

## My home (You are)

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# My home (You are)

by [Three\\_Suns](#)

## Summary

“Fuck, Steve, you scared me to death. You can’t do this to me ever again, you hear me? I can’t...” He let out another shaky breath. “I need you with me, babe. We all do, Chin, Kono, Gracie. We love you, and you have to stay with us.”

“Yeah, yeah, Danno. I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t think Jenna... Jenna she...” He startled a bit when Danny growled, low. Menacing.

“Don’t. I don’t want to hear her name ever again.”

## Notes

Este es para ti, ISEL! Espero que te guste!

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

Danny was going to *kill* him, if Wo Fat didn't kill him first, Steve thought when the fire came to a halt, only groans and leaves crunching under heavy boots could be heard.

Why didn't he listen to his partner?

*Why?*

He knew Danny's instincts were usually right, so why the fuck didn't he stay put when Danny was wary about the whole situation? Especially about the fact that it was in North Korea and Steve would be all alone if something went South?

But no, he had to prove him wrong, didn't he? To show him that... that he always worried too much, and that he could handle himself just fine.

Well, joke's on him. Never again would he ignore Danny's advice.

If he got out of there alive, that is.

He should probably have confessed to Danno, too. If he got out of this one, he would do it, he would tell Danny how he felt about him.

He heard steps approaching. Well, that was it. Maybe he could imagine what his life would have been if he had confessed and miraculously Danny returned his feelings before he was shot on the back of his head, or between his eyes.

Someone grabbing the flap.

What would his lips feel like? Was his hair as soft as it looked? How did he look when he woke up on a Sunday morning, when they had nothing to do? Would he smile at him before closing his eyes again and cuddle in close? Was Danny a blanket stealer? Did he like to cuddle to sleep? Did he wear socks to bed or not? What was Gracie's favourite cereal brand? Did they like their orange with pulp, or without it? How was Danny in sex? Loud and mouthy, as he was during the day? Or perhaps he went quiet and only whispered sweet nothings? Would he have moved in with Steve a few years down the line? Would he take him to New Jersey, to meet his parents?

The flap finally came up and he flinched at the brightness coming from outside, he could see a figure standing at the end of the truck, he could almost imagine that being his beloved partner.

"Hey Steve! I've got Steve, he's alive!"

It couldn't be, right? He couldn't be here, right? But the truck bounced when Danny jumped inside in one fluid motion and next thing he knew, the man of his dreams was coming to him.

"Danny." He really was there. He had come for him, like he always said he would, because Danny was the best damn partner he had ever had. He watched him crouch in front of his and start undoing the knots binding his hands together. "Where's Wo Fat?"

“Just shut up, wouldja?”

---

His ribs were screaming in pain as they basically carried him to the chopper and his head felt like it was going to split open any second now, but the feel of Danny’s hand clasping his arms and the arm around his waist almost cancelled the pain, almost.

He barely registered Lori hugging him, her touch unwelcomed. They weren’t close, she was the governor’s spy and she wasn’t ohana. He didn’t like the touch of strangers, so he didn’t even move. He was so glad when someone from Team 9 said they had to move.

They pushed and pulled at him until he was inside and his fingers twitched when Danny lowered him with a small smile, wanting to grab his shirt and not let go.

Ever.

Once they got him settled Chin climbed in next, and Joe was going to follow, but Danny stepped in front of him, facing the man.

And Steve didn’t need to see his face to know what look he was wearing, he had seen it enough times, towards himself, towards perps, towards HPD cops.

The first time he saw it he ended up with a loose tooth and a very nice bruise on his face.

And apparently Joe knew that whatever followed was not going to be pretty if he didn’t give up, so he simply took a step back and let Danny climb in next, settling right behind Steve, his legs bracketing him. Someone handed him a rifle and while Danny made sure he was comfortable, strong hands lifting him up a bit so his head was resting against the seat’s edge, he checked that it would work just fine in case they needed it.

Hopefully they wouldn’t. Not when they were up in the air already, but better safe than sorry.

Warm hands settled on his shoulders, thumbs digging just right at the base of his neck. He let out a soft sigh before looking up at him.

“No, don’t. You can thank me when we are back to Oahu, ok?” He gave him a small smile.

“You can thank me by being my best man at my wedding. I’m getting married!” Steve grinned. Chin was getting married. After everything he had gone through with HPD and Malia... He deserved it.

Even if Danno seemed to think it was the worst idea ever. But then again, he had his reasons.

“What you, is you find a woman you hate” Danno started.

“And buy her a house!” Everyone else finished, laughing, as if they hadn’t just committed several international crimes in the span of a few hours.

He sighed and rested his head against Danny’s leg when someone said they had crossed the border.

They were safe now.

Or safe, at least.

He felt Danny move behind him and a second later he pressed a kiss on the crown of his head, not caring about the grime and caked blood on it. He heard a few surprised noises and a long suffering sigh, no doubt coming from Chin, but no one said anything: if they had any feelings towards Danny displays some affection towards him they kept it shut, but almost everyone would keep their mouth shut if they were several feet up in the air.

Last thing he thought before he passed out was how nice it was to be this close to Danno.

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“Hey babe, wake up.” He blinked when someone stroked his cheek. Not someone. Danno. It hadn’t been a dream, like he had started fearing the second he started to wake up, they really had found him. “Hey, you with me?”

“D-Danno? Where are we?”

“Seoul. We need to get into the hotel, but the less people that see you the better for us.” He explained, helping him up. “I don’t know what Gutches told the clerk, but we are getting in from the back. Chin, little help here, please?”

“Coming.”

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The problem with back doors and back stairs? No elevators. So they had to drag Steve four floors until they reached their rooms.

Steve was wheezing by the end of it, his body on fire from head to toes and he was thankful he had Chin and Danny by his side, otherwise he wasn’t sure he could stand on his own.

“Steve!” Kono appeared from the corner, wrapping him into a hug. A hug that he did want, and cherished. He let go of Chin to hold her close. “God, we were so worried. Don’t ever do this to us again.”

“I won’t. I promise.” He whispered, letting her go when his ribs started screaming at him.

“You ok there, babe?” Danny questioned, voice and eyes so, so worried and voice so, so soft and all he wanted to do was sink in his arms and let Danny make it better.

But he couldn’t. Not with everyone there, looking at him.

“Yeah, Danno. Just tired.”

Joe stepped up then, smiling at him. “Well then, let’s go and get you settled. I’ve got an extra bed and...”

“And Steve will be staying with me.” Danny interrupted his hold tightening around him.

“Williams, you don’t know how to...”

“How to what, hm? Treat his wounds? I may not be all fancy trained like you, but I’ve been stitching myself up for decades, been stitching him for over a year, so yes, I know how to take care of him.” He shot back and Steve couldn’t help but smile and turn his head towards him: he loved it when Danno got all protective and feisty. He burrowed his nose on those sunny locks, breathing him in: Danno smelled like sweat and dirt and home.

“Son...”

“Not your son.”

He looked at Joe, resting his chin on Danny’s head, who seemed to be struggling at the idea that someone, a civilian, would be telling him off with such ease. Danno had that effect on people. It’s why he was such a good cop, he was not fooled by titles and first appearances.

“I’m going with Danny, Joe.” He proclaimed.

“Steve...”

“I’ll be alright. Danno is more than capable of treating my wounds.” He cut him off, smiling at his partner when he got a smile or his words.

Joe never replied, he turned around and left, TEAM 9 disappearing into their rooms too.

“Call if you need us to go get you anything, ok?” Chin told them as he opened the door to Danny’s room, Kono helping Danny carry her boss. Lori was following a few feet behind.

“Can you go get us something to eat? I’m starving.” Danny questioned as he helped him sit on the bed. “I’ll have whatever you find and you should have something light, like a soup, babe.”

“Ok.” He agreed easily, because he knew Danny was right. He was also damn sure he would not be able to keep anything else down.

“You got it. We saw a few food stands outside, we’ll go see what they’ve got.” Kono said before she kissed them both on the cheek, her eyes full of affection and relief.

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Danny left him in the room by himself as he went into the bathroom to get the toiletries out and he heard a metallic clatter. What the hell was Danno doing in there? A few minutes later he came out, a strand of blond hair falling over his face.

He wanted to smooth it back.

Danny took the chair and dragged over to him, sitting down and gripping his chin, forcing eye contact. “Do you have anything I should be really worried about?”

“Cracked ribs, maybe. Concussion? Not sure, could be just tired. I think I sprained my ankle, too.”

Danny let out a shaky breath before he crumpled, hugging him close.

“Fuck, Steve, you scared me to death. You can’t do this to me ever again, you hear me? I can’t...” He let out another shaky breath. “I need you with me, babe. We all do, Chin, Kono, Gracie. We love you, and you have to stay with us.”

“Yeah, yeah, Danno. I’m sorry, I’m sorry. I didn’t think Jenna... Jenna she...” He startled a bit when Danny growled, low. Menacing.

“Don’t. I don’t want to hear her name ever again.”

Jenna had been dealing with Wo Fat for who knew how long and had decided to trust him and give him Steve. Steve, who had trusted her. Steve, who had let her join the team. Steve, who would have died and his blood would be on her hands.

She saved him, true, all those months back, but any gratitude and affection he had felt for her for doing that, went right out of the window the second he knew what she had done.

“I’m sorry, Danno.” Steve whispered.

Danny sighed, running his hands over his arms. “Not your fault, babe. But next time, *please* listen to me, yeah?”

“Yeah, I promise.” He smiled at him, getting a small smile in return.

“Great! Then, let’s get you all cleaned up.” He said, his mood shifting entirely as he reached for Steve’s foot.

“Danny, I can do it myself.” He said, trying to stop the man.

Which only prompted a huff from his partner accompanied by a glare of icy blue eyes. “You can’t even stay up on your feet and you want me to believe you can get naked and shower yourself, without help? And I’m the queen of England. Now shut up and let me work.”

“Sir yes sir.” Steve grinned at him, earning a small eye roll.

The thought that he had been so close to never having this again made him ache, but he didn’t want to dwell in the past, not anymore, not when danny was being so gentle with him, so caring.

A few minutes later he was standing completely naked in front of Danny and for the first time in decades, he was slightly embarrassed at being naked in front of another man. The Navy had taken away almost every sense of modesty out of him, so he had not been ready for the wave of bashfulness that hit him.

But perhaps it wasn’t so much him being naked as it was Danny openly looking at him and it was probably wishful thinking on his part, but Danno seemed to be... longing. Like he wanted him, and thought he couldn’t have it. He knew he looked at Danno like that most of the time.

Kono certainly had fun pointing it out every other day.

“Let’s get you cleaned up, c’mom.” Without a second thought Danny wrapped an arm around Steve’s very naked body and guided him to the shower and forced him to sit down. “Ah, ah, ah. I’m not having this discussion, sit down, let me work.”

Wait. What?

Oh nonononono. No. That could not happen.

Undressing him was one thing, it was a very different one to *wash* him. Steve was not capable of controlling himself and making sure he wasn’t going to pop a boner and embarrass himself and make things weird between them and he couldn’t afford that, not with Danny.

“Danny, no, I can...”

“Shut up. Just shut up, ok?” Danny said, one hand cutting through the air. “You can’t even move your arms without wincing, so you tell me how you plan on showering. What is it? Are you too macho to accept help? Is it because I’m a man? Because I can go get Lori if you prefer.” Oh shit. Now Danny was angry. He was angry and he thought Steve was a homophobe and that he liked *Lori* of all people. Great going, McGarrett. “No seriously, what’s your game plan? Grind your teeth and bear with the pain just for the hell of it?”

He turned his head to look at him, gulping when he saw the anger and... fear in his eyes. Danno was scared Steve was going to push him aside for... for what, exactly? Not important right now, now he needed to make sure Danno didn’t leave him alone.

“No. I’m sorry. I just... I don’t want you to do this out of obligation.” He said, and it was enough of a good excuse, because Danny deflated.

“I’m your partner. That’s what I’m here for, to take care of you, the same way you take care of me. And it’s not out of obligation, I love you, ok? You are my... my... best friend, have been ever since you kidnapped me into Five-0, my kid loves you, too. That’s always a plus. And I don’t want to see you in pain.”

“Ok. I’m sorry.” He turned around before he realised what Danny had said. He had said he loved him! And it broke his heart that it was only as his best friend, but he’d rather have that than nothing. “I love you too, Danno.”

“I know you do. Otherwise you wouldn’t let me do any of this.” He replied as he entered the cubicle, giving Steve the showerhead and... Was Danny naked too? He could feel skin on skin contact and maybe he was freaking out a bit because somehow it hadn’t occurred to him that Danny would not want to get his clothes wet and that just made his life ten times harder (ha ha). “Here, hold this, let’s get the hot water running.” He said as he gave him the showerhead and turned on the water.

“Okay.” He said and he blushed when another kiss was dropped in his head. With his very dirty hair. He wasn’t sure what to make of those little kisses, they had never done this before, but he would be a liar if he said he didn’t like them.



Danny stepped outside to grab what looked like a cloth and Steve spared a little side glance. He wasn't sure if he was happy or sad about the fact that Danny was wearing his boxers briefs. He was also now blessed with the knowledge of what Danny Williams' ass looked like in just underwear.

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Steve sighed when Danny moved the gentle water spray over him, pinkish water running down the drain.

"Here, hold this towards you, don't get cold." Danny said, his voice barely above a whisper, as he handed him the showerhead again.

He heard the click of a bottle and then shampoo being poured on his head, gentle but sure fingers massaging his scalp and picking out leaf bits and stuff from it. He shouldn't have worried about getting hard. He was so exhausted, and Danny's gentle touch, combined with the heat from the water, was lulling him to sleep.

He mumbled when Danny moved to his front, annoyed that he didn't have where to rest his back now, but Danny pushed him backwards so he could use the wall. Oh yeah, walls existed.

His hand moved before he could process it, but after Danny had washed his legs and thighs, being so gentle with his ankle, he had done his shoulders and chest and the cloth kept going down his abs and...

"Hey, hey. Wasn't going to, Steve. Would never do that." Danny shushed him, prying his hand free and giving him the cloth. "Your trust and consent are precious to me, babe." He stood up again and kissed his head again, now smelling fresh and clean. "Finish washing up and call me when you are done, ok?"

"Ok, Danno."

He let out a breath when Danny went back to the room: how could he have ever thought Danny would do something like that?

He felt like an idiot.

He finished washing his private parts and rinsed the soap away and maybe he should try and stand up and get to the room on his own, but right now that seemed like a gigantic task and he knew Danno would get mad at him if he tried to brave it. And in all honesty, he liked being cared for, he liked being able to get his guard down around Danno.

"Danno? I'm done."

"Coming, babe."

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Danny helped him get dry and into some underwear before he started tending to his wounds. He had elevated his ankle and iced it before he would bandage it.

“Sorry, sorry.” He mumbled when Steve hissed at him cleaning the cut on his back. “God, babe. I’m so sorry this happened to you.”

“Not your fault, Danno.” He replied

“I know. Still sorry.” He secured the gauze with some tape and then moved off the bed to take a much larger gauze roll. “Can you raise your arms a bit for me?” Steve did so, settling them on Danny’s shoulders to reduce the strain on... everything, really. “Thank you, babe.”

A few minutes later he was all wrapped up and dannu helped him get into some very cozy, warm sweats and a T-shirt that was slightly loose on him. “Let’s get you into bed while we wait for the guys to come back with food for you, alright?”

“Mkay.” He could feel sleep starting to settle in him so he let Danny manhandle him.

“You good, babe?”

“Yeah. Thank you Danno.”

“Don’t thank me for taking care of you, Steve. You’d do the same.” He smiled at the picture of his partner succumbing to sleep. He’d let him sleep while the guys got here and then he’d wake him up to feed him some soup. “I’m going to take a shower, shout if you need anything, alright?” Steve only nodded. “Won’t be long, I promise.”

“Liar. You lov’ showers.” Steve slurred, but still grinned at him.

Danny laughed and Steve felt pride and love spread through him, because Danno had barely smiled the whole day, worried about him all the time.

“Rest.” He pressed another kiss on his head and he heard Steve sigh in relief and contentment.

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Danny hurried to open the door, just coming out of the shower, hair still dripping, when he heard someone knock. It better not be Joe fucking White, because he was no afraid to throw hands with him.

It wasn’t.

“Hey guys.”

“Damn brah, gotta convince the boss-man to have casual Wednesdays or something.” Their rookie exclaimed, grinning at him at the same time Lori flushed red and Danny rolled his eyes at her: as if she hadn’t seen him naked before.

“Kono!” Chin exclaimed, glaring at her. “Ignore her. Here is your food. How is he doing?”

"He's been better. Probably been worse, too." He told them, taking the bags. "Where did you even go to buy? The other side of the city?"

"I wish. Insane queues, brah. I know you said you wanted whatever, but we got you broth too. It's been a charged day today and I don't think something heavy would settle with any of us." Fair enough, he wasn't as hungry as he thought he would be anyways.

"And Chin's Korean is rusty." Kono said, smirking at her cousin. "Don't worry Kono, how much could I have forgotten?" She mocked.

"Shut up. Gutches said we have a ride back home waiting for us tomorrow evening."

"Perfect. Go to sleep guys. It's been a long day." He said.

Lori pushed her hair out of her face with a small huff. "Can we at least see Steve?"

Danny arched an eyebrow at her tone and she squirmed under his gaze before he shifted to look at his partner, looking so small, so *vulnerable*. Steve would hate it for others to see him like that, and as he had told him earlier, his trust was precious to him, and a wave of humility crashed in him when he realised, once more, that Steve only let him see him in such a state.

"No. He's sleeping."

"He needs to wake up to eat." She countered, very much looking as if she had won the argument.

"He does. And he will when I decide he should."

"Why you? We are all as qualified as..."

"Because *I* am his partner. Because *I* know him best. That's why. Chin, Kono, go to bed, come back tomorrow, yeah?"

"Yeah. Call if you need anything, brah." Chin said, patting him on the shoulder.

"And call when you wake up and we'll get you both breakfast." She added, hugging him close, obviously not caring that he was only wearing a towel.

"Thank you, babe." He squeezed her back before releasing her, both cousins going back to their room, right in front of Danny and Steve's.

He was about to close the door when Lori spoke. "What about me?"

"What about you?" Honestly, if it wasn't because she came from the governor, Danny would have already done everything possible to fire her.

"Don't I get a good night?"

"Good night Lori." He said before he closed the door in her face. He heard her stomp away.

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Once he had changed into sleepwear, dried his hair and reheated the soup in the microwave he sat down on the bed, gently pushing Steve's hair out of the way, sighing.

Fucking dumbass. Why could he not listen to him just once? Just once, that's all he was asking for. One day his heart was going to stop pumping blood because it would be frozen with fear.

He loved him so much, more than anyone besides Grace, Steve was his world and even if he wasn't his, he'd always be there for him. But today, there had been something... Steve had said he loved him, too, even if it was just as best friends, but the way he had let Danny actually bathe him and kiss his head, and undress and dress him... He doubted he would have let someone else do that. He didn't think he would have let Chin do it. Even less Joe.

But he also had a concussion. Probably.

Maybe, once they got to Oahu and Steve was more clear headed, if he still allowed Danny those soft touches, he would confess. And short of being fired, he would still have that man's back, regardless of his feeling being reciprocated or not.

"Hey babe, food is here." He said, stroking his cheek.

"Hm..." Steve grumbled, nuzzling into the hand and God, a 6'1 man who could kill you a different way every day of the year should not be that cute. It should not be possible, but here they were.

"Steven, c'mon wake up." He stroked his brow next. "C'mon, food is getting cold and I wanna go to bed too."

Well, that seemed to do it. Of course Steve 'self-sacrificing idiot' would wake up the second Danny said he wanted to sleep to.

"Danno?"

"Yeah babe. I'm sorry I woke you up, but we need to get some food in you, ok?"

"Yeah, Danno." He grinned at him and tried to scoot up. "Little help?"

"All the help you want, babe." He slid his arms around him and pulled him up. "God you are heavy."

"Nah, you are just tiny." Steve grinned at him.

"I see you are feeling better." Danny grouched, but he was glad to see him partner back. "And here I was worried about you, and you are just a dick to me. Not nice, Steven, not nice."

Steve chuckled at that. "Not being a dick, Danno. It's the truth. And it's not a bad thing, I like you like that." He smiled at him, accepting the bowl of soup and maybe he wasn't still all back.. "Smells amazing. Thank you."

"You are welcome, babe. But the cousins got it for you, not me."

Steve never replied, too busy sipping from his bowl, his eyes closing in pleasure. They ate in silence and once he was done, Danny took his bowl and left them on the small table on the

other side of the room, helped Steve slide down again, closed the lights, and got into bed, Steve's warmth hitting him at once.

"Good night, babe."

"Good night, Danno."

He was about to fall asleep when a hand reached over and wrapped around his wrist, holding on, not letting go.

Well then.

He rolled onto his side and carefully moved until he was able to press a loving kiss on Steve's cheek. He was much closer than he thought. "Love you."

"Love you too."

---

They were already in the air when he woke with a start, the plane shaking, jostling his injuries in a very unpleasant way. He turned around to talk to Danny when he realised the blond was nowhere in sight.

"Steve." Kono squeezed his knee to catch his attention. "Over there. His knee." She pointed at the other side of the plane, where Danno was sitting on the floor, bad leg stretched in front of him.

He smiled at her and he wondered how evident his distress must have been that she had known in less than a second.

She moved to help him get there, but he shook her head at him and she just smiled at him before resting her head on Chin's shoulder, clearly using him as a pillow. Not that the man would complain, seeing that he was fast asleep.

He waddled to Danny, who was playing on his phone.

"What the hell are you doing up?" The blond grouched, standing up to help him sit down on the floor. "Seriously Steve, you need to rest."

"Sorry, Danno. I just..." He whispered before he slid down until he was lying on the floor, on his back and using Danny's lap as a pillow. He shuddered when Danny's hand instantly went to his hair, slowly petting it.

"Sleep, babe. We still have a few hours."

"Ok." He closed his eyes before he remembered he needed to do something. "Danno?"

"What, now? You are worse than Gracie in a sugar rush." But there was a small smile playing on his lips.

“You came for me. Thank you.” He whispered. “I would do the same.” He needed Danny to know that, that he would do whatever he could to make sure he’d always go back home to Gracie.

“I know you would, babe. Never had a doubt.” He replied in the same soft tone of voice before pressing a kiss on his forehead. “Love you.”

“Love you, too.” He paused for a moment before continuing. “Love Gracie, too.”

“I know you do. She loves you too. Now sleep, please.”

---

He woke up when the plane touched down and after saying goodbye to everyone he got into the car with Danno.

When he was in the truck, he never thought he would ever see the islands anymore, the clear blue waters, the lush green. But he was back. His team had gotten him back. He felt a wave of love for them: he might not have much of a blood family anymore, but he had the best ohana. Had the best partner, too.

Danny was silent, probably lost in his own thoughts, probably bearing himself for having been almost too late. So he did something he had never done before, he reached over and left his hand on top of Danny’s thigh, fingers making small circular motions.

“Steve?”

“I just. I can’t believe I’m here. I thought... I thought I would...”

“Not if I can do anything about it, ok? Can we just... Just not talk about it? Not yet, at least.” He pleaded, looking at Steve dead in the eye, because it hurt too much to even imagine Steve not being around for the rest of his life.

“Yeah, of course Danno. Do you think I could...” He faltered, not knowing how his partner would react. “Could see Gracie? On the weekend?”

“If you are up to it, of course. But no swimming or surfing, ok? That’s my one condition.”

Steve huffed, but they both knew it was more for show than anything. “Fine.”

“Thank you.”

---

Danno lowered him on the sofa with a gentleness he had only ever directed at Grace, making Steve feel warm and tingly inside. He covered him with a blanket and left the remote on his lap.

“I’m going to change your bedsheet and make something to eat, call me if you need anything, alright?”

“Yeah. Hey Danno, thank you for being here.”

“I told you babe, don’t thank me for something you’d do too.” He pressed a kiss on his forehead again. “You took care of me after the sarin. Of me and Grace. So let me be here for you now, yeah?” Steve nodded, closing his eyes when Danny cupped his face. “I’ll be right back. Don’t move.”

Short of an hour later Steve had a steaming bowl of matzo ball soup while Danny had a ham and cheese sandwich.

“This is really good, Danno.” He mumbled, the warmth and pleasant heaviness in his stomach starting to make him sleepy.

“I’m glad you like it, babe. How are you feeling? You can take another pill in another couple of hours.” He squeezed his thigh, gently, so not to hurt him more.

“I’m alright for now.” He replied, taking Danny’s hand and turning it over, fingers tracing his palm lines. “How’s your knee? There’s an ice bag in the freezer for you. I got it a few weeks ago.”

“For... me?”

Steve nodded. “I know you say you’ll die because of me and my stunts, but I don’t ever want you to get hurt, Danno.”

“I know you don’t, babe.” He replied, a smile appearing in his face when he realised how adorably sleepy his partner was. “C’mon, let’s get you ready for bed. Will you be able to go up the stairs?”

“Yes, don’t worry, the question is, can you?” Steve grinned at him, his eyes small and shiny with sleep.

“I carried your ass through the jungle buddy, you bet your ass we will make it up the stairs.” Danny scoffed, standing up. “Let’s go, big guy.”

Ten minutes later Steve was in bed, panting and shaking, Danny stroking his chest, gently, in a way to anchor him and distract him from the pain.

“There we go, nice and easy babe. Nice and easy.” Danny whispered, slowly his motions to a stop when Steve let out a shuddering breath. “There we go. Let’s get you into your pyjamas and I’ll let you sleep.”

“No. No pyjamas. It’ll be too hot. You run like a furnace.” He said, lifting his hips so Danny would take pants off him. And he had wanted that for so long, but he was so tired his mind couldn’t even give it a dirty spin. The shirt was a bit more complicated, but Danny had settled for straddling him and gently pulling it up, working his arms out of the sleeves somehow. He was a bit too distracted by the pain and Danny’s smell and warmth.

“Oh, is that your backwards way to tell me to sleep with you again?” Danny grinned at him as he moved backwards, t-shirt in his hands and then stood up.

Steve looked at him, tilting his head to the side. “You... weren’t going to?”

Danny shrugged before tucking him in. "I figured I was going to take the sofa, but if you want me here, that's where I'll be."

Steve nodded, taking his hand. "Thank you."

"Alright, then go to sleep and I'll go tidy up and call Rach about the kids, yeah?"

"Ok. Good night, Danno."

"Good night, babe."

---

Danny stayed with him for a week. He still had to go to work, but he'd be checking in every single hour and would have left him food he only had to reheat and made his life easier by leaving everything in one small area so he wouldn't have to go around the house looking for them.

Knowing that he'd see him later in the day, that he would be in his bed (even if it wasn't how he really wanted), made staying home and not going to work the very next day of coming back a lot easier.

But then he had gotten better, he was back to work and Danny moved back to his new shitty apartment.

And then nightmares had come. The first and second nights the person dying in front of him had been Jenna, but then, she had morphed into Danny. Danny, who had been trying to save him. Danny staring at him with his beautiful eyes, but unseeing, unbreathing, unmoving. It then turned to him kneeling in front of Gracie, telling her what had happened, how Danno had died trying to free him. Her saying that she hated him, that her dad was dead because of him. And it always ended with Danny blaming him for his death, for his father's death, for Nick's death.

Danny, still unseeing, still unbreathing.

He was terrified of going to bed, knowing what awaited for him when he closed his eyes, and he knew what the solution was: he hadn't had a nightmare once when Danny was in his bed, in his house, but he was feeling better now, Danny didn't have to take care of him anymore, so he couldn't just ask him, right? What would Danny think of him? Sure they... seemed to be about to cross *that* line, but what if Danno didn't want to? Or what if he didn't love Steve like that? Or what if Danno saw how needy he really was and that turned him off?

But.

But Danny himself seemed to have not slept a wink since then, the dark circles under his eyes so prominent he was starting to look like a raccoon. An adorable one, at that. So maybe...

He stood up and walked to the blond's office, knocking on the glass when he saw him resting his head on the table.

"Hey, you alright?"



“Yeah, don’t worry.” He mumbled, turning his head to look at him. “What’s up babe? Got another form for me?” His accent was thick, in a way Steve rarely heard before.

“No. Well, yes, but not right now. I was... I was wondering if... if you’d come... back home with me tonight? Maybe stay the weekend?” He questioned. “I’ve had trouble sleeping, too.”

“Too?”

“Kinda all over your face, Danno. So? Please come?” He only got a single sleepy nod in return, bleary blue eyes staring at him, but seeing. “Why don’t you start going to the car? I’ll close everything up.”

“Ok. Thank you babe.” Danny stood up and after taking his keys and wallet he headed for the door, but Steve stopped with a hand on his chest, why? He didn’t even know himself, he just had to. “Steve?”

He opened his mouth to reply, but no sound came out so he closed it and tried again, fingers itching to flex over his chest. “Just... be careful on the stairs, ok?”

Danny arched an eyebrow at him, eyes twinkling with amusement. “Sure babe, I’ll be careful on the stairs. Don’t be too long, alright?”

“Alright.”

---

They had Thai for dinner, cuddling on the sofa and watching a football match they found when Steve realised Danny was starting to fall asleep on his chest.

“Hey, Danno, let’s go to bed, ok?” He said, shaking him gently.

Danny stretched, untucked button up riding up. “Yeah. Good thinking Steven.”

When Steve came out of the bathroom Danny was already on his side of the bed, (and when had that become *his* side anyways?), laying on his stomach, and he was in the bed, as in under the covers, but only his ass and legs were covered, his back, his glorious back and shoulder, that he had wanted to map for months now, where naked in front of him. And now that he wasn’t taking pills anymore, he could appreciate it by the beauty it was.

He really wished he had not been reading this wrong.

He got into bed, on his side and before he could talk himself out of it, he pressed three or four short kisses on Danno’s back, he didn’t even know how many. Danny didn’t push him back, didn’t pull away, didn’t seem to react at all, but then Steve heard it, the low purring sound he made and the soft grin aimed at him. So he did it again, relishing on the soft sounds and sighs his partner was making because that meant one thing: He liked it.

Danno liked his kisses, was enjoying them and more important, he was letting him know he was enjoying them.

“Good night, Danno.” He said, pressing another one, with far more intent than the previous ones and Danny, god, Danny just slid closer until he could slung his arm over his midsection.

“Good night babe.” He replied, squeezing softly.

---

Even before he was fully awake, Danny knew exactly where he was: the gentle, not-so-annoying-anymore roll of the waves, the silence surrounding the house none of his way too loud neighbours (and that was *him* saying that), the warm, hard body behind him, the arm wrapped around him, the leg slotted in between his.

Yeah, he knew where he was. He was home.

He went back to sleep, seeing it was still dark outside.

---

Steve woke up slowly, taking in his surroundings, or he tried to do that because all he could focus on was the man in his arms, soundly sleeping. They had changed positions at some point, because he was now spooning Danny, which was something he had never done before. Not even with Cath, and the fact that his subconscious knew he would never be harmed by his partner, in any way shape or form was more telling than anything he would have ever realised on his own.

And he didn’t have any nightmares, not a single one. Of any kind. So his theory had been true: Danno was his medicine.

And he was Danno’s, because he was still sleeping. And he hadn’t left during the night, because he would have woken up at that. He cuddled him closer, pressing his face against the blond hair. God, he had wanted to be this close to him after Meka’s death, but Danno had been so angry at him, rightfully so, and he had been... an idiot. That’s what he had been. And then they had gone on that trek and Danny had look so good when he signed at him and that’s when he knew he wanted to have sex with him. But it had been with the sarin, with the sarin and Rachel, that he realised that he didn’t want just sex with him.

He wanted him.

He *loved* him.

But he was with Rachel, so he had tried to leave it alone, to fight his feelings down and beat them into submission. But then Danny had stayed behind to get him out of jail and all his feelings resurfaced with a vengeance.

And now, finally, *finally* , they were where they should have always been.

“You are thinking too hard.” Came the sleepy grumble, tugging at his lips to form a smile.

He nuzzled the back of his throat, pressing a soft. “Hey Danno. Good morning.”

Danny hummed before he flopped to his back, offering him the best sight he had ever seen: his hair completely tussled, his blue eyes almost translucent with the sun hitting him on the

face, and he was stretching like had, muscles flexing and relaxing as he did so. He hated that he could have had that a week ago but Danno had woken up before him every single day.

“Good morning, babe.”

He watched, heart beating wildly against his ribcage, how Danny raised an arm and slowly wrapped it around his shoulders, fingers digging on left shoulder and gently pushing down, bringing him down to his level, and he was just a man, too weak to fight his desires.

He felt Danny’s hand move to his head, fingers buried in his hair. And he couldn’t move, afraid to break the bubble and following Danny’s lead because sex he could do, no problem. Romance? Not so much. And Danno definitely was a romantic guy, he knew that.

There was also the fact that he couldn’t stop believing what was happening and how beautiful Danny looked.

Danny huffed a bit before pushing him down harder until their lips pressed together and god, that was glorious. There was no tongue, there was nothing that would make you say WOW! But it was just like as if they had been doing it forever, but it made sense to him: they had fallen in a partner routine at work within two months of working together, he had Danno’s back and Danno had his, so of course it made sense that kissing would be like that.

Slowly he pulled away, but he stayed close, he just wanted to look at him.

“Please say I can get out of that shitty apartment and come back home.” Danny mumbled, not looking at him, as if he were afraid that Steve might say no, that it was too fast.

“On one condition.”

Danny squinted at him. “What?”

Steve grinned at him before pressing another kiss to his lips. Because he could do that now. He was allowed and welcomed to. “That you tell me when you need something from me. Why didn’t you tell me you hadn’t been sleeping, huh? You knew this would help, right?”

Danny sighed. “Yeah, I knew babe. Of course I knew. That week I spent here was the best sleep I’ve gotten in my entire life. I just, I didn’t know if you’d want to.”

Steve rolled back to his side, taking Danny with him. “I’ve wanted you here for months, Danno. Without you, this is just a house. You make it a home. *My* home. You and Gracie.”

“Yeah?” He said, bringing the covers up as he pushed Steve so he was on his back, resting his head on the same pillow, kissing his shoulders, biting softly, too. “Ditto babe, ditto.”

## End Notes

This is my take on what should have happened once they got Steve. But at least, we'll always have fanfiction to fix those mistakes.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!