Title: The Past Is Never Past
Fandom: ReGenesis
Author: tj_teejay (AO3 – Tumblr – Instagram – Reddit – E-Mail)
Genre: Gen
Characters/Pairings: David, Bob
Rating: PG-13 (borderline R for language)
Warning: Uhm... colourful language? Can't have David without it. Summary, Author's Note and fic are all kinda spoilery for pretty much everything up to episode 4x13.
Summary: Three years radio silence, and now Bob wants to apologize?
Author's Note: This is supposed to take place three years after the end of episode 4x13, and we will assume that David never heard from Bob or Nina again. Until now, that is. Hasn't been beta'ed, so if you find any typos, keep 'em. :-)
Written for tigriswolf over at comment-fic. The prompt was *author's choice, author's choice, an impossible gap to bridge*. Please do not share or upload this fic anywhere without the author's permission.

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"David, I'm *sorry*."

It came out strangled, choked, tear-laden.

David vehemently turned around, facing the person now standing in his loft, the person he had once considered a friend. Possibly a best friend.

Not anymore.

"*Sorry*?!" he spat. "That's hilarious. Really, Bob, *now* you're sorry?"

Bob stayed silent, eyes averted, not daring to face David. He deserved every bit of this, and he knew it.

David raised his voice again. "The least you could do is fucking look at me."

That prompted Bob to look up, his gaze flickering to David's eyes—for a mere second, not more. "I don't know what else you want me to say," he admitted quietly.

David's anger only got more fierce. "Three fucking years, Bob! Three years, and you expect me to just forgive you because you're *sorry*?"

"No."

"No what?"

"No, I don't expect you to just forgive me. I know this is an impossible gap to bridge."

"Damn right it is."

"I just... I just wanted to tell you."

"That you're sorry..."

"Yes."

Bob was fidgeting. David knew this happened whenever Bob was stressed, when he was close to having some kind of breakdown, close to hyperventilating, close to losing it. There used to be a time when it mattered. But after three years of unresolved betrayal, of radio silence, he couldn't bring himself to care.

"So now what?" David asked, the provocation in his voice clearly audible.

Bob looked like the life had drained out of him. "I don't know, David," he said just above a whisper.

"Yeah," David sighed. He drew in a long breath and let it out through his nose. "Get out."

Bob's eyes met his, a world of emotion swimming in them, tangled up in a million questions. The one most predominant was clear.

"You heard me," David affirmed. "Get the hell out of my apartment."

Bob obeyed in silent agony, shoulders hunched, head bowed. As he was about to close the door behind him, he dared ask the one question that he thought he could ask, should ask. "Will I see you again?"

The anger in David's voice had been replaced by sadness mingling with disappointment. "I don't know, Bob," he said in a low voice. And that was all he was going to say.

Bob just nodded and pulled on the doorknob. The wooden door closed behind him with the lock softly clicking shut.

It was all David could do not to sink to his knees right there. He braced himself against the door with one hand, the other scrubbing over his face. Of all the things he might have expected to happen, this had been the one tending to zero. Striving somewhere towards infinity.

And the one thing he was afraid to admit bore right into his soul. He didn't know. He didn't know if he could face Bob again, could look past the anger and the treachery and the gaping wound it had left—past the fact that Bob had fucking left him to die without even batting an eyelash. It wasn't something you just forgave.

The craving that hit him almost took his breath away. A shot of whisky, tequila, vodka, anything. And another, and another—until his brain bled fog and his senses dulled.

The liquor table was gaping empty. Of course. He'd thrown all of that out when he'd gotten the three month medallion. He'd never regretted it as much as he was now.

Making a quick decision, he went to the refrigerator and got out a can of soda. The fizzing sound as he pulled on the tab was familiar, the sweet taste on his tongue not even close to a substitute for the sharp sting of alcohol burning down his throat.

He grabbed the phone off the docking station, sinking down on the scuffed leather sofa. It took four rings for the person at the other end to answer.

"Yeah, it's me," he said, listening to the response before he continued. "You'll never guess who just turned up on my doorstep."

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THE END