

## can't help falling in love with you

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# can't help falling in love with you

by [ImJustPassingThrough](#)

## Summary

"Laughter," answered Ed suddenly, and Harvey paused. "If you add a 'S' to the beginning of laughter it becomes slaughter." Again, Harvey heard himself laughing, and he covered his mouth. Shaking his head, Ed said, "sorry, couldn't help myself."

"That was clever, I can't lie kid." Chuckled Harvey, smiling softly, "come on, we can go to my food stand." He got into his car, "come on."

Ed frowned confused, "I'm coming with you?"

"Well, I don't want to watch Jim and Penguin be all couple-y, and do you really want to be alone?" Asked Harvey, smiling with a shrug of his shoulders.

Ed blinked, and got into the passenger seat, "not really. Lets go."

Harvey grinned, and drove off.

Or;

Harvey likes Jim, and Edward likes Oswald, and so Harvey and Edward bond over their unrequited romances for their work partners... who knew that in the process of bonding with each other, Edward and Harvey soon forget about their failed romances, and their focus is now all on the other.

## Notes

Okay, I don't know how something that was SUPPOSED to be a short Harvey & Edward friend fanfic turned into Harvey/Edward, AND it turned into this long thing, BUT, the fact is... I've found a new ship, a RARE new ship at that, and I love it.

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

Seriously, what does Jim see in Oswald? Out of all the people in the world, he had to go for *Oswald*. And, yeah, Harvey might be a little jealous... okay, a lot jealous, but now he's just trying to have his partners best interest in mind!

Harvey watched as Jim walked with Oswald, a coffee in one hand, and the other snugly held in Oswald's, while Oswald used his cane to limp. They were simply walking up to the station, Oswald no doubt going to wish him a good day, like any normal couple. He scowled, watching Oswald lean up, and kiss Jim's cheek, with a soft smile and tender eyes.

Harvey leaned on his the roof of his car with a glare, and jumped when another man, dressed in all green, slid up next to him, "hello Detective Bullock."

"Nygma." Sighed Harvey, annoyed and looked to Ed annoyed, but paused. Ed didn't seem like he was there to mock him, or annoy him, and instead he held two coffees, one for himself and the other for someone else, and he seemed just as upset as him, "what's up with you?"

Ed handed one coffee over, not answering his question.

Harvey held the coffee and stared in suspicion at the coffee, sniffing it carefully, "is it poisoned?"

"What? No." Scoffed Ed, "that's no fun for one, and two, well... you looked as depressed as I feel..." He said, staring longingly at Oswald. He grimaced, watching as Oswald tried to walk away, but Jim kept pulling him back, peppering kisses all over his white face. All sweet, all gentle, and Oswald didn't put up a fight to stop him, just smiled and giggled, blushing like a school girl.

Harvey saw, and let out a noise of realisation. "Oh, you and Penguin," he realised, nodding. He couldn't even call Oswald 'Penguin', it would warrant a snappy reaction from his partner.

"You and Jimbo. If I'm honest; anytime he failed with a woman, I thought he'd go to you... or, you asked him out. Or, at least, I thought he liked you." Ed said, looking down to the roof of the car.

Harvey let out a defeated sigh, "maybe at one point. But, then I got with Scottie, and he might have given up then, or..."

"Yes, that is usually the thing... I always wondered what would have happened if I had never met Isabella..." Ed admitted, "I regret it, all the time."

"Yeah, guess we're the schmucks who waited too long." Harvey said, giving Ed a friendly clap on the back, before taking a sip. "Hey, you remembered my coffee order," he said, eyes wide, taking in the sweetness.

Ed smirked, "how could I forget? I remember I accidentally took a sip, and it was so sweet it was hideous."

Harvey laughed, genuinely smiling brightly for the first time that morning, "I remember! You gagged, and spat it back out, handing it back to me."

Ed laughed with him, sipping his bitter coffee, looking back over to the annoyingly happy couple. "Seriously, what does he see in Gordon? And, I want an actual answer since you like him."

"Well, Jim's got the body of a God, all chiselled, and sharp. He's got these big, baby blue eyes that are just perfect, and easy to get lost in, a rough voice, deep and sexy. He's like a boy scout, even with a bit of a dark edge. He's always trying to do good, and going above and beyond." Listed Harvey, and shook his head, "what does he see in Oswald?"

"Bad boy is one of them. Usually good guys fall for the bad ones. Oswald is also incredibly caring, a little too much at times, and fiercely protective. Has these soft eyes, that while it looks cruel, has that level of kindness, and pure love. His body is, while not chiselled, is soft and gentle, yet not pudgy. Just soft." Admitted Ed, smiling softly. "Don't forget, Gordon kept Oswald alive and Oswald covered for him."

"So did you. You saved him from those woods, and he got you out of Arkham." Harvey reminded, "you saved his life from Butch, remember that?"

"Yeah, but you've always had Jim's back, always. Trying to help, even when you wasn't supposed to. Saving him." Ed reminded back, "and, he did always give you those lingering smiles, and saved you life too."

Harvey sipped his drink, and watched with an angry scowl as Jim picked Oswald up, discarding his mug, and carrying him up the steps. "Damn it, I'm stuck with Penguin," he groaned, slamming his head onto the car with a loud bang.

"And, I can't go in. I'm a cop killer." Sighed Ed, annoyed and rubbed the bridge of his nose. "I had a reason to kill Officer Dougherty," he defended suddenly, "he was abusing Miss Kringle..."

Harvey frowned, "and Kristen Kringle? Because, we *all* know you did it Geek Boy." Usually, he would never provoke Ed, not with genuine malice, not back then, and especially not now, not after he dangled him over the ledge to his death after going off the rails with Isabella's death.

"I... it was an accident. I told her, she panicked, and hit me, called me a psychopath. And I, I, strangled her... it released me..." Ed admitted, nervous and unsure. "And, I... when Isabella made herself look like Miss Kringle I... she wanted me to 'face my fears', but I was uncomfortable with it. I *did* end up choking her, I realised what I was doing as she fell unconscious and ran. She lived, waking up after I had gone. But, I cut her breaks in a moment of... instability..." He said, frowning and looked to Harvey. "A train hit her, and she died... it made me unhinged..."

"Jesus Ed..." Sighed Harvey at the small list, and knew there was more after that cop he beat with a crowbar, and yet couldn't find himself to be scared of the man. Miss Kringle was the only one who didn't exactly deserve it, as well as that cop... and more...

"Let's not go into the others, then." Ed insisted, nervously with a shy chuckle.

Harvey frowned, and suddenly laughed, as if he was told a joke, "I shouldn't be laughing!" He covered his mouth, and shook his head.

"What word is a fun word, until you add one letter and it becomes a terrible word that no one wants to happen?" Riddled Ed suddenly, looking at Harvey with a joyful smile, that same smile that was always just slightly off putting, and yet, somehow seemed friendlier.

Harvey sighed, "seriously? Why do I think you'd go one day without—"

"Laughter," answered Ed suddenly, and Harvey paused. "If you add a 'S' to the beginning of laughter it becomes slaughter." Again, Harvey heard himself laughing, and he covered his mouth. Shaking his head, Ed said, "sorry, couldn't help myself."

"That was clever, I can't lie kid." Chuckled Harvey, smiling softly, "come on, we can go to my food stand." He got into his car, "come on."

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Oswald's lips were frantically pressing against Jim's neck, straddling the mans waist, and Jim moaned, rutting against Oswald.

Ed walked into the dinning room, and paused in shock, "oh dear." There was Oswald, and Jim, making out, at the dinning room table, and... ew. Jim lifted Oswald, setting him down on the table, and captured the smaller mans lips eagerly. He rolled his eyes, and coughed quietly, but didn't get a response. Ed sighed, setting the plans for today down, and walked out quickly, shaking his head. He walked out, and leaned against the wall in the hall, the coolness of said wall seeping into his back.

After Isabella died, and went off the rail, Oswald admitted he had a crush on him, but... Ed waited too long, and Oswald fell out of love. He sighed, leaning onto the wall, rubbing a hand over his face. He walked out, and shook his head.

Harvey stood at his food truck with a taco, eating and sipping his cola, pulling out a piece of meat. He paused mid-bite, and stared, seeing a limo pull up, and out stepped Ed. He looked over to the truck owner, "can you get me another, but hold the onions," he didn't even think about how he remembered that fact about Ed, "and give me a diet cola." He waved at Ed with his black leather gloved hand, handing over the money.

Ed smiled, and walked over, "hello Harvey."

"Nygma." Nodded Harvey with a smile, and took the food, handing over the food to Ed, "for you. No onions!"

"You remembered I don't like onions?" Ed asked, taking the food, face blank. Well, in the blank shocked look he wore at times.

"Well, yeah..." Nodded Harvey, a light pink flush danced over his cheeks and nose.

Ed took a bite, and hummed, "this is nice. I should eat truck food more often." He realised, smiling. There was a point in time he ordered take out more than cook in, besides for dates, and he missed those times, ordering junk food.

"So, what are you doing here?" Harvey asked, as they walked to his cop car. "This isn't exactly your area."

Ed sighed, "Oswald and Gordon were making out in the dinning room. It wasn't a pleasant sight."

"Ugh," grunted Harvey, nose pulled into a sneer. "So, that's why he's used his vacation days." He commented, remembering Jim had called in for a vacation day.

Ed nodded with slumped shoulders, "apparently. It was something I did not want to see..."

Harvey grinned, "we could go get bleach if you want? Bleach your eyes, bleach your brain?"

Ed laughed, a bright smile on his face, "I might take you up on that offer." He took another bite, and swallowed, "so, how has the G.C.P.D. been?"

"Busy, what with Barnes being thrown into Arkham, and I'm acting Captain..." Harvey said, eyes tired, "only just got a break."

Ed's eyes widened, "oh yes! You're the acting Captain now. How fun... well," he suddenly stopped at the car, no longer teasing and now serious. "I think you wold make a good Captain, you would do well." He said, serious.

Harvey blinked, and slipped into his car seat, and Ed slipped into the passenger seat. Harvey blinked, looking at Ed, "you mean that?"

"Yes, you are clever, and when you need to be, you're serious." Ed explained, voice serious and looked down.

Harvey looked at Ed, and stared as if amazed, "thanks... nerd." He just kept staring, and watched as Ed began smiling, all shy and bashful.

A phone began ringing, a stereotypical work phone noise, and the two blinked owlishly. They set their soda's down in the cup holder between them, and picked out their phones from their coat pockets, and Harvey sighed, seeing it was his, and who is was from. He picked it up, answering, "hiya Jim."

*"Hi Harvey, can you come pick me up? I'm at Oswald's place."* Jim answered, and gasped sharply, as Oswald's sharp teeth skimmed a red, and bruised hickey.

Harvey grimaced in revulsion, and saw Ed's lips pull down in twisted disgust. Harvey stared at Ed, realising how horrid the guys day had been, and said, "sorry Jim. On a case." He watched as Ed frowned, confused and thrown off.

Jim pushed Oswald away, and heard Oswald's whine. *"On a case? Do you need me?"* Asked Jim, suddenly in work mode.

Ed shook his head, as if saying 'don't stay for me', and Harvey shrugged, "nah, I'm good cowboy. See ya later." He hung up, and slid his phone into his pocket, "that's something I don't want to hear again." He looked to Ed, and saw him looking so lost and confused. Harvey knew he made the mistake of not giving Ed the time of day back when he worked with G.C.P.D., and Jim was, regretfully, right. He did miss Ed. The kid, while weird, was sweet, and had an odd sense of humour. "Did you ever give Oswald anything cute?" He asked suddenly, deciding to move away from his regrets, deciding to move away from what friendship he and Ed might have had.

"Well... I tortured Butch and Tabitha, I tortured them because I knew Oswald would be happy, and their undying, selfless love for each other got me angry. Oswald called me up, and told me to come home, and I left..." Ed answered, sighing as he began eating.

Harvey nodded in thought, "that is fucked up... dark, and twisted... didn't work?"

"Obviously, and Oswald was just annoyed. So, Tabitha lost a hand for nothing... and I put electric shocks into Butch's head for no reason." Ed sighed, sipping his drink.

"This is getting more fucked up than usual. Do I need to be worried?" Asked Harvey with a worried smile, though his eyes were playful.

"No, the worst you need to worry about is; everyone turning against you for befriending a cop killer." Ed said, seriously.

"You killed two cops, and Kristen was a record keeper." Reasoned Harvey, but he paused, blinking with blank eyes. "Why am I defending you?" He asked, confused. Sure, it's Ed, but the guy is still a cop killer, the guy is no longer Edward Nygma.

Ed blinked and shrugged, "I... I have no idea..." He really didn't. Harvey was... well an asshole back in the day, but he did give Ed the time of day, and his threats of violence were empty, and even Ed knew they were more playful, and said from the stress of the job. The guy didn't entertain his riddles, unless they linked with the job at hand, but he was forced to get to the point, and Ed can't lie, whenever Harvey was near some dangerous chemicals, he would swoop in and 'save the day'.

"Well, I'm going to stop." Harvey decided, his heart pounding painfully against his chest, feeling sick with himself. He should not be defending Nygma!

"Good." Ed said, nodding, and sipped his drink, officially ending the conversation.

Harvey sat at the desk, and yawned. Jim had the day off yesterday, but now he was in... which meant so was Oswald. Well, Oswald was massaging his shoulders, and kissing his cheeks, and saying 'I'll see you later', and Jim kept talking about random things, keeping Oswald there.

"Are you going to go, Penguin?" Asked Harvey with a snipped tone, a scowled look of jealousy and disbelief on his face.

"Oswald." Jim said, without missing a beat, not looking away from his boyfriend.

"I really *should* get going, Ed's outside waiting for me." Oswald reasoned, nodding his head in agreement with Harvey.

Jim sighed, "right... when you getting lunch?"

"I'm getting lunch at—"

Harvey shook his head, and rubbed his forehead, nursing a head. It's way too early for this shit. He glanced over at the doors, and frowned, not seeing Ed anywhere. Why wasn't he coming in? Why? Maybe, because he's a cop killer, and there are cops everywhere? Maybe, he doesn't want to see this, and get jealous? Or, maybe he doesn't want to come in after the whole conversation with Harvey yesterday Maybe, that's it? Or, all of the above?

Meanwhile, Edward stood at the bottom of the stairs, looking up at the G.C.P.D., and sighed. *'Go in, go in, go in. It's just the G.C.P.D., you worked there... come on... why am I scared? There's nothing to be afraid of!'* Thought Ed, rocking on his heels, and sighed, seeing people stare at him, eyeing him up and down, suspicious. Should he just go in? He swallowed, seeing people's stares turn into glares, and he rushed up the stairs, screwing his courage to the sticking. He looked around his old workplace, standing at the entrance, and soon everything fell still, and silent.

Everyone was staring at him. It was a lot worse in here, then it was out there.

Oswald looked delighted, as if seeing a friend, and Jim looked annoyed and angry, as if he was facing off an enemy. Harvey's eyes widened, what was the reason for staying out there? He stood up, and his eyes widened, seeing Ed rush up the stairs to them, "Captain Bullock, I need to speak to you..."

"I'm not a Captain—"

"Acting Captain," Ed assured. He pushed Harvey away, and into a corner, secluded from everyone else, "hey." He whispered in greeting.

Harvey frowned, and looked at him, "what?" He asked in a hushed tone.

"I just... I was standing out there, and everyone was staring, and I knew I could come to you —"



"Don't explain." Harvey assured, shaking his head, "it's fine. You're doing me a favour, getting away from those two."

Ed chuckled, "rather come in here than stand out there."

Harvey crossed his arms, and nodded, as if he was talking about serious business. "Hey, can I ask you something?" And when Ed went to talk, Harvey waved a dismissive hand. "Asking anyway; necks... it sets you off?"

Ed shrugged, "it's a possibility. It's not jealousy, or Jimbo over there," he nodded his head to a confused looking Jim, "would be dead."

Harvey nodded, "fair point." He looked to Oswald to see him also looking confused. "I'll take the case." He said loudly, nodding to Ed, "I'm gonna need you though."

"Whatever the Captain says." Assured Ed, giving that off putting smile.

Harvey moved over to Jim and Oswald, "take the day off. Ed and I are going to do some work." He explained, not noticing he used Edward's nickname, rather than 'Nygma'.

Oswald blinked, "you and my Chief of Staff?"

"I'm your partner..." Jim said, owlshly.

"Yep, and you and Penguin—" Harvey said, but Jim cut him off.

"Oswald."

"Whatever." Harvey sighed, "can have a kiss-y day. Take a vacation day."

Jim frowned, "I had one yesterday."

"Have another." Insisted Harvey, "besides; Ed knows more, and I am Captain, so..." He looked over, "lets go, Ed!"

"Rodger Dodger!" Called Ed, and walked over, "I'll be back later, Oswald... unless you and Jim have sex, well... oh dear, ew."

Oswald frowned, "alright, old friend."

The two watched Ed and Harvey walk off, and the two shared confused looks.

"You need to be careful, I don't want them thinking I'm going to kill you." Ed reasoned, as they walked down the stairs outside the building, as if he wasn't the one who walked over, and dragged him away.

"You killed *a* cop. *One* cop, who didn't deserve it." Assured Harvey, getting into the drivers seat. He had to make that difference, to let Ed know he wasn't as bad he thought he was, as if it wasn't as bad...

Ed got in the passenger seat, and sighed, "does Jim talk about Oswald?"

"All the time," groaned Harvey in despair and anger, driving off, "where too?"

"Anywhere." Assured Ed, "so... you ever do anything for Jim?"

"Besides stick my neck out for him?" Asked Harvey, "I buy him lunch. Give him information that I shouldn't give him, that's one I do... I'm also the only one who tells him to take a break." He sighed, staring blankly ahead of him.

Ed frowned, and thought, "riddle me this; what is more useful when it is broken?"

Harvey went to snap back at the endless onslaught of riddles, but paused. He actually thought; usually Ed's riddles were weird and told at the worst of times, but they were usually connected to whatever the task at hand was. What were they doing? Hanging out, kind of, talking about their unrequited loves, "a broken heart?" He guessed.

"Nope, give up?" Ed asked, a smile on his face.

"No, give me a sec." Harvey thought, they were going somewhere... they usually eat when they hangout, "an egg?"

"Correct," smiled Ed, though the shock was evident. "I didn't think you would entertain my riddles, you never used to... take a left, I know a good diner that sells brunch."

Harvey shrugged, "whatever you say, Ed." He turned left.

Jim and Oswald walked down the road, holding hands. Anyone who didn't know them they would think that were happy, but Harvey and Ed, who was walking behind them with ice creams, could see how tense they were, with their lips not pulled up into a smile, more of a grimace, the 'smile' not reaching their eyes.

The two were invited as it 'isn't a date, it's work', but suddenly turned into a date; Harvey and Ed were now third, and fourth wheeling. And, they had to listen to the two have a lovers spat; Jim was working too hard, and wasn't spending enough time with Oswald - the third and fourth wheel would disagree, they spent plenty of time together.

"I'm just saying; you could come on dates more, not work." Smiled Oswald, looking around warily.

Jim smiled back, teeth clenched, "yeah? I do go on dates with you, and spend time with you."

"Is romance bringing your informative's to our dates, too?" Oswald hissed, through a fake smile.

"How about you both shut up, and enjoy this date." Harvey said, licking his chocolate ice cream, payed for by Ed.

"It's not a date," assured Jim.

Ed rolled his eyes, licking the mint chocolate chip ice cream, "I feel like Harv and I are date crashing." He didn't even realise he used Harvey's nickname.

"We *are* date crashing, Ed." Assured Harvey, not even picking up on the fact Ed called him 'Harv'. He patted Ed's back, and the two walked off in front of them, ignoring Oswald and Jim's confused gazes.

Jim and Oswald watched, and looked to each other, and was going to go back into their passive aggressive argument, until Oswald said, "how about you come to mine tonight?"

"Sure, sure, yeah." Grinned Jim, arm wrapping around the mans thin waist, and pressing a gentle kiss to his cheek.

"How has your night been?" Smiled Harvey, sitting besides Ed. The two were sat on a food bar, eating breakfast. Harvey was eating bacon and pancakes, while Ed ate an omelette, the two having coffees - sweet and bitter.

"It was terrible," groaned Ed, rubbing his head, "I could hear, *everything*, Harvey..." He sighed, shoulders sagging, "is it too early to drink?" He asked, stabbing his food, eating. "How was yours?" He asked, voice curious, looking at them.

"Better then yours, clearly." Laughed Harvey, scooping the syrup onto the pancake.

Ed scowled, "ha ha."

Harvey looked up to the Ed, "I heard you cooked for Kristen. So, you like cooking?" He scooped some food onto the fork, and took a bite.

"Yeah, it's more of a hobby..." Ed shrugged, "I'm terrible. I need to be constantly reminded to actually eat."

Harvey smiled, "yeah, I remember I would come and check on you. Make sure you'd eat."

Ed froze, and looked over, "yeah... yeah, you were the one to buy me food. It would just show up..." He smiled softly, "thank you, Harvey..."

Harvey went a light red, and smiled, looking down, taking a nervous bite, "you're welcome... I'm glad you like it... so, what made you decide to work with forensics?" He asked, eyebrow raised.

"Well, I enjoy science. And, if I'm honest, I always had a morbid fascination with murders, and bodies. So, I guess, combined with that, I decided with this job..." Ed shrugged, "I was the weird kid dissecting road kill from the side of the road, and enjoying Mathematics a little too." He shrugged, "nobody wanted to be friends with a freak."

"And, the riddles?" Asked Harvey, with a confused frown. "They're so... odd, but clever. How did you get into riddles?"

"There was a puzzle contest, and whoever won got a puzzle book. I won. I've always enjoyed puzzles, so the prize was perfect." Explained Ed, "so, I enjoyed the riddles from the book. Read it religiously."

"Bet your old man was proud." Harvey grinned, sipping his coffee.

Ed frowned, going blank, "no... no, he thought I cheated..."

Harvey frowned, and blinked, recoiling ever so slightly, as if seeing someone else. Not the Riddler, not Edward Nygma, but someone else, and Harvey realised, there might be a reason for the way Ed is the way he is, and he wouldn't push it. No, he would let Ed tell him whenever the man wanted, and he gave Ed's upper bicep a firm squeeze of comfort and froze. He squeezed again. Wow, he never realised just how muscular Ed was.

Ed paused, and blinked, relishing the gentle yet firmness of Harvey's calloused fingers, "h-how about you?" He choked out, voice cracking. "Why did you decide to go for a detective?"

Harvey coughed, finally letting go of Ed's arm. He looked around, as if making sure nobody heard this, and looked to Ed. "When I started out, I joined up in the army and participated in the Great War." He said, "then I moved onto this. Thought I could help more on the streets, bring justice, help others..." He shrugged, "I started off like Jim in a way. Then it all went fuck up after. You remember the Spirit of the Goat case?" Ed nodded, and Harvey said, "ten years before the Wayne's were murdered, my old partner, Dix and I, pursued him into an abandoned theatre. Dix fell down a trap-door set by Milkie and was paralysed from the waist-down. I learned, there's no heroes on the job..."

Ed frowned, and looked at Harvey carefully, "well... you're not saint, that's for sure. But, I do believe you try and do good things, try and do the right options."

Harvey looked at Ed softly, "thank you... I'm sorry, you've been nothing but nice to me. And, I've been nothing but mean to you, for the longest time."

"No, no!" Ed said, smiling and shaking his head, "I feel like I've done nothing but annoy you! With all my riddles, at the worst times—"

Harvey grinned, "Ed... it's fine.. they were welcomed, I just snapped from stress... and, I'm sorry..." And, he meant it.

There was loud moaning from Oswald's room, with the creaking of the bed, and slamming of wood on wood, with skin on skin contact. Loud, gasped, breathy, 'Jim', 'James' and 'Oswald'. It was sickening.

Ed had been trying to sleep, this is the second night the two have gone at it! Apparently, last night wasn't good as Jim had, and from Oswald's own words, 'screamed Harvey's name'.

Well, at least that mean Jim somewhat liked Harvey, and no... no, he doesn't have that sick, feeling of jealousy... no, because he likes Oswald. Not Harvey.

The man, as I said, had tried to sleep. But, couldn't from the noise, and had opted to get dressed and maybe work... but, they're *so loud!*

"YOU'RE RIGHT, THEY ARE LOUD." Agreed a voice he knew too well. He looked over, and there in the mirror was Riddler, smirking, "COME ON, LETS GO HAVE SOME FUN."

"What?" Asked Ed, voice quiet and nervous, wavering.

Riddler raised an eyebrow, "YOU REALLY WANNA STAY HERE, AND LISTEN AS JIM SCREAMS THE NAME OF THE MAN YOU LOVE?" He questioned, but then laughed, "WHICH MAN IS THAT AGAIN?"

"Shut up," he sighed, looked away. Why was he here? Riddler has no business to be here!

"I THINK, YOU SHOULD CALL HARVEY."

The next thing Ed knew, was he had his phone in his hand, and saying, "hey Harv. You wanna get some drinks?"

Ed tipped a shot down his throat, "they're doing it. Again... I could hear them, everyone could hear them!"

Harvey frowned, and chugged his drink, "of course you could."

"I do not want to go back tonight... I can't stand another sex night. Their moans still haunt my dreams, and echoes the halls..." Ed said, cheeks a drunken red, his tie was off, and his jacket discarded, hot, drunk and eyes hazy.

"That is a horror movie," Harvey agreed, eyes with a far off look. Everything was spinning, with a wiggly outlook in his vision.

Ed looked to him, and grinned, "you know? Last night went wrong." He slurred, "Oswald told me, Jimbo screamed your name while they were doing it."

Harvey's eyes widened in horror, "no!"

"Yes!" Ed yelled back, finger raised, pointed up, "just... how the fuck...? Does one yell your name while doing Oswald? You look nothing alike! You're much prettier!"

Harvey laughed, cheeks red and shiny, either from the alcohol or from the compliment. He then frowned, looking to Ed, "you think necks trigger your other side?"

"Yeah, why are we talking about it?" Asked Ed, bitterly, getting another bitter drink. He didn't know what it was, just knew he could get drunk from it.

"You think it's connected to lovers?" Asked Harvey, throwing back his own bitter drink.

Ed nodded, "I think... it's why I always feared being close to Oswald after Isabella... I... it scares me." He chugged the drink quickly, and relished the burn down his throat, and gagged from the sharp flavour.

Harvey frowned, and looked to Ed with a solid nod, "alright... okay, lets test that."

"What?" Asked Ed, eyes wide in horror, but Harvey was already up, taking his arm, and pulling him out of the red leather booth. "Bullock?"

"Come on, my place." Smirked Harvey, taking hold of his hat, and holding his trench coat, "lets go."

Ed took his discarded clothes, and allowed Harvey to pull him out the bar, "why?"

"So, we can test this theory!" Repeated Harvey, shrugging, flagging down a taxi, and the two climbed in, "Ed, just you wait. The whole neck thing, it's probably nothing! It might just be, Miss Kringle has a bad connection!"

"No, no it's necks... has to be... the amount of times I've had nightmares about strangling Oswald..." Ed reasoned, as his fingers clenched, as if remembering the dream.

"Right, and it might be lovers based then! Either way, we'll test!" Assured Harvey, as the taxi pulled up in front of his apartment. Ed carelessly threw some money at the man driving, the money fluttering all around the driver, and allowed Harvey to pull him out, "come on Ed!" He allowed Harvey to pull him up to his apartment, and opened the door, "in ya come, geek!"

Ed walked in, and looked around slowly. He frowned, seeing how dirty it was, boxes upon boxes against the wall, pizza boxes surrounded the area, plates with food scattered the table, the sofa was stained and moth ridden, and it was all damp, smelling of alcohol, and cigarette smoke. "So, this is your place?"

"Yeah, I know it's not the best..." Admitted Harvey, looking around, suddenly aware how terrible his place was. "Anyway, lets test that theory!" Smiled the detective, looking at Ed, "but if not, we don't have to... I know what I'm getting myself into Ed." He said, suddenly a lot softer, aware that this was a tough subject for Ed, aware this was how Isabella had acted.

"I... just give me a minute." Ed looked around, seeing the bathroom and rushed off, shutting the door. He sighed, and locked it, the bathroom looked mouldy, and dirty, and he rushed over to the sink, turning it on and splashed lukewarm water on his face. "Calm down Ed, calm down..."

*"let me guess, I would never hurt harvey."* Said a female voice, and Ed looked up in the mirror to see Kristen Kringle.

"Oh dear..."

**"What's wrong Ed? I would've thought you would've been used to seeing people in mirrors."** Came another voice, and Ed looked to the right of the mirror, Isabella.

"No..." Ed shook his head in horror, "you're just in my head. Both of you."

*"you went from someone who files papers in a police station, to someone who files books in a library, to a detective in a police station again."* Miss Kringle said.

"We're not dating," Ed said quickly, eyes wide in horror.

**"Thank God, at least now there'll be no..."** Isabella started.

Ed tensed up, his shoulders up to his ears, and watched as Miss Kringle wrapped her hands around her neck, choking herself, making grunt and choked noises, while Isabella did the same for a second, before holding her hands out, as if driving car, and slammed into nothing with a scream.

"OH BE QUIET." Snapped Riddler, looking to the two, suddenly there. "EITHER EDDIE AND HARVEY ARE GONNA FUCK, OR JUST SIT AROUND AND TALK ABOUT EDDIES CHOKING PROBL—"

Ed quickly opened the mirror on the cupboard, getting rid of the three images, and let out shaky air.

"Ed?" Called Harvey, voice gentle, as he knocked on the door with his knuckles, "you coming out?"

Quickly, Ed swung the door open, "hello."

"You okay? We don't have to do the neck thing..." Promised Harvey, his voice soft, and understanding.

Ed nodded, "yeah... yeah... maybe it's the fact I was hit... no... no because Dr. Thompkins hit me, and I didn't strangle her..." Not to mention, he quiet likes it...

Harvey gently took Ed's hands, and slowly raised them, "at any point, stop me." Harvey whispered, it was suddenly as if they were sharing a really intimate moment, "okay?"

"O-okay..." Ed felt his fingers gently wrap around Harvey's neck, his thumbs gently brushing against the mans Adams apple, and his fingers brushing against the mans beard. The skin was warm, yet rough with old age, and felt Harvey swallow beneath his fingers, "Harvey..." His voice was dark, and rough, his eyes dark in a scowl.

Harvey kept his hands wrapped around Ed's thin wrists, feeling the smooth skin, and warmth. He never knew he was that guy, the guy that liked hands around his neck, and relished the long fingers around his neck, smooth and careful, "Ed, please... tighten your grip."

"What if I can't stop?" Asked Ed, worried.

"I'll fight you if I have to," Harvey promised.

With hesitation, Ed slowly tightened his fingers, clenching down, feeling the thundering pulse and sharp breaths beneath his fingers, and Harvey choked, eyes closing, and mouth

opening, letting out a choked, "Ed..."

Ed let go immediately, but Harvey kept his hands there, "I-I'm sorry, I—"

"Ed, you stopped," panted Harvey, face flushed, either from the lack of oxygen, or... yeah, turns out he's *that* guy. "You did good..." He paused, unsure if it was the drink that gave him the confidence, and said, "maybe you should do it again?"

"If you hit me, sure..." Ed said, quickly before he realised what he said, swallowing. "F-for research purposes!"

"Obviously!" Harvey agreed, and suddenly hit Ed across the face, not hard, but not light either, and Ed let out a groan, head barely jerking to the side, as his hands tightened around Harvey's pale, rough neck again. Harvey let out a choked gasp, and, again it might be the drinks, pulled Ed down into a sloppy, open mouthed, panted, breathy kiss, relishing how Ed tightened his fingers, constricting his breathing more, and Ed melted under Harvey's vicious hair tugging, as if he was pulling his hair from his slap.

Harvey was suddenly slammed against the wall, his and Ed's shirt were thrown on the floor in a crumpled mess, their hair all stuck up and wild, and were fiercely kissing each other, moaning.

"Oh," moaned Ed, sinking his teeth into Harvey's shoulder.

Harvey moaned desperately, "choke me, Ed!"

Edward moved his hands back to Harvey's neck, and clenched his fingers, no doubt leaving fingermarks, "you're an animal, Harvey, you know that?"

Harvey let out a choked moan, and slapped Ed's face harder than the first time, gaining a loud moan from the younger man, "oh, yes, sir. I do, I do." He moaned out, voice choked and rough.

Ed tightened his grip, "your room?"

Harvey choked, but nodded a yes, eyes rolling to the back of his head in sexual ecstasy.

Ed let go immediately, now knowing the telltale signs of when to stop with Harvey, "come on, Harvey." He rushed to Harvey's chaffing, and cheap sheets, thrown on the soiled bed.

"Yeah, baby. I'll be right there." Called Harvey, panting with a blissful look in his eyes. Condom, he needed a condom! He looked around for one, "hold on for me for a second!" He's going to blame this on the drink in the morning, but he knew, he *knew* this wasn't the drink anymore. At least not for him. It might help him get away from the whole 'Jim' fiasco... no, no, he's not thought of Jim once during this whole thing.

"Come on, Harvey!" Called Ed, excited. He hadn't thought of Oswald all night, he just wanted Harvey in bed, with him. "I ain't got all night!" He called, though his voice was full of



humour. Harvey had him all night.

Harvey grinned, finding himself actually enjoying Ed, and not just in sex. "Daddy's comin'!" He growled, grabbing a condom, and rushed into his bedroom.

Sunlight seeped in through the window, purely because neither of them had drawn the curtains the night before, and also because it had holes all over, and was disintegrating to the touch.

There was a knock at the door, and Harvey shuffled out the bed, and pulled his boxers on, and white, coffee stained vest, groaning from his old aching joints, opening the door, "Jim?" Asked Harvey, tired, seeing the man at the door, dressed and ready for work. What time is it?

"Harvey, you okay?" Jim asked with a frown, "you wasn't at work this morning and I panicked—"

"No, yeah, I'm fine... just a hangover... got a bit lucky." That left a bitter taste in Harvey's mouth, disgusted in himself with that sentence; 'got a bit lucky', gross. "You mind?" Asked Harvey, waving a hand, trying to shoo his friend off.

"Who is it?" Jim asked, interested, and looked over Harvey's shoulder to see a figure hiding beneath the bed sheets. "Your neck has fingermarks and—"

"Shut up!" Yelled Harvey, pushing Jim out and slammed the door shut. He locked the door, and sat on the bed, eyes wide in horror.

Ed crawled up from under the covers, jumping up slightly with his hair all messed up, "do you think he knew I was here?" He asked in a panic.

Harvey sat up in horror and glanced to Ed in worry, unsure of what to say, and then looked down, the air tense and awkward, and they both clenched the quilt to their chests.

"Well I've-I've never done that with you before." Harvey said, not looking to Ed now.

Ed didn't look at him, and said in an uncomfortable and uneasy voice, "nope." He chuckled uneasily.

Harvey messed with the quilt, "so, uh, how are ya?" Wait, what? "How ya... how ya... you okay?" He asked, stumbling over his sentence, mortified with himself. They just had sex, and he asks if he's okay, like he would any other day with someone. This wasn't a random fuck, this was Edward Nygma, The Riddler, a cop killer (as in singular, he notes), and Chief of Staff. Someone he's known for years, and helped lock up. And, screaming the name of the entire night.

"Yep, yep..." Ed said, stumbling over his words, "you?" He asked, swallowing.

"Yes... yes... uh-huh," Harvey answered, uneasily, "you?" He asked, and the two looked at each other. "We did you." Harvey remembered, embarrassed, but then the two blushed a

bright red, realising how that sounded, and well...

"Well, technically, I did you." Ed corrected, as he wasn't on the bottom a lot. Surprisingly, if anything Harvey was the one on the bottom for the majority of the night, and—the two winced. Why were they thinking of this again? "Well... I'd better get going." Ed said, coughing awkwardly.

"Oh yeah yeah, absolutely." Harvey agreed, awkwardly, and stiffly nodding.

Ed scooted to the side of the bed, and felt eyes trained on him, and clenched the covers around him tighter, and glanced to Harvey, "could you not look?"

Harvey went a bright red and his head snapped to the side, away from Ed, "I-I don't want to look!" Even if they had looked for the entirety of the night, and their hands had roamed in areas they hadn't known existed. Though those nail marks were etched into Harvey's brain.

Ed got dressed, and knew that Oswald was probably panicking, and buttoned up his shirt.

"What we did last night was..." Ed started, uneasy and awkward.

"Stupid." Harvey offered. He ran his fingers through his messy hair, feeling the sweat and grease - he needs to shower.

"Totally crazy stupid." Ed agreed, nodding his head.

"What were we thinking?" Harvey asked, smiling, and grimacing awkwardly.

They fell silent, and Ed leaned in to Harvey and asked, "I'm coming over tonight though, right?"

Harvey nodded with an 'obviously' look, "oh yeah. Definitely." Because not once did they scream Jim or Oswald's name, and Harvey has never had such a fuck.

Oswald paced with his usual limp, and held the phone to his ear, "no! Listen to me—"

Ed pushed the door open, and walked in, "Oswald? I'm home!"

Oswald paused, and hung up, limping over, "Ed?! Where was you?! And, why do you smell of sex?!" He asked, pausing in his step to hug his friend, and saw the rumpled and creased clothes of said friend.

"I could have asked the same of you," joked Ed, nervously. "No, no, I was just out last night... I'm sorry for worrying you. Won't happen again." And, he had no idea if that was a lie, or the truth. He looked over Oswald, and saw the hickey's on his neck, and didn't find himself caring. "I'm going to go shower..." He walked off, and upstairs.

Oswald and Ed walked into the G.C.P.D., at this point nobody stared at Oswald, but they did with Ed, of course. He's a cop killer. Oswald was with Jim, and had his arms wrapped around his shoulders.

Harvey rolled his eyes, and went to the captains office, trying to ignore Jim and Oswald, even though he wasn't as bothered as usual. Ed rolled his eyes as well, and went into the office after Harvey, looking at the detective, nervously, "hey."

"Hey." Harvey greeted back, awkwardly.

Ed sighed and looked down, and didn't look at Harvey from shame, "I hope you don't take this the wrong way but, I know we had plans to meet up tonight and, ugh, I'm just kinda worried about what it might do to our, sudden friendship..."

"I know." Harvey assured, also sighing, and looked Ed, ashamed at themselves, "how could we have let this happen?" He asked, shocked and horrified.

"Seven times!" Ed clarified, in bewilderment at themselves, making Harvey groan in distress.

"Well, y'know, we were drunk..." Harvey offered, trying to explain themselves.

"In a drunk, hot setting, with our emotions on high..." Ed backed up Harvey's explanation.

"I blame our emotions." Harvey said, gesturing with a file, as he scolded their mushy emotions.

"Bad emotions!" Ed scolded, taking a pen and smacked the lamp with a ding.

"So look uh, while we're st-still in an emotional moment in our lives, I mean, we can keep doing it right?" Harvey asked unsure, and nervous.

"Well, I don't see that we have a choice." Ed said, eyes wide like it made sense, "but, when we're back to normal, or they're single, we don't do it." He continued, moving to the other side of Harvey.

"Only for emotions." Harvey agreed.

It fell silent between the two, until Ed glanced up and said offhandedly, "y'know, I saw Storage Room C-5 empty downstairs.."

Harvey glanced up to him, "I'll meet you there in two minutes."

"Kay!" Ed replied immediately, and threw his pen down onto the table and stalked off to Storage Room C-5.

Harvey went and gently put his things down, and checked himself over, and went to follow, until Jim intercepted him, "Harvey I need you."

Harvey looked at Jim in distress and like he was in a hurry, "*now?!*"

"Look, Harv, I was wondering if I can go home early? Oswald and I want to go on a date." Jim explained, as if that would stop him from leaving early, and he patted Oswald's hand affectionately.

Harvey blinked, eyes wide, "yeah, I don't care." He just needed to get to Edward, "that all?" He looked passed them.

"I'll be in work early to make up for it, I promise." Jim said, not noticing his friends rushed state.

"Fine!" Harvey waved his hand, exasperated. He found breath freshening spray and sprayed it in his mouth, so minty, but so worth it.

Oswald smiled, "thank you. It means a lot, also where's Ed gone?"

"I don't know, why don't I check?" Asked Harvey, clapping Jim's shoulder, and went to walk off.

"You don't mind?" Oswald asked, suddenly, making Harvey stop walking.

The eldest turned to him in annoyance, "no! I'll go look!" He promised and rushed off, leaving Jim and Oswald behind, confused. He arrived only to see no Ed in the Storage Room. What the? Was he too long? He waited a minute, antsy and looking at the ridiculous amounts of stationary, in a cramped space, but still no sign of Ed and so, rushed back, and saw Ed sulkily standing next to his boss. He went over, confused, and slightly hurt, "where were you? We were supposed to meet in the Storage Room." He whispered in his ear subtly, making sure nobody heard.

"Forget it, that's off." Ed said, glancing up, his voice full of annoyance.

"Why?!" Harvey asked, not just hurt but upset Ed wasn't willing to wait for him. But, Ed glanced passed the railing, and Harvey turned to see a few people heading in the direction of the Storage Closet. "Oh..."

The day was now over, Ed and Harvey made it to Harvey's apartment building, and went to Harvey's place with gleeful smiles. Harvey placed a hand on the door handle, "listen, in the middle of everything if I scream the word, 'yippee!' just ignore me." Harvey joked.

Ed laughed, and placed his hands on Harvey arms, as the eldest opened the door to reveal Jim sitting on the sofa, and he stumbled to a stop. Harvey smiled, and said in fake enthusiasm, "oh my God, Jim! Hi!"

Ed hid behind the wall, out of sight from Jim.

"What are-what are you doing here?" Harvey asked, tense.

Jim sighed, "well, I just wanted to talk, you know. My date with Oswald didn't go too well, we got into an argument about how I don't go to dinners as much, and how I bring work with

me."

"Right," Harvey said, and went to say more.

Jim scoffed, "please. You know, Oswald screams Nygma's name during sex sometimes." He snapped angrily, "can you believe that?!" He didn't see Harvey's shocked face, and definitely not Ed's horrified one.

Harvey was desperate, he needed an out, and he glanced to Ed, who jerked his head to go, "why don't we get a drink. I just need five minutes to get something from the neighbours."

Ed kicked his ankle and held up ten fingers, then another five.

"Fifteen minutes." Harvey correcting, making a weird squeak of joy, before shutting the door with a slam.

Ed grabbed Harvey's hand, "come on, to Oswald's."

"You sure he won't be there?"

"No, no... he should be out killing someone if he's upset." Reasoned Ed, wasting no time.

Ed opened the mansion door, and didn't see Olga anywhere, and smiled, looking to Harvey, who was looking at everything amazed. It was so large and clean, clearly an expensive place, and Harvey felt unworthy, as if he was dirt in the mansion.

Ed looked over Harvey's body and smiled softly, "I didn't get to say this at the G.C.P.D.; but wow, you look..."

Harvey shook his head quickly, eyes wide desperately, "no time for that!"

The two rushed to Ed's room, and hurriedly began taking off each others clothes, shoes, socks, jackets and ties, but they were interrupted by Oswald opening the front door, "Edward! I need you! I've got a guy down here!"

Ed paused, and moved to the door and yelled with a hiss, "well, *I've* got a guy *in* here." He winked to Harvey, who blushed.

Oswald went quiet "how long?!"

Ed frowned and yelled, "about thirty minutes."

"Or forty-five." Harvey corrected in a whisper.

It fell silent, and Ed yelled, "make that forty-five! I mean, wow!" He chose his words carefully, "in forty-five minutes you can kill a guy twice."

Harvey grinned in excitement at the implications, and whispered against the shell of Ed's ear, "you better choke me, sir." He gripped Ed's waist.

Ed groaned, and looked to him, "so long as you hit me, daddy." He wrapped his slender fingers around Harvey's neck softly.

Oswald went silent, "I need you now! He's getting up!"

Ed sighed, "I'll be back soon." He looked to Harvey, who looked forlorn.

Harvey grinned suddenly, "I'm gonna go to the bathroom, maybe I'll see you there in a bit?" He offered, with fake curiosity.

"Kay!" Ed replied with a childlike grin, wiggling and rushed out to get the job over with.

Harvey got up with a smile, and walked to the bathroom.

"Can I ask you something?" Oswald asked, seeing Ed rush in.

Ed blinked, "uh, no." He stabbed the whimpering and crawling man in the neck, then grabbed him, and dragged him away.

"Me and Jim argued, and I feel terrible. Do you think he hates me, do you think he'll forgive me?"

Ed stared, unsure and desperate to leave, "no." He dumped the body in a trash bag, and helped Olga to hide it. He didn't really think of his answer.

"Maybe, if we had more personal dates?" Oswald said, and looked to Ed, "what do you think?"

Ed blinked, "yes?" He responded quickly, tense.

Oswald grinned, "thanks." He patted punched Ed's shoulder.

Ed smiled, and gently patted Oswald's shoulder, and got up to follow after Harvey, but then Oswald said, "but what if it doesn't work!" Ed sighed, and waited for the conversation to be over.

Edward blinked, and tuned out Oswald. God, he should be with Harvey. Hurry up, Oswald! Harvey won't wait there the entire night, and damn it, they both needed it! When had he picked up one of the drinks from the mini-fridge Oswald keeps around the mansion? Oh, well! Ed stared, and was still tuning out Oswald, his mind on Harvey. Harvey, oh Harvey! His amazing body, and those rough lip. Why on earth did it take so long for the two of them to have sex? He was amazing, and he couldn't get enough of Harvey, like Ed's own personal brand of heroin. Was he on his second alcoholic drink? Come on, Oswald! He has somewhere to be! Oswald was still going on, and Ed was still not listening. Harvey was probably getting turned off, and he had to get there now! But, how was he to leave? Oswald was still talking, why was he still talking?! Ed tapped his foot. Please, Oswald shut up. Any God out there, please shut Oswald up! Was he on his third beverage now? How long had it been?!

"Right, need to go! Man upstairs!" He rushed off, and looked into the bathroom, only to find no Harvey, then went to his bedroom, to see Harvey, on his bed, arms crossed, annoyed.

"Half an hour!" Harvey hissed out through clenched teeth, and Ed looked scared, and incredibly apologetic, and shrugged helplessly. They couldn't do anything now, Oswald was home.

Ed drove off to Harvey's, with Harvey in the passenger seat, and the two stayed quiet, there was an awkward tension between them, and they didn't look to each other. They made it to Harvey's apartment building, and Ed awkwardly walked Harvey to his apartment, and they did so quietly. Ed moved to the door and Harvey followed him, and they stood near the door.

Harvey opened it, to see Jim had left a note; *Gone out drinking, don't know where you went. - Jim.* "Well, we certainly are alone." Harvey said, hands awkwardly stuffed into his pockets, and looked down.

"Yes!" Ed agreed, and smiled, pointing to him, "good thing we have that, 'Don't Sleep When Emotions Are Over' rule."

"Right." Harvey agreed, smiling, and clasping his hands in front of him softly.

"Um, listen since we're-we-re on that subject, I, uh, I just wanted to tell you that uh, well, I-I was going through a really hard time with all those emotions..." Ed laughed, "well, anyway, I just— that night meant a lot to me, I guess I'm just trying to say thanks." He smiled, and relaxed slightly. He *was* so incredibly thankful, and would always be thankful, he would remember that night for the rest of his life.

"Oh. Y'know, that night meant a lot to me too," Harvey smiled, moving closer, "and it wasn't because I was in a bad place or anything, or much, okay I was, but it just meant a lot to me 'cause..." Could he say this? Eh, he will, "you're really hot!" Harvey smiled, and laughed, that was nice. Harvey thought Ed was hot! Harvey leaned in and smiled awkwardly, "is that okay?"

Ed smiled, and chuckled, nodded, "that's okay."

"And I'm cute too." Harvey said, quickly, and jokingly.

Well, Ed couldn't deny that, "and you're cute too!"

"Thank you!" Harvey laughed, and the two hugged. "All right, I gotta go in and get ready." The two high-fived.

"Okay." Ed grinned, and Harvey watched Ed leave, walking down the hallway.

Harvey turned, and smiled, "bye." He shut the door gently. Harvey looked down, and walked back to the door to stop him, but paused. He shook his head, and thought better of it, he'd lock his door later. He turned around and went to walk off.

The door opened suddenly, slamming against the wall, and Harvey turned around, seeing Ed walk in, "I'm still shocked from Jim's confession last night! Shock, meaning emotions, does that count?"

Harvey eyes widened, and he nodded, "that counts!"

No other words were spoken, Ed rushed over, and the two kissed each other. Harvey arms wrapped around Ed's waist, and caressed the man's waist, nails pleasurably painfully digging into his skin, and Ed wrapped his fingers around Harvey's neck.

It was a night of slaps, choking, hands in hair, up the shirt, back of the neck, muscles, pants waist, 'Harvey', 'Edward', yes!

"What does this mean about us?" Harvey asked from beneath his scratchy covers, watching as Ed dressed the next morning. The two had gone at it all night.

"I-I don't know..." Ed answered honestly.

"How about, we just try this out," Harvey shrugged, nervous. He hadn't thought of Jim when he was hanging out with Ed, only when he was brought up in conversation. It was nice.

Ed paused, and nodded softly, "right... okay..." He finished fastening his clothes, he turned to see Harvey with the irritating quilt up to his chest. He swallowed and moved over, kissing Harvey softly, and Harvey kissed back with a pleasant hum. They were kissing just because they could, and dear God what a lovely emotion.

Harvey pulled back with a smile, and kissed Ed's cheek, "right. See ya later, geek."

Ed grinned, and walked out, getting a taxi to go home.

Harvey sat down at his desk that morning, and froze. "What's this?" He asked, looking up to Jim who was looking over a report, on the phone with a tense smile on his face.

Jim looked up and frowned, "I'll call you in a few Ozzie..." He hung up, and shrugged, "I don't know... thought you should deal with it." *And, I was on the phone to Oswald.*

There was a white, clean plate, and on the plate was a red, velvet muffin, it really did look scrumptious, but it also had a bullet shoved into the white frosting, and a note under the plate. He picked it up, and read the cursive green writing; *'It's a riddle! Good luck ~ E. Nygma'*.

Harvey frowned, then smiled, realising it was from Ed. He looked at the cupcake, and tucked the note away. "It's a cupcake with a live bullet sticking out of it..." He mumbled, eyes squinting in thought.

"It's menacing and inedible..." Jim said suddenly, clicking a pen in thought, "maybe they're trying to threaten you?"



It would have been sweet, Jim worrying about Harvey, but now he was more focused on Ed. It was rather funny that Ed would threaten him, "no, no, I'm sure it's fine."

It was a rather slow day, and Harvey just stared at the cupcake, thinking of the answer. He didn't even notice Oswald walk in at one point.

"Why is your partner staring at that cupcake?" Came that whiny, stuffy voice.

Harvey looked up, to see a confused Oswald and a worried looking Jim, "oh jeez, when did you get here?" He asked, hand on his heart, as if he had a heart attack.

"I've been here for five minutes." Reasoned Oswald, as if Harvey was the crazy one.

Harvey went to respond, but paused, seeing that Jim and Oswald had a bit of a distance between them, "you two still arguing?"

Jim rolled his eyes, "doesn't matter." *Yes, we are. Drop it.*

Harvey raised his hands in surrender, "easy." He looked to Oswald, answering his previous question, "and, it's a riddle."

"A riddle? Ed's good with riddles," commented Oswald with a fond voice. Harvey froze, what? Oswald, he's using that tone of voice he uses for Jim, no... well, there goes any form of relationship between Harvey and Edward. Even if it is just fucking. Even if it is just trying.

"Speak of the devil," grumbled Jim in distaste.

Harvey didn't look up, more focused on the churning, green and angry jealousy he felt with Oswald's voice to Ed.

Jim and Oswald watched Ed walk in the steps, as the man in green ignored the officers staring at him in anger and horror. Oswald had these stupid soft eyes, and Jim looked tense in jealousy. Harvey glared at them both, what changed in so little time?! Did something happen yesterday? When Jim and Harvey didn't see Oswald and Ed due to work? What happened?! Or, is it because they were screaming other peoples names during sex?!

Ed smiled, "Oswald, Gordon." He smiled to Oswald, all friendly. Then sneered at Jim in anger. Then looked to Harvey, his eyes this soft tone that nobody could pick up on, "Harvey." He coughed, "whoever can guess this riddle, I'll buy lunch for them."

Oswald sagged, "fine." Jim didn't answer, just wrapped a possessive arm around his boyfriends waist. Harvey hummed, staring at the cupcake.

"What do you call a three-legged cow?" Ed asked, eyes gleaming playfully.

Oswald frowned, "I have no idea." Jim grunted and shrugged.

"Lean beef." Answered Harvey, not missing a beat, getting used to riddles and learning. Guess he's getting tacos! He looked up at Ed, then asked with a smug smile, "got a cupcake with a bullet in. What is it?" He asked, "any clues as to what it could mean?"

Ed flushed a dark red, looking to the shiny floor shyly. He knew he had to answer, it would look suspicious if not. "The cupcake is sweet, the bullet is deadly; a beautiful man is a dangerous thing."

Harvey blinked, and flushed a bright red, smiling shyly and watched Ed through his thick, blond eyelashes, "guess I was worried for nothing."

"Guess so," agreed Ed.

Harvey sat, hidden in a red booth, scooped ice cream into Ed's mouth, and watched with soft, slutty eyes, "fuck Eddie, you're gorgeous..."

"Nothing compared to you, darling..." Ed smirked, twirling a long strand of Harvey's blond hair on his index finger.

"You keep talking like that, I'm gonna have to take you in the bathrooms." Smirked Harvey, breathlessly.

Ed leaned in, and a dark look flashed in his eyes, "maybe you should." He slowly wrapped his lips around the thin metal spoon, sucking the ice cream, making a big show of licking it clean, allowing a dribble of cream to tickle down his lips and chin.

"Fuck babe," groaned Harvey. Harvey surged forward, and captured Ed's lips with his own, his tongue eagerly licking the ice cream clean, and Ed groaned, eagerly pulling Harvey into his lap, "fuck Eddie." Moaned Harvey, into Ed's mouth.

"Jesus Harvey, darling." Moaned Eddie, rutting his hips up, not caring about who saw.

Harvey tugged Ed's tie, "toilet. Now" He dragged Ed with his tie, and Ed allowed him.

Oswald frowned, "I think Jim and I just broke up." He was sat at his dinning table, phone pressed to his ear, shoulders sagging and limp, eyes blank as he stared off into the distance.

Ed was writing a note, with a green envelope next to him, a greeting card. "What?" He asked, looking up to Oswald, "what happened?" Does Harvey know yet? Had this all ended before it began?

"Jim and I... we... we were... he was late, again, and he was talking about work, *again*. And, he was complaining about my work, about how I have to run the criminal underworld." Oswald rubbed his face, "we're not happy with each others work. And, he keeps moaning Bullock's fucking name!"

Ed paused, as he grabbed the green envelope, he paused. Would Harvey be the same as Jim? Would it all get too much for Harvey, for him, for both of them? But, then again, Harvey has been making him feel better, get a better grasp on necks (ha ha), letting him know that one cop deserved death, but also letting Ed know he's not innocent. Would... would he and

Harvey argue like Jim and Oswald? Why does he care? He and Harvey aren't exclusive, they're just fucking and trying something different. And, it's nice. And, it'll stop when word spreads Oswald and Jim are single.

"Ed, you okay?" Oswald asked, suddenly noticing Ed had gone blank and quiet.

Ed looked to him, "I'm fine." He promised, grabbing the envelope and sliding the card away. He wrote a small note, paper clipping it to the card. He got up, "I have to go deliver this."

"Ask Mikey to deliver it." Shrugged Oswald, "I need you right now. If you don't mind."

Ed nodded, in well hidden defeat, "of course." He walked off, and into the waiting room, "Mikey?"

Mikey, a man with white curls, freckles and large yellow eyes, looked up, "yes Mr. Nygma."

"I need a favour," Ed said, "if I pay you, will you keep it a secret?"

Mikey frowned, and nodded, "yes of course. How much you paying?"

"However much you deem necessary when I tell you what it is..." Ed said, getting a nod from Mikey. "Right... I need you to deliver this letter to Harvey Bullock, set it on his desk, don't let anyone see you."

Mikey's eyes widened in shock. Harvey Bullock? A private letter, "hundred to keep quiet."

"Done." Ed fished out the money from his wallet, as he usually kept enough to pay for food for him and Harvey, and handed it over.

Mikey took the money, and counted it, taking Ed's letter, "on it." He walked out, shutting the door.

Ed sighed, and looked down. At this point, he and Harvey won't be able to spend time together if Jim and Oswald keep them to themselves. Though, he does need to be here to help his best friend. He walked back into the dinning room, and saw Oswald bright up, a pleasant smile on his face. He sat down, "what do you need, Oswald?" He asked, in a friendly tone.

Oswald smiled and shrugged, "I just need my best friend."

At that, it would have sent a feeling of despair down his spine, too big to stomach, "I'm here for you Oswald." Though, all he wanted was to be with Harvey.

"Me and Oswald broke up." Jim said, as Harvey drove the car.

"So, that's why you've got that broken look on your face?" Harvey asked, a frown on his face. This is technically the moment where he could jump in, give Jim the chance to go for him, for them to finally date. He pulled up in front of the G.C.P.D., and got out with Jim, "how come?"

"Just... our works clash and we're not happy with each other. We have our eyes on different men, apparently." Jim answered, as they walked up the steps. "I'm upset about it, sure... but, it's not like it came out of nowhere."

"It's not?" Harvey asked, voice full of disbelief. Is Jim making that up? Or, has he really not noticed? Damn it, sees Ed was telling the truth, as was Jim; Oswald and Jim were moaning out Ed and Harvey's names during sex.

Jim shook his head, "no! I think this might be better... actually, I thought we could go for drinks tonight?"

Harvey frowned, "oh, I can't I have plans." He said, thinking of Ed, the two had plans to eat at Harvey's tonight, Ed was cooking, and he finally go to taste. He sat down at his desk, and paused, seeing a green card with a note on top.

He picked it up, and read the note; *Did you know, Harvey, that the earliest greeting cards dated back to Germany in the 1400s? - See you tonight ~ E. Nygma :)*

Harvey opened the green envelope, and smiled seeing a letter;

*Dear Detective Bullock,  
Your eyes are as blue as the sea.  
Your smile is as bright as the sun.  
Your skin is as white as a snowflake.  
It seems like your life is fun.*

He grinned, a light pink dancing over his cheeks and nose. *'Who knew Ed was such a cheesy bastard?'* He thought, though he didn't miss the thundering of his heart, or the butterfly's in his stomach. He hid the note in his top drawer with a smile.

Lamb and mash potatoes, with a glass of red wine. It was fancier than Harvey was used to, but the elder didn't want to go back to truck food anymore, or maybe, it's just that Ed is a good cook, and knows a lot about wine. Jesus, Harvey could get used to this! Honestly, Ed could have gone into culinary.

"These were the best mashed potatoes I have ever had." Harvey grinned, "I swear I'm gonna get plump." He patted his rather large stomach, "well, plumper."

"I like that you have an appetite." Ed smirked, voice deep and got up.

"You're spoiling me, geek." Harvey laughed, a bright smile on his face.

"I won't stop it." Ed said, voice stern and forceful. "I want nothing more than to spoil you," he wrapped his arms around Harvey's shoulder, and bent down.

"Eddie!" Blushed Harvey, smiling as he stood up. "So forceful." He turned in Ed's arms, and wrapped his arms around Ed's waist.

Ed kissed Harvey, and Harvey hummed, closing his eyes, moaning as he felt Ed clench the back of his neck.

Harvey pulled back, resting his head on Ed's forehead. He didn't *want* to say it, but he knew he *had* to say it, *had* to bring it up, "so... Jim and Oswald broke up."

"Yeah..." Ed agreed, looking at Harvey. "It's over, isn't it?" He asked, his fingers slackening from Harvey's neck.

Harvey frowned, and looked at Ed, moving back slightly, "what?"

"We started this whole thing because we were jealous, and now they're single..." Reasoned Ed, looking down to the floor, "so... this means it's over..." He swallowed, pulling back, nervous, "that was the... arrangement..."

Harvey let out a breath of air, "yeah... I guess so..." Why was his heart crying? Why did he feel a surge of sadness, and anger? "Well... good thing we decided to do this for emotional reasons... and stop, when we can swoop in for them..."

Ed nodded, "right... I should go... it was good, this little thing we were doing... thank you, Detective Bullock."

"Right... see you whenever you get into trouble." Harvey nodded, and silently watched as Ed left, walking through the door, probably going home to Oswald. He peaked out the window, seeing Ed outside, looking up at Harvey as well, the two sharing hesitantly, soft eyes, and watched as Ed suddenly left, a sag in his step.

*'Why does my heart cry?'* They thought, helplessly. An arrangement... that's all this was...

Oswald and Ed sat in the black, sleek limo. Oswald looked unbelievably angry, holding a bag of Jim's things, "I'm going to drop off Gordon's things, and then we'll continue with our day."

Ed hummed in agreement, eyes blank. He messed with his phone, foolishly hoping that Harvey would call him. He knew Harvey would be happier with Jim, he knew the two would be good together. He didn't want to make Harvey stay with him, he wanted Harvey to be happy. But, the thought of it... Jim's eyes upon his face... Jim's hand upon his hand... Jim's lips caress his skin... he covered his face, *'it's more than I can stand!'*

The limo pulled up in front of the G.C.P.D., and they got up. Oswald walked up the steps with a limp, annoyance on his face, while Ed walked all stoic, trying to hide his sadness. He has no idea how it went from pinning after his best friend, to helplessly pinning after Harvey, a man who has despised him since the beginning, since before he became The Riddler, since before he became a criminal.

Ed looked to Oswald, "are you sure you and Jim can't work out your issues? After all, opposites attract." He tried, he knew it was wrong, and selfish, but... he had to try, and he

didn't want to kill another, somewhat, innocent cop... or detective. I mean, trying to frame him for the murder of a cop, and Galavan, didn't turn out too well.

"No!" Snapped Oswald, turning on him with anger, "don't be stu—"

"Shush!" Hissed Ed suddenly, covering Oswald's mouth, hearing loud talking and yelling, in an eerily quiet G.C.P.D., too quiet. The last time it was this quiet was when Jerome Valeska and the Maniax broke into the G.C.P.D., and began a massacre.

Oswald frowned, confused, he knew that voice. He knew that voice very well.

The two rushed over, and peaked around the corner. There stood Butch, Tabitha and Barbara, guns in their hands, and were about to shout questions and fire guns, and not worry about which order they did this in. Ed noted Tabitha's hand was still fucked up, but that didn't stop people from cowering, or shakily pointing guns.

Oswald frowned, "do you think they're after Jim?" He asked, very quietly. "This is your fault for going after them." He whispered accusingly at Ed, "why did you?"

"I thought you'd appreciate it." Ed admitted, frowning. He knew it was wrong, but he hoped they were after Jim too, not Harvey, anyone but Harvey.

Harvey slowly stood up, guns raised, "what are you doing here, Butch?"

"As if you don't know!" Snapped Butch, fully prepared to shoot.

"I really don't!" Assured Harvey, utterly confused.

"I don't know what you're doing here, but you're not welcome!" Jim called, gun also out.

Butch scoffed, "yes you do!" He looked from to Harvey with his eyes, "you're boyfriend told you! So, I'm coming after you for hurting Tabitha!"

"Oswald broke up with me, trust me... he told me nothing." Jim said, bitterly, shoulders dropping hurt and upset, "he wouldn't care about me."

Butch frowned, "Oswald?" He looked back to Jim, confused.

Harvey realised, Butch wasn't talking to Jim, he was talking to him. Ed had acted alone, and... how did anyone know they were... not together, but, doing things together that could be viewed less than friends. He would be with Oswald, now... and that hurt more then any bullet could. They're feelings he can't fight! Ed left him, Ed left him in a tango. His soul left him, and his heart went away... he swallowed, and his eyes wondered the room, hoping to find something, but paused, seeing Ed around the corner, worried.

Ed shook his head, eyes sad and worried, *I'm sorry, I'm so so sorry...*

Harvey's eyes softened, and looked to a chair, then back to Ed, *knock Butch down with the chair.*

"Oswald had nothing to do with this, apparently." Snapped Butch, confusing Jim.

Ed nodded, and looked to Oswald, and whispered, "stay here." He got on his knees, and sneaked in, crawling behind the three criminals. They didn't even notice him, too busy staring at Harvey and Jim.

"Hey Butch?" Called Harvey, "riddle me this; what's green and asks too many riddles?"  
Asked Harvey, annoyed and angry.

Butch frowned, confused, "what?" He either asked for the answer, or was just plain confused.

"Me."

Butch turned, to see Ed, and was met with a chair to his face. Ed rushed over to Harvey and Jim, as Butch fell, with a loud painful thud. Tabitha wasted no time, and raised her good hand, shooting at Harvey.

Ed's eyes widened, and made it in time, tackling Harvey down, getting a bullet to his shoulder, and Harvey yelped in shock, hands on the younger's waist, as Ed hissed in pain. That one bullet set off the police, shooting like mad. Ed got up, and grabbed Jim and Harvey, pulling them out, ignoring the throbbing pain in his bleeding shoulder, and he ran into Oswald, "get in the limo!"

Oswald's eyes widened, running next to Ed, "Ed, your shoulders bleeding! Just let them take Jim and Bullock!"

"No!" Snapped Ed, short and snappy.

Jim was running next to Oswald, "what did you do?!"

"Nothing, I didn't do anything!" Oswald reasoned, getting in limo, pulling Jim in, because despite what he said, he and Jim had been together for a long time. He knew Jim from the beginning. The door shut.

Ed waved a hand in disbelief, "Oswald!" He rubbed his nose in annoyance, and opened the door quickly, "get in Harvey." He gestured, somehow behaving like a gentleman, despite the rush.

Harvey climbed in, worried, followed by Ed, as Oswald yelled for the limo driver to drive off.

Ed was sat in a his white vest, as Harvey wrapped his bullet wound, the bullet on the counter. The four were at Oswald's mansion, and it was clear Jim and Oswald were uncomfortable, the amount of sexual activities done in each room was overwhelming, and here they were, trying to figure out who Butch was after.

Jim had his hands on his waist, looking at Oswald, "what did you do?"

"What did *I* do?!" Oswald asked, scandalised, "I've done nothing! You heard Butch, I did nothing!"

"What were you doing at the G.C.P.D. anyway?" Asked Jim, confused.

Oswald scowled, "giving you your things back. Trust me, I'm over you."

"Same, already got my eyes on someone else." Jim snapped back, "why did you take me and Harv if you don't care?"

"Ed made me, or did you miss the part where he took a bullet for your partner?!" Oswald asked, eyebrows up, and pointing to Harvey and Ed, and Jim followed his finger.

Harvey's smile was small, "thank you."

"What for?" Asked Ed, watching as Harvey fussed with the bandages.

"Taking a bullet for me."

Ed smiled, and shrugged with one shoulder, (the uninjured arm), "anytime."

Oswald looked to Jim, ignoring the confusing scene in front of him, "come with me, I'll show you to the guest room." He limped off, and Jim followed with a grumble, shutting the door behind them, secluding Harvey and Ed.

Harvey set down the first aid kit, and gently cupped Ed's cheek, "are you sure your okay, Spock?"

"I'm fine..." Assured Ed, leaning into Harvey's hand, covering it with his own. "I'm so sorry..." Apologised Ed, "this is my fault. If I never went after them, if I never agreed to sleep with you... you would be safe..."

Harvey frowned, "we aren't together. Remember that? Remember last night, we said we was doing this until Jim and Penguin were single again, and—"

"I know what I said..." Ed agreed, "but, to those three it doesn't look that way. Nice riddle by the way."

Harvey grinned, "I learned from the best."

Ed looked to the door Oswald and Jim walked out of, and heard footsteps upstairs. He sighed, "seems they're really over."

"Yeah..." Harvey agreed, voice quiet as he looked down. "You know... we could... do it one last time for old times sake?"

Ed blinked, a dark red coating his cheeks, "guest room, come on!" He eagerly dragged Harvey off, and Harvey smirked.



There was a loud thud, and groan, with other noises of whining, and moaning.

Oswald stumbled out of his bedroom in his silky, purple pyjamas, and wearing a silk robe with all sorts of swirls, and saw Jim in his long pyjama pants and white vest. "You hear that too?" Oswald asked, confused, as he looked down the hallway.

"Yeah, the groaning and creaking is hard to miss." Jim assured, and looked to Oswald, "thought it was you and Nygma."

"Me and Ed?" Oswald asked with a blush, thoughtful and interested, "wouldn't mind it. I believed it to be you and Bullock."

"Trying." Jim assured with a gruff voice.

Oswald paused as he went to check on Ed, "you and I broke up because of Bullock... I still can't believe it at times." He hissed, and then waved his hand, "whatever, I need to make sure Ed's okay." He walked off.

"It's Harvey we need to check on." Jim corrected and dragged Oswald with him. They broke up because their work clashed, and they were arguing more times than not... but, they both knew it didn't help they find their partners to be attractive, he with Harvey, Oswald with Nygma.

He knocked on the door, "Harv!" He frowned, getting no response, and opened the door, to see it was empty. "He's not here." He said, worried.

"What?" Oswald's eyes were wide, worried. If someone got to Bullock, then is Ed safe? Oswald led Jim to Ed's room, and they paused. Sure enough, loud groaning noises were being made from behind the door, and it got louder the closer they got. He knocked on Ed's door, "Ed? Are you okay, my friend?"

Jim scrunched his nose up, recognising the noises well, "your Chief of Staff is masturbating. Guess he'd rather touch himself than be near you."

Oswald scowled, annoyed and angry, and was ready to kill his ex-boyfriend.

It went quiet, and Ed opened the door slightly, in his white vest and green boxers, looking incredibly dishevelled, with red cheeks, "hello, what's wrong?" He panted, voice rough, chest heaving. And... his cheek had a red hand print on it!

Oswald frowned, "are you okay? Your cheek has a hand print on it!" He went to burst in, because that wasn't there before, who hurt him?! But, Ed quickly stopped him.

"Oswald, I'm fine." Ed assured, covering his cheek with his hand. "Why are you two up at this time?" He asked, and waved his hand, shooing them off, "go, go to sleep."

"We're looking for Harvey, he's not in his room." Jim reasoned, looking at Ed annoyed.

Ed shrugged, eyes in panic, unsure what to say, "well, uh. I-uh—"

"Come on, Eddie! I ain't got all night!" A familiar voice called, eager and needy, gruff and stern.

Oswald's mouth fell, "is that Bullock?"

Jim blinked owlshly, "you're sleeping with Harvey?"

Ed blinked, and looked behind the door, confused and shocked. Whatever he saw must have given him confidence, because he looked back to Jim and Oswald with a grin as if to say 'what can you do'. He slammed the door shut, and growled from behind the door, "sir's coming!"

Oswald and Jim stood their in shock and horror.

"What did we just witness?" Oswald asked in horror.

"A horror movie." Answered Jim, blankly.

They winced hearing a panted, choked moan, "oh, Ed!"

"Fuck, Harvey!" Hissed Ed, followed by a loud slap.

"Okay!" Oswald yelled, eyes wide, limping away. Jim followed quickly, pale and eyes wide.

It was mind blowing!

Harvey was now clean, and his neck had hand prints, and bruises the shape of fingertips on his neck, and he stared up at the off white ceiling, and was wearing his white vest and trousers. Ed, also clean, had hand prints on his cheeks, and dark nail scratches down his back, with a white vest and green pants. The high of their mind blowing was over, and now they were very aware their friends knew they were fucking, and so, they were half dressed so it was less awkward if they walked in.

"Well... sorry if I ruined your chance with Oswald..." Harvey apologised, looking down at Ed, whose head was on his chest.

Ed had his arms around Harvey's waist, "it's fine..." He looked up at Harvey, "I'm sorry if I ruined your chance with Gordon... we could explain..." He said, voice unsure and void of emotion, as he unconsciously tightened his grip on Harvey's waist.

"We could..." Agreed Harvey with uneasiness, "later... tomorrow." He yawned, and wrapped his arms around Ed's back. "For now, lets just sleep..."

Ed nodded, cheek pressed against Harvey, listening to Harvey's just slightly too fast heart, "good idea." He closed his eyes, "goodnight Harvey..."

"Goodnight Ed..." Smiled Harvey, eyes also closing.

It fell silent, calm, as soft breathing filled the dark room.

Something clamped down over Harvey's mouth and nose, and he tried to yell, jerking, but his eyes slowly closed. The jerking made Ed open his eyes, and lean up, "Harv—" A hand covered his mouth and nose, and he tried yelling, falling limp on top of Harvey.

Ed groaned, waking up, feeling very groggy and tired. This isn't normal. He always felt well rested after mind blowing sex, aftercare and sleep with Harvey. He went to stretch, but felt his arms and legs tug at something like leather, and that's when he felt the strain of his jaw, and he opened his eyes. He looked down to himself, to see he was strapped to a chair with leather binds, and he looked around, noticing the windows, and dirty floor, and walls, with boxes stacked up at the wall, weapons and other things, then he saw Harvey next to him. Harvey was unconscious, strapped in a similar position as him, with a black ball gag in his mouth.

Ed's eyes widened, and he went to call, 'Harvey', but instead it came out muffled and more like 'hu-ve'. His eyes widened, and finally felt a ball in his mouth, (how he missed that, he has no idea), and he struggled. He looked up in front of him and noticed Butch, Tabitha, and Barbara watching him. Ed glared, annoyed.

Barbara swaggered over, and smiled, kneeling down, "hello Eddie, how was your sleep?"

Ed's glare hardened, and he looked around again, noticing two familiar things; a box with dials, with a round metal helmet with sponges on, and up on a box was what like a custom-made guillotine-like device, the blade being released by a 55-second timer... this wasn't just *any* place, this was *the* place, where he tortured Butch, and cut off Tabitha's hand.

"Oh, you recognise the place. Funnily enough, this is not just the same place, but also the same things you used!" Barbara smiled, clapping her hands in excitement.

Butch grinned, "I'm going to enjoy this..." His eyes landed on a still knockout Harvey, "as soon as he wakes up."

Tabitha slapped Harvey across his face with her good hand, and Ed yelled through his gag in anger, as Harvey's head swung to the side, waking up with a start. Harvey looked around, and his eyes landed on Ed, who was staring at him, and tried to call out 'Ed', but it sounded more like 'euh', and he struggled, trying to get to him.

Barbara moved to Harvey and patted his cheek, "morning Harvey." She grinned, eyes gleaming.

"I'm gonna kill you!" Ed yelled, struggling madly, but what he said was muffled.

Harvey looked to Ed, confused and worried. He realised that this must have been similar to how it all went down with Tabitha and Butch, it would make sense, revenge, that is if they were lovers. But, they had both made it clear that's not what this is, or was, more of a fuck and complain about their love lives... right?

"Well, really shouldn't have hidden out at Oswald's. Really shouldn't have gone for that ice cream, or gone for meals..." Reasoned Tabitha, arms crossed.

Butch moved forward, and strapped the same 'helmet' to Ed's head, as had been strapped to him ages ago, with the coils pressed into his head, and Ed yelled, glaring. Butch frowned, as if confused, and smirked, pulling down the gag, "what?"

"You're going to regret this!" Snarled Ed, glaring, "if you do anything to Harvey, I swear I'll kill you!"

Harvey's eyes widened, looking at Ed in shock, a faint blush coating his cheeks amazed. He never would have expected Ed to stand up for him, to try and protect him.

Butch looked to the box with dials, connected to the helmet, and looked back to Ed, "save your strength, Riddler. You'll need it." He flipped a switch on the box, "this is all familiar isn't it?" He gagged Ed again, and looked back to Tabitha and Barbara, "this is going to be fun." He picked up a small switch, the same one given to Tabitha ages ago, and pressed the button, holding it down with his thumb.

Ed yelled, and convulsed in pain, scrunching his eyes closed, and struggling, pulling at the restraints.

Harvey's eyes widened, and yelled behind his gag, eyes sad and he struggled.

Barbara skipped over, "oh let me try!"

Butch let go, and Ed panted, head back in pain, and looked over to Harvey, whose eyes were wide, and desperate. Ed's eyes softened, full of guilt and despair, and Harvey struggled, wanting to get closer to Ed.

Barbara took the switch, and pressed the button, and watched in delight as Ed's back arched painfully, and he screamed through the gag, sparks shooting off the strap around his head, and he struggled, while Harvey whined, and whimpered, begging behind his gag to let Ed go. Barbara laughed, and looked to an unsatisfied Tabitha, "this is fun Tabby! You should try!"

"I'm waiting for the actual fun." Assured Tabitha, glaring at the two men tied to chairs. She was relishing the screams Ed gave, but wasn't satisfied until it was even.

Barbara let go of the button, and Ed panted, slouching and looked to Harvey. "Oh, boo. That's not fun," pouted Barbara, before she pressed the button again and Ed jolted in pain, groaning.

Harvey glared at Barbara, and Butch, before glancing warily to Tabitha, struggling.

Tabitha pushed herself up, "we should move our attention elsewhere." Her eyes landed on Harvey, "I want my fun."

Harvey's back straightened up in worry, eyes wide and confused.

Barbara let the button go, and set the switch down.

Ed's eyes widened, panting and looked to Tabitha and Harvey, and shook his head, talking behind his gag. Butch loosened the gag again, "what?"

"No!" Yelled Ed, panicking. "Leave him out of this!"

Tabitha smirked, and took the switch "I can't do that. He is an integral part of our revenge." She promised, "it was a surprise when we discovered that the two of you were together."

Ed shook his head, "we're not together! We don't like each other like that!"

"Really?" Scoffed Butch, "then why are you trying to protect him?"

Ed went silent, and Harvey slowly turned his head to him, watching him, gauging his reaction, eyes soft. Ed looked over, and caught eyes with Harvey, "I just... you know?"

Tabitha smirked, as if she did know, entertained, "no, I don't." She went over to the guillotine.

"You deserve everything I did to you two!" Snapped Ed, "Oswald never okayed it! It was all me! I just hate you two that much!" Maybe if he pissed them off enough, they would go for him? Leave Harvey alone?

Harvey looked over, eyes wide in horror at Ed, and shook his head.

"Let me guess, your using my idea because none of you are that creative." Ed smirked with a dark laugh, until Tabitha pressed the button, and electricity shot through his brain, and he yelled in pain, teeth gritted together, head thrown back.

Harvey's eyes widened, and yelled, his sentence sounding more like, 'mmm-hmm'. Butch moved over, and pulled the gag down, and Harvey glared, "what do you want?"

Tabitha shrugged, "we're gonna break Nygma's heart before we end his life. You know, this is kind of an eye-for-an-eye thing." She smirked, and held up her bandaged hand, "or, hand-for-a-hand."

Harvey swallowed, tensing up, and looked to a worried Ed.

Oswald and Jim were awkwardly sat at the dinning table, eating breakfast. Now, there are multiple things to be awkward about. One; they're now ex-boyfriends and being close together is uncomfortable, two; they've had sex at this table, with multiple make out sessions (poor Olga had to clean the table with bleach), or three; they found out Harvey and Ed were sleeping together, and it was awkward. Or, surprise option number four; all of the above!

"Where are they?" Asked Jim, tapping his middle finger against the table, before remembering what activities he and Oswald has done on the wood, and stopped.

Oswald shrugged, "I don't know." He responded, voice blank and dead. He looked up the stairs, as Olga walked in, pouring Oswald some more tea. "Olga, could you go check on Ed? Bullock should be there, so be wary."

Olga stared at Oswald with a sneer at Ed's name, "отлично." (Fine.) She walked off, and up the stairs, her heels clicking against the flooring.

Jim sipped his drink, wondering how long Ed and Harvey had been sleeping together, and why. I mean, "Nygma's a cop killer, a woman killer, kills people he sleeps with."

"And, Bullock is a drunken, smoking and lazy idiot, who doesn't deserve someone like Ed." Snapped Oswald, also wondering when and why the two began sleeping together. "Surely, it was a moment of desperate need and a build up of emotion?"

"For each other?" Asked Jim, doubtfully, "Harvey dislikes Nygma."

"And, Ed hates Bullock..." Reasoned Oswald, "they still slept together."

Jim rolled his eyes, "don't worry. You'll have your precious Chief of Staff back soon, you've been after him for ages." Oswald went to argue about it again, but Jim waved his hand, "no, no! That's true! You've moaned Nygma's name out on multiple occasions with me."

Oswald sighed, slouching, he couldn't deny it, and he knew it. He has moaned out Ed's name when bedding with Jim, and he rubbed his nose, "you did the same with Bullock!" He reminded, annoyed. "Maybe, I waited too long..."

"We both did... but! They're just sleeping together, nothing else!" Jim reasoned, nodding, "we still have a chance—"

Olga walked downstairs, face blank and moved to Oswald, "Mr. Nygma and Mr. Bullock aren't there." She told him, shrugging with annoyance. She didn't like Ed, and apparently, didn't like Harvey.

Jim's eyes widened, "what?!" He looked to Oswald, "you think...?"

"Ed... Ed tortured Butch and Tabitha." Oswald realised, "Butch isn't creative or unique. He'll want revenge. They'll want revenge, so they went for Bullock because he's Ed's 'lover'." Ed had told him what he did, how he did it, where he did it, after Oswald had demanded he came back.

Jim stood up in anger, "damn it, we knew this! We didn't piece it together!"

Oswald slammed his hand on the desk in realisation, "I know where they are!"

Tabitha picked up the guillotine, and showed it off, "seem familiar?"

Harvey looked to Ed, "is that...?" *What you used to cut off Tabitha's hand?*

"Yes..." Ed replied blankly, and he looked to Harvey. *I'm so sorry...*

"So, we'll set the timer for fifty-five seconds, since that's how long you allowed for me and Butch." Smirked Tabitha, "when the timer hits zero, the spring-loaded blade is released." She

moved over to Harvey, who tried to pull his hand back, "this is more for your explanation than Riddler's over there."

Ed glared at her, "Tabitha! He's not apart of this!"

Tabitha held up the switch, "you can stop the blade from being released, if you click this little button." She pressed down on the button, and Ed convulsed violently, head thrown back and he yelled in pain, wriggling.

Harvey's eyes widened and he struggled, "Ed!"

"But if you do, it will send a fatal jolt of electricity to zap Riddler." Tabitha said, letting the button go, and Ed panted, muscles slackening. She looked to Ed, "what did you say it was? A 'simple test'." She grabbed Harvey's hand, and forced it into the hole, despite Harvey's mad pulling and struggling, and she strapped his hand there. "Stop the blade from falling and kill Edward, or..." She flicked the blade, and showed of her wrapped hand. "The choice..." She handed over the small switch, "is yours."

Harvey's hand clenched around the small switch, it was like a bar, and would have been somewhat cool on his panicked sweaty hand, but from being passed around from person to person, was now warm. He struggled his wrist again, but it really wasn't moving.

"Tabitha, please, let's talk about this." Ed begged, "come on. How will this satisfy you? We don't love each other, it's all been mindless sex while we complained about our failing love lives."

Barbara scoffed, "and you was so adamant that Butch and Tabby were together. It didn't stop you, did it?" She asked in fake thought, eyes wide.

"No, but... listen! It won't hurt us, we won't care! It's not a struggle! He'll kill me, and we're fine with that!" Snapped Ed, desperate, "just... please!"

"We're not the ones you should be pleading with. Your life is in his... hand." Tabitha smirked.

"What difference does it make? You're gonna kill me one way, or the other, right?" Ed asked, "you'll kill us both!"

Tabitha hummed, "no, it's the same deal. If he loves you enough to sacrifice his hand. In exchange for your life. We will set you both free." She smiled coldly, and turned the dial of the timer on top of the guillotine.

Harvey took an intake of shaky air. This was not what he signed up for when he began sleeping with Edward Nygma, and when he fell in love with him!

Ed looked to Harvey and leaned forward in his seat, "Harvey?" Harvey looked over, nervously, and Ed smiled, leaning back, eyes closed, "do it."

"What?" Harvey asked, voice coloured in shock.

Butch and Tabitha frowned, confused and Barbara whined realising there would be no drama.

"Just press the button and save your hand, alright?" Ed said, smiling softly, "I lost Kristen, and Isabella... I'd rather nothing happen to you too." He laughed with tears in his eyes, "this started out with me pinning after Oswald, yet I fell in love with you, the detective who is way older than me, and hated every single one of my riddles."

Harvey stared at Ed, fingers tightening around the switch, hearing the rapid clicking of the timer. "We're just fucking, it's been Jim for so long... that's all..."

Ed nodded, eyes closed, "was..."

"I wish we could say that we were surprised, but we knew that he was going to say that." Butch assured, looking to Ed, "you're nothing but a freak."

"Any final words? I would keep it brief." Warned Barbara, a crazy smile on her face.

Ed smiled, "I know it's Jim... I know. This past week or so has been the best in my life, Harvey... anytime I think of before all this... I just see you so differently..." He looked at Harvey softly, "it's okay you don't love me." He assured, "because, I love you." He smiled, "so long as you and Jim are happy, and I somewhat helped... that's enough for me. Jim won, and you chose him, and you love him, and I'll be gone..." He nodded smiling, "it's over and I'm fine with that..."

Harvey frowned, eyes soft and heart thundering. It's him Ed loves? Him, and not Oswald? He knew it all began changing when they slept together, and it began with eating out, little things from Ed like love riddles... fuck, *love* riddles! He frowned, wishing nothing more than to be home, whether that the manor, or his apartment, and in bed with Ed, watching a show, curled up together. Ed liked him... it was a dream come true! Ed's free to leave him, and the man's never deceived him...

Ed looked to the three in front of him and smirked coldly, "I'll see you three in hell. Trust me, it doesn't end in the living world!" He spat out, and he clenched his fists, back braced against the chair. "You fuckers will regret this."

Harvey looked over from the switch to Ed, "hey Eddie?"

Ed looked over, confused and frowned, "yes?"

"You're so sweet." Smiled Harvey, "please, believe me when I say, I love you too." The timer dinged. He let go of the switch. It fell to the ground.

Ed's eyes widened, "no!" He struggled violently, "no!"

The blade fell, and sliced right through Harvey's wrist, but Harvey stared at Ed, eyes red and teary from pain, and smiled softly. He looked to his wrist, and saw his hand on the ground, a finger or two twitching before looking to the bloody wrist. None of them knew if it was from pain, blood loss or shock, but Harvey passed out, head falling limp.

"Untie me!" Ed yelled, frantically. "Untie me like you promised! I have to get him to a hospital!"



The three just stared in shock, having not expected Harvey to sacrifice his hand.

Ed saw, and struggled more, "please! Please! I'll do anything!"

The door swung open, and a familiar male voice yelled out. "G.C.P.D.!" There stood Jim, gun raised and Oswald.

Barbara blinked owlshly, "hand... ice..."

Harvey woke up to white walls, and beeping, with the terrible smell of antiseptic. He felt heavy and tired, and his hands felt heavy... well, one hand felt heavy, while the other felt weightless in a way, like it wasn't even there. His bleary eyes focused around, and noticed his hand was wrapped in bandages - right, he sacrificed his hand for Ed, and admitted he loves the criminal. He then saw Jim in front of his bed - hospital bed, standing there, worried and Oswald was in the back, behind Jim and leaning on the wall - why wasn't he sitting? Surely his leg must hurt. (Why does he care?) Then finally, he realised his weighted hand was wrapped with another hand, pale, long and slender fingers, and he followed the hand, up the green clothed arm and saw Ed, asleep in a chair, looking as if he hadn't slept for days, with bags under his eyes and hair a mess.

"Harvey, you okay?" Jim asked, voice worried.

Harvey looked to him, "yeah... I'm fine... what's the doc say?" He asked, remembering where he was.

Oswald looked between Ed and Harvey, "you're fine now. Blood levels a little low, but your hand... well, that'll take a while until you can even move your fingers... you've been in here for days..."

"I meant for Ed." Harvey clarified, having not thought about himself, more about Edward.

"He's fine now, just tired and sore... he's not left your bedside since you got here..." Jim said, rather bitterly, glaring at Harvey and Ed's clasped hands.

Harvey smiled, and slowly squeezed Ed's hand, eyes painfully soft, his thumb rubbing over Ed's knuckles.

"Harvey, why did you let your hand get chopped off?" Jim asked, horrified and fully blaming Ed.

"It was either that, or I kill him... surely, Ed and Penguin told you that?" Harvey asked, eyebrow pulled up in confusion.

"Yes, but—"

"I love him..." Harvey mumbled, looking softly at Ed, as if he was the world. He loved the criminal, cop killer more than he could imagine, and he frowned, "has he slept?"

"No." Oswald answered, short and snappy.

Harvey went to pull his good hand away, so he could brush Ed's hair from his eyes, but Ed sprung away from the slightest of movement's and looked up at Harvey, blinking tiredly, glasses crooked. Ed frantically fixed them, and looked to Harvey, "Harvey, darling?"

"Hey babe," smiled Harvey.

Ed let go, and stroked Harvey's face frantically, "oh my God, Harv..." He cupped Harvey's face, "why did you do that?" He asked, and gently, hysterically kissing Harvey's chapped lips, his jaw and upper lip getting scratched by the beard. "Why? Why didn't you save your hand?"

"And, let you die?" Asked Harvey, voice bitter, "no way. I can live without a hand, I can live with a messed up hand. You're worth it." He leaned down, and kissed Ed's lips softly again.

"I love you, so much." Ed whispered against his lips, "this is all my fault."

Harvey nodded, "yeah it is." He laughed, there was no point in denying it was Ed's fault, it was. But, "I love you... and, I'll go through it all again if it means staying with you." He promised, pressing his forehead against Ed's.

Oswald and Jim groaned, and rolled their eyes, looking away in anger and jealousy.

Harvey spent the next few days at his apartment, slowly gaining strength in his hand, and Ed stayed with him, helping at every step of the way.

"I can't even close my damn hand!" Snapped Harvey, trying to clench his hand around a pen before throwing it on the table, the pen bouncing on the table, and clattering onto the floor, rolling under the desk.

Ed moved over, and wrapped his arms around his shoulders, "you will do soon, Harvey." He leaned down, and kissed Harvey's cheek softly, "you just held it, but wasn't able to clench. You're so close." He massaged Harvey's tense shoulders, "you're doing so well."

Harvey sighed, and leaned back into Ed, and his head tilted up, looking up at Ed, "thank you."

"What for?" Ed asked, with that off smile, and eyes full of genuine confusion, kissing Harvey's forehead gently.

"For helping me," smiled Harvey, eyes soft.

Harvey and Ed had talked, that's talk and not argued, about whether or not Harvey should go into work. It ended with Ed caving, and Harvey going in, so long as he did half days.

Ed was going through Oswald's schedule, "you have a charity dinner—"

"We need to go the G.C.P.D.," Oswald cut in, mainly talking to the limo driver. His attention was back to Ed, "I have to give Gordon some information about the place you and Bullock were taken to." He sounded bitter, and unlike all the other times they went to the G.C.P.D., he wasn't blissfully happy, he wasn't on cloud nine, he was annoyed and angry.

Ed smiled, eyes going soft, "okay, great." No, it all seemed rather backwards. Ed was blissfully happy, he was on cloud nine, unlike all the other times he was annoyed and angry.

Oswald frowned, "are you truly happy with Bullock, Ed?"

"I am," Ed promised, a smile on his lips. And, for once, it didn't look too wide or off.

Oswald smiled, shoulders tense, as the limo pulled up in front of the building. He looked at Ed, "maybe you should stay here? Being a cop killer isn't a good thing." He smiled, and patted Ed's back, and walked out holding a file. In truth, he did *not* want to see Edward and Harvey be all... cutesy.

Ed watched, and got out of the limo, going to the nearest flower store.

Oswald limped up the stairs and into the building, seeing people walk and talk, with yelling.

Some people stared before going back to work, and others just froze. Word had spread Jim and Oswald had broken up, and were helplessly pinning after their friends. Oswald walked up the stairs, and went to Jim and Harvey. He noticed Harvey's hand wrapped, and doing very minimal tasks, and couldn't help but feel some form of relief that the man had *some* torture. He looked between them, and held up the file, "the information."

Jim hummed, and took the file, "thanks."

Harvey perked up, "is Ed here?"

"He's in the car. He's a cop killer, people won't be too happy to see him." Oswald reasoned, and Jim hummed in agreement.

Harvey frowned, "yeah but—"

There was a gasp from below, no doubt a newbie, and it went quiet in the room. Harvey, Jim and Oswald looked over to see Ed standing at the door with a bouquet of green leaves and white flowers, possibly lilies, and Harvey's face lit up like a Christmas tree. Ed walked in like he owned the place, and made his way to Harvey, "Gordon." He smiled softly at Harvey, "hello Harvey. How's your hand, darling?"

"Still a bit stiff, babe." Harvey answered, winking as he did.

"Ha ha," smirked Ed, handing over the flowers. "For you."

Harvey smiled, and didn't take notice of the entire building staring at them. He took the flowers, "thank you." He gently pulled Ed down with his tie and kissed Ed softly, closing his eyes, and Ed closed his eyes, humming and kissing back. Harvey set the flowers down, and

pulled Ed into his lap, arms wrapping around the mans waist, and Ed wrapped his arms around Harvey's neck.

"You know what might be free?" Grinned Harvey, not noticing Jim and Oswald grimacing.

Ed's eyes lit up in delight, taking a guess that wasn't really a guess, "Storage Room C-5?"

"Bingo."

Ed got up, flourishing his legs as he did, and helped Harvey, pulling him along with his good hand, "come on!" He called out with a giggle.

Harvey, no longer caring about who saw, or who knew, yelled out with a giggle of his own, "no one come into Storage Room C-5! And, leave my flowers alone!"

Everyone went back to work, wondering where Harvey went wrong in his life to fuck and date the Riddler, while Oswald and Jim awkwardly stood around since their work partners were off fucking, and they couldn't do anything, or leave until the two came back.

The door from Storage Room C-5 slammed shut.

## End Notes

Yes, there are FRIEND references; Season 4, Episode 24: "The One With Ross' Wedding".

I used some lyrics from 'It's Over Isn't It' - Rebecca Sugar.

I used some lyrics from Moulin Rouge: El Tango De Roxanne.

Title from 'Can't Help Falling In Love' - Elvis Presley.

And, obviously, some dialogue from Gotham itself.

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