

## Devil You Know

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# Devil You Know

by [Halfaglassofcrazy](#)

## Summary

Steve has been undercover so long the lines are blurry. Loosing who he is under the mask. Can Danny be the light to guide him home?

## Notes

Beta read by the wonderful Lizlybear. <3

# Chapter 1

It was curious to see how many people assumed major crime occurred at night. Like there was some kind of nocturnal attribute to mobsters and thugs. Yes, most of it did happen at night but mostly it was during the day. In filthy corners of the city where the good people don't go. The famous crawling underbelly, running like an infection on the beautiful island.

It had taken years of meticulous planning and hard work to build his cover. He wasn't going to let up easy. So when his previous partner, Jerry announced retirement, he opted to stay on. Now here he was. Sharp cheekbones illuminated by the cherry of the cigarette as he stood, leaning on the side of a building. Manila folder tucked under his arm. Darkness shrouding the man and protecting him from detection. Big hands flicking the cigarette into the gutter. Watching it bounce as he saw a car approach. Slick and Black. It was beautiful. The light seems to bend over the paint. The growl of the engine sounded dangerous as shitty converse shoes moved the tall frame forwards. Passenger side window rolling down.

Reaching out, dropping an arm over the window. Strategically blocking everyone's view into the car. "Hey babe. You miss me?" The asshole grinned. Blues sparkling with mischief.

"Get in, you bastard" rough voice of a man in his sixties, worn down by the life of a Major Crimes Cop. Grey hair slicked back and suit looking sharp as always as the loiterer pulled the door open and swung inside.

"Who the fuck is this?" He snapped. Looking down at a slightly faded folder, open in his lap and a picture of a blonde man with strong features staring up at him in his blues.

"He is Detective Sergeant Daniel Williams. And he, Steve. Will be the one you're reporting to."

Greg, his handler, the man with his leash stated. Tapping his cigarette out the window and taking another drag. "He's a bloody good cop, Steve. Eighty seven homicide cases under his belt. Hand picked by the Governor herself to oversee the rest of your mission."

"The fuck is up with you? Huh?" The man snapped. Obviously dealing with the change exceptionally well as per usual.

"Cancer, you asshole. My wife is taking me across the state to Washington to get treatment. I won't be here so I put in for a replacement. This guy is the best." Greg rasped. Finger jabbing down on the picture of Detective Williams. Steve thought he'd indulge slightly and begun to read through the file. He was young, kinda hot. Fit. Smart too. Busted a few cases wide open as soon as they were assigned to him. Fantastic collar rate and he wasn't trigger happy. He was a great cop.

"Fucking knew it'd get your ass." He huffed. Head hanging low.

"Course you did, you ungrateful bitch" The old man just shrugged. "No one gets out of life alive, kid" chuckling, stopping when he coughed hard. Looking back down at the file, Greg

continued “He’s clean cut. Sharp as a fucking tac and he’ll be just what you need to reel you in. You’ve been acting crazy and looking like you’re some kind of Chihuahua fixin’ to run under a truck. You’ve been pushing the red and taking more risks lately” he sighed. Rolling his head in the car seat to look at the man, fixing Steve with that level stare. Danny looked like he would yell at him for so much as putting socks on a little odd in the morning.

“He’s going to keep you in line. You’ve been stepping over it and soon they’re going to ask you something you know you can’t do. They’re going to chew you up and spit you out if you don’t get your head in it. Too fucking long you’ve been under. If I had it my way I’d have pulled you out years ago and fucked you off.” The grey man huffed. Already more violent than Steve had ever seen him before with his finger jabbing him in the chest. “We’re going to meet him in person soon.”

“Nahh, Fuck that. I don’t want a new handler” Steve shook his head. Slipping the picture from the file. “Not yet anyway. Let me run my own background, Okay?”

“Whatever, you’re going to fucking do it anyway. Just be fucking careful and dont fuck this up. He’s said if he’s going to take your information he wants to meet you in person too so shower once in a while.” Old man huffed. Shaking his head. “And none of this crazy disappearing shit okay? Last thing we need is to have you pulled because you’re in the middle of some fucking country i can’t pronounce again”

“You know I can’t pull back now. It’ll set off way too many alarms. No i’m almost at breakthrough I can fucking feel it.” Steve snapped. Reaching out and grabbing a cigarette from Greg’s packet. “You should fuck these things off”

“Or What? They’ll give me cancer? You fucking smartass” Huffing a laugh that ended with a quick cough. “The fuck have you got for us this time? And no more of this CIA conspiracy bullshit you and I both know that will never fucking fly.”

“It’s not a theory if it’s true and no, not CIA this time. Real Estate. He’s making a push for affordable housing in the poorer areas. Drug and crime hotspots. Looks like he’s looking to open up an outlet store. Like an old corner shop. But A-K’s and blow” The folder he’d been carrying finally rested on his knees and fell open, brimming with plans, memos, emails and pictures. Even a few bank transactions.

“Jesus Fucking Christ, who’s dick did you have to suck to get this shit?” Slightly shaking hands took the file, popping his cigarette between his lips and reading over the pages upon pages of information.

“Why is everyone so fucking shocked when I do shit like this, did we all just collectively forget I was in Naval Fucking Intelligence?” Huffing, cigarette smoke billowing out as he did so. The files between them are illuminated by the quiet glow of the cherries.

“The bastard’s going to flood the place with drugs and guns” Old cop sighed. Closing the file and tossing it on the back seat. Shaking his head. Old knuckles cracking and creaking as he adjusted his grip on the leather wheel of the car. Teeth clenching. This fucker was bad news.

He was going to burn the entire island, but as long as he was king of the ashes it was going to be okay.

“I’m going to stop him, i’ll take the fucker down and we’ll finish this” Steve sighed. Dropping Williams’ file on the seat. “I’m not fucking working with him until I know who the fuck he is and where he’s coming from. I can’t change shit up now. I’m in too deep. It’ll fucking kill me” bruised knuckles rasping against the car door as Steve arranged his long limbs and climbed out of the car. Tucking a fresh cigarette behind his ear and leaning back into the Audi. “I’ll let you know a time and a fucking place if you so badly want me to meet the fucker. Okay? But it can’t be anywhere around here. They’ve been watching too much fucking Vikings and want to try something called a blood eagle. Whatever the fuck it is, I’m not keen. So as usual my man. Keep your trap shut” he huffed. Pushing hands into the pockets of his jacket and kneeing the door closed. Boots grating on the gravel as Steve gave a mock salute as always and turned on his heel to head back into the night.

“Where the fuck are you going?” Greg shouted out the window. Hissing the words aggressively. Knowing full well Steve had the image of Detective Williams tucked in his pocket and possibly the change out of his ashtray. Whatever else he got his hands on too.

“To get a haircut!” Came the reply. The jacket zipping up and off strode Steve down the shitty sidewalks and into the night. It wasn’t far, and it wasn’t uncommon to see the man in his jacket wandering the streets at all hours. He liked the quiet. For a moment, even if it’s fleeting, it was peace. A quiet friend settling beside him.

It hadn’t taken him long to build a rep in the area. Hitting anything and everything in a half mile radius hard, fast and dirty; getting in the right kind of trouble with the wrong kind of people. Didn’t take long at all for Steve, or Marcus as he’s known in the area.

Cap tugged low on his face, Steve hooked a turn and spared a quick glance before crossing the road with natural swagger rocking his shoulders with every stride. Long legs closed the distance. Thankfully he was dressed for the chill that had set in between the buildings. It wasn’t like Hawaii to get too cold, so the light jacket, jeans and boots combo he often sported was enough.

The Barber’s pole is still illuminated, perfect. The door gave way as Steve shouldered it. Hell chiming out happily. The storefront itself was empty, bar the man in the back sweeping. Looking up when Steve stepped in and shut the door. Peering out between the blinds. Street was still empty.

“Hey, I’m closed. Sign says closed. Do you have any respect?” Hawaiian shirt covering the thin frame of Ordell. Lawyer and barber extraordinaire.

“Aw, man. Not even for a quick trim?” The man grinned hazel eyes sparkling mischievously. Tongue poking out slightly between his teeth as he playfully leant into a mirror. Smoothing hands over his face and stroking the little patch under his lip he had going. It wasn’t his favourite look but it helped him blend.

“Trim? You have no hair. What happened to your curls? You were so cute with curls” leaning on his broom and watching Steve closely.

“Ahh, cut it all down man. Short, easy to maintain. Good for the Korean jungle” straightening up and fishing the picture of the blonde detective out of his pocket. Smoothing the corners.

“The hell are you in Korea for?” Ordell demanded. Putting the broom aside and coming to lean against the counter beside Steve. They’d known each other a long time, Ordell acting as a CI sometimes for the force. So when he found out Steve was Under he was more than happy to help.

“You know I can’t tell you” a low chuckle as he looked over at the lawyer. Handing him the picture of Williams. “Detective Sergeant Daniel Williams. What do you know about him?”

“Williams... Williams. Hey is he the Haole they brought over from the mainland? Word on the street is he took a job with HPD. Got a place nearby. No clue how this island works, brah”

“Yeah. That’s him. What have you got on him?” Steve pressed. Shifting in his spot and leaning closer to Ordell. Feeling a bit anxious that the man was going to keep the picture. Which was stupid, he hasn’t even met the guy.

“Well, let me see. He got a place not far from HPD. Nice three bedroom spot on Piikoi Street. He’s riding a desk because no one will give him time of day. Apparently he was a big shot in New York until something went down and that’s why he’s transferred.”

Fingers rubbed at the stubble on his jaw as he thought about what was said. “So he’s running?” He asked. Eyes rolling to look at Ordell. The barber shrugged as he pushed the picture back into Steve’s palm. Moving back to his broom.

“You think he’s dirty?” It was a natural question. It wasn’t often Steve came in asking for information on a cop unless something bad was going on. Dropping his gaze to the face staring up at him from under the cap. Blue eyes intense.

“I dunno man. I’m just looking to get a feel for the guy right now. I’ll decide which way I’ll jump once I meet him” a curt nod and the image was pushed back into his pocket. Brown wallet replacing the item in his hands as he fished out a twenty. “Thanks for the trim man” slapping the bill into Ordell’s palm and heading to the door.

“Don’t mention it. Hey if you get hair again, come back and I’ll cut it properly” The other called. Waving his hand about to gesture the shop. It was much nicer than the previous one. Which was a relief. Attracting more, paying customers was beneficial for Steve. Helped him slip in and out unnoticed easier.

With the bell tinkering happily behind him and the door shutting with a firm this. Steve found himself back on the dark street again. Pulling the cigarette from behind his ear and fishing the lighter from a jacket pocket. Lighting it quickly as the barber’s pole light went out. The quiet settled in around him again as he set off walking back home. Thoughts consumed by the information he’d received that evening. Facts bouncing about inside his skull. Who was this guy and could he be trusted? Was he an implant or the last genuine cop in New York? So

many questions he didn't even know how to start answering. Which, for someone used to being in control fucking sucked.

Head low and pushing on down the winding backstreets of the much less glamorous part of town as he headed back home. Stopping at the local shop to pickup some longboards and a packet of smokes. At the till when the man behind it looked him up and down. Pausing silently on his face. The stretch of silence was deeply unsettling. For a second he looked over his shoulder. They were alone.

"We got a problem man?" He snapped. Tired and sick of the world and all it's questions at that present moment.

"Nah Brah. We good" the cashier stated. Pressing a few buttons on the till before stepping back and heading into the back room. Leaving Steve there with his beers and cigarettes.

"Hey! Hey! What the fuck is the matter with you?" The shout reverberating back on them and sounding twice as loud. "The fuck is this!" Hand instantly going for the gun in the back of his jeans when a man stepped out from behind the beaded curtain.

"Marcus, just the dirtbag I've been looking for" the newcomer grinned. A short man with more hair than he's ever seen on the one person. Tattooed up to his neck and the suit fairly middle market.

"Sang Min. Run out of Lackeys?" He spat. The pair were never friendly, but he needed Sang Min. The guy was his 'in' to the inner circle.

"Mm. Well I wouldn't be if you didn't keep fucking shooting them all. Difficult to find replacements now. They demanded hazard pay" he hissed. Reaching out and grabbing the packet of cigarettes. Scanning the box and tapping it on the counter to the side of the till. "Boss man has a job for you"

"Yeah? And I'm supposed to trust the words of a checkout chick?" He seethed. It had been a while since he was 'called for duty' but it seemed the higher ups liked his skill set and the fact he worked alone. More efficient and cheaper.

"Keep that up, and I'll charge double" the snakehead smirked. Scanning the longboards too. Setting them aside with the cigarettes. "You gotta meet a client on a freighter. You're his protection detail. He's uhh. Made some new friends in the wrong places and we gotta get him out." Sang Min continued. Pushing a few buttons and reading out the total. Opening his wallet and putting some cash in the drawers. "Tomorrow night. Be ready. Do what you gotta do." He nodded. Pushing Steve's beer to him and opening the packet of cigarettes. Pulling one out and sticking it behind his own ear. "If I were you, I'd pack for a long trip" before he tossed the pack to Steve, the other man cursing as he caught it and looked up. Nothing but the bead curtain swinging to show anyone was there.

"Didn't even bag my shit! I'm telling your fuckin manager!" Couldn't help himself. Grabbing his stuff and headed out onto the street. Shaking his head. Great. Just what he needs another fucking job.

The apartment complex he lived in wasn't far from the corner store. Which was a good thing, because the flimsy cardboard on the beer was beginning to give way as he climbed up the stairs. Stopping only once to knock on a door and hand the older woman inside the mail he'd grabbed for her. Her arthritic knees couldn't handle the steps and the fucking elevator was still out.

"Bless you, Marcus, bless you" she smiled. Taking her mail and pinching his cheek. Sighing over how thin he was.

"Alright, no problem. Hey you have a nice night Mrs Kelekolio." He nodded. Heading further up the stairs to his own apartment. Key in the lock and shouldering the door. A quick scan of the barely two roomed flat turned up nothing suspicious. Finally he was alone. Kicking the door shut and dropping his stuff on the counter. Keys thrown into the shitty little bowl as he cracked a beer and took a long pull. Grunting with the cold liquid.

Once he'd settled on the couch and flicked on a game, Steve dug out the picture of the detective. Putting his beer on the coffee table and leaning forwards. Elbows resting on his knees while he smoothed out the corners of the image.

"Detective Williams. The fuck have you gotten yourself caught up in man? Why come to Hawaii? The fuck did you do?" But the blonde in the image wouldn't answer. Steve scoffed at himself. Tossing the picture onto the table, putting bare feet up and reclining into the threadbare couch. Mindlessly watching the game in the peace of his own home.

Finally, his head matched the quiet that settled heavily around him.



# Chapter 2

## Chapter Summary

Steve gets a job while working undercover and finally meets his new handler.

## Chapter Notes

Beta read by the wonderful Lizlybear. <3

Snapping awake from fitful dreams of violence and blue eyes, Steve found himself on the couch again. Sprawled haphazardly on the brown fabric. The crick in his neck evidence of the rough night. Stiff joints creaking. Sore muscles stretching as he moved. Getting up slowly, fluttering caught his attention. Jerking his eyes down and there, on the floor where it most certainly wasn't the night before was the photo of the handsome detective. What the fuck? Had he picked it up last night? How many beers did he have?

Leaning down, gripping the coffee table he snatched up the picture and carried it with him to the bedroom. Putting the image on the dresser as he peeled off the clothing that was wreaking of sweat and beer. Apparently he'd spilt a bottle when he passed out.

This was becoming too much of a recurring theme, waking up on the couch that is. Not waking up with random photographs of beautiful detectives on his chest.

It was unusual for the man to honestly get attached to anything outside of work. He didn't know what that meant and certainly didn't want to look too deeply into it. Steve stretched again and grabbed some clothes. Changing quickly, throwing on some shoes and heading out the door. Stashing the key in a safe spot as he hopped down the stairs. Headed out through the lobby and rolling stiff shoulders slightly before breaking into a run. Running was something he would never give up no matter how deep under he was. His muscles were moving, tendons coiling, but most of all his lungs expanded. He felt alive when he ran.

Down the street and around the corner, following a usual route. Head clear and unthinking. A form of meditation. Maybe he'd go a few rounds on the boxing bag later on.

The run itself didn't last as long as he would have liked. The cigarette habit he'd picked up slowly stealing his lung capacity. Heaving on the side of the road from the coughing fit. Gasping for air as he straightened. Bright hazel eyes unfocused until he saw the car across the street. Sleek and black. Fuck. This wasn't good.

Jogging over, Steve leant on the driver's side window. Looking at the glass and knocking before the window slowly rolled down.

“Hey babe.” He grinned. Taking the bottle of water handed to him.

“You look like shit” The man inside growled at him.

Steve winked. “Always make an effort for you,” he chuckled. Opening the water bottle and gulping down half the contents.

“We need to meet today. We know you got marching orders from what’s his face. You need to meet Williams today” Greg stated. Short sharp and to the point. That’s why Steve liked him.

“Fuck off, you know I can’t be handling a green horn right now.” He hissed. Wiping his mouth off on the back of his hand. Hissing as he capped the bottle and threw it back into the car.

“Williams is a pro you idiot, he’s the best we’ve got and he’s going to be taking over whether you fucking like it or not. So muscle up buttercup and get over it” Greg rolling his eyes. “I swear to fucking god you’re like a fucking toddler. Always bitching about shit you can’t control.” The old man groused. Shaking his head as he shoved a cigarette at Steve. “Here. Suck on that”

Steve took the offered smoke and used Greg’s lighter to light it up. “So, he’s got a place on Piikoi huh? Is it my place?”

“You work fast... yes. It is” the silver haired man nodded. Groaning as he ran a hand over his face. Taking another drag from his own cigarette. “He’s a good cop Steve. One of the best. The guys at HPD can’t see past the fact he’s a white mainlander.” Rolling his eyes. He knew first hand about how defensive the force on Oahu could be about mainlanders. Of course it all stood to reason.

“What’s his deal then? Why’d he come here?” Always one to need answers and solutions instantly.

“What’s it fucking matter? Meet the man before you’re shipped off to ass fuck nowhere again. You’ll need his support. I don’t want to leave your suicidal ass in the lurch without someone with common sense to watch over you. If you’re dead before me I’ll fucking kill you” A hand slamming into Steve’s chest and fisting in the cotton shirt. Hauling the other man up against the car door, pulling Steve’s head in the window. “You hear me?!”

“Fuck, okay. Fine” Steve groused. Grabbing the hand in his shirt and prying the strong fingers off him. Shaking his head as he straightened out his clothes. “I’m eating at the shrimp truck this afternoon. Post one pm. Have him meet me there. He better not show up in fucking uniform or before one” reaching a hand back and running over the side and back of his neck. Large palm smoothing over the tattooed swallow.

“Good. You stubborn son-of-a-bitch” Greg snapped. Spitting out the window and onto the sidewalk. Huffing. “If you chase him off or do something stupid I’m fucking pulling you out

and hanging you out to dry”

“The fuck is with this guy, huh? Is he your little girlfriend?”

“Little girlfriend? You fucking twelve? You thick son of a bitch. I expect this behaviour from those rats you run with, show a little decorum” Greg groaned. The exhaustion of a man that had been long suffering this bullshit with Steve. “Fuck off, you’ve got a meeting with that hairy prick” he groused. Shoving Steve away and shaking his head. “I’ll let Williams know to meet you after one”

“Love you, babe” not expecting a response and not being surprised when he didn’t get one as the window rolled up. Turning to jog over the road and back to the apartments.

It wasn’t like Greg to trust someone so hard like this, whoever Williams was had the stoic man practically panting for him. Maybe he needed to look over the Detective’s file again. Dig deeper and find out why the man had come to Oahu. He wasn’t convinced at all. He was sure there was something else going on there but on the same hand if there was something else going on, wouldn’t Greg have noticed already? So many questions that would have to go unanswered.

It didn’t take long to get back to the apartment. Shouldering his way inside and stripping in the middle of the living room. Shirt peeling off over his head and dropping to the floor. Ignoring the itch he felt in his fingers to pick it up. Distantly he could hear his CO yelling at him to pick it up.

“I ain’t your mommy!” The man screamed in his ear. Pointing down at the shirt on the floor. “I am not here to pick up your shit or wipe your ass, boy! I’m here to turn you into a man! You want to be a man?!” He screamed. Veins popping on his neck.

“Sir, Yes Sir!”

He hadn’t meant to actually speak. He thought he had that under control. Once he’d snapped himself out of it, there was no CO standing over him. Shouting at him over a shirt. There was only silence. The silence that was usually such a friend to him felt heavy and suffocating in this moment. Practically running to the shower, Steve yanked off his belt, shoving his pants down to his ankles and kicking them off. Yanking the mixer tap for the water and getting under it. Hissing as the cold water hit sweaty, heated skin. The discomfort chasing away the memory of his CO.

Three minutes later. When the water shut off and he tucked a towel around his waist, Steve stepped into the bedroom. Grabbing canvas bags and packing for the trip. He had no idea of where they were headed so it’s always best to prepare for the worst. Cargos, jackets and some cooler clothing got thrown into the bag. He’ll pick-up his weapons later but for now he needs to hustle so he can make the meet with Sang Minh.

A loud ping interrupted the silence, the phone alerting him he was required to leave the safe bubble he’d constructed. Swooping down and grabbing the discarded running shirt before striding to the kitchen counter. Thick fingers punching in the code and reading the text. The meet was confirmed and he was all set to receive the package on his next job.

The trip to Kamekona's shrimp truck in his beat to hell pickup was a short one. He missed the luxury of a nicer car but he had to maintain a low profile. While air conditioning that doesn't smell like burning plastic would be nice, Steve needed to blend in. Be forgettable.

Which on this island with her mainlander tourists was easy. The truck rolled into the regular spot and Steve stepped out. Heading to the truck, ordering his usual spicy shrimp platter and saying his hellos. He and Kamekona had a bit of a side deal going. Kame gave him any other information he heard while Steve was away and they split the reward money, which came with benefits. Like a table further away from the rest of them that was suspiciously empty around lunch rush.

Settling at the table with his food and a beer, Steve settled in and enjoyed the fleeting moment of normality. He was just another guy at the beach. Even if he wasn't dressed for it, he didn't stand out that much. And the sig in the side of his shirt didn't either.

Being able to lose himself slightly in the mundane sport of people watching was a rare treat, one he liked to indulge himself in when he got the chance. This particular time he was watching a father and son build a castle in the white sand. Mind drifting off to another time when something in his peripheral vision caught his eye. Turning to see a man saunter up to him. He looked rather plain with his brown wavy hair, eyes too close together and very prominent cheekbones. The way he walked right at Steve told him he knew who he was looking for.

"Marcus?" The man drawled. Heavy accent hard on the syllables.

"If you have to ask, then no" from his seat at the table, the newcomer didn't like that. He swung his legs into the space and sat down hard.

"I don't have time for fuckin games, I was told you're the guy to speak to about protecting me while I'm getting off this sweaty rock" he hissed. Middle finger tapping down on the peeling paint of the table.

"You're the one that walked up here and asked stupid, questions Brah" smile on his lips as he watched the man, who he assumed from the information packet he'd received from Sang Minh was Victor Hesse.

"I was told you'd be a smart arse"

"Were you told I'd be this hot too?" He grinned. All teeth and slime. A specialty of his since he noticed how off putting it was to some people.

"Jesus Christ. They've given me an idiot" Hesse groaned. Cradling his head in his hand. Steve simply went back to eating his shrimp. Shoveling a hefty forkful into his mouth and staring at the top of Hesse's head. He let the silence drag on for an uncomfortable minute before slapping the folder down on the table.

"Victor Hesse, international arms dealer, terrorist and second fiddle to Wo Fat, Brother Anton and many many many ties to the one and only IRA. You need someone to hold your hand as you climb on some rusty tub and run away with your tail between your legs" forefinger

tapping the file. "I do my homework" he wasn't one to walk into situations without knowing things about people.

"Well done. Solid A. We leave tonight, at the docks. You'll be picked up and we'll travel together."

"This approved by Boss man?"

"Sang Minh?"

"I said Boss Man."

"Yes, this is sanctioned if that's what you want to hear"

"Makes me all tingly when you use big words like that" Steve smirked. A final forkful stuffed into his mouth as he sat up a little straighter. "See you tonight then, I've got shit to do" waving his hand slightly. Hesse did not like being dismissed and was about to start protesting when the sound of gravel under tyres caught their attention. A silver Camaro had pulled into the little parking lot, he must have perked up when he saw the number plate. It matched the one belonging to his new handler. Fuckers were early.

"This the shit you've got to do?" Hesse smirked. Obviously thinking he's hilarious.

A pair of hazel eyes rolled so hard he was worried for a second they'd hit the back of his skull. "Yeah, time to fuck off. Keep your head down so it doesn't get blown off" jerking his head over his shoulder. Clearly finished with the man.

Detective Sergeant Daniel Williams is not at all what he expected him to be. He's shorter than he looks in his photos. The first thing he notices is that he's dressed like he stepped off a New York subway. In almost a hundred degrees at the beach. The next is the accent.

"Hey Yo!" He called. Striding over to the table he was seated at. Standing at the edge and putting his hands in his pockets. "Apparently I'm supposed to meet Marcus here" he stated. Looking down at Steve as much as he could from his 5'5" stature.

"Maybe, maybe he didn't want to come and sent me instead" Steve retorted around another mouthful of spicy shrimp.

"Okay, that's disgusting. Didn't your mother ever tell you not to speak with your mouth full?" The Mainlander scoffed. Taking a step back like he was worried Steve was going to explode.

"My mothers dead, asshole" came another retort from even more food stuffed in his mouth.

"Chew your food for god sake, it's like watching Animal Planet." Large hand came up to cradle his temple. Steve noticed a small tattoo. Quirking a brow a bit before finishing his mouthful. Taking the moment to look around and make sure the coast was clear.

"The fuck you doing man?" He hissed. Eyes narrowing. "Sit down and shut up"

“What? I wouldn’t have said anything if you’d kept that chewed nonsense in your own mouth.” For all his harrumphing, the other man actually settled on the seat and turned to face Steve.

“So, You’re the sorry SOB that Greg has been hounding me that I need to me. Huh? I expected you to be taller.” Finishing his statement and shoving another fork full of food into his mouth. Chewing with very little regard for the other man at the table. He needed to really know this guy. Get down to the nitty gritty. Find out all the stuff a personnel file couldn’t tell him.

“Yeah that’s me. So we're talking, or are you just going to sit there and try to turn yourself into a chum bucket. Seriously I’ve seen three year old's with better table manners. Chew with your mouth closed for god's sake.” His reaction interested Steve. He obviously had seen a lot of shit in his years of service. Greg told him Danny had a whopping 87 homicides under his belt. This was a feat in itself. So how could a man who’s seen that much be this iffy about food.

“Look, I set the schedule okay? I don’t need any helicopter parenting. I don't need you to hold my hand. I can’t spend a lot of time on the drop so it needs to be short, sharp and shiny” middle finger tapping the table as if the commandments themselves were carved into the wooden surface.

“Got it, wham bam, Thankyou ma’am” Jersey nodded. Patting a hand on the table. “So all this-” he began. Waving a finger around in the air. “All this was to get under my skin? Psyche me out so you can get some kind of super seal read on me? How’d I do?” A grin forming on his lips. It reached his eyes and did something to Steve’s gut. Maybe he’d had a bad shrimp.

“You did terribly, I’m going to have to walk you through this” he sighed heavily.

“My ass you will. Look if you don’t want me working with you, you say something now. I’m not playing any of these super spy head games with you. I was brought in because I’m damn good at my job and I will continue to be good at my job if we’re working together or not. Okay? So make up your mind and when you’ve decided you can play nicely in the sandbox then we can talk again. Yeah?” He growled. Getting up and slapping some cash on the table. “Tip the poor bastard that has to back the truck in to feed you, animal” And with that, the blonde was walking back across the carpark to the silver Camaro. Climbing into the driver's seat and pulling out.

Well that hadn’t gone how he expected it. Chewing his food slower and reaching out to pickup the bill that had been left on the table, Steve turned it over in his hand. Danny was not at all what he thought. He was loud and very much Jersey. But he didn’t take his shit, and he cottoned onto the little test Steve was running which meant he was very observant and switched on. Pulling his phone from one of the many pockets he punched in Greg’s number and held the device to his ear.

“Richardson?” The old man answered.

“I’ll work with him,” Steve stated in lieu of a greeting.

“Really? And what made you decide this? Huh? You didn’t hang him off a building or anything did you?” The old man groaned. “Please tell me you haven’t murdered him or something else stupid”

“Nah, we had lunch” He wasn’t entirely wrong. Turning the note over in his fingers and tapping it on the table top.

“Why do I get the feeling you’ve pissed him off”

“Aw, you hurt my feelings Greg, People love me”

“Love you like a hole in the head, Alright. I’ll set it up. You’ll have a burner with his number in it by the time you’re on that damn boat okay?” The elder man groused. Sighing deeply, Steve could picture him pinching the bridge of his nose. “Don’t fuck this up. Williams will be the driving force you need to bring this case home”

“Yes Sir,” With that he hung up and pushed the phone as well as the money into his pocket. Finishing his beer. Setting the bottle down with a clink.

It was at times like this, that made him glad he packed beforehand. Having met Danny, he couldn’t get the blonde out of his head. Essentially he was running on autopilot as the bags were packed and weapons loaded into the truck. Swinging into the cab before heading out.

The docks weren’t far off but far enough it gave him time to think. There was something about Danny. Something he was missing. A big piece of his personality he couldn’t put his finger on. Whatever it was, it was big and it was bugging him.

Pulling into long time parking, the truck rolled to a stop. Not getting out instantly though, instead he sat there and contemplated the enigma that was Danny Williams. How was he missing such a vital part of who Danny was? Why were his thoughts so consumed by the smaller man?

Shaken from his thoughts when a loud banging reverberated through his skull. Steve jumped and whipped around. Muzzle of the Sig clacking against the window right in the face of one of Hesse’s guys. To say the man looked shocked was an understatement.

“Uhm. Yeah, yeah I’m coming.” He called. Pushing the door open and swinging out. Grabbing his bags as he locked the truck. Making his way up to the boat. Shouldering the black bag as he walked up the gangway. Boots clanking on the metal steps as he ascended higher along the side of the ship. She was old and had seen a lot of time at sea, but she’d do the job. Once he was safely aboard and after he’d stowed his bags in the hold, assembled his hammock and pulled a jacket as well as a beanie on, Steve stepped out on deck.

They were underway. The gangway pulled up and folded against the side of the ship as the pilot boats guided the ship from the port. Steve simply looked like a deckhand as he leant against the railing, Listening to the engines roar and carry him away from Oahu. Her beautiful peaks sank slowly into the horizon as The Emma Karl rocked with the waves and took him further away from his home.





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