

Maybe It has A Heart, by residentevilwritesuwu

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Leon had gone through the station halls many times by now, having killed off as many of those people eating monsters and the skinless blind fuckers that a note had called lickers. He had made his way to the roof, hoping to squeeze past the helicopter that had crashed clean through a hallway. But as he had made his way down the rickety old ladder it had broken, snapped clean off of the wall and he had landed flat on his shoulder and side. He lets out a yell of pain, having landed on a scrap of stray metal from the helicopter on his shoulder. He decided not to risk pulling it out and damaging anything worse.

It would just be his luck if there were so many zombies down by the turn valve, he had finally managed to kill six of the ten zombies down by the pipe system after finding out that the helicopter fire would need to put out before he could pass, but killing the zombies and knifing the rest to downed but not dead states had left at the cost of all of his ammo and a knife, leaving him with one bullet in case he needed it for himself. As he turns the valve waterway from right to left a small feeling of accomplishment rushes him at the simple task. He goes back to the crashed helicopter and finally is able to douse it in the water from the sewer system, putting out the raging fire it had caused.

As he moves into the hallway of the helicopter crash he looks at the cockpit, pondering if he could climb through or squeeze around it without falling through the other hole.

But his thoughts were cut short as the helicopter front is lifted and shoved aside by something. A giant man in a black trenchcoat and a hat to match, his skin is a pale grey and his eyes an icy blue. Leon stands in shock and fear having read a note about this.... thing from the prison cells down below. It was codenamed Tyrant and it was supposed to kill everything, raising his pistol with his good arm and giving a soft shaky breath he glares. He couldn't go back up the ladder, and the only other way out was behind this.... thing.

"Stay back! "

He warns, and shoots by it's head. But the sudden realization of his mistake hits him hard as the massive creature starts to come at him. Leon's eyes widen as he runs back out to the roof, frantically looking for something he could use as a weapon. The door he had come from slams open, this giant of a thing has to duck nearly a foot to go through.

Leon has nowhere to go, he's trapped like a mouse. Much to his demise one of the zombies from the valve down the stairs grabs him and brings him to the ground, biting through his uniform in the process and it manages to push the metal scrap deeper into his injured shoulder but as suddenly as it was on him it's thrown aside by the giant man who he thought was going to end him, the other three zombies try to get him. But the Tyrant snaps one clean in half, and the other two are thrown clean over the building. As for the last one who was getting up, the man grabs it's head in one massive hand and squishes it like a grape with a sickening crunch and squelch.

Leon's eyes are wide as he stares at this man, the Tyrant makes a sound deep in its throat before it's gaze meets his. He scrambles backwards as this thing comes closer, he ends up with his back to the wall arms raised up to protect himself. What he doesn't expect is this thing to pick him up, he yelps and tries to fight back as he's lifted into the air from under his arms.

"Let me go you fucker! "

He yells thrashing around, but the giant only tilts its head to one side and gives a growlish hum. It very gently carries him, with one arm under his legs and the other around his back and resting on his side, very careful of his shoulder.

Leon was quite shocked when this thing made its way to the main hall and sets him down on one of the medical cots, before it goes off to find something nearby. The rookie cop has so many questions running through his head, he holds his shoulder as the pain hits him once again. Definitely either dislocated by now or the shard of metal in him was through bone. He's brought out of his thoughts when the giant footsteps of the thing comes back.

-----p3

He looks very skeptical as it holds a bag, it looks like medical supplies and Leon grabs at it but gives a pained noise when his shoulder muscles spasm. The creature looks worries for a moment before gently kneeling by him, it carefully moves his hand away from the injured shoulder and it gives another growling hum.

"What're you.... "

Before the sentence was finished Leon's uniform was being ripped and he yelps in pain at the sudden movement, the creature gently feels around the wound before grabbing the metal scrap and yanking it out. It tossed the scrap aside, ignoring the pained yell Leon made as it holds over the wound with one giant hand and it grabs antiseptic spray from the bag, along with a herb patch and bandages for it. Leon grunts quietly as it works it's way around his wound, the cop watches as it wraps up the wound. Gentle and very careful of him.

"So.... you're not going to end me I'm assuming? "

He asks through the uncomfortable silence in the main hall, the response he gets is a growling hum again, but this time softer and shorter. The big guy wasn't one for words it seemed, now that he was up close to this thing Leon can see that on the left side of it's head there was a quarter sized indent where something must've been lodged in. He gives a soft wince as the creature gently pats over his wound before sitting on a bench across from him and leaning back with crossed arms

"Well.... thank you? "

Leon says and rubs over the bandages with a soft nod, he stands up to leave but the other man gives a dangerously low growl. A noise that sounded like a pure warning, Leon's eyes widen and he sits back down with hesitation. The man moves his hat down to partially cover his eyes before snorting softly. Apparently it wanted Leon to rest. The rookie cop wasn't entirely against the idea, but at the same time he didn't want to be eaten in his sleep....

"If I rest. Will you make sure I'll wake up in one piece? "

-----p4
He asks the man with a concerned look to his eyes, the man looks up and gives a simple nod before gesturing to the pile of dismembered zombies.

"Oh... "

Is all Leon says before nodding and laying down for a moment of relief.

To Be Continued

Maybe It Has a Heart

part 2

To wake up on an actual bed was surreal to Leon, he had honestly hoped everything he had gone through was a dream. Just a trick that his head had caused, but to find himself right next to the Tyrant that had saved his life confirmed his thoughts. He sits up groggily and rubs his head with a soft groan, a headache to follow all of the previous events. He sighs heavily and looks to the giant man, his brows raise as he realizes that he had previously been sitting across from the bed. But now he was close. Too close.

Leon gives a soft hum noise suddenly realizing that this thing was asleep, in the chair by the bed. The rookie cop reaches over and lifts the man's hat out of curiosity, the Tyrant looked so...

Calm....

It was a nice look for the creature, calm and relaxed as it slept. But Leon jumps nearly out of his skin as it's eyes open and stare at him, a giant hand comes up and moves his own away. Pulling the hat lower and over it's eyes it leans back against the much too small chair it sits in.

"Jesus you scared the fuck outta me "

Leon says softly holding over his chest for a moment and taking a breather, he lays back down on the bed and covers his eyes with one arm

"What am I gonna do? I gotta find Claire... "

-----p5
With a heavy sigh he sinks into the bed almost fully, but he startles as a massive hand goes into his hair. He uncovers his eyes to see that the Tyrant is looking off into the distance, but it's hand is occupied in Leon's hair. Gentle fingers rub over his scalp, and to the young man it feels wonderful. They're cold even through gloves, but they move in gentle circles and soon they move to his neck, he turns over onto his side and closer to the giant.

The Tyrant gives a satisfied smug growl of sorts rubbing over Leon's tense and knot dotted neck, the cop gives a soft groan of relief as those fingers loosen a particularly tight knot at the base of his neck. He sits up a bit and murmurs a soft thank you, but what he didn't expect was for the massive man to slide him right into his lap

"Huh? -Hey what're you.... "

It was a seamless transition from where he sat and into the man's lap, and those wonderful cold hands were back on him. Massaging over his neck and shoulders gently, Leon gives a heavy groan as the shoulder he had slept on pops

"Damn.... You're good at this huh? "

He says finally allowing himself to relax, even though he was sat practically on the Tyrants thigh and the man could snap his neck anytime he wanted. But the relief of being somewhat safe made something in him calm down.