

It's been several hours since the impromptu surgery when Henri exits the lab. He walks out the doors and doesn't seem to breathe until they close behind him - one would imagine it's nice to have a barrier between oneself and a melon-ball wielding psychopath.

His face is a mess. Although the nanite goop seems to have sped along the healing process, the skin surrounding Henri's ocular implant is red with newness and irritation. The imprint of a bandage is visible in the surrounding flesh - it seems to have been removed recently.

Henri Fairweather

Jessie, you out here?

Jessie stands up when he hears Henri come out. He nearly trips in his haste to reach him.

Jessie Day

I'm sorry I wasn't there, they wouldn't let me in-

Henri looks at Jessie, and a wave of relief washes over him. He takes a step forward, meeting him part-way.

Henri Fairweather

You don't need to apologize, that wasn't your fault. I know you would've been there if you could've. It's alright.

Jessie Day

Still- You shouldn't've had to go through that alone.

Jessie gently pulls Henri close, resting his chin on his shoulder. Henri wraps his arms around him, holding Jessie a little tighter. It's a comforting gesture, a reassurance - though Henri isn't quite sure which of them he's trying to reassure.

Henri Fairweather

I'm not alone now, though. And neither are you.

Henri runs a hand over Jessie's hair, touch feather-light.

Henri Fairweather

I'm not going anywhere, Jessie.

Jessie leans into Henri's touch, voice soft.

Jessie Day

I don't know what I'd do without you, Hen.

Henri's eyes are starting to sting - an uncomfortable experience, given recent events. He ignores it as best he can, as he turns his head to press a kiss to Jessie's temple.

Henri Fairweather

I'm here, Jess. I'm alright.

Jessie Day

I was so scared-

Jessie's started to cry a little, but he's trying to keep it reigned in. He's visibly sniffing.

Henri Fairweather

I know. I was too.

Henri's crying, now. He sniffles for a moment and seems to get it under control, hugging Jessie all the while.

Jessie Day

How's your eye, now? It must hurt somethin' awful.

Jessie looks at Henri's face and almost tries to use his missing hand again, before stopping and settling on just looking.

Henri Fairweather

It just feels strange. I didn't get a chance to see it. Tell me what color it is?

Jessie Day

It's blue. Like pen ink.

Henri leans his face against Jessie's shoulder, closes his eyes for a moment, and breathes. Prussian blue. Of course. He raises his head once more and lets out a small sigh. He sounds tired.

Henri Fairweather

Thank you.

Jessie rubs gentle circles on Henri's back.

Jessie Day

It's not a problem.

Henri leans into Jessie's touch. He grasps the fabric of his shirt, pulls him a little closer. Henri's hands are shaking now, and his eyes are beginning to sting. He doesn't say anything for a long while.

Henri Fairweather

Thanks for waiting for me, Jessie. I know it must've been hard.

Jessie Day

I couldn't just leave you there all on your lonesome. You waited for me, anyhow.

Jessie keeps gently petting Henri, trying to help him stay calm. He presses a kiss to his shoulder. Henri sighs into the kiss, tilting his head back ever so slightly. He pulls back after a moment, before leaning in to kiss Jessie properly. Jessie seems to melt a little.

Jessie Day

You're gonna end up given' me a toothache from how sweet you are, yanno.

Henri rests his head in the crook of Jessie's shoulder. Smiling softly, he traces little circles on the nape of Jessie's neck.

Henri Fairweather

You're one to talk.

Jessie laughs softly.

Jessie Day

Says the man who bought westerns just for me.

Henri Fairweather

I'm a sap, what can I say?

Jessie Day

That's one a' your best qualities, Hen.

Henri Fairweather

Likewise, Jess.

Jessie snorts.

Jessie Day

's that what you like about me?

Henri Fairweather

I like a lot about you, Jessie Day.

Henri lifts his head and presses a kiss to Jessie's jaw, still smiling softly.

Henri Fairweather

You being a sap is just one of them.

Jessie Day

Aw, you flatter me.

Jessie grins. He's starting to blush.

Henri gives Jessie a kiss on the cheek. He gazes into his eyes, ocular implant dilating at a slightly mismatched rate.

Henri Fairweather

You're making me blush.

Jessie Day

You know I keep all the rocks you give me? I have a nice collection goin'.

Henri's blush deepens.

Henri Fairweather

I still have those flowers, y'know. The pressed ones? Almost a whole journal's worth.

Jessie Day

Wo-ow. Did I really give you that many?

Jessie's face has almost turned the same color as his hair. Henri rests his head back on Jessie's shoulder and lets out a contented sigh. He's still smiling.

Henri Fairweather

Yep.

Jessie Day

Can't believe it took me this damn long to tell ya that I love ya.

Jessie starts running his fingers through Henri's hair, gently untangling the knots. Henri leans into the touch and lets out another sigh. He closes his eyes, enjoying the sensation.

Henri Fairweather

But you said it. 's what matters.

Jessie Day

I'm gonna be sayin' it a lot.

Henri Fairweather

I'll never tire of hearing it. I love you, Jess.

Jessie Day

Love you, Hen.