

# **a dark night's deed**

## **Grimm (TV)**

Von alanqi

### **a dark night's deed**

Month ago, Monroe had seen Nick nearly die and live. He had felt a strange disrapture of his equilibrium that he had never felt before.

The wolf was restless. He hadn't liked to be condemned to helplessness. Of course Monroe had hoped for Nick's reawakening. Thrown between utter despair, undying sparks of hope, and gut wrenching guilt the wolf had finally settled down. Monroe's eyes had returned to human colouring. Only then had he allowed himself to enter the quiet hospital. Quiet as a mouse he had stolen into intensive care.

He knew from Hank where they housed one badly injured Grimm for the night. One sniff was enough to pick up the scent of a creature. A creature he hated at first sniff. Red bled into his eyes and the Blutbard crept out just like he'd slipped in. It was a dark night, clouds cloaked the moon and hid all earthly activity from keen eyes. But eyes were not needed if sense of smell as keen as a razor brought you safely to whatever destination your mind envisioned. Blutbard nature was a blessing on a night like this, rare and blind, definitely dark enough to hide one Blutbard and his destination. Maybe even dark enough to hide it from the Blutbard himself Monroe wished as he struck. Smells mutiplied. The unique scent of one hazardous liquid found the key to the chest in his soul and he let it open. Instincts hidden so deep, usually as safe as houses behind a lifetime's effort. In the dark the instincts returned to the chest, carefully constructed in his mind. Monroe fought them back, fought the painful fight of vicious pasts. With the light of day the reformed Blutbard left his house, Nick's friend, the shy Monroe, still delirious with feelings of relief on the aftershocks of the foe's demise were the creases of his soul. Four shots of strong liquor had stilled his trembling hands at the stove as morning came.

His equilibrium in place he'd forced himself to do Pilates. Discipline was the key to Monroe's humble life. Severe diszipline and accuracy were both boon and bane of his chosen way of life. As soon as he had finished a quick breakfast, scrambled eggs spiked with garlic and onions for good measure, Monroe grapped a book and drove to the hospital. Nick was still asleep when he returned, the personnel had moved him to a room nice and quiet. Monroe sat down in the corner near the door and read. Hank walked in and out. Nurses walked in and out. Finally hours later the doctor arrived to inform him, that swellings were jamming the nerve tissue in Nick's spine, cutting of

the support of Nick's legs. Monroe said nothing. Hank had explained to the nurses Monroe was family, that's why the Blutbard was never questioned. Neither did he question his instinct to hope. His hope felt awfully like knowledge to him which he questioned neither. Don't look a gifthorse in the mouth. When days later Nicks's legs still showed no evidence of feeling, he simply had declared the Grimm inside needed more time. The doctor he had told that Nick had a knack for being generally slower. Nick did not need to know... When after a week Nick was regaining control over his legs, Monroe had merely smiled at the Grimm. Solely in the safety of his house that night he danced tipsy through his living-room, a nervous wreck in laugh attacks.

After two weeks in hospital the Grimm could leave and Monroe offered to take him home. Monroe's home, to spare a nearly bedridden cop on sick-leave the expense for a caregiver of course. Monoe cared...