

the whispers in the morning

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the whispers in the morning

by [thisissirius](#)

Summary

“You can tell me about how tired you aren’t,” Buck says, hauling Eddie up and getting a better grip on his waist, “while I carry you to bed.”

“Yours?” Eddie asks. When Buck looks, he’s got a little furrow between his brows, endearingly confused.

Buck snorts gently, managing to get them both up the stairs without injury. “You are at my apartment, Eddie.”

Notes

for an anon on tumblr who requested; *Can I have Buck carrying Eddie with this prompt please? You can tell me all about how tired you aren’t while I carry you to bed.*

honestly i am LIVING for these idiots.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Chapter 1

Buck's not sure what makes him wake up, but he knows what keeps him awake; the slam of his door and the curses currently erupting from downstairs.

The voice is Eddie's, and Buck's not expecting the way he looks. He's wearing a shirt and pants, dirty and gross and Buck frowns. "Did you come straight from work?"

"Buck?" Eddie asks, jerking up from the island he's currently plastered against.

Buck thinks he's drunk, but he can see the trembles wracking Eddie's frame, the dark smudges beneath his eyes. He knows Eddie's been on a long shift, the days before jam-packed with trips and Christopher and work, work, work. He's gotta be exhausted.

"Hey Eddie," Buck says.

Eddie stumbles a little as he straightens up, taking a few steps towards Buck and then pausing. "You okay?"

"I could ask you the same thing." Buck doesn't want to sound so amused, but he can't help himself. "You wanna get some sleep?"

"M'not tired," Eddie says, slumping against Buck. His face mashes against the curve of Buck's jaw and it's gross. Buck rolls his eyes but doesn't try to shove Eddie away.

He likes it.

Something's settled between them since Christmas, easing back into their friendship like all the shit since the truck bombing is nothing. Buck knows that's mostly wishful thinking. Nightmares about the tsunami, awkwardness with Bobby, and the aches in his leg when it's cold are all huge obstacles. It's easy to forget about it all when Eddie's around, though. When he's got Christopher tucked up on the couch and they're all safe.

"You can tell me about how tired you aren't," Buck says, hauling Eddie up and getting a better grip on his waist, "while I carry you to bed."

"Yours?" Eddie asks. When Buck looks, he's got a little furrow between his brows, endearingly confused.

Buck snorts gently, managing to get them both up the stairs without injury. "You are at my apartment, Eddie."

Eddie blinks at him, at the bed, and then back over his shoulder. "I am?"

"You are." Buck wants to laugh, but he can't bring himself to. It's not often Eddie will let himself be so vulnerable in front of Buck. He seems to have this need to be the strong one, to stand between those he loves and the world, and it breaks Buck's heart that he won't allow anyone to do that for him. Buck will always do it if given half the chance.

For Eddie, there's precious little he won't do.

"Come on, Eddie," he says gently, guiding Eddie to the bathroom. He presses down on Eddie's shoulders until he sits on the toilet, leaning heavily against Buck's stomach. Buck gives in to the urge and runs a hand through Eddie's hair, scratches lightly at his scalp. The soft noise Eddie lets out makes Buck's heart skip. "You want a shower?"

"Wanna sleep," Eddie slurs.

Buck smiles gently, his other hand slipping beneath the collar of Eddie's shirt, running over the muscles of his back. Eddie's wound tight, always so tense, and Buck wishes he could take some of the stress away. "Thought you weren't tired."

"M'now," Eddie mumbles, hands coming up to Buck's waist. His grip is tight despite his exhaustion. "You're here."

It's honest in a way Buck doesn't expect. He wants to say something, but his throat won't work. He settles for running the tap, warming the water. "I'm just gonna clean you up, okay?"

Eddie pulls back, blinking with half-lidded eyes. "Buck?"

"Yeah," Buck says, and he doesn't mean to laugh, but Eddie looks - well, adorable.

"Why am I in your apartment?"

Buck crouches in front of Eddie, suddenly concerned. "You here with me, Eddie?"

Eddie opens his mouth, stares around the bathroom, and then back at Buck. "I don't remember driving here."

Something in Buck's chest breaks and he presses his hands to Eddie's face, fingers brushing over his dirty cheekbones. He doesn't know what to say, doesn't know where Eddie's come from, or what he's been doing. The streetfighting is over, that much Buck knows. There are other ways to relieve your stress, though. Other ways to hurt yourself without actively getting punched and Buck knows from experience their job can do that all too easily. "Eddie."

"I lied," Eddie says slowly. His eyes are dark, his hands moving to Buck's arms, though Buck doesn't know if he wants to push Buck away or pull him closer. He doesn't think Eddie knows himself. "I'm so tired, Buck."

"I know," Buck whispers, and pulls Eddie forward until Eddie's head is against his shoulder. Eddie lets out a soft noise, maybe a sob, and then clings to Buck's back. "I've got you, Eddie, I promise."

Eddie says nothing. He's breathing hotly against Buck's neck, wet and gross, but Buck holds on nonetheless. He keeps Eddie upright on the toilet seat and cradles the back of Eddie's head like he's precious.

And he is.

“I was,” Eddie starts, and he sounds a little more awake. Buck doesn’t trust it, refuses to let him go. “I can’t stop getting things wrong.”

Buck pulls his head back. “What are you talking about?”

“I thought,” Eddie starts, refusing to meet Buck’s eyes. His fingers dig into Buck’s arms, leaning into Buck’s grip. “I was scared.”

“Of what?”

“This,” Eddie says, and he looks between them at the floor.

Buck wants to make a joke, the words *the bathroom* on his tongue, but he can’t do that, won’t let himself turn Eddie’s vulnerability into a joke. “Us?”

“Yeah,” Eddie breathes, and when he finally meets Buck’s eyes, they’re wet and shiny. Buck’s heart breaks all over again, but Eddie’s still talking, looking panicked. “I thought I knew who I was, what I wanted, but there’s you, Buck. You’re so - you love me and I’m scared of that because everyone leaves. I’m not,” Eddie sucks in a breath, tone wavering, “I’m not enough for anyone.”

Buck stands, taking Eddie with him. He wraps Eddie up in his arms and though Eddie shakes in his grip, he takes the comfort Buck’s providing. He slides his hands up Buck’s back, fisting them in Buck’s shirt.

“I need you to listen to me,” Buck says, and Eddie makes an assenting noise into his shoulder. “Whatever put those thoughts in your head is valid, Eddie, I’m not saying it’s not. God knows I hate myself enough to understand that, but you’re enough for me.”

Eddie makes another noise, but Buck pulls back, forces Eddie to meet his eyes.

“You’ve always been enough for me. Your friendship - I know we’ve had problems, but I’m so damned lucky you chose the 118. I’m lucky my ridiculous peacocking shit didn’t shove you away. You, Eddie Diaz, will always be enough for me.”

“Buck, you can’t-” Eddie starts.

“No, Eddie.” Buck hardens his tone. “I promise that it’s never *you*. People have their own issues, man, their own hangups, but none of that is on you. You’re the best thing in my life bar Christopher.”

Eddie’s face does something complicated, his eyes bright. “I love you.”

Buck smiles gently because he’s not sure what to do with that. Eddie’s telling the truth - Buck knows what that looks like - but he doesn’t want Eddie to regret what he says when he’s dead on his feet. “I love you too.”

“I mean it,” Eddie says, but his eyes are slipping closed again.

Taking pity on him, Buck walks them into the bedroom, ignoring the fact that he's gonna have to wash the sheets and probably shower them both in the morning, but Eddie's not gonna make it much longer.

"Come on," he says, gently easing Eddie into the bed. Eddie doesn't let go of him, making it awkward, but he manages to shuffle next to him until he's comfortable. Eddie immediately latches on to his side, head pillowed on Buck's shoulder, and Buck holds him close, buries his nose in Eddie's hair. It's smoky, a little dusty from whatever he did last on shift, and Buck's so pathetically grateful he's here.

"I'll say it in the morning," Eddie says.

Buck says nothing, just holds Eddie a little tighter. Perhaps he will. Maybe he won't. Buck knows better than to hope for things just out of his reach. He strokes a hand over Eddie's back, not sure he knows what the feelings currently crushing his chest are.

Love, definitely.

Hope, despite his own misgivings.

A want so strong he almost chokes with it.

Eddie's breath evens out into sleep, and Buck runs a finger down his temple, the line of his nose. Eddie twitches but doesn't wake up. It's not often Buck gets to see this, not even when they nap at the station. There's a wall between Eddie and what he's willing to show, what he's willing to give up (never his pride).

But here, in the privacy of his own room, Buck can almost believe this is something he can have in the long term. If he's careful. If he lets Eddie lead.

If Eddie means it when he says *I love you* with that look in his eyes.

Buck's not used to getting what he wants and he won't ever ask for anything again if it means he gets to have Eddie and Christopher for good.

never wonder where i am

Chapter Notes

because AS IF i could leave it there ;)

Eddie wakes slowly.

The bed beside him is empty, but he can see the duvet is partially thrown back. He stretches, working the kinks out of his back, and winces when aches and pains make themselves known. He buries his face back in the pillow, smelling Buck's shampoo and whatever the fuck he's still got in his hair. Fuck, he needs a shower.

Rolling onto his back, he stares up at the ceiling as he hears the TV downstairs. It's low, Buck obviously trying not to wake him, and he blinks at the clock. He's slept for almost 16 hours. Chris. Shit. He's not sure he even thought about Chris when he staggered into Buck's apartment. Eddie's still wearing his clothes from the day before and he makes a face as he tugs his phone from his pocket. It's probably responsible for the ache in Eddie's hip, but he deserves it for waking Buck up in the middle of the night. There are a couple of messages from his abuela in Spanish, and then one in English.

Never mind, she says, Buck told me. Stay safe, nieto, and I'll speak to you tomorrow.

Fuck. Eddie's chest tightens with emotion and he can't help the way his lips curve into a smile. Buck's always thinking about Christopher, always making sure he's got Eddie's — and Chris' — best interest at heart.

Dropping the phone next to him on the bed, Eddie thinks about everything he told Buck when he'd been exhausted. He kind of hates himself a little for falling asleep on Buck. He's gonna have to make up for that, especially given how much Buck's done for him, and he shifts on the bed, throwing his legs over the side. He scratches at the back of his head, making another face at the shit he's still dirty with. Letting him sleep in the bed is definitely a plus for Buck.

"Buck?"

There's a silence from downstairs, and then, "You're awake!"

Eddie frowns. There's something about Buck's tone that's a little out of place, and he crosses to the balcony, peering over the stairs until Buck comes into sight. He's still in the same clothes, and Eddie gives him a sheepish smile. "Sorry for last night."

Buck leans against the wall at the bottom of the stairs. The smile on his face is genuine, but there's a shadow in his eyes that Eddie doesn't like. "You feeling better?"

“Much.” Eddie stares at himself and then over his shoulder. “Sorry about the mess. I’m gonna take a shower if that’s alright?”

“Duh,” Buck says, with a roll of his eyes.

“I’ll also toss the sheets in the laundry. Sorry for, by the way.”

“I already said it’s fine,” Buck says with a shrug and pushes away from the wall. “You hungry?”

It’s only as Buck says it that Eddie realizes he is, and he nods. “Starving.”

“Cool.” Buck meets his eyes slowly. “I’ll grab us something to eat.”

Eddie watches him move into the kitchen and he sighs. He really fucking needs a shower, but apparently Buck needs to hear that Eddie wasn’t talking shit. Instead of heading for the bathroom, he makes his way down the stairs. “Buck?”

“I thought you were taking a shower.”

“Hey,” Eddie says, moving around the counter. “Look at me?”

Buck leaves the frying pan on the stove, but he doesn’t turn.

“Buck,” Eddie says carefully, resting a hand on Buck’s shoulder and turning him around. Buck stubbornly looks at the floor until Eddie’s hand on his face causes him to look up. “Everything I said last night—”

“I know you were tired,” Buck blurts out.

“Shut the fuck up, Buck,” Eddie says, and Buck’s mouth closes abruptly. Eddie’s heart is pounding in his chest, and his throat is dry. There’s always been a distance between himself and everyone else at the 118 because that’s the way he’s wanted it. After Shannon, losing her, shit with Chris and the lawsuit — his words to Frank about not being good enough were honest. He doesn’t think he’s ever going to be enough to keep someone with him forever.

Except there’s Buck, who’s always there. Who stays, even when Eddie pushes him away. Who loves Christopher as much as Eddie. Who wants Eddie to be happy. Eddie’s not stupid and he knows what that means.

“I didn’t lie about thinking I’m not,” Eddie’s breath hitches. It’s not easy to admit to this stuff when he’s got a filter back. “Not good enough for anyone.” His eyes burn and he ducks his head, but Buck’s hand comes to rest on his hip, squeezing gently. Getting a grip, Eddie stares back at Buck. There’s hope in Buck’s expression, and a little disbelief. It gives Eddie the courage he needs to keep talking because Buck deserves to hear it, to know how important he is to Eddie. “I want to be enough for you.”

“You are,” Buck says, his own voice hoarse. He squeezes Eddie’s hip again. “You always have been.”

“I also didn’t lie about the other stuff,” Eddie continues. “About loving you.”

Buck’s breath catches, and he swallows once, twice. Eddie hates to see Buck cry, but he thinks maybe this time it’s not a bad thing. “Eddie.”

Eddie smiles gently, lets himself acknowledge the feelings he’s been pushing away for so long. It’s stupid to deny how happy Buck makes him — and Christopher — and the fact that’s gotten used to Buck being around. He doesn’t want to go back to *before Buck*. “I love you, Buck.”

“Oh,” Buck says, scrubbing at his face with his free hand. “I thought maybe you didn’t mean it.”

“Yeah, I know.” Eddie rubs his thumb over Buck’s neck, and Buck leans into the touch, eyes dropping to Eddie’s lips. “It’s okay to be scared, Buck, but you never have to doubt that, alright?”

Buck nods, but Eddie’s sure they’re gonna have to actually talk about their issues at some point, especially if they’re gonna be as long-term as he hopes. “I love you too.”

“That I didn’t doubt,” Eddie says quietly.

“Can I,” Buck says, licking at his bottom lip, eyes dropping to Eddie’s mouth. “Are we—”

Eddie laughs gently. “You can kiss me if that’s what you’re asking.”

“Hell fucking yes,” Buck mutters and then darts forward, a little too quickly.

Their noses bump, and Buck’s lips smack against Eddie’s cheek. They both start laughing until Eddie’s hand tilts Buck’s face. The kiss is soft, barely a brush of lips until Buck finds his footing. His hand rests on the back of Eddie’s head, holding him in place while he deepens the kiss, tongue running along the seam of Eddie’s bottom lip. Eddie sighs happily into Buck’s mouth, feels Buck’s fingers stroking through the short strands of his hair and he makes a soft noise.

When they part, Buck’s eyes are glazed, but he’s grinning like an idiot. Eddie doesn’t doubt that he looks the same. “Wow.”

“You believe me now?”

“Mmm,” Buck says, lips quirked up into a smile. “Might need to test that out a couple of times.”

“Take it easy,” Eddie says with a laugh, when Buck’s arm comes around his waist, hauling him closer. He tilts his head, lets Buck find his neck instead, and groans at the feel of Buck’s teeth working against his jaw. “Fuck, you have to stop that.”

“Nope,” Buck says, and he’s totally laughing at Eddie. “Now you’ve opened the door, Diaz, you have to take what comes.”

“I’ll take it,” Eddie says darkly, and feels the shudder that runs through Buck. “Right after I shower yesterday’s crap off me.”

Buck sighs, but presses a kiss to Eddie’s jaw before he pulls back. His eyes are dark, but his smile is short. “Yeah, okay.”

Eddie knows what Buck shutting down looks like, and he leans in, thumb brushing over Buck’s cheekbone. “I don’t want to rush this, Buck, but I want it, alright? I just feel like crap.”

“You smell like it too,” Buck says with a cheeky grin, regaining some of his footing.

“Yet you still wanna kiss me,” Eddie says with a shrug, as he takes a couple of steps backward. “And probably join me in the shower.”

“Oh, fuck you, Diaz.”

Eddie grins. “Thinking about me naked now, huh?”

Buck flips him off but doesn’t make a move to follow Eddie up the stairs. Eddie’s a little glad of it. As easy as the flirting is, as normal as it is to say *I love you*, he still gets a rush of apprehension when he thinks about anything physical. Except kissing. The kissing is a-fucking-okay.

“Hey,” Eddie says, when he gets to the top of the stairs. Buck looks up at him, grabbing shit out of the fridge. “I love you.”

“I love you too,” Buck says, breathless, and Eddie doubts either of them will tire of hearing it.

“Thanks, for letting my Abuela know where I was.”

Buck shrugs with one shoulder, staring at the bacon in his hands. “Gotta let Chris know where his dad is.”

“And that,” Eddie says, one hand on the doorjamb. “Is what I love the best about you.”

“How conscientious I am?” Buck says with a ridiculous grin.

“No,” Eddie says, and he lets his voice convey the emotion that he’s spent so long trying really hard to contain. “How much you love my son.”

Buck’s mouth opens, closes, and Eddie can see the red on his cheeks from up the stairs. “Eddie—”

“I’ve never doubted that.”

“Good,” Buck says eventually. “Because I love you both. A lot.”

Eddie doesn't doubt it. "Good. Because I'd hate to have to let you down gently because you didn't wanna be around Chris."

"I love him better than you, idiot, so that'll never be a problem."

Eddie laughs as he ducks into the bathroom. He stares at himself in the mirror, at the red mark Buck's bitten into his jaw, the ridiculous smile on his face. His self-doubts and fears haven't gone away, and he doubts it'll take long for them to rear their ugly heads, but he's got faith that what he and Buck have — what they've always had — is worth the shit to come.

"Hurry up, asshole, you owe me a shit ton of kisses for waking me up last night!"

So, so worth it.

End Notes

maybe eddie wakes up and says i love you again. maybe he doesn't :))))

hit me up on [tumblr](#).

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