

The Honeymoon is Over

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Summary

Jake and Amy return from their honeymoon and something happens that could change things forever.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

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Jake and Amy

"Ames!" Jake was yelling while he scrambled through the apartment looking for his badge. "I'm so truly screwed if I can't find it!"

"Jake why isn't it in your nightstand like normal?" Amy left the bathroom putting in her earrings giving him the normal disapproving look he received whenever he misplaced something.

"Ames, if I knew that, I wouldn't be freaking out and yelling. I thought it was there when we left on our honeymoon, and now, the stupid thing has vanished." Jake was on the floor peering under the bed with his work shirt and tie on, but still in his boxers. "I checked all my shirts and pants, I looked in the laundry, it's gone and I'm gonna get a major Holt lecture, not how I wanted to start things after our sexcation."

"Babe! You promised you wouldn't call it that. If you would just follow the after-work check list like I do, you wouldn't have this problem."

Jake moaned, "I'm sorry for the comment, and I love you, but I could never follow such an OCD type routine, you know me."

"I do, that's why I keep trying to get you to change, but you're right, you could never follow a list like that."

Amy walked over to the closet and picked up Jake's favorite work sneakers, "Jake, it was in your dress Vans."

Jake shook his head as he stood up, "Shit, I don't even remember that."

Amy's eyes narrowed as she watched her husband sweat and look like he might pass out, "Jake, what's going on? And don't say nothing because you are not acting like yourself."

Jake sat on the bed, still in his boxers and work shirt, he sighed as he looked up his wife of two weeks, “last night, we got home, we were going through our mail, and it hit me when I saw all the cards addressed to us both, I’m Mr. Peralta.”

Amy smirked at him, “Jake, Babe, you’ve been Mr. Peralta, but I know what this is about, relax, you’re not your dad.”

Jake rolled his eyes a little, “You don’t know that, my mom says my dad was great at first.”

Amy sat down on the bed next to him, “Jake Peralta, if you were anything like your father, I would never have married you, or dated you.” Amy kissed him and stood up, “now let’s get going or we will be late, and stop this nonsense, you are nothing like Roger.”

The walk to work was quieter than normal, Amy did her best to keep the conversation light, but

Jake was determined to worry and fret. By the time they reached the Nine-Nine, Jake was sweating and looked miserable.

Amy exhaled sharply and grabbed Jake to the side before they entered the building, “Jake, Jake! Look at me. This is ridiculous, just because we’re married now doesn’t mean you’re going to be your dad, according to your mom, he had cheated on her before they got married, so maybe he acted great at the house, but he was still a cheater and a man-whore as you call him.”

Jake shrugged, “I guess, and that’s disturbing to know, but still, you deserve so much better than a Peralta, we’re the worst.”

Amy reached out and held her hand to his cheek and peered deeper and more intensely into his eyes, “Jake, you are everything I want and need, more than I deserve, you are great in ways you don’t even understand, immature, yes, a financial nightmare, yes, but improving, but you are also the most thoughtful, intelligent man I know. End of story.” Amy kissed him quickly than took his hand and led him into the station. By the time Amy exited the elevator for her floor, Jake felt better and remembered how much he liked his wife in a full uniform, while still very glad he didn’t have to wear his.

The morning was filled with paperwork and briefings on cases he was being assigned to, it was the type of thing he normally found extremely off putting and boring, but he had actually missed police work and was glad to be back and getting filled in. By the time his lunch break arrived, he was in a remarkably good mood for not having left the Nine-Nine all morning, he was humming Mama Said Knock You Out when he went down a floor to see if Amy could leave for lunch with him.

The uniformed officers’ bullpen was mostly empty, just the receptionist and officer Lou were there, Lou smiled at Jake and pointed towards the conference room. The door was just barely ajar, so Jake could listen without being seen. As he approached, he could hear Amy almost shouting.

“The Nine-Nine will not be known for idiot police officers who make inappropriate comments to women, we will not be known for idiot officers who pull over drivers for being black! Do not complain or make excuses, we are better than this, we will not have repeats of this or weekends will be lost to sensitivity training, overtime will disappear, and suspensions will be handed out. The two officers involved are not here, they are already suspended, but many of you knew what they were doing and said nothing, that is just as bad because it allows it to

happen when it could have been taken care of. We ARE New York's finest, and we WILL act like it, start now.
Dismissed."

Jake looked the other way as the officers filed out of the conference room with looks of fear on their faces, when he was sure everyone had left the room but Amy, he quietly entered the room, Amy saw him and shook her head.

"Did you hear all that?"

Jake shrugged, "the last bit, gotta say, it was hot."

Amy shook her head, "not now horndog, it was gross, and it pisses me off. My officers harassing women and minorities, my officers Jake. I'm glad you like a strong woman, but now is not the time."

Jake saluted, "well, is it time for lunch?"

Amy allowed a slight grin to form, "that I can allow, but I get to choose, it's a street meat day." Jake nodded, "no argument, my morning was easy."

As they walked to her favorite gyro stand, Amy explained to Jake that one of her officers, Officer Stan Miller, had three complaints of hitting on women during routine traffic violations, which they all disputed even happened, all three were blonde women between the ages of 18 and 25. Another officer, Officer Cathy Denning had pulled over an astounding number of minorities, all young men, and searched their vehicles. Jake added a "that sucks" or a "unbelievable" every now and then, but just let his wife vent and tell him about her stressful morning.

As they sat on a bench and ate, Jake ate with one hand while one arm was around Amy as she nuzzled close to him, feeling relieved that normal Jake was back now, so he could help Amy while she was stressed. As they finished, Jake silently collected all their garbage and stood up to throw it away, he walked to the corner to toss in their garbage when he heard tires screeching behind him, he turned around to see a white van speeding away. Jake shook his head and thought to himself that it was somebody else's problem, but as he returned to the bench, Amy was gone and Armin, the Gyro vender was on the street unconscious. Jake, on instinct, took his gun out, as he started towards Armin, a few bystanders came up to them.

One woman, who Jake recognized as she worked in the office building next door, ran up to him, "officer, they took the woman in the uniform, they grabbed her from behind and took off in that van."

Jake got on his radio and called it in. He then found himself on the sidewalk, gun and radio in hand, and with no idea where his wife was.

Amy

Her head throbbed, she tried to open her eyes, but they were covered, and she couldn't move her hands or legs at all. She felt very confused, then things began to add up, the last thing she remembered was watching Jake take their garbage, then she had a faint memory or inkling of being grabbed from behind, then darkness.

She could hear the sound of a car driving, she knew she was on the floor of a vehicle, and she could tell they were currently on a bridge, as she tried to think what bridge it could be, the noise stopped and within seconds, she could feel the vehicle turn and go up a slight incline, followed by the slamming of a door or gate. She then felt the vehicle stop and heard the doors open, she was being moved, she heard them communicate that she was awake, she was then forced to walk several feet and then heard a door close.

Amy could sense through the blindfold that the room was very bright, before she could think anything else about it, she was forced into a chair and tied tightly to it. She wasn't sure how long it was, but she sat in silence for some time. Her mind couldn't begin to fathom who would take her, many people disliked police, and she was in full uniform, but kidnapping an officer was big league crime and not likely to be a random act, she had to have some connection to the kidnappers, through her own cases or Jake's. The room smelled sterile, meaning it had been scrubbed and prepped, which implied these people knew what they were doing.

Amy's thoughts then turned to Jake, while she was in danger, it saddened her to think of Jake, who would likely blame himself for this, he would be wracked by guilt and not sleep or probably eat until he found her, if he could find her.

As she worried about Jake, the door opened, she could hear the footsteps of what had to be several people, no one touched her, she could smell no whiffs of cologne or perfume, whoever had her, they were serious, and they were good.

A gentle but firm voice then started talking, a man's voice, but hard to place, no accent, monotone, probably by choice, and soft.

"Sergeant Peralta, you know by now that you have been kidnapped, and that we are not common criminals. We hope your stay with us will be short lived, but that will depend on others, cooperate, and you should be unharmed. Your blindfold will remain intact, but we will come to feed you later. Do not try to escape, that would end badly for you."

Amy took a deep breath, "why are you doing this, what do you want?"

The man answered without a breath or noise, "our reasons will remain a secret for now, just know we intend you no harm, but you are in the middle of something, an unfortunate coincidence, but that is all for now."

Before Amy could think of a response or any other questions, she heard footsteps and then the closing of the door, she was certain she was alone again. Her worries for Jake increased, if she was in the middle of something, it was most likely dealing with him, his cases had a bad habit of wreaking havoc on his personal life. Since she had known him he had been kidnapped, placed in witness protection, and wrongfully imprisoned as results of his work. This though, this would push him over the edge, Amy knew that despite his worries about himself, he loved her, deeply.

It scared her at first in their relationship, because she knew it would end up in marriage, and she was unsure how that would affect her career, but now, she knew she was his world, he had told her this on many occasions. She sighed as she fought back emotions, she needed to keep her wits about her and calculate a plan and then whether that plan would be too risky. The kidnapper had been correct, the people she was dealing with were not common criminals, they were experts, and this meant an increased danger to herself if she tried and failed to escape. Hours must have passed, her muscles were tight, she began to feel fatigue as she drifted off to sleep.

Jake

The afternoon was a blur, the detective's bullpen a flurry of activity, yet at the same time, he could hear almost nothing, his every thought and all his energy were being used in thinking of any possible way to help Amy. Traffic cameras showed the van, there were no plates on it, and then within minutes, the footage of traffic cameras was littered with seven white vans with no plates, whoever took her, knew how to evade the police without being detected. Jake's mind went to Amy's cases, who could want revenge, his thoughts then went to his own cases, this seemed more likely for the luck he had experienced in his career.

His mind raced through different high profiles arrests and cases, Doug Judy, Melanie Hawkins, Jimmy Figgis, the Iannucci family. None of them seemed likely as Hawkins and Figgis were in jail and the Iannucci family was dismantled, and Doug Judy, the Pontiac Bandit would mess with Jake, but kidnapping was not his thing.

Jake lifted his head from his hands and wondered when and how he had entered the evidence locker and sat down, but it didn't matter where he was, his only thought was to help his wife. Since they had gotten together, dated, gotten engaged, and been married, Jake had often thought about the dangers of their jobs, he tried to not think about it, but he always knew if something happened to her, his Ames, his partner in life and former partner at work, that he would not be able to continue, this was too much. She had sustained minor injuries, the occasional threat, like the one at their wedding, but this felt like it was his fault to him, his cases always ended up in life altering mayhem.

He took out his phone and scanned through some of their honeymoon pictures, Amy was all smiles in all of them, except for the one when she was undressing, his mind wandered to that moment, when they had arrived at their hotel in Puerto Rico. Jake had been filled with desire, but more filled with a contentment he had never known, to be legally bound to who he could only call the woman of his dreams. As he was deep in thought about his wife, the door opened, and he saw Holt standing before him, as calm and Holtish as ever.

"Detective, we have been looking through your cases, recent and past. We checked on the arrests, whether any had been released or escaped, and after going through the high-profile ones, we came upon one that seemed unlikely, but the timing is nothing but suspicious."

Jake straightened up in his chair and immediately returned his phone to his pocket, "what case? Which douche bag? Why me?" Jake's head sagged again as he said this, the knowledge that one of his cases could hurt Amy began to weigh heavier on him than he would have thought possible.

Holt approached him and place a hand on his shoulder, "Jake," this got Jake's attention as he was only called Jake by Holt on rare and emotional occasions, "this is not your fault. Why you? Because you are a brilliant detective whose tireless efforts and hard work have put many criminals behind bars. The case is one that has haunted you before," Holt paused and eyed Jake carefully before continuing, as if he was taking stock in Jake's emotional capacity to hear it, "Geoffrey Hoytsman was released from the Federal Prison in Otisville two weeks ago."

Jake blinked several times, "the psycho ex-lawyer who kidnapped me?" Jake slammed his fists on his lap, "how the hell is he out? He tried to kill me as well as the kidnapping!"

Holt sighed deeply, “as a disbarred lawyer, he had information about several cases the DA deemed important enough to bargain his release. I asked why we weren’t informed, with your history with him, and the DA’s office said that we were in no way in need to know the situation, which I informed them could now possibly have led to the kidnapping of an officer, to which they changed their tone and are cooperating fully.” Holt paused as he watched for Jake’s reactions again, Jake was tense but still, his face in mixture of pain and anguish, “Hoytsman is off their radar, he has not checked in with his parole officer and his bank account received five hundred thousand dollars and was then emptied and closed.”

Jake didn’t know how to react, that much money and the timing could not be coincidence and if he was involved, it could only mean that Hoytsman was sharing information with someone or helping someone to take Jake down through harming Amy. Jake took a deep breath and then screamed as he released his emotions and tears simultaneously.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Jake and Holt continue to follow leads as Jake tries to keep it together. Amy tries to escape.

Jake

It was almost eight, Amy had been missing for nearly eight hours and they had exactly zero leads, zero. Jake had to stay at the Nine-Nine as Holt forbid him to investigate unless Holt himself was with him, Jake knew the reasons and tried to respect them even though he wanted to do all he could. As his watch told him it was eight, he sighed and took out his phone again. He numbly went through the numbers and found the one he was looking for. Jake nervously listened as the phone rang, hoping he could just leave a message.

“Hello?” Victor’s hard edge voice disrupted Jake’s hopes.

“Victor, this is Jake...” Jake didn’t know how to continue, how could he, a cop, tell another cop that he let his daughter get kidnapped.

“Jake, what’s wrong, what happened to Amy?”

Jake started to cry, then to sob, “I’m so sorry Victor, so fucking sorry, she...she was...she was kidnapped, we were eating lunch at her street meat place and when I threw our stuff away. I, I... I heard tires and turned around and she was gone. It appears to be a professional job, but so far our only lead is an ex defense attorney who tried to kidnap me before, but we think he’s working, ww-working with some else, but we have no other leads yet.”

Silence followed, “Jake, I’m sorry, you are not to blame, but let out your tears, let out your emotions, and then do what you do best.”

Jake paused as he inhaled, trying to conquer his emotions, “what’s that?”

"Think outside the box Jake, Amy told me long ago that no one's brain thinks like yours, you can think like they do, you think of links and possibilities that most would never consider, do that and you will find her." Jake could hear Victor fight his own emotions on the other end of the phone.

"Victor, I'm so sorry, I should have acted quicker."

"Jake, stop, you were throwing away garbage, they waited, they would have gotten what they wanted no matter what. Do not let yourself be the bad guy here, they are still out there." There was an awkward pause, Jake wondered if he should say something, "Jake, you are a good husband, but I think an even better detective, you will find her, but don't let your emotions get in the way, you must think clearly, do not let your love cloud issues, think like you always do."

Jake took a deep breath, "okay, I will try, but it's her Victor, your daughter, she's everything to me, I've never had anything like this in my life..."

Victor interrupted, "and you will have it again, they took her for a reason, find the reason or they

will contact you, but chase every link with this ex defense attorney and you will find her, I know you will, and as much as I hate to admit it, you are everything to her, she never had a passionate relationship before you, and the fact that you are her equal in police work and someone she trusts, I honestly thought she would never find that. I need to break the news to Camila and the boys, go find her Jake."

AMY

Amy woke up in pain, not moving was taking its toll and her head hurt, she tried to shift as much as she could when she heard the door open. Only a single set of footsteps this time, she felt her blindfold being removed and then her eyes hurt as they were overwhelmed with the bright lights.

The same voice from before addressed her.

"It is time to drink and eat, and then to talk, a little."

As Amy's eyes adjusted, it was clear her kidnapper was no amateur, a mask and gloves were worn, Amy almost wanted to smile as the mask was the same Ronald Reagan mask worn by Patrick Swayze in Point Break, a movie Jake had made her watch several times.

"I see you're a Point Break fan." Amy realized as she spoke how dry her mouth and throat were.

The man nodded, "yes, and a fan of your husband as well, but that can wait until later, right now, drink and eat."

Amy proceeded to drink a water bottle and then eat a sandwich, it was dry, but it was food. As she finished the sandwich, Swayze as she now thought of him, helped her up, "I will untie you to use the bathroom, we will always be listening, so let us know when you need to go, but if you try anything, you will be punished, and we will not take your punishment lightly."

Amy gulped and nodded, she knew he meant to honor his threats, the good criminals did, it's what made them good, but she also knew she would look for any and every chance to

escape. As she was led out of the small room into a large an empty office, a very old office, she was led around the corner to clean but old bathroom as Swayze opened the door and motioned for her to enter. "Two minutes, don't waste them."

Jake

He relished the feel of the cold water on his face, it took away the sting of the tears and cooled him off, he'd felt like he was sweating way too much with the stress he felt. As he exited the bathroom, Holt was waiting for him.

"I take it Amy told you about the officers she had to discipline today?"

Jake nodded, "yeah, she was stressed, she was so great though, I saw her give it to the rest of her officers, it was great." Jake's demeanor instantly took a depressed turn as he thought of her, not about finding her, but about her, the feelings he had for her began to overwhelm him again.

Holt placed his steady hand on Jake's shoulder, "Jake, I'm sorry this brought up feelings, but I think we should go talk to the two officers, Miller and Denning and see if they are connected to this, they knew she would discipline them, I don't think they are connected, but it gives us something to look into."

Jake nodded and before he knew what was happening, they were knocking on the door of a small older apartment in Bensonhurst. The door opened to the sound of weeping, "Captain, please don't fire me, I'm so sorry for my behavior, but I will change, I've learned, I'm so sorry."

Holt calmed her down and they entered her apartment, which was cluttered with Kleenex and Chinese takeout containers, Holt asked a few probing questions and then turned to Jake and shook his head and they left to seek out Miller.

Not quite twenty minutes later, Jake and Holt stood in front of an older house in East Flatbush, as they knocked, they heard a woman yelling, an older woman answered the door and smiled, "I hope you're here to give Stan hell for his stupidity. Pulling over attractive women, dumbass is just like his father." The woman then turned and yelled, "Stan, officers here to comment on your decisions!"

The woman, who was Miller's mother welcomed them in the apartment, Stan came out a minute later, looking unshaven and not well.

"Captain, Peralta? Did I do something else? I mean, I know I didn't, but why would Peralta be here?"

Holt glanced at Jake and then went for the jugular, "Miller, your captain was kidnapped, and we need to know if you had anything to do with it as your report with her is not great."

Miller look astonished, not guilty Jake thought, "Captain, never, I get along with Captain Peralta, I was stupid, I was trying to make up for my divorce and it was stupid, but I would never..."

Jake and Holt both caught his look, Holt approached more closely, "Miller, what do you know."

Miller gulped, "Captain, I'm not a snitch, but this is different. Officer Groves sir, you know him?"

Holt nodded, "I've met him, he has a very clean record Miller."

Miller laughed a cold derisive laugh, "maybe, but he's not sir, he hates her, and last week he kept saying how much he hated the detective here and that he'd get his. I should have said something, but he's a talker, which is why he has a clean record, but he's an angry guy Captain."

"Miller, this is a serious accusation, do you have any other reason to believe he would have been involved?" Jake knew of almost no one that could lie to Holt when he as gazed at them, that closely and that intensely.

"It's just that sir, I seen him last week with this scumbag ex lawyer who got off a bunch of guys I testified against. Hoyman or something like that."

Jake felt his blood run cold, "Hoytsman, the name is Hoytsman and where did you see them?"

Miller looked at Jake, "Hoytsman, that's it, they were at the Mills Basin Deli, last Tuesday, my mom and I go there, it's one of the few times she stops yelling at me."

Jake and Holt asked a few more questions before leaving, Holt radioed Terry and told him to have Groves brought in.

Amy

"I need to go to the bathroom!" This was the third time Amy had yelled this, roughly a minute apart. She didn't need to go, but she had been testing how often and how well they paid attention, as she heard nothing, she stood up and slammed the chair down. She could feel the legs weaken as she did so, she slammed it down two more times until legs gave and she crashed to the ground.

She hurt a little, but her arms were now loosened, and she quickly made her way out of the knots and was free. As she stood up, she heard and then saw the doorknob turn, she stood close to the door and waited until one of Swayze's assistants, a man wearing the Lyndon B Johnson mask entered, Amy used both arms and came down hard on his head and knocked him down, she then slammed his head several times to the floor making sure he was out.

She limped from being tied up so long as she exited the door, she turned to see Swayze, he tilted his head to the side and then rushed after her, Amy tried to turn to her left when she was tackled by the kidnapper wearing the Carter mask.

She woke up groggy, tied up again, her jaw sore, her head pulsing with pain, her blindfold was still off as she tried to adjust her eyes, and then she heard the voice again.

"I promised you that you'd regret trying anything."

Amy blinked several times, "I can feel it, I must have been kicked."

She saw the Reagan mask nod, "unfortunately, that was only a taste." He opened the door, "Carter, get in here."

Amy watched in horror as the man in the Carter mask came in quickly, she could barely react before he back handed her with such force that her chair almost tipped over, before she could register what had happened he punched her kidneys swiftly on each side, followed by a devastating punch directly to her abdomen. Amy gasped for air and then coughed, blood trickling from her mouth.

"I hope you've learned your lesson, next time Lyndon B Johnson will be unleashed on you, he wants to do more than punch you, by the time he's done with you, you'll never want your husband to touch you again."

Amy remained silent, holding back the tears she felt welling up, the physical pain was excruciating, and then the threat of sexual harm and the mention of Jake was too much, she glared at them and just hoped she could hold up until they left. Swayze and Carter quickly left, and Amy counted to twenty and then unleashed her tears and frustration.

Jake

Groves was in the interrogation room, Jake wasn't allowed in because of his personal stakes in the case, he could only stand next to Charles who stared up at him like he might cry at any moment. Jake was forced to watch as Terry and Rosa interrogate the officer, he kept biting his nails, and then would stop, expecting Amy to yell at him to stop, every minute that passed was breaking his heart even more.

A memory from their honeymoon crept into his mind, he had his orgasm and Amy was on top of him, still moving, her third orgasm of the night building, when she caught his eyes and smiled at him, Jake was sure at that moment that no moment could surpass that, mind blowing sex with his wife, his best friend, and dream woman, who were all the same person. Jake almost smiled at the thought when he was nudged.

"Jake, did you hear that?" Charles was smiling.

Jake shook his head, "no, sorry, my mind was somewhere else."

Charles hugged him, "he told them where Hoytsman is hiding." Jake notice a look on Charles' face, the look he had when he was hiding something.

Jake peered at him, "Charles, what else?"

Charles gulped, "He said the men are working for the Genovese Crime Family, hired by them to put pressure on you. Groves agreed to give information on Amy, when she'd be back and to tell them when she left for lunch."

Jake felt his rage begin to release for the first time, he charged the observation window, slamming his fists against it and screaming. "You fucking piece of shit! You call yourself a cop? If anything happens to her you better make sure your prison is secure, because I'll make what they do to you look like a fucking hug!"

"Peralta calm down. He is on his way to prison, for a long time, and he knows that if she is harmed, he will be charged with those crimes as well, you don't need to add anything." Holt stood before him, Jake thought he saw a look of pity in his eyes, but he didn't need pity, he needed his wife, he needed her back, he needed her safe and he needed her now.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Amy's situation is not improving and the Nine-Nine has tracked down an accomplice, but will it be enough?

Jake

Jake had never had blackouts or times in his life he forgot save a few nights where he drank way too much, but for the fourth or fifth time since Amy was taken he found himself somewhere without realizing how he even got there. The stress and worry were weighing on him more and more as the evening continued. It was three in the morning and he couldn't fathom how it had been less than a day since Amy was kidnapped, it felt like an eternity to him. He was sitting next to Captain Holt in an unmarked police van as a team of officers in street clothes teamed around the alleged hideout of Geoffrey Hoytsman, the same man who once kidnapped Jake and the man who helped the Genovese family take Amy to get to him.

Jake felt nothing but the normal worry he had felt all afternoon and evening as the team broke through the door, everything seemed to move in almost a slow motion as he saw Hoytsman drug out of the motel room, he was screaming and trying to fight, cowards always made the most dangerous enemies, they'd hurt anyone to save themselves he thought as he fought the growing urge to leave the car and beat the shit out of this man until his wife was safe in his arms. Hoytsman was loaded into a squad car and they proceeded to Nine-Nine.

Amy

Her wrists felt raw against the ropes that bound her, she was surprised and almost laughed at herself as she wondered how she could even notice that when her stomach and sides also ached, not to mention her face. She spit and knew that it was still probably bloody, she felt around her mouth with her tongue to probe if any of her teeth had been chipped or loosened during her ordeal. She felt a calm she didn't understand, she knew that two outcomes would happen, her husband would find her or she would die, no one else would be able to do this, she knew it, she hoped now that Jake knew it and was doing his normal routine of sticking his nose where it didn't belong and ignoring the powers that be and taking charge of the investigation.

She tried to move her hands slightly to take a little of the pressure off where the ropes cut into her wrists when she felt her wedding band and engagement ring. Immediately a conversation she and Jake had after they got engaged played out in her mind.

"Ames, it's okay, I saw you had taken it off, I just asked why, but really, I'm okay." He had smiled, trying to convince her it was okay, but she knew differently.

"Jake, it was stupid, I just thought it might cause more problems with perps if they saw it, but really, I want to wear it."

Jake sighed, "I'm fine, honestly, it's just a ring, I know you love me, that's good enough."

Amy cupped her hands against cheeks and smiled, “no, it’s not, I want to wear it, you know I could not be happier marrying you and I don’t care if the world knows it, it was a stupid thought and I’ve changed my mind.”

Amy thought how stupid that was, rings or not, people would know they were together, and now she was in danger and her husband was probably drowning in grief and worry trying to find her and fighting off his insecurities and doubts that plagued him as he tried to find her. Jake had told Amy several times that while he was in prison, he worried about her a lot and he she was holding up, she thought he was crazy and maybe exaggerating, but now she understood as her thoughts concentrated on him and what he was currently going through despite her own bleak prospects.

As Amy thought of Jake, she began to wonder what life would be like if they had children, would the worry be worse? Her dad was a great detective and had eight children and it didn’t seem to affect his work, yet her dad didn’t have Jake’s bad luck when it came to cases coming back to haunt him. They had briefly mentioned to each other that maybe someday they’d start a family, but always in passing and never a concrete plan or even a strong desire, she had always thought that eventually, yes, she’d start a family. Doubts crept into her mind as she wondered whether she could ever start a family knowing the dangers she and Jake had faced in their three years together, the threats, physical harm, emotional harm, that would be a lot to put on a baby. As she drifted off to sleep again, her mind was made up, she couldn’t do that to a child.

Jake

Screaming, all Jake could hear was screaming from the interrogation room as Hoytsman screamed and cried. Jake wanted nothing more than to go in the room and slap him until he stopped, but his lawyer had already left and told him he was on his own as even Terry looked like he might cause him physical harm. Holt entered the interrogation room and began his Jedi mind tricks on Hoytsman.

Jake’s attention was on Holt, not Hoytsman, as he thought about a conversation with Amy a few weeks before their wedding.

“I’m just saying, if we ever have children, if, I think either Ray or Holt would be a good first name, or middle name.” Amy smiled as she brushed her hair, Jake only shaking his head as she seemed so content linking her personal and work life.

“When we have a kid,” Jake interjected, “McClane for a boy, Holly for a girl. End of discussion.”

Amy turned, pointing her brush at him in a threatening manner, “no way in hell, IF we have kids, no Die-Hard names, that’s the end of the discussion.”

Jake allowed a small grin to form as he thought of his wife’s love and admiration for their captain who was doing all he knew how to find her, even working with Jake and keeping him involved, which he didn’t have to do, and maybe shouldn’t have, but Jake was grateful, if he wasn’t working on this, he would be self-destructing, for sure.

Holt left the interrogation room after ten or so minutes and entered the observation room, “Peralta, he may not cooperate, he is hostile and unstable, I don’t know if he will help us, at all.”

Jake sighed, he felt the rage rising again, he fought it, but thoughts of his wife pushed it forward, not about her danger per se, but even more the memories of small intimate moments together, of talking and sharing, and the thought that they might no have more of those pushed him out of the calm stupor he had been in.

“Let me face him captain, give me two minutes, no cameras, no lawyers, no one else.” Jake did not make eye contact as he said this, he meant it, but he also knew it was coming from a desperate place.

Holt exhaled slowly, “Jake, you are a good detective, that would tarnish your reputation and could negate any evidence we get from him, I know this is excruciating for you, but we have to do this by the book, it is crucial, and he is unhinged enough I doubt even the worst of threats would work on him.”

Jake threw up his hands quickly and in an animated fashion, “well fuck, I guess we’ll never know, I need a soda...” Jake paused as he exited the observation room and thought about saying something else, but he just shook his head and moved quickly to the vending machines.

Rosa was in the break room, she nodded at him as he entered, conversations with Rosa were awkward on normal days, but in times of crisis they were worse.

“Rosa, go in there and beat it out of him, they won’t let me near him.” Jake grabbed his soda as it fell.

Rosa shook her head vigorously, “Jake, c’mon, you know that won’t help with this creep. He’s smart, despite the stupid shit he’s done. Trust the captain, he will get Amy back.”

Jake slammed his palm against the soda machine, “will he? the clock is ticking, and we know so fucking little, I’ve stood back and been the good cop, maybe that’s the problem.”

Jake moved towards the door and Rosa stood up, “Jake, don’t do anything stupid, that won’t help Amy.”

Jake turned to face her again, “Really? The truth is we don’t know what or if we can help her, we know nothing because that dumb shit won’t talk, so don’t tell me to calm down, I will not be calm or anything until my wife is safe.” With that Jake threw his soda across the room and left, leaving a stunned Rosa, who was shocked enough that she didn’t react in anger.

AMY

The sound of the door opening jostled her awake, she didn’t know how long she had been out, but she doubted it was long, one of the tactics of interrogation was to make the person unable to tell how long they had been there, robbing them of their sense of time created alarm in them and made them more susceptible to questioning. Amy took a deep breath, expecting the worst, maybe another beating, though she had been waiting for questions and she felt that now was that time.

A hand touched her face and lifted the blindfold up, as her eyes adjusted, she was facing Swayze again, the leader of the kidnappers wearing a Reagan mask. “Amy, time to talk. Listen first, we are confident the police cannot find us, we have no connections to you or the people who hired us, so finding us will be impossible I’m afraid, so you need to change your mindset.

You cannot escape, you've seen what that brings, so listen to my questions and consider helping us, because that's the only way you can truly help yourself.

Amy simply nodded, she wanted to speak as little as possible as to not give them anything they could use. "Your husband, Jake Peralta, he has recently begun investigations into some people tied to my employer, they need him to back off. Now, I'm not a fool, they aligned themselves with some people who will talk and might give information, so I don't doubt that the NYPD will know my employers are involved, but that doesn't change the fact that your husband could still be of use to them. Has Jake ever mentioned a Louis Iverson?"

Amy shook her head, she would remember the name, she was good with names and Jake was terrible with names and often used weird physical traits or personality quirks to describe the people he investigated. Recently he had investigated Sir Sweats a Lot, and English guy who sweat every time he saw Jake, Lippy Joe, an accountant with a lisp and a tie to some shady people, and Misty Meadows, a name he gave the alleged girlfriend of a mobster who looked like a stripper and cried a lot, hence the name which had made Amy roll her eyes.

"Mr. Iverson runs a local business crucial to my employer, and your husband was investigating him for different reasons, but he is still too close. What I need from him is this, I need him to agree to back off the cases we tell him to. He can still be a great cop, doesn't have to give us any information, you must merely give us your assurance that he will play ball and not thoroughly investigate the few names we will give him from time to time. Can you do that?"

Amy knew this could be her out, she could be released and simply worry about things later, Jake would do anything for her, but she was Amy Santiago Peralta, and she could never live with herself to negotiate her release to let her husband be on the hook to criminals. Amy contemplated her situation a moment longer and then shook her head no, saying nothing.

Swayze nodded, "unfortunately, I thought you would say no. I will have to contact my employers, they will no doubt tell us make things worse for you, and I do mean worse, so please consider your possible outcomes, don't protect your husband at the expense of your life. My clients will get away with this, they always do, my crew and I will disappear, to different cities, and no one will know where to look or where you were laid to rest. We don't leave clues or evidence."

Amy took a deep breath, she was risking a lot not cooperating, but her instincts told her she could be in danger either way, so she might as well go out with her ethics intact. She thought about the questions and statements made by her captor and a notion came to her. "How long ago did you leave the force?"

Swayze shook his head, "don't try to understand me Amy, it won't help, kudos for noticing that, but it won't help you, not even a little. Word to the wise, I wouldn't mention that to the others, they would get too nervous and could get more desperate."

Amy inhaled and tried to maintain her composure to seem unphased and calm, "you don't trust your crew? That seems like a gamble."

Swayze pointed at her, "you are good, they warned me you were intelligent and that your husband was a great detective, but damn, you are good. I trust them, but I also know them. When working outside of the law, one must often make sacrifices in certain areas, despite what people claim, if you're outside the law, it's for a reason. Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to call my employers, I don't like the idea of causing you further harm, but I fear that's out of my hands."

Swayze leaned over and replaced her blindfold and she heard the door close, she was alone again, she didn't know how she should feel, she was figuring things out and had obviously made a connection no matter how small with the leader, but was it enough to help her?

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Jake starts to unravel during the investigation to find Amy, who is increasing danger with her captors.

Chapter Notes

If you like this, let me know. It had been awhile since I wrote anything.

Jake

The bathroom? When did I come sit down in the stall? Jake sighed as he tried to understand his actions and the continued moments where he didn't know how or why he ended up somewhere. He sat in the stall, glad that neither Scully nor Hitchcock were there, but also glad he could sit in peace. It was now twenty-four hours since Amy was taken, Hoytsman was still being held and interrogated from time to time, Jake was tired of waiting, he wanted to take matters into his own hands and force him to talk, Jake owed this guy, he owed him before, but now...

As Jake left the bathroom, he heard his name, he turned and saw Terry approaching him. "Jake, listen man, you've got to trust us, trust us that we are helping, we all love Amy and we all want her back, but we've got to do it right, you know this."

Jake took a deep breath and tried to reign in his emotions, but he was tired of reigning in his emotions, this was wife, not someone he had never met, she was taken because of his career, how could he not be emotional. "Terry, I know you are all doing your best, but I don't know if it's working, we are running out of time. This prick is wasting our time."

Terry looked at Jake, Jake knew Terry loved he and Amy, he could see the concern on his face, in his eyes, he could hear it in his voice. "Look Jake, nobody likes this guy, we wish we could beat it out of him, but I don't know that would work. He's in his own cell because the other perps were threatening him."

Jake nodded and walked away, as he thought of what Terry had just said, he quickly walked to holding, there by himself was Hoytsman. Jake felt his anger surge to the surface as he saw him. He banged on the bars, "Hoytsman, listen to me, whoever you're helping, they will leave, but you'll be in jail, I will find a way and I will get to you, I will get to you and I will make you hurt, not die, just hurt, and often. If I don't get helpful information from you, I'll cut deals with these guys," Jake motioned towards the nodding suspects in the other holding cell, "and make sure you get a reminder of my hatred of you everyday for the rest of your

miserable fucking life. Twice you have tried to fuck with my life, so I have no problems, ethical or otherwise, I will make you hurt.”

“Peralta!” Jake turned and faced a visibly livid Holt. “We do not threaten our suspects!”

Jake turned to face Hoytsman again, “that was no threat captain, that was no threat.”

“My office, now.” Holt marched to his office and Jake followed him, as he walked through the detective’s bullpen, he caught the glances of the other detectives, Rosa looked angry, Charles looked hurt, he tried to push that out of his mind, he could only worry about Amy right now. “Sit,” Holt commanded as Jake entered and sat in a chair along the back wall, Holt closed the door and pulled up a chair, so he could face Jake. “I have no other option but to take you off of this case.”

Jake shrugged his shoulders, he was beyond caring what anyone thought, “I don’t care, I will find her, I have to find her.”

Captain Holt bowed his head, “Jake, we are all on your side, but your emotions are taking over, do not let them drive you, I tried to keep you close to everything on the case, but I cannot do that anymore. The deputy mayor was in my office and happened to be leaving when you threatened Hoytsman, she will be checking up on this, I’m sure of it, so you are suspended, with pay, for the time being. Go home, get sleep, use your skills and call us if you think of something.”

Jake said nothing and stood up, he wanted to say so many things, he wanted to yell, he wanted to apologize, he wanted to hit him, he wanted to hug him, he didn’t know what to feel, he just knew what he wanted, what he truly needed, and nothing was currently helping that situation. As Jake walked, he thought he heard Holt say something, but he was unsure what he said. As he walked through the bullpen, he heard his name, he turned to see Hoytsman, standing at the bars of the holding cell.

Jake quickly approached, Holt and Terry did the same. “Peralta, I think I know where they have her, I wasn’t supposed to be traced to this, they said easy money, they were the ones who told me, in a visit, to cut a deal with the DA and get out.”

Jake just glared at him and said nothing, Hoytsman glanced from Terry to Holt and back Jake, “listen, I think they are in an old industrial building on Staten Island, right there when you get off the bridge from Brooklyn, I overheard one of them talking about it, I know they were there, I don’t know if they are still there.”

Jake looked at Holt, who took a deep breath before addressing him again, “Peralta, go home, the suspension stands, we will take care of it.”

Jake started to leave and could hear the commotion behind him, he walked casually to the elevator, but as soon as he reached the main floor, he sprinted to his car and took off, heading to Staten Island.

AMY

Amy knocked on the bathroom door gently to let her captors know she was finished, as the door opened, Swayze stood before her, his Reagan mask on as always, “I hope you appreciate the new roll of toilet paper, those other idiots never change them, animals.”

Amy numbly nodded, she did want to allow her captor to get any closer to her if his intention was to kill her if he didn't get what he wanted. Amy's blindfold was put back on, but she was led in a different direction, she felt cold, panicked.

"Don't worry Amy, we are not to the final moment, yet. We are moving, I don't stay too long in one place." Amy could hear beeping, a vehicle backing up, as she readied herself to be moved to a new location and decreasing the chances of Jake tracking her down. Amy was placed on a seat, she realized this was not the same vehicle, it was windowless, so they didn't have to worry about her being seen. As the vehicle moved forward, she felt her stomach drop, she felt began to truly despair for the first time since she was taken.

Jake

Jake still felt numb, he shouldn't have felt numb, he should have felt alive, speeding through Brooklyn, now over the Verrazano Narrows Bridge, his siren blaring, barely staying attached to his roof as he sped over the bridge onto State Island. He had a rough idea where this industrial office was located, it was one of the few buildings in that area that had not been renovated recently, as he came off the bridge, he turned left and saw a UPS truck pass him, the driver in street clothes, which didn't process at the time. Jake drove up the entrance and his heart sank, it appeared empty.

He stayed in his car for a minute, doubting if it was the right place, but then he thought better of just leaving and got out and investigated. He lifted the sliding parking lot door, which was unlocked, and entered, his gun drawn, a light had been left on, that alarmed him and caused him to take his gun out and at the ready. He walked into a small room, there was nothing in it, but the scent, he knew that scent, it was Amy's perfume. Amy had a sensitive sniffer as Jake had told her many times, but now he was glad, she despised most perfumes, but she liked Happy by Clinique, Jake never knew what the difference was, and why other scents assaulted her senses, but he knew this was her perfume.

Jake fumbled with his phone before he could calm down enough to dial Holt. As soon as Holt answered Jake jumped in, "Captain, Peralta, I'm at an old industrial complex, on Lily Pond Avenue, in the parking garage, in the old office there, someone was here, but they're gone now, and I know she was here, I smell her perfume."

Jake could hear Holt breathe on the phone, "Peralta, we are on way, do not touch anything, and then you are going home."

Jake sighed, "Captain, this is my wife, you could barely trust me when it came to Kevin and keeping him safe, you know what I'm feeling, I just need to do everything I can. I know I was out of line, but I can't not do whatever it takes, this is Amy captain..." Jake's voice began to give out as his emotions overcame him again.

"Stay put Jake, we are nearly there, I do understand, please know that, I still have my job, you know my affections for both you and your wife, this is terrible for me, but you know me, a robot to the end."

Jake sniffed, "meep, morp."

"Meep, morp, we are on the bridge Peralta, nearly there."

Within five minutes, Jake heard the sirens then saw Holt and Terry exit their vehicle with three squad cars in tow. Everyone looked around for evidence, of which they saw none, not even fingerprints, then Jake remembered a conversation he had with Amy once, about the

ways that even the best criminals could screw up, Jake told her there was no way a brilliant criminal would not think of something that he wouldn't, and then Amy surprised him by coming back with their toilet paper roller.

"This, Jacob, is littered with fingerprints, even yours, they are not likely wearing gloves, and wouldn't think of it, they'd scrub down a toilet and sink, easy, but this, I think not." Jake grabbed his kit and dusted the roller, sure enough, several prints, he hoped now that they would lead somewhere.

Jake handed the prints to Terry to text to Charles at the Nine-Nine to check their database. Jake closed his eyes and concentrated on the positives, he had to, he could not succumb to despair, not yet, he had to hold out that he could find her. Jake nearly jumped when he heard Terry yell, two different prints had matches, Jake ran to the car, Terry was on the system, the first picture was for a man arrested ten years ago, no one Jake had ever seen, the second picture was an ex-cop arrested for taking bribes and beating a suspect for a payoff from a third party. Jake sensed something familiar about the face, but when could he have seen this man, he had met thousand upon thousands of people, criminals, cops, neighbors, waiters, waitresses, delivery people... Then it hit him, the driver of the UPS truck, the one he saw right before getting there, in street clothes.

Jake filled Holt in on his hunch, soon Charles and Rosa were on the radio checking traffic cameras around the area, ten minutes had gone by, then a quiet Charles came across, "Jakey, I think I see where they went, let me enhance it, holy crackers, Jake, they're still on Staten Island, they are at the Staten Island Industrial Park, a yellow garage door, the only one as you enter I think. To the right, can't read the number clearly, but they have to still be there, we'll keep our eyes on this spot."

"Peralta get in the back of my car, Jeffords, we need to go, inform the others." Holt spoke and after he did, Jake could almost swear he saw a slight smile or grimace, it didn't matter which, it was a sign of emotion from the captain, which meant he was feeling this as well, which meant a lot to Jake.

AMY

This time round, she felt no bridge as they traveled, a lot of turns, then a lot of speed bumps, she guessed they might be in a storage unit area, but was not sure, she then heard what she thought was a garage type door slide up and open, the vehicle then entered, the door closed and she heard the others move around and exit.

She felt a hand on her arm signal to her to stand up and follow, she was then led down something, and a few steps into a room, where she was sat down and tied up again. She expected to be left alone for a while again, but the blindfold was removed, and she looked up as her eyes adjusted to see the familiar Reagan mask of Swayze.

"Amy," the familiar monotone and calm voice spoke, "I'm afraid we are at a crossroads, either you cooperate, or I am forced to use tactics that will not be pleasant for you."

Amy forced herself to breathe, to not react, she had to maintain her cool, she would not give into these men, this was her ultimate test and she had to prove worthy to herself. "I have nothing to say."

Swayze nodded, "I suspected as much, I had hoped you would see to reason, but you are a good cop. I question why, what has the NYPD done for you? Let your husband be arrested, let

your wedding be derailed? I hope all of this is worth it, for myself, I realized they don't care, and that led to new opportunities."

Amy saw Swayze reach towards her and her blindfold was lifted up again, her eyes again in darkness. She heard a click, she could then feel what she knew was coldness of a knife blade on her skin. Amy didn't allow herself to react, this was the moment, the test. She clamped her mouth and closed her eyes tightly as the first cut came, she felt the blood flow, it was not deep, but it was a long stroke, this was the warning, she knew it would soon get worse.

"Amy, I will leave you for a while, this is a sample of what will come, you will cooperate with us, just make sure you are still in one piece before you do."

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Jake gets closer and Amy has to make decisions.

Chapter Notes

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

Jake

The back seat of the captain's car felt a million miles away from Amy even though they were on their way to her, he hoped. He kept telling himself they were going to find her, they would rescue her, but there was no guarantee, these guys were good, not easy to track, and knew to keep moving. Jake stared out the window as the buildings, cars, and people seemed to disappear in streaks as they passed by.

The radio crackled to life, it was Charles, "Captain, Keith Giles, the suspect who is an ex-cop, he has a tag in his file, we have to contact the local FBI."

Holt sighed, "did you?"

"No sir, I wanted to check with you."

Holt frowned at Jake, "call them."

Jake stared more, trying to push from his mind the worst-case scenarios that kept trying to push their way in. He wanted to be fidgety, like normal, but his heart was broken, his mind and body were exhausted. "Terry, how long until we get there?"

Terry tried to smile, "at least ten, maybe fifteen. How're you holdin up Jake?"

"I feel like my heart was ripped out."

Holt looked at him and was about to respond when his phone rang, "Captain Raymond Holt... yes, we are...I understand...no, we that was not part of the file...I understand...we will use extreme caution...she is our best young sergeant and has a promising career...he is with us...he is the best detective in the Nine-Nine, not using him would be wrong, but he is on a

short leash...no, we can do that...I'll make sure you are kept in the loop...understood...thank you."

Jake gulped, that had to be the FBI, he closed his eyes, he wanted to be ready for whatever the captain said, good or bad. "Peralta, that was agent Fielding, he said Giles is a person of interest in several unsolved murders and kidnappings, primarily through the Genovese family and a few other old school crime families. As an officer, he worked for several families, on the take, Fielding thinks he and his crew could be responsible for as many twenty murders, ranging from here to Florida. He warned to use extreme caution and informed me that when he is captured he will be turned over to the bureau. He was very reasonable, but I do not like what I heard, he is cold calculated killer, we should be on our A game today."

"Fantastic," Jake mumbled as he stared at the landscape, wishing and hoping for a little luck. She

had to be okay, she had to be, he didn't know what he would do if she wasn't, it just couldn't be possible that she wouldn't return to their home.

Amy

The sting from the cut of her arm was annoying her, but Amy was doing her best to keep sharp and calm. She thought of her parents and wondered if Jake had contacted them and what they had said. She wished she could say goodbye to them, even her brothers, and then she thought of Jake. She felt despair again, and the feeling that soon Swayze would return, and she would be subjected to something awful, if was too much, she would try to fight and get herself killed to avoid a worse fate.

She heard the door, this door had a much different sound, it was louder, it scraped, the room had a scent, not so hospital like, as the previous holding spot was, she thought that this spot was not as ideal, and emergency back-up. "Amy, we are short on time, you need to make some decisions."

Amy nodded, she knew what she had to do, and giving these men anything they could use, it was not in the cards, but her options were running out. "I stand by my previous statements, I will not help you, Jake will not help you."

Silence, Amy started counting, she had reached around one hundred seconds when she felt excruciating pain on the same arm as the previous cut, this one was deeper, this one was meant to hurt, to really hurt. A muffled sound came from Amy's mouth, she fought the urge to yell and cry, if she was going out, she would go out strong, go out proud.

"Let me ask again Amy, will you help us?"

Amy tried to gather her thoughts, her arm hurt so badly right now, she wanted to cry, she bit her lip to steel her nerves and resolve, "fuck you, I will not, he will not."

Laughter, she heard laughter, she hated that he was laughing, it made her angry, but it also worried her, things could get far worse, she hoped she had the fight and resolve in her. The last thing she wanted was to die begging for life, she was one of New York's finest and she wanted to go out with the dignity she had always served with.

"Amy, I applaud your guts, I really do. The problem is, I have a specific job to do, and if I can't do it, I have to give them a reason, and the only reason they will understand is your corpse."

"I understand, I've been understanding for the past few hours."

Without having heard sound, Amy's left arm was cut into for the first time, it felt like the deepest cut yet, this time, Swayze took his time as he slowly dragged the blade from her elbow to her wrist. Amy released a scream, though quickly and not at full volume, before Amy could prepare herself or try to gather more courage, Swayze was dragging the blade parallel to the previous cut, Amy screamed again, and she could feel her entire body tense up this time, the pain was pushing her to her limits and she felt herself perspiring profusely.

"Amy, I will leave you again for a little while to think about things, the next time will be worse, I hope you'll reconsider, things will get ugly, very ugly." She heard the door close and this time she couldn't help herself as she released her tears and sobs, she didn't know how much she had in her, she would never give them what they wanted, but she could see herself begging for mercy as the pain and blood loss increase.

Jake

The ride was feeling eternal, so many scenarios kept passing through his mind, Jake felt like he could throw up right then. An uncomfortable silence had descended in the captain's vehicle, Terry would glance back at Jake and then try not to cry. Holt was stoic as ever, though Jake caught him steal at least one glance back at him.

As they neared the Staten Island Industrial Park, Jake tried to ready himself, to not overreact to whatever he might encounter and to hold himself back from attacking any of the kidnappers. His hands felt extra sweaty, his mouth began to feel dry. Soon, they were at the entrance, as the cars passed through gate, the surrounded the building.

As they began to exit the cars, Captain Holt's radio crackled as Charles yelled, "we made a mistake, there were two UPS trucks, Gina noticed it, I know Gina, I told him, anyway, they are in the industrial park, not the park park, but the actual industrial area..."

"Boyle, we know that, we're here." Holt had less patience for him than normal.

"Alright, go to the right from where you are, to the back, a two-story brownstone building, it looks like the Granderson Building, empty for the past three years."

The cars sped through the complex, Jake saw the building come into view, his entire body tensed up. As the cars stopped, Holt gave everyone orders to follow his lead and only go in on his command.

Amy

She had no idea how long Swayze had been gone nor how long it would be before he would return, her stomach felt queasy and she was beginning to feel very faint, which she attributed to the blood loss and three fresh cuts. She was concentrating on not passing out when she heard shouting from the other room, then she heard the sirens. More shouting was happening, she couldn't make out any words or anything specific, guns were fired, and then after she assumed were a few minutes, the door opened. Amy couldn't breathe, she was sure this was the moment she would die. She knew Swayze wouldn't leave loose ends. Her blindfold was loosened, as her eyes adjusted, she didn't see a mask, but Jake, with tears streaming down his cheeks.

“Ames, I’m so sorry, I couldn’t get any words out. I thought that maybe...you know...I’m so sorry.”

Upon seeing him finally, after all she had gone through, and knowing that she was now safe, that she was rescued, she sobbed, not a calm sob, but one that encapsulated all she had been through, the threats she felt, the pain she had endured, and the emotional distress she had suffered. Jake hugged her, she clung to him sobbing, she felt like she would throw up at any second as every emotion in her surged forward.

Jake escorted Amy to the captain’s vehicle where she eventually gained control, she tried to smile at him, but she felt so different, so empty, so unsure of herself. Jake tried to smile at her, but she could read the worry in his face and sense the blame he placed on himself. She reached up her hand to cheek, it felt so weird to do so now, his cheek was still damp from his tears, “Babe, how did you find me.”

Jake looked sad, “I got lucky, we knew where you had been held, but I got lucky and because I disobeyed an order, I got to your old hiding spot early, and saw the UPS truck with the driver being Giles.”

“Giles?” Amy didn’t know the names of any of the men.

Jake nodded, “yeah, the boss of the crew, the main guy.”

Amy almost cried as she thought of the pain she had endured at his hands in just the past hour, “I called him Swayze, they all wore masks, the same ones from Point Break, he wore the Reagan mask, so he was Swayze.”

Amy watched his reaction, normally, he would have been all over a reference like that, especially from her, but his eyes remained sad and fixed on her. “I’m so sorry Ames, this shouldn’t have happened. But yeah, I saw this guy, and then I remembered what you had told me about toilet paper rollers, so I dusted for prints and we got two sets, one was his.”

Amy nodded as tears pooled in her eyes and began to fall again, “what happened to them, my kidnappers?”

Jake took a deep breath, “Two are apprehended and being taken to the Nine-Nine, two are dead,

Giles included. Not me, I had to stay back, I would have shot to kill and asked no questions.”

Amy could only nod as she closed her eyes and tried to gain composure. Jake put his arm around her, she fidgeted a little and tried to give him a smile.

“Ames, this isn’t going to be easy, you went through hell, I can barely look at your bruises and cuts without throwing up and screaming, I know you will need to time..don’t be afraid to tell me, to not touch you, or to not ask you too much.”

Amy nodded sadly, “Jake, I’m not going to lie, I’m in bad shape, I thought I was stronger, I thought I could handle more, not that I didn’t handle it great, because I really think I did, but because I was stupid and thought I could handle things they only deal with well in the movies.” “Yeah, I get that, I may even have to give Die-Hard some space for a while.”

Within the hour, Amy and Jake were at the Nine-Nine, details were given to both of everything that had happened. Holt when in first and fired at the first man he saw, Lyndon B

Johnson, Carter and Nixon ran and were picked up by other officers, Swayze attacked the captain who was soon joined by Terry and Officer Lou, Swayze wouldn't relent or stand down, so Officer Lou was forced to shoot him.

Amy had been checked by a doctor, her cuts cleaned and dressed, she was dehydrated as well, but doing well physically for what she had been through. Jake was about to take her home when Holt called them both into his office. Jake wasn't in the mood, but he knew Amy would want to hear the captain out.

As everyone settled into their chairs, Captain Holt tried to smile, "Amy, we are so happy to have you back, safe, again. Jake, you were a huge help and we could not have done this without you. I spoke to the deputy mayor who was here earlier, and to the commissioner. Jake, you are being placed on a month-long administrative leave, with pay. Sergeant, you are being put on at least a month-long medical leave. I was told there are to be no exceptions, Peralta, yours will not harm your record, but it was thought that this would be best for both of you.

I know you will both hate this, but I have to agree with it, Amy, what you went through was terrible, and now what the two of you face will not be easy. Dealing with the aftermath of any terrible event can be as difficult to navigate as the event itself, you won't be tortured and Jake you will know where your wife is, but your difficulties are not over. Please, be patient with one another, this will be new to the two of you, Amy, you have never been the victim before, and Jake, you have to accept that you are not to blame for any of this. I command the two of you to communicate with me, with Sergeant Jeffords, and let us know how we can help you. The next month may be far more difficult than you realize."

Chapter End Notes

First, the story is far from over as I feel the kidnapping is only part of it, the emotional turmoil that follows is as important as everything else.

Also, please comment and let me know if you are enjoying this.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Amy is back home, but nothing is back to how it was.

Chapter Notes

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

Amy

The shower poured warm water on her body, but rather than the normal relief or comfort she felt, each drop of water made her aware of the cuts, bruises and abrasions on her body. No tears escaped as she felt a numbness she had never felt before, an indifference to everything around her, even Jake. He had been great since she returned, normal thoughtful Jake, but it felt wrong or different, everything felt different.

The apartment seemed foreign to her, she knew where everything was, nothing was different, but she felt like a guest in her own home. Jake's touches of comfort alarmed her every time, she would try to offer up a weak smile, but she could see the concern and sadness on his face and in his countenance, she didn't mean or want to push him away, but she didn't know how to be close to anyone right now.

Her parents had met them at the apartment the day she was rescued, her dad cried more than her mom, they both made a fuss over her, she tried to be sensitive to their needs as they were more than worried about her, but she couldn't give them what she knew they wanted. Hugging them and crying with them, she just didn't feel it, she was free, she should be happy, she was alive, she should be grateful, but instead, she just felt confused and alone. She had fallen asleep on the couch, with Jake asleep on the floor as she told him he was hurting her lying with her like they normally did, which was only partially true.

As she lathered the shampoo in her hair, her thoughts were of Jake, he was quieter than normal and stiff around her, she knew that he more than anyone could sense her struggles and she hated it. He had been nothing but grateful and loving when he returned from witness protection and when he was released from prison, even though he had faced terrible experiences each time, especially in prison. What was wrong with her? Her ordeal had not even been two days, yet she felt like it was a lifetime ago that she had taken Jake's face in her hands and told him how much she loved him and how he was not like his father. Amy chuckled coldly at the situation, Jake had been right, not about being his father, but the Peralta luck, not even three weeks into their marriage and they were off the rails.

As she held the conditioner in her hands, the bruises and small rope burns on her wrists caught her attention again, she could only picture Swayze, his mask, his monotone yet threatening voice. Was his voice threatening? Or was it only because of what followed his words? She sighed deeply as she fought back the desire to just scream, she felt so frustrated, she didn't know how to feel or what to feel, yet she felt obliged to be grateful and happy, but she felt nothing resembling those things.

She had now idea how long she had been in the shower now, she didn't care, she supposed she should care so she didn't worry Jake too much, but leaving the shower meant dealing with life again and trying to feel comfortable in her home and with her husband which felt anything like normal right now. Thinking this made her want to scream even more, she hated that she felt any of this, she loved Jake, he was amazing, he did everything he could to help her, not to mention rescuing her and putting his career on the line to do so, but she didn't feel like Amy anymore, two days had changed how she felt about herself, about life.

Jake

Jake was one hundred percent sure that he had never sat this still in his life, but he had no energy, he had no desires other than to make his wife feel safe and happy, but what he was seeing now, since he had found her at the industrial complex, she had felt different. Why wouldn't she feel different? She had been through hell, he got that, but his insecurities as a husband were thrust to the forefront again as he doubted whether he was good enough to guide he and Amy through this.

Coming home from prison had been difficult, but not with Amy, he loved every second of it, her touch, the feel of her soft lips against his neck letting him know he was safe and loved. He had no idea what she was feeling, she was unsure what to do, unsure what she wanted, even her taking a shower had been a painful process as she had been home for a day and still didn't want to, but what now? How the hell was he supposed to be there when she didn't seem to necessarily want him there. There was no doubt she loved him, but she was uneasy, any touch put her on edge, talking alarmed her, he felt completely lost as to what to do if he couldn't touch or speak to his wife and best friend without scaring the shit out of her or making her feel uncomfortable.

Their relationship had experienced more ups than downs, but the downs had normally come from outside forces, like now, but in the past, it was the struggle of just being together, getting out of Florida or getting out of prison, not now, they were together and yet felt so far apart from one another. Jake wandered to the kitchen and started cooking, Amy loved stir fry, easy and healthy, he mindlessly got out the ingredients and cooking utensils, as the oil began to sizzle in the pan, he threw in the chicken. He wasn't even sure if she would want this, if she'd be happy with this, her ordeal had essentially been less than forty-eight, yet nothing was the same, a cloud hung over them and he doubted himself more than ever.

Amy and Jake

As she left the bathroom, the smell of Jake's stir fry permeated through the apartment, it still smelled appealing to her, but she was not even sure if she was hungry. Thoughts of why the hell would he cook without asking if she was hungry or even wanted it entered her mind and she hated herself for it, why was she feeling rage for what was a considerate act by her spouse? Yet she couldn't shake the rage she felt, the anger that was so close to the surface, ready to boil over and erupt. She braced herself and tried to smile and feel happy, but it felt forced and fragile.

"Hey Ames, there's stir fry, if you want it, I didn't know what you'd want, you didn't eat much yesterday, or the last few days." Jake couldn't make eye contact, it broke her heart to see him afraid of her, yet she could feel the anger taking over.

"I'm not hungry." Amy closed her eyes trying to keep her frustrations that weren't his fault from making her react angrily.

"No probs," he rubbed her shoulder, as she quickly pulled it away in a small quick motion his eyes betrayed his confusion and hurt, "I'll keep it for later, just let me know what you want and when, no probs."

"Problem." Amy knew she was about to start something, she could feel it, she didn't want to, in the back of her mind a calmer her was warning her and telling her to stop, but she couldn't. "What?" Jake looked more confused now.

"It's problem, no probs, problem." Her face appeared angry and tense.

"Sorry," Jake said softly and apologetically, "no problem."

Amy took a deep breath and wished she didn't feel this way, she wished she could be like she was the day they got back from their honeymoon, but she wasn't, not even close. "You don't have to be sorry, I'm sorry, I just feel angry, I feel tense and I don't know what to do or how to act."

Jake tried to smile, "Ames, it's me, however or whatever you need, I'm there for you, I'll get it, I'll make it happen, just let me know."

Amy turned back to him in frustration, "That's the problem Jake, I don't know how to act! I don't know what I want! How in the hell am I supposed to act normal when I feel anything but normal! They hurt me Jake, they scared me, and now I feel broken, I feel broken and nothing about us or this apartment feels the same and I hate them for it and I hate myself for, and then I feel angry with you because it happened and it's stupid because it's not your fault!"

Jake sniffed, trying to hide his hurt and anguish, "Ames, it doesn't matter if it makes sense, you're allowed to feel it."

She raised both her arms up, "well thank you Jacob for the permission to feel, how would I survive without it?"

Jake bowed his head in defeat, "Amy, I'm sorry, I'm trying, I know this sucks, just please don't push me away, don't do that, I need to help you, like you've helped me."

"I don't need help Jake, I need people to leave me alone, I need to not feel like I'm terrified, I need to feel like I don't wish they had killed me, so I didn't feel like this!" An instant regret washed over her as she saw his face, she felt like two people at once and didn't like either one of them.

Jake turned his face to hide his reaction, "We need some groceries, I'll go to the store and give you some time." Jake considered just leaving, but he couldn't, he turned to face her and looked in her eyes, "I love you."

Amy felt it, she felt overwhelmed by it, she felt confused by it, she finally managed to reply in a faint but audible whisper, "I love you too."

Jake

Jake stumbled more than walked down the aisles of the grocery store, he couldn't remember what they needed, but going home wasn't an option, he was suspended from work, so he couldn't turn to the Nine-Nine and hide there, he was on his own. His cart had a few items, some soda, some candy, some dish soap, some beer, though he doubted he or Amy should

be drinking in their current state. He grabbed some vegetables and wondered if he would even use them, but at least this felt a little normal, close to the normal routine he now longed for.

As he meandered through the store, his phone went off, he quickly grabbed it from his pocket and saw it was Victor, he had no idea what to expect, but nothing could be worse than what he came from.

"Hey Victor."

"Jake, how's it going?" He sounded normal.

"Well, I'm at the store, things are, well they are tense at home. I'm trying but failing."

"I talked to Amy, she seemed angry, but, how are you?"

Jake frowned, he knew the answer, yet he didn't know if he even had the right to tell someone his feelings and problems with what Amy was going through. "I'm, uh, I'm okay. I have to be, right?"

She's safe, she's back, I have to do what it takes."

"Jake," a small silence followed, "I can't imagine what this is like for either of you. I know she is angry, she will lash out, maybe a lot, maybe for a long time. I know you, you know I didn't like you at first, first because of how your life seemed so crazy, but then because I saw how much you loved my daughter. It was terrifying that someone could finally take my place and be the man in her life, but you've stepped up time after time, but this is different Jake, there are no right answers and a lot of wrong answers."

Jake chuckled numbly, "yeah, that's exactly how it feels. I made stir fry and got yelled at, I apologized for the grammar she was correcting and got yelled at, so then I did the cowardly thing and escaped the apartment, just like my dad, I left because it was hard."

"Jake, you are nothing like your dad, nothing. He left you to fend for yourself, he didn't care about you, you care deeply for Amy, you're just trying to make her happy and she doesn't know what that is right now, it's a terrible lose-lose situation."

"Thanks Victor, you may be the only person who knows her like this, I'm trying, but I feel so powerless and like an utter failure."

Victor laughed lightly, "Jake, you will only be a failure when you stop trying."

Amy

As she watched him leave, her dual personalities took over, one felt sorry for her actions, the other only felt rage. Amy slammed some things around the living room and then went into their bedroom, it was exactly as it had been Monday morning when Jake was searching for his badge, everything was the same but some clothes they had taken from the closet last night. His dress Vans were on the bed, he hadn't been home once when she was missing, but now he was gone, as much as the voice of rage in her head wanted to put all the blame on him, she knew she pushed him out, she knew she was pushing him away, she didn't want to, yet she felt this need to do so.

Amy plopped down on the couch, almost as an act of surrender, as she landed hard on the cushion, the house phone from the edge of the couch fell on her lap, she considered it for a second and then picked it up and dialed.

"Captain Raymond Holt." The same voice, always.

"Captain, it's Amy, Santiago, er Peralta."

"Sergeant, good to hear from you, is everything alright?"

Amy sighed, nothing was, "no sir, I'm scared, of everything, I'm mean to Jake, on purpose, I hate myself, but I really hate the men who did this to me, but there's nothing I can do, the worst one is dead and yet here I am, alone in my misery."

"Where's Peralta, I mean your husband?" She thought she might detect actual concern in his voice.

"He's at the store sir, we did need some things, but I yelled at him, for anything and everything." "I see. Are you angry he left?"

Amy could feel tears and emotions, not just anger bubbling over, "no sir, I get it, I do, I'm mostly angry at myself and my kidnappers, but that's not helping either, so I lash at him, also not helping."

"Hmm, is there anything I can do to help you Sergeant?"

"I doubt it sir, that would require time travel."

"Sergeant, please heed my words. You are allowed to feel anger, but also feel the love around you, your husband would have traded his life for yours, he didn't care about his career or anyone or anything else when you were gone, and we wouldn't have found you without him and his slightly reckless behavior."

"I know, I know, I should feel so grateful, but instead I'm angry, and at him which is so stupid. He's been through a lot, through so much and he didn't take it out on me, not like this."

"No, but you're different people. He struggles with emotions, you do not, you struggle with being perfect, he does not, so the events, though seemingly similar, would naturally affect you both quite differently."

"I don't want to hurt him, but I think I should go to my parents for a few days, and just see how I do there."

"Do you think that will help or solve your problems?"

Amy pounded the counter with her fist, "I don't know, but it's something, it's something different and I feel like I should at least try it."

"What will you tell Jake?"

"I don't know, I'll figure it out." Tears were now cascading down her cheeks, "thank you sir, I should go."

"Any time Amy, take care of yourself."

She allowed herself a moment to cry and recompose herself, she then gathered a few items and took her bags to the kitchen where she wrote a note.

Jake, I'm sorry for the yelling, you don't deserve this, neither of us does. I'm going to my parents, not to get away from you but to spare you from a little of this, please don't be hurt, I don't know what to do or feel.

Love, Amy.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know if you liked this chapter!

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Amy and Jake suffer separately through the aftermath

Chapter Notes

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

Jake

In the past five years, Jake Peralta had been shot, stabbed, wrongfully imprisoned, threatened by various mobsters, and punched more times than he could count, but as he read and re-read the note Amy had left him explaining she was going to her parents, there was no doubt in his mind that this was the most painful of all of them. When he wasn't with Amy, he didn't know what he was losing, when he went to jail and into protective custody, he still had Amy, just not with him, but this, this was different, this was terrifying.

He was searching for any clue he could find of how he could make it better; his cop brain was beyond its depth because there was nothing he could do or could have done to prevent it other than never leaving her side the day she was taken. Jake had always been hard on himself, but this would fuck with him for the rest of his life. The what ifs on the day she was taken, when he saw her again for the first time after she was taken, still tied up and blindfolded in that industrial complex, he thought the world was right, that his best friend and wife was back. He hadn't considered the anguish she would feel from her experience.

He started pacing up and down in the apartment, his skin felt like it was crawling, his tears remained on the verge of pouring out at any second. He screamed a few times, he threw a few things, he was beginning to feel like he and Amy had no control of their lives, something always fucked it up, something always managed to interrupt their happiness, normally it was momentarily or the threat of it. Their current situation was direr, and Jake knew it and was eating him up inside.

After an hour of aimlessly wandering and reacting, Jake walked outside to his car and sat down.

He stared through the windshield and didn't know where he could even go or what he could do. Inaction wasn't something he understood but he felt that right now giving her some space could be important. He put his face in his hands and just breathed, in and out and trying to just keep pushing through, to not give up or just implode.

A tap on his window startled him, he had no idea how long he'd been sitting there like that. He slowly looked at the window, thinking it would be a beat cop or a concerned neighbor only to see Gina.

"Hey Boo, you should really fall apart indoors, it's unseemly to do it in public."

"Gina, hey, not in the mood, be glad I'm not screaming in public or going Chris Brown."

"Careful Jake, he's a bad boy, no good, but he's got talent. Anywho, Holt sent me to check on you, something about me being amazing and your oldest friend and confidant."

Jake closed his eyes and shook his head, "did he know Amy was leaving?"

Gina nodded slowly, "she called him and sort of hinted it, he was worried she might not wait around for you."

Jake threw his head back and thrust his arms forward towards the steering wheel, shaking it, "yeah, I got back, arms full of groceries, no Amy in sight, I panicked, ran around, and then found the note. Now I'm in my parked car going nowhere."

Gina leaned up against the car, "you all right Jakey?"

Jake just shook his head for a few seconds, "no Gina, I'm not, I'm worried sick about my wife, and I'm angry. I'm so fucking pissed that my life doesn't seem to be mine to live, mine to screw up, jail and now this? I'm not that strong Gina, I made it through the shit I've gone through because of Amy, knowing she was there for me." He softly put his head to his hands on the steering wheel.

"Jakey, you know me and my ways, I always make fun of her, but this sucked boo, I'm sorry."

Jake sighed, "yeah, well I don't know if I can stand losing her, I have a lot to figure out."

Gina eyed him suspiciously, "like what Jake?"

Jake rolled his eyes, "like if I want to be a cop, if I want to stay in Brooklyn. Amy is my life Gina, it sounds super cheesy, I know, but it's true. If she left me, I'd have to get away, if she comes back, I gotta protect her and make sure it doesn't happen again, I should have stopped it, I should have protected her." His fists began pounding the steering wheel, tears finally seeping every so slightly out of his eyes and down his cheeks.

Amy

Amy sat on her childhood bed, her back against the wall and knees against her chest with her arms wrapped around them staring forward. Her childhood home didn't feel any better than her apartment, but here her family would stay out of her way, her parents had always given her space.

She started rocking back and forth slowly, closing her eyes as she thought about everything that had happened. She could still vividly picture the way Swayze tilted his head, she could remember with perfect clarity the tone of his voice. As she thought of this man, her

tormenter, she then started to think about Jake, she knew he would give her space, he was respectful that way, but she also knew she was breaking his heart and not helping either one of them, yet she couldn't think of anything she could do to help her or him. Helpless was not something she had ever been accustomed to or willing to accept, but helpless is what she was and how she felt.

After rocking for a few minutes, she picked up her phone, she had silenced it, just in case Jake did call or text, she didn't think she could handle it. She saw there was one text, from Jake.

Jake:

He had just put in spaces and sent the message, she blinked at it a few times and came to the conclusion that is probably exactly how he felt, he had no idea how to help her, he was suspended for a month, he couldn't go to the Nine-Nine and everyone was probably giving him space to be with her, she closed her eyes again for a few seconds and then opened them and stood up.

As she walked in the kitchen, her parents said nothing to her, "do the two of you think I'm being stupid?"

Her parents glanced at each other, her dad gestured to her mom, conceding authority on the matter, "Amy, we don't know what you're going through, we don't think you're stupid, we love you and we are worried about you."

"What would you do if I told you I was moving back home, quitting the force, leaving Jake, and just giving up? Would I get the Santiago's don't give up speech? Would I get the no jobless Santiago's live in this house number?"

Victor looked down and shook his head, "no Amy, people who have been through the ordeal you have do not get my standard speeches, those were for your brothers, you never needed them, and you still don't."

Amy crossed her arms, "you wouldn't tell me good job for leaving Jake or make me feel guilty for leaving Jake."

Her parents looked at each other again, both with looks of extreme concern across their faces, Camila spoke this time.

"We would tell you that leaving him won't make you feel better, that moving here won't solve your problems, but we would love you, no matter what, but you have to know that Jake will always love you, regardless of what you did to him."

Victor stood up and walked next her, not touching her, but making her feel safe by just being there, "Amy, there may have been a time I would have loved to hear you wanted to leave him, but he has proven himself, to us, to you, I don't know what is right for you, but don't do anything that would harm what you have with him, it's hard to find a partner in this world, as a cop or in a marriage who will have your back and support you and never give up on you. You stood by him while he was in jail, he told me if it weren't for you he would have hung himself, on the first day.

You may never feel like the old you again, but that doesn't mean you can't find happiness again." Jake

A DVD of Sponge Bob was the only thing he could find that wouldn't depress him from his personal video library. His normal cop movies felt extremely real to him right now and he cried when he saw Point Break and thought of the men who copied the criminals in that movie and what they had done to his wife, so he now sat on the couch watching Sponge Bob and hoping for a comet to crash into the apartment.

There was a knock on the door, his first thought was to ignore it, he didn't want a pep talk, he didn't know who it was, but if it was someone he knew, they would want to give him a pep talk, but he didn't want to take his feelings out on them, it could create a never ending cycle of that.

He cracked the door a bit and saw Charles, who was holding a stack of Pizzas, Jake almost grinned a genuine grin for the first time in days.

"Jake, buddy, I just heard about Amy, I know you won't want to talk about it a lot, but I'm here, I have Pizzas and the General, with Buster Keaton, one of the best comedies of all times."

Jake opened the door all the way and watched as his friend entered with the stack of pizzas, "thanks Charles, I may not be talkative, but thanks."

"When Holt told me that Amy was at her parents and you were home alone, he told me that if I

was true friend, I would just be there for you, not try to fix your problems and not try to Boyle it over as Gina calls it, but just be there, so here I am buddy."

Normally, Jake would have never consented to watching a silent movie, but despite his reservations, he loved the movie, it was the sort of mindless entertainment he needed, and Charles would give him facts from time to time.

"He did all his own stunts, no special effects with the cannons, those mothers were real Jake."

"This is the best soundtrack to it I've found, the silent movies had live accompanists, and this is a music professor from out west, he does a great job."

"He thought being a confederate would be funnier since they were the ultimate losers of the war."

The pizza was amazing, he hadn't eaten well since the kidnapping, he couldn't even face the prospect of reheating the stir fry he had made, he would have cried for sure. He reached out and punched Charles gently on the shoulder, "thanks, Charles, I needed this. It's nice to remember that even though the world is fucked up and may be fucked, I still have friends and there are some good things."

Charles beamed at his idol, "Jake, you were there for me when Vivian dumped me, you are always there for me. I will never know how this feels Jake, this is Amy, I wish I was your closest friend, but I am happy to have second place, but I know you are in pain, but I'm here."

Amy

The last ray of daylight had vanished as Amy watched the windows from her bed, she would occasionally think of Jake, but she couldn't think of only him because she would end up

crying and she just didn't want to do that anymore. She was in the process of picking a movie when her dad popped his head in.

"Amy, there is someone here to see you."

Amy rolled her eyes and sighed loudly, "Dad, tell Jake I love him, but I can't face him right now."

"It's not Jake, it's the rude woman from your precinct, the one your mother thought was insane." "Gina?"

"Yes, the secretary who does nothing."

Amy stood up and walked to the door, she could not fathom what Gina could want, but maybe yelling at someone would make her feel better.

"Sergeant Santiago Peralta Boyardee, good to see you."

"Gina why are you in Jersey at my parents' house?"

"Not for the night clubs, these ones are frightening here. No, I'm here on orders from Holt. He thought the Nine-Nine should check up on you and Jake. I saw him earlier."

Amy gulped and looked away. "I really don't want to talk, I just need to be left alone. Thanks."

"Amy, wait. What happened, sucked, I know it did, you remember how freaked I got when my apartment got broken into. I'm sorry you have to deal with this shit. I just thought I should share my Gina wisdom with you."

Amy turned, she was curious, this was the nicest Gina had ever been to her, "and what is that?"

"To not shut Jake out. He gets it more than anyone else you know. The boy used to buy himself presents because his mom worked up to three jobs and his dad didn't give a fuck. He gets pain and anguish, I mean, he survived prison, but he only did it because of you."

"Yeah, my dad told me the same thing, Hold=t said something about it too, he's stronger than me I guess."

Gina shook her head, "no Einstein, he might be smarter though."

Amy's eyes narrowed, "Excuse me?"

"Amy, Jake survived because he knew you would be there, he knew that if he could force himself to survive that you would be there for him. He knew that alone, he wasn't strong enough, but with you, he could do it. Now you need him, don't blow it and try to go solo too soon, as I always tell people, why be a Fatone when you can be Timberlake?"

Jake

He woke up leaning against a smiling Charles, "Boyle, please don't look at me like that, I'll never sleep again."

"Sorry Jake, it was just so sweet and perfect."

Jake rubbed his eyes, "what time is it?"

"Just past midnight my perfect angel."

Jake frowned, "okay Boyle, go home and give that to your lady and son."

Boyle hugged Jake and left, he hated to admit it, but he had felt better while Boyle was there and had actually managed to sleep a little. Jake went into the bedroom and got the big blanket, Amy never allowed him to take it out of the bedroom, but if was going to be awake and depressed, he was going to be comfortable.

As he wrapped himself in his blanket cocoon and settled down to another episode of Sponge Bob, he heard the key in the door and in an instant was looking at a bewildered Amy.

"Jake, you know the rules." She lowered her head and avoided eye contact.

"Ames, I...I thought that...I worried...I was so sure..."

Amy offered a small but sincere smile, "yeah, me too, but here I am."

Jake stood up and shed the large blanket and carefully approached Amy, he had no intention of hugging her when she pulled him tightly into herself and a huge embrace, "I'm broken Jake, fucked up as you would say, can you love a fucked up me?"

Jake started to shed tears, "Ames, fucked up, not fucked up, as long as it's you, I will love you, I will fight for you."

Amy rested her head on his chest, "good, because it may take a while."

"As long as you're with me, I don't care."

Amy started to cry, to hell with it she thought, she needed to face these emotions if she was ever to get past them, "I love you Jake, I'm so sorry..."

Jake gently put a finger to her mouth, "Ames, no apologies, this is us, shit happens, terrible shit, but at least I have you, that's all I care about."

Chapter End Notes

Readers, I need my ego stroked! Please leave comments if you would like more chapters!

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Amy and Jake try to confront their feelings and find normal again.

Chapter Notes

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

Amy and Jake

He woke up on the floor, next to the couch, Amy hadn't felt like sleeping in the bed yet and Jake insisted he didn't mind sleeping on the floor, he knew she was a long way from wanting prolonged physical contact as her body had felt betrayed by the physical and emotional abuse she had suffered, so he was pleasantly surprised when he realized they had been holding hands while sleeping.

"Morning." He jumped slightly upon hearing her voice, he thought she was still asleep.

"Hey." He smiled as best he could, they were far from being past the turmoil of everything that had happened, but this was an improvement.

Amy reached forward with her other arm and her fingers gently brushed his hair. "Thanks for being patient."

Jake nodded numbly, he had no words, there was no playbook for this, he was still terrified of his world crashing down on his head, but right now, she was here.

"Jake, don't be like this, I can't handle it if you are scared to even talk to me, I'm trying, but I need you to be normal for me, one of us has to, and I know it's not fair, you went through hell too, but I need it Jake." She pulled him forward, pressing her head to his.

"I'll try, I'm so worried about you Ames, with what happened, I know what you'll say, but I feel so bad it happened that they took you, when I was there."

Amy sighed, "it would have happened regardless Jake, these men were professionals, failure wasn't an option for them."

"I know." Silence followed, each of them searching for words to make the situation less awkward, to make the other feel less tense, but no words came to either of them as their thoughts were wrapped up in the other. After several minutes of silence, Jake caressed her back with his hands, moving slowly, not sure of himself, not sure of what her reaction would be, but wanting to comfort her in the ways he knew how.

"Jake?" Her voice was barely above a whisper.

"Yeah Ames?" He braced himself, the past days had taught him to expect anything.

"If I had left, and not come back..." She didn't finish the question, as she spoke he closed his eyes, he knew exactly what she was hinting at.

"I don't know. I would have left New York, after a while, I would have tried to win you back, or whatever it is, but yeah, I would have eventually had to leave, everywhere I would look I would see you."

"It's not about winning me back." She poked him, the first sign of playfulness he had witnessed since everything happened.

"I know Ames, I just don't know what else to call it. I don't think they have a name for it, I could come up with one."

Amy covered his mouth with her hand, "no, please no, you're the worst at that. Remember the night you got home from prison, you kept referring to our first time that night as prison sex and freaked out a lot of people later at the Nine-Nine."

Jake laughed, he savored it, it had seemed like a lifetime since he had laughed, especially with her. "Yeah, good call. Remember when Terry's bone poked through the leg and I kept calling it a boner? HR still sends me emails reminding me not to talk about Terry's boners at work."

Amy sighed, but a much different one than she had recently, it was a sigh on contentment, she still hurt, she still felt conflict, but this, this felt nice. "I'm sorry Jake."

Jake pulled back and looked at her, "Amy, there is nothing to be sorry fer girl, sorry, but seriously, this straight up sucks. I'm just glad you're here. What made you decide to come back last night?" He knew he was taking a risk, but he felt that if they could start talking about things, they could improve more and decrease the risk for another episode.

"Gina came over, she reminded me that we're a team, you and I. I can't do this alone, and I was stupid to try, but...I was so angry, at the men who did this to me, and then at you, because it happened to me and I felt so alone, and it was stupid to be mad at you."

"Anger doesn't have to make sense, mine never does."

"No, it doesn't, but I realized that I was angry that I could never confront Swayze, that I couldn't face him without the mask and get justice or even revenge, and that scared me, I've never been a revenge person, but I wanted to make him suffer Jake, and I was pissed that I couldn't even have the chance."

Jake was silent, Amy noticed the tears beginning to pool in the corners of his eyes, she immediately followed his train of thought, "Jake, you are not to blame, at all. Let that go, please, if we're both holding on to this, we'll never make it."

"I know, I know, it's just, I'm so fucking tired of feeling like a victim, I know you were the victim here, but look at all that has happened, and I feel powerless, I just have to ride wave after wave of intense suckiness."

"I know, but at least we're riding through it together."

Jake nodded, "that's the only thing helping me keep my shit together."

The rest of the day went without incident for them, there were many awkward moments and times where they each was unsure what to do, but they were both aware of the other and Amy began to feel more comfortable in their apartment, she was still uncomfortable with many aspects of life after her ordeal, but at least being in the apartment with Jake no longer felt wrong.

As Jake nodded off on the couch late that night, Amy nudged him, Jake rubbed his eyes and grinned at her, “you want to spread out, I’ll go to the floor.”

Amy shook her head and lowered her eyes, “No, I want to try to sleep in the bed, I may still need some space there, but baby steps, right?”

“Bill Murray, What About Bob, nailed it.”

Amy smiled, not her normal smile, but a smile that was a work in progress, it still had shades of the sadness and conflict she felt, but it was closer to her real smile than the previous tries. “I knew you’d like that reference.”

They both walked slowly, Jake got into bed first, he tucked himself into the fetal position facing the wall on his side of the bed, he was surprised when Amy finally climbed in the bed and proceeded to scoot over next to him and drape her arm over him, “I know, I’m a hypocrite, but victim’s choice, right?”

Jake wanted to cry and laugh, but he slowly nodded, “for sures, whatever you need.”

Amy sighed, a contented sigh again, a sound Jake could listen to forever, “two days ago I could have slapped you for that, I was so angry because I didn’t know what I needed and was upset others expected me to know.”

“And now?” He took a chance, but she had been opening up and acting more like herself.

“Now? Now it feels like I still don’t know exactly what I need, but I want to try normal things again, I was so sure nothing could go back to normal, but then as I drove home to you, I came to the conclusion that I wasn’t going to surrender that to Swayze and his minions, that they did their harm, but they couldn’t steal my normal, my life. It is still hard to not break down or think about things, but I’m trying.”

“Your dad told me we only fail when we stop trying, never heard that before, but it meant a lot to me.”

Amy awoke the next morning to the sound of the toilet flushing, Jake came out with a guilty look on his face, “sorry, I didn’t want to wake you, but peeing the bed wasn’t an option either.”

Amy sleepily shook her head, “it’s okay, it’s almost nine, I need to get up. I want to be more active or proactive, or something.”

“Ames, we have a month off, so we can do some things, but let’s not go crazy.”

Jake laid next to her, barely touching her, she purposely scooted into him more, increasing the contact. “C’mon Jake, I said I wanted normal, not you being scared, if I want you to back off, you’ll know.”

“Yes ma’am.”

“Jake, there’s something that’s been on my mind, since I was captive, well, while I was captive, and I want to talk about it, it might be difficult and don’t let your mind wander, it’s not about us splitting up, I never want that.”

“Okay,” Jake’s mind didn’t know where to wander, he inhaled deeply and hoped for the best.

Amy looked at him and cupped his cheek with her hand, “as I contemplated my chances and thought of all that has happened to us, I decided or logically deduced that I don’t think we should have children.”

Jake said nothing, Amy had always made starting or having a family an if when they talked, but this, this was real, this had a finality to it, but this was also his wife who had been tortured because of cases he worked. He exhaled and kissed the top of her forehead, “okay, I get it. Do I need to get neutered, Bob Barker would be thrilled.”

Amy’s face looked sad despite the slight smile on her face, “no stupid, and they don’t call it neutered for humans. I’m on the pill, that should be good enough.”

Jake nodded, “okay, you’re sure.”

Amy shrugged, “one big decision at a time, I can decide the fate of your sperm later. You’re okay with not having kids or kidz with a z as you say?”

Jake’s eyes wandered around the room, as if he were escaping her scrutiny, “I mean, I wanted a family, with you, but I will never force you, and you were tortured while kidnapped, I was in prison, a bad one, hard to raise a family like that.”

“Exactly. Plus, I feel like with what happened, my life has changed more than I wanted it to anyways, I don’t know if I could handle more big changes.”

“Gotcha. Ten-four, loud and clear.”

Amy gently smacked his stomach, “spill Jake, what else are you thinking?”

“Nothing, it’s sad our DNA can’t mix and make a superbaby, but again, keeping you here with me, priority number one.”

“You can’t tell Charles, he would collapse and then die. He’s wanted us to have children literally since the moment we met.”

“I know. It’ll be crazy hard for him, but since he has his own family and doesn’t control us, he’ll live. He may annoy the bejeezus out of me when he realizes we won’t have kids, but I can go undercover or something to avoid him. What about your parents?”

“Huh, well...honestly, I think they’ll just be happy I’m happy and happy I’m with you. They were worried I’d do something stupid and leave you.”

“Really? I think Victor may like me.”

“He loves you, a lot I think. I asked them what they’d do if I left you and quit the force, they were stunned but supportive, to both of us.”

“Wow, your parents like me and didn’t urge you to leave me, that’s insane.”

“Not really. I’m in danger as a cop no matter what, so having a husband who can track me down and still treats me like I’m special, that’s important to them, especially my dad.”

“Who wouldn’t treat you special, have you seen your bod?”

Amy frowned slightly, Jake felt instant regret, “sorry Ames, but you have to know I will always think you are hot, or beautiful or whatever sounds the least douchey, they could never do anything to you that would make me change my mind.”

“I know, I’m just a visitor in my body still, it feels so weird, with everything...”

“Sorry, I’ll do better.”

Amy grabbed his hand, “Jake, you’re doing great, I wanted normal, this is normal, this is very normal.”

Jake offered a weak smile, “I just gotta make sure I’m doing good enough Ames, I’m scurred, real scurred, you know me and my doubts, everything you go through, I sorta feel like it’s on me, we’re partners.”

“Jake, think, if you’re to blame for my stuff, then I’m responsible for what’s happened to you, which is a lot more.”

Jake fidgeted, “it’s different.”

“Because I’m a woman? C’mon Peralta, that’s not like you.”

Jake shook his head vigorously, “no, not that, it’s that, well, when we got together and so much went to crap so fast, I told myself I would not let that happen, I couldn’t lose you.”

Amy smiled and hugged him tighter, “Jake, that’s sweet, but ridiculous, we’re cops, things will happen, but this, the support we give each other, that’s what matters, that’s what will save us, not from harm per se, but from losing each other.” “Smort.” Jake smiled at her.

“Toit.”

Chapter End Notes

Please comment if you enjoyed this!!

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Amy and Jake get away from it all to try and find normalcy.

Chapter Notes

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

Amy and Jake

On the fifth day following Amy's return, both she and Jake began to feel restless and cooped up. Jake had suggested a small trip, driving somewhere, but Amy wanted to get as far away as possible, but she wanted something relaxing and within reason for their budget. In the end they both agreed on a return trip to Puerto Rico, reasoning that this time they could do more of the touristy things and less newlywed type activities.

Two days later they were landing in San Juan, Jake was somewhat concerned for Amy as she had been a little apprehensive on the plane ride, the tight space and sitting so still affected her a lot. He worried it might cast a pall on their trip which was supposed to help her forget, which Jake knew was an impossibility as something that impacts your life so much cannot simply be pushed out, it took time, lots of time.

As they got out of their taxi and checked into their hotel, Amy looked exhausted and Jake started to question the decision to come there, as he opened the door and followed her into their hotel room, she walked straight to the bed and laid down, Jake brought in the luggage and unpacked a few things for each of them, he felt the need to pick up some of the slack for the things she would normally do. When he looked at her again, she had a definite appearance of sadness which caused him to be angry with himself for letting her rush through things when she needed rest.

She must have sensed his concern, "Babe, it's okay, I'm fine, just a lot on my mind."

Jake stopped moving, she hadn't called him babe once since before everything went to hell, he didn't know what to make of it, but he thought it had to be a good sign. After processing it and deciding it was definitely a good thing, he set out to finish unpacking.

"Babe, I need you."

Jake continued to place some of her items in the dress drawer closest to her side of the bed, "I'm here Ames, I'll come lay down in just a sec."

"No, Babe, I NEED you need you." As he turned around, her eyes showed desire, a wanting he used to know, but now after everything he felt guilty seeing it.

"Are you for sures, because I am fine, the last thing I want to do is push you and force you into anything." He felt himself starting to sweat.

She shook her head, "no, bullshit to all of that, I need you, I want you. On the way here, I thought about how they touched me, it was terrifying, but it's not even close to how you have ever touched me and that's what I need, what I want, I need to be touched by loving hands,

discovering me, adoring me, not hurting me or threatening me."

Jake was by her side now, tears almost forming again as he heard this, he pledged to himself since the moment he saw her battered and bruised that he would never rush her or make her feel guilty about sex, it had to be her decision, he had more or less come to the conclusion it would be months and he was willing to wait.

Amy playfully kicked at him, "say something, please."

Jake sputtered a little, fighting the frog in his throat, "I, well, I just thought that, well, fuck Ames, I'm always ready for you, I'm psyched for sex, don't get me wrong, but the fact that you sound like you, that you are improving, that means everything to me."

A single tear glided down Amy's cheek, "don't make me cry Peralta, name of your sex tape."

Jake erupted into a joyous laughter and fell softly onto her, his hands beginning to caress and explore as they had longed to, as he always longed to do. They moved slowly, in the past they would have each probably thought excruciatingly slowly, but they needed this, Amy needed the tenderness, the assurance that this was an act of love and Jake needed her to feel his love, to feel his true feelings for her, not lust, not sexual desire.

After at least twenty minutes of tender kissing and caressing, Amy sat up and slowly, deliberately removed her blouse, she then maintained eye contact with Jake and undid her bra, taking in the way he looked at her, not a threatening way, but the way only he could look at her, there was desire and want in his gaze, but there was so much more as well. She reached out and took Jake's hand in hers, guiding him to her waistline and started him in removing her pants and underwear, Jake gently slid them down and then pulled off his t-shirt and discarded his jeans and boxers in record time.

Jake gave Amy a quizzical look that asked what she wanted, Amy bit her bottom lip softly, "Babe, I need you inside of me, I need to feel you moving in me, me moving on you, I need to feel like we did our first time or on our honeymoon. As Jake entered her he kept a careful eye on her, not wanting to hurt her or move on her if she changed her mind.

When Jake had slid in all the way, Amy's arms wrapped around him tightly and she started moving her hips, slowly at first, and then suddenly quickly, her hands exerted more pressure on his back and soon her fingernails were digging in him as she gasped. Amy was normally very vocal during orgasms, but this was different, this was her acting in a sense of urgency and need, not for the sex but for the fact that it was them, that they were together, like this.

Jake started to pump faster and faster, he closed his eyes as sweat drops stung them twice, the next time he opened them he saw her face again, her eyes closed, in the moment, his Amy, his wife, his partner. As he felt himself ready to release, Amy grabbed his hips and began grinding on him as she climaxed again.

As he fell back on the bed next to her, his thoughts were not of sex nor of pleasure, but of pure happiness, that she could trust him, not that she didn't trust him, but her trust of everything had been shaken. Men had hurt her, men had made her suffer and now she was ready to let him be a part of her life as they were before and that buoyed him up and assured him that he could weather the storm.

That night they ate dinner at one of the hotel's restaurants on a terrace overlooking the ocean, Amy had a look that Jake had not seen yet, of relaxation, probably not all the way there, that would be impossible, but things were starting to feel more normal for her, they were making sense and she felt part of things again. "Quit staring weirdo, I'm fine."

"I'll say," Jake quipped, which earned him a soft kick under the table. "Just kidding, I know you are, I'm just happy your happyish, you know? The little things mean a lot, but this feels big."

She smiled at him as she took a sip of wine, "I agree, it does, it's still challenging, but I'm fighting it Jake, I couldn't be a victim anymore, I had to be the fighter again, it's all I know."

Jake took her hand in his, "I know, it's why I love you Ames, you never give up, everyone but my moms gave up on me, but I knew you never would."

Amy bowed her head sadly, "I almost did."

Jake shook his head, “no, that doesn’t count, when you were held captive and tortured, sorry, that one doesn’t count.”

Amy grinned, “I’m glad we came here, it’s helping.”

Jake nodded, “we may need to move here.”

The week was not without its heavier moments, twice Amy woke up screaming and then crying in the night, in a cold sweat as the nightmares felt so real with Swayze cutting her more and the others hurting in worse ways than actually happened, but unlike before, she now found solace in Jake’s embrace and he was beginning to feel useful again, though after each of Amy’s nighttime episodes Jake would cry softly so not to wake her as his guilt for what happened overtook him.

Jake continued to proceed cautiously and never initiated sex, which was starting to drive Amy crazy, each of the seven times were started by her, which normally would not annoy her, but this meant that Jake was still feeling overly protective or worried about her. The second to last night it finally annoyed her enough that she felt the need to address it.

“Jake, why can’t you touch me without an engraved invitation?”

Jake was sitting next to her on the balcony with his arm around her, he knew what she meant but he didn’t want to have the conversation, “I touched you just now, no invitation necessary, so there.”

Amy turned more so she could face him better, “you know that’s not what I meant, you used to not be able to keep your hands off me, I know you’re worried, but normal Jake, we need normal.”

Jake looked down, “Ames, this has been amazing, but you don’t understand, I was there when they took you, I saw the van speed away and then you...well you know...I can’t shake it off. I do my best for you, to help you, but the guilt, it’s real Ames, so fucking real. Every time you suffer I think of every tiny thing that could have changed the situation, I know it’s stupid, but I can’t help it.”

Amy was silent for nearly a minute, Jake’s arm still around her, “Jake, if we don’t forgive ourselves, we’ll never make it. I keep coming down hard on myself in my head about what I did wrong, but I said it before and it’s true dammit, it would have happened no matter what, there was nothing we could have done to prepare for that or deter it, don’t look at me like that, it means to stop it. You didn’t give up on me, on finding me or afterward when I left and wanted to not come back, you were and are doing everything you need to, and I am doing what I need to, even when it feels wrong.”

Jake just nodded, he still hurt, but he knew she was right, they would never get past it if he couldn’t accept that it happened and just be happy that she was found and rescued before anything worse occurred.

Silence followed, Amy’s thoughts were of her husband and how she could convince him he did nothing wrong while Jake thought of the amazing woman he had been fortunate enough to find and fall in love with and more amazingly have her fall in love with him. His hand slowly crept down her front until his right thumb started caressing her breast and then her nipple through her thin night shirt, Amy made a soft sound, Jake moved slightly so he could kiss her neck and brought his other hand around and gently slid it under her waistband and to over

her underwear and started to very lightly apply pressure as she ever so slightly lifted her hips to increase the pressure.

Soon they were on the bed, their clothes in front of the sliding door of their room, Amy pushed Jake down and climbed on top of him, the first time she had done so on their trip, Jake watched in amazement, as he always did with her, as she guided him inside of her and started moving on him, his eyes widening, his pulse quickening, sweat beginning to drip for his brow. This was normal, it might not always be normal, but for now, this was normal and what they needed.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know if you are enjoying this so I have motivation to keep writing!

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

Amy has to testify in court against her surviving captors.

Chapter Notes

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

“How could I not have prepared us for this, I’m so sorry Ames, this is fucked up.” Jake couldn’t sit down, he paced back and forth from their table to the couch, Amy would have preferred for him to sit down, but she was agitated as well. The day after they returned from Puerto Rico, she received her summons for the Grand Jury phase of the case against her surviving kidnappers. The prosecutors had done all they could to spare Amy this, she had been spared from the preliminary hearing, which had happened the day the they left on their trip, but the defense demanded she be present to testify for the grand jury.

“Jake, we can’t do anything about it, it’s my duty as a cop and as a citizen, they have a right to a fair trial.” Amy wondered if Jake believed in her words, she believed in them, in general, but right now she felt the rage in her rising again, her desire for revenge which she hated to feel made her feel tense and uneasy.

“Yeah, I understand, but why do they need you? You weren’t the officer who picked up these assassins, who have killed before, who were wearing the masks they were arrested in, who were running from the cops, and oh yeah, one of them had a knife with your blood on it.”

Amy just stared at the floor, she hated thinking about that knife, she had never seen it, only felt it, she had no idea what it actually looked like, how big it was, what type of blade it had, she just knew it had pushed her to her limits. Jake turned around and saw the look on Amy’s face and closed his eyes momentarily while he tried to force his brain to remember that Amy had been through hell and him describing the details was probably not helping the situation. Jake took a deep breath and sat down next to her on the couch.

“I’m sorry Ames, I’m so busy being pissed off that I’m probably making it worse.”

Amy offered a halfhearted smile, “it’s okay.”

Jake sighed, “no, it’s not, I’ll chill. Listen, what do you want to do today and to get ready for tomorrow? Anything you want.”

Amy thought, she could use something to take her mind off it all, after the peace she started to feel on their trip, everything came crashing down as she was forced to think about her ordeal and talking with the prosecutors about what she would say to ready herself to go through specific details. She looked up at Jake again, “we don’t have to, but the Met, the museum, not your beloved baseball team is always a calming place for me, I get lost in the history, the beauty. I know, I’m a dork.”

Jake rubbed his face with his hands, “that sounds amazing, it will get you in your adorable dork zone, which I find sexy, and take us both away from worrying about this shit.”

At noon, Jake was following behind an enthralled Amy in the Lehman Wing of the museum. Amy stood in front of the El Greco paintings, she slowly moved so she was standing before the painting of a Cardinal, the painting was titled, Cardinal Ferdinand Niño de Guevara. Jake shrugged as she looked at it, it was a kind of ugly guy in red, but he and Amy rarely agreed on art.

Amy sighed, and Jake noticed the intensity with which she took in the painting.

“Ames, you okay? The Pope creeping you out?”

Amy smiled slightly, “not a Pope Jake, he was a powerful Cardinal, in Spain.”

Jake was unimpressed, “well, that’s Spain’s problem.”

Amy took his hand in hers, “When I studied art history in college, learning about El Greco’s life was one of my favorite topics, he made incredible religious works, his paintings were everywhere in Spain, and yet, he was still in trouble with the church there, they persecuted him a bit during the Spanish Inquisition. The Cardinal there,” she motioned toward the painting with her other hand, “he was supposed to be a man of God, a leader, yet notice the lack of compassion, he lacks the piety of El Greco’s other religious figures.”

Jake looked at her, “it’s a good thing I love you.”

Amy squeezed his hand, “this is important, to me, El Greco did everything right, he knew the right people, he was extremely talented, yet they still found fault with what he did, with what he painted and how he painted, he did everything he knew how to do, and it still wasn’t good enough. He was forced to alter a few of his paintings and denounce ideas he had portrayed in his paintings that the Cardinals didn’t agree with.”

Jake frowned slightly, “still boring Ames.”

Amy shook her head slowly, “oh Jake, it’s a good thing I love YOU. The point I’m making, my non-art appreciating husband, is that I get him, El Greco, I understand him. I sort of did when I first learned about his history and life, but now, I really understand it, I have given everything to be a good cop, followed every rule, done extra, and yet in the end, it wasn’t good enough. I can’t tell you what Swayze looked like under his Reagan mask, I saw the picture, but it means nothing to me, it’s the mask I see in my nightmares and when I close my eyes. For me, he must have looked similar to the Cardinal here, someone who found a crack in someone else’s armor and made them pay for it, but the good news is that El Greco survived, and surviving the Spanish Inquisition when persecuted is something most couldn’t claim, and he is now regarded as a master and great influence on other painters, I hope my trials will do the same for me, that something good can come out of all of this, even if it’s for someone else.”

Jake looked at his wife with admiration, he knew she was incredibly intelligent, but sometimes he would forget just how intelligent she truly was. He felt ashamed for giving her shit about her art facts when what she was really doing was trying to put a positive spin on her own struggles. The rest of the afternoon was pleasant, Jake was bored out of his mind, but happy to see his wife relax and enjoy herself.

Jake watched with trepidation as Amy was called to the stand the next day. The previous evening, she had been very quiet, he wasn’t sure how much she slept, but she had pushed through and insisted she would be fine. As he watched her, he knew she was in emotional pain, that being there and being asked about these men, she hated it. The defense insisted they wanted her to testify, so the prosecutors decided they would call her and let her tell the

story first and set up the pain she suffered before the defense could chip away at her story and try to discredit her, if they could at all. Jake hated defense lawyers, but ever more than that moment. To his horror, the lawyer for the very men who harmed and helped bring harm to his wife was none other than his ex-girlfriend, Sophia Perez.

Amy calmly gave the facts, which destroyed Jake to hear, Jake could feel himself tensing up when he felt his father-in-law's hand pat his back for support. He appreciated Victor, though glad he was on his good side now. As Amy finished her testimony, it was now Sophia's turn. "Sergeant Santiago, did you ever see the men without their masks?"

"No."

"No? You don't question at all if it was actually them?"

"No, not even a little."

Sophia faced the jury, "why not? Couldn't it have been anyone in those masks."

Amy closed her eyes for a second, "no, Anthony Costa has a scar on his knuckle, the same scar I saw as I was tackled to the floor and then beaten by him for trying to escape, and Paul Mathison is missing a portion of his pinky finger on the left hand, which I saw as he tied me up after I went to the bathroom several times, so no, I don't doubt the police captured the men who were wearing the masks when apprehended."

Sophia asked a few more questions after that, but they were afterthoughts, Amy's memory had thwarted any plans Sophia had to taint her testimony. During the next recess, Amy washed her face in the bathroom, while she felt good about the testimony, it had still been difficult emotionally.

Jake waited outside the bathroom for her, he felt empty, he was outraged that she had gone through any of this, but then to have to relive it and worse, to have to do it with Sophia as the lawyer, he began heaping all of Amy's problem on his shoulders, taking the blame for them.

When he saw Sophia, his blood ran cold.

"Sophia, see you still go after the good people, luckily my wife was prepared, but way to make the men who would have gladly killed or raped her seem like wonderful men."

Sophia paused, "Peralta, look, they are scum, there. It's my job, I'm truly sorry Amy had to go through that, and I'm sorry you did as well. I have to go after possible cracks in testimony, but going after hers made me feel terrible, honestly, my boss told me there was no other way, but I'm sorry."

Jake just shook his head, not thinking about the fact that Sophia was going into the bathroom where Amy was. As Amy threw away the paper towel she used to dry her face, she found herself face to face with Sophia.

Sophia gulped, "Amy, first, congratulations on getting married, I can see he liked you a lot then, and that he truly loves you now, second, I am sorry that you were kidnapped and tortured, saying it's my job to defend them sounds hollow, Jake already gave me the you're the devil speech and look, but it is what it is."

Amy smiled sadly, "they deserve a trial and a good lawyer, I hate them, but I get it. I do. Bye Sophia."

Amy exited the bathroom to see Jake and Victor looking like she might explode at any second, she rolled her eyes at them, “calm down men in my life, I’m fine.” She kissed Jake and took him by the hand, “c’mon, let’s go to Jersey, my mom wants me to stop by.”

Jake sat on the couch, across from Victor in his recliner, Amy and her mom were looking through some boxes of Amy’s grandma’s Christmas decorations Camila wanted her to have. Jake’s head hung low, he felt so tense, his chest felt tight, he couldn’t understand how everyone else wasn’t as upset as he was right now.

“Jake, breathe or you may actually explode.” Victor smiled at him.

“Victor, how can you be happy? How can Amy be happy? That was such bullshit, her having to face Sophia and be questioned about her own kidnapping? I’m not okay. No one should be.”

Victor eyed Jake for a second, “Jake, this was not easy, for either of you, but it may be harder on you. Amy has had to let go of a lot of her hate and fear to get to this point, but you, you’ve just had to be ready to catch her if she fell. It’s your turn to let it go, it was terrible, it’s beyond terrible, but you have your lives ahead of you now, focus on that.”

Jake slumped back on the couch, “easier said than done,” he mumbled while rubbing his forehead with one hand.

“Is this about Amy not wanting a family at all?”

Jake’s jaw actually dropped a little, “she told you?”

Victor sadly shook his head, “no, she told Camila. I know that is hard to hear, but can I give you some friendly advice?” Jake shrugged, “sure?”

Victor leaned forward, “Jake, she is hurting, she will for some time, but I don’t think she is one hundred percent positive about the no family thing, I think in her mind, that it is a logical response for what she went through, for what you have also gone through. We Santiago’s are overly logical, we try too much to let our lives be dictated by logic, which is good sometimes, but other times it makes you miss the beauty around you. If we push Amy or fight her, she will dig in, but if we give her space and let her know she is supported, in time, she may change her mind. She told Camila you weren’t getting a vasectomy.”

Jake slammed his fist on the couch, surprising himself for showing so much emotion around Victor, “but it’s not fair Victor! She would be the most incredible mother, I’m scared to death of being a father, but with her, I think I could do it, I’d still probably suck but at least I’d be with her, she’d undo a lot of my damage. I want to scream when I think what those bastards stole from us... they stole our future, not all of it, but things that we whispered or sort of kind of talked about, you know?”

Victor smiled sadly at Jake, “I do Jake, I do. Just remember, the wound of her ordeal is still fresh, but it will heal more every day, and as it heals, parts of your future you thought were taken from you might return.”

“I guess, but it blows, hard.”

Victor chuckled, "it does blow, but I think she is forgetting something when she says no children." "What's that?"

"That she's in love with one. This is not meant as an insult Jake, I promise, but you have an energy, you love life, she is more energetic with you, I think in time she will want to roll the dice and take a chance on a family, I truly do."

Chapter End Notes

Let me know if you like this and would like more chapters!!!

Chapter 11

Chapter Summary

Amy goes to the doctor to get her physical to return to work.

Chapter Notes

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

She was screaming again, Jake watched her as she had woken up the first time she screamed that night, she talked very little about her nightmares, it was almost as if they were more painful to face than what had actually happened. Jake hated that she suffered when she slept, one of the many injustices Amy had to face being a victim of a kidnapping aimed at him.

The past few nights, she said the same words or screamed the same thing every time, “no, I won’t help you, neither will he.” She would then scream and sometimes describe the cuts, it hurt Jake to know she must have tried protecting him, and then suffered so much because of it and then couldn’t tell him, but he also knew Amy could never have done otherwise, it’s who she was and that would never change, even under torture.

The nightmares were by far the worst they faced now as they had found a new rhythm, some familiar routines, and a few new ones as they dealt with their aftermath. They had a week until they were allowed to go back to work, Amy had to have physical first, she had only been looked at briefly by a doctor at the Nine-Nine when she was rescued, being a Sergeant and having the captain love you had its privileges.

Amy screamed once more and then opened her eyes, looking shocked and scared, she scanned in the darkness and seemed a bit taken aback when she noticed Jake watching her. “Shit, Jake, why are you just staring at me, am I that freaky while I sleep now?”

Jake shook his head, “no Ames, here goes, for the past few nights, you’ve screamed my name and told Swayze you wouldn’t help him, and neither would I.”

Amy turned her head from him, “Sorry, I should have told you.”

“I get it, it’s not easy, they tortured you because you wouldn’t guarantee I’d help them, I’ve put it together from what you’ve told me, awake and asleep. I hate that it happened, but I would like to think I would have done the same.”

Amy leaned over and rested her head on his chest, “I think I should ask the doctor for some sleeping pills tomorrow, so I can avoid too much of that, not always the most restful sleep when I spend part of the night screaming.”

“Can I come with you? Not because I think you can’t handle it, but because I want to be there for you. They’ll look at your internal stuff too, I’ve seen your sides, they look better, but you got punched pretty hard there.”

"I know, that's why I pushed so hard to not go to the hospital that night I was rescued, I would have gone crazy in a hospital room, I owe Holt for helping me avoid that. You can come, but no weird looks or comments, doctors have to touch all over sometimes and I know how you are, no eyebrows either."

"I'll avert my eyes then."

Amy reached up and absentmindedly caressed his cheek, "My mom told me that you talked with my dad about me not wanting children, I know she told him, I'm not mad, just curious."

Jake held her tighter, "stay curious, it's better than mad."

She sat up a little, "Jake, what did he say?"

Jake sighed loudly, "he said that I shouldn't push you, but in the end, you could change your mind and see that you want a family."

"What did you say?"

"Don't remember."

Amy elbowed him in the ribs, "you're lying Jake."

"Maybe, but I'm not stupid. Look, I support you, one hundred percent, I completely understand your take on this, I just hate that it still feels like so much was taken from us, our peace of mind, maybe our future, we'll never know what things may have happened or now won't, ya know?"

Amy nodded into his chest and absentmindedly ran a finger softly against his cheek, "yeah, I know. It sucks, Babe, totally sucks, but I'm just trying to do what I can to not implode, I feel so much better, but that decision just felt right."

"I know, that's why I support you, fulls one hundred."

The next day at the doctor's office Jake was jumpy as Amy rolled her eyes at him while she sat in her hospital gown waiting for the doctor. She had laid in various positions for several CT scans that morning so they could sign off on a clean bill of health, she was a little nervous they might find something they didn't like, but she had been feeling better each day, so she doubted it despite the nagging worries in her mind, she had felt nauseated and thrown up in the morning, but she blamed it on her nerves, the same thing happened several times during final exams in college and before her sergeant's exam.

As the doctor entered the room, she smiled at Amy and Jake, "Mr. and Mrs. Peralta, it's a little strange for the husband to be present at a physical, but I understand due to your experiences. Amy, your CT scans look great, there was renal bruising, but minor, and everything seems fine." The doctor proceeded to check other areas, smiling and assuring her everything was fine.

Amy was feeling relieved and Jake felt a weight lift off his shoulders, but then the doctor cleared her throat, "there was one thing that was surprising in your CT scan, I didn't lead with that because your health is great, everything looks as it should."

Jake couldn't help himself, "what's surprising, does she have superpowers now?"

Amy glared at Jake for a second and then a thought came to her, she closed her eyes and threw her head back a little, "Please tell me I'm not pregnant."

Jake felt the room spin around him, the doctor looked a little concerned, "you are pregnant, I take it you suspected it, a little?"

Amy shook her head, she felt her face get hot and cheeks redden, "not really, until you said everything was fine, but you saw something surprising, I have felt nauseated." Amy's eyes widened, her fingers twitched a little as she mouthed some numbers, "Son of a bitch, that means..."

I was...I was pregnant when I was held captive."

The doctor could sense the panic, she placed a hand on Amy's shoulder, "yes, but we looked at all the tests and pictures and I assure you, the fetus is unharmed, it was early enough in the pregnancy that you and the baby are both in good health despite what you went through."

Amy started crying, Jake just looked stunned, the doctor turned from Jake to Amy, "I take it this is not quite a wanted pregnancy with all that has happened."

"Wanted?" Amy stood up, "I was kidnapped, tortured, threatened with rape because I'm a police officer and my husband was wrongfully imprisoned for the same reason, so no, this pregnancy is not wanted, not expected, not fucking believable! Jake! Say something!"

Jake closed his eyes and lowered his head, "Ames, if you don't want to have a baby you don't have to have one, I would never force that on you, you know that."

"Doctor, how far along do you think I am, my guess would be six weeks, I hadn't even thought about my last period, I stopped taking the pill like I'm supposed to and then didn't even process it or thought it was the stress and strain on my body."

The doctor nodded, "that can happen, but no, I estimate around seven weeks, give or take a week, so you're probably on the money."

Amy cried again, Jake wanted to do something, but he felt like anything he did would be wrong, he had no words, everything was crazy, this is what he wanted, but not like this, not if it would destroy the happiness they had worked so hard to regain since her rescue.

The doctor opened the door a crack, "I will give a few minutes to wrap your heads around everything, there are options, adoption, abortion is legal in this state, but we are not allowed to recommend that, but there is also counseling to help you get through this if you choose to go to term with your pregnancy." The doctor left the room and Jake sat down still looking beyond stunned.

"Jake, how the hell could this happen to us? I hate it!"

Jake nodded, "I know, I'm sorry, I know this sucks."

Amy slammed her hands down, "it's fucking terrible timing Jake! The one thing I thought I felt certain about was not wanting a family."

Jake sighed, "Ames, you don't have to do anything you don't want to."

"Really? You'd have me get an abortion? You'd want me to not have the baby? This could be our only chance, you'd be okay with that? I call bullshit Jake."

Jake lowered his head, "Ames, I'm trying to do what you need me to, I will support whatever decision you make, this is your body, you went through hell, not me. I love you and while I do think you would be the best mom ever, I understand how you feel, one-hundreds, like I said before."

Amy shook her head, "I can't believe I didn't notice I hadn't had my period. I don't know if I really thought it was stress or just didn't notice."

She started crying again, Jake scooted up on the examination table next to her, "Ames, you can't beat yourself up for anything, these things happen."

Amy sighed and rubbed her head, "let me ask you this, if I had never been kidnapped, how would you be reacting now?"

Jake shook his head vigorously, "not playing that, you were kidnapped, there's no dealing with this shiz without facing that."

"I'm serious Jake, would you be acting differently?" She had no expression on her face, she didn't look sad or angry, just waiting for his answer.

"Ames, not playing this, this is our life, as much as we hate it, this happened to you, we both have gone through a lot, that's our life."

Amy started to cry again, "the thing is Jake, I don't want them to win, Swayze and his gang. I've closed myself off somewhat, I've made decisions based on what happened, so if I choose not to be a mom, is it my decision or their work making me do it? I can't let them win, because while I'm freaked out, the truth is that deep down I never wanted to not try, it just seemed logical with all the shit that has happened, when I freak out and get scared, logic is all I have"

"Ames, I'm not pressuring you, you don't have to!" Jake semi-shouted this and immediately softened his tone and brushed his fingers against her teary cheek.

"Jake! Listen to me! I want to, I'm scared, terrified, but I want to!" She softened a little and placed a hand on his face, "we're good, right?"

Jake smiled, "of course, I think we're getting our mojo back."

Amy nodded, "me too, as much as is possible. The truth is Jake, if I had never been held captive, if that had never happened, I would be freaked out, a little, but I would so happy that you and I were going through this together. I am still turning to logic though Jake, we will need to discuss things, about our careers, you know my career has always been number one, but things have changed, I didn't think I'd marry someone who supported me and made me realize work isn't everything, and the kidnapping, it made me open my eyes to the fact that when I was facing danger, I didn't think about not making captain, I thought about what I'd miss with you, that's important, I don't want to be some happy homemaker, but I want us to have our family." She took a deep breath and wiped away her tears, Jake just looked intently at her. Amy continued, "We have both said we don't really control our lives, right?"

Jake nodded, "not even a little."

"Well, then this is par for the course."

"Golf lingo, really?"

Amy nudged him with her head, “hey, it’s relevant to this, the terminology works.”

Jake smiled, slightly, but sincerely, “I hope this kid is as smart as you are and that it doesn’t have my nose.”

Amy frowned, “listen to me, I’m freaked out about a lot of things with being pregnant and starting a family, but things I’m not worried about is our child being like you or looking like you. Your nose is fine, and you are intelligent, our baby will have the benefit of two parents raising it and not the t.v.”

Jake grinned even bigger now, “don’t knock my parent, t.v. was a wonderful guardian, it asked so little and gave so much, it provided advice and never made me do homework.”

Amy closed her eyes for a brief moment and exhaled, “we can do this, I can do this, I know I can, it’s just, well, you know me and plans, this wasn’t on my calendar, but so much that has happened isn’t on my calendar, so why fight them, it’s a part of life.”

“Yeah, for us anyway, sorry for that.” Jake looked at his shoes intently and rubbed them together.

“Jake don’t be sorry, you’ve done nothing wrong, it’s just that, life comes at us, it has been difficult, but we’re also happy. We had a beautiful wedding despite the bomb threat and all the changes we had to make, you proposed later than you wanted to because of being in prison, but I knew without any doubt that you were the one I wanted to grow old with, I knew before, but when you were gone, I would have done anything to get you back and I didn’t care about my career or anything, just you. I learned so much about myself, and you...you read books, you thought of me more than yourself, it was terrible, I know it was, it was for me, but we’re still here, and probably closer and better.”

Silence followed, the only sound was their breathing, Jake’s head was still spinning, he felt so many conflicting emotions, he had wanted a family, but this was so much to heap on Amy’s already hectic life and while she was still recovering, but his thoughts were interrupted.

“Jake, listen to me. I can see you, you’re blaming yourself and worrying about me. Do and don’t that, do worry about us and do what you always do, but don’t worry about me being pregnant or it being too much, we’ll make it, we always do.”

Jake’s throat felt so dry all of a sudden, his head ached, “I know, but things are so fucked up, I can’t help but worry about them being fucked up with the baby, not anything to the baby, but to us, who are the baby’s moms and pops.”

Amy ran her fingers through his hair softly, “we can talk about that, we can make plans, but we can’t let worrying control us, I’m tired of that Jake, it’s done me no good, what’s done me good is living life, going on a trip with you, seeing our friends and family, doing things, so why should we treat this any different?”

Jake slowly nodded, “I know Ames, you’re right, it’s just...this is not how I envisioned any of this, but since when is life anything like I think it will be? Never, except you.”

Amy rolled her eyes, “it’s just because you’re in love with me and my lady parts, but you will feel the same, well not the same, but you will love our baby and think everything it does is wonderful, until it’s a teenager, but you will love it and adore it and be there for it, that’s you, you’re not your dad, not even close. You’re you Jake. You remind of documentary I saw...”

“Ames, c’mon, ruining the moment.”

Amy elbowed him, “shut it and listen. Everything in nature that we think is beautiful, canyons, rock formations, glaciers, they are formed over time, by storms, repeated stress and pressure, and that’s you. You’ve experienced a lot of difficult times, but you wouldn’t be the you I love without them, you wouldn’t be as thoughtful and dedicated to me or being a good cop without those experiences.”

There was a light knock on the door, the doctor peered in, “is okay if I pop back in now?”

Amy smiled, “yes, of course.”

The doctor referred her to the best local OBGYN she knew, set up follow up appointments, and made prescriptions for prenatal vitamins. “Amy, Jake, as a doctor that does the majority of the physicals for policemen returning from work incidents, I have learned one thing, don’t run scared, be smart, but don’t be scared. I’ve seen many good officers leave because they couldn’t shake the fear, things happen, but worrying about them and obsessing about them, well, it makes life worse, more tense. Enjoy the good moments and accept the bad ones.”

Chapter End Notes

Hope you liked it, this was the plan from the beginning, but it was difficult to write.
Please comment if you liked it!!

Chapter 12

Chapter Summary

The aftermath and discussions of life after the news

The car ride home from the doctor's office was very quiet, Jake fiddled with the radio to find something that wouldn't annoy Amy, but he gave up and turned the radio off, then softly banged his head against the dashboard as Amy drove and frowned when she noticed what he was doing.

"Jake, stop, you'll deploy the airbags." Amy knew how he felt, part of her was excited, but the excitement they had felt at the end of their doctor's visit had mostly worn off and they each left with the anticipation of the unknown. "Are YOU really okay with this? You've asked me, but are you?"

Jake sat up, "yeah, of course. I mean, am I nervous about the stress? Of course. Am I worried about how the job and stress affect you, not really, you're pretty kick ass, but am I worried about me not sucking as a father and freaking out? Yes, huge amounts."

"Jake, chill. We have almost nine months to prepare, mentally and the physical things, cribs and all those details. You'll be fine."

They were quiet the rest of the ride home, as they entered the apartment, Jake sat down on the couch, he stared at his movies. Prior to all Amy had gone through, his decisions were easy, the tough part was deciding on which kick-ass cop movie to watch, but now, they all felt too real or too fake.

"Babe, what's wrong? Still worrying about the baby?"

Jake shook his head, "no, it's just, well, I can't decide on a movie."

Amy rolled her eyes, "that is worrisome."

Jake looked at her, "I'm serious though, I don't crave Die Hard like I used to, my Keanu Reeves and my Nic Cage collections don't do anything for me now, I thought I'd regain my normal movie habits in no time at all, but now, I just don't know."

"Really, you're worried about your movie habits?" Amy sat down next him, eating a yogurt.

"For reals Ames, I mean at first, I just thought it was about you, what you went through, but now...I kinda wonder if I'm losing my edge."

Amy half laughed, "Jake, you never had an edge, you have a keen mind and great intuition, but hard edge? I don't know."

"What if I'm going soft? That can be terrible for a cop, remember Scaredy Cat Terry after the twins were born? That was disastrous and hard to watch."

Amy leaned over and rested her head on his shoulder, “yeah, I know, but maybe you’re just realizing that some of that stuff isn’t that real, and that the other stuff isn’t that great when it happens to you.”

Jake nodded, “I guess, I mean, I couldn’t handle what they did to you. Who’s my role model now? No more John McClane?”

Amy patted his leg, “there are worse things than growing up a little and realizing that your priorities or tastes have changed. You hardly ever eat cereal with soda anymore, you use fabric softener, you wash your plates with soap, and you don’t fall asleep with a sucker in your mouth anymore. It’s called change, and it’s for the good, it keeps you around longer, for my sake.”

Jake looked at her again and slightly nodded his head, “change, for your sake, I guess that’s okay, as long it’s not because I’m going soft or getting old.”

A smile came across Amy’s face, “well...you are turning forty, in February, so the old thing, quite real.”

“Ames, I would never say that to you.”

“Yeah, because I’m younger than you.” She kissed him and stood up.

“I need to change my clothes and you need to make me a dessert, something fattening, something indulgent, if my body is going to change, I can rationalize and eat a little more from your disturbing side of the food pyramid.”

“Done. I’ll get on that.”

Two hours later, Jake and Amy sat on the couch eating toffee cake, while the rich aromas of the dessert wafted through the apartment. Amy savored her last bite as she considered their situation.

“You know, I don’t see much action anymore, as a sergeant, you see some, but not near as much.”

Jake eyed her suspiciously, “and your point, Sergeant?”

Amy licked her fork, “my point, detective, is that you could still be a kick-ass cop, help people, but see less danger, we talked about things we could do to lessen the danger level, yours has been off the charts the past couple of years.”

“Me? A sergeant? I don’t know...”

“Jake, you really are natural leader, you just tend to naturally lead people down the most entertaining path rather than the right one sometimes, but you’d be great.”

“The paperwork? That sounds terrible.”

Amy sat cross-legged and smiled, “actually, you’d have a secretary or assistant to do that, you sign more things than you fill out.”

“The studying and tests? Hmmm, not for me.”

Amy frowned and pointed at him, “listen, if you’re serious about taking less risks but staying on the force, this is the best way, unless you want to work for a security firm.”

Jake made a sour face, “so boring, who wants to do that?”

“The person who is too lazy to become a sergeant.”

“Ames, c’mon, my record is...”

Amy quickly interrupted him, “is full of commendations as well as a few disciplinary things, but your commendations are for big cases, important ones. I think you could do it or I wouldn’t bring it up, and I’d help you every step of the way, you know I think that stuff is fun.”

Jake groaned, “ugh, a baby on the way and I’m already becoming boring.”

Amy stared at him, not amused, “no, a baby on the way and your wife, who is the one who should be freaking out is instead trying to convince her husband to do something that would one, decrease the dangers he faces and two, increase his salary, babies aint cheap Peralta.”

Jake pondered her words, “I suppose, but if word of this gets out to no one, understood?”

Amy smiled and nodded, “yeah, it would be terrible if people learned you were intelligent and ambitious.”

Jake grinned, “exactly.” A thought occurred to him as stroked his chin, “speaking of not telling people, how long do we wait to tell the Nine-Niners and friends? I reckon we can tell the moms and Victor sooner?”

Amy sighed and slumped into the couch, “yeah, we should tell them soon, everyone else can wait, for a while as far as I’m concerned. They’ll make enough fuss when I return to work, I don’t need it being out of control and more annoying. Can you imagine Charles and Terry?”

Jake shuddered, “Charles might actually have an orgasm when he finds out.”

Amy stuck out her tongue in disgust, “gross, did not need that mental image. My parents wanted us to come over today, I told them I might not want to after the doctor’s appointment and all.”

“You want to go today? Are you nuts?”

Amy hugged him, “yes, I must be, but let’s get it done, they’ve actually been a great support through all the stress we’ve faced, and I think they will be great.”

Jake shrugged, “Fine, let’s tell the Santiago’s their little baby is having a baby.”

As they entered the Santiago’s home in New Jersey, Jake felt the sweats starting, all over his body, he knew this was happy news, but he worried they would worry and cause he and Amy to worry even more. Jake had been vocal about this in the car and Amy told him it was the Peralta Worry Cycle, he always did that when big news came down and that he should relax and just be happy, and then everyone else would be as well.

Camila hugged each of them, “go sit with Victor, dinner is almost ready.”

Victor offered them rum, which they both turned down, he sat in his recliner while Jake and Amy sat on the couch, each now feeling nervous about the news they carried.

"Amy, Jake, I owe you each an apology. Camila made it clear I am not to pressure about you having children. It's ironic though that I can't pressure you, but she can pressure me, welcome to marriage Jake."

Jake tried to laugh and seem natural, but he felt extremely uncomfortable now. Camila entered the room and sat on the arm of Victor's chair. "Amy, how did the doctor's appointment go? Are you ready to work again?"

Amy smiled nervously, Jake could tell by her stiff movements that she was about to explode, her hiding big news was never a good thing. "Yeah, going back to work. Doctor, good. It's all good."

Right, Jake?"

Jake nervously nodded, "oh yeah, all good."

Victor eyed Jake suspiciously, "Jake, Amy, what's going on? What aren't you telling us?"

Amy gulped and then closed her eyes, "I'm pregnant! We only found out today, I was pregnant when I was held captive! I'm happy but still freaking out, I'm sorry." She started to cry, Jake leaned over to console her.

Victor and Camila exchanged looks, "Are you serious?" Victor sounded faint.

Amy nodded and cried some more, "yes, I, your only daughter, am pregnant. I wasn't sure I wanted a baby, but now that I'm pregnant, I know I want to keep it, I'm scared though."

Camila moved to the couch and hugged her daughter, "Amy, I know you are scared, you have been through so much, but this baby, you will be a great mother, I know it."

"Thanks mom," as Amy said this, her thoughts focused on how they would protect themselves for the sake of their baby, could Jake take less risks, could they actually keep work at work for once in their relationship, but she didn't feel panic or fear, she and Jake had always faced some dangers, things could be tough no matter what as a police officer, this was true before her ordeal, not just after it.

Jake drove for a change on the way home, Amy had to brace herself a little as he drove more aggressively than she did, Jake's fingers began drumming intensely and rapidly on the steering wheel, Amy could tell he was nervous about something, she almost laughed out loud, there was a lot they could be nervous about, going back to work, the baby, Amy's health, the list could go on. "Babe, you need to relax." She reached out and rubbed his shoulder closest to her.

Jake frowned slightly, "How are you so calm? I have worried so much about you that I can't even focus on what to worry about?"

She lovingly caressed the back of his head, "Jake, listen to me, before I knew I was pregnant, I was angry, I was nervous, I was scared, but when I found I was pregnant and we talked about it, I came to the realization that this is no different than anything else we've face. Yes, it was worse, but we made it through. Do you remember what the doctor said about the policemen she deals with, the ones that don't make it. It's because they focus on the bad things they think are coming, not the positive things in front of them. Shit will happen Jake, it's us, shit

will happen.” Jake groaned, and the beginnings of a smile formed on his face, “we just can’t let those things rule our lives.”

Jake nodded, “good point Mrs. Peralta, good point. So, do you think this fetus will be a boy fetus or a girl fetus?”

Amy smiled, “I haven’t thought of that, I’ve been so focused on wrapping my brain around this and just not freaking out about it, but now, I don’t know. You know a baby with our genes will be adorable.”

“Yeah, totes adorbs, Ames, totes adorbs.”

Amy sighed, “and our baby will speak more maturely than you by the age of four.”

Jake grinned, “that’s being generous, with your brains and influence and lovingly condescending manner towards me, I bet by the time Fetus McFetus is three years old, they’ll pass me, in most intellectual areas.”

Amy poked her finger into his shoulder, “I am just teasing, you’re very smart.”

“Oh yeah, I agree, just not you smart, and I’m okay with that. Again, you are the best person and best cop I know, I said that when I proposed, and I meant it and still believe it.”

Chapter 13

Chapter Summary

Amy and Jake return to work.

Amy and Jake

"Jake, where is my badge?" Amy was in full uniform, her hair was up like he loved it, she looked gorgeous, but stressed.

"Ames, I don't know, you are the responsible one, your check list and all, remember?"

Amy groaned, "yes, I know, but I polished it and thought I put it back on my uniform."

Jake opened her nightstand drawer, "Ames, it's where you used to put it, when you were a lowly detective."

"Thank god, thanks, Jake." She took it from him and placed it on her uniform, "alright, how are you feeling, ready for the day?"

Jake shrugged, "I guess...I'm actually not nervous about the work part, it's the baby stuff, keeping it quiet, that will tough, like that meat you tried to cook for my last birthday tough."

"That's not nice Jake, it's the effort that counts."

"Tell that to my teeth."

The few days prior to their return date had been spent preparing for the baby and their return, with the focus on what they needed to buy and do, there had been very little worrying and stress. Amy already several check lists made and laminated and she had started the first pages of a binder for the baby preparations.

As Amy left the elevator for her floor, Jake tried to prepare himself for the reception he that greet him from Charles. He had barely had time to step out of the elevator before he was tackled from the left side, "Jake, I missed you!"

Jake moaned, "thanks, Charles, now I need to go on medical leave."

"Detective Boyle, kindly remove yourself from Detective Peralta and conduct yourself in the proper manner of a detective for the New York Police Department."

"Yes sir, sorry Jake." Charles stood up and Jake took Holt's hand to help him up.

"Welcome back, detective. How are you feeling today?"

Jake nodded, "good Captain, ready to do whatever you need me to, but I have a feeling knowing you and protocol, that will be desk duty."

Holt looked impressed, “very good, yes I’m afraid a week of desk duty will be necessary, then I will sign off on you returning to the field.”

“No probs,” As Jake said that he thought back to after Amy was rescued and she had leashed out at him for that mistake. He felt so relieved that they had made so much progress in the weeks that followed.

“You seem in good spirits, Peralta, how is Sergeant Peralta?”

“She is good sir, ready to work and ready to make her officers toe the line.”

Holt paused, “is she ready for the stress it entails? I worry about her after all she has been through.”

Jake smiled at his almost sentimental robot captain, “it was tough captain, not gonna lie, I was super worried, but we’ve gotten through and life is good.”

Holt nodded, “I am impressed, Peralta, you seem very mature about this, not flippant and emotionally honest.”

Jake stopped and looked at the captain again, “yeah, old me couldn’t have handled this, but with all we’ve been through since we’ve been us, ya know, me and Amy, I know if I don’t talk about the feelings and emotional stuff that we’ll be in big trouble.”

“It is called love Peralta, you change and adapt for those you love to help them.”

Desk duty was uneventful, Scully somehow started a small fire in the bathroom and Hitchcock fell asleep in the evidence locker, but things were slow, and Jake was okay with that for his first day back. Charles and Rosa were investigating a series of burglaries at several local businesses, all small businesses with fairly low-tech security. By the time lunch rolled around, Jake was ready to see Amy but wondered how busy she would be after being gone for so long.

Amy was signing several papers and filing them, and the pile seemed huge to Jake as he watched her, “Sarge, that does not look fun.”

Amy smiled, “come in detective, I don’t mind, and you would find that this is no worse than regular desk duty which you currently have. I could teach you all about these forms and prepare you for a possible career path change.”

Jake pursed his lips together, “hmmm, seems to me I evaded this conversation several times last week.”

“Yeah, now you’re cornered and can’t escape, by bringing up our future,” Amy winked, insinuating at her pregnancy, “or just start fondling me to distract me.”

“Hey, those worked, especially the future talk.” Jake made air quotes as he said future. “The fondling was genuine and didn’t seem to bother you...”

“No, of course not, but my point is that I want to talk about this, I truly think you would be a great sergeant.”

“Ames, I’m not the sergeant type, I’m a detective.”

"All I'm asking right now is that you keep an open mind, in your mind you're the bad boy detective from your movies you love," her demeanor went slightly more serious, "but you and I both know based on what we have experienced that those are pure fiction or bygone elements of the old NYPD."

"Okay, I'll think about it, but I make no promises." Amy kissed him on the cheek, which was a good sign as she rarely did even that at the precinct. "Right now, though, lunch? Not street meat, I'm not ready for that."

Amy offered a small smile, "I know, but I'm not letting those bastards ruin my favorite lunch, we're just not going back yet."

"Pizza? It's quick and we can go to your favorite place."

"Deal."

As they returned from lunch, Terry was waiting at the front of the building, "Jake, glad you're back, we have to take you off of desk duty, I need someone to come with me. We've had two more burglaries, by the same crew or crews today, Diaz and Boyle are on one, we'll cover the other one."

"Okay, let's do this." Jake said goodbye Amy and ran to the car with Terry.

Jake

Terry drove them to the latest store hit by the thieves, "This is a nice little store, shame they hit it.

Fulmer's Formal Wear, I buy ties and suspenders here."

Jake and Terry surveyed the building, looked at the security footage and the burglars were impossible to see clearly, they moved quickly and seemed to know where all the cameras were, on the street as well as in the shop.

"Terry were the other burglaries similar to this?"

"Yeah, exactly like them. They know where the cameras are, inside and outside, their cars seem to never be captured on tape, anywhere. We looked into ex-employees, security firms, even current and ex-cops, but we haven't found a good suspect with motive and means yet."

Jake texted Amy the particulars of the case, he loved bouncing ideas off of her and she loved a good puzzle, one of many things that Jake truly loved about his relationship was the way they could work together, the competitiveness of before was mostly gone and now they just worked well and loved to see the other succeed, especially on tricky cases.

The owners of the store were interviewed and Jake as thinking about what he wanted to make for dinner when his phone buzzed, he picked it up and it was a text from Amy.

Ames: Did you consider security salesmen, they ask what systems they have, look at what they have and could get a lot of information, easily. Just a thought.

Jake: Genius, thanks!

Terry called Rosa and within the hour, all of the businesses that had been robbed reported that they had been solicited by a security firm, they even had the business card, Sekuretech,

the four detectives met at the address on the business cards and set up surveillance from a distance.

A small sedan with no plates honked its horn and was let into the secure garage. Jake and Terry left Rosa and Charles to enter through the main door. As they entered, there was no waiting area, just a room with a phone and a few chairs, both detectives drew their weapons, Jake texted Rosa and Charles to quickly and quietly cover the garage exit, as they entered a door to the garage, Jake heard shouting, on the floor were several bags of money, a few suspect tried to grab some money and run, but Rosa and Charles entered, their weapons drawn, Rosa barked some orders and the suspects all got on their knees with their hands on their heads.

Jake and Terry were making sure the area was secure when two shots were fired, narrowly missing Jake, Charles immediately fired his weapon and Jake saw a man drop to the ground from a shelf where he had been hiding.

"Damn, Peralta! That was close." Terry shook his head as he looked at the bullet holes behind where Jake had been standing.

"Thanks, Terry, way to calm me down."

Terry frowned, "sorry, Jake, but you look okay, you don't look freaked out."

"Yeah, I guess I'm better at hiding stuff with everything I've been through."

Terry placed a big hand on Jake's shoulder, "don't hide this from Amy, tell her sooner than later.

I've been there, after Sharon was done with me I wish the bullets had hit me."

Jake nodded, "yeah, just not yet, tonight, at our place. We've been through too much, I don't want her worrying while she's working."

Amy and Jake

"Jake, why are you so quiet tonight? We worked together, and you guys brought in the group responsible for seventeen armed robberies."

Jake shook his head, "sorry Ames, there's something I didn't tell you." Jake set down his fork, he had made corned beef and cabbage for dinner, the one dish his dad taught him to make. He had tried his best to not act like something had happened, but the more he thought about it, the more it ate at him.

Amy eyed him suspiciously and set her glass down, "what is it Jake?"

Jake tried to smile, "well, we got the suspects, just I told you, but a shot was fired, at me, Charles brought the suspect down, I made the others promise not to tell you, that was stupid, sorry."

"Why would you keep this from me? Did you think I was too delicate or weak to handle it?"

Jake shook his head and averted her gaze, "no, I thought that it might be a lot with what you went through, I just wanted you find out away from others."

"Jake, you can't treat me like I'm going to fall apart, it's a part of our job, I know those things happen, but I will be furious with you if you don't tell me things or hide them from me."

Jake shifted uncomfortably in his chair, "like this?"

Amy nodded, "yes, like this. Look, we're cops, this will happen. Did you do anything you shouldn't have, or anything overly risky?"

Jake shook his head, "no, not at all. I was careful, Terry and I were making sure the room was secure and that we had everyone, a shot went by me, not super close, but close enough."

"Jake, you have to trust me and trust that I'm not so fragile or crazy that I'll fall apart anytime something happens."

Jake pushed himself away from the table a little, "Ames, it's not that, it's not that at all, it's just..." "Jake, what?"

Jake exhaled slowly and deliberately, "look, between you being kidnapped and then the day that you left for your parents and left me the note, it scared the shit out of me. It showed me how much

I have to lose, and I didn't want to freak you out like that, this is on me, not what I think of you."

Amy pursed her lips for a few seconds as she considered what he just said, "Maybe, but this involves me, I have a right to know and the right to decide if I freak out or not."

Jake nodded slowly, "I know, I know, I'm sorry, this is all new to me Ames. Before the kidnapping, things were easier, for me, I knew there were risks, but it never felt so real. Then you get kidnapped, I think you might leave me and then nothing made sense, and then we find out you're pregnant and I just keep thinking about how fragile everything is, how one little thing could fuck it up forever."

Amy stood up and walked over to him, she sat on his lap as she wrapped her arms around him, "I'm still not happy, don't leave me out of things, but we are in a new phase of our lives. Things will be scary, there are risks and consequences."

Jake pulled her tighter, "that doesn't bother you?"

Amy offered a slight smile, "yes, of course it does. Do you really think I want you to be shot at? Of course not, Jake, but it happens, it will happen. The important thing is that you're safe. Maybe now you can understand why I would like you consider becoming a sergeant."

"Yeah, I get it, I do. It's all a lot to take in, ya' know?"

Amy nodded, "of course I do, but the important thing is that we're in this together. Are you okay after everything today?"

Jake rested his head against her, "I think so, maybe I was putting on you what I would have felt, what I was feeling. Everything we've done and gone through, it was always dangerous, the bad stuff sucked, but now, now we're married, now we have a kid on the way, it's crazy, one idiot hiding on a shelf and the lil' fetus has no dad."

"Jake, we will be okay, I promise, we have come out of everything fine, we have close calls, but we are still here, all of our limbs. We may be a little worse for wear, or more so sometimes, but we will make it."

Jake

The next day at work, Amy had to go with Holt and Terry to One Police Plaza for meetings, Jake and Charles were looking into a murder at a local liquor store. Charles was dusting for prints on the victim's body. "Jakey, how did Amy take the news they shot at you? Genevieve would have had crazy sex with me, she finds the danger to be a powerful aphrodisiac."

Jake made a face, "Charles, disgusting, c'mon man! Of course, Amy did not find it sexy, she worries, I worry, it's what normal people do. How am I going to keep going if I just worry all the time?"

Jake looked for signs of a struggle around the store, Charles stood up, "Look Jake, you know me, I worry a lot, about everything, but I get through it because I trust everyone around me and I know others have my back."

"Charles, you got shot, that sucked, but I've been in prison, I've been followed several states away by gangsters and Amy was kidnapped, that's different, it's worse."

Charles picked up the bags of evidence they had, "Jake, I don't know what else to tell you, I know stuff has happened, but you are also the best, Jake, the best. No one does what you do."

Jake opened the door for Charles, "maybe that's the problem Charles, I do too much or am too crazy. Maybe it's time to reign myself in."

Charles grabbed his shoulder, "Jake, no, please no. You can't do that to the world."

Jake turned around, "Charles, I'm still me, just learning, and worried about my family, you get that Charles. I can't let Amy down and do something stupid that would leave her to..." Jake caught himself, "to have to deal with life on her own. We're a family, a team."

Charles hugged Jake, aggressively, Jake thought. "Jake, that was beautiful."

Amy

The car ride from One Police Plaza had been quiet, Terry was engrossed in a book he had just bought, Holt was listening to classical music as he drove while Amy stared ahead, deep in thought. She would have probably averted her stare from straight forward if she had noticed Holt glancing at her in the rearview mirror, "Sergeant Peralta, is everything alright with you? You seem a bit distracted, I hope your return has been a good one."

Amy tried to smile, "of course sir. There's just a lot to think about lately."

Terry turned around, "is this about Jake and what happened yesterday?"

Amy felt herself turning red, "yes and no, I worry of course, but I think he's worrying more, and that's not like him. I of course want him to mature, but not worry needlessly and not hide things from me because he's afraid I'll react like he would."

Holt nodded as he drove, "that's understandable, you have both been through great ordeals and that would no doubt have consequences, it would have to."

"I know sir, it's just that Jake is starting to worry too much, and he is concentrating too much on what could be lost...sorry, rambling."

"Sergeant, it is logical he would worry about losing you, you were kidnapped, and he has been through so much as well. What else is he afraid of losing?"

Amy was silent, Terry looked back at her again, "you know, it reminds me of when, well when the twins were born, but...no, sorry, I'll be quiet." Terry returned to his book.

Holt looked at Terry and then glanced several times at Amy through the rearview mirror, "Sergeant, are you pregnant?"

Amy's mouth went dry, she felt like the car might be spinning, though she knew it wasn't. "Sir... what makes you...that's ridiculous...should I be offended?"

"Not if you're pregnant."

Amy hung her head, "YES! Fine, I'm pregnant!"

Terry turned around again, his eyes wide and a look of fear on his face."

"Sergeant Peralta are you alright?"

Amy nodded, "yes sir, sorry, I am. It has given me focus and helped me to embrace life rather than hide, but Jake is different, his childhood was a bit of a mess and he never thinks of himself as fatherly, but now he worries about not being around for the baby for different reasons."

Terry wiped away some tears, "I get it, I do, I've been there. The most important thing is that he knows everyone has his back and is there for him, professionally and personally. When I realized that, things improved, a lot."

Amy took a deep breath, "look, this was shocking news, I was pregnant while I was held captive, but didn't know it." She noticed Terry and Holt exchange glances, "we, Jake and I, we are happy, this is good news, I was thinking I didn't want a family and then I realized I couldn't let the bastards who tortured me rob me of my life as well."

"Sergeant Peralta, that is a healthy way to look at it. Are you sure you are fine with things?"

Amy smiled, "I really am, but I worry, about Jake, a lot, and some for myself." Her eyes went wide, "but you two cannot say anything, to anyone! Imagine if Charles found out! Terrance, I will tell Sharon about every dangerous thing you have done that she doesn't know about if you let it out to anyone!"

I had to tell you

gilleboll

Summary:

After helping detective Diaz come out to her parents, Jake has a bit of a dilemma.

"Hey Rosa, got a second?"

Jake had felt a gnawing sensation of anguish since Diaz had told him and the rest of the squad about being bi. Rosa leaned over to Terry to say something. The sarge nodded and then Diaz got up from her chair to meet Jake in the kitchen.

"What's up dude?"

Oh no. Okay, maybe he hadn't thought this through enough. If he had, he would know what to say. Why wasn't he more like Amy? She would have planned out what to say down to the smallest detail. God, he loved her.

"Jake?"

"Oh, right. Uh..."

Damn it. He really had no idea how to say what he wanted to say.

"You know how you told the squad that you're bi and then asked me to help you come out to your parents and I did and it was kinda like a weird rehearsal sitch?"

He felt like he was digging himself into a bit of a hole. No going back now — better keep digging.

"Turns out, I kinda needed that...? I'm bi too. I want to tell Amy, what with all the coming out stuff. I should tell her, right?"

Rosa looked a little taken aback by all the sudden info, she wasn't always great with personal stuff.

"If you want to tell her, I guess you should tell her man. Doubt you'll have to worry about how she'll take it."

"Yeah, you're probably right."

Jake looked over his shoulder out of the kitchen at Amy who was sitting at Rosa's dining table, probably kicking everyone's butts at monopoly. Rosa's right. Why would Amy take it badly? For God's sake, her captain's gay and she's never treated him with anything but respect, and same with Rosa. Why wouldn't she treat him, her fiancé the same way?

Amy looked up at him and smiled. He returned the smile before looking back at Rosa.

"If you want to go back out to the others that's fine. I just wanna think for a second, I'll be back out there in a minute."

Rosa nodded and started moving out of the kitchen, but she stopped to look at him.

"Thanks for letting me know. It's pretty cool that there's two of us."

Telling people had never been Jake's favorite part of being bisexual. It was always awkward and he was pretty sure he'd cried once, when he told his mom, who had taken it all very well. Well... For being Karen Peralta. She hadn't been mean or anything, she was just a little... extra about things. It had taken at least six months before she'd stopped asking Jake about boys she thought would make good partners.

As an adult though, he hadn't made much of an effort to come out. He'd had what, one boyfriend? Jake thought it was too much effort for what it was worth, especially now that he was in a committed relationship. But with Amy, things were different. They were gonna get married. Marriage means no secrets. It wasn't just that; he wanted her to know. He wanted her to know everything about him. Still, it felt like there's this stone in his stomach.

The stone remained there for the rest of the night, even as he won three games of uno in a row. It remained for the whole subway ride home and it remained for the entirety of his shower. Once both Jake and Amy were in bed, and the stone still made its presence known, Jake had had enough.

"Ames?"

She looked up from her crossword puzzle.

"Yeah?"

"I uh... I want to tell you something."

Amy's eyebrows drew together into a concerned frown when she saw the look on Jake's face. She put a hand on his shoulder and stroked her thumb over the fabric of his t-shirt.

"Is something wrong babe?"

Jake swallowed, shook his head. Why's this so hard? It's like Rosa said. Nothing to worry about.

"It's just— I love you so much, and... And I want you to know things about me — you deserve to know."

He stopped to take a breath, and Amy sat up properly, shifting so that she could look at Jake's face with ease. She still looked concerned.

"I love you too. What is it you want to tell me?"

Jake looked down. His eyes were burning. Damn it. He was going to cry again. His voice shook a little when he continued;

"Rosa..."

Deep breath. He looked back up at Amy. The worry in her dark eyes was what broke the dams. He wasn't sobbing or anything, but there were tears welling in his eyes for sure.

"Rosa's not the only one who's bi."

The look in Amy's eyes softened. Jake felt how a tear started rolling down his cheek. He wiped it away quickly.

"Hey, hey, are you crying?"

She grabbed his hands, and Jake felt her thumbs drawing circles on the backs of his hands.

"Were you scared to tell me?"

Her tone wasn't accusatory, more curious. Jake shook his head, but then felt that that wasn't much of a good answer and cleared his throat.

"Not really, I mean, look at Holt and Rosa."

Amy's lips curled into a small smile, and Jake thought maybe she was just about as relieved as he was.

"I just feel a little weird saying it — haven't told anyone since I was like 19."

Amy let go of one of his hands. She placed her hand on his cheek, where she wiped away another tear. Then, she placed a soft kiss on his lips. When she pulled away, she rested her forehead on his and spoke softly;

"Well, I'm glad you told me."

Jake felt a mix of relief and complete adoration for the woman sitting in front of him. He had never thought he could love someone so much as he loved Amy. How had he gotten so lucky that Amy had wanted to date him? Hell, she'd even agreed to marry him!

"Do you think you're going to tell the others?"

Amy pulled away so that she could look properly at Jake when she asked the question.

"Honestly, I don't know. It's still SUPER awkward to tell people. Plus, I don't wanna steal Rosa's thunder."

Amy let out a little laugh.

"Of course not."

"C'mere."

Jake pulled Amy closer to him, so that she was almost sitting on his lap. He wrapped his arms around her, and he felt her breath in the crook of his neck. He placed a kiss on the top of her head. Her hair smelled so nice, like apples.

"I can't wait to marry you."

He could feel how Amy smiled.

"I can't wait to marry you either."

Despite her always feeling cold, Amy was warm, and Jake felt like he could bask in her body heat for hours. No matter how much he wanted to do that though, it was getting late and he could feel a yawn coming.

"Hey Ames?"

"Mm?"

"We can talk about this more tomorrow if you want."

Amy let out a contented sigh and nestled closer to him.

"Sure."

She sounded so sleepy. Jake felt like his insides turned to mush. She's the most fantastic, smart, beautiful, perfect person and she's falling asleep in his arms. Even after many years of dating her, he thought it's almost too good to be true.

"Let's just cuddle until we fall asleep."

"Mhm."

God, he loved her.

Revengeful

ashpjo

Summary:

Jake blames the rest of the precinct for Amy's death five years ago. He has been plotting his revenge, and it's finally time for payback.

Notes:

Contains violence and gruesome descriptions in some later chapters. I'll try to put a warning before said chapters.

Disclaimer: I do not own any of these characters and am not affiliated in any way with the show. Just a fan-fic, enjoy :)

Chapter one:

Jake sat at his desk missing Amy. Though it had been 5 years since the accident, Jake still spiraled into an angry rampage every time he thought about it. Why did Holt let her go in alone? Why did the reinforcements never show up? Why didn't the Sargent pull Amy out when things were getting too heated? He would wonder these same things nearly every day.

.....

Jake walked down the dark, looming hallway. "Today is the big day," he thought to himself. Jake had been planning, plotting, and scheming for months now; and all of his work was going to come together in just a few short hours.

Of course, he did try to forgive his friends in the beginning. Those first few months when all he did was sleep. They were his family, after all; and they had been nothing but comforting. However, and months went by and nothing changed, Jake couldn't figure out why. "Wasn't he supposed to feel better by now? Shouldn't he be in the acceptance stage of grief?" Jake thought. Then he realized what was holding him back. It was them. Every time he saw their faces he would remember how they ruined his life, and how they ended Amy's.

Eventually Jake quit the force. He cut off communication with his former colleagues. Boyle would come by occasionally, but Jake gave him the cold shoulder. One year of solitude led to two years, and sadness turned into hate. Unbearable rage and a thirst for revenge. And today was the day Jake's revenge would be served.

The day of vengeance? No. Revenge party? Even worse. Jake couldn't come up with a good title. He had been calling today simply "revenge day", but this title seemed a bit too casual considering he was about to commit multiple homicides. This was definitely not some stupid revenge prank. Amy has lost her life because of the 99th precinct's careless actions, especially the captains; and now it was time for them to pay the price.

Jake began the final checks of his "basement", the gang would be arriving soon. Everything had to be perfect for the plan to work, and Jake could leave no evidence behind. Of course, that didn't mean things couldn't get a bit messy.

The whole room was covered in plastic wrap, at least three layers of it. Beneath the wrap, the walls were an unpainted white. In addition to the plastic wrap, the floor had various tarps spread about it (Jake had strategically placed them in the areas he thought would be the messiest.) What Jake was most proud of, however, was the three cages he had placed up against the walls. They were big enough to hold two people each, and the bars were (allegedly) unbreakable. "Perfection" Jake said to himself.

About A Pie

secretsofluftnarp (luftie)

Summary:

Backstory about Thanksgiving/Christmas, "Kevin's parents are huge homophobes," the Honorable Laverne Holt and family, and an English walnut pie from the Cottage Inn in Saratoga Springs.

(Takes place in the same universe as *A Series of Dry Questions About Police Work*, but they stand on their own.)

Chapter 1: I Think We're Estranged Now

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Thanksgiving, 1989

Kevin stared out into traffic, from the passenger seat of the 1963 Chevrolet Corvair Monza Spyder. "We can't take the Cross-Bronx. It's going to be awful."

"Considering the day we just had," Raymond said, beside him in the driver's seat, "I think a little more awful is, on the whole, negligible."

"I apologize," Kevin said, in genuine apology, but the gesture felt as empty as he did. "Had I known my family would be so unwelcoming, I would have declined to participate."

Kevin wasn't sure whether that was true, but it felt true enough.

"They didn't demonstrate any signs of hostility *prior* to our arrival for Thanksgiving dinner?"

"No," Kevin said. "They really didn't."

"He's a policeman?"

Kevin knit his brows ever so slightly at the phone receiver, to no avail. The crisp but thinning voice of one Mrs. Abigail Cozner did not sound disapproving, but confused.

"He's a detective, Mother," Kevin explained. "He's very intelligent."

"I wouldn't have thought a policeman," Abigail continued, over-articulating her words in a way which betrayed great mental effort. "I suppose I would have expected, you know, another academic, or someone in the arts --"

Something more obviously gay, Kevin mentally translated. Or at least less blue-collar, goodness.

Abigail then went on to mention a certain bachelor uncle, as she usually did when Kevin's romantic life (or, until recently, lack thereof) came up, indicating that his mother understood the nature of his 'companionship,' but did not quite have the words for it.

"How did you meet?" she asked.

"Through the New Yorker," Kevin said, keeping things as simple as possible. "You'll like him. He's funny."

"Shall I turn on the radio?" Kevin said, absently.

"I am attempting to put the radio back on," Raymond said, tersely. "It is not working. If it were working, I would not be in the mood for our typical classical music listening, considering the *Fünf Gesänge* debacle."

"What?" Kevin said.

"I mis-labeled Brahms' Opus 104 as Opus 106. I wouldn't be surprised if your parents never forgave me."

Kevin stared, flustered, as Raymond continued ruminating on his own so-called stupidity.

"Raymond!" Kevin sputtered. "I'm not blaming you! How on earth could I blame you?"

"You and your mother disappeared shortly after my gaffe," Raymond said. "I could only presume it was my doing."

Kevin set his jaw, thinking unkindly of the conversation which followed. "This was not your fault."

Raymond seemed cooler now, possibly fishing for information. "So it wasn't about Brahms?"

"Goodness, no."

Kevin recalled the looks on his parents' face when they had arrived; something was wrong, something other than the stress of a relatively small holiday dinner. At first they were tense, but tolerant, in the way that someone tolerates a pain in their side until they are unable to tolerate it any longer.

As Raymond went on about Brahms -- he was blustering, sure, but so were his parents, that was *normal* -- he placed his hand, without thinking, on top of Kevin's on the table. It was an automatic gesture, one they made without thinking, several times a day. Kevin almost regretted it. If it had been a touch on the leg, something out of sight, perhaps it wouldn't have set her off.

But he did not regret it. Because he knew that was nonsense.

His mother had seen the hand and then snapped at Raymond about Brahms. Kevin had met her eyes, defiant, and she had called him out of the room. Kevin could hear his brother Marty and Raymond, loudly, trying to have a polite conversation about the particulars of dentistry, to drown out their voices. Kevin was alarmed that whatever it was about Raymond was so *very* appalling that his mother had broken her cardinal unwritten rule: *one behaves oneself around company*.

"I don't understand," said Kevin, who understood more than he preferred to let on. He understood that an individual who might, say, fit in better at the country club would have been permissible, but Raymond, as he was, was not. Kevin bitterly resented her insinuation that Raymond was doing some type of harm to him, and that poor, confused Kevin did not know any better.

"You're not yourself," his mother insisted. "You haven't been yourself."
Kevin gave her a look of unbridled befuddlement. "Who did you think I was?"

"She broadly disapproves of our relationship," Kevin summarized. "And apparently hadn't made up her mind to do so until we showed up."

"I should have anticipated this," Raymond said. "They're called WASPs for a reason."

"Touché," Kevin said. He almost smiled at his Raymond, attempting wordplay at a time like this.

Kevin, still fiddling with the jammed radio switch, had accidentally activated the tape deck.

You have placed a chill in my heart, Annie Lennox sang.

"I anticipated they might be distant," Kevin explained. "Uncomfortable, even. I didn't think they would misunderstand our relationship completely. I was unable to imagine it."

A whole heap of nothing for you and me, Annie continued.

"I don't understand," Raymond said. Part of him truly did not understand. Part of him understood that Kevin was deeply shaken, and he was feigning ignorance, to let Kevin talk.

Kevin did not say: She assumed the worst of you, and I can't stand it. You mean the world to me, you are the one who is here for me every day, and they don't care about that. They won't listen. Now I think they never will, and that is the thing that is breaking my heart.

Love is a temple, love is a shrine, Annie sang.

"She thinks you turned me gay," Kevin said, because it was the easiest of her absurd sentiments to repeat. He tried to turn it into a joke. "As if I, of all people, would have needed convincing."

"That's ridiculous," Raymond said, sensing something concrete he could argue with. "You can't turn a person gay. What would they think I did? What could one even do?"

Raymond was monologuing about potential corrupting influences. Was it his devilish good looks? Magic genitalia? He might have been trying to make Kevin smile, but Kevin seemed far away, haunted.

"It upsets me," Kevin said, "that they think this is something I am doing to them."

I'm gonna leave this love behind, Annie Lennox sang.

"I thought estrangement happened to other people," Kevin said. "How do you end a relationship you've been in all your life? And all of a sudden, at that?"

I JUST WANT SOMEONE TO HO-OLD...

"Have we been listening to popular music?" Raymond said.

Kevin shrugged. "I like her, but it isn't strictly necessary," he said, clicking off the finicky tape deck.

I prefer to drive in silence, Kevin would decide, some time later. As long as you are here with me.

Notes:

In 3x07 Holt makes a remark about finally getting the Annie Lennox cassette out of Gertie's tape player. Technically this song is the Eurythmics, but I love it a lot.

Chapter 2: The Honorable Laverne Holt

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Two Weeks Before Christmas, 1989

"In light of recent events," Kevin said at the breakfast table one morning, "I am somewhat concerned about meeting your family as well."

"It is true that my mother is..." Raymond circled a hand in thought. "Somewhat judgmental."

"Your mother is a literal judge," Kevin said.

"I also came out to her quite some time ago," Holt said.

"Oh?" Kevin said, and Raymond told him.

Kevin nearly spat out his coffee. "You were sixteen?"

"I was late coming home one evening," Raymond recalled, "and was required to explain myself."

"You may present your evidence," his mother said, calmly.

"My bicycle was vandalized, rendering it unusable," Raymond said. "I thus had to walk it and I home, which took over an hour."

"Were there any other witnesses?"

"I believe it was my classmate, Robbie Carter. The evidence being that he also threw a sandwich at my head and called me a homosexual."

"My condolences. He should not have done that."

"The homosexual detail is accurate."

Laverne paused. "Well, he shouldn't have thrown the sandwich."

Laverne was silent for several moments, which was a common occurrence in the Holt household. At the time, Raymond could not have surmised that, in her great efforts to be free of emotional outbursts, she was tamping down the impulse to say: are you sure, you've never been good at reading other people, what makes you think you have a handle on this?

Instead, she said: "True or not, it sounds as though he said it in a derogatory manner. He should not have done that either."

Raymond half-nodded.

"Raymond," Laverne said when she finally spoke again, "you know that as a four-foot-eleven African-American woman, I entered the legal profession at a considerable disadvantage, and have made great strides despite being under-estimated by my peers."

"Yes."

"And you know that I have similar, though not identical, hopes for you."

"I do."

"People are going to go out of their way to make you feel less-than. It is wrong of them to do so. They are going to do it anyway. Your job is not to believe them."

Kevin finished his coffee. "That's good advice," he said. "I am...somewhat jealous."

"I think you will make a positive impression," Raymond said.

When he and Raymond met Laverne for tea, Laverne asked Kevin to help her with some research. Kevin was momentarily confused -- shouldn't she have clerks, or others within her profession, who could help with that sort of thing? But he agreed, of course, sensing that this was some kind of test, though he couldn't say of what. A sort of check on his academic credentials? A desire to know if he was responsible, reliable for a favor?

"Of course," Kevin said, wanting very much to know what this was about. "I have access to all the academic libraries."

A week later, Kevin handed Laverne his packet of research, and Laverne took out a red pen. So, confirmed: it was a test. Kevin respected the approach.

"The conclusion of this section is incorrect," she pointed out.

Kevin frowned. "That isn't what the literature says."

"The primary source in the literature is racist," Laverne said. "What other justification do they have for ignoring the opposition testimony?"

Kevin froze for a moment, then blinked. "I can't believe I missed that."

"You don't have a counter-argument?"

"I do not. You are the expert. This was a test. Have I failed?"

"You listened," Laverne said, pleased. "You passed."

Raymond received a handwritten note the next day.

Dear Detective Raymond Holt,

You have my full approval.

Sincerely,

The Honorable Laverne Holt

Christmas was at one of Holt's aunt's homes, a sprawling side of the family tree who rarely saw each other all in the same place. Dinner was buffet-style, with guests taking over the entire house, which Raymond called 'disorganized' and 'cacophonous,' but Kevin felt relieved about the comparative lack of formal conversational pressure. He spent a lot of time saying "lovely to meet you" to people whose names he didn't quite catch, and meaning it.

Holt's sister Debbie gifted them ridiculous Christmas sweaters, which Kevin insisted they wear.

"We look outrageous," Raymond said.

"Have another glass of wine," Kevin suggested.

Laverne Holt, several glasses of wine in, called Kevin aside.

"He really likes you, you know," Laverne said, smiling. "He wasn't nearly this nervous with either of his other boyfriends."

Kevin's face felt warm. "I think highly of him as well."

"He will be good to you," Laverne continued, "because that's who he is. You be good to him too."

"Of course, Your Honor."

"Please, call me Laverne," said Laverne. "And don't tell Raymond we had this conversation. He'll think I'm being overprotective."

"Thank you, Laverne," Kevin said, heart brimming over with gratitude.

Over by the tray of snickerdoodles, an uncle he didn't recognize was trying to figure Kevin out. Kevin became immediately more aware that he did not blend in visually with the majority of Raymond's extended family.

The uncle introduced himself. "So are you Veronica's boyfriend?"

It was nice to be asked directly, Kevin thought. "No, I'm Raymond's boyfriend."

"Huh," said the uncle, surprised but not hostile. "Takes all kinds, I guess."

The uncle gave Kevin a surprisingly vigorous thump on the back as he left the room, which nearly caused him to drop his cookie plate. Kevin smiled, shrugged, and made his way to the living room couch, to look at the tree.

"Gaudy," Raymond said a little too loudly, sitting next to him, and gesturing to the array of colorful lights and ornaments. "The decorative aesthetic is all over the place."

"I like it," Kevin said. "Not everything need be judged on aesthetics alone."

"Guess who's awake!" Debbie announced, entering from the side room with a baby in her arms, and plopping down on the couch on the other side of Kevin.

"Kevin, this is my nephew Marcus," Raymond said, gesturing toward the baby. "He is just over a year old, and appears healthy and developmentally typical."

"Pleased to meet you, Marcus," Kevin said, offering to shake the baby's tiny hand.

"You want to hold him?" Debbie said. "He's in a good mood now."

Baby Marcus gurgled in agreement.

Kevin scooped him up and held him to face them. "Merry Christmas, Marcus."

Baby Marcus pointed at Kevin's face and laughed.

"I suppose you're right," Kevin said, setting the baby down on his lap, and holding him in place with his right arm. "Debbie, I find your tiny human charming."

With his other hand, Kevin reached for Raymond, interlocking their fingers, touching the sleeves of their terrible Christmas sweaters. Nobody brought any attention to this sign of affection, except the baby, who flapped his arms in glee.

Notes:

Laverne stuff expanded from tumblr

Chapter 3: About A Pie

Notes:

(See the end of the chapter for notes.)

Thanksgiving, 2017

Over the years, Kevin and Raymond found different ways to generally ignore Thanksgiving: Kevin was writing a thesis, or a book, come late November; Raymond's extended family scattered across multiple states, and his aunt sold her big house; Raymond opted to work overtime, or, as his work turned to public affairs, attend charity events. Once, Kevin attempted to prepare an overly large meal for his brother and a few friends, and ended up giving the majority of the overcooked poultry to an overjoyed dog.

Kevin received the occasional note in the mail from his parents, generally inquiring about his well-being. As he answered them truthfully (*Raymond and I are well; we are both being promoted*) he never received a response. He sent them a brief, no-nonsense wedding announcement following his marriage in 2011, which his brother confirmed they had received, and had nothing further to say about.

It was Raymond's idea to go upstate more often, especially after they were married. They went antiquing; Kevin found a corgi puppy to adopt. (Kevin was generally lenient about letting Raymond choose activities, since his introduction to a country club had resulted in a lawsuit.) Raymond had read about the English Walnut Pie from the Cottage Inn in Saratoga Springs in a magazine feature. It was a trip they could make on their own. Kevin savored the long, quiet drive more than the destination itself. Together, it was their own newly-created holiday tradition.

When Kevin received the invitation to Thanksgiving dinner -- handwritten, addressed to both him and Raymond, from his parents -- he dropped it as though it were warm to the touch.

"I do not understand," he said. "I am incapable of understanding this."

With Raymond's help, he was able to confirm that it wasn't a trick or a forgery, leaving him to puzzle over the reasoning for such a change of heart after such a long time. Was someone dying? On the verge of dementia? Had dramatic shifts in the American political landscape led them toward something more "reasonable"? Had they heard about Raymond's candidacy for NYPD commissioner, and decided that this was finally someone they wanted to know, for the sake of bragging rights?

"Your guess is as good as mine," Kevin's brother Marty said, over the phone.

"I don't see how that's possible," Kevin responded.

He knew they wouldn't explain what had changed their minds. Kevin would have to settle for a "good to see you" as though no time at all had elapsed. His parents had never been confessional, apologetic, or even particularly expository.

"At this point I've had more of my life without them than I've had with them," Kevin told Raymond. "How am I to know what this means?"

Raymond shrugged. "My typical means of gathering evidence to support a conclusion would require us to visit them ourselves."

"It's up to you," Kevin told Raymond, sincerely. "I don't want to put you through anything needlessly unpleasant."

"I would like to know what this is about," Raymond said. "And I would not want you to regret not attending."

"They are elderly," Kevin said. "Perhaps something is amiss."

"It has been nearly thirty years," Holt said. "Almost three decades. That is quite some time."

"I suppose it is."

"We can bring the pie," Raymond said. "It would be an interesting novelty."

"Of course," Kevin said, thinking fondly of a long, silent drive with Raymond. "We can bring the pie."

But Raymond had to work the first half of Thanksgiving Day that year, leaving Kevin to twiddle his thumbs at the precinct. He had thought it would be better than waiting at home, alone. But, instead, he found himself worrying about everything that could go wrong, without the comfort of familiar distractions. He fixated on the pie, which seemed strange, inadequate, repulsive even, barely fit for company, a private thing that would never hold up to scrutiny. The pastry was bold, confusing, and tasteless. It could not be.

It was a childish impulse, to throw it away. But figuring out how to do so gave Kevin the mental exercise he needed; he obscured the security cameras in Raymond's office. He placed the pie in the garbage, and in doing so, calmed his nerves.

Raymond, with his flair for the dramatic, launched a full-scale investigation into the pie's disappearance. Kevin wondered if this was nerves, if Raymond loved throwing himself into the distraction as well.

But Raymond caught him, because apparently Raymond and even the least impressive of his colleagues were good at detective work.

"That pie is an abomination," Kevin said, to Raymond's accusing finger. "It has beef suet and apple seeds in it. Why? It's a walnut pie."

Kevin, knowing full well that Raymond took much greater offense at unconventional food than he did, said the most private thing he was willing to say in front of an office full of cops. "If we brought that to my family's house they would have said something. I was trying to protect you."

I feel there is very little I can do to protect you, Kevin meant. I hate that.

"Why didn't you just tell me the truth?"

"Because I love our annual trips to Saratoga Springs. The two of us, driving in silence, looking at the barren trees, it's perfect," Kevin said. "I didn't want to lose that."

For all the fibbing he was doing, that part was the absolute truth.

"I don't know why we can't still make the drive next year," Raymond said, in a pragmatic manner that Kevin found downright sexy. "We just don't have to buy the pie."

"A trip with no purpose?" Kevin said, tossing his head flirtatiously. " *Raymond* ."

Oh? Raymond's face said, raising both eyebrows.

They ought to stop home for a bottle of wine before departing, they decided abruptly, since many stores would already be closed for the holiday. Yes, of course, they should go home, they reasoned, as if it

weren't just an excuse to get their hands on each other.

"So dramatic," Kevin teased, wrapping his arms around Raymond as they were barely in the door.

"My pastry-based investigation was born of genuine outrage," Raymond said. "I believed my squad knew better than to come between us."

At the word *between*, Raymond placed a strong hand to the small of Kevin's back.

Kevin pulled him toward the bedroom. "Come."

"You would risk being late to dinner?" Raymond said slowly, in a way that underscored the risqué nature of such a suggestion.

Kevin beckoned with his eyebrows. "I would."

"I am very attracted to you right now," Raymond said.

"I know," Kevin smiled.

They made love quickly, fervently, the drama of earlier making it impossible to think of anything but each other. Kevin got lost in it, the urgent *now* and the familiar touch of *always*.

When they left the house, buttoned-up again, with a very nice bottle of wine -- Kevin was sober but already drunk on this, the glow protecting him from whatever may lie ahead. *Isn't he incredible?* Kevin imagined himself saying. Aren't I? Indeed, I agree.

They were running a few minutes late to dinner, and it didn't matter. Whatever happened next no longer mattered to him, because they had something strong, good, secret, untouchable.

He took Raymond's arm as they walked through the door.