped under his left shoulder this time, holding the bag in his bad hand. He was straining the damage, but looking after Steve was more important.

They hobbled along the roadside for about half an hour, talking about coaching the Shrimps the following week, and Steve occasionally pointing out wildlife or native plants like he was some sort of tour guide. Danny thought it was cute, how his lover always wanted to try to get Danny involved in the culture and lifestyle of the area. It was part of his life, and it was like he wanted to combine his home and his love into one, so the detective tried to commit some of it to memory.

"C'mon babe, sit down and rest. You look like you're gonna fall over and I'm not picking you up off the floor..." Danny dropped the holdall a few feet from the road side and helped Steve lower himself to sit on it. He went to stand by the road, rubbing his shoulder and hoping for a car to come by. Steve checked his phone again with no luck.

"I'm sorry I was being an ass..." The detective mumbled.

Steve looked up at him with a cheeky grin. "Pardon? I didn’t quite hear what you said, you might have to say it louder."

Danny glared at him, but conceded and swallowed his pride, "I said I'm sorry. I was being a bit of a douchebag, and we're supposed to be enjoying this break so... yeah, I'm sorry." He waved his hands out as he spoke. "And the scenery is... lovely... If a little uninhabited..."
Steve smirked, "Well seeing as we're making up, I'm sorry too."

"For...?" Danny drew out the syllable and waved his hand in a circular motion to encourage Steve to finish.

The SEAL rolled his eyes again, "For not letting you drive? For taking us to the ass end of nowhere, when we should have just gone straight to the hotel where I could fuck you?"

A car appeared on the horizon before Danny could respond, and he waved at it as it drew closer. The driver just arced around him slightly and carried on, not a fan of hitchikers.

"ASSHOLE!!" Danny yelled at his receding tail lights. It was starting to get a little dark, the sun getting low, and they really needed to get some help.

"Maybe take your shirt off for the next one, Danno? That'll make them stop," Steve laughed.

The blonde gave him the finger and went back to the previous conversation, "Who says you'd have got to fuck me, huh? I'm not that easy, maybe I wanted to top?"

Steve shrugged, "You like it when I'm on top," he said, simply.

Danny folded his arms, "I do, yes, but that doesn't mean you get to do it all the time, Steven." The last week or so, since the camping, Steve had been the giver as opposed to the receiver most nights. It's just the way it had happened, not necessarily through any actual agreement. Danny did enjoy it, it was Steve's nature to take control and the detective didn't mind that, but he liked to keep some sort of balance to things, and not let Steve think he was the boss at home as well as the office. "Plus, I thought you liked it when I take the reins," he winked.

Steve's eyes darkened a little and he licked his lips, "Mmm yeah, I did like it when you lost it a little..."

Danny felt something low down in his belly tighten a little at that purring voice, and he bit his lip. Steve was referring to when he'd got a bit over emotional after witnessing a boat crash on the beach, and dealing with the aftermath had led to him having a need to take control of something, anything. That thing had just happened to be his partner, in their bedroom.

He knew Steve had enjoyed it, he'd hinted at it before, but the look on his face right now said that maybe he'd wanted a repeat of it sooner rather than later.

The blonde swayed his hips and stalked towards Steve slowly, letting his blue eyes scan down the brunette's body, and the SEAL's eyes tracked the movement as he licked his lips again and let out a soft huff of air, almost a whimper. Danny was almost upon him when another car appeared, and the detective dashed back out into the road to wave them down, this time whipping his badge out of his back pocket and abusing his position of authority a little.

Because now he really really wanted to get to the hotel. As soon as freaking possible.

Half an hour later, they were thanking the woman who had picked them up, after making up some rubbish excuse about police business on the island so as not to look like asses for using Danny's badge, and staggering into the hotel lobby. Then Steve called the car recovery people regarding collecting the rental car from its current resting place, while Danny checked them in at the front desk and explained why they were late doing so. The woman was sympathetic, and luckily their room hadn't been given away.
Steve hobbled into the crowded elevator first, having deposited his walking stick outside, and Danny stood in front of him. His ankle seemed more sturdy now, the detective observed as he watched him walk. There were about five other holiday goers in the cramped space, but that didn't stop Danny from surreptitiously reaching behind him and palming Steve's cock through his jeans. The SEAL let out a surprised noise which he tried to cover with a cough, and poked Danny in the ribs in earnest to stop him when the blonde continued to massage him.

Danny snickered to himself and slid his hand over Steve's thigh and away from his crotch. He'd already done the damage though, as Steve was hard as a rock when he'd finally removed his fingers, and the brunette had to take the bag from his partner so he could hold it in front of him when they got out at their floor.

Danny slid the key card through the door slot and let Steve go first in to their room, closing it behind them and leaning against it casually while he waited for Steve to dump the bag and sit on the bed.

"How's your leg?"

Steve pulled off his boots and examined his foot. "It's okay, I can put weight on it now." He unwrapped the bandage and threw it onto the bag.

Danny toed off his own shoes. The two of them were sweaty from their unexpected hike in the heat, and he had been imagining what he wanted to do to his lover for the last forty-five minutes.

"You and I need a shower," he put the same swerve in his hips as he walked over to Steve and stopped in between his thighs, cupping the SEAL's jaw and pulling him up into a kiss. He kept his voice matter-of-fact as he kissed along Steve's cheekbone and spoke into his ear, "You're gonna clean me up, and if you do a good job then I might just give you a reward... would you like that, babe?"

Steve shivered against him, goosebumps raising on his neck as the detective's hot breath glided over his skin. "Mmm yes, very much..."

If his partner had thought he'd just been messing around at the roadside, he was in no doubt now that Danny was completely serious. Tonight belonged to the blonde, because he wanted some of that control back, and could tell Steve would not be averse to the situation. He wanted to blow off some steam; all this waiting for Steve to propose was putting him on edge, worrying that something he'd said or done had delayed or discouraged his lover, and he needed a distraction. And to get a bit of passive-aggressive torturing in on Steve in the process for making him wait.

Danny tugged on Steve's hair at the base of his neck, making him growl a little, and then ran his hand down his lover's arm to take his hand, standing up straight and towing the man toward the bathroom.

The shower was huge, bigger than the one they had at home, and Danny leaned into the enclosure to turn on the water to the right temperature. He turned back to Steve, and in the soft glow of the bathroom's spotlights the man looked utterly fuckable.

The blonde licked his lips and pulled Steve down for a kiss with a strong grip on the back of his neck. He spoke with a voice like velvet against those soft lips, "Undress me."

Steve inhaled sharply at the quiet command, and did as he was told. He slowly raised Danny's t-shirt over his head, kissing along the detective's jaw and down his neck once they were exposed. His nimble fingers quickly dealt with Danny's jeans fly, and he hooked his thumbs into the
waistband and tugged them down. He knelt carefully, avoiding any strain on his bad ankle, and helped Danny step out of his clothes, removing his socks as he did.

He laid a delicate kiss reverently on Danny's hip, but as he leaned in to take the cop's already hard cock into his mouth, the blonde slid his hand under his lover's jaw and pulled him back, making his look up into his face. "Nuh uh, babe. I know you want my cock, I know you want me to fuck your mouth, but you don't get to have it yet."

Steve's eyes were dark with lust, his breathing heavy, and Danny loved it when he was a mess like this.

"Stand up," he whispered, and the SEAL complied, waiting for his next order, "Strip for me, I want to see all of you."

The brunette whipped his t-shirt up over his head and Danny squeezed his hip, "Slowly, babe."

Steve dropped his shirt to the floor and slowed his pace, popping the button on his jeans and unzipping while Danny ran delicate fingertips over his abs and watched his hands work. The blonde moved around him, still trailing his fingers around over the taller man's hips, making him shudder with want.

His boss pushed his jeans and boxers down, kicking them to one side and toeing out of his socks, shivering as Danny ran his flat palms down his back and cupped his ass. "God you're gorgeous," he purred, applying gentle kisses to Steve's shoulders and down his spine to his lower back. Then he placed his hands firmly against the brunette's back and guided him into the shower, slow enough to be careful of his ankle, and shoving him chest first against the cool tiles under the spray.

He let his attentions get rougher, nipping over the skin on Steve's neck, shoulders and back as the hot water ran down over them. The dirty noises coming from his partner drove him onward, until he was sucking red marks into his back and kneading his fingers into his hips with bruising force. He turned Steve around and picked up the complimentary shower gel and wash cloth from the shelf, shoving them into his hands and standing back from his body to wait.

The SEAL squeezed the gel onto the cloth and placed the bottle back on the shelf before moving forward and smoothing it over Danny's chest and down his stomach, then up around his back and across his shoulders, all while kissing and licking along his jawline. When he reached the blonde's ear and sucked gently on the lobe, Danny repaid him with a long moan, and he nuzzled his cheek against Steve's, stubble scraping on stubble.

He leaned his head back and allowed Steve to wash him, moving all around him, first wiping over every inch of his upper body with the wash cloth, then wiping the bubbles away with his other hand, before finally tending the clean skin with his tongue and lips. It was an amazing experience, to be worshipped and caressed so tenderly, and he stroked the back of his partner's neck and shoulders whenever he could reach them as he watched him move down his body, the brunette even getting down on his knees again in front of him to attend to the lower half.

Steve really took it seriously when Danny had said he wanted him to do a good job of cleaning him. He made sure every square inch of skin was washed, working from his feet upwards, spending extra time running the cloth over Danny's ass and sliding his fingers through the valley between his cheeks to massage over his hole. Then he used both hands to clean Danny's cock and balls, while the blonde threw his head back and moaned loudly.

"Fuck Steve, you're such a good little slut. Doing just what I tell you. Show me you can take my cock as well as you take orders..." he pulled Steve's head towards him, and his lover wrapped his
lips around Danny's swollen cock, licking around the head before taking him all the way back into
his throat without further hesitation.

"Fuck, Steve!" Danny cried out, reactively pushing deeper into the brunette's hot mouth and
accidentally making him choke a little. He quickly pulled back, about to apologise, but Steve
gripped his ass and pulled him back in, relaxing his throat to take him even deeper and pushing his
face into the blonde curls at the base of his lover's dick. Danny groaned at the sensation and had to
reach out one hand to steady himself against the wall, his whole length filling his partner's throat,
and when Steve used Danny’s favourite trick against him and swallowed around his dick, it was
almost all over right there and then.

He pushed on Steve's shoulder to get him to pull back, "Fuck, babe... You're gonna make me come
before I've even had the chance to fuck you..."

Steve smiled a little shyly, "I learned from the best..."

"Mmm flattery will get you everywhere," Danny gave him a wolfish grin and tugged on his chin to
get him to stand, "Get yourself clean, I want you nice and washed for me so I can make you dirty
again."

He leaned back against the tiles and watched with heavy-lidded eyes as Steve squeezed more
shower gel onto the cloth and soaped himself down, while Danny stroked himself and licked his
lips in anticipation. When Steve took more shower gel and slid his fingers between his ass cheeks,
Danny drew in his breath sharply and the SEAL smiled, ready to put on a show for his lover.

He turned so his back was to the blonde, placing one palm against the wall, and pushed a finger
inside himself, moaning.

"Mmm... Fuck, yes babe. Open yourself up for me," Danny massaged his own cock more
vigorously, his breathing becoming ragged as he viewed the erotic display in front of him, "You
want my cock in your hole, don't you? Make yourself ready for me, that's it...

Steve was now thrusting two fingers into himself, using the last of the shower gel as makeshift
lubricant, and he moaned as he looked over his shoulder to see Danny watching him.

When he graduated to three fingers, the detective couldn't hold off anymore, moving in and
grabbing the back of Steve's neck, turning him and bringing him down for a rough, deep, insatiable
kiss, biting at his lips and plunging his tongue inside when Steve opened to him.

He washed the last of the bubbles away from his partner's body under the stream of water and
hauled him out of the shower enclosure, turning the water off. They hurriedly towelled each other
down while kissing before Danny brought Steve's head to his mouth again so he could growl into
his ear, "Bed, now."

The detective guided his lover to the bed, propelling him with his hands on his muscled ass, and
turned the SEAL around to face him before shoving him down forcefully onto the mattress. Danny
went to the bag and pulled out the lube, and then dug a little deeper to find the handcuffs he'd
stowed at the bottom for moments just like this, and his tie. He dropped the cuff keys on the side
table.

Steve had moved himself further up the bed, but as Danny crawled up the mattress between his
lover's splayed legs he growled at him. "Back up, up against the headboard."

The brunette did as he was told, and even obediently held his wrists up for his lover. Danny
straddled his slim hips, took one of Steve's wrists and smoothed his flat tongue over the exposed veins, tasting his partner's heart beat in his mouth. He nibbled and sucked at the soft skin, and Steve closed his eyes and sighed at the sensations. Then the detective clicked the cuffs around that wrist, before administering the same attentions on the other one, slipping the chain around the pole across the top of the headboard and bringing that hand up to snap the other cuff in place.

Steve's hands were now above his head, and he curled his fingers around the pole to save his skin from any damage. The way Danny was kneeling up and straddling him put him almost face to face with his cock, and again he leaned in to taste it.

The blonde grabbed his jaw again, "God, you are fucking hungry for me, aren't you babe?" He bent at the waist and kissed him roughly, pushing his head back into the headboard, "Do you want my cock inside you, huh? You want me to fuck you, you think you deserve that?"

Steve just closed his eyes and moaned in response, words temporarily lost to him.

Danny moved his knees down the bed and kissed his way along the side of his partner's face, down his neck and over the shoulder where the scar sat from the spear, and the memory of Steve standing there with the metal protruding from his chest flashed through Danny's brain, just as it did every time he saw the evidence of it. He squeezed his eyes shut and pushed the image away, licking over the pink healed flesh and trying to associate good things with it.

He picked the tie up off the bed and gripped it in one hand, sliding it sensually through the other fist in front of Steve's face. "I seem to remember you complaining when I put this in the bag, Steven... are you complaining now?" He pressed it over his lover's eyes and knotted it in place.

"No, definitely not," Steve sighed, licking his lips. Danny hovered his mouth over Steve's, letting his breath skate over his skin, but when his partner inclined forward for the kiss he pulled back, denying him, and instead shifted backward to bite down over one of his hard nipples.

Steve yelped and tried to buck his hips upward, whimpering as Danny soothed the red patch with his tongue and flinching while the blonde licked over the other nipple when he expected a bite. But Danny was finding it too much fun to play with his lover, to tease him, have him uncertain at what the detective's next move would be. So he worked his way over Steve's body, licking, sucking, and occasionally biting just to revel in the little jumps and squeaks that the SEAL emitted. He left his symbols of ownership through bruising sucks and little red teeth marks.

He touched every inch of skin he could find, wanting to savour his lover's body, commit the whole thing to memory for no other reason than the fact it was his to love. Steve belonged to him, and tonight he could use him in whatever way he saw fit.

He slid a knee in between Steve's thighs again, making him spread them, and when he did Danny backed up and rewarded him with a long, wet lick up his cock. The SEAL lifted his hips off the bed, and Danny gripped him hard and forced him back down.

"Bad boy, Steven. Don't misbehave or I'll just tie you up and leave you here. You won't get the hard fucking you need so much. You don't want that, do you?" He traced his fingers down the brunette's inner thigh, raising goosebumps.

Steve whined, "No, please, I want you..."

The blonde grinned and kissed the head of his partner's cock. Steve jumped slightly but stayed in place, huffing out air at the effort to stay still.
"That's better," Danny whispered, "now tell me how much you want me to fuck you..."

"Oh god, Danny," Steve flexed his shoulders and pulled on the cuffs, panting hard, "I really need you to fuck me. I want you to take me hard, baby, fuck me hard!"

Danny bit his lip to maintain his focus, but the gorgeous mess in front of him was so distracting it was hard to stay in his controlling role. Steve didn't have to tie Danny up to get his way, he just had to beg like that and the blonde would do anything for him. Anything.

"Do you want me to fuck you 'til you come, babe?" His voice was hoarse with lust, and he swallowed hard.

"Yes, Danny, yes," Steve was straining at his bonds again as his lover tortured him, making him wait, forcing him to beg.

"You think you deserve that, do you?" The detective smiled.

The SEAL whimpered and flexed his shoulders against the headboard.

He leaned forward, getting right up close to Steve's ear and making him jump as he spoke, "Because I think you deserve everything I have to give to you, every bad thing I wanna do to you..."

Steve's lip quivered, and Danny just couldn't take it. He grabbed the man's face and took him in a forceful kiss, exploring the brunette's mouth and grazing his lips with his teeth until they were red and swollen.

"You're gorgeous, babe," he whispered, and then he moved down Steve's body again, picking the lube up and smothering his fingers and cock. He slid his mouth over Steve's dick while he pushed his fingers into his already loose hole, crooking them around and seeking out his sweet spot. Steve cried out with pleasure and writhed under Danny, gripping the bars and making them creak with the pressure he put on them when he arched his back.

The blonde took his lover all the way into his mouth, relaxing his throat and taking Steve's full length back before swallowing around him.

"Danny! Oh god, Danny!" Steve curled his toes and pushed up off the bed, "Fuck, I'm gonna come! Not yet not yet!"

Danny pulled off him and gasped in some air. His throat was raw from being stretched around his partner's thick cock, but he carried on regardless because the love of his life needed the hard fucking that only he could provide.

"You don't get to say when you come, Steven, that's up to me..." he removed his fingers from Steve's ass and got into position with his cock at his lover's entrance, pushing gently at his hole but not entering. Not yet.

"Danny..." The SEAL whimpered and rolled his hips toward the detective, but being attached to the bed held him back, and when he tried to pull Danny in by hooking his heels around the blonde's hips and tugging, the detective resisted and waited patiently for Steve to relinquish his attempt at control.

He ran his hands up Steve's legs, curled his arms under the brunette's knees and lifted him, raising himself at the same time so that he was kneeling up and Steve's ass was suspended in mid air. The SEAL was helpless and exposed, and Danny bent his neck to nip at his lover's thighs where he held
"Tell me," he mumbled against Steve's skin, "Tell me how much you need a good, thorough fucking Steven, and I'll give it to you..."

"Mmm I need it, Danny, I want it..." Steve's knuckles were white as he gripped the bars.

"Wrong answer," Danny bit the inside of his knee and the brunette jerked and made a keening noise of frustration, "I'm not going to give you anything, unless you learn some manners..." He kissed the skin he'd just bitten to soothe it.

Steve swallowed hard and took a deep breath, his voice cracking, "Please Danny, please fuck me," he whispered.

Danny pushed against his hole, "Louder," he ordered.

"Please!" Steve finally shouted.

Danny growled, and he gripped Steve's thighs and surged forward, filling his partner's hole with his thick cock.

Steve howled, and Danny barely paused before he began to pump into him, hard and fast, letting the animal inside him take over and spreading his lover's thighs even wider so he could bury himself deep. His shoulder twinged painfully, but he ignored it, curling his hands under Steve's knees and holding his legs out wide, his fingers leaving bruises in their wake.

Steve was shouting his name, urging him on, needing his lover to take him and own him. Danny lost himself in his partner, the feel of his slick heat around him, the supple yet muscled flesh of the man's thighs beneath his fingertips as they dug in and gripped tight, the sound of sweat-damp skin slapping together as he plunged deep into him and his hips met Steve's ass, the way he was moaning his name in amongst a mantra of 'yes' and 'fuck' and 'god' and 'I'm yours'.

He hooked one of the brunette's knees over his shoulder and moved his lubed up hand to Steve's burgeoning erection, his fist pumping him solidly. The SEAL came almost immediately, spilling over Danny's hand and down his stomach and chest, keening low and wretchedly, taken apart by his lover.

Danny slammed into him, and the way Steve bucked and tightened around him sent him over the edge, coming deep inside. He practically screamed his partner's name as his orgasm rushed over him in waves, and he tightened his grip further on the brunette as his back muscles spasmed and he threw his head back.

Steve went limp in his arms, twitching gently while Danny lowered himself to seat his ass on his heels and caught his breath back, resting his face against Steve's leg. Once he regained the ability to move his body, he pulled out of his lover and crawled up the bed to settle in beside him. He reached over to the side table and grabbed the cuff keys, and Steve let him arms fall to his sides once he was released.

Danny tugged the makeshift blindfold up over the brunette's head and smiled when those sleepy blue eyes focused on him again.

He kissed Steve delicately on the forehead and smiled, "Hey there, gorgeous,"

Steve smiled back at him, "I love you... so much, Danny..."
"I know, I love you too," the detective carefully rolled Steve onto his side, and the tired SEAL sighed contentedly and buried his face into his pillow. Danny curled around him tightly and pressed his body along the full length of his lover’s, maximising the skin contact.

Steve pulled the detective's arms in tight around his torso, and they fell asleep with Danny breathing in the scent of his lover's skin.

The next evening, the last night of their break before they returned to Hawaii the following morning, they sat out on the veranda of the hotel restaurant and sipped at their beers with their feet tangled under the table. They'd woken up and indulged in some slow, lazy sex, and spent most of the day having room service bring them food to refuel between sessions, making full use of the bed and shower to really get their money's worth.

They'd finally decided to venture out when they'd run out of energy and Danny's shoulder started screaming at him to take a break.

The sun was setting over the ocean, the sky a fantastic watercolour artwork of blues, pinks, oranges and reds, the odd cloud picking up bright, burning auburn edges. Steve squeezed Danny's thigh with his free hand, and gestured out to the beach with his beer bottle. "Wanna go for a walk, Danno?"

Danny nodded, and the two of them began a gentle stroll down the sand toward the water, digging their bare toes in to the wet beach where the waves were lazily lapping. It was still warm underfoot from the baking heat of the day, and Danny rolled his jeans legs up so they wouldn't get wet as they waded through the shallows. Steve's board shorts were more than safe from the ocean, and he went in a little deeper and stared at his feet as he walked.

"You okay, babe?" Danny prodded at his lover's hip. His chest was getting tighter the longer Steve remained silent, because he was hoping against hope that the SEAL was building himself up to something.

Steve stopped and took Danny's hand, and then pulled him to look out at the ocean while the brunette stood behind him and rested his chin on Danny's shoulder. He kissed his cheek and wrapped his arms around the blonde's stomach.

"I love you, Danny Williams. So much. You know that, right?"

Danny craned his neck and looked back and up into Steve's deep blue eyes. "Of course I know that, I love you too, Steve."

The brunette leaned down and kissed his partner lovingly, no tongues or pressure, just gentle and caring.

Then Steve sighed and pulled away, and something unreadable flickered through his eyes and he stared at Danny in the waning light. "Good because... I'm glad we took this break, I'm glad we came out here. We just needed something, you know, something a bit special."

Danny turned to face him and slid his arms loosely around Steve's waist. "It has been special. Perfect, even." He smiled calmly, but his heart was racing and his mind was doing somersaults.

Ask me. Please, I'm ready, just ask...

Steve opened his mouth as if to say something, but then took Danny's hands from around his waist,
dropping one and using the other to tug Danny back to the hotel. "C'mon baby, let's go have a shower..." he wiggled his eyebrows suggestively which should have kicked Danny's pulse up a notch, if the heart in question hadn't now been sitting in the pit of the detective’s stomach.

He let Steve tow him along, but his mind was reeling, trying to work out what the hell just happened. The brunette had honest to god looked like he was going to propose, or was Danny just imagining it? Why else would the guy have a ring if he wasn't going to ask him? Why would he have gone out and bought it, hidden it from his lover, taken him to a beautiful, romantic getaway on another island, just to go paddling with him and fuck with his mind?

He tried to push all of those thoughts away, ignore the disappointment and feeling of dread in his stomach, and focused on Steve's soft lips as they made out in the elevator on the way up to the room. He put all his energy into their final night together, locked himself into revelling in the taste of the SEAL's skin, the curve of his hips, the water running down them, the feel of the sheets beneath them, and the sensation of his lover's hard cock releasing his heat inside of him.

And he tried desperately to forget about that tight feeling in his chest that had still refused to shift, and told him something was going to go terribly wrong.

Chapter End Notes

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I'm so sorry, I know I always leave these chapters on a positive or neutral note, and that was a bit of a negative one (I hate myself for it...) but that's where Danny is right now in his mind. Thinking 'what the fuck is going on??' just like the rest of us!

I have already written the next chapter, as I couldn't just leave it there! So I'll edit it and try to get it online tomorrow so you don't have to wait too long!

Please leave comments, they really do encourage me!
Chapter Summary

There's a barbecue on the beach... and a massive misunderstanding!

Chapter Notes

What are you doing? Stop reading the bloody notes and start reading the chapter! NOW!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"What, you mean that...?" Danny gripped the ring box tightly in his hand as Steve stared at him in utter confusion, and he stared at what was inside.

His heart was in his mouth and he felt like he was going to cry. He needed the earth to just swallow him up and be done with it.

Steve reached out for him, but he backed up and snapped the box shut, dropping it at his feet.

"Oh god... how can I have been so stupid?" The detective gasped.

"Danny, wait!" His partner called after him, but the blonde was already running. There was nothing, nothing in the world which would make him turn around now.

He had to get out, had to get away, had to be anywhere but under Steve's gaze. Because Danny was an idiot, and he'd just been made to look like the world's biggest fool.

Four hours earlier...

"Where are the steaks?" Steve was prodding at the barbecue coals, and Danny pulled the meat out of the coolbox to hand it to his lover.

"Here babe," he leaned in for a quick kiss, which Steve happily returned.

"One medium-rare and one rare steak, coming right up!" He smiled that smile that crinkled the corners of his eyes, and Danny's insides twisted. His man was so fucking gorgeous.

He plated up their salad from the picnic basket on the small trestle table they'd brought with them. The Silverado's flatbed was very useful for transporting things, including picnic paraphernalia and mini barbecues down to the beach, it turns out.

They'd been back from Maui for two weeks, and Danny had resigned himself to the fact that
nothing was going to happen. They just needed to carry on as if he'd never seen that damn ring box, because the expectation was going to make him lose it. So he'd pushed it to the back of his mind for the last fortnight and forgotten about it as best he could, compartmentalised, because if it wasn't going to happen on a gorgeous beach in Maui with the sun setting over the ocean, then where the hell was it going to happen?

Well maybe, just maybe, on a gorgeous beach in *Hawaii* with the sun setting over the ocean? Because that's where they were right now, it was Steve's idea to have a barbecue, and he was the one who insisted it be just the two of them – on a beach that tended to be pretty much abandoned due to its not easily-accessible location (the truck was also useful for getting over difficult land) and lack of surf waves. But it was ridiculously beautiful, even more so for being unspoilt by tourists.

So all of Danny's hopes had been unexpectedly and unwillingly hauled out from the dark, tight place he'd stuffed them in his chest, and were now running around loose inside his stomach and making him feel excited, nervous, and a little queasy.

He tried not to let it show, and tamped down on those feelings while he laid out the blanket on the sand and placed the plates within Steve's reach for when he'd finished the meat.

A few minutes later, he was sitting on the blanket, enjoying his medium-rare steak and a Longboard, and laughing and joking with his partner.

The past week's case had left everyone a bit on edge, with a series of people being murdered before they could track down the killer and put him in jail. It had taken its toll on all of the task force members, and they'd headed home early on the Friday after finishing their paperwork from Thursday's arrests in double quick time. Danny had even helped Chin and Kono with their reports after doing his own, so that they could all get out and enjoy their afternoons relaxing. No man left behind, after all, and he would have felt guilty leaving them there while he and Steve made their plans for the beach.

The two men spoke about the case, how stressed they'd felt, and apologised for being snappy with each other the past week. They'd had little to no sleep, because it seemed like every time they'd hit a wall with the case, and finally packed up and gone home to bed, their phones had started ringing because another body had been found.

That also meant that they'd had no time to make love. They'd had sex, yes, but it had mostly been quickies in the supply closet at work to relieve tension, but at home when they'd started to get hot and heavy with each other, they'd been interrupted with those phone calls, or they'd been too tired to even try anything in the first place and just gone straight to bed and held each other.

So they hadn't had that time to really fully indulge in one another, to take their time and just lose themselves. Not just have sex, fucking, making each other orgasm, but the real emotional stuff. Making love. Danny had missed that, and he got the impression Steve had too.

So tonight was a slow night, no rushing to do the deed and ripping each other's clothes off, but a languid verbal dance; dinner before the show.

They finished their meal and packed everything back into the basket, to load into the back of the truck. Steve disposed of the coals and covered them over with wet sand, and dumped the barbecue and folding table next to the truck. Danny was placing the neatly folded blanket on top of the basket which he'd slid onto the truck's bed, when he felt his lover's hands slither around his waist from behind.
He couldn't help the little smile that slipped onto his face as he turned around so he could face the SEAL. He looked up and was about to open his mouth and say something about watching the sunset together, but his brain promptly forgot the English language as Steve's soft lips took his in a gentle kiss.

He tightened his arms around Danny, just enough to solidify the embrace, not roughly or insistently, but just to hold him there against Steve's warm body. Danny smoothed his hands lovingly up Steve's strong biceps and over his shoulders and neck before they came to rest, fingers entwined in hair, at the base of his skull. The detective parted his lips and his lover dipped his tongue in.

It was a beautiful kiss, full of longing and love, slow and languorous, and it was just enough at that moment for them to be in each other's arms and be together. As far as Danny was concerned, this kiss could go on forever and he'd be quite happy with that.

Steve's fingers kneaded slightly in the small of his back, almost like a question, and Danny's answer was to moan gently into Steve's mouth and deepen the kiss.

The next thing he knew, the brunette was reaching over to shake the folded blanket out in the back of the Silverado, his lips barely leaving Danny's, before both of the taller man's hands went to grasp his ass and lift him up onto the truck bed. They had to break the kiss so Danny could shift back into the confines of the truck, and Steve hefted himself up onto the metal floor before crawling onto the blanket and over Danny, straddling his thighs and starting the kiss all over again.

The blonde held his torso up with his elbows on the floor, while his lover loomed over him on all fours and kissed him deeply, before moving his lips over Danny's stubbled jaw and down his neck, licking at the sensitive spot behind his ear, nibbling on his earlobe, and enjoying the sounds the detective was making as his nerve endings fired messages directly to his dick.

Steve knelt back, ass on Danny's thighs, as he pushed his hands up under the blonde's shirt and lifted it so he could see his stomach and chest, trace his hands over the ridges of Danny's abs and up through his chest hair. Then his fingers were nimbly tugging at the buttons until they were all undone, spreading the shirt open and dipping down to kiss down Danny's throat and collarbone, licking over the scars he'd left months before, which had become a ritual for him.

The blonde pushed his lover up and sat forward, taking the hem of the SEAL's t-shirt and lifting it up over his head. He threw it onto the picnic basket and ran his hands down Steve's smooth back, tickling the scars there with his calloused fingertips and kneading at the base of his spine, just above his belt. He licked his hot tongue over Steve's nipples, making him moan and sigh, before nibbling at his stomach and leaving open-mouthed kisses across his belly. He brought his hands around to unbutton the jeans fly and unzip Steve, tugging gently at the denim until it was loosened and sliding down the man's slim hips.

His fingers went to Steve's boxers waistband, but the brunette was gently pulling Danny's shirt off his shoulders and pushing him back down onto the blanket, before undoing the detective's jeans with the same dexterity.

Every move they made was careful and slow, savouring the moments and refusing to rush the situation. Passion bubbled under the surface, a need to wrap themselves in each other and fuck until they passed out, but it was tempered by the essential wish to get to know each other's bodies again, to reaffirm their love and affection for their partner, and so their grips were firm but their movements were leisurely.

Steve backed up so he could pull Danny's jeans down, removing his sandals and shoving them to
one side before divesting himself of the rest of his own clothing.

Danny watched him as he stalked back up over him, the pink and orange light from the ignored sunset lit him up and made him glow like some sort of ethereal being. He was a god, at least as far as Danny was concerned, and he was his alone to worship.

Steve was on all fours again, straddling Danny's body, and he kissed his way up the blonde's chest until his face came level with the detective's.

"You're fucking beautiful, Danny," he whispered, obviously having the same reverential thoughts about his lover that Danny was, "I want all of you, and I want you forever..."

Danny closed his eyes and swallowed hard, trying to keep the emotion from bubbling up and overtaking him.

"God Steve, I love you. I need you," he opened his eyes and stared into those impossibly perfect blue-green eyes of his lover, "I am yours, you know that? Forever, I mean it."

Steve smiled lovingly and dipped down for a kiss, long and slow, and his bare cock slid up along Danny's, making him gasp against the SEAL's lips. The brunette pressed the entire length of his body down over Danny's, their leaking dicks providing a small amount of lubricant so that they could slide over each other's stomachs and push their faces into one another's necks, moaning and panting as Steve's hips built up a slow, insistent rhythm and Danny pushed up against him.

They continued this way for a few minutes, slowly moving against each other and building their passion, until Steve pulled back and ran his hand over Danny's gold-stubbled cheek and through his hair.

"Fuck, Danny, I wanna come inside you. I need you..." he trailed off, like he was almost afraid to ask to take control. It was endearing, for him to be so hesitant even when his need was clearly evident.

Danny pulled him in for a deep kiss, "I want that, babe..." and then he pushed up on Steve's hips until he had enough room, and turned himself over under his lover, stretching out like a cat and lifting his ass up to playfully brush a cheek against his lover's cock.

Steve moaned at just the sight of Danny offering himself up to him, and he quickly dug in the basket to retrieve the lube. They both fully acknowledged a while back that it was a good idea to take a bottle with them wherever they went, even if there was no initial intention to have sex, just in case they needed to relieve some tension. So it had become a staple item whenever they packed a bag or Steve's cargo pants pockets, or in this case a picnic basket...

The SEAL squeezed a little lube into Danny's right hand before taking his wrist and guiding it down so Danny could palm his own cock underneath him. Then he smothered his own fingers and cock, sliding his fingertips in between Danny's ass cheeks, seeking out his hole and gently entering him with one digit.

Danny moaned and pushed down into his own hand, and the sensation was amazing. He had to stop himself from sliding into his own grip too much as Steve worked his ass, otherwise he would come before the main event, but it felt so good to have his lover pressing two, and then three fingers into him while his own slippery hand held his dick tightly and every downward pressure from Steve resulted in him gliding through his own fist.

He was moaning loudly and clutching at the blanket by the time Steve had him prepped, and he
didn't know how much longer he was going to hold on. Steve had been slowly jerking himself off while he was working his lover open, and his breathing was harsh, so he couldn't be far behind Danny.

And then he was over him, pressing his warm chest and stomach to Danny’s back and sliding his hand underneath the his chest for leverage, before positioning himself at the detective's entrance. He plastered his hand over Danny's pectoral and kissed the back of his ear.

"I love you, so very much," he whispered, and Danny's reply was lost in a moan as the head of Steve's cock pushed past his tight ring and entered him, sliding up inside and filling him as Steve pushed in to the hilt.

Danny’s raw moan stepped up in volume when he raised his ass and pressed back against Steve, encouraging him to take him as deeply as he could, and the brunette's hand moved up to grip his shoulder, forcing himself in even further.

"Fuck..." Danny moaned into the blanket, "Oh fuck Steve, you feel so good!"

Steve growled possessively, low in his chest, and nuzzled at Danny's shoulders as he allowed the blonde time to adjust to his invasion.

"Danny, your ass is so perfect, you don't even understand... Shit, you're so tight and hot..." he mouthed at the back of Danny's neck and the detective groaned out loud.

"Fuck, Steve yes..." he loved that spot, when they were together and really into the sex, lost in each other, the back of his neck became so sensitive sometimes that just the feel of Steve's lips or fingers there could make him come undone, and his partner had learned this and took full advantage.

Steve wasn't even moving inside him yet, and his own hand was held still on his cock, but the SEAL was making him writhe with pleasure just by licking over the back of his neck and huffing hot air across the skin.

Danny moaned out long strings of curse words and 'I love you's and some sounds which were probably meant to be words but were lost before they became fully formed.

"Steve, stop, you're gonna make me come just- ah, just by doing that. Please, it's not fair..."

Steve chuckled into his hair, but pulled away and shifted his knees into a slightly better position. And then he was fucking in and out of Danny's ass, causing him to cry out for a whole new set of reasons, because his hips were being pushed down and his own cock was gliding over his lubed up palm and through his fingers, and the sensation of Steve's cock plunging into him made him shout his lover's name.

The Silverado's suspension creaked underneath them, and Steve was whispering against his ear, words of love and longing caressing his skin as the man drove into him in long, powerful, sweeping movements. Then Steve changed his angle, his cock sliding over Danny's prostate, and the blonde cried out his name louder. The SEAL could tell that his lover was about to come, and he clamped his mouth down on the back of Danny's neck, growling and letting the vibrations travel through his lips and teeth, thrusting down into him a few more times, hitting his sweet spot and forcing the detective's cock to jerk through his own hand.

Danny's orgasm was explosive. It hit like a freight train and his world went white, fireworks exploding in his brain. He went into meltdown as he bucked his hips upward into his lover and cried out wordlessly, losing every ounce of control in the rapture that descended on his brain.
Steve groaned wantonly and gripped the blonde's hips. "Danny, oh god!" he yelled as his partner clenched around him, plunging in hard and releasing his heat deep inside his lover, collapsing on top of him in a sweaty mess.

Danny's eyelids flickered as his brain attempted a reboot, and he realised he wasn't breathing. He gulped in some much needed oxygen and the breath released itself from his lungs in the form of a moan.

"Holy fuck..." he mumbled into the blanket.

They lay in that position for about five minutes, feeling unable to do anything other than just breathe each other's scents and caress one another's skin while they came down from their euphoric highs.

Steve eventually found the energy to roll off Danny, flopping onto his back, and Danny shifted himself until he was on his side, curling into Steve and wrapping his arms around his lover as best he could. They stared up at the stars, and Danny marvelled at how they were so much clearer here than in New Jersey, that far away place that used to be his home.

Used to be. Because it wasn't his home anymore. Home wasn't the house he grew up in, or Jersey, or the mainland. It wasn't his house that he shared with Steve, or Hawaii, or anywhere on this planet. Because his home wasn't a place, it was a living, breathing person, and was lying next to him and gazing up at the stars with him.

His home was Steven J McGarrett.

After a while they wrestled their clothes back on and sat on the tailgate dangling their legs off the end, with Danny's arm tucked around Steve's waist, and the SEAL's draped across his shoulders while he pointed out various constellations to the detective.

Danny already knew a lot of them, but he loved listening to Steve describe the stories behind some of the names, and the man obviously enjoyed being the one to wave his arm around and talk non stop for a change. It made Danny smile to see his partner so animated, and he spent more time gazing at Steve than he did at the sky.

And if perfect times for proposals existed, then this was it. Both of them relaxed and in love, on the beach under the stars, having just had some of the most amazing sex of their time together. Steve turned and stared deep into Danny's blue eyes, his emotions on full display in the way he looked at him, the love and warmth and affection.

This would have been flawless.

But then Steve was hopping down from the truck and asking for Danny's help to load the barbecue and table, and before long they were on the road to home.

Danny was quiet as Steve drove back to the house. He couldn't take this anymore. This was going to finish him off if he didn't talk to Steve soon. He was going to have to bring it up before he completely lost his mind, because this torture? It was unfair.

The climbed out of the truck, and Steve was on him again, obviously having had enough time to recharge and he seemed to only have one thing on his mind. He took Danny's hand and dragged him into the house and up the stairs before the blonde had enough time to protest.
Steve pulled his t-shirt over his head and threw himself onto the bed, he was beginning to undo his jeans again when he looked up and noticed Danny was still standing near the bedroom door, arms crossed over his chest.

He frowned, "Sorry Danny, did you not wanna..?"

The detective sighed and looked away from Steve's confused face. He spread one arm out, running the hand through his hair and then splaying the fingers out, keeping the other arm wrapped around himself because he felt vulnerable. "I was wondering if uh, if you could explain something to me, babe..." he roamed back and forth across the bedroom as he spoke, trying to centre himself, "because about four weeks ago now I found something in here that I probably shouldn't have. And you haven't brought it up, even though there were several occasions when you could have. When it would have been more than appropriate to do so. And yet, there's been nothing... sometimes you look like you're gonna do something about it and then you don't. And I want you to, Steve, I really really want you to do something about it!"

His pulse was thundering in his ears, he hadn't wanted to confront his lover on this, but he really couldn't take it anymore.

Steve sat up on the bed, looking slightly lost with his brow creased and rubbing the back of his head. "What are you talking about, Danny?"

"The ring, Steve, the ring!" The blonde waved his arms over his head in frustration.

Steve put his face in his hands and sighed, "Shit, Danny look, it was just gonna be a bit of fun..."

"Fun? FUN? What the fuck, Steven?" He didn’t understand, what the hell did his partner mean? Fun? Was commitment just a joke to him?

"Danny, it's just a cock ring okay, we don't have to use it, but hey it sounds like you're up for it so..." he spread his arms out.

"Cock ri---- no, Steven, this ring!!" He yanked the sock draw open, pulled the black velvet box out and waved it aggressively at his partner.

Steve stared at him in shock and confusion. "Danny, that's... that's my dad's wedding ring..."

Danny stared at him, forgetting how to breathe. All the blood drained from his face and he broke out in a cold sweat, full of dread. "What?" he croaked.

Steve shifted forward, placing his feet on the ground, "It's my dad's ring. I kept it for sentimental reasons and, well it didn't seem right to leave it in the toolbox so... it's always been in my drawer, Danny. It's been in there for about four and a half years..."

The blonde looked down at the box clasped in his hand, and slowly flipped the lid up to see the contents properly for the first time. A silver-coloured ring sat there in the holder, but it was obviously old. Time and use had worn parts of it smooth, and there were small scratches in the surface, some areas shiny and some dull through wear and tear.

"What, you mean that..?" Danny gripped the ring box tightly in his hand as Steve stared at him in utter confusion, and he stared at what was inside.

His heart was in his mouth and he felt like he was going to cry. He needed the earth to just swallow him up and be done with it.
Steve reached out for him, but he backed up and snapped the box shut, dropping it at his feet.

"Oh god... how can I have been so stupid?" The detective gasped.

"Danny, wait!" His partner called after him, but the blonde was already running. There was nothing, nothing in the world which would make him turn around now.

He had to get out, had to get away, had to be anywhere but under Steve's gaze. Because Danny was an idiot, and he'd just been made to look like the world's biggest fool.

He was down the stairs, out the door and throwing himself into the Camaro, not knowing or caring if Steve was following him. He threw the car into gear and the tyres screamed on the asphalt as he pulled out and drove into the night.

You fucking idiot, Williams. You absolute moron! Why the hell did you think that the ring was for you? A month, a whole month you've been sitting around and waiting on a proposal that was never going to happen... Idiot idiot idiot!

Two hours of aimless driving later, he ended up with his feet dangling over the low wall at his favourite spot on the island. The stars were out, the water was calm and the night was silent. It should have been beautiful, it should have been peaceful, but he just sat there, shoulders hunched, the tear tracks drying on his face. It was anything but peaceful in his mind.

He didn't even look up when he heard the truck pull in behind him. He should have known Steve would come to find him and bring him home, the guy didn't seem to understand the concept of needing alone time after something as horrendous as what had just happened. He felt the solid, warm weight of Steve's body pressed against his side as his partner sat on the wall facing the opposite way.

They sat in silence for a good five minutes or so before Steve finally spoke.

"I knew you'd come out here. To this spot," he said low and quiet, as if speaking with any real volume would scare the blonde away.

Danny stared down at his feet and couldn't think of a single word to say. Nothing seemed appropriate right now, nothing seemed important.

"I had no idea you'd seen that box... If I'd known, I... I guess it explains why you've been wound so tight lately." He felt Steve shrug his shoulders, and considered just throwing himself over the side of the cliff so he didn't have to go through the massive embarrassment of coming back from this situation.

Danny ran a hand through his hair and took a deep breath, "I kept thinking you were gonna propose, yeah. So I was a bit on edge... I mean we went camping, and Maui was amazing and we went for that walk at sunset, and then tonight? I mean tonight was just..." It was all coming pouring out, because he'd had to keep it to himself for so long. He turned and swung his legs around so he was facing inland again and put his face in his hands, pushing his palms against his eyes until he saw flashes of white, "So yeah, I've been a little all over the place..."

Steve was quiet again for a while, and the detective reconsidered how quickly the fall over the cliff might kill him. He might survive it, and then he'd have to go through all this emotional shit while in traction and unable to run away from Steve... he needed another method of death, preferably guaranteed and quick.
His lover's voice made him jump after all the silence. "Out of interest, what would you have said?"

He let out a loud sigh and it morphed into a tight, humourless snicker, "Yeah, no that's great, let's torture me. That would complete this whole night..." he groaned, "It doesn't matter anymore, Steven..."

"Maybe it doesn't, maybe it does..." Steve said in a soothing voice. Danny refused to look at him, instead choosing to stand and take a couple of steps forward to separate himself from the pain of the whole situation.

"I... I would have said yes, if you must know..." Just rip my entire heart out, kill me right here and now and leave me to the vultures...

He heard Steve move off the wall, but he didn't approach Danny, giving him the space he needed. The blonde shoved his hands deep into his front pockets.

"That's good... and you should probably bear in mind that, with me being a trained Navy SEAL, that I'd be much better at hiding an engagement ring than just sticking it in a sock drawer-"

Danny rolled his eyes, because yeah, he acknowledged that it was a massive cliché.

"-I hid it in a completely different place..."

Danny paused. He was pretty sure his heart actually stopped. No, he did hear that right, didn't he? He opened his mouth and turned to face Steve, but that was made difficult by the fact that his partner was down on one knee behind him, holding a red velvet ring box.

"Fuck..." he breathed.

"I thought about doing this in the rainforest... I thought about doing it in Maui... and I thought about doing it when we were lying under the stars earlier... I've thought about it every minute of every day for the last six weeks that I've had this thing burning a hole in my pocket. None of it seemed like it would do you justice. And honestly I was scared, because I know how you feel about marriage and everything..."

Danny was going to pass out. He felt like he was on a rollercoaster and his mind was still desperately trying to catch up to grasp the situation. And Steve was still talking.

"But now I know I shouldn't have been scared. And I should have known this was the perfect place to do it. Because you told me this was the first place you found on the island where you felt like everything might actually be alright. That you felt comfortable. And that's how I always want you to feel..."

The blonde scrubbed his face with his hands and tried to stop his heart beating out of his chest.

"So Detective Sergeant Danny Williams... will you marry me?"

Chapter End Notes

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Sorry about the summary, that was mean ;P But I wasn't lying!!
Please let me know your thoughts :)


Past Deeds...

Chapter Summary

Steve and Danny celebrate, in more ways than one! But nothing ever goes smoothly...

Chapter Notes

Okay, I'm really sorry, I know you'll hate me. But this is H50, after all! Since when did everything go right?

As promised, Danny's answer is the first word in this chapter, though maybe not how you thought :D

I wrote this and the next chapter as one, and then realised it was ridiculously long, so I divided it into two...

((Special mention to Ilja - I hope this is better than the football! And to Max - You better be studying, sir!!))

Enjoy!

___

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Yes!" Danny shouted and pressed his head back into the pillow, "Fuck Steve, yes!"

Steve had his hips in a death grip and was holding him down to the bed as his mouth worked magic on Danny’s cock, making him writhe underneath him.

The blonde was deep in his lover’s throat, and the feeling of his hot, wet mouth around him was delicious, as he bobbed his head up and then took Danny all the way back in again, swallowing and working his throat muscles hard.

"Jesus fucking Christ, Steve you stop that right now!" Danny giggled and pulled at Steve's hair to get him to stop, but it only caused him to growl, creating beautiful vibrations which travelled right to the detective's balls. He cried out and smacked Steve lightly over the back of his head, and the SEAL finally came up for breath.

"What? What did I do?" he laughed.

"You know damn well what you're doing!" Danny grabbed his shoulders and hauled him up the bed, "C'mere you bastard!"

He mashed his mouth into his partner's and tasted himself on the brunette's tongue, rolling them over so Steve was under him and biting over his stubbled jaw.
"I fucking love you," he mumbled into the rough skin as it scratched at his lips, "but if you think I'm just gonna lie there and let you do all the work," he nibbled along Steve's collarbone, "then you've got another thing coming!"

Steve laughed and squirmed as his lover grazed his teeth over his nipple, and he grasped Danny's biceps to try and roll him over, but the blonde threw all his weight into holding the SEAL to the bed.

Steve stopped fighting him and huffed out a happy sigh as the cop left open-mouthed kisses down over his abs and dipped his tongue into his belly button, drawing an interesting sound from him. Danny licked a stripe up the full length of Steve's dick, running his tongue tantalizingly around the head. The SEAL's fingers gripped the sheets and he pushed his hips up toward Danny's face, the blonde slid his hands underneath Steve's ass cheeks and took him into his mouth. He glided his lips up and down his lover's thick length, before relaxing his throat and taking him all the way back, using his grip on Steve's buttocks to bury him to his hilt.

The SEAL grunted and arched his back, and Danny pulled off him before taking him in again and again, taking deep breaths each time Steve's cock slid far enough out. His fingers nudged in between Steve's cheeks and he massaged at his partner's hole, probing gently. A bottle of lube landed next to his shoulder on the bed, and he raised his eyes to see Steve looking down at him through his long eyelashes, grinning.

Danny pulled back off him with a lascivious popping noise and smirked, "You eager, babe?"

Steve slipped his fingers into the blonde's hair and caressed his ear, tugging at the lobe gently. "However you want it, baby, I'm all yours," he whispered.

The detective grinned, "I dunno, I kind of figure our first time as an engaged couple should be equal, you know?"

The smile that spread across his lover's lips was gorgeous. "Shit, I still can't believe you said 'yes' after all that," he laughed and let his head fall back to the bed.

Danny crawled back up over Steve and hovered there on all fours, still grinning like a maniac, "Oh god, did I say 'yes'? I meant the opposite of that..."

The SEAL faked an over-dramatic gasp, eyes wide, and grabbed Danny's shoulders, rolling them again so that he was on top, "Well you can't take it back now!"

"No, I can't have said 'yes'! Because you're a neathderthal animal who drives my car too fast and makes things go boom, I could never marry you!" Danny was trying hard not to giggle as Steve began scraping his sharp teeth down over his sides where his skin was sensitive, and he wriggled under his lover's touch.

"Oh is that so? How about if I do this?" Steve's mouth was once again enveloping the head of his cock, and Danny moaned loudly and threw his head back, drawing his feet up to his ass with his knees bent.

"No! You can torture me all- ahhh- all you like but I won't break! Oh my god!!" His partner was grazing his teeth up Danny's shaft and sending shivers up his spine. "Fuck, Steve!"

Then a lubed-up finger was being pushed into his hole, and he moaned and gripped at the mattress. Steve grasped Danny's cock in his hand and massaged it, exploring the head with his lips and tongue.
The brunette raised his head up long enough to purr at his partner, "How about now?" He inserted a second finger and hooked it around to rub over Danny's prostate, simultaneously ducking back down and sucking gently on the tip of his cock and squeezing with his hand.

"Holy fuck! Okay okay, you win! I'll marry you!" The detective gasped out as he bucked his hips upward. Steve just laughed around his dick and pushed a third finger inside him, making Danny cry out at the delightful stretch which just sat on the edge of pain.

The SEAL pumped his fingers into Danny's puckered hole a few times, before biting his way up over his stomach and chest, and settling his cock at his lover's entrance.

Danny reached out for the lube, coating his hand before reaching down to slather it over Steve's cock, taking his time doing so and making the man groan and squeeze his eyes shut. He was about to push forward when Danny grabbed his hips and flipped them again, Steve yelling in surprise, and suddenly one of the blonde's fingers was slipping inside him while his other hand went back to massaging the SEAL's cock.

"Mmmm god..." The brunette's spine bowed as he pressed against Danny's hand, and his lover prepped him carefully while kissing the head of his swollen dick and sucking gently.

Then the detective was moving forward, entering his partner, Steve bent his knees and planted his feet firmly on the bed, and the two of them moaned in unison. Danny leaned down and kissed Steve deeply as he slid in slowly, with his knees either side of the man's ass until he was sheathed completely within his lover. He stayed still while the man adjusted to him, and they kissed languidly and passionately, grasping at each other's shoulder and sliding fingers through hair.

Finally he began to move, making long slow thrusts into his partner as they moaned and sighed against each other's lips, and Steve ran his nails down the back of Danny's neck and sent shivers through his body, raising goosebumps and making him bite down gently on the SEAL's throat.

Steve pushed his head back on the bed, baring his neck to his lover and exposing himself in an act of submission that made the blonde whimper. He loved it when his partner gave himself like this. He took full advantage and kissed his way down the brunette's stretched out throat, tasting his pulse and the faint smell of his aftershave, and salt and sweat from the beach earlier that night, the musk of his skin; the individual scents that combined together to create that very specific intoxicating Steve flavour.

Danny thrust into him, savouring every moment, reaching between them to caress Steve's hard, leaking cock, and they lost themselves for a few minutes in the languid movements and slide of skin on skin.

Then suddenly the SEAL was placing his palms on Danny's hips and making him pull out. He brought the cop down for another kiss, as he guided him over onto his back and tugged at his shoulders until Danny was sitting up against the headboard with a pillow behind his back.

The brunette positioned himself and began to slide into Danny slowly, but the detective hooked his heels around Steve's ass and pulled him in sharply, all the way in to fill him up. They both howled in pleasure, and it spurred the SEAL on to start a hard, fast pace, and he knelt up and lifted Danny's hips up, holding his legs out wide so he could watch as his cock plunged deep into the blonde, forcing him back into the headboard.

"God, Danny..." Steve's breathing was heavy and ragged, and Danny didn't think either of them could hold up much longer under the intense assault. His slick hand went to his own cock, and he began to jerk himself off, eventually matching Steve's pounding rhythm, while his other hand
gripped the headboard over his head. The SEAL's hips snapped against his ass at high speed, and Danny canted his hips slightly. His partner's cock skimmed over his prostate and Danny yelled his lover's name.

Steve was rasping out curse words and Danny's name, amongst other unidentifiable noises, his head back and his eyes tightly shut.

Every time his dick hit Danny's sweet spot, it felt like a bolt of lighting up the detective's spine, and with one final stroke of his own cock he came over himself, releasing a keening moan and clenching around his partner.

Steve lifted Danny's calves onto his shoulders and moved his hands to the blonde's hips, slamming himself into the man hard. He shot his load deep inside his lover, holding in his shout of release and instead turning his mouth onto Danny's inner thigh and biting down.

Danny yelped and tried to swat at Steve, but could only reach the brunette's knee, which he slapped hard. He was still coming down from his orgasmic high, so was a little uncoordinated, but the sudden pain had focused his aim.

Steve withdrew his mouth, only to dip back down to run his tongue over the red marks. He hadn't broken the skin, but he'd come damn close.

"You bastard," Danny grouched and panted, "If you're gonna try and mark me every time there's a milestone in our relationship, I'm gonna wear armour on our wedding night, you hear me?"

Steve snorted and pulled out of his partner. He collapsed down next to him and rested his head against the blonde's chest, sighing contentedly and wrapped an arm across his stomach, making a slightly disgusted noise when his forearm ended up coated in come.

Danny slid his arm under Steve's head and pressed his lips to the short brown hair. "I love you, babe," he whispered, and kissed his head again.

Steve smiled and nuzzled against his hairy chest. "I love you too, Danno."

They both waited until their pulses had calmed, and then Steve peeled himself away from his lover and practically hauled him out of the bed while Danny groaned in complaint.

"Come on, shower time," the SEAL grinned.

They leisurely washed one another down, exchanging kisses and making out against the cool tiles, just feeling their bodies pressed together. It was beautiful, calm and sensual, and when they were clean they both stripped the sheets and remade the bed, before crawling into it together and Steve once again rested his head on Danny's chest.

The blonde reached over to the bedside table where the red ring box sat, and snapped it open to pull his ring out. He'd put it on after saying ‘yes’ to Steve on the cliff top, dropping to his knees in front of the SEAL and kissing him hard, but when they'd finally got home after making out against the Camaro for half an hour, he'd put it away safely, knowing he'd be using his hands a lot that night.

It had a central white gold band, sandwiched by two narrower brushed titanium bands, altogether around 8mm wide, with three small, but brilliant diamonds set into the gold. Steve had told him they represented their past, present and future together, and he hadn’t cried, not at all. It was one classy piece of jewellery, understated and elegant, but still solid with a good weight to it. It was perfect.
He slid it on to his finger, wondering how Steve had managed to find out his ring size (and putting it down to the man's Navy intelligence background) and intertwined his fingers in Steve's. The SEAL lifted his hand to look at the ring sitting on his fiancé's finger, and nuzzled his face into his chest.

They had just begun to drift off to sleep when Steve's alarm started beeping. 6am.

"Christ, we've been up for twenty-four hours?" Danny groused as Steve smacked the alarm clock into submission.

"It's Saturday, Danno, go to sleep. We've got good news to spread, but we'll sort that out later..." he kissed Danny's cheek and settled against him again as the detective wrapped his arm around his back and they tangled their fingers again, Steve smoothing his thumb over Danny's ring.

"We need to get you one of these, babe," Danny mumbled sleepily.

Steve smiled against Danny's skin, and the two of them drifted off to sleep wrapped in one another.

"Wow."

Danny looked up at his fiancé and smiled. He'd just been looking in the mirror and worrying that he looked like a waiter again. Admittedly, a damn good waiter, maybe the maitre d'. But he never really felt like James Bond when he wore a suit, not when Steve always looked so damn 007 in his.

"I look like I'm gonna be serving you tonight..." he grumbled, adjusting his black silk tie in the mirror for the third time. He was nervous, and that always translated to negativity.

Steve came up behind him and rested his head on Danny's shoulder, sliding his hands around his waist under the black jacket. "Whereas I would much prefer you out of this suit, it looks great on you. You don't look like a waiter, so stop being a goof."

Danny looked down at Steve's hands on his stomach and touched the ring now sitting on his partner's finger. They'd been out to get him one as soon as they'd woken up (well, after more sex and another shower, of course!) and it looked good on him.

It was similar to Danny's, but the titanium band was the central one and wider, with the white gold on the edges, and three diamonds just the same as his.

He nodded, "Okay, let me look at you then," he turned in Steve's embrace and adjusted the SEAL's tie and lapels, leaning back to give him a once over. "Fuck, I'm shaken and stirred!" He gave his partner a dirty grin.

Steve took a step toward him, closing the gap again and looking a little dangerous, making Danny's cock twitch in his pants. "Good, Mr Moneypenny, because I have a license to thrill..."

"Oh god, the puns have to stop!" Danny laughed, and his lover dipped down to kiss him. And it quickly deepened, because he just looked so damn hot in that suit. Steve in a tie was always going to flick his switch.

Steve began to un-tuck his shirt from his pants, and Danny pushed him away. "Hey, I just got myself tidy and you're mucking me up!" He tucked his shirt back in, and grinned at Steve’s disappointed face. “Listen, you look hot as anything right now, babe, but I don’t wanna be late to this. It’s important.”
Steve smiled softly at him, “Yeah, it is. I know,” he cupped Danny’s face and thumbed his chin, tilting him up for a tender kiss, “Let’s go.”

Danny didn’t move though, because he was still staring at Steve’s throat where it disappeared under his collar and tie. Hot damn! "Mmmm no no no," he muttered to himself, as much as he wanted to slide that tie undone again and fasten his lips to that stubbled skin, "No, Kono will moan if we're late again... she still hasn't forgiven us for being two hours late for Halloween!"

They managed to drag themselves apart and head off to the restaurant.

"So, what's this sudden short-notice ohana outing all about?" Chin asked as he tucked his napkin over his lap.

Everyone was all dressed up especially, as per Steve's request, and because of the fact they were eating out at one of Hawaii's top five star restaurants.

They'd all ordered their food, and were now all settled at the table and enjoying their wine and beers. Morimoto's restaurant was packed, as per usual, and when Steve had called to make the reservation for seven, he'd been told that there was no way he'd get a table tonight. Five minutes later he'd received a phone call directly from the Iron Chef himself, remembering the Five-0 Commander and his partner from when they visited to pull a bullet from his catch of the day, which had been destined for the table and would have been a big culinary faux pas had it made it past the kitchen and out to a customer. He insisted they would make room for the group, especially when Steve mentioned the reason for the team meal out!

Morimoto had got his staff to clear a space out on the private veranda, where the group could laugh and chat to their heart's content and not be interrupted or worry about being too loud for other customers, although Danny had noticed more than one group of diners eyeing them enviously. The rest of the restaurant had a good view of their table through the big double doors.

Sat around the table were Chin, Kono and Adam, Gracie and Max, their closest friends and the people who they most wanted to give their news to besides family.

Danny had already called Jersey earlier that day to speak to his parents and sisters, and Steve had called Mary-Ann and Aunt Deb, wanting them to know about the engagement first, but now it was time for the ohana to know.

Both men had taken their rings off before arriving at the restaurant, wanting everything to be a complete surprise.

Steve distracted Chin and the team with pleasantries about wanting a nice meal with friends after a tough week, while Danny beckoned Grace over and took her to one side.

"Hey baby, you enjoying yourself?" He asked as he picked her up and sat her on the wooden ballistrade surrounding the veranda.

"Yeah, it's great to see all my aunts and uncles!" she grinned sweetly, "Especially Uncle Steve..." she leaned forward conspiratorially and whispered, "He's my favourite!"

Danny laughed, "Oh, well we'll just keep that a secret, huh? He doesn't need any more of an ego boost," he gave his daughter a wink and she giggled.

"Listen Monkey, I wanted to talk to you about Uncle Steve actually... you know how much you
like him, yeah?"

Grace nodded vigorously, "I love Uncle Steve!"

"Well I wanted you to know that, even though he's still gonna be your Uncle Steve, he's all going to kinda be your step Steve... because we're gonna get married." He pulled the ring from his pocket and showed it to her in the palm of his hand.

She squealed loudly and he put his finger to his lips and gestured to the rest of the group, "But none of them know yet, and me and Steve talked about it and we wanted you to be the one to tell them. If you're happy about it, that is."

His words were cut off as Grace leapt into his arms from the railing and squeezed him tightly. He couldn't breathe, but he didn't really care, because his gorgeous little girl was happy and that made him want to explode.

He squeezed her in return before gently placing her back on the railing, where she released him. She had silent tears streaming down her face, and the biggest grin on her face, putting dimples in her little chipmunk cheeks. Danny couldn't help it, seeing his little girl's reaction, and he welled up too and quickly wiped her tears away.

Steve appeared behind him and looked at his little family and their wet cheeks. "Oh jeez, what have I walked into?" he smiled gently and surreptitiously wiped Danny's tears away so the rest of the team didn't see.

Danny sniffed and cleared his throat, unable to speak. Luckily his daughter stepped up to the mark.

"Uncle Steve, I can't believe you're marrying Danno!" It was an excited whisper so their company didn't overhear, "It's the best news ever!"

Now it was Steve's turn to cry as Grace leapt into his embrace as well, and he buried his wet face in her hair.

Danny had to turn away to gather himself together, but then quickly turned back because he couldn't miss this sight, not for a second. His handsome fiancé and his beautiful daughter, hugging the living hell out of each other. He glanced over to the group at the table, and one by one they were looking up and pointing at the three of them.

"I think they're onto us, guys," he nudged Steve's arm and the brunette put Grace down, scrubbing at his face.

"Gracie, did Danno tell you that we want you to give the news?" The SEAL smiled down at the little girl, who gave an enthusiastic nod.

The two men looked at each other and slipped their respective rings on, and then Danny patted his daughter between the shoulder blades, nudging her toward the table.

"Go for it, Monkey," he grinned.

"Aunty Kono! Uncle Chin! Uncle Adam! Uncle Max!" She dashed toward their friends, waving her arms, and Danny and Steve laughed at her addressing every single person by name, "Danno and Uncle Steve are getting married!"

She jumped onto Kono's lap and hugged her tightly.
The Hawaiian woman screamed, "I knew it!!"

Everyone at the table stood, and came around to congratulate Danny and Steve.

Chin smiled warmly at them, "Guys, it's been a long time coming. This is fantastic news! Ho'omaika'i 'ana."

Steve leaned over to Danny, whispering "That means ‘congratulations’ in Hawaiian,"

Danny rolled his eyes and put an exasperated voice on, "Yes, thank you babe, I guessed as much...", but was grinning nonetheless.

Steve just smirked at him, smug bastard that he was. Lovely, ridiculously handsome smug bastard.

Kono put Grace down and threw her arms around Steve, "Congrats guys, this is so awesome!" Then she rounded on Danny, "Come here, you!" She hugged him tightly and he gave her a good squeeze and lifted her off the floor a little.

"Thank you for all your support, babe," he whispered. She'd been his rock while Steve was away, and had always been their number one fan when it came to them being a couple, and he really appreciated that from the bottom of his heart.

All of their friends, in fact, had been so supportive and absolutely perfect. He couldn't ask for a better ohana.

Adam shook his hand firmly and gave him a broad grin, saying "Congratulations buddy," and clapping him on the shoulder. Then he swapped with Max, who had been shaking Steve's hand, and the pathologist grasped his hand excitedly.

"This is extremely fortuitous news, Detective Williams," he pushed his glasses back up his nose, "Such a pleasing change in circumstances! And you make a charming pairing, being in a romantic relationship with Commander McGarrett seems to have had a calming effect on your sarcastic outbursts, and you are not quite as acetic as you used to be-"

Danny cut him off, "Okay Max, thank you, I still remember how to punch people in the face when they get annoying," and he gave the man a smile which said he was only joking... sort of...

"Ah, yes, uh, ho'omaika'i 'ana, Detective," he blushed a little.

"Thank you, Max," Danny patted his shoulder gently.

"Who proposed to whom?" Kono asked, prodding Danny in his side.

Danny smiled and crossed his arms, looking at his partner and allowing Steve to field that one.

"I proposed to him, at his favourite spot overlooking the ocean," Steve said, proud of his choice of setting and settling a smug grin across his features.

A chorus of ‘aaaw’s went up from their friends, and Danny cocked his head to one side, not letting his lover get away with looking like a perfect Romeo.

"After chickening out of doing it while we were camping in the forest... and in Maui... and at the-"

"Alright, Danny, yes thank you," Steve smacked him gently on the arm and looked suitably embarrassed, "I may have had to build up the courage a little bit..."
Danny smirked at him and Steve tried to glare back at the blonde for taking him down a peg, but just ended up echoing the smile. They looked up to see Chin, hand outstretched and palm up, wiggling his fingers at his cousin. Kono sighed dramatically and slipped her wallet out, sifting fifty dollars' worth of notes out and stuffing them in Chin's hand.

The pair stared at the cousins in disbelief. Kono shrugged, "What? I thought it would be Danny who cracked first!"

"Do you two bet on everything we do?" Danny asked incredulously. "Do you have a bet on what colour boxers I'm wearing as well?"

The adults giggled and Grace made an 'ew' face at her father's mention of underwear.

"I'd like to say no, but..." Kono joked and made to pull at Danny's waistband, and Adam laughed, smacking her hand away.

Their food arrived, and the seven of them sat and ate and laughed, and Danny and Steve showed off their rings, and couldn't help but give each other loving looks across the table while they all chatted away.

Eventually Rachel turned up to pick up Grace, and the little girl ran to her mother to tell her the good news before Danny could stop her. He caught up with them and apologised, explaining that he'd wanted to tell her in a better way, but Rachel simply held him tightly in a warm, genuine embrace, and wished him and Steve congratulations. And when the SEAL came out to see her, she hugged him as well. They watched Danny's ex disappear into the distance with Grace, both a little stunned by her happiness for them, but delighted about it as well.

After everyone eventually decided to call it a night, Danny and Steve waved them off and took a walk along the nearby beach, kicking their shoes off by a wall near the Camaro and walking past some palm trees which lined the shore.

"I don't think tonight could have gone much better," Steve said happily and they entwined their fingers together.

Danny grinned at him, "Oh I can think of one way it could go better..." He reached up to Steve's neck and brought him down for a kiss, and then backed him up into a palm tree and tugged on his tie.

The SEAL moaned against his lips and he slid the detective's tie undone and left it dangling around his neck, undoing the top buttons of his dress shirt.

Danny tugged his lover's shirt out of his pants, while Steve did the same, and then his firm hands on Danny's hips moved him so that he was up against the tree and Steve was looming over him, their mouths still connected. The blonde opened his mouth up to his fiancé's probing tongue and ran his fingers through his short brown hair, while Steve kneaded at his lower back.

Steve was torn away from him sharply and suddenly, and the blonde abruptly realised they were surrounded by five men. He lurched forward for his partner, who was being held by two of the men and struggling, but two of the others grasped his arms and threw him back against the tree, knocking air from his lungs.

Steve wrestled against the men, and just as he was breaking free the fifth man stepped up behind him and punched him viciously in the back of the head. Steve grunted and went to his knees, and Danny again went to go to his aid.
"Steve!" he cried out, but he was held back again, the two guys grabbing his wrists and biceps and forcing him back against the tree yet again. The fifth man advanced on him and clasped his hand around Danny's jaw, pushing his head against the trunk and glaring into his face. Danny realised he recognised him from somewhere, but he couldn't place him.

"Danny!" His lover continued to struggle, and the two heavy-set men were having problems holding him still, which Danny took a second to be proud of before turning his attention back to the guy in front of him.

"What the fuck do you want?" he spat out, and the man laughed in his face.

"Danny, now, is it?" His accent wasn't American, though it did have a slightly New York quality to it. It was definitely European in origin. "Last I saw you, you were going by the name Cal..."

Danny's mind screamed at him and his eyes widened slightly, because now he recognised the man shoving his face into his personal space.

"Benedict..." he growled.

"But then," the Italian continued, "last I saw you, we didn't know you were a cop either!" He released the pressure on Danny's jaw, only to slam his head back into the tree.

Danny saw stars for a second, and squeezed his eyes shut. He heard Steve call his name again, and then the noise of a fist connecting with his lover's abdomen and Steve barely holding in a cry of pain.

"Let him go," he growled at Benedict, trying to tug his arms from the bodyguards' grips. He knew they were bodyguards now, because Benedict Agostini was exactly the type to have heavies with him to do his dirty work.

"Oh don't worry, I plan to. I don't give a shit about your little boyfriend here," he moved his hand down around Danny's throat, "You, however, I have unfinished business with..."

He made a hand signal toward the men holding Steve and one of them pulled out a cloth and a bottle, pouring liquid onto the rag before holding it over Steve's face. The SEAL struggled, but sensibly refused to breathe in, until one of the men kicked him in the ribs and he cried out. He tried to fight it, but his eyes rolled back in his head, and when he went limp they just let him drop to the ground unceremoniously and left him there.

Benedict beckoned over his shoulder and the guard with the cloth stepped forward and placed it over Danny's nose and mouth. The detective held his breath and stared the Italian defiantly in the eyes, but the man just stood and patiently waited, a dreadful smile cast across his face.

"Come on now Cal, Danny, whatever your name is... We don't have all night..."

Danny could feel his lungs trying to heave in air, and he gave a futile effort to combat it, but eventually he had to give in and inhale. The stench of chloroform hit the back of his throat and burned his lungs as it was pulled in at full force. Everything went hazy and he looked toward Steve, getting a last glance of his unconscious fiancé as his vision faded out and everything went dark.
I'm sorry about the cliffhanger! Please don't hurt me!!

Next chapter will be up soon, as I've already written it and it just needs editing. Maybe tomorrow?

Please let me know your mental state, no abuse please hahaha :P
...And Consequences

Chapter Summary

Danny's old 'friend' is not very accommodating...

Chapter Notes

**WARNING: This is a Danny-whump chapter, and this is a trigger warning for non-consensual / rape - don't worry, it doesn't get that far, and Danny is okay, but fair warning that it's not a pleasant experience for Danno so if it's not for you, don't read it. Also, warning for homophobic insults and threats, because Benedict is a massive douche... You have been warned!**

I'm not going to put a general warning on the whole fic, as this is the only chapter to involve this wort of thing, and hopefully people will read the notes...

Anyway, sorry for that cliffhanger in the last chapter, now on with the show!

Enjoy!

__

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Benedict Agostini, brother to Lucio Agostini. And a complete bastard.

Danny had been part of an undercover operation with the Newark Police Department around ten years ago, working his way up through the ranks as Cal Reynard, a boxer-turned-bodyguard who wanted in with the Italian mob in New Jersey. He'd done a good job with his cover, he'd worked the job for almost eight months, and he'd been so convincing that he'd gained trust with Lucio, which meant access to a lot of internal chatter within the family. His intel had eventually been a major contribution to the case taking down Lucio and his entire illegitimate business of selling girls and guns to the highest bidders, along with racketeering and money laundering.

Benedict, his younger brother, had managed to get away on technicalities which had nothing to do with Danny, but Lucio had been put away for what would have been a very long time if he hadn't been shanked in prison less than two years into his term. There had been no tears shed over the cruel mobster's death, and least not by Danny or any of the Newark PD.

All this information flashed through Danny's foggy brain, as he came to with a headache, tied to a chair in a cold cement-walled room. There was a table to one side, and a pile of flattened cardboard boxes in the corner; some sort of storage room.

The chloroform, and the intense realisation that he wasn't going to be walking out of here, contributed to the pain in his head. Because he had no leverage, nothing to offer as a plea for his life, even if he had been so inclined. Because the only thing that Benedict could possibly want from
him, was his death. Probably a long, drawn out, torturous death, but that was the ultimate end
game, he was sure of it.

The mob didn't take too kindly to cops, or betrayers. And Danny represented both.

He lifted his shoulders upwards and pulled against his binds, but there was rough rope tied around
his wrists, holding them to the chair legs so that he was slouched down and unable to move. His
calves were also bound to the chair, and he shifted to try and stretch the aching muscles in his back
and push and the fog out of his mind, and flexed his bare feet against the cold concrete floor. His
suit jacket was gone, his tie was still hanging around his shoulders, trapped under his collar, but his
shoes were still on the beach where he’d left them alongside Steve’s.

He needed to know where Steve was, needed to know he was okay.

The door to the room opened, letting in a small amount of artificial light from the other side, and
Danny realised he had no idea what time it was, let alone where he had been taken. There were no
windows in the store room, and he didn’t know how long he’d been out. His headache wasn't
easing, and now that Benedict and two of his heavies had entered the room, his blood pressure was
rising and making his pulse thump in his skull.

The Italian swaggered over and crouched in front of him. "Morning Danny," he purred, "did you
have a nice sleep?"

The detective licked his dry lips and swallowed so he could speak. "What did you do with my
partner?" he rasped.

Benedict snickered, "Like I said, we have no interest in your little faggot boyfriend, we left him in
the dirt;"

Danny glared at the man, not only was he a cruel bastard when it came to maiming and hurting
people, he was a homophobic douchebag as well. Great.

Now that he knew Steve was alive, Danny focused on the task at hand: survival. The longer he
kept them talking, the more chance he stood of his team tracking him down. He squeezed his hands
around the chair legs to focus himself, and froze.

His ring. It was missing. Wow, was this guy gonna pay.

Benedict was throwing a bag onto a nearby table and pulling out various blunt instruments. Danny
assessed the guards, two big burly guys, standing to military-style attention with guns at their hips
and knuckles that looked like they'd punched a few faces in their time. He nicknamed them
Grumpy and Hairy in his head, and turned his attention back to Benedict in an attempt to distract
him.

"How did you find me? It's been ten years..."

The Italian looked at him and grinned wolfishly, "Oh, completely by chance, Detective Williams," he
waved Danny's wallet at him, obviously having been through his pockets, "see I'm in Honolulu
on business, and I took my client to the best restaurant around. Very difficult to get a table there, I
practically had to kill a man to get it... and then there's this group of people who have their own
private table out on the terrace, very nice..."

He palmed a heavy-looking wrench and walked back over to Danny, swinging it nonchalantly by
his side. "I figure these people are probably worth knowing, if they hold the sway to get that sort of
first class treatment, so I take a little walk to see who I might be dealing with." He squatted in front
of the blonde and tapped the wrench against his knee to punctuate his sentence, "Imagine my surprise when I see the man who was once my brother's most trusted bodyguard, laughing and joking with his friends, talking about his disgusting little engagement. And I heard you all discussing your work too, heard you talking about being a cop..."

He stood and rested the metal tool on Danny's shoulder, walking around his back and grabbing a fistful of hair, yanking his head back. He leaned down and pushed his face in close to the blonde's, sneering.

"I considered taking you all out, you and your bitch, and all your little cop friends. Was that your daughter there, Danny? She's what, nine? Was she a product of your victorious return after taking down Lucio? You go home and fuck your woman to celebrate, did you?" He snickered cruelly and shoved Danny's head forward again, releasing his grip and strutting around the detective, "Looks like you're done with women though, huh? Fucking men now? Maybe you'd like to give me a little suck, huh?"

He pushed his crotch up to Danny's face and the blonde pulled away, turning his head. "Not if my life depended on it," he growled.

Benedict smiled, "I'm not interested in that shit anyway, but I can tell you now that your life doesn't depend on anything. You put my brother in his grave, and I'm going to put you in yours." He stepped back and raised the wrench, and Danny only had a split second to brace himself before it smashed into his cheek.

He spat blood onto the floor, sharp, throbbing pain radiating through his skull and down his neck from the impact, and gritted his teeth.

"Fuck you," he growled.

"You'd like that, would you?" The Italian snickered and brought the metal lump swinging down into Danny's ribs.

He couldn't stop himself from crying out, the air forced from his lungs as he felt at least one rib give under the force.

He heaved air back into his lungs and agony stabbed through his chest and abdomen when he coughed hard, "Well it's good to see nothing's changed, Bennie," he pulled at the ropes around his wrists, "You're still a cowardly shit who beats people when they can't fight back..."

Benedict laughed out loud and wrapped his hand around Danny's throat, shoving his head back and hissing in his face, "Oh, you want me to untie you? You know, I think I just might. Because it'll be hard for my boys to screw you with a chair in the way..." 

Danny's stomach twisted. Fuck, no, anything but that...

The two goons advance on him, while Benedict stood back and snickered.

"You see, I'm not all that interested, but I think I'll let my boys have a go on you. Teach you a real lesson or two before I shoot you in the head, huh?" Benedict's sly grin was probably the most evil thing he'd ever seen. "You'll probably be begging for death by then anyway..."

Grumpy and Hairy advanced on him, Hairy roughly slicing through the ropes with a knife, releasing him from the chair, and then they both gripped an arm each and dragged him to the pile of cardboard boxes in the corner, throwing him down to the floor. He gasped as pain from his chest screamed through his brain, and he tried to raise himself up, but they were on him again.
They twisted his arms behind his back, and he gritted his teeth and refused to cry out when they pushed him into the ground, kneeling over him, on him, grabbing his hair, forcing his face against the cardboard. Benedict joined in the torture and held onto his wrists with both hands, while Hairy had a death grip on his bicep, and the two bodyguards used their three remaining hands between them to rip at his shirt and pushing underneath him to tear the button from his slacks.

He felt tears pricking at his eyes as he fought back as hard as he could, twisting violently under their hands, but one of his attackers was sitting on his legs, meaning he couldn't fight as well as he would normally. If he could only get on his feet, he might stand a chance, but with three huge men on top of him and a broken rib, he was outnumbered and overpowered. They also had guns, and he got the idea they wouldn't fight fair if he did get loose. He was a dead man, either way, but he'd rather go down fighting than let them have their way with him first, so despite the throbbing pain in his head and the shooting agony coursing through his chest, he struggled against them with all the energy he had in his body.

Danny lost his stoicism as they managed to loosen his pants enough to tug them part way down his ass, exposing his boxers which had thankfully stayed in place during the struggle. He couldn't help but cry out when rough hands grabbed at his hips, lifting him off the ground, and bruised his abs and stomach, ribs and shoulders when he was hauled about. He lost track of whose hands were whose, just enduring the grabs and squeezes as half of his shirt buttons were ripped open and he was manhandled onto his side. He felt one of the guards grind his crotch against his lower back, the guy was hard in his pants and it made Danny want to throw up. This couldn't happen, he couldn't let it... and yet he was practically helpless under them. His head was lifted up and slammed into the floor, stunning him as stars exploded behind his eyes and his vision swam. He just kept shouting 'no' over and over, but they ignored him and laughed and gripped harder.

One of his wrists finally slipped from their grasp in the fight, and he seized his moment as Grumpy's holstered gun on his belt hovered inches from Danny's face, while he taunted him with his bulging hard on. He lashed out and punched the bodyguard hard in the stomach, stunning him for a second as he doubled over. He pulled the gun from the holster and fired wildly, his attackers' hands falling away from his body and freeing him to move again as they recoiled from the weapon. He rolled onto his back, scrambling back to face the whole room and heaved himself to a sitting position, bringing both hands up to the butt of the gun despite the searing sensation in his side.

A quick scan of the room told him he'd already caught Grumpy in the chest, and the guy was now face down on the concrete floor and bleeding out. Hairy was scrambling back to his feet and leaping for Danny, grabbing the gun to wrestle from his hands. He fired as the man loomed over him, hitting him in the thigh, but he still kept coming. He landed on him, crushing the weapon between them, and Danny pulled the trigger twice in quick succession and both shots blasted into the man's torso, causing large exit wounds in his back. Danny didn't have time to register the blood showering the wall behind the guard as he toppled sideways, because Benedict quickly dived onto him, hoping to catch him unawares, and forced the gun from his hands to send it skittering across the floor away from them.

He wrestled with him for what seemed like forever, but the Italian had the weight advantage and gravity was on his side as Danny was still on the ground under him, and his broken rib was causing flashes of blinding pain to spike through his body. Benedict pushed him down to the floor. He managed to get his knees onto Danny's thighs, reducing his ability to move his lower body drastically, and forced his huge hands around Danny's throat and squeezed. The detective's arms were shorter and he flailed to get purchase on Benedict's own face or throat, but couldn't quite manage to reach. He clawed at the man's shirt where it bunched at his shoulders, and pushed up at his chest, but Benedict was throwing all of his bulk onto his arms, and Danny's vision was greying
as his oxygen supply was cut off.

He could feel the pressure on his throat and wind pipe, it felt like something was going to give, and his strength began to leave him. He arched his back, still grabbing whatever part of Benedict that he could, trying to throw him off balance or get him to loosen his grip, but it was no good. His fingers felt numb, he couldn't control his arms properly anymore and the pulse thundering in his ears was slowing.

He gasped for air that he couldn't take in, and his vision tunnelled down to Benedict's face above his, realising the anger and victory in the man's eyes was the last thing he was going to see.

As his body went lax and his arms dropped away from Benedict's shoulders, and his eyes rolled back in his head, he vaguely registered a loud bang somewhere in the room, like a door coming off its hinges, and his attacker's weight suddenly shifting and leaving him.

Someone was screaming his name, but he was already surrendering to the rising dark.

He became aware of his surroundings again, and also the pain radiating through his body. His head was in someone's lap and a strong hand was holding his uninjured cheek, the thumb rubbing gentle circles on the skin. He focused his drifting mind onto the sensation and managed to pull one of his heavy eyelids open. The right one was swollen shut.

Steve was above him, hunched over protectively, pointing with his free hand and yelling at various HPD members in the room, ordering them about. He looked haggard, and had bags under his eyes. He was shouting, "Where the fuck are the EMTs?"

Chin's voice came from nearby, "They're on their way, Steve. They'll be here soon."

The SEAL grunted and looked down at Danny with worry in his eyes, surprised to find him looking back up at him. "Danny, oh thank god, Danno are you okay?" He hunkered down and kissed the blonde's forehead, and Danny closed his eyes and let himself drift again, knowing his lover was there was enough comfort.

"Baby, please open your eyes," Steve whispered against his face, "C'mon, stay with me here,"

A thought entered Danny's sluggish mind, he needed desperately to communicate it to his partner, but his throat was so tight and sore, and any attempt to swallow or speak sent flashes of agony through the nerve endings to his brain.

He managed to open his eye again and raise his left arm.

"Ring," he rasped, wincing at the rough, painful feeling it caused.

"What, baby?" Steve's concerned blue eyes hovered close to his.

The detective grasped at the side of the brunette's face and gripped his hand when it came up to take his. "Ring," he gasped again. Steve's confused expression cleared as he looked at Danny's hand and rubbed a thumb over the empty space where his engagement ring had been.

"Stop trying to speak, Danny, the ambulance will be here soon. You're gonna be okay," Steve insisted.

But the blonde squeezed his hand and whimpered, "N- No," he managed.
"I'll find it, Danno, I'll find your ring. Don't worry about that now," Steve shifted under him as EMTs entered the room and rushed over to them.

Danny sagged and let them tend to him, checking him over and slipping an oxygen mask over his face, being careful of his damaged cheek. He hurt everywhere, and he was keen to avoid as much of the pain as possible, even though he knew he should stay awake. His consciousness started to wane as they fussed over him, but the feeling of safety from knowing help had come, knowing Steve was there with him, allowed him to drift off again, however much his fiancé's worried voice asked him to open his eyes again.

"Will you stop fussing over me so much?" Danny groused as Steve stuffed pillows under his feet on the couch. "My legs are fine, you lunatic, it was my ribs they bashed in!"

He was all bandaged up, having gone through about a thousand tests and scans at the hospital, and spending three whole days in there before he'd been finally released. Steve was treating him like the walking wounded, and technically he was, but he hated being coddled like this. The SEAL performed as if looking after Danny was a military operation, never pausing to rest himself, constantly on his feet, asking if the blonde needed anything, checking he was taking his meds, bringing him glasses of water even though he didn't want them.

Steve gave him a tight smile, "Don't forget your beautiful face, Danno." He leaned down and brushed a thumb over the right side of Danny's face, where the swelling around the fractured cheekbone had finally reduced and had been replaced by the most horrendous looking bruise the detective had ever seen. After three days it was fading, along with the ring of marks around his throat, but he was still refusing to look in the mirror at the moment, and he was now four days unshaven and looking like a beach bum who'd been in a fight with a large vehicle.

"Will you please sit down, Superman? Watch a movie with me or something. You're tiring me out with all your fidgeting!" He patted the couch next to his hip, but when Steve finally relented, he shoved a pillow down on the floor and sat on that instead, leaning back against the couch and holding on to Danny's left forearm when he snaked it across the brunette's chest.

He absently rubbed his thumb over Danny's ring finger, the space still painfully naked, as they had been unable to recover his ring from the scene. He'd been fortunate that the over-confident Benedict and his men hadn't thought to turn Danny's cell phone off, and once Steve had woken from the attack on the beach and got hold of the team, they were able to track it to the warehouse basement where he was being held, and retrieve their colleague. They'd been just in time, and the blonde thanked the powers that be that his luck hadn't run out that day.

But Danny didn't care about anything that had happened; the kidnapping, the beating and the abuse. Because the most painful part for him was the loss of his ring. The one Steve had bought just for him, and kept hidden for a whole six weeks. The one he'd proposed with.

He needed it back.

Steve was trying to act like it didn't bother him, but Danny could tell he was sad about it too. After all, he was a detective. He'd had it for less than twenty-four hours and now it was gone. It didn't mean they weren't going to get married, obviously, but it was symbolic.

Now that Benedict was safely behind bars, his trial date for attacking and torturing an officer of the law scheduled for a month's time, at least the couple could try to get back to normal. But Danny realised he was going to have a fight on his hands to get Steve to stop pussyfooting around
Yes, he'd been beaten. And yes, they'd tried to rape him. But it hadn't gotten far enough for him to be so traumatised by a man's touch that he didn't want Steve. His trust level with strangers may have been drastically reduced, but his fiancé would always be the one person in the world he believed in without question.

But Steve was so careful - too careful - around him for the last three days, trying not to touch him too much, or in what he deemed were inappropriate places. Not that they could do much of anything while he had two cracked ribs, but still, he was beginning to feel like a china doll and missing Steve’s lingering contact was driving him mad. So every chance he got, he was instigating the physical connection, like now when he flattened his palm over his lover’s heart.

They settled in to watch Avengers: Age of Ultron, and Danny nudged Steve in the shoulder when Captain America came on screen, making his lover smile. Then Hawkeye showed up and Steve gave Danny the side eye and smirked, which made Danny remember Halloween… and that led to him thinking about Steve dressed as Jack Sparrow and, good lord if he wasn't getting hard at just the memory.

He pushed the heel of his free hand against his dick through his sweatpants, and tried to think about something else, but his left hand was still plastered against Steve's chest and he could feel the gentle rise and fall of the SEAL's breathing while he was engrossed in the movie.

Danny laid his head back on the arm of the couch and tried to think unsexy thoughts. He thought about baseball, but that led to thinking about the Shrimps games, and his assistant coach and how the man looked in that damn baseball jersey. He thought about doing paperwork at the office, but then that made him think about the last explosion he'd had to explain away to the Governor, and about the man who'd caused said explosion, and how he'd looked with soot all over his face and a mad twinkle in his eye as he'd cuffed the perp they'd caught.

God damn, why did everything come back to Steve and his sexy body?

He didn't realise he'd groaned out loud in frustration until Steve turned to look at him. "You okay Danny? You need a pain killer?"

Danny's face flushed slightly and he shook his head, "No babe, I'm fine..."

Steve gave him a concerned look, and then looked over his shoulder to check his partner over, before noticing where the blonde's other hand was.

Danny squeezed his eyes shut, "Don't judge me..." he cringed.

"Were you thinking about Halloween, too?"

He opened his eyes again to see Steve's smug face inches from his. "Maybe..." he mumbled.

Steve turned his body to kneel on the cushion, the DVD forgotten. "Because I was just thinking Jeremy Renner has nothing on you in that leather," he winked and placed his hand on his partner's thigh, but then seemed to reconsider his actions and sat back on his heels, removing his hand.

Danny reached out and grabbed his wrist. "Steve, seriously, you are not gonna break me," he grumbled, becoming exasperated.

"But Danny, you- they..." The brunette trailed off and looked at the floor, "What they tried to do..."
When Danny had awoken again in the hospital, no one had mentioned the state of his ripped clothing, or the fact that his ruined suit trousers had been around his thighs when they found him and saved him. He'd still been wearing his boxers, but they had known that didn't necessarily mean anything, as he'd been missing for hours before they'd found him. The doctors had suggested that everyone leave the room when they had to question Danny about what had happened so they could complete any relevant tests, but he'd gripped Steve's hand and made him stay so that he knew nothing had happened. He didn't want him worrying.

But the guy had worried, nonetheless. It was adorable really, and the care and compassion with which he treated Danny made the detective's chest tight. What a magnificent man he was marrying...

But he had his limits. He wasn't a delicate little flower, and didn't need to be treated as such.

His arms waved about as he spoke, a little stiffly so as not to aggravate his side too much with the movement, but his left hand kept coming to rest on Steve's shoulder in a comforting motion. "Babe, I'm okay, I swear. Listen, you know nothing happened. It was scary, but it's done with. I wanna move past it, but I can't if you're gonna wrap me in bubble wrap and keep worrying you're gonna do something wrong. Maybe, for a little while, no cuffs or whatever, but I'm not gonna fall apart, okay?"

Steve stared at the floor, but eventually made eye contact with him, blue eyes filled with worry and love.

"Babe, I love you. I trust you, okay?" Danny stroked his partner's cheek with his thumb. "I need to know we're okay."

The SEAL leaned down and kissed Danny gently, before pulling back slightly and smiling. "If you're okay, then we're okay," he whispered against his lips, before dipping down again and pressing his lips to Danny's.

And those lips, god they were soft and warm, like heaven. Danny sighed through his nose and his hands went to Steve's shoulders to keep him close, needing that loving contact more than oxygen right now.

He opened his mouth and Steve took the hint, dipping his tongue in to taste the coffee and sugar on his tongue, remaining from the malasadas Steve had bought him for breakfast on the way home from the hospital. Danny sucked on his tongue and made the brunette moan.

His cock, which had gone soft again during their intense heart-to-heart, was suddenly very much awake again, responding to Steve's careful probing of Danny's mouth. The SEAL placed his hand delicately on Danny's injured cheek, and then his fingers traced a line down the blonde's neck, over his chest, the warmth from his palm still penetrating through the fabric of the Navy t-shirt Steve had brought for him, and coming to rest on his hip, fingers curling into the waistband of the sweatpants.

Danny's hips reactively pushed up, and pain shot through his abdomen. He regretfully had to push Steve away. "Fuck, fuck, we can't do anything. My fucking ribs!" He groaned and rubbed his left hand down his hairy face.

"You don't have to do anything, just me," Steve whispered into his ear and Danny whimpered from the sensation and the words.

"Jesus, Steve, you don't have to..." he mumbled. He didn't want to take and not give, but evidently
his lover had other ideas as his warm hand slipped under the edge of his sweatpants and boxers, and palmed his rock hard cock, which was already leaking with lust. "Fuuuuuck..." he moaned, pushing his head back.

Steve kissed his ear, drawing a small whine from his throat, before making his way down the side of Danny's neck with his lips. He pulled the t-shirt up as high as it would go with the back of it trapped under the blonde's body, and pressed his mouth over the closest nipple. He gently placed his free hand on Danny's hip to stop him from moving too much, and sucked a trail of little red marks into his chest and stomach. Danny knew he was bruised all over his body, from being thrown to the ground and roughed up by the three men, and Steve was carefully avoiding the tender purple areas so he could create little individually defined marks of his own, firmly claiming Danny's body back as his and no one else's.

At least that's how Danny saw it, and that's how he wanted it.

His lover carefully tugged at the pants and underwear until they were peeled off the detective and thrown to one side, he settled in between Danny's legs, shifting them gently to create room. Then his masterful tongue went to work, licking over Danny's balls and up along his full length, all the time pressing the cop's hips to the couch to ensure he didn't move in the heat of passion.

And thank god he was, because Danny really wanted to push up into his mouth when it enveloped the head of his cock. The wet heat was wonderful, delectable, so perfect. He grasped the back of the couch with one hand, and the other went to the back of Steve's head, where he rested it carefully for encouragement, not putting any force into it.

The SEAL's tongue swirled around the head of his cock, dipping the tip of his tongue in to the slit and then smoothing the flat surface around again before he took more of him into his burning heat.

"Oh god, Steve..." Danny tried to control his breathing so as not to hurt his ribs, but it was difficult with the sensations flowing up his spine right now. "Oh my god, you're so perfect. You're so fucking good at this!" His grip tightened on his lover's short hair, and Steve growled around his cock, pushing down and swallowing him into his throat.

Danny released a litany of swear words and tugged harder on Steve's hair, and again it pulled that trigger in the SEAL's brain to go harder and faster. He began to plunge Danny's cock in and out of his throat, taking him the whole way in each time and moaning around him, creating vibrations which travelled into the detective's balls.

What had started as a gentle blow job was now a full-on assault to his senses, and it was fucking fantastic. He wouldn't last long, he knew it, but he wanted this to go on forever. He was about to tell Steve to slow down when the SEAL drew him all the way in and used Danny's trick against him, swallowing hard, three times in quick succession.

The waves of contracting muscle pulled his orgasm from deep inside him, and the detective yelled his lover's name and tried to hold himself down on the couch, gasping. Steve pushed down on his hips so he didn't hurt himself as Danny pulsed down his throat and he swallowed greedily, milking his partner for all he was worth.

The blonde was a panting mess by the time Steve was done with him, and when he climbed off the couch and went to kiss Danny's lips, the detective giggled against his mouth.

"I fucking love you..." he chuckled, coming down from his high, and pulled Steve in for a proper, deep kiss, and it was so hot tasting his come on his lover's lips. The brunette carded his fingers through the detective's blonde hair as he kissed him back.
"I'm gonna go get you a painkiller," he whispered as he pulled away, his voice slightly hoarse from having his throat stretched by Danny's thick cock.

"I wouldn't worry about that, you just have me the best painkiller ever..." Danny mumbled sleepily, but he grabbed Steve's hand as he tried to get up. "Hey, where you going?"

Steve stood up and squeezed Danny's hand, laughing. "Hey, I can sort myself out y'know. You're an invalid- Danny!" he shouted at as the blonde hooked his fingers into Steve's jeans and pulled him down toward his face.

"Just shut up, Steve," he grinned, and popped the button on his flies, dragging the zip down. His boss tried to pull away, but his grip on the denim was strong and he wasn't going to let Steve sort Danny out and not have any fun himself. Plus he wanted him in his mouth, and he wanted him now.

Danny yanked the jeans and boxers down as one, so they were tangled around Steve's thighs, and used them as leverage to tug him in close.

The brunette had to put his knee on the couch to steady himself and not fall on his partner. "Danno, your face. You don't- ohhh my god!"

Steve seemed to forget where he was going with his sentence when the detective's sizzling mouth surrounded the end of his dick, and he threw his head back and made a noise somewhere between a sigh and a growl.

Danny lathered his attentions on Steve, tugging on his jeans to bring him in so he could rest his head on the couch and not worry about twisting his body and straining himself. He could work around his injuries, he was determined to. He ignored the pain in his cheek as he opened his jaw wide.

Steve put one hand on the back of the couch and one on the arm rest next to Danny's head, and allowed himself to lean in on his partner's insistence. He was still hesitant, but when Danny's hand went to his ass and maneuvered him so he could push down and directly into his relaxed throat, he let out a long moan and finally stopped resisting.

"Fuck, Danny..." he breathed out, not knowing what to do with his hands beside support himself on the furniture, "God I love your mouth..."

The blonde smiled around his lover's cock and pulled him in deep again. He encouraged Steve to begin thrusting into him, building up the rhythm that felt good for him, but still pulling out far enough for Danny to take breaths in between taking the full length of his cock. He had to hunker down to perfect the angle, but once he did he allowed himself to get carried away and fuck into the blonde's throat.

Danny was loving it, watching the expression on Steve's face as he closed his eyes and lost himself in his fiancé's mouth. The detective could still breathe, with the SEAL pulling far enough out to allow it, the ache in the side of his face was bearable, and his hands on Steve's hip and ass gave him the control he required to prevent his partner from getting too rough.

He shifted the hand holding Steve's jeans and used his thumb to stroke his perineum and tickle the back of his balls, and the brunette moaned low and long as his back bowed and his lunges became jerky. Danny gripped harder on his ass and began to swallow around his lover's cock every time he plunged in, holding him there for slightly longer each time before letting him withdraw, only to thrust back in again.
"Danny Danny Danny..." Steve kept whispering his name over and over as he gripped the couch hard enough to make it creak, the blonde swallowed hard and the SEAL took in a small gasp of air and shuddered just before he came, shouting "Fuck!" as he thrust in once more, pulled almost all the way out, and Danny held him still as his lover spilled into his mouth.

The familiar taste of his lover was just what he needed, and he moaned as he swallowed his come and the hot liquid soothed his raw throat, reaching out with his tongue and licking his partner clean.

Steve let himself drop to the floor, landing on his ass on the well-placed cushion before flopping onto his back and sighing, his head level with Danny’s feet.

Both of them were gasping for air now, truly sated by one another.

"Jesus H Christ, Danno..." Steve groaned from the floor, "Even cracked ribs and a fractured cheekbone can't stop you!" He burst into laughter.

Danny grinned and let out his manic giggle, which hurt his face and chest even more than the blow job had, but as Steve's hand came up to search blindly for his, and he tangled his fingers with his lover's, he really didn't care.

Danny had been fast asleep on the couch when a knock on the door brought him a little way back to consciousness. Steve had helped him put his pants back on earlier and then wrapped him in a blanket to sleep off the painkillers.

He was loosely aware of Steve answering the door, and Chin and Kono's voices talking quietly with his partner. He felt fingers brush lightly through his hair, and he cracked them open to see Kono looking down at him.

"Hey boss," she smiled brightly, "How ya feeling?"

Danny tried to stretch the kinks out of his spine without aggravating his ribs too much. "M'okay," he mumbled, "Jus' tired..."

“Nice beard there, Danny,” Chin leaned over him, teasing.

“Sod off,” Danny muttered, but smiled at his Hawaiian colleague.

"It's the pain killers," Steve said from across the room, moving over to Danny's side as he spoke, "They're a bit powerful, aren't they Danno?"

"Hungry," was Danny's only response. His brain wasn't up to much right now, so he'd temporarily morphed into a four year old as a result of the fuzziness.

"Come on you," Steve tugged on his arm, "let's get you up and we'll all have dinner."

Steve ordered in food while Danny insisted on having a quick shower and changing into more presentable clothing. He felt grubby from sleeping in the sweats and t-shirt all day, and needed to tame his hair which was just all over the place.

After struggling into his jeans and one of Steve's pullovers (because it was soft and smelled of his lover), he eventually made his way out on to the lanai where his fiancé and friends were waiting.

Chin looked up to see him approaching and waved, "We brought good news, brah. They found the
car that Agostini used to transport you to the warehouse. More evidence to use against him in court. He wasn't very good at covering his tracks...

"Lucky for me," the detective winced as he lowered himself carefully into his chair, which was at a slight angle to the table so he could stretch out his legs comfortably to take the pressure off his ribs, "he got off on technicalities by pure fluke back in New Jersey. He's always skated by on luck and not talent, his brother was the brains in the family. Benedict probably thought he'd be long gone before you guys caught up with him."

He reached for one of the beers on the table and Kono snatched it from his reach. Despite the heat of his glare, she smiled sweetly at him, "Nope, you're on painkillers brah. No alcohol for you."

Danny crossed his arms over his chest in a huff and then discovered the action hurt like hell and dropped his arms to his sides. "Now I'm really grumpy..."

Steve placed the bag of take out on the table and dropped some cutlery in the middle of the group. "Well, there's something that might cheer you up," he grinned, and made his way around to stand next to Danny.

Chin leaned forward, "Yeah, like I said, they found the car. Forensics did a full sweep, and they found one very important bit of evidence in the trunk."

Steve cleared his throat, and Danny looked up at him in time to witness him sinking down to one knee beside him.

"What are you doing, you big lug?" he smiled, confused.

Kono squealed happily and took her phone out to snap a picture or twelve.

Steve gently took his left hand, "Danny, will you marry me?" he grinned, sliding something cool and solid onto the detective's finger.

The blonde just stared at it in disbelief. His gorgeous ring, which had been missing for four days now, the most excruciating part of the whole experience, and it was back on his finger where it belonged.

He took a deep breath and desperately tried to hold back the tears which threatened behind his eyes. He pulled Steve into a hard kiss and pressed his forehead against the SEAL’s, a huge smile creeping onto his face. "You already know my answer, you fool," he whispered.

Danny looked over at Chin and Kono, "Thank you... so much, guys,"

His friends smiled back at him.

"You're welcome, brah," Chin smiled softly.

The emotion was threatening to get a bit too much for Danny, but he was saved by Steve. "Right, this food is gonna get cold if we're not careful!" He stood and began to unpack the Thai food, sharing it out between them.

Danny used the distraction to steal a beer away under the table and pop the top open on the metal lip underneath, taking sneaky sips when no one was looking, and it wasn't until five minutes later when he was halfway through the bottle that Kono noticed it and took it away, scolding him and smacking his hand playfully.
He stuck his tongue out at her and began to formulate a plan to get hold of another one. Relaxing back in his seat, Danny observed his lover and his two best friends share stories, argue and joke with each other while the sun began to set over the lanai. The painkillers were still making him drowsy, but he felt like he could watch the three of them forever.

He rubbed his thumb over his ring on the underside of his finger, realising that was probably going to become a habit, and smiled to himself. Despite the events of the past few days, and the near-constant pain in his side and face; like the memories of the trauma, they would eventually fade.

Right now, he had never felt happier.

Chapter End Notes

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Aaaw, protective Steve warms my little kinky heart...

Danny's well on his way to recovery, so don't worry guys! And he got his ring back! Yay! (Thumbing the back of the ring is my habit too...)

Let me know what you're thinking!
Sometimes the waiting was almost as good as the main event. The build up of adrenaline, the planning, the almost tangible anticipation of it.

And Danny was waiting, ready for his partner to arrive home from his trip to the other side of the island for his suit fitting. He licked his lips at the idea of his lover in a suit, and the image helped add fuel to his fire as he listened to the truck pull up at the front of the house, the slam of the door, and the jingle of Steve's keys as he approached the house.

They'd been engaged for two months now, officially together as a couple for eight, but due to the length of time they had already known each other they figured their build up had been long enough. So in just under a week's time, they were getting married. The date was set, the venue was booked, and the guests invited. Everything was in order. So before family decended on them in a few days time, knowing they would barely get a spare second of alone time in the build up to their big day, Danny had decided to take advantage of every spare moment they had.

And now he was hiding behind the front door, off to the side so when it opened he would be hidden, and able to surprise his lover. He adjusted himself in his pants. He'd been thinking about the SEAL all morning, waiting for him to return home.

Steve strolled in through the door, completely unaware of the impending attack, but when the door swung shut behind him his SuperSEAL senses obviously registered there was someone there, as he began to turn and put his hand to a non-existent gun in an automatic movement.

Danny was ready for his wary prey, and launched himself at Steve, taking him down to the ground. The brunette's hands came up to grasp his biceps as they landed, and Danny crossed his hands over and grasped each of Steve's wrists, bringing them together and pinning them to his chest.
Steve growled at him, looking like he was already with the program, and when Danny shifted forward to straddle him, he guessed Steve had already been hard when he'd walked in the front door. Well at least this wouldn't be completely out of the blue then...

"I was just coming to find you," his boss grinned wolfishly and tried to sit up, but Danny used his free hand to push his shoulders back down to the ground, and whip the length of rope that was tucked into the back of his pants out.

"Well, you found me," he smiled back, leaning down to take Steve's mouth hard. When he eventually pulled away, the SEAL's hands were tied together between them.

His willing victim looked more than happy to be in his current position, and he pushed his hips up from the floor to grind into Danny's ass where he knelt astride him. The blonde closed his eyes and moaned at the friction.

"You're coming upstairs with me, now," he purred, standing up and hauling Steve to his feet using his tied hands.

"No argument there!" The SEAL was immediately bounding up the stairs, and the Jersey native had to run to keep up with him. Evidently Steve had been having similar thoughts about making the most of their private time together...

He caught up with his lover in the bedroom, where he was sitting on the foot of the bed and waiting patiently. Danny bent to kiss him hard, running his hands through Steve's short hair.

"Seeing as you're gonna be bossed around by me, babe," Danny stripped his own t-shirt off, "I figured maybe I'd let you make a request... anything special you want today?" He grinned and wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Steve looked thoughtful, so Danny proceeded to strip himself while he considered his options, kneeling to take his lover's shoes off before pulling Steve up to stand so he could remove his jeans and boxers, and pull his t-shirt over his head so it was wrapped around his forearms, blocked by the rope on his wrists.

The brunette licked his lips, finally making a decision.

"Thigh holster," he whispered hotly.

Danny raised an eyebrow, "Kinky..." he smiled, "On you or me?"

"Both?" Steve grinned.

The blonde went to the dresser and dug in the bottom drawer for their work equipment, grabbing some extra items while he was there and slipping them into the holsters where the guns would normally go. He fastened the belt of his holster around his bare waist, and the clipped the elasticated straps around his right thigh, before turning back to Steve and securing his belt, kneeling to snap the thigh straps into place.

He licked a wide wet stripe up Steve's cock, smiling when the brunette let out a surprised noise and moaned. He slipped his fingers under the black nylon around the SEAL's leg to hold him still, and took his hard cock into his mouth, palming his own to stroke himself as he licked around Steve's head and grazed his teeth down his shaft.

His lover rested his bound hands on Danny's head, and he allowed him to do so for now, knowing Steve would soon be unable to use his hands at all. He pressed the flat of his tongue to the
underside of his fiancé’s dick as he slid him deep into his mouth, relaxing his throat and taking him all the way back. Steve gripped his hair and breathed his name, encouraging him to suck hard and moan around him.

The blonde spent a couple of minutes tending to his partner, licking, sucking and deep throating him, before his bad knee started to complain and he had to pull off him and stand up.

"Fuck..." Steve was staring down at Danny's thigh holster where he'd just spotted what the blonde had stowed there. While Steve's holster contained a bottle of lube for easy access, Danny's held a solid pink length of silicone - the vibrator Steve had purchased a while back. He'd almost forgotten about it, as they hadn't used it since the day he'd brought it home, generally preferring to indulge in each other.

Danny just smiled and took hold of the rope around Steve's hands, tugging him to stand next to the head of the bed. He made his partner kneel on the mattress, facing the headboard, and then looped the loose end of the rope around the slats, tying him there so he couldn't move.

He settled in behind Steve, his knees forcing the brunette to spread his thighs, and he kissed across Steve's shoulders as he slipped the lube from his partner's holster. Steve braced his arms against the headboard and laid his head on them, sighing and flexing his back muscles in response to the delicate touch of Danny's lips.

The blonde dumped a load of lube into his hand, placing the bottle back in the holster, and then smothered it over both hands. He bit lightly on Steve's shoulder blade, sliding a finger into the SEAL's ass, while simultaneously reaching back and pushing one into himself.

They both moaned, and Steve looked back and realised what his lover was doing.

"Oh, holy shit..." he gasped, "Fuck, Danny I could watch you do that all day..."

Danny laughed into his back, gliding a second finger from each hand into both of them. He was aware Steve loved the idea of him prepping himself, and knowing it turned him on to watch was kind of hot. Maybe sometime he'd tie Steve up completely, prep himself and jerk off in front of him, frustrate the hell out of the guy and turn him into a begging mess before sucking him off and riding him until he came... hell yeah...

He bit down on the back of Steve's neck at the idea in his head, and the brunette yelped and pushed back into his mouth, wanting him to bite harder. He obliged and Steve moaned, wincing, but didn't pull away. If he was up for a bit of pain today, then Danny would happily supply it. He'd been thrusting two fingers into his lover, stretching him so he'd be ready, and as he inserted the third finger he hooked one round and searched out Steve's sweet spot. When he hit it, his lover cried out and he dug his teeth in deeper. Steve bucked back against him, his spine bowing inwards and his cry turned into a howl of pleasure.

Danny couldn't wait any longer, he wanted his fiancé so badly. He removed his fingers, and his teeth, from his lover, pulling the vibrator from his holster and holding it under himself. He lined it up to his own hole and sank down onto it, and his slicked up ass meant the smooth silicone could slide into him with no resistance.

It felt good, though it wasn't thick and hot like Steve felt inside him, but then that wasn't the idea behind the toy. It wasn't for thrusting, it was there for the low frequency vibrations that seemed to travel ridiculous distances through their bodies. He remembered when Steve had used it, and Danny rode his cock with the vibrator in his partner's ass, and the detective had been able to feel it all the way up his spine while he was fucked.
Now it was Steve's turn...

He grasped his lover's hips, nudging his legs a little further apart, and pushed into his tight heat. Danny moaned and buried his face in between the other man's shoulder blades, breathing in his musky scent as he slowly entered his perfect ass.

Steve was taking deep breaths and forcing himself back against his lover, taking him as deeply as he could, and Danny slid his hands around to the brunette's stomach, raking his blunt nails over his abs and making him whimper. He then moved them both up over the skin, skimming over his lover's nipples before pinching first one and then the other. Steve gasped loudly each time, and let his head hang back so that it just touched the top of Danny's where it rested on his back.

One of Danny's hands went to grasp the short brown hair on the back of his head, while the other slipped back to press the button on the vibrator until the light came on. Steve was making delicious sounds from having his hair pulled, and Danny hadn't even put the vibrator onto level one yet.

The blonde pulled his captive's head back further, licked up the shell of his ear and let his hot breath skate over the sensitive skin there. "You ready, baby?" His voice was low and sultry, and he nibbled on Steve's earlobe to make him shudder.

"Fuck, yes..." The SEAL whispered.

He thumbed the button, and was barely ready for it himself as the vibrations made him tense and jerk forward into his lover, and Steve had a similar reaction with the deep buzzing flowing through into him and he bucked back against Danny.

"Ha- holy shit!" The blonde breathed hard and pressed his face against Steve's shoulder, centering himself.

Steve laughed at him, "And you thought I wouldn't be prepared?" he teased smugly.

"Shut it, McGarrett," Danny teased, and slotted his fingers under the nylon straps around his lover's thigh.

He pulled all the way out of his fiancé, releasing his grip on the man's hair and moving it down to squeeze at Steve's perfect ass.

He pressed his dick in between his cheeks and against his hole, letting the vibrations travel through and tease his partner. He slid his hand around to Steve's stomach, stroking gently over the trail of hair that led to the brunette's cock, letting his fingers get dangerously close and making the man shiver with excitement.

He slid his cock back into the SEAL's hole, just enough for the head to slip past the tight ring of muscle. Steve whined with the sensation, and leaned his head back, and Danny swept his hand up to his lover's chest, away from his cock, and again pinched one of his nipples hard between his thumb and forefinger.

He moved slowly and purposefully, waiting for his vibrating dick to reach Steve's sweet spot. He
knew the exact moment he found it, as the SEAL cried out wordlessly and tried to jerk away from the intense sensation, but Danny's grip on his hair and his right hand moving back to grasp the holster straps meant he could hold him exactly where he wanted him. The intense pleasure was almost too much for his victim, and the Navy man's breathing accelerated as he tried to cope with the feeling and not come right there and then.

"D-Danny ohmygod!" His long fingers flexed on the headboard and his body jerked and tensed, and Danny finally took pity on him and pushed all the way in, thrusting until he was sheathed completely within his lover. He let go of the holster for a moment while he reached back, carefully this time, to click up to level two. The hair on the back of his neck raised as the pulses ran through his own body, and he took hold of the nylon strap so he could fuck into his fiancé hard and fast.

Steve writhed against him as he drove into him relentlessly, the sensations from the dildo driving the blonde almost to distraction, and the hand gripping the SEAL's hair moved to his shoulder where his fingers dug deep into the flesh there.

He wasn't going to last much longer, and neither was Steve by the sounds he was making. His breathing was jerky and uneven, and he was making a series of high whimpers which were broken apart with each of Danny's thrusts onto him.

As he felt himself reaching the edge, he moved his left hand around to Steve's dick, smoothing his palm up the underside before wrapping his fingers around it and matching the rhythm of his hips with his fist, his hand still slippery with the lube he'd used to prep himself. He licked up the back of Steve's neck and clamped his teeth down on the opposite shoulder to the one he'd bitten earlier, decorating his man with matching red marks.

Steve yelled his name and thrust forward into his hand, coming in long spurts and making a broken noise low in his throat. Danny plunged into him one more time and followed form, his orgasm rolling through him and making his abdominal muscles contract, folding him onto his lover and plastering him against the brunette's back. He released his heat inside his fiancé and clawed at his shoulder and chest, leaving scratch marks which made the brunette gasp again.

"Steve, babe..." Danny sighed against him, moving his left hand behind him to remove the vibe and turn it off, his right hand still holding onto the thigh holster. He was glad Steve had suggested it, as he now knew it was handy to have something like that to hold on to. But it would probably be a while before they'd be able to gear up for a fight without sharing a giggle. “I love you, so much.”

“I love you too, but do you wanna consider untying me?” Steve laughed, and Danny realised he’d forgotten his lover was still attached to the headboard. He pulled out of him and reached around to tug on the rope and loosen it, and they both stepped off the bed while Steve removed the ropes from his wrists and finally shucked his t-shirt.

He looked Danny up and down, both of them completely naked besides the thigh holsters.

“God you're gorgeous... I'm so glad I'm marrying you.” A smile lit up his handsome face.

“Is that the only reason?” Danny raised his eyebrows.

Steve slipped his fingers into the belt of the holster and pulled Danny into a hot kiss, his other hand sliding up over the blonde’s neck and into his hair. “That, and you’re a kinky fucker,” he grinned.

Danny smiled against his lips and kissed him again, “Those best not be the only reasons, otherwise your vows are gonna suck. And also cannot be said in front of my daughter, or our friends, or anybody that I've ever known ever, so… you need to work on that, is what I’m saying.”
The blonde made a move toward the bathroom and the SEAL pulled at his belt again, stopping him half way across the room. “Oh yeah, why is it that you love me then?” He kissed Danny again and it made him tingle, he loved it when his fiancé got all affectionate.

“Oh uh, spoilers,” he tugged on Steve’s holster, “C’mon, shower time babe, we’ve got to get the hotel rooms organised for everyone…”

They shed the holsters and showered, washing each other and enjoying running their hands over one another in loving ways, and Danny laughed when Steve kept playfully muscling him into the wall and kissing him.

While Steve prepared lasagne for dinner, Danny called the Hilton to make reservations for family members, and went through their post while the phone was cradled between his cheek and shoulder. “What’s this, babe?” He waved an envelope at Steve addressed to him, with a postmark from Afghanistan.

Steve took it from him and ripped it open.

“Yeah, six rooms…” Danny spoke to the woman on the other end of the line as Steve scanned through the letter, “Uh huh, five singles and a double, but one of the singles needs a crib and room for a toddler. Yeah, under the McGarrett-Williams wedding,” he grinned at Steve, but the brunette was creasing his brow and continuing to read.

The blonde prodded him gently in the hip and mouthed “What’s up, babe?”

“Catherine,” Steve whispered.

Danny was surprised, he hadn’t known Steve was still in contact with her. He tilted the receiver away from his mouth while the receptionist processed his request, “She okay? Do we need another room booking?”

“She’s fine, no room needed,” Steve gave him a small smile and returned to reading the letter.

“Okay, thanks very much, I’ll let them know what time to check in. Bye.” Danny finished off the phone call and put the handset down on the side, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah, uh, it’s just from Cath. I sent a letter to the school she was working at in Afghanistan to let her know we were getting married,” he finished the letter, “and she says… she says ‘congratulations, it’s about time’!”

Danny’s face broke out in a grin. He had wondered if he’s have to keep an eye over his shoulder for an angry Navy woman with a rifle, but it warmed his heart to know that Cath was behind them. “Did everyone see it but us? What else does it say?”

“Just an update on how things are going with the school, and teaching,” Steve handed him the letter so he could scan his eyes down it.

“So I’m not in danger of being hunted down and killed by your ex, then?” Danny glanced through the letter, full of warm wishes and updates on the village.

“We never were anything really, Danny, so she’s technically not an ex…” Steve went back to putting plates on the counter top, “But you know I’d never let anything happen to you anyway.”

“My hero!” Danny mocked in a high-pitched voice. But he meant it, really. They’d saved each other so many times, in so many different ways. Oh, he meant it.
Today was the first day he’s put on a suit and not felt like a waiter. It fit perfectly, tailored by the same guy who had done their suits for Chin’s wedding a couple of years back.

It was black, double-breasted, and accentuated his broad shoulders and slim waist. And made his ass look great, which he was sure Steve would appreciate. He looped the red silk tie around the upturned collar of his white shirt and tied the knot in place. He turned the collar down, checked his vows were in his pocket, and smoothed his hair down for the twentieth time that morning. Nerves, ugh. He felt like he was gearing up for a raid or a gun battle, knowing he would survive with Steve by his side, but nervous nonetheless. But it was time to go, time to dive into the fray.

As he walked down the stairs, Steve came out of the kitchen in his matching suit and tie. The brunette looked Danny up and down, and licked his lips.

“We can be late, right? I mean, it’s not like they can have it without us?”

Danny grinned at him, “As much as I am tempted,” he watched how the suit jacket showed off Steve’s slim waist, his broad shoulders and biceps, and the way the tie hung loosely at his throat, “and believe me, I am tempted… we cannot be late to our own wedding, Steven.” He reached up and straightened the SEAL’s tie, tightening it to fit perfectly around his collar, wanting to bite at his clean-shaven throat and arriving on time be dammed… but no, he had to hang on until tonight. It would be better.

His fiancé sighed, “So I have to wait until tonight for you to take this tie off me instead of putting it on?” He reached to straighten Danny’s tie even though the blonde knew it was perfectly arranged already. He didn’t mind, he loved the contact.

His reply was cut off by Steve’s phone ringing in his pocket. The man slipped it out and a look of horror crossed his face, “Shit, it’s the Governor…”

“No, you have to be kidding me, Steve. It’s our wedding day, we cannot have a case right now!” Danny hissed, and watched irritably as his lover answered his phone.

“McGarrett… Yes sir… Yes, right away sir, we’ll be there…”

Danny slapped his hand to his face and sighed. Typical, just typical.

Steve let out a relieved sigh. “The Governor says we need to hurry up, because guests are beginning to arrive,” Steve grinned at him.

“Ah Jesus, you had me worried there!” Danny leaned in and hugged his lover. He didn’t know what they’d have done if they’d had a case thrown at them on the day they were meant to be getting married.

“Me too, Danno. Apparently HPD is covering all our potential cases today, and Captain Lou Grover of SWAT is on hand to take charge as well.” He stroked the back of the detective’s head as he laid it on Steve’s shoulder and listened to his heartbeat through his chest.

“That is a man we need to meet, and buy a beer for,” the blonde smiled.

There was a knock at the front door, and Danny went to open it. Chin Ho Kelly stood on the other side, suited and booted, a huge grin plastered across his face. “I was half expecting to find you two indisposed. I can’t believe you’re actually going to be on time!”
“Haha, very funny. Yes, we’re ready, aren’t we babe?” He waved his hand in a sweeping gesture towards the brunette.

Steve checked his inside jacket pocket and slipped some cards out, before putting them back away. “We’re ready,” he smiled.

Chin gestured to his flashy red car out on the street, and took the rings when Danny held them out to him. "Then your carriage awaits, gentlemen."

The two of them stood at the front of the crowd, under the arch on the Hilton’s private beach, with the Wedding Official. They’d already gone through all the formalities, and Danny smiled to himself when the line ‘speak now or forever hold your peace’ was spoken, as he had a brief mental image of Steve cocking a gun and daring anybody to say anything. But there was no need, because everyone was there to support them on their big day.

Danny dug his toes into the sand, not really believing he’s actually signed up to getting married barefoot on a beach, but that’s the bad influence that was Steve McGarrett.

Everyone they knew and loved were there; Mary-Ann and little Joan, Aunt Deb, Danny's parents and sisters, Rachel and Grace, Chin, Kono, Adam, Max, Mindy Shaw, Joe White, Kamekona and Governor Denning were all in the crowd, along with some of Steve's Navy friends, members of the HPD that Danny had actually got along with, Meka's wife Amy and their young son, and other friends they'd made along the way.

And Danny was about to give the most nerve-wracking speech of his entire life. And he’d been cross-examined in court...

The Official announced, “And now, Danny and Steve have prepared their own vows.”

He pulled the folded piece of paper from his trouser pocket and took a deep breath, speaking to the gathering, but looking at Steve.

"Almost five years ago now, this great oaf of a man walked into my life and stole my crime scene.” Everyone in the crowd laughed, and Steve gave him a loving look, giving Danny the confidence to keep going, "But he also stole my heart."

A big 'aaw!' went up, and Kono squeaked in the front row. Danny went a little red, but continued, "Like he does with everything in life, Steve McGarrett charged into my world, guns blazing, blowing up everything and anything that got in his way. And once I'd got him house trained-" another giggle and a muted glare from Steve, "-I realised that this man was not in fact the idiot lunatic I'd first taken him to be. He was, is, the most amazing, compassionate, devoted and considerate man I've ever had the pleasure to know."

He had to clear his throat and take a deep breath, not realising that this would be harder to say than anything. Not because a beach full of people were staring at him, because right now he only saw Steve, and not because it wasn't true, but because he meant every word. Simply because he felt like his heart was in his throat, and he had to speak around it somehow.

"He's... well he's pretty much perfect, which isn't fair because that means I have a lot to match up to in this relationship. We spent a long time, too long, skirting around our feelings for each other, not realising that the other man could possibly feel the same way... but Steve made the first move and I'm so, so grateful that he did. Because now we're together and we're not wasting any more time."
He stuffed the paper back in his pocket, he hadn't been reading off it anyway because he'd been too busy staring into those gorgeous eyes in front of him. "I love you, Steve McGarrett, and I want to spend the rest of my life with you. Aloha au ia ’oe, no kau a kau."

*I love you, for eternity.* That was probably the first time Danny had put any effort into speaking the native Hawaiian tongue, and he'd had Chin train him in the pronunciation. He figured he'd got it right, because he'd never seen the SEAL's lip tremble in public before.

He took Steve’s ring from the cushion on the stand in front of the Official, slipping it onto his partner’s finger. Their engagement rings were now becoming their wedding rings, and they’d had the date they’d first met engraved onto the inside, because they’d agreed that it was the day their relationship had really begun.

They gazed into each other's eyes for what seemed like forever, and Steve eventually had to look away to wipe tears from his cheeks.

"I uh... God..." Steve McGarrett flustered was something Danny needed to see more often, it was adorable. The brunette slid the cards from his jacket pocket and cleared his throat, turning slightly to their audience.

"Almost five years ago now, I walked into Danny Williams' life and stole his crime scene," he began. Everyone began to laugh again after dabbing away their own tears, and Danny whacked him lightly on the arm and gave him a look to say 'you better not have stolen my vows, McGarrett...'

Steve grinned at him, and started again, this time reading his real vows, "Okay but seriously, five years ago I met this ha'ole from New Jersey. If you'd asked me to describe him then, I would have said he was loud, obnoxious, fiery, and a bit of a jerk... and although none of that has changed-" more laughter and a glare from Danny, "-I would now add to that list with the following: loyal, reliable, trustworthy, caring, thoughtful, gentle, warm, loving..." Danny’s throat tightened with every word, to hear his lover say those things about him while staring into his eyes, in front of everyone, was unbelievable.

“He is a great father, a fantastic partner at work, and the most amazing boyfriend, fiancé, and now... I once said that I didn't believe I could be that lucky, to have him in my life. I still mean that. Because now, I couldn't be without him. And I don’t ever want to be without him." His voice cracked a little in the last sentence.

Danny was wiping tears from his face and trying so hard not to keel over. God how was this man so magnificent?

"I love you Danny Williams, and I will be the proudest man when I finally get to call you my husband..." And then he was reaching forward to take Danny’s hand, and slipping the ring back onto his finger for the third time now. And each time it had felt more wonderful than the last.

The Official stepped forward held out two green leis for them, Danny taking his first from her to hang around Steve’s neck, and then the SEAL doing the same for him.

She spoke to the crowd. “With the beautiful vows these two men have made today, their dedication to one another shines through. By the power vested in me by the state of Hawaii, I can now officially pronounce the two of you as husbands. You may now kiss to symbolise your union.”

Steve’s lips were soft and perfect, and they were instantly on the detective’s, the brunette’s hands coming up to clasp the sides of his face. Danny’s hands went to the back of the SEAL’s head,
fingers curling into his hair, and he opened his mouth to his lover’s tongue. The kiss was gentle and sweet, the passion was there but it bubbled low beneath the surface, because this kiss was about so much more than sex, it was about love.

The world, the clapping and cheering crowd, they all melted away, because Danny was kissing his partner, his lover, his best friend… his husband.

The evening passed in a blur.

The gathering moved inside, with speeches being made and fantastic food being eaten as they sat at their tables and laughed.

As best man, Chin made sure to suitably embarrass them both by telling stories to the throng of friends and family, including how they’d both gotten trapped in a shipping container during a dawn raid on a weapons deal that they were supposed to be leading, and how they’d thought they were being subtle and managing to hide it from himself and Kono when they first started their relationship, but he’d worked it out pretty quickly when he’d walked into the locker room at HQ to find them in the shower together.

Danny quickly reached over to block his daughter’s ears, and went bright red as their colleague spoke about how Steve had promptly hidden Danny, and how he’d hung around longer just to annoy the two of them. The crowd were in hysterics, and Steve was dying of laughter.

“Oh, I’m glad you’re enjoying this!” Danny called over the raucous laughter filling the room, hands still clamped over Grace’s ears, but he felt himself grinning nonetheless. He made a mental note to make Chin pay later.

Kono, being chief bridesmaid, had also insisted on addressing the crowd. Danny was absolutely terrified, because he knew about her love of the idea of them getting it on, but her speech was absolutely beautiful. She talked about how they’d been perfect for each other right from the start, how the perpetual arguments had never overshadowed their love for one another, and the way they supported each other every step of the way, through everything, was the most flawless example of love she’d even seen. And then, of course, she told everyone about the time she’d found them making out in the courtyard of the restaurant they’d gone to before the raid, when they still thought no one knew they were together, and Danny felt himself flushing pink again.

Never trust the cousins to do a speech… ever!

When it came to cutting the cake, Danny held the knife while Steve’s hand covered his, ever the control freak. They each took their first slice and Steve held his to Danny’s mouth so that he could take a bite. The sponge was delicious, vanilla frosting just right. But when Danny held his slice to Steve’s lips, there was no way he was going to resist this chance. His partner opened his mouth and Danny mashed the cake into his face, spreading white vanilla frosting over his nose and cheek. Their friends howled in laughter and Steve recovered, giving him an evil grin before grabbing more of the frosting and smearing it over his jaw and mouth.

“Oh, okay, I give!” Steve laughed, as Danny raised his hand with yet more cream on it, obviously wanting to avoid a minor food fight. They wiped each other down with napkins while cameras flashed around them, and Steve leaned in to embrace Danny and kiss him, both of them tasting of sugar and buttercream. Danny slid his now clean hands up Steve’s neck and into his hair, and surreptitiously licked some of the remaining frosting from his cheekbone.
“We are definitely gonna have to save some cake for later…” he purred into his lover’s ear, and the brunette’s grip on his back tightened.

“Do not give me a boner in front of all our friends and family, Danno, I beg you,” Steve smiled and winked as him, “or I will make your life hell, Williams…”

“Too late, I already married you!” The blonde teased back.

“You’ll pay for that later,” Steve whispered in his ear as he walked away, and Danny decided it was probably time to hide himself behind their table again.

Half an hour later they were on the dancefloor, and the song was just starting up - Kodaline’s The One, which Danny had never heard before but Grace had demanded they have it as their first dance and Kono had backed her up until the guys gave in.

Tell me,
Tell me that you want me,
And I ’ll be yours completely
For better or for worse.

“I love you, babe,” Danny leaned in and kissed the side of Steve’s face.

I know,
We ’ll have our disagreements,
Be fighting for no reason
I wouldn ’t change it for the world

“I love you too, and I think the girls chose a good song for us,” the brunette smiled back, his eyes crinkling in that cute way that made Danny’s heart twist.

‘Cause I knew
The first day that I met you
I was never gonna let you
Let you slip away

“Agreed,” the detective pushed his forehead against his lover’s and closed his eyes.

And I
Still remember feeling nervous
Trying to find the words to
Get you here today

He felt Steve chuckle against him, because yes, he had been nervous. He’d told him he’d thought about proposing so many times and backed down at the last second. Steve, a man who he never thought could ever be afraid of anything, and he had been scared to pop the question. How could
he ever think Danny would reject him?

He tightened his arms around Steve’s waist and moved his head to nudge Steve’s into position, and gently pressed his lips against his husband’s.

*You make my heart feel like it’s summer

*When the rain is pouring down

*You make my whole world feel so right when it’s wrong

*That’s how I know you are the one

*That’s why I know you are the one

They barely noticed as their friends joined them on the floor, and it was the end of the song before they finally broke from their gentle kiss. The perfect song choice. Maybe Danny could forgive Kono for her speech after all.

A moderate amount of alcohol had been consumed, thanks to celebrating friends and family insisting on buying them beers, shots (Kono, of course) and a large bottle of champagne from Joe White, so their journey through the house was disorganised at best. It also didn’t help that they were trying to tear one another’s suits off before they’d even made it through the front door, after being dropped off by the taxi, and were tripping over discarded jackets and loosened dress pants as they made their way up the stairs.

They eventually made it to the bedroom, after pressing each other up against the banisters and the wall, kissing lips and throats and collarbones once the shirts were gone, and were now completely naked aside from Danny somehow managing to retain his slackened tie around his neck despite losing his shirt in the living room, and Steve’s socks and boxers were still on, much to his partner's disapproval. And the paper bag the SEAL held in his hand was miraculously intact.

The brunette shoved Danny down onto the bed, and hopped around, removing his socks and throwing the bag onto the mattress. The detective immediately ripped it open and shoved his hand in, withdrawing his frosting-covered fingers and sucking them into his mouth lewdly while making eye contact with his lover and lying back on his elbow.

Steve licked his lips and moved to stand between Danny’s knees where they hung off the edge of the bed, and the blonde dipped his hand back into the bag before sitting up and smearing vanilla cream across his partner’s abs. He looked up and made eye contact with the brunette before leaning forward and running his tongue through the sugary mess, and Steve moaned softly while his hands went to run down Danny’s tie and tug, holding him there as he licked the rest off his stomach, before pushing him down to the bed and placing his knees either side of the detective’s hips.

He drew Danny’s hand up and licked the frosting off his fingers one by one, and Danny wrapped his other hand around Steve’s hard cock and massaged him, tearing moans from his chest. He ducked down so he was on all fours and kissed the blonde hard, transferring some of the cream into his mouth and Danny swallowed it eagerly.

The cake was delicious, the frosting luscious… but his husband? Delectable.

He gripped Steve’s shoulders and threw him to the side, then crawled over him and grasped the bag, dragging it towards them.
“You’re enjoying that cake, huh Danno?” Steve grinned and went for the bag, but Danny snatched it out of his reach and sat back on his partner’s thighs and pressed him down to the mattress with a firm hand in the centre of his chest. The brunette settled for sliding the other man’s tie undone and flinging it to one side.

“I’m enjoying you more…” Danny purred, and Steve growled and flexed under him.

The detective scooped some of the wrecked cake up and wiped it across his lover’s chest, coating his nipples and streaking it down the central line of his stomach. He slid his fingers in between Steve’s lips and groaned as the SEAL sucked them clean, rolling his tongue around each digit in turn and biting down when Danny attempted to remove them from his mouth. The blonde leaned down and replaced his fingers with his tongue, nipping at Steve’s lips and kissing him deeply, before beginning that familiar journey of trailing lips and teeth and tongue down his lover’s jaw, tasting the strong, fast pulse in his throat, and biting his collarbone before assaulting his left nipple voraciously.

The brunette arched up into him, transferring frosting onto his jaw and cheek, while Danny’s tongue worked its way across to attack the other nipple, swirling around it and sucking lightly. The Jersey man made sure to clean every inch of his partner’s chest, taking his time and listening carefully to the noises it pulled from him, music to his ears. Then suddenly he was on his back, and Steve was over him, biting down his jaw and licking the cream from his cheek. The SEAL appeared to be a little disappointed that there wasn’t more to be had, so he reached for the brown paper and smoothed the last of its contents onto Danny, starting at his lips, over his chin and throat, and across his chest, before disposing of the wrapper over his shoulder.

His mouth then made the journey in reverse, licking the blonde’s hairy chest clean as his finger slipped into Danny’s mouth where he swallowed hard and wantonly around them. Steve’s gasped at the feeling and sped up his offensive, lapping over the scars from eight months ago and their raunchy visit to the supply closet, nibbling at his Adam’s apple and scraping his teeth up the rough stubble until he reached the blonde’s lips. Once there, he sucked savagely at his partner’s lower lip before crashing their mouths together in a rough kiss.

Steve pulled away, breathless and flushed, and hovered over Danny inches from his face. “What do you want, baby? Anything and I’ll do it. You want something kinky?”

The detective laughed, “Kinkier than licking our own wedding cake off each other?”

“Anything…” Steve dipped in for another brief kiss, “Just tell me…”

Danny considered, his imagination perusing things they had done, things they could do… and he came to the conclusion that what he wanted most in the world, right now, was just Steve. Nothing but the gorgeous man above him. Why go all out and make a huge meal, when he only craved one ingredient?

“I want you, babe,” he whispered, leaning up to press his lips against the SEAL’s, “I just want you inside me…”

The brunette whimpered and lowered his eyes to Danny’s chest, and the detective could see the flash of self-consciousness in his lover’s eyes. He began to wonder if the man would ever think he was enough for Danny, more than enough, and it made him a little sad. But he was going to spend the rest of his life showing his husband that he was everything to him.

“Hey,” Danny slid his fingers under Steve’s chin and lifted his face back up to meet his blue gaze, forcing meaning into his words, “You are the only thing I will ever need, you get me?”
Steve stared at him for a few seconds, before a slow, easy smile spread across his handsome face. “Yeah, Danny… I get you.”

The brunette reached for the drawer and pulled out the bottle of lube, coating his fingers while his knee parted Danny’s thighs. The detective canted his hips up to give his lover access, and Steve’s tongue entered his mouth again at the same time his finger pushed into his ass.

He’d been waiting for this, wanting this, all day. Unkempt early-morning Steve with his messy hair and sleepy eyes, post-swim Steve with ocean water dripping down his skin, wedding suit Steve with the tie and the fitted pants… he’d forced himself to resist it all because all he’d really wanted was Husband Steve, and he’d saved himself for this moment.

He moaned into his husband’s mouth, scratched his nails up that muscled back and urged his partner onward. Two fingers slipped inside and curled around, and lightning shot through his body, his curse words swallowed by his SEAL. He hooked his heels around Steve’s hips in an attempt to pull him down toward him, but the brunette resisted, knowing he wasn’t prepped fully yet, continuing to thrust his fingers slowly into his lover.

“Eager…” he breathed against Danny’s ear, making him shiver. When he noted Danny’s reaction, he huffed hot air again in the same spot, pulling a moan from the blonde, and laughed gently. “I love this, I love what I can do to you…”

“You’re not the only one,” Danny gasped as Steve bit lightly along the artery in his neck. The detective moved his hands into Steve’s short hair at the nape of his neck and tugged, causing a sharp intake of breath, and it was his turn to grin. “And I love what I can do to you…”

The SEAL hummed against his throat and pulled back to watch Danny’s face as he pushed a third finger inside him. The blonde bowed his spine and pulled down on the other man’s hips with his ankles again.

Steve pulled his fingers out and squirted lube onto his cock, and then grasped Danny’s thighs firmly, tilting his hips upward even further and splaying his legs outward, practically folding the cop in half. He placed himself above the detective in a one-handed push up while he used his other hand to point his dick downward and slide the head into Danny’s entrance. The new position was intense, enabling Steve to use his weight as a driving force as he pushed down into his lover, stretching him in the best possible ways.

With both hands now back on the mattress, he bent his elbows and kissed Danny as he slowly embedded himself inside him, until he was fully sheathed. The blonde felt him slide over his prostate. “Shit,” he sighed when the kiss broke, “I’m not going to last long, babe…”

“Danny, I’ve been wanting you all fucking day, I’m surprised I’ve held it together this long!” Steve grinned.

“Then what are you waiting for?” Danny tugged hard on the brunette’s hair again. He would never get tired of pulling that trigger…

The SEAL growled and withdrew his cock, almost all the way out, before slamming back into him and making Danny cry out in ecstasy as he hit his sweet spot like a bull’s eye. His lover began a series of impressive push ups which hammered his cock into the detective, making him gasp and writhe and pull harder on his partner’s hair. Steve fucked him with long, powerful strokes, the bed
creaking under them, each thrust passing over his prostate and zapping electricity up his spine. Their mouths connected in an uncoordinated kiss, cutting off the litany of curse words which Danny had been shouting, and when his lips were freed again there was only one word spilling from them.

“Steve! Steve!”

“Fuck, Danny!”

The detective’s world went white, stars exploded in his brain as his orgasm bubbled over and rolled through his body. His spine arched and his fingers dug into his lover’s shoulders with a bruising force, and he came over his stomach and chest. Steve shouted Danny’s name into the crook of his neck as he came hard with the blonde’s muscles tightening around his cock, pulsing his seed deep inside him, jerking his hips and finally collapsing on top of his partner.

When Danny finally came back to himself, he shifted Steve’s weight so he could breathe better again, and gazed down at his husband’s blissed out expression as the man snuggled into his side and pressed his face into the side of the blonde’s neck. He was gorgeous, and he was all Danny’s.

“You’re mine…” Steve breathed against his neck, his hand sliding to find Danny's and smooth his thumb over the ring there, and Danny giggled. Evidently he and his man were on very much the same wavelength.

“I am,” he smiled into the soft brunette hair and kissed his partner’s head, “and you’re mine…”

And they fell asleep together, in their husband’s arms.

Bonus: McDanno wedding playlist!

First dance: Kodaline – The One

Everyone on the dance floor: Mark Ronson ft. Bruno Mars – Uptown Funk

Maroon 5 – It Was Always You

Taylor Swift & Ed Sheeran – Everything Has Changed

John Legend – All Of Me

Maroon 5 – Sugar

Coldplay – Magic

John Mayer – Your Body Is A Wonderland

Christina Perri – A Thousand Years

Ed Sheeran – Thinking Out Loud

Hozier – Take Me To Church

Adele – Make You Feel My Love
Green Day – When It’s Time
Sia – Fire Meet Gasoline
Phillip Phillips – Home

Chapter End Notes

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*Disclaimer: obviously need to point out that Kodaline’s lyrics belong to them and are not my work, but I had to include them because jjdfsfhkjshdfkjshd*

Haha sorry to tease you with that summary, but yes, everything did go to plan!!

Aw, our boys, happily married! *sniff* They grow up so fast!

There will be an epilogue, shortly, but I really hope you enjoyed this fic in the meantime. Please have a listen to some of those songs if you haven't before, and let me know any McDanno songs you've heard and want to share!

Love you guys!
Epilogue

Chapter Summary

The happy couple have the rest of their lives to spend together, but there are always going to be bumps in the road... it's how they cope with them that counts...

Chapter Notes

Just a little epilogue for you guys, some fluff and some sex, and our lovely boys being lovely!

Please enjoy!

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Well this was it then, this was the end.

Danny sat in the Camaro and stared at his hands. Steve wasn't ready for another kid, he'd basically shown that when Danny had teased him over Joan when Mary came to stay. So how the hell was he going to take this, when the blonde could barely take it in himself?

The string of texts coming through on his phone had interrupted their Saturday morning Steve's-not-allowed-to-go-swimming sex, and it had been Rachel. He remembered thinking at the time that your ex wife interrupting sex with your new husband should be illegal, and subject to corporal punishment... so what about ruining your relationship altogether?

He'd been getting on so well with Rachel recently, she'd been so supportive of him and Steve, and then she had dropped this bombshell.

Because Charlie was his.

He had a little boy that he hadn't known was his, missed out on interacting with this kid as a father to a son for four years! He was angry and upset and tired and confused, and he just wanted to run to Steve and have the big neanderthal envelop him in his arms and not ever have to move or think again. But he couldn't do that, because Steve would want an explanation. He'd want to make it better, like he always did.

Danny checked his phone again. Rachel had sent him through the details of his appointment with the hospital. The only reason she'd even told him about Charlie in the first place. He was sick and Danny's bone marrow could be a half-match to help him. Lord knows how long this would have gone on without him knowing if the boy hadn't been ill...

But those were questions for another time. He'd spent the morning playing with Charlie at the park and putting his anxiety and fury to one side while he got to know the kid a little. He was bright and...
intelligent, in a seemingly constant state of excitement like kids that age tended to be, and he'd helped Danny forget about what he now had to do... go home and tell his husband of just a few months that he had a step-son.

What the actual fuck? How was this Danny's life? Things were just starting to go right, and now this!

He climbed out of the car and walked slowly up the front path, legs feeling like concrete, weighing him down.

When he opened the door, Steve was no where to be seen. He went through to the kitchen and spotted his partner out on the lanai, lazing on one of the lounge chairs in board shorts, sandals and a blue Navy t-shirt that set off his gorgeous eyes and displayed his physique nicely.

Danny grabbed two beers from the fridge and popped the lids, steeling himself for the conversation he was about to have. Steve didn't do commitment easily, he knew that. It was a miracle they were married, and of course he loved Grace but she had been part of the package right from the start. Charlie was a surprise for everyone. For the first time in his life, Danny was completely at a loss as to how he thought his lover might react. Seeing as the usual was 'be in a mood and blow stuff up', he considered hiding all the artillery in the house, but realised he probably didn't know where all of it was anyway...

"Hey babe," he arrived at Steve's shoulder and tapped it with one of the Longboards.

"Heya, everything okay with Rachel?" Steve took it and reached down to squeeze Danny's leg.

"Yeah, that's uh... I need to talk to you about that, Steve," Danny moved to around to sit on the other lounger, feet on the ground and facing Steve with the bottle clasped in both hands between his knees. His elbows rested on his thighs and his shoulders slumped, and he knew Steve could immediately tell something was wrong.

The brunette sat up with a worried look, placing his forgotten beer on the table. "What's wrong? Is it Rachel? Is it Grace?" He turned to face the detective, mirroring his posture.

He was so concerned, bless his heart, all wide eyes and reaching for Danny's knee. The blonde picked the beer up again and shoved it into Steve's hands.

"No, they're fine. But you're gonna need this..."

"Danny, you're worrying me. What's going on?" Steve took the beer absently, but his other hand was squeezing the Jersey man's knee and his concerned hazel-blue eyes were searching Danny's face for some clue as to what was going on. The blonde couldn't keep the eye contact, and stared at their feet between them. He slid his free hand over Steve's on his leg and tangled their fingers together.

He took a deep breath and pressed on. "Rachel needed to talk to me about Charlie, Steve. He's sick and he needs bone marrow from someone who will be the closest match possible... she... she needs bone marrow from his father..."

His partner looked confused, "So she needed your help with Stan? Is he being difficult?"

Danny finally made eye contact. "No... Stan's... he's not the father, Steve..."

The brunette creased his brow, opened his mouth and looked Danny up and down before realisation dawned on him. He sat up straight and removed his hand from Danny's knee, pulling it
from his grasp as well.

"How long have you known?"

Danny was stunned by the question, "Uh, well around three hours now. What, you think I'd keep this from you? You think I'd marry you without telling you I had another kid? You think I'd have been anything but a father to that boy if I'd known he was mine all this time?" What kind of a man did Steve think he was?

The SEAL shook his head and sighed, scrubbing his hands over his face, "I... no... I don't know Danny, this is a lot to take in..."

Danny put his beer in the sand and pressed the heels of the hands into his eyes. "Yeah, it really is..."

Steve put his bottle on the table again. Neither of them had even taken a sip yet. He stood up and took a few steps toward the door and Danny rose as well. Steve put a hand out towards him to stop him coming closer.

"I'm sorry Danny, I need to process this."

His shoulders slumped again, "But Steve-"

"Danny, I can't do this right now, I need to... I'm sorry..." Steve walked away, into the house. Danny thudded back down onto the lounger and ran his hands through his hair. Then he heard the Silverado's engine start up out front and sighed loudly.

This had ruined everything.

He woke up in the bed, wearing just the sweatpants he had changed into. It was 10pm according to the clock, but he had been woken by the sounds of power tools downstairs. Specifically, a drill.

Steve hadn't returned by the time he'd eventually changed and thrown himself into bed, trying to ignore his aching heart. He'd spent the afternoon and evening slopping around the house and drinking all the beers he could find, feeling sorry for himself, so he was feeling a little fuzzy. But that was definitely a drill.

The blonde dragged himself from the bed and down the stairs, and upon entering the kitchen he found Steve on his knees, lower kitchen cupboards and drawers all open, screwing a chunk of metal to the inside of one of the doors.

"What are you doing?"

Steve looked up at him and smiled, before standing. "Well if our son is going to be visiting, we need child locks... This place is a death trap!"

Danny's heart attempted to exit his body through his throat, tears pricked the corner of his eyes.

"Our son?" He croaked.

Steve approached him slowly, curling his arms around Danny's bare back and dipping down to kiss him tenderly. The blonde slipped his hands around his lover's waist and squeezed tight, so glad to just have him back in his arms. The SEAL’s tongue slipped into his mouth and he parted his lips
further to allow him complete access. It was deep and loving, and Danny's hot tears finally spilled down his cheeks.

Steve broke the kiss and wiped the wet streaks away with his thumbs. "Yes, our son, Danny. 'Cause you know what I realised when I was out? We’re married."

Danny creased his brow. "Yeah, you noticed that, huh?" he teased.

Steve smirked at him, but carried on. “Marriage means what’s mine is yours and what’s yours is mine… And we stand by each other. So I'm sorry, I'm sorry about the way I reacted earlier. I was confused and I say stupid things sometimes."

Danny smiled and nodded in agreement, and Steve bashed him lightly on the arm.

"But," he continued, "I thought about it after I left and... I'm really excited actually. I mean I know he's sick, but once he's better I can teach him how to surf, right? And we can."

He was cut off by Danny's lips crashing into his again as the blonde brought him down with a hand behind his head and pushed him against the doorjamb. He was too fucking perfect not to kiss.

Steve sighed happily, huffing air against his lover's cheek as he kissed him back. It turned more passionate, heated, and their hands began to explore each other. Danny pulled at the clothing that stood between him and his husband's bare skin, and the SEAL wasted no time in pulling his t-shirt over his head, scarcely breaking the kiss before their lips were back together.

Their clothing was discarded, piece by piece, as Steve backed the detective out of their kitchen, through the lounge, and up the stairs, their lips almost constantly connected. Despite barely looking where they were going, they ended up in the bedroom, where Danny shoved his partner down onto the bed and crawled over him, straddling his thighs.

"How did you get so fucking perfect?" He smiled down on his lover, who just grinned back at him.

"I learned from the best," Steve whispered as he ran his hands up Danny's thighs.

The detective leaned down to plaster his lips against his partner's again while reaching for the drawer and fumbling inside for the lube.

"I love you so much," he mumbled against Steve's mouth, not wanting to part from him even to speak. The SEAL tried to take the bottle from Danny's hand, but he pulled it away and coated his own fingers, throwing it down on the bed. The brunette watched in fascination as his lover leaned back and slid his fingers into his own ass and moaned, probably a little louder than was required, purely for Steve's benefit.

"Fuck you're gorgeous," he complimented, "How did I get so lucky?" Danny blushed a little. It felt a little strange to be embarrassed at being told he was attractive when he was kneeling over his partner with his fingers up his ass, but that's apparently how his brain worked.

Steve sat up, his hands caressing every inch of his lover's body. He kissed over his chest and licked at his nipples, taking one into his mouth to suck and nibble at gently before moving to the other, while his fingertips massaged Danny's ass cheeks, parting them to aid in his prep.

The blonde had his head thrown back and was moaning almost continuously, Steve's hot mouth all over his body felt wonderful, like it was meant to be there. His free hand was stroking the back of the SEAL's head, encouraging him to continue. He was already using two fingers, and now graduated to three, while one of Steve's hands slipped around to envelop his straining cock.
"Oh, fuck..." he sighed and pushed through his partner's fisted hand, nerve endings firing pleasure up his spine to his brain. The brunette began nipping his teeth over Danny's ribs, as far down as he could reach in his position, and the detective jumped slightly with every scrape of teeth.

"Back, back against the headboard," he gasped, and Steve obeyed, scooting backward, waiting for Danny to settle over him again before lifting his knees so the blonde was effectively trapped, not that he was planning on going anywhere.

He lubed up his husband's cock, stroking him with both hands and making him writhe and huff. Then he grasped the back of the man's head and crushed their lips together as he slowly sank onto him. Danny took his time sliding down his partner's full length, taking every delicious inch of him hungrily, licking along the line of his mouth and slipping his tongue inside, moaning into him. When Steve was finally fully sheathed within him, he allowed himself to adjust to the stretch while biting at the man’s lower lip.

And then Danny began to move on his lover. However much he wanted to just ride Steve into the mattress, he equally needed to draw this out for as long as possible, so his actions were slow and precise, and he released Steve's lips so he could lean his head back and grip the headboard with both hands. The brunette licked over the detective's collarbone, before settling his teeth lightly over the exact spot where he had left scars almost a year before, his hands running up his partner's back to drag nails down his shoulders while he growled possessively into Danny's chest.

The erotic noise and the sharp sensations went straight to Danny's cock, raising goosebumps on his skin, and he sighed deeply, content in the knowledge that Steve owned him and he owned Steve. The bite scars were faded a little now, but they would never entirely go away - his lover had marked his flesh like he'd marked his heart.

Danny drew every movement out, extending it to its limit, almost torturing himself and his partner; but it was a sweet kind of hell. The longer he took, the longer they could last, and the more pleasure they could both derive from it. They stayed like that for what felt like hours, the blonde gradually lifting and lowering himself, placing his own restrictions on his speed and angle, unlike the last time in this position when Steve had made him go this slowly.

Fuck, it felt like heaven, even with the sweat dripping down his spine and the burn in his thigh muscles – it was a gradual build to what would be a well-deserved climax.

The man beneath him was breathing heavily against his pecs, cursing and groaning, occasionally licking over his shoulders and collarbone, tasting the salt on his skin. He left a wet trailed of open-mouthed kisses up his throat, palms flat on his back and fingers splayed out. One of Danny's hands had moved to sit in between Steve's shoulder blades, while the other still gripped the headboard with white knuckles.

He could feel his orgasm building, his abdominal muscles tightening, and Steve's breaths were shortening, his big hands gripping tighter and pulling at him, becoming more insistent. He finally allowed Steve to take the control he so desperately craved, moving his body as his partner guided him, and the brunette began to moan louder against him as Danny’s movements became faster.

"Fuck, Danny, I want you, I need you. You don't understand!"

The blonde grasped at his lover's jaw, bringing his face up to look at him. "I understand exactly," he whispered before dipping down to kiss him deeply, riding his partner hard and deep like he had wanted to from the start, the strain in his thighs feeling glorious even though he knew they'd hurt in the morning, "I know because I need you too, babe."
Steve grabbed his ass to bring him down hard onto his dick, pulling him forward and changing the angle slightly. He raised him up and slammed him down again, using leverage from his feet planted firmly on the mattress to drive up into him simultaneously, and Danny cried out as his lover hit his prostate over and over as his cock plunged into him. The brunette licked one hand and took hold of the detective's cock, massaging him into a frenzy, and Danny scratched his nails down Steve’s neck.

The SEAL howled his husband's name as he climaxed hard, pulsing his come deep inside Danny, bucking up into him forcefully and hitting his sweet spot with stunning accuracy. The spike of electricity which shot up Danny's spine short circuited his brain momentarily, and when he regained the ability to breathe and open his eyes, he had collapsed forward against Steve and spilled his heat between the two of them. Their stomachs and chests were now coated with a sticky mess as they grasped at each other, and they panted hard into one another's necks.

"Holy fuck..." Steve gasped against his skin, sending tingles up his neck, "God, that was amazing..."

Danny was still having problems with the English language, having to settle for a long, gentle moan, and pressing his forehead against his lover's shoulder.

He wanted to stay there forever, Steve slowly going soft inside him, snuggled against his partner, his best friend. But he'd lost the feeling in his lower legs, and eventually had to ease himself off the brunette to flop onto his back.

"You and I need a shower," Steve was above him with a toothy grin.

"No no, no m'vin'..." was all Danny could mumble in reply, still bringing his pulse and breathing back to normal.

The SEAL laughed, "Okay, I think we both need a few minutes to recover..." He stretched out along the blonde's side like an overly indulgent cat, cuddling into him with his head on his shoulder and slipping a hand over his tacky stomach.

They awoke around an hour later, having accidentally let themselves drift off, Steve stirring first and kissing Danny on his cheek to bring him out of his slumber.

"Hey, you. Shower," he whispered.

Danny actually felt like moving could be an option now, and waited for the brunette to shift off him before pulling himself to a sitting position.

"I love you so, so much," Danny smiled at his lover.

Steve paused halfway to the bathroom door. "I'm sorry about earlier," he looked down at his feet, "I'm sorry I just walked out on you, I... I should have stayed and talked it through with you..."

Danny stood and took his chin, making eye contact with the SEAL. "No, babe. If you needed space to think, it's fine, I get that. I had my thinking time before I got home, you had it all thrown at you."

Steve gave him a small smile. "I didn't mean to worry you. Just know that there's nothing that could be thrown at us that we can't deal with together. Nothing we can't handle as long as it's you and me."

Danny squeezed his partner's ass and kissed him softly, "No, nothing we can't cope with. Because you're my back up," he winked, "and I'm yours."
They kissed again and Danny sighed contentedly before releasing his lover and heading for the bathroom.

“It’s thinking after we’ve had a shower, we should get one of your ties out of the closet…”

Danny glanced back at him, “Oh yeah? Why’s that?”

Steve sniggered, "I dunno, maybe just thinking about that time I broke into your house… you remember that?" He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively.

Of course Danny did, it was what had started their relationship down this new road.

"Oh, I do seem to recall that incident," he smiled at his husband as he turned the shower on, ready for round two already and licking his lips just thinking about their first time. The brunette advanced on him, and they kissed deeply. "Although you did have my key, so technically, it was never actually a break in..."

Chapter End Notes

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I really hope you liked the little Charlie-shaped surprise - I hinted at it quite early on, so it had to come up sometime!

Wow, okay, well a novel is apparently defined at 40,000 words... my word count for The Break In is now almost 150,000, so congratulations, *you* have just read almost four novels worth of fluffy smutty McDanno porn!

Good. For. You!

Thank you so much for your support and readership throughout this whole endeavour! When I started, it was going to be a one off, or maybe two chapters, but you guys were so into it and enjoying the whole idea that I just had to keep going. It has taken over my life for the past few weeks, and not in a bad way - if anything it has allowed me to be more open with my partner, and we've become closer. Before writing this, I don't think I ever would have admitted some of my kinks to my fiance, but because I was always writing (and he was constantly asking me what I was doing!) I ended up telling him all about it... suffice to say, we are *both* benefiting from me being more open!

Please just bear in mind that this is all your fault! (And I love you for it!)

I will be working on more stuff in the future, so please keep an eye out, and please please let me know your thoughts on this epilogue, and the story as a whole.

Thank you again,

Lindy x

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!