

## The day after

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# **The day after**

by [Masterpiece\\_of\\_turkey\\_cleverness](#)

## Summary

A typical 'day after' catching a killer for Gil and Bright.

## Notes

Rin is going through a tough time and asked for 'Broyo fluff.' Hopefully this little three-part series (Morning, Afternoon, and Evening) will deliver :).

## Morning

Gil woke up slowly, inhaling the scent of *home*. For a moment or two, he thought he'd forgotten to set the alarm, but then he realized both he and Malcolm were on a brief hiatus from the precinct after yet another of Bright's stunts.

Unfortunately, the kid was like a cat--Gil loved him to pieces, no matter how obnoxious he was. Bright was currently curled up in his arms, mouthguard in place but with no restraints. Gil had managed to help him work through the night terrors, and now Malcolm slept...well, more soundly. He didn't think Malcolm would ever end up sleeping eight hours a night.

"Mrow?" Soot pawed at Gil's face while meowing loudly. Gil tried to push the feline away with one hand, but Soot just shifted position and came at him from another angle, tapping his face repeatedly with his front paw. At least he hadn't resorted to using his claws yet.

"Mmm?" As soon as Gil moved, Malcolm woke. He glanced around, then sat up and spit the mouthguard out onto the night stand with an accuracy born of long practice. "Where's Smudge?"

"I am sure she's waiting next to the food bowls, letting Soot do the dirty work for her," Gil replied, voice roughed from sleep. He sat up slowly, and the black cat took a flying leap off the bed, presumably heading for the drawer where they kept the cat food.

Malcolm leaned over to give him a soft kiss. Gil returned it, sliding a hand behind Malcolm's neck and rubbing the small hairs on the nape of his neck with his thumb. "What do you want to do today, Bright?"

"How do you feel about cold cases?" Bright asked him, closing his beautiful eyes and leaning into the touch. Sometimes Gil couldn't believe how lucky he was to have the profiler for a husband.

"I think that we should not do anything that results in us re-entering the precinct for the next 48 hours. What else?" Gil finally let go of Malcolm and got out of bed, yawning before making his way over to the drawer where they kept the cat food. Soot was already rubbing up against it, while Smudge was sitting on the counter next to the food bowls looking innocent.

"I guess...I do have some other reading material," Malcolm admitted. "If you want to watch TV." He knew Gil read too many reports to want to join Malcolm in his literary escapes.

"That works. What do you want for breakfast?" The coffee machine in Bright's loft was annoyingly automatic, so Gil couldn't go through the still-familiar routine of making himself coffee before he fed the cats.

"Shower before breakfast?" Malcolm pleaded as he began taking his pills.

"All right," Gil allowed. He filled two bowls with cat food, and then carefully took the stairs to the upper part of the loft, which they'd turned into a huge caged area with cat trees and

toys. One of these days, Soot and Smudge were going to trip him while he was going up and down the stairs and he was going to fall and break his neck, but at least he'd die happy. He put the cats' dishes in the cage and, after they went in, locked the door behind them. "All clear."

"Thanks." He could hear Malcolm pouring coffee, and then Sunshine's excited tweets as Bright opened the door of her cage and let her out.

She flew past Gil on his way back down the stairs. "I swear, she loves tormenting the cats," Gil said fondly, watching her land on top of their cage and twitter.

"I wish they could both be out at the same time," Malcolm said. He looked up past Gil at Sunshine as he handed him a cup of coffee.

"Me too," Gil said, rather than pointing out the fact that they both knew that that wasn't possible. He sipped at the coffee, and sighed internally. Bright had spoiled him with expensive fair trade organic fancy-schmancy something or other coffee, and he knew he'd never be able to go back to Folger's. At least he still took it black.

Malcolm was also caffeinating himself, and walked over to lean against Gil as they drained their cups. That done, they went through what little they could of their exercise routine given the profiler's newest injuries. "Shower?" Bright suggested when they'd both finished.

"Sure." Gil smirked at him. "Though we cannot engage in our usual activities, what with your back."

Malcolm rolled his eyes. "It's only a few stitches," he retorted. "I'm not made of glass."

"Malcolm, just how many stitches have you popped in your--no, I take that back. How many stitches and sutures have you popped *in the last year*?" Gil mock-frowned at him.

"Five--oh, no, wait, there was that time with the... and then..." Malcolm glared at him. "Shut up."

"Right." Gil hugged him gently, then patted him on the ass. "Shower." Thankfully, they were past the point in the relationship where they needed to jump each other's bones every five minutes, or even the abbreviated workout would have turned to pure cardio, injuries or not. Bright looked absolutely delicious after his workout.

Not that Gil was staring at Bright's ass or anything as he led the way to the bathroom.

Once inside, they shed their clothes, and Gil adjusted the water temperature. He checked the waterproof bandage on Malcolm's back to make sure it was still intact before pulling the kid under the spray with him.

"I love you, Gil," Bright murmured, and Gil hugged him a bit tighter before releasing him.

"I love you too. No stretching," he chided, as Malcolm reached for the body wash. "Let me do it."

Bright huffed, but dropped his arm. Gil picked up the wash, squirted some into his hands, and began working up a lather. "Turn around," he said, putting the tiniest hint of command in his voice. Malcolm obeyed, and Gil started washing his husband, rubbing circles into his skin with his thumbs. Malcolm was soon leaning into it, making pleased noises. Gil washed him from top to bottom before switching spots with him and washing himself. "How do you feel?" he asked as he scrubbed his own hair.

"Floaty," Bright replied, and the look on his face tickled Gil enough that the older man had to lean over for a kiss. "Happy."

"I like you happy, kid." Gil eventually shut the water off, helped Malcolm out of the shower, and then toweled them both off. "What do you want for breakfast?"

"Crepes?" Malcolm was getting better at learning which foods his stomach could handle this early in the morning and which it couldn't. He had not, however, really learned how to work within the limitations of Gil's cooking abilities yet.

Gil sighed. "I'll try, kid. Those are like pancakes, yeah?"

"Kind of," Malcolm allowed. "I'm sure there's a recipe online."

"Fine, go get dressed," Gil told him, hanging up their towels. "Actually, no, wait, I'll come help you." He was still worried about Bright pulling his stitches.

"Gil, I'm fine." He could only see Malcolm's back, but could hear the rolled eyes in his tone.

"Kid, all of these injuries are going to catch up to you one day and you're going to feel older than I am," Gil replied, walking over to the dresser. He helped Malcolm dress--in sweatpants and, after Bright insisted, one of his own turtlenecks, which, what with the length of the arms and the difference in chest size, made him look like a child trying on his older sibling's clothes. Gil, meanwhile, pulled on a sweater and slacks.

Malcolm picked up a book and wandered over to the couch, while Gil retrieved his phone and looked up how to make crepes. It didn't seem too hard, so soon he was lost in the domestic act of making their breakfast. He cooked eggs as well as crepes, knowing the kid would take at least a bite or two of them if he put them on his plate; it had taken him a while to learn that Malcolm wanted his eggs scrambled and nearly burned, with no hint of grease on them.

Gil was pleased when Bright came back into the kitchen, actually seeming as if he were looking forward to breakfast, and made them more coffee. The detective slid Bright's eggs and a couple of crepes onto a plate, added some strawberries from the fridge, and then began cooking more for himself. "This smells really good," Bright said, rummaging in a drawer for a fork before sitting down at the breakfast bar. "Thanks, Gil."

"You're welcome, babe." Gil walked over to stand behind his husband for a moment, running his hands carefully up and down Malcolm's flanks. The kid craved touch, so Gil made an effort to physically connect with him as much as he could--at least, when they weren't

solving cases. As Bright had always maintained, the turtleneck was extremely soft, and Gil let himself get lost in the feel of it covering his husband.

Before his food burned (a lot), Gil kissed the back of Bright's neck and then slid the licorice twist he'd palmed onto the table beside his partner as a reward for letting Gil help him. Bright crowed and immediately took a big bite of it. Gil had to bite back a snarky comment about Bright being such a child; the kid more than deserved it after what Martin had done to him.

Gil moved back to the stove to finish cooking his breakfast. He then searched for a fork of his own and sat down next to Malcolm. Today was a good day; the kid had already eaten half of what he had made for him.

They chatted about precinct politics over breakfast, and then Malcolm did the dishes. Gil headed for the couch, made himself comfortable, and found something he could watch (NOT a police procedural; he always shook his head at exactly how much paperwork the stars never had to do and how fast forensic tests got done).

Malcolm settled himself next to Gil with his book; he then pulled his legs up and put them in Gil's lap. The detective rolled his eyes, but automatically started massaging the kid's legs. Sunshine flew down and perched on Malcolm's shoulder, twittering happily.

It was, Gil thought as he worked the knots out of Malcolm's calves, going to be a good day.

# Afternoon

## Chapter Summary

A continuation of the day. This kept trying to get seriously moody on me despite supposedly being fluff; sorry about that.

After several hours, Gil had had enough of the idiot box. He turned it off with the remote and patted Malcolm's legs. "Want to go for a walk?" he asked.

Malcolm looked up, startled, and then glanced around him. "Oh, uh, sure."

"Lost track of time?" Gil teased.

Bright actually blushed. "Yeah," he admitted, before pulling his phone out and checking the time. "It's a good book!"

"I am glad you are enjoying yourself," Gil said, pushing Malcolm's legs to the floor and then standing and stretching. He watched as Malcolm eyed the strip of stomach he showed doing so, but wasn't about to let his husband follow that thought right now. "Put Sunshine away, and I'll let the cats back out."

Malcolm's eyes snapped up to his, and he nodded. The kid held out a finger, and Sunshine hopped up onto it as Gil made his way to the stairs. He reflected, not for the first time, that they were either going to need to have an elevator put in at some point or that they were going to have to find another place to live--what with their jobs and Malcolm's antics, it was probable that one of them would at least temporarily lose the ability to climb stairs at some point.

Gil was pretty sure Bright never thought about things like that; he was still too young to think about reduced mobility or to feel the aches and pains that came along with age. Gil, however, had been through enough to know just how impractical stairs could be if one of them were seriously injured.

That, however, was a morbid topic, so he pushed it out of his head. Gil waited until Sunshine was tucked away in her cage before opening the catio door. The cats were both fast asleep, and didn't even bother to leave the cage--but he knew they would if he and Malcolm were gone for any length of time.

"Where do you want to go?" Bright asked when he came back down stairs. He was wrapping himself in his coat and scarf; it might officially be spring and the sun might be shining, but it was still New York City in late February.

“I was thinking the Park,” Gil told him. He pushed his feet into his shoes and grabbed his own coat. “Unless you have a better idea?” He raised an eyebrow at his husband.

“Park’s fine,” Malcolm responded. Central Park was one of the safest places in New York City--at least, during the day. Gil did not care to experience any trouble on his (forced) day off, but he still put on his badge and gun along with his coat--just in case.

Once they were outside, Gil reached down and twined his fingers with Malcolm’s. It wasn’t as cold outside as Gil had expected; Malcolm probably could have gotten away without the scarf, and neither one of them needed to retrieve the gloves from their pockets. Gil could feel the wedding ring on Bright’s hand, and it made him smile at the memory of their simple wedding.

They began walking, shoulder-to-shoulder, toward the park. “Anything in particular you want to do when we get there?” Gil asked.

“I want ice cream!” Malcolm pressed closer, and Gil let his hand drop so they could put an arm around each other. It was difficult to walk like that, but they managed, dodging street vendors and the occasional homeless person.

“Bright, it’s barely 35 degrees out. You’ll freeze to death if you eat ice cream,” Gil pointed out.

“No, I won’t,” Malcolm insisted.

“Yes, you will. I know you want licorice ice cream. But why don’t we just buy ice cream and bring it home to eat?”

“You know there’s only the one place within walking distance that sells licorice and it’s cones or nothing there,” Malcolm argued. “I won’t get cold. We’ll be walking around, and it’s pretty warm out compared to what it has been.”

Gil heaved a sigh. “Fine,” he said, knowing full well that they would end up cutting their walk short when Malcolm got too cold. Of course, it wasn’t as if he could blame the kid; he didn’t have an ounce of body fat anywhere on him.

“Yessss!” Bright pumped a fist in the air, and Gil rolled his eyes.

“You can be so childish sometimes,” the detective complained.

“Gabby says that’s because I didn’t have a normal childhood.” Malcolm actually skipped for a few steps, pulling away from Gil. He then whirled around and stopped short, bringing Gil to a halt as well.

Another man crashed into Gil’s back and then swore at him. “Watch where you’re going! Fucking tourists.”

Gil grabbed Malcolm’s elbow, spun him around, and forced him to walk forward again.

“Come on, city boy, you know better than to stop like that in this town.” There was plenty of



exasperation in his voice, but fondness as well. He really couldn't stay mad at his husband, no matter what he did.

"This isn't a town, as you well know, Gil. The term 'city' refers to any municipality greater than one square mile but holding more than 1000 people. At roughly 300 square miles and a population of approximately eight and a half million--" and Bright was off.

Gil listened to Malcolm's miniature lecture, keeping his eyes moving around their surroundings so he would notice trouble if it did approach them. To be honest, he had no idea how the kid generally avoided getting mugged, between how willing as he was to display wealth and how little he seemed to notice his surroundings when he got absorbed in something--which was almost all of the time.

"Gil? Gil?" Malcolm had finally noticed he wasn't really listening.

"What, kid?" Gil pulled Bright close once again.

"I asked if you thought that density should matter when labeling something a city vs. a town. Did you know that New York's the most densely populated city in the US? Of course, there are much more densely populated cities in other countries. I believe Mumbai has the highest density...or maybe Calcutta, I'm not sure."

Gil nodded, and let Malcolm continue talking. It was a common arrangement for them, and Gil didn't mind because, whenever he really had something important to say, Malcolm would usually stop talking his ear off and listen carefully.

It wasn't long before they reached Central Park and started walking the trail that would lead to the cart that sold licorice ice cream--even in the dead of winter. Gil had no idea how they stayed open in February, but then, Malcolm was hardly the least stable of New York's denizens, and some of them probably liked licorice ice cream too. (Gil did not. He'd tried it, once, and Malcolm had laughed for a full five minutes at the look on his face.)

Bright leaned over into Gil's space, and Gil happily leaned down and met his lips with his own, smiling briefly against the profiler's lips before pulling away. Two men kissing--regardless of the age difference between them--was a common sight, especially in Central Park, and no one paid them any mind. Gil thought about how different it had been when he was younger; he'd felt he had no choice but to marry Jackie back then, despite the fact that he was bisexual. Not that he regretted his marriage to her for a moment; he'd loved her very much.

Unfortunately for Gil's plan to siphon off some of Bright's nervous energy with a long walk, the deserted ice cream cart appeared even sooner than he had remembered. Malcolm promptly pulled him over to it. "Hello! A double scoop of licorice in a waffle cone, and...what do you want, Gil?"

"Nothing, thanks," Gil said, trading a 'what can you do?' look with the young man behind the cart. He pulled out his wallet and paid, and the cashier gave him change once he'd handed over Malcolm's cone. He felt odd, still, that he didn't pay any attention to the bills he handed

over any more; now that he'd married Malcolm, Gil wouldn't ever have to worry about money again.

"Mmmm." It was rare for Malcolm to eat with gusto, so Gil had multiple reasons for turning and staring at Malcolm's tongue licking up the black substance in the waffle cone.

Gil very much wanted to pull Bright close and tell him just how much he wanted to see that tongue on certain parts of his anatomy, but chose not to--it wasn't fair after all, since he'd declared a moratorium on sex until Bright's back healed. "Come on, let's get back to the walk, kid."

"Did you know that this is where the Central Park Five--"

"Kid, I was on the force then, remember? Eat your ice cream." Gil didn't need any reminders of that particular travesty of justice.

"Okay, but--"

"Malcolm. It was an awful time to be a person of color in the police force. Please--pick a new topic," Gil told him.

"All right." Malcolm side-eyed him, seemed to realize just how much the memory bothered Gil, and re-focused. "Were you on the force when Son of Sam was active?" Gil noticed--through his superior detecting skills, of course--that the ice cream Malcolm was eating wasn't melting at all due to the cool air.

"I was only fifteen years old when he was caught. But," he went on, knowing Malcolm wanted him to talk for a while, "It was included in our training. How a parking ticket and an astute witness led to his arrest. Things have changed so much since then."

"Hmm?" Malcolm's mouth was occupied, so he simply hummed the question.

"DNA, for one. Forensic analysis of, well, everything, for another. Nowadays we would have connected the shootings right away and at least we would have known we were looking for a serial killer." Gil hesitated, thinking back. "I think that's part of what happened with the Central Park Five. In those days, you had to follow your instincts, and a confession was one of the easiest ways to convict someone. For cops like Shannon...it's just what you did."

Malcolm raised his eyebrows. "But you never did it." There was only the barest hint of a question in his tone.

"No. I've never laid a hand on a suspect after they were in an interrogation room," Gil confirmed. "I swore I wouldn't. But, by the time I became a detective, the police had a lot more going for them than they did back in the 80's. Databases existed by then, at least for fingerprints."

"You're too good for this world, Gil." Malcolm polished off his cone, and then pressed himself to Gil's side again.

"Look who's talking," Gil teased, setting his arm around Bright's shoulders.

“I’m not a good person, Gil.” It was one of the first arguments they’d ever had, and they regularly re-hashed it. Thankfully, Bright wasn’t nearly as serious about it as he had once been.

“Yes, kid, you are. You may not play by all the rules, but you do everything you can to make sure everyone gets justice. And you don’t hurt people who don’t deserve it,” Gil told him.

“...Will you still think I’m good if I tell you that I’m cold now and I want to go home?” Malcolm gave him a sheepish grin.

Gil rolled his eyes and turned them around, toward home. “Takeout for dinner?” he proposed.

“Thai?”

“Sure.”

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