One Kiss by Python

Summary:

Troy does something he probably shouldn't -- mild Barnaby/Troy -- spoilers for ep "Death and Dreams"

Rating: FRM - Mature ⭐⭐⭐⭐⭐
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Chapter 1: Chapter 1
Ever since finding Barnaby in that field during the attack, Troy refused to let him out of his sight. He refused to let go of his grip on Barnaby’s shoulders as the man struggled and coughed for breath. He wouldn’t leave the room when Dr. Jane bloody Moore examined the bruises on Barnaby’s neck.

Troy would’ve snarled at the way she kept touching Barnaby more than necessary. She was almost hugging him from behind. The only thing that stilled his tongue was the presence of her creepy children.

A slight shiver passed through Troy. It was the way the kids smirked at him, like they were in on some nasty joke. He ignored them.

Troy’s attention never wavered from Barnaby. He took in the exhausted slump of his shoulders. He couldn’t help focusing on the hand Barnaby used to rub his throat.

He could admit to himself that under normal circumstances, he’d welcome the view of Tom Barnaby with the top of his shirt open. But these weren’t normal circumstances. If he’d been just a couple minutes later, he would’ve found his boss strangled. His stomach churned and his heart beat faster, his whole being rebelling at the idea.

Barnaby tried to stand when Jane told them that their prime suspect never returned to the clinic. He staggered and let Troy and Jane ease him back down. He let out a frustrated, exhausted sigh.

Troy squeezed Barnaby’s arm. “He can wait till tomorrow. You need to see a doctor,” he said flatly, ignoring Dr. Jane bloody Moore and the fact that she still had her hands on Barnaby’s shoulders.

Barnaby’s voice was a rough rasp. “It’s like someone’s playing a game with us.”

//And that someone will pay.// Troy vowed to himself.

Later, after a doctor he could trust told him that it was safe to take Barnaby home to rest and let the tranquilizer the assailant gave him run its course through his system, Troy sat in the driver’s seat. The parking lot was dark and deserted. He sat, quietly watching Barnaby sleep in the passenger seat.

The soft moonlight illuminated Barnaby’s face and Troy found that he couldn’t look away. He was fascinated in that it seemed that all of Barnaby’s vast experience was etched on his face. He imagined that each line and wrinkle could tell a story of either extreme good or horrible nastiness or a little of both.

Before he realized what he was doing, Troy leaned in close. He smiled when he felt Barnaby’s warm breath against his lips. He gave Barnaby a soft kiss. It was short and sweet but sent a jolt down his spine. It was more electric than the earlier longer kiss with Cully.

Barnaby moaned low in the back of his throat, but didn’t wake. “Troy,” he murmured.

Troy rested his forehead against Barnaby’s. He just knew that Barnaby’s low tone of voice would help spark his later fantasies. He shut his eyes for a brief moment before he straightened up, turned the key in the ignition, and pulled out of the lot to take Barnaby home to Joyce.
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