

I just started liking you

(Harvey Bullock x Hank Anderson)

Von Darknecessary

Slowly, Hank's hands go over Harvey's body. He kissed Harvey. The other man hissed and pressed against Hank. Sweat glued his hair to his forehead. He wrapped his arms around Hank and moaned with pleasure. Hank tenderly kissed his throat. His hand wrapped Harvey's member and he licked over his cheek to the ear.

"I'm starting to like you." Hank said tiredly. Harvey's head laid on his guilt. The sex had exhausted him and he wanted to sleep. Hank ran his hand through Harvey's hair. "Really?" The brown-haired policeman muttered. He was nearly sleeping. "How nice ...", then there was no more to say. It was a good decision to open up again. Let someone in his life again. Hank had needed a long time for this. But there had something developed that made him happy out of platonic lust. He hoped he could be here forever.

The alarm rang too early. But well, those who could drink up to 3 am and ate pizza, any time was too early. It took 2 minutes for to Hank to reach for the alarm clock and shut it off. "Could we not just be sick?" Harvey muttered wearily, probably more exhausted. Hank growled softly. He stroke Harvey through the hair. "No, unfortunately not." He gave a kiss and stood up. "I'll make breakfast, go take a shower," he said, pulling on his shorts. "Good morning, Sumo." He said in the following, just glancing at the urn on his shelf. Harvey raised his eyes and looked sadly at Hank. "Maybe I should buy a dog," he muttered, peeling somehow from the sheets.

"And I just started liking you," Harvey grumbled as he reached his desk and found the empty donut box. Hank pointedly licked the pastry. That belonged to him now. Harvey rolled his eyes, then chuckled, leaned forward and gave Hank a long kiss. "At least let me take a bite, huh?" He asked calmly and Hank scowled suspiciously. "Mhhh ... no!", He pushed the whole donut into his mouth. Harvey punched him in the shoulder. "I'll bring you coffee again, asshole." He laughed. Hank pulled Harvey by the collar and kissed him himself.

A door fell into the lock. "Hey, can you do it somewhere else, this is a public security station?" Jim Gordon grumbled. "Watching old men kissing is not what I want to see

when I get here," he murmured. Hank ran his Hand through Harvey's beard and massaged it. "Just because you can not do it anymore, hm, Jimmy?" He asked, grinning. He got a middle finger in answer. Harvey closed his eyes. "Guys, be nice." He mumbled, enjoying Hank's touch.

Harvey broke away from Hank and sat down at his desk. "Did you hear Cyberlife makes androids again," he said thoughtfully, looking at his screen. Hank raised an eyebrow. "Hm. I have nothing left to do with it." He grumbled. After Connor was taken over by Amanda, she had collected and executed all the androids together and eventually destroyed Connor. The reason why Hank left Detroit. He had not come over a second time to lose his son. "In the end, it's just machines." Hank said softly. His eyes went nowhere. Harvey looked at him. "Sorry, I did not mean to-" Hank shook his head. It was just ... a hard time, "he said. Then he cleared his throat and hit the table with his flat hand. "What do we have?"

The day was an eventless puke, but sometimes it was just fine to sit flat only on the hemorrhoids. Until shortly before closing time. "Downtown Domestic Violence, Armed Person Threatens Woman and Son." Hank pinched the bridge of his nose. "Okay, let's go.", He looked at Harvey. They drove off immediately.

On the spot there was already a special investigator who phoned the family's father. "Jack, look, if you shoot in there, I can not promise you're going to live, you have to put down your gun and come out, I promise you, no one will shoot you," the man said. Then, however, Jack ringed off. The investigator cursed and immediately called again. Harvey looked at the house. He licked his lip nervously. "If we approach from the terrace ...", inside there was a shot. Then two more. Hank growled angrily, kicking in the door. "He's leaving!" Shouted the old policeman. Harvey sprinted along the side of the house to catch the man in the garden. "GCPD WEAPON DOWN! God, why do they always have to run away ?!", he gasped. "Sir, no clear view, I could hit Detective Bullock," one of the snipers said and the inspector with the phone raised both hands. "Do not shoot!" He shouted. Hank squeezed the boy's stomach wound on the floor. "He's still alive," he said, giving way to the paramedic. "Help him!", Then he staggered himself to the garden door and hurried out. He followed Harvey and Jack through the garden gate to the street.

"I just wanted to be happy and then she tells me ... that bitch, he's not my son at all! She lied to me for eleven years!" Tears ran down Jack's cheeks. He shivered, holding his gun aimed at Harvey. "That's not fair!" He shouted. Harvey had both hands up. "Jack, please come down from the street, that's really not fair, you're right, but you really should get off the road," Harvey tried to placate the man. Hooting cars dodged and an accident was imminent. Jack sobbed. He looked at his gun and shook his head. Now Hank reached the two. He swallowed. "Hey, Jack," he said quietly. "How about if you come to us and we talk about it?" The black-haired man looked up slowly. I've ... killed two people, there's nothing left to talk about. ", He pulled the trigger. Then he spun around and sprinted across the street.

"NO!", Hank grabbed Harvey before he could sag and went down with him. He took

off his shirt and pressed it to the wound. "Idiot!" Hank scolded. "You idiot! That was my bullet! Are you totally crazy ?!" he exclaimed desperately. Harvey shivered. Hank folded his jacket under Harvey's head, then squeezed the wound again. "HELP!" He shouted and first tears ran down the time-worn cheeks. "I ... just ... started liking you," Harvey muttered softly. Hank bit his lip. "Asshole, you're not going to die now, damn it, you can not die now!" Hank shouted angrily. He kissed Harvey on the lips. "I need you..."

The apartment was dark. Empty. Cold. Hank could hardly bear to be here all alone. He accidentally dropped his key, but did not bother to lift it. He took off his jacket and threw it carelessly on the shoe rack, the shoes themselves remained in the hallway. Shivering, he poured his scotch and drained it all at once. And then another. Hank gripped his hair, scratched his beard, rubbed his throat, then sank down onto the sofa. Disinterested, the old policeman switched on the television. There was some broadcast about anglers in the Amazon. Hank did not really notice.

He woke up when the phone rang. Tired, he reached for it. "Bullock-Anderson." Hank mumbled sleepily. "Mr. Anderson, Gotham City Memorial Hospital, we have ... bad news for you."

Hank slowly stroked the urn. He glanced at Cole's photo, which Harvey had placed next to it. Then he looked at the picture of Connor. He had not wanted it there, but Harvey had insisted. With shaky hands Hank moved it in its spot. He put a picture of Harvey beside it. A snapshot he had made when Harvey had completely overslept, showing his middle finger. Hank bit his lip. One last Picture was placed. A Picture of their wedding. Harvey in a well fitting suit with a blue tie, Hank in a black frock-coat with a hat.

"And I just started liking you."

The neighbors called the police for hearing a shot.