

choosing

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by [ImJustPassingThrough](#)

Summary

"This is who you are." Harvey held up a badge, specifically Jim's badge. "You're the best cop I ever worked with," Harvey said, taking Jim's hand, and giving him the badge. "The best friend I've ever had," his voice cracked.

Jim stared at the badge, soulless eyes blank and void of emotion. Did he deserve the badge anymore? He swallowed, and felt his heartbeat slow down, thinking about Harvey, what he just said. Best cop he's worked with? Best friend?

"Jim... I..." Harvey's eyes were teary, "I don't wanna lose you to this thing buddy... sweetheart." His voice cracked terribly, watery and high pitched.

Jim looked eyes with Harvey, eyes soft and slowly regaining colour, of white and brown.

"Jim, I love you... I have for a while, and I'd do anything for you." Harvey squeezed Jim's hand.

Or;

Jim with the Tetch Virus realises who he loves...

Notes

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

Lee's on the train, Lee's on the train waiting for him, and Harvey is under him, pinned between himself and the train, bleeding from his lip and head.

"This is who I am!" Yelled Jim, feeling the virus he had accepted burn his veins, and sear his skin, and he yelled, feeling the strength and anger, and... and this feeling of warmth... not the hot, uncomfortable kind he felt with the virus, but soothing, welcoming. "This is who I've always been!" He screamed in anger, voice guttural, and rough. His heart was speeding up, being this close to Harvey. What does this virus do again? Bring out your darkest emotions... bring out your deepest, darkest side... he tightened his grip on Harvey's lapels, and tried to ignore the heartache in his chest. What's he sad about? Lee is on the train! She's right there, and soon, they'll be together!

"No, it's not!" Harvey yelled back, looking up at Jim, all soft and worried. Looking up at Jim, as if he was the world, holding onto some form of hope his partner was still there. "Who you are is a choice. It always has been. It still is." He pleaded, worried, "Jim..." He stared helplessly at Jim's black, soulless eyes, begging he could see, hear, what he was saying.

Jim stared at Harvey's eyes, all soft and warm, and yelled again, aiming to slam his fist into the man's face, and Harvey barely dodged, Jim's fist making a sizeable dent in the train. Jim's fist wasn't even bloody, his knuckles just felt numb, as if he hadn't just punched metal. Jim looked helplessly at Harvey, confused and lost. This need, this want, this... pure adoration for the elder man cowering in fear, it was... he's felt it before. He felt it with Barbara when he first fell in love with her, he felt it with Lee when he met her in Arkham, and a small, fraction of that feeling for Vale, and an even smaller fraction when he met Oswald, the two helping back and forth. This... this isn't right. Lee's on that train. He finally has the girl of his dreams... did he always dream of girls though?

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"Jim... I..." Harvey's eyes were teary, "I don't wanna lose you to this thing buddy... sweetheart." His voice cracked terribly, watery and high pitched.

Jim locked eyes with Harvey, eyes soft and slowly regaining colour, of white and brown.

"Jim, I love you... I have for a while, and I'd do anything for you." Harvey squeezed Jim's hand. "I'll even let you go... if you love Lee, go save her." He all but begged, desperate.

So, that's what this is? Love... and, here he thought he had it *all* figured out. Jim yelled again, and slammed his fist into the same spot on the train, deliberately missing Harvey's face, Harvey's bruised, rugged, and beautiful face, and stood, walking off. Not missing the way

Harvey was coiled backward, breath shaky in fear, and felt a pang of guilt in his chest. He's coming back. He just hopes Harvey's there when he gets off.

"Tickets." Said a conductor, collecting tickets from passengers. "Tickets."

Jim walked on board, his eyes going back to normal, and saw Lee in their seat... mainly her seat. She looks stunning yes, but she doesn't hold a candle to the beauty of Harvey's smile, he realises. He sat opposite her, sighing as he did, as if he lost everything.

Lee slid off her sunglasses, and her dark eyes gleamed, with dark eye shadow around said eyes, "to our great adventure." She leaned forward, and pulled Jim into a kiss, red lipstick smudging and staining his lips. This kiss felt lacklustre, felt empty and void, and all he could think was how Harvey's chapped, and sharp beard surrounded lips must feel... heavenly, if he had to guess.

"Tickets." The conductor was in front of them now, and Lee stopped caressing Jim's face and stood, collecting the tickets.

Jim leaned his head back, and looked down to his badge, a badge he didn't deserve anymore. He rubbed his thumb over the indents, remembering Harvey's cool, and calloused hand take his, handing it over, begging and pleading. What he would do to hold that hand again. He paused in his feeling, the leather and the metal, and... he flipped the badge. There were two, blue injections of the antidotes, strapped to the back for him and Lee. Harvey really meant it, he loved him enough to let go...

He looked up at Lee, Lee who started this whole mess to begin with for him, who buried him alive, who forced him to take the virus, pulling out tickets from her clutch.

Lee turned, and he hid the injections. He made his choice. He stood up, and gently caressed her cheek, and she smiled, dragging a hand over his chest, and closed her eyes.

What does he say? What does he do? What *can* he say?

"I'm not sorry, Lee." Why lie? He raised his hand and stabbed her in the neck with the injection, emptying the contents into her veins.

Lee gasped, and gripped his shoulder, her eyes changing between blacks, purples, reds and whites, her veins protruding and disappearing, "no." She choked, desperately, feeling herself weaken. "No." She choked, and felt faint, her heart speeding up in shock from the sudden change. "What have you done?" She asked helplessly, and her eyes closed.

Jim set her down on the seat, and noted how she looked like she was sleeping. He frowned. He walked out.

Harvey was sat there, head against the train, dizzy and slipping in and out of consciousness. He had no idea if Jim had taken the vaccine, and given it to Lee, and he didn't know if he was going to die, just knew Jim was alive, and that was okay.

"Harvey?"

Groaning, said man looked up, to see Jim walking over, eyes black again, "Jim... what are you—?" *Why haven't you taken the antidote?!*

Jim knelt down, and his hand went to the back of Harvey's head, feeling it sweaty and matted from the stress, and pulled the man in for a gentle kiss, closing his eyes, taking note of the fact Harvey's lips *are* chapped, and Harvey gasped into the kiss, caressing Jim's chiselled jaw, and closed his eyes, relishing the soft pink skin. The two pulled away, sweaty and hot foreheads pressed together, and eyes soft.

Jim gently moved Harvey, laying him on his back to look up at the train station ceiling, and he watched as Harvey finally closed his eyes from sheer exhaustion, his hand falling gently limp to his side, fingers slack and loose. The only indication he was alive was the slow rising from his stomach, and the soft breathing from his chapped lips.

Slowly, he lay down next to Harvey, taking out the last injection from his badge, and took the mans hand in his, their fingers interlacing with each others. He looked to Harvey, and stabbed the needle into his neck with a gasp, pushing the liquid in, and he panted, eyes turning black, red, purple and white, and veins protruding and disappearing, his heart racing as he hand slowly fell to his side, until finally, he succumbed to darkness, next to Harvey. Where he should be.

End Notes

If I'm being honest... I wrote this in under an hour, but I like for the first time properly writing for this ship.

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