

even if it breaks your heart

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even if it breaks your heart

by [parkrstark](#)

Summary

(6.09 Disciple coda, deleted scene)

After their most recent case, Kevin starts to have nightmares. Jenny reaches out to Javier to find out why.

Notes

I know I shouldn't be starting a new fic but this isn't really a multi-chap fic. And I felt bad that I always post Rysposito slash but there are still some fans that don't like reading slash and there aren't many brotp Rysposito being posted.

So these mini fics/drabbles will all be inspired from an episode of Castle. Either a 'deleted scene', a fic inspired by a scene in the ep or even an alternative ending kind of thing. Only canon relationships so there will be Jenny/Kevin, Castle/Beckett, maybe some Lanie/Javier. There will also be some poly-romantic Jenny/Kevin/Javier if you squint really hard...

Each fic will be posted as a new story so it's easier to read the ones you want to read (I may change the format later idk) But they will all be in the same series.

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

Being pregnant sucked. No, correction. Being 9 months pregnant only two weeks away from her due date sucked.

At first, she had loved everything that came along with her pregnancy and was upset to think about the day when she'd no longer have her child inside her. But now she was counting the days until she could pop the little sucker out.

The worst was the nighttime when she had to go to the bathroom every hour. She couldn't even remember what a decent night's rest felt like. Usually, Kevin was very attentive and was up most times when she was. Although, she tried to let him sleep because he had work in the morning.

And more recently, she knew he needed whatever minute of rest he could get since most of the night, he spent it panicking through a nightmare.

Like right now. As Jenny wobbled back to bed, she noticed Kevin was stuck in a nightmare. She heard him mumbling unintelligibly under his breath and his skin was covered in a sheen of sweat as he kicked around under the blankets.

This was no where near Kevin's first nightmare. They came with the job. She helped him after Jerry Tyson, after his gun was used in a murder, after Lockwood, and after the shoot out with the clowns. It was never easy to watch him break every time he went to bed, but they got through it together.

He was always hesitant to share what was plaguing him with her because he didn't want her to worry, but he soon realized that talking about it helped. Something must have happened at work today.

After one particularly loud gasp, Jenny shook his shoulder slightly. "Kevin," she said loud enough to wake him from his nightmare, but low enough to not scare him. She knew she would have to be patient; he wasn't easy to wake.

A few shakes later, he was finally awake. His wide eyes were staring up at the ceiling as he tried to calm his breathing down. Jenny used her hand to brush his damp bangs from his forehead. "Shh," she whispered.

Kevin seemed to realize he was safe and he let his eyes droop closed again. Jenny knew he wasn't sleeping yet. "Do you want to talk about it?" She asked softly.

Kevin shook his head and Jenny frowned. He hardly ever kept it from her. "Just a bad dream," he rasped. "I don't want to keep you up."

Jenny stared at him in disbelief. This was not just any other bad dream. They both knew it.

"Kevin, I'm worried about you."

Kevin opened his eyes again and she couldn't help but notice the well of tears. "Just worry about you and the baby, honey. I'm okay."

Jenny didn't believe him and she knew he didn't believe himself either. But, she laid down next to him and let the subject drop.

"If I start kicking, wake me up and I'll sleep on the couch. I don't want to hurt either of you."

Jenny sighed deeply. Kevin was always looking out for everyone other than himself. He kicked around but he never came near her. It was as if his subconscious didn't want to hurt her either. "Kevin, don't be ridiculous."

He closed his eyes again and whispered, "Sweet dreams." Like she was the one that needed them. It took for his breathing to even out and fall asleep, but once he did, Jenny was glad he didn't wake up again that night.

She didn't bring it up in the morning, not wanting to push Kevin away. He seemed fine as he kissed her and Sarah Grace before heading to work, but Jenny knew her husband well enough to know he was hiding something.

That night and the next, he woke Jenny up with another nightmare and just like the first night, he refused to talk about it. Jenny was starting to get really worried. On the third night, she was ready when the nightmare started.

This one must have been worse than the others because he was definitely more frantic. He let out a choked whimper when Jenny shook his arm. After a few long minutes of thrashing in his sleep, he bolted up with a scream, "Javi!"

Jenny put her arm on Kevin's arm and said in a low voice. "It's okay, you're okay, baby."

Kevin turned to look at her and she was surprised to see his wide eyes misty from his unshed tears. Something was absolutely wrong and it had something to do with Javier. Kevin didn't show any signs of having heard her, he continued to breathe raggedly.

Jenny rubbed his back soothingly. "Calm down. Deep breath in through your nose, out through your mouth." It took a few moments for Kevin to steady his breathing again.

Just like every other night, she asked softly, "Do you want to talk about it?"

He hesitated and for a moment Jenny thought that he would, but then, just like every other night, he said, "No."

He laid back down, but he never went to bed. Jenny could tell he was keeping himself up. He was up an hour later when she needed to use the bathroom and helped her out of bed and was waiting to help her back in. But he still laid awake and Jenny fell asleep before she could hear his soft snores and woke up the next morning to an empty bed.

She didn't care what Kevin said. He was not okay. And there was only one person who knew what was going on. She had to talk to Javier.

She waited for that evening while Kevin was going to pick up their dinner. He gave her a kiss and told her to call right away if she needed anything. She promised and the moment he was out the door, she called up Javier.

He picked up right away. "Are you two on the way to the hospital?" His voice was rushed.

She laughed softly. "No, Javi, I'm not in labor. I just wanted to invite you over for dinner tonight."

"Jeez, you scared me." After he calmed his breathing down, he said, "I'd love to join you for dinner. Anything special?"

"Kevin is picking up the pizza right now."

"I'll head over then," Javier said.

Before he could hang up, Jenny said quickly, "Wait, Javier, I wanted to talk to you about something. Before Kevin gets back."

Javier was silent for a moment before saying, "Of course. Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," she assured him. "I just need your help with something."

"I'll be right over."

And he was. When Jenny and Kevin purchased their new apartment, she made sure to keep it close to Javier's. Even though Kevin didn't ask her, she knew he was worried about moving too far away from his best friend.

He knocked once before letting himself in. He didn't want to make her get up just to let him in. He walked to her, worry clear in his eyes and sat down next to her on the couch. "Are you okay? Is the baby okay?"

Jenny nodded and took his hand in hers. "We're fine, Javi."

Javier let out a deep breath at the sound of that. "Good. I was praying my whole way over here nothing was wrong."

Not knowing how to say it nicely, she went right out and said, "It's Kevin."

Javier's worry grew again. "What?"

Jenny knew she shouldn't go behind Kevin's back to talk about him with his best friend, but she needed to do this. This was the only way she knew how to help him. "Has anything happened recently at work?" She didn't wait for him to think of an answer before continuing, "About four days ago. He started having nightmares."

Javier's eyes widened.

"Usually, I can calm him down and get him to open up, but something's bothering him that he doesn't want to talk about." Jenny watched Javier's face carefully as she said, "And last night, he screamed your name."

Javier's face blanched.

"What? What happened?" Jenny pressed, knowing he knew.

Javier swallowed. "Jerry Tyson, he killed two look-a-likes the other day. A woman that looked exactly like Lanie and a man that looked exactly like...me." He paused before continuing, "Kevin was the one that found him. He was hanging in a boat...it was horrible."

Jenny wrapped an arm around Javier. "I'm sorry," she said.

Javier shook his head. "It's not your fault. I didn't think Kevin still thought about it."

"That has to be hard," Jenny said. "To see someone dead that looks like your best friend."

Nodding his head, Javier said softly, "Kevin sounded upset when he told me not to look...I don't know why I didn't ask him about it before."

"I shouldn't be saying anything...he'll kill when he finds out. Do you mind maybe talking to him?" Jenny asked softly, knowing Javier wouldn't say no. Not when it came to Kevin.

Javier was nodding before she even finished asking. "Definitely not. I can talk to him tonight."

Jenny smile gratuitously. "Thank you, Javi. I just don't know what to do." She paused and tucked a blond lock of hair behind her ear. "What did you do before me? I mean, you were partners years before I came into the picture...there had to be cases where it was a little rough for him."

Javier nodded, looking at the floor with a distant look in his eyes. "There was only one case that really got to him enough for me to notice. He was coming into work looking like he went ten rounds with the devil each night and he was falling asleep on me when we were free."

"I didn't have to do a lot of work to figure out the case was messing with him. It was messing with all of us." Javier rubbed his palm as he spoke, "Little boy, only 5 years old."

Jenny covered her mouth with her hands. "That's terrible."

Javier nodded and said, "Every time Kevin closed his eyes, he saw his little nephew." Javier looked back up at Jenny as the tears burned her eyes. "I called his sister and asked her to have a dinner that weekend. Nothing fancy, just an excuse so Kevin could drive out to the island and see Liam was really okay."

"And the restless nights stopped?"

Javier shrugged his shoulders. "I did my best to fall asleep on the couch after Madden to keep an ear out during the night. It didn't cure it right away, but within the week he was sleeping

peacefully again."

"Maybe if he saw you. You know, right after the nightmare. He just needs to see you're okay." Jenny grabbed Javier's hand pleadingly. "Dinner's on me and I'll blow up the air mattress for you."

Javier chuckled softly. "Jenny, I love you two. You don't have to pull my arm for me to help him out. Hell, I slept on his roadkill coach to stop the nightmares that time and if that doesn't prove how far I'll go for him, I don't know what will."

A smile lit up her face and she placed several kisses on his cheek as she thanked him profusely.

Javier blushed and said, "Don't even mention it."

"Are you sure you're okay with this?" Jenny hoped he wouldn't change his mind.

"Asking won't change the answer."

"Just checking."

Javier rolled his eyes fondly and stood up. "You sit and wait for Honeymilk to get back. I'll set the table."

Twenty minutes later, Kevin was walking through the front door with a box of pizza. "Sal gave us a free bag of garlic knots, Jen. I hope you're craving them."

Jenny smiled up from her spot on the couch. "If not, I'm sure Javier wouldn't mind having a few."

Kevin's eyebrows furrowed at the mention of his partner's name. "What?"

Javier stepped in from the kitchen and smiled, just like everything was normal. "Hey, Kev, hope you don't mind sharing dinner with me."

Jenny watched Kevin carefully as his shoulders tensed at the sight of Javier. She didn't think seeing his partner would make things worse. Maybe he was just caught off guard by the unexpected guest.

"Javi," Kevin said, walking further into their apartment. "What're you doing here?" He asked, but not in a rude way.

Javier shrugged his shoulders. "Was hungry and in the neighborhood. You haven't been inviting me over so I decided to invite myself over."

"I didn't know you were coming or I would have gotten your pizza." He said, walking towards the kitchen.

Javier waved him off. "It's fine." He already set the table so Kevin could put the box on the table and open it up.

Jenny got the first slice from the box and she smiled softly at Kevin as he took a seat next to her. She could see the dark bags under his eyes that betrayed how okay he was trying to tell Jenny he was.

They made small talk at the table. Mostly little cases, trouble Castle's gotten himself into recently and possible baby names.

Once dinner was finished and cleaned up, Jenny made her excuses to head to bed and give the boys some time to herself. Kevin tried to argue and help her get ready for bed but she refused.

"Play some X-Box and don't worry about your wife," she told him. "You haven't had time to yourself in a while."

"Jenny," he said, probably trying to figure out if this was a test or not.

"Kevin," she said back, hoping he finally dropped it. She didn't need assistance to get into bed. Or at least she did but she wouldn't be getting into bed until her test with Javier was done.

She stood up and kissed Kevin's lips softly and then Javier's cheek. "Goodnight, boys."

Before she stepped into the hallway, she exchanged a quick glance with Javier. He nodded subtly so Kevin wouldn't notice and she relaxed. She trusted Javier to help Kevin. If she couldn't, then he definitely could. There wasn't a doubt in her mind.

Javier was surprised that Kevin made it through an entire game of Madden without nodding off on him. He tried to make some coffee for them but Javier knew if Kevin had coffee he wouldn't be getting any sleep tonight so he convinced him not to make any coffee.

It wasn't until the second game as a new play was loading when Kevin let his eyes drop shut and he didn't reopen them.

Javier waited until his breathing evened out before he shut off the game. Now all he had to do was wait for it to happen which was torture in of itself. He knew his partner was about to be put through hell and all he could do was sit and wait.

He turned on the cable but wasn't really paying attention to whatever was on. He stared blankly at the television while sparing a glance at Kevin to check up on him. It didn't start until a little after four.

Kevin started mumbling under his breath. Javier couldn't understand what he was saying but it definitely wasn't good. His eyebrows knit together tightly and his chest was falling and rising rapidly. Then his breathing was heavy and forced and already a layer of sweat was shining on his face.

"Shit," Javier said as he turned fully to Ryan. His mumbling slowly turned into pained whimpers "No, no, no, no."

Javier leaned in close and his hand hovered over Kevin's arm. A second later, a scream ripped through Kevin's throat that would have shattered Javier's heart if he wasn't too busy clutching his nose.

It all happened in a second. Kevin screamed out Javier's name and jolted up. Javier was already close to Kevin and Kevin's head smashed into his nose. Kevin jumped backward and his eyes shot open. He wildly stared at Javier as he continued to breathe harshly.

Javier pulled his hand away from his nose and was thankful he wasn't bleeding. Kevin was more important right now.

"Hey, it's okay," Javier said softly, putting a hand on Kevin's arm.

Kevin's eyes flickered across the room but he didn't say a word until his eyes found Javier's again. "Javi?" He breathed.

Javier nodded. "Yeah, it's me. I'm okay."

Kevin's hand grabbed onto his wrist and squeezed it once. Seemingly content that Javier was alive, he let go of him and relaxed into his seat. His breathing was still not normal but he was calming down.

"Kevin," Javier said, watching him closely.

"I'm okay," he said quickly. "Really, I'm fine."

"Are you joking?"

Kevin peeked an eye open at Javier, trying to look perfectly fine, but failing epically. "It was just a little bad dream, Javi."

"A little bad dream?" Javier scoffed. "Do I look stupid?"

"I'm just over exhausted," he let his eyes close shut but they shot open a moment later, looking panicked.

"What are you seeing?" Javier asked, his voice no longer angry.

"What?"

"When you close your eyes," Javier elaborated. "What do you see?"

Kevin's face pinched in pain and he hesitated before admitting, "You."

"That's why you screamed my name," Javier more of stated than asked.

Kevin's eyes locked with Javier and he nodded. With a shaky voice, he said, "Every time I close my eyes, I just see you...*dead*."

Javier was going to kill Jerry Tyson. Javier had promised to kill many perps that roughed Kevin up: mentally or physically, but this was the third time that Tyson fucked his partner up like this. "But I'm okay. See?" Javier brought Kevin's hands to his chest where he would be able to feel the beat of his heart. "Still alive and kicking."

Kevin nodded. "I just can't get it out of my mind." Kevin took a deep breath. "He looked *exactly* like you."

"I know," Javier said in a soothing voice. "Tyson and Neiman were just trying to upset you. They knew what that would do and that's why they did it. But I'm okay. They're not going to touch me."

Kevin couldn't do anything but nod.

Javier knew he was just trying to get rid of him. Good thing he didn't give up that easy. "I'm not leaving you, Kevin. Till the wheels fall off, remember?" Kevin just nodded again and Javier sighed. "You can't keep this all bottled up, you know. That's why the nightmares just come back."

Javier said, "Relax, bro. All cops have nightmares. This isn't even the first time I've seen you having one. I noticed you haven't been yourself lately at work and I asked Jen what's been going on."

Kevin was now staring down at his lap and refusing to meet Javier's eyes.

"You can talk to me, Kev."

He didn't say a word and for a long moment, Javier didn't think Kevin was going to say anything but then he whispered, "Why did *I* have to be the one to find him?" He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand. "I knew you were right behind me but for a moment I actually thought it was you. You, he, was just hanging there and I couldn't stop staring."

Javier moved from his spot on the floor to sit next to Kevin on the couch. But he remained silent. Kevin just needed someone to listen to everything running through his mind right now. They could talk after.

"I know it wasn't you. But I close my eyes and there you are. Every night I find you all over again. Sometimes it's on the boat, sometimes it's in the car and sometimes you're just sitting on my couch." He grabbed his head with his hands. "I just want it to stop."

Javier rubbed Kevin's arm. "Kevin, look at me. You need to just think of me and what we did that day. You need to stand up in your dream and say, 'Fuck you, Tyson.' Because that's all this is. It's just Tyson fucking with you."

"If I could control my dreams, I wouldn't be having this problem in the first place," Kevin snapped irritably and then cringed. "I'm sorry, I didn't mean it like that. I'm just exhausted and

haven't been able to close my eyes once this entire week."

Javier knew Kevin got moody when he didn't get one night of good rest, so after an entire week, Javier was surprised he hadn't killed someone yet. "I can't go into your dream and help you but I can promise you that every time you wake up from a bad dream, my heart will still be beating."

Kevin nodded, letting out a low chuckle. "I know now, but in the moment..."

"I'll stay here tonight and if you wake up again I'll be here. I'll even stay tomorrow. If you're still having nightmares, I'm one phone call away. I will answer right away."

"I don't want to bother-."

"One phone call and I will answer no matter what," Javier repeated.

Kevin let his lip curl up slightly. "Yeah...thanks, Javi."

"Always, partner."

And he did stay for that night and the next, having to wake up Kevin from a nightmare each night. The second night was noticeably better than the first. He stayed a third night and Kevin only twisted and turned slightly in his sleep. Javier was able to wake him up when the mumbling started.

The fourth night, he went home and sat by his phone the entire night waiting for a call that never came. The next morning, he confronted Kevin at work when he saw how he was starting to look bad again. That night, Javier sat by his phone again and just when he was about to pass out, it rang.

He jumped to pick it up, not even reading the caller ID. "Kevin, I'm okay," he said immediately. He heard Kevin's harsh breathing and Jenny's soft murmurs in the background. "Perfectly fine."

"Yeah, yeah, I know," Kevin finally said. "Thanks, Javi."

Javier smiled at the sound of that. "Just get back to bed and thank me tomorrow by not being your sleep deprived cranky self."

Kevin actually laughed. "Night, Javi."

"Night, Kev."

The calls stopped after a few nights and soon Kevin was staying asleep. Of course, it wasn't always perfect and weeks later Javier would get a phone call at four in the morning every now and then. A phone call he would always answer.

They got through it, just like they always did, just like Javier always knew they would. Jerry Tyson could beat them down as much as he wanted but he'd never win.

End Notes

Ever since I saw this episode, I've always imagined the nightmares Kevin probably got. If you rewatch the scene where Kevin finds the body, his face breaks my heart. You can see the fear and shock. I know if I were him, I'd have trouble sleeping.

I hope you enjoyed my first mini fic. I've had this idea in my head for a while so I hope people actually read it and like it.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!