A brief story of "me and thee"

Notes

This could be a death fic or not. No ending so you choose. This could be slash or not. Again, you choose.

"Me and Thee"... it's tumbled around in my mind for some time, that I knew where that phrase might have come from. This morning, I remembered. With David having grown up with a Minister as a father, I have to wonder if he is the one to suggest the use of it? A promise of fidelity, spoken by Ruth to Naomi, her mother-in-law. “Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: Where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me.” Ruth 1:16

Maybe someone knows?
Anyway... this slightly longer than a drabble came from Madison who loves to hurt the guys. No ending so you can decide what happens.

WHITHER THOU GOEST

Hutch heard the shots. Then he heard Starsky fall next to him. As he turned to Starsky, he felt the bullet slam into his chest.
“Oh God! No! Starsk!”

He fell to his back close to where Starsky lay. He slowly turned his head toward his partner. He saw the blood on Starsky’s chest. His vision grayed. As his eyes closed he moved his right hand slowly toward the hand lying so close to his. Moving it like a spider crawls he finally touched hands with him.

With great effort he crawled his hand atop Starsky’s and slowly, painfully moved his fingers to interlock with his partner’s. He was rewarded for his efforts by a weak squeeze of his fingers.

He could here sirens coming toward them.

Blinking his eyes to clear his vision he managed to turn his face to Starsky’s, only to see Starsky’s eyes open a slit and fixed on his.

Hutch cleared his throat and whispered to his love, “Whither thou goest…”

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