

## Do Me a Favor?

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# **Do Me a Favor?**

by [tabbycatssidy](#)

## Summary

Kit gets hurt, and she and August have some feelings about it.

This wasn't supposed to happen. This was not *ever* supposed to happen. He had let his guard down, had been careless, and she had paid the price for it.

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*The two of them had just taken down a group of men. It was routine, easy, and, as they waited on a nearby rooftop for the police to come, he let himself relax. It was something he rarely let himself do, especially in costume, but it was a pleasant night, and the woman next to him looked beautiful in the moonlight.*

*He wasn't watching the men below them, as he thought they were all unconscious. He didn't see the glint of the gun until after he heard the shot ring out, after he saw the spot of crimson begin to blossom on her chest.*

*Prioritizing on the spot and only hoping that he had made the right choice, he jumped down to street level and swiftly knocked the remaining man out, kicking his gun far away. Climbing back up to the rooftop, he radioed the police to send an ambulance to their location, too.*

*Kneeling next to his partner, he propped her up, taking his jacket off so that he could use it to keep pressure on her new wound. "Hey," he whispered. "Stay with me."*

*"Mm...Panda? What just happened? Am I...am I shot?"*

*He nodded, his voice shaking almost imperceptibly. (She noticed, though, even in her current state. She always would.) "Yeah-yeah, Squirrel, but I've got you. You'll be fine."*

*She nodded, humming quietly. She reached up to gently place a hand on his cheek. Whatever she might have said, however, was cut short as the cars arrived. He made quick work of carrying her down to the ambulance, where the paramedics got her set for transfer. He didn't know what to do, and for once, he stood there utterly useless.*

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He, now as August Fenwick, rather than the Red Panda, impatiently paced the hospital lobby. He was very, very tired, having had to already hypnotize everyone that had encountered his partner, so they would remember her as Kit Baxter, his chauffeur, and not crime fighter the Flying Squirrel, and he'd have to do it again later that day.

It didn't matter, though. He would do anything at all for her.

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Some amount of time later—he didn't know how long, it was all just a blur of worry—the doctor came out to meet him.

August was up to the man in a second. "Is she okay?"

The doctor nodded. "She'll be just fine, Mr. Fenwick. She's sleeping, now, but you can go see her if you'd like."

August was practically down the hallway by the time the poor man finished his sentence. With a called back "Thank you!" he was gone.

However, by the time he made sure that nobody in the hospital remembered that the Flying Squirrel had just been there, visiting hours were over, and no matter how big a donation he attempted to make, they refused to let him stay.

And so, on the roof with the best view of Kit's window, the Red Panda spent his night.

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August came in as soon as physically possible the next morning, and, as he entered Kit's room, he smiled as he saw her sitting up. He knocked on the door, which caused her to perk up. "Hi, boss."

His smile widened as he looked at her. She looked tired, and her arm was in a sling, but she was in one piece, and that's all that mattered. "Good morning, Kit," he started, as he moved to sit in the chair next to her. "How are you feeling?"

She tried to shrug, but winced as the action tugged at her injury. "Like I got shot."

He sighed, his smile falling as he looked away. "I'm so sorry, Kit. I wasn't paying attention."

She shook her head. "Boss...this isn't your fault. And look, I'm okay."

August ran a hand through his hair, sighing frustratedly. After a moment, however, his shoulders slumped in defeat. He could blame himself later. He didn't want to upset her. "Okay."

She nodded. "Thank you." A pause. "Did you get any sleep last night? You look exhausted."

He shook his head, still avoiding her gaze. "No."

She sighed. "Please get some sleep, boss. I'm okay, and I'll be here when you wake up. You can—I can move over, if you'd like to lay down."

He looked at her for a long, long moment, contemplating her offer. Eventually, he shook his head. "No, no, I'm okay. I've gone much longer without sleep, I'm fine."

Kit frowned at him, a frown full of disapproval, but she didn't argue. "Fine."

"I promise, Kit. I'm okay."

She nodded reluctantly, relaxing back into her bed with a yawn. When she spoke again, her voice was soft. "Thanks for bein' here with me, boss."

He smiled warmly at her. "Of course, Kit. Always."

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Kit was cleared to go home a few days later, something they were both happy for. However, there was one major problem, in that her shoulder was still rather sore. While this didn't hinder much in her regular day-to-day, there was one outstanding obstacle.

The next morning after she came home, Kit ended up standing in the doorway behind August. She was quiet for a very long moment, before eventually clearing her throat and speaking up. "...Boss?"

He perked up and turned around when he heard her. "Good morning, Kit." A pause as he frowned. "Are you okay? You look worried."

"Yeah," she said, sighing quietly and blushing as she spoke. "I'm okay. I just...I'm pretty sore, still, and I can't really...shower on my own, and I was wondering if you wouldn't mind helping me out?"

August looked at her for a long moment and blushed, too, while she looked at the floor. He cleared his throat, nodding. "Yeah-yeah. Of course. Lead the way."

She nodded and turned, avoiding looking directly at him. There was a voice in the back of her head telling her that this was *extremely* inappropriate, that August was her *boss*, and that if she needed help she should go to anybody else. But she didn't trust anybody else, and she needed help.

Not wanting anybody to see and to start any gossip, Kit got what she needed from her own bathroom before moving to one of the other ones in the mansion, further away from the servants' quarters.

Once they got there, after setting her things down on the floor next to the tub, Kit turned to August, still not looking directly at him. "Turn around."

August nodded, doing as he was told. He heard the sounds of Kit undressing and turning on the tub faucet. He tried not to think about that first part.

"Okay," she said, once she was in the tub, her legs pulled up to cover her chest.

He nodded and turned back around to face her, rolling his sleeves up as he moved to sit on the side of the tub.

Looking down at her, August was taken aback by how...small she looked, how almost...fragile. And she trusted him to be here, to see her like this. It made his heart swell.

"Boss?" Kit's voice broke him out of his thoughts. "You okay? You're...staring."

August blushed, looking away. "Sorry." He cleared his throat. "What do you need?"

It certainly wasn't that she *minded* him looking at her; she loved him and loved his attention, trusted him entirely. She just...didn't want to put him into any more of a compromising position than she already was. "Uh, can I have the soap?"

He nodded, handing her what she asked for.

She thanked him before washing herself, at which point August looked away again.

"How have you been feeling?" he asked after a moment, hoping to break the silence.

"Sore, very sore," she answered with a positive nod, though he couldn't see it. "But overall a lot better. Being home helps." Having him with her had helped more than anything, but she didn't say that part. "I can't wait to get back on the street."

August almost protested, but he knew it wouldn't matter. She'd be back out there as soon as physically possible, and he knew he couldn't stop her. "Patrol's been lonely without you."

She looked up to him, a grin on her face. "Aw, do you miss little ol' me?"

"Every second."

He had said it before he could think it through. He meant it, absolutely, but he hadn't meant to say it. They both blushed and fell silent for a very long moment.

"I miss you, too," she finally replied, very quietly.

Finally looking back down at her, August once again felt the wave of emotions he had been feeling since she was shot; love for her, guilt that this had happened, and rage at the one that did this to her, to name a few.

Not knowing how to express any of this, however, he simply reached down and gave her shoulder a gentle squeeze. It wasn't enough, nothing he did was ever enough that she deserved, but it was all he could do.

Kit reached up to gently squeeze his hand, before turning to hand him the soap, which he put on the sink counter so that nobody would slip. He took a deep breath before trying to shake all of these overwhelming feelings, to little success.

Kit cleared her throat. "I need you to wash my hair, boss. Please."

He looked back to her. "Absolutely."

She smiled gratefully, watching as he walked back and picked up the shampoo. He sat back on the edge of

the tub and got to work, first wetting and then gently rubbing the shampoo into her hair.

Kit relaxed instantly at his touch, letting out a gentle sigh. "Thank you."

August nodded. "Anything for you."

They sat in a more comfortable silence as he washed and rinsed her hair, enjoying the excuse to gently run his fingers through it.

Kit had been trying really, really hard to avoid thinking too much about how close he was to her and now naked she herself was, but now, with his fingers in her hair, occasionally brushing against the back of her neck, it was very hard to ignore.

She put her hand over her mouth, which she hoped August wouldn't notice, to try to keep any little sounds of pleasure she may make inside where they belong.

August took his fingers from her hair much too soon for either of them, but he had realized he was still doing it and quickly stopped.

For a fleeting second, Kit considered making up some request, anything, that would have him touch her again, but she quickly decided against it, as that would only make things worse.

"Are you ready to get out?" His voice was soft and compassionate and it did *not* help Kit's current situation.

She turned to look at him and nodded, gesturing towards the doorway. "Go wait."

He got up and nodded, walking over and facing away from her. "Yes ma'am."

Kit smiled at his back, draining and getting out of the tub. She grabbed a towel and dried herself off before wrapping it around her.

"Hey, boss? If I ask you something, will you tell me the truth?"

"Of course."

She hesitated for a second before speaking again. "You didn't...do anything to the guy that shot me, did you?"

He was quiet for a moment, still facing away from her. "No. I didn't. Not yet."

"Look at me. Look at me and promise me that you won't."

He didn't. When he spoke again, his voice was quiet, the anger that he was feeling towards the man seeping through. "Why shouldn't I, Kit? He could have killed you."

"But he didn't," she started, keeping her voice soft and calm. "I'm right here, boss. I'm okay. I'm not goin' anywhere. Promise."

Kit watched as he visibly deflated, finally turning to face her. August put his hands on her arms, gripping them tight as he looked at her. If he had lost her...but no, it doesn't matter. She's right, she's okay.

He nodded, his grip loosening. "I promise I won't."

“Thank you,” she said, smiling gently.

After a moment of silence, August’s hands still wrapped around Kit’s upper arms, he pulled her into a hug, one hand going back into her hair as he buried his face in the crook of her neck.

Kit gasped quietly, taken by surprise, but she quickly relaxed into him, wrapping her arms around him. She pressed herself close against him, reveling in his touch and his warmth.

He could almost, *almost* feel the shape of her body through her towel, and he gently pulled away when he realized that, before anything...untoward could happen.

They looked at each other for a moment, before August cleared his throat to speak.

“Do you...do you need help getting dressed?”

How she wished that she did. She wished she had an excuse to spend more time with him like this, to feel his fingers against her skin again as he helped her. The thought of it made her shiver. But no, no she didn’t. “I can handle it. Thank you, though, And thanks for helpin’ me already.”

When he nodded, she could have almost sworn he almost looked a little disappointed.

“You’re welcome, Kit. Let me know if you need anything else, okay?”

She smiled, nodding. “Of course, boss.”

He smiled back, bringing a hand up to squeeze her shoulder. It was a small, rather useless sign of affection, but he hoped it could convey everything he felt. It was all he could do for now.



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