

## Truths

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# Truths

by [Hyx\\_Sydin](#)

## Summary

John confesses things as he's dying, and then doesn't actually die.

## Notes

Hey firecat, I really hope you like this story! ^\_^

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

“Shouldn’t have come...” John gasped out as he struggled to remain upright in the town car’s backseat.

“Please Mister Reese,” Finch said, his voice clipped. “You shouldn’t be speaking.”

“Wanted to keep you safe,” darkness crept into John’s vision as he clutched at his wounds.

“Mister Reese, please stop speaking.”

There was a finality to Finch’s words but John had something he had to say.

John closed his eyes hoping it would help with the nausea. “Sunny afternoons in the library, you’re looking into our latest number... The smell of old books, the faint hints of the menthol rub you use... Your voice in my ear... home now.”

John felt the car turn a corner and sighed as he settled against the door. “Never thought I’d find one after Jessica... you changed that, changed me.”

John fell sideways as the door next to him opened, groaning as the movement pulled at his wounds. There were hands that kept him from hitting the ground and then he was being dragged from the car.

“Harold...” John tried to stand but his legs would not do as he wanted. “Love you,” he sighed, rubbing his cheek against the chest he was pressed against. “Know you don’t, can’t love me back... ‘s okay.”

John wanted to say more, wanted to explain that he knew about Grace and that Harold should get out before he was also killed, that Harold deserved to be happy. But the last thing he actually remembers is the feel of cashmere against his cheek and surprisingly strong arms holding him up.

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John came awake slowly, unaware of where he was but feeling the effects of a sedative. He took stock of his body; wiggled his toes, moved his legs slightly, he tried to lift his torso but there was no response and a kind of blank area in his awareness surrounding it. He tried to remember when or how he had been injured but lost his train of thought when he realised there was a hand laying on top of his left hand.

John fought the gumminess of his eyes as he tried opening them. How long had he been out? Until they finally opened, he braced himself for blinding light but found that the light of the room he was in had been dimmed. John glanced to his left and found Harold asleep in an armchair that was pulled close to the hospital bed he lay in, his right hand resting lightly on John’s left as he slept.

John was glad to see that Harold had been thinking about his own injuries, noting that the lines of pain which usually marred his forehead were eased in his sleep. John slowly turned

his hand around and curled his fingers through Harold's with the intention of letting go as soon as the other man showed signs of waking.

John checked that Harold was still sleeping and then looked around the room, there were floor-to-ceiling bookshelves on each of the four walls but they were not bookshelves he recognised from their library. There was no way Harold would take John to one of his homes, so this had to be another safe house... had it been equipped for occasions like this? Or had Harold had the bed brought in specially because John had needed it?

Probably the former John decided, given Harold's forethought given everything else. John was merely another tool in Harold's arsenal; to be used when necessary, to be fixed if possible, to dispose of when no longer useful.

John glanced at Harold again, thumb unconsciously running along Harold's hand, and wondered what it would be like to be the object of Harold's affections. John steered his thoughts away from those fantasies and sighed as he closed his eyes and firmed his hold on Harold's hand, he'd rest like this for a moment and then he would let go.

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John jerked awake due to a loud noise, groaning at the blossoming pain in his abdomen.

"Apologies Mister Reese," Harold murmured.

John opened his eyes and found that Harold was stretching to his left over the armchair's armrest, trying to pick something up that he'd dropped.

"I think it would be easier if you stood up," John said, his smile colouring his words.

"I would have," Harold said, settling into his seat and turning to glance at John and then down... to where John still held his hand.

John stared at their hands and then slowly released his hold, surprised when Harold didn't immediately pull his hand away.

"What is it?" John asked, waving his left hand at the object Harold had been trying to pick up, hoping to deflect Harold's curious gaze.

"My book," Harold said, not making a move to pick it up. "I was hoping to pass the time until you woke up."

John shifted, hoping to ease the pain radiating from his wounds, not surprised that Harold's keen gaze picked up on it.

"I'm going to inject some morphine into your drip," Harold said, getting up and moving to the other side of the bed where a tray was laid out with what he'd need. "Just enough to take the edge off of the pain. I am certain you would rather do without it, but I would prefer you to not suffer."

John watched Harold work, not knowing what to say to his words.

"I -" Harold breathed out shakily as he discarded the needle he had used. "I did not enjoy seeing you like that Mister Reese."

"One of the hazards-" John began to say but was cut-off by Harold gently touching his cheek.

"You said some things in the car," Harold said, looking uncertain. "I'm not sure you remember them."

"What-" John cleared his throat, suddenly nervous. "What did I say?"

"It is not important," Harold shook his head and made to move away.

"Harold please," John said as he caught Harold's arm. "What did I say?"

Harold stopped and after a moment turned to face John. "You called me Harold, just before telling me you loved me."

"Oh," John sighed, closing his eyes against the rejection that was surely to come.

"You are mistaken, John." There was a gentle touch to his cheek again and when he opened his eyes Harold was right there, leaning towards him. "I can, and do, love you."

John leaned into Harold's touch. "What about Grace?"

There was no surprise on Harold's face that John knew about her, only understanding. "It could never have worked between us, not with all of my secrets."

"This will make things more complicated," John pointed out, not sure why he was not grabbing this chance with both hands.

"It was always complicated, John." Harold smiled but there was a tinge of sadness to it.

John understood though, their lives were not ordinary, happily ever after was not on the cards for them. "I will always put you first," he vowed.

"You shouldn't," Harold said but did not protest further, instead he closed the space between them and lightly kissed John.

John, conscious of the fact that he'd been unconscious, kept the kiss chaste.

"You should rest," Harold said as he pulled away and slowly straightened.

John settled into his pillows, realising for the first time that they were very similar to the ones in his apartment. "Will you stay?"

"Of course, Mister Reese." There was a playful light in Harold's eyes as he spoke and John found he did not mind the more formal address.

"Good," John said as he watched Harold settle into the armchair again, this time with his book.

Harold held out his right hand after he had settled comfortably, causing John o smile as he took it into his left.

## End Notes

Hey guys, thanks for the read! ♥ If you notice any mistakes or think I need to add a tag or change the rating, let me know.

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