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*Cyber beings are not too sophisticated until Detective Jim Ellison, a prototype for a new AI robot, comes along, and he's being field-tested as the partner for Detective Blair Sandburg, who dislikes robots, but comes to like Jim. Banks and Sandburg are the only two that know about Jim being a robot in the beginning, but it's harder than you would think to keep the secret. It's also very hard to keep track of the players without a program.*

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Detective Blair Sandburg was about sick to death of the ridiculous cyber beings that worked at the station. They were worthless, even though they had meager jobs, they still drove Blair nuts. There were a lot of human beings that needed the jobs, and yet, here the units were, taking over everything. One of them was emptying Blair's waste basket and it angered him to see her doing this. Why couldn't they just stay away from his area? He wasn't nice to them; surely they must be able to tell. But they always smiled at Blair and said nice things to him every day. Blair decided that they were not only a pain in his ass, but they were sort of slow. His captain, Simon Banks, was always telling him to have more patience, but Blair just couldn't do it. The unit was finally done hanging around Blair's desk and that made Blair happy. She waved and gave what should have been a smile at him as she left. Blair glared at her.

Simon Banks walked up to Blair and said, "I see you're getting along with the help."

"You can't force me to like them. Simon, it's wrong. They're taking jobs away from humans. Times are tough enough as it is, we sure don't need to be fighting over jobs with Cyber Units." Blair sighed, shook his head, and then asked, "Is there something I can do for you?"

"As a matter of fact, I have some news on your new partner. Come into my office I want to talk to you about him. His name is Detective James Ellison. Now, follow me and I'll fill you in on his function in the department."

"As long as he's not a cyber unit, I don't care what his function is," Blair said happily, as he followed Simon into his office.

Simon knew this was going to be a really long, fucking day.

"Sit down and I'll get you some coffee," Simon stated.

Blair sat down and waited for the bomb to go off. Simon was too calm and happy and this worried, Blair.

Simon handed a cup of hot, strong coffee to Blair and asked, "How much do you know about the AI prototypes?"

"Oh fuck...I'm going to get a robot as a partner? That's just peachy," Blair snarled.

"He's not a robot, Sandburg. He's an AI prototype and he looks human. I met him this morning. He's a little odd, but a very good police officer. He's been

programmed for the military and law enforcement. The hard part is going to be keeping it a secret. No one else besides the two of us can know. Am I understood?" Captain Banks asked.

"Can I refuse?" Blair asked.

"Yes, but I was hoping my best cop could show Ellison the ropes. He's got good instincts and he has some other stuff going on too. You might be able to help him find someone to help him with those things," Simon said.

"Way to make me feel guilty. All right, I'll do it, but not until I meet him first and see what is what with him. He has to be able to pull his own weight. As far as I know, they can't take a human life, is that right?" Blair wondered.

"You're wrong. He is very sophisticated and does everything you do," Simon pointed out.

"I'll bet it's not everything," Blair teased his poor captain.

"They are programmed for sex too. You have a lot to learn about AIs. He's really quite impressive. Wait until you meet him," Simon assured him.

"When do I meet the stiff?" Blair asked.

"Really nice, Sandburg. Give him a chance before you start insulting him. And he has five heightened senses, so you might want to watch out what you say in front of him or within hearing distance. I'm telling you, you're going to be impressed. The military wouldn't use him because he couldn't control the senses problems. "

Blair perked up and asked, "They developed hyper senses?"

"They have no idea why he has them. He wasn't programmed to have them. They can't do that, so they need to test him out and see how he does. He's going to be your partner for the next six months. I expect you to treat him nicely," Simon more or less ordered.

"Yes, sir. Again, I ask, when do I meet him?" Blair asked.

"Why did you become interested when I told you about his heightened senses?" Simon asked.

"I studied Sir Richard Burton, the explorer, not the actor, in college. I learned all about people with heightened senses, but I can't figure out why an AI would have them. AIs aren't human," Blair said.

"Almost. I'm telling you, other than being an odd duck, he's just like you and me. And we have a lot of odd ducks here, so he should fit right in," Simon assured him.

"I can't wait to see and hear what you think is odd. God only knows with you," Blair joked.

"You want to meet him? He's in Interrogation Room Three," Simon said.

"Shit, he probably heard what we said," Blair pointed out.

Simon looked alarmed and asked, "From the interrogation room? I doubt that, Sandburg."

"Let's go and ask him what we said," Blair said, and they walked towards Interrogation Room 3 and opened the door.

The figure sitting at the table turned around and faced them both. "I can answer all of the questions," Jim said.

"What's your name?" Blair asked.

"My name is Detective James Ellison, but you could call me Jim. My handler told me Jim was easier to get out in a hurry. Jim is fine. I could hear everything you said from Captain Banks' office. What would you like to know first?"

Simon asked, "Why wouldn't the military want you, too?"

"I have blackouts and am in no shape to be in control. They could not have anyone on their team who has blackouts. I have seen many specialists in that field, but no one can find out what is wrong with me."

"That's because there is nothing wrong with you. You have heightened senses and that causes you to fade to black now and then. I'll teach you how to handle them. Do you have any that are stronger than the others?" Blair asked.

"No, they are equal. Why would you help me, when you hate me?" Jim asked.

Simon and Blair both stalled over the answer. Blair finally said, "I studied Sentinels while I was in college and always hoped I would run into a man or woman that has heightened senses. I guess I'll have to settle for you."

"I am not too sure if that is a compliment or an insult," Jim said.

"I'm not sure, either. I have to give this more thought," Blair confessed.

"If you hate me, why would you work with me?" Jim asked.

"It's my job and my boss told me what to do. I follow orders, just like you do," Blair answered.

"I still think this might be an insult," Jim admitted.

"Let's give it time, Detective Ellison. Sandburg will come around. You'll see," Simon stated.

"You must be Captain Banks. You are very large," Jim said.

Both Simon and Blair burst out laughing. Jim looked at them like they were nuts. "Did I say something wrong?" Jim asked.

"Just say he's tall. Don't say he's large. That sounds weird," Blair suggested.

"I will add that to my memory. Thank you, Detective Sandburg."

"You can call me, Blair. That's my name."

"And you will call me Jim. What shall we call the tall captain?" Jim asked, making Simon and Blair start laughing again.

Simon finally stopped laughing and said, "You can call me Captain Banks, or Simon. Whichever you are more comfortable with."

"I shall call you, Simon, then." Jim couldn't figure out what was going on. They were laughing again and he had not said anything but the man's name. Humans were not easy to understand, that was for certain.

"Where do you live?" Blair asked, Jim.

"I was given a loft and I am very comfortable there," Jim answered.

"That's good. I'm glad you're going to have a place to rest," Blair said, not knowing what else to say.

"You might have heard that we don't sleep, but we do. I have to have down time and it re-energizes me."

"I did hear you don't sleep, so this is interesting. You are more human than it seems," Blair said.

"I am not human, but I seem human sometimes. I will try to be more human for you in order to work well as your partner."

Simon looked at the two of them getting along and almost smiled. Almost being the key word. "I have that new case for you. It would be perfect for you and Ellison here."

"The witnesses that need twenty-four hour protection? You think that Jim would be good at this? They need someone understanding and protective reassurance. Nothing against you, Jim, but I don't think you would fit the bill."

"It might be good for my program to learn from this experience. I have a learning program and I am programmed for protectiveness. That would be automatic. Simon, I believe I could do this job," Jim said.

Simon looked at the man standing before him and said, "You're going to have to do whatever Blair tells you to do."

"I understand my orders, Simon. I will protect these witnesses like no one else would. I swear to you," Jim said.

"Does this work for you, Blair?" Simon asked.

"Yeah, I believe that he will try and protect them. Whether he does or not is another story," Blair said.

Simon handed Blair the address and said, "Megan Connor and Joel Taggart are there right now and they need to be relieved. Good luck with everything."

"You're with me," Blair said to Jim as he grabbed his jacket and headed towards the elevator. Jim followed close behind, grabbing his jacket, also. Blair found that odd, because why would an AI get chilly?

"Do you get cold, Jim?" Blair asked as they got onto the elevator.

"Yes, I have a lot of the same traits that humans do. I get cold and I get tired. You will see that this is true as time goes on. What type of car do you have?" Jim asked.

"I have an air car, but I prefer to drive my old car. It's souped up and goes really fast. It's a classic Corvair that is old, but in fantastic shape. I love my car," Blair answered.

"I prefer being on the ground, also," Jim admitted.

"Really? That surprises me. I figured you would want the fancy air car much quicker than the land car. You showed me," Blair said.

"I showed you what?" Jim asked, somewhat confused.

Blair almost laughed, but didn't. "I just meant, you proved me wrong," Blair explained.

"I see," Jim replied, which meant he didn't see at all. Blair was already reading his body language. Blair found it odd that he was thinking about Jim having body language at all.

They got out and found the Corvair and made their way over to the house they were going to be living in for the next three weeks.

"So, tell me Blair, what are the officers that are watching the witnesses, like?" Jim asked.

"Megan Connor has been with us for a long, long while. She's from Australia and came as an exchange officer, but since then has become a citizen and is working full time in Major Crimes. She is quite nice and I think you'll like her. Joel Taggart is really nice. He's a big man, but a gentle man unless someone provokes him. You can call them Joel and Megan when you meet them," Blair said.

"I will. I shall call the woman Megan and the big man, Joel."

Again, Blair almost laughed, but thought it rude and stopped himself. When Blair drove up in front of the house, Jim said, "I recognize this area."

"That's good, I guess," Blair answered.

"It's not a good area. They would be safer at my home than here. Should we take them there?" Jim asked.

"I think this area is okay, Jim. You're just being overprotective. We'll see how it goes. If something happens to change our minds, we can always move them to your home. That's fine," Blair agreed.

They walked up the stairs, Blair following close behind Jim. Blair had to give the creators some credit for creating such a wonderful creature as Jim Ellison. *Tell the truth, Sandburg, you just like the look of his butt.*

"Are you nervous, Blair?" Jim asked.

"No, why?"

"I heard your heart start to pound and wondered if you were nervous or scared," Jim said.

"I'm a cop for crying out loud, I don't get nervous or scared."

"I am sorry, I must have been wrong," Jim said.

"No problem, everyone is wrong, sometimes," Blair pointed out.

"Not me," Jim answered.

Blair knocked on the door and smiled when Megan looked out the small window in the door.

"Hello, Sandy, who is this fine specimen?"

Before Blair could answer, Jim shook her hand and said, "The name is Jim Ellison, you can just call me Jim."

"I'll call you Jimbo, how does that sound?" Megan asked.

"I do not understand. My name is Jim, why would you call me Jimbo?" Jim asked, perplexed.

Joel stepped forward and said, "And I'm Joel Taggart, Jim. It's good to meet you."

"It is very good to meet you, too. I read up on your service and saw you were in the bomb division at one time. Why would you want to leave something so interesting as bombs?" Jim asked.

Joel thought for a moment and answered, "I didn't want to think they were interesting. They're dangerous and people die from them. I never want to feel like I'm in that much control or lack of control again. Now, how would you like to meet Thais Warner and her daughter, Ramona?"

"Jim Ellison, this is Thais and her daughter, Ramona. You will be in charge of seeing that they are safe from here on in. It was good meeting you," Megan said as they got ready to go.

Jim shook Thais' hand and smiled. "Your name is quite unusual and lovely. I like Greek names very much. Your daughter's is lovely too."

"Why thank you, Jim. I can call you Jim, right?" Thais asked.

"That is my name, so of course you can call me that," Jim explained, simply.

Ramona said, "It's good to meet you, Jim. You look like you're serious about taking care of my mom. I'm glad, because they want to kill her."

"I will not let them kill her, Ramona. Do not fear," Jim said.

Blair walked Megan and Joel to the front door and Megan asked, "Is it just me, or is he sort of weird?"

"It's just you," Blair kidded.

"Take good care of her, Blair. She's been through hell and back," Joel said.

"Drive carefully, Joel. Talk to you soon," Blair said as they walked out the door. Jim was busy talking with Ramona and didn't say goodbye.

"Do we have groceries here already?" Blair asked as he walked into the kitchen and looked in the pantry.



"Someone named Rafe and Brown went shopping for us yesterday, so, we have plenty of food for at least four or five days. I have to tell you that Ramona likes to be called, Ro. So, don't be alarmed if she acts like you kicked her when you call her by her given name," Thais said.

"Ro, what do you feel like for dinner?" Blair asked.

Ro looked over at Jim and smiled and asked, "Jim, what would you like to eat?"

"I like Chinese food, pizza and meatloaf. What are your favorites?" Jim asked, Ro.

"I have the same favorites, don't I mom?"

"Yes, Ro, you do. Now leave Detective Ellison alone, dear," Thais said.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to bother you," Ro said, unhappily.

"You were not bothering me at all. You can talk to me anytime you wish to," Jim said.

Blair knew that he was going to have to explain the birds and the bees to Jim because he didn't even notice that Ro was throwing herself at him. Blair sighed and asked, Thais, "Where are we going to be sleeping? I mean, one at a time, of course. I will stay up all night while Jim sleeps and then Jim will be with you in the morning, while I sleep. That means we'll all be together for evenings."

"Follow me, Blair," Thais said as she walked towards the first bedroom. "It isn't much, but this is where Joel and Megan were sharing, too."

"This is great. We just need a place to sleep for a few hours every night. I'll start something for dinner after we get our things in the bedroom," Blair said. "Jim, would you bring our things into the bedroom?"

Jim came walking in with three backpacks filled with their things. Blair took Jim aside and said, "Jim, you have to be careful what you say and do with a teenager. She has a thing for you, so you don't want to be too nice to her. She thinks that it might involve sexual things."

"She is a child, Blair. Who would do that with a child?" Jim asked, seemingly stunned to his very core.

"Are you familiar with child molestation and things like that?" Blair asked.

"Not too much. You will tell me during dinner," Jim stated.

"No, I can't tell you during dinner. It's private. I'll tell you when they go to bed and the house is quiet," Blair said.

"Then I shall wait to talk to you until they are sleeping," Jim agreed.

"Jim, just how much do you know about the law?" Blair asked.

"I was sent here to learn, Blair. I am like a child. I will absorb everything as it is needed. I will not let you down," Jim added.

"I know you won't let me down, Jim. Now, would you like to help with dinner?" Blair asked.

"Making it or eating it?" Jim asked.

Blair burst out laughing and said, "Making it. Come on, we'll get this done in no time." Blair led the way into the kitchen and Jim saw Ro sitting in front of the windows reading a book.

He walked into the living room and said, "It is starting to get dark. I do not wish you to sit in front of the open window in the evening. We have to have the drapes pulled all the time."

"I hate being here," Ro said, angrily as she stormed into her bedroom, leaving a very shocked and surprised Jim Ellison in her wake.

Thais walked up and said, "Don't mind her, Jim. She's just tired of being cooped up in the house. We've been here for three weeks already and we're looking at another five weeks before the trial. She's going to be driving you and Blair nuts by then."

"I do not like being cooped up either, so, I do understand how she feels," Jim confessed.

Jim walked to the bedroom door and knocked on it. He asked, "Ro, would you like to help make dinner and set the table?"

She didn't answer and Jim went to open the door and it was locked. He rattled the doorknob and said, "Ro, open this door right now."

There was still no answer, but now Blair was there. "Kick the door in, Jim."

Jim stepped back and kicked the door in and found Ro sitting on her bed with earphones in her ears. She was unable to hear the knocks or anything else. Jim pulled the earphones out of her ear and said, "You had us worried. You did not answer the door."

"Excuse me; did you break in my door?" Ro asked, looking really pissed off.

"Your safety is our first concern and if I think you are not able to answer me, I will break the door down. Would you like to help make dinner and set the table?" Jim asked once again.

"No, I don't want to help make dinner. Would you all leave me alone, now?" Ro asked and shut the door as well as she could with the broken lock.

"I'm sorry, Jim, she isn't normally like this. She's upset about being stuck with us and not seeing any of her friends," Thais said.

"I understand, Thais. I comprehend how Ro feels too. It is not fun being stuck with us this entire time. Hopefully, you will get past this soon," Jim said, kindly.

Blair looked at him oddly when Jim said this because it didn't sound like something a robot would say. *I have to stop thinking of him as a robot.*

"Did they tell you why the Morenos are trying to kill me?" Thais asked.

"You witnessed the murder of your husband and your daughter did too," Blair answered.

"They're going to kill us. They can't afford to have us alive," Thais said as though she accepted her fate.

"Why did they kill your husband?" Jim asked.

"He was taking copies of their books to show the feds and they caught him doing it and shot and killed him," Thais said. "Now, they must kill us."

Jim stood up and went towards her and said, "I will protect you with everything that is in my being. They will not kill you and will not get to you at all."

"Thank you, Jim. I could tell you are really protective as well as Blair. And before Ro comes back out, I want to apologize for her flirting with you," Thais said.

"Everything will be fine," Jim answered. Jim was going to have to talk to Blair about this flirting business.

They made meatloaf, mashed potatoes, gravy and green beans for dinner. When Ro came out, she almost smiled when she saw what they had made for dinner. She wasn't teasing earlier, she loved meatloaf.

Ro ate everything on her plate and said, "Thank you for dinner, Jim and Blair. You cook well. Much better than Megan did."

"You were dissatisfied with her meals?" Jim asked, as he pushed food around on his plate, slowly.

"No, that's not what I meant. I don't want to get her into any trouble. She just didn't cook as well as you two do," Ro explained.

"We will try and do better," Jim said, easily.

"Detective Sandburg, could I please talk to you alone?" Thais asked.

"Certainly," Blair answered as he walked into the living room with Thais and asked, "What's the problem?"

"He's a robot, isn't he? I've been trying to figure it out, but he's a fucking robot. You put a robot in charge of our lives?" Thais whispered, angrily.

Jim came walking in and said, "Do not be angry with Blair. He was only doing his job. I will protect you as well if not better than a human could. Why would it bother you that I am an AI?"

"I hate robots. You have no right to be in my home," Thais said, loudly.

"You can ask for another policeman to replace me, but for right now, please calm down. Your daughter knows something is wrong and it is upsetting her. She has already lost her father she does not want to think about losing her mother. Please stay calm for her sake," Jim stated, coolly and calmly.

"You're absolutely right. I'm acting irrational, aren't I? The Morenos had a robot watching my husband all the time. They knew that my husband was about to turn them in because of it. He was such a good man and yet this robot turned on him," Thais explained to Jim.

"He was following his orders. We do what we are programmed to do. Chances are, they will be using robots to get to you. They are not expecting me to be here. Please reconsider having me stay on," Jim said. "You can tell Ro about me, but please tell her not to be afraid of me."

"I want you to stay. I've reconsidered what's going on and you're the only one that's calm. Okay, I take that back, you and your partner are the only ones that are calm. I need to relax," Thais admitted.

Blair smiled and said, "He is very calm, isn't he? But, I have a feeling if someone came after you or Ro, he would lose that calm appearance."

"You would be right, Blair. I protect at all costs and that includes my life. I would easily stand in front of a bullet, but I have a feeling they won't come that way. They will try something else. I really feel like we should stay at my apartment. It is a perfect setting for me to watch everything, all the time," Jim suggested, once again.

Blair looked at Thais and asked, "How fast do you think we could pack up everything and go to his place?"

Thais smiled and said, "We're never really unpacked. It's been that way for ages. If you want us to go somewhere safer, then let's do it."

"You must tell Ro all about me and explain that I will protect the two of you like no one else would. Please?" Jim pleaded.

Blair looked at Jim and was surprised to hear him plead for anything.

"Jim, they might be watching so why don't we go out the back way?" Blair asked.

"They will be expecting that, Blair. But they would not expect Megan and Joel to come and leave again. They wouldn't care, am I correct?"

"What's the plan, Jim?" Blair asked.

"They come to the house and Ro can leave as Megan and we will put a big coat on Thais and she can be Joel. With a hat on, they wouldn't be able to tell at night. They can drive to my apartment and we will follow about ten minutes later. Do you agree with this plan?" Jim asked.

"But no one would be with us. I find that scary," Thais said.

"This is what will throw them off, Thais. They would never expect us to send you out by yourself. They will not even care about Megan and Joel. I swear this is going to work. We will be ten minutes behind you. If it makes you feel better, go to the grocery store and you can stand there and wait for us," Jim suggested.

"No, you're right. They would never expect you to let me walk out alone. That's actually a very good idea," Thais said, smiling at Jim.

Jim smiled back at her and asked, "Not bad for a robot?"

"Let me go and talk to Ro about this. She's got the same type of hair as Megan does. Long and curly, so she could easily pass as Megan, I think. Get this set up, I'll talk to Ro about everything."

Blair got on the phone and called Megan and Joel and asked them to come back to the safe house. Blair instructed Joel on what to wear and the hat he would need. Megan and Joel had no idea what was going on because Blair wouldn't say anything over the phone. So, they just followed orders and went back over to the safe house. Blair had also asked them to bring take-out, so it looked like they had a good reason to be there.

About twenty minutes later, Jim got up and said, "It is Joel and Megan. They are alone and do not seem alarmed at all."

Blair opened the door, almost laughed at how they looked and said, "We have something to do that is so out there, you're not going to want to try it, but Jim has a feeling that they will make their move tonight and they will kill everyone in the house." Blair went on to tell them about what they planned on doing and what Joel and Megan's part was. Megan had worn a long trench coat with a big hat and a scarf around her face. Joel much of the same, because after all it was cold outside.

"I think it's a sound plan. But I would say five minutes behind them instead of ten. Just to be sure," Megan said.

Joel said, "I hope this works. We've been trying to get Moreno for years and nothing works. Why do you think they're going to make their move tonight?"

Jim said, "I just have a hunch."

Thais and Ro came out of the bedroom and Thais said, "Okay, we're ready to go."

Joel put pillows next to Thais's body so that it would look like she filled the coat out. She was the same height as Joel, so that worked. She had some dark makeup on that made her look like a black person. Her hair was all pulled up on the top of her head. She put the hat on her head and got the coat on next. Ro did the same thing. When they were done, Megan was noticeably nervous.

"Why are you nervous, Megan?" Jim asked.

"They are going to be out there with no help whatsoever. I think maybe we should rethink this," Megan said.

"I'm going, Megan. Jim has given me a gun and I know how to use it. We'll be okay. I promise," Thais said.

Megan continued to be nervous and this was freaking Jim out. He pulled Thais and Ro back towards him and said, "Megan, will you go out to the car and get a flashlight?"

"I'm sure there is one here," Megan answered.

"No, there is not. I looked. I need one. Please go out and get it from the car," Jim said as he walked her to the door.

"I thought they were leaving," Megan said, stalling for something.

"Where is it?" Jim growled.

"Jim, where is what?" Blair asked.

"The bug. She placed a bug. They knew she was coming and they know she is coming out as someone else. Where is the fucking bug, Connor?" Jim growled again sounding like a vicious panther.

"Who are you to accuse me of anything?" Megan shouted back at Jim.

Blair looked at everyone in a sort of daze and finally asked, "Joel, did she go to the bathroom before you left to come here?"

"Yeah, she did. Connor, you're on the take?" Joel asked, sounding horrified at the concept.

"Oh fuck you. You can't prove a thing," Megan said.

Jim dragged her over to the front door and said, "Then you'll have no problem going out the front door will you?"

"They'll kill me," Megan spat out as Jim started to search her for the bug, once he found it, he crushed it with his foot. It wouldn't be transmitting anything from that moment on.

Blair took a turn looking horrified. "Megan, I can't believe you turned on us. You were going to give these people to those thugs? What the hell happened to you?"

"Do you think its cheap being from another country and having to send for your family in secret? Moreno housed my entire family for a small price. This to me was worth it. Things were getting worse in Australia and I was afraid for their lives. You have to understand that, right?" Megan asked.

"No..." Blair spat out. He punched Megan in the mouth and then the stomach. She went to go for her gun, but Jim got to her first. He took the gun away and checked her for anything else she might have on her. She had a knife, a syringe filled with some type of liquid and another gun in her ankle holster.

"Maybe we should give her this syringe," Joel suggested.

"We cannot kill Megan Connor. She has to testify in court. Blair, call Captain Banks and tell him that we are under attack."

Joel looked at Jim like he was nuts. "What do you mean under attack?"

"Six cars just pulled up out in front and they are surrounding the house as we speak. Tie Megan up so we do not have to worry about her," Jim said, calmly.

Joel asked, "How can you be so calm, if we're under attack?"

"I am going to go and get them, take them out, one by one. Blair, did you call Simon?"

"Yes, there are cars on the way right now. Jim, don't do anything hasty. You don't want to go outside by yourself," Blair said, very seriously.

"I am going from the attic. They will not see me coming. I promise you, I will be careful. Do you have enough guns?" Jim asked.

Joel said, "We have a trunk full in the bedroom, unless Connor did something to them."

"Joel, we need to get Ro and Thais in the safest place in the house, which would be the bathroom. Am I right, Jim?"

"You would be correct, Blair. There is no window in there and no way to get in except through the door. Take them in there, Joel, and keep them safe. I'm going outside now. No communication. Understood?" Jim asked.

"Understood. Be safe, Jim," Joel said.

Thais hugged him and said, "Be careful. We'll do everything that they tell us to do. I promise."

"Take good care of my partner, Joel," Jim said as he climbed into the attic space and they could hear him walking upstairs.

"He's a robot, isn't he?" Joel asked, Blair.

"Yes, it's harder to conceal than we had hoped. He's a good partner, though," Blair confessed.

"Let's look at those guns and see what we have to work with," Joel said.

Blair took Thais and Ro into the bathroom and said, "Stay here until I get back. Don't open this door for anyone, but me."

"I have my gun ready too, Blair," Thais said.

"Mom, are we going to die tonight?" Ro asked.

"Not on my shift, Ro. Now, sit tight and wait for my signal. I'm going to say, 'Hey Jude' and you'll know it's me," Blair said.

"Isn't that an old Beatles tune?" Ro asked.



"Yes, and I love it. Now, lock up and don't open for anyone but me," Blair said as he handed one extra gun to her and shut the door. She locked up and hoped Jim would be able to get everything taken care of before they got to them.

Suddenly there was shooting, screaming from Megan and howling from someone else. Thais put Ro into the tub enclosure and said, "We're safer here than in front of the door." She got a gun ready and gave it to Ro. "In case they get me first."

Ro started sobbing softly and all that could be heard were sirens and gunshots being fired. She was so scared and she knew her mom was too.

There was a knock at the door and Blair said, "Hey Jude."

Thais opened the door and Blair shut it behind him quickly. "We're surrounded. There are cops out there but no one knows who the good guys are and who the bad guys are. Simon said it's a mess."

"I keep hearing what sounds like a wild cat. Do you hear it?" Ro asked.

"Yes, it's Jim, I think. He announces each and every person he takes down that way. I'm just guessing, but that's what I think," Blair said.

Blair's phone rang and he answered and said, "Sir, I thought we were keeping phone silence."

Jim said, "Blair, they are outside the bathroom wall and are going to blow it open. Get them out of there."

Blair said, "Don't ask, and just follow." Blair rushed them into the room with Joel.

Joel looked shocked and asked, "Why aren't you keeping them in the bathroom?"

Just then there was a loud explosion and Joel then knew why they were out of there. "Did Jim warn you?" Joel asked.

"Yeah, he's trying but there are too many of them to do it alone. I really feel like I should be outside helping him, but I know he would just kick my ass for leaving Ro and Thais."

Simon shouted from the front door, "Sandburg, are you in here?"

"Yes, sir."

Blair's phone rang and he answered, "Jim?"

"Do not, I repeat, do not go out of that room. I will be there in a moment. Keep Joel with you and guard them with your life. They are using Simon as a shield," Jim said.

"No, I'm not going any further. If you want to go into this house, you go. Shoot me. You're going to kill me anyway. Why not do it now?" Simon asked the unnamed gunman.

Joel and Blair heard a huge gun blast and someone yelling and wondered who was hit and what happened to Simon? Jim knocked on the door and said, "We need to leave now."

"Where is Simon?" Blair asked.

"He is getting his car. There are more men coming. We have to escape now," Jim said as he pulled all of them from the room.

They all walked past a dead Megan Connor, who had been shot in the crossfire.

"He is here. We have to make a run for it now," Jim shoved all of them down the stairs and into the car waiting at the curb. "Go to my place, I will follow later," Jim said.

They drove off just before many more cars came and Jim sat patiently waiting for them to get out and come for him. He had an automatic weapon on one of his shoulders, a Glock in one hand and a semi-automatic gun in his other hand. He was ready to go, but at the same time, six police cars drove up and they were all shooting at each other. Jim helped as much as he could. He got quite a few of the mobsters and the cops seemed to know that he wasn't a bad guy, so Jim didn't get shot up that day.

Jim was dropped off at his place by one of the policemen and he walked upstairs hoping to see everyone alive. Jim knew that he was a robot but yet, he still had feelings about these humans. He did not want them to be dead.

When he unlocked his door, there were four guns pointing at him. "You're safe for right now."

"They'll be back with more men and more guns. It's always like this," Blair said.

Jim said, "I am going to change my clothes and I have to leave for awhile. Please keep everyone here and safe. There is food in the refrigerator and please make yourself at home."

"Where are you going, Ellison?" Simon asked.

"There is only one way to end this, sir. I have to take Moreno out. It is the only way to get out alive for any of us," Jim said.

"I didn't hear what you just said," Simon barked.

"I said..."

Blair put his hand over Jim's mouth and said, "I'll explain later."

"Be safe, Ellison," Simon said.

"I will try, Simon. I wish to work another day for you," Jim said calmly.

Jim went up to change his clothing and Blair followed him upstairs. Blair couldn't believe how great Jim looked without his clothes on.

"You may look at me later, Blair. Right now I have a mission." Jim got guns, knives and extra ammo and put it inside his suit. No one would think he was a force to be reckoned with.

Blair snickered and said, "You understand more than you let on, don't you?"

"Yes, I do. Now, keep everyone safe," Jim said as he started to walk by Blair. He then stopped and pulled Blair into his arms and said, "Be safe." Then he was down the stairs and out the door.

Jim walked down the outer stairs wearing a suit and looking like a business man instead of a cop.

"I can't believe how calmly you all just let him take this on alone. Is there no one else you could call?" Thais asked.

"He's the only one of his kind. There are no others to call," Simon stated.

Ro started to cry. "I really like him. I don't want anything to happen to him."

When Jim arrived at Moreno's, the place was in total chaos. Jim walked up to the man at the gate and said, "I would like to see Moreno. I have some information on the two women."

"Mr. Moreno isn't seeing anyone," the man said, right before Jim sliced his neck open with a knife, not making a sound. Jim pulled him off into the shrubs and walked in the front gate like he owned the place.

There were four men standing by a car and Jim hit each of them with a knife. Jim was very good with knives. There weren't that many more heartbeats in the house. Jim walked in the front door and sneaked up the staircase to see if he could find Moreno. Once he got upstairs, he found the bedroom quite easily. He was surrounded by paneling and wood on the walls. There were four men guarding it and he shot them each in the head and didn't have to worry about them any longer. Jim could hear heartbeats from the wall and realized there must be a panic room inside of it. Jim found the opening and could see Moreno and his family inside. Jim knew it would be bullet proof, but he knew it wouldn't be robot proof. Jim started hitting the glass with his arm and it started cracking a little at a time. He could hear them getting frantic inside the room. It was Moreno and his wife and children. Jim heard her say that she was going to become a states witness rather than live like this anymore. Moreno shot her and the children in cold blood, just because he could. Jim began to hit the glass harder and before long it shattered. Jim jumped through and shot Moreno before anymore lives could be lost. In the panic room was a ton of cash. Jim took some bags of it and decided that he would start Thais and Ro off in another city.

When he was done, he collected all of the surveillance videos as he walked out of the house and back out onto the street. Jim was good at what he did and he had been sent in to take care of this from the beginning. He just couldn't tell Blair or Simon about it.

As he drove over to the loft, he wondered what he would say to Simon and Blair. It wasn't like he could tell them about being part of a black ops unit. He couldn't tell anyone that. He guessed he would just tell them that he was sorry so many people had to die that night. Hopefully, Simon would let him go back to work. His unit commander said there were many things that needed to be looked into. It was up to Jim to do it.

He walked into the loft and Blair looked very relieved. "I take it, things went well?"

"He killed his entire family because he could, so I killed him. You have nothing to worry about anymore, Thais. And this is for you and Ro to start your new life in another city. Get far away from here," Jim said.

Simon saw all of the money and said, "That's evidence, Jim."

"It is not evidence if she is not here to file a report. She deserves it, sir. She needs a new start. This would do it," Jim said, adamantly.

"Okay, take my car to the Cascade Hotel and await further instructions from me," Simon said.

Blair pointed at the suitcase of money and said, "This can be your suitcase for now. Stay safe and we will contact you as soon as you can leave the city."

Ro walked up to Blair and hugged him very hard. "Thank you for saving our lives, Blair. You were so calm that it made me not be as afraid. I'll never forget you."

Blair hugged her back and said, "Have a good life, Ro. We will see you tomorrow."

She then hugged Jim and Jim hugged her back. "Things will get better, Ro. And you are going to find a nice new life. Always remember that you only need your mom. Everyone else is expendable. But, until then, just be a child and relax," Jim said.

Thais thanked Simon for sending these men into her life and for keeping them alive. She hugged Simon and Simon was secretly thrilled about it. "Like Sandburg said, you're going to have a good life."

Simon made arrangements at the Cascade Hotel not far from them and told Thais to go there for three days. They would be contacted when the time came.

They left and soon, Simon and Joel left too. They would all take care of things in the morning. All the reports could be filed and they could go investigate the unusual murders at the Moreno's house. Nothing pointed to Jim, since he had taken the film out and destroyed it. He had no fingerprints, so they would find none of those either. There were no witnesses, so Jim had just done the city a big favor.

"Hey you, come here," Blair said.

Jim walked over to Blair and got right into his space. Blair pulled him down for a kiss and it was like heaven. Jim was really good at kissing. Blair wondered if AI's were good at other sexual things.

Jim took Blair by the hand and took him upstairs and made sweet love to his partner. Blair watched Jim and realized that it felt good to Jim, too. Jim was a remarkable robot, one that wasn't created to be messed with professionally or personally. Afterwards they lay in bed and Blair said, "So, who do you really work for, Jim?"

"You will find out everything about me, but you will have to figure it out yourself," Jim answered.

"Are you programmed to not be able to tell me?" Blair asked.

"I am programmed to tell nothing to anyone. Do not worry about it. I would never cross you, Blair."

"Good, I'm glad to hear it, Jim."

"What is next on the agenda?" Jim asked.

"I don't know yet, Jim. We'll see in the morning."

They both fell asleep and both men were happy and content which might be hard to do if you're a cyber unit-but Jim was happy.

Jim and Blair stopped by the hotel the following morning and checked on Thais and Ro. They took them breakfast and asked them to stay in until everything was cleared away.

Blair said, "The DA is looking at the case now and doesn't think he needs you for anything, so just relax and we'll come and tell you when this is all over."

Later that morning, the office was jumping. The police had been called out to Moreno's house and they were investigating who would have wanted the entire family shut down like that.

The commissioner called and asked Simon to take over the case. Simon stood in his doorway and said, "Sandburg and Ellison, my office."

Both men got up and walked to the doorway and went inside. Jim was the first one to speak. "Is there a new case, Simon?"

"In a manner of speaking, yes, since the commissioner has asked us to look into the murders of Moreno and his help. But, there is something else that has to do with just Blair."

"What? What happened?" Blair asked.

"I take it you didn't go home last night, which turns out to be a good thing, but someone blew up your building. A witness says that a man was laughing in the parking lot and said, 'That'll teach you, Sandburg.' So it seems you have someone out to get you. Seven people died in your building," Simon stated.

"Oh my God, that's horrible. I feel terrible about this," Blair said as he started to pace.

"Simon, Blair will move into my place. He will not have to look for a new place at all," Jim said, calmly.

"I need to find out who did this," Blair said, not even listening about his living arrangements. "Simon, I'm going to check and see if anyone was released from prison lately that I put away."

"You guys do that and I'll have Rafe, Brown and Joel working the Moreno case. Get busy, I don't want to find you dead somewhere," Simon said.

"He will not be found dead, Simon. I will see to that," Jim said, angrily.

"Ellison, sometimes people have little control over what happens. You can't always keep everyone safe. So, get over that," Simon said.

"Come on, Jim, let's go find who did this," Blair said as he walked through the doorway and out to his desk with Jim following behind.

They both sat down at the desk and Jim fired up the computer and with lightening speed started typing in some information. Everyone in the bullpen stopped what they were doing and stared at him. Blair figured, they're all going to find out anyway, why not now?

"Do you all have problems?" Blair asked.

Jim stopped typing and looked around at everyone staring at him.

"He's a good typist, what's the problem?" Blair asked.

Everyone went back to what they were doing and stopped staring. Jim smiled and went back to work.

"They do not bother me, Blair."

"Well, they sure as fuck bother me, sometimes," Blair said.

"I have found four men that were released from prison that might take exception to you being alive. We will talk to each of them," Jim said.

"Wow that was fast work. Who are we talking about?" Blair asked.

"The first man is named, Michael Stone, for robbery that served three years and just got out a week ago. The second man is Carl Mitchell, for rape and served three years. He has been out for three weeks. The third man is David Webb, for B&E and served two years. He has been out for two weeks. And finally the fourth man is Tate Carson, for stalking and served one year. He got out four days ago. Do any of these make you think it might be them?" Jim asked.

"Actually, I think it might be the last man. Tate Carson was extremely messed up, mentally. He stalked his old girlfriend until she had to move to another city. Then he stalked the new girlfriend. He was never really right in the head, if you know what I mean? I even advised the court that I thought he should go to the mental hospital instead of prison, but the judge wouldn't listen to me. Carson said something about

he would never forget me as he left the court room. I think it might be him," Blair decided.

"Then we will concentrate on him. Let us go and talk to him," Jim suggested.

"Do you have a good address for him?" Blair asked.

"Yes, we do, I got it from his parole officer's secretary. She was unable to contact her boss, so we will have to find him. I will tell Simon that we are leaving," Jim said as he stood up.

"Thanks," Blair said.

Jim did exactly as he had said he would do and then grabbed his and Blair's jackets and walked to the elevator. Blair just smiled when he saw this sweet gesture.

He got onto the lift and didn't say anything to Jim at all. Jim handed him his jacket and Blair finally said, "Thank you."

"You are most welcome, Blair. Do you know where this address is?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I do. They put a lot of people that are on parole there. I myself think it's a bad thing, but there is nothing one person can do to help," Blair said.

"Not all people that have done wrong are bad, they may just be misguided," Jim said, thoughtfully.

"I couldn't have said it any better. I often felt Tate Carson was misguided. He needed some mental help, but like I said they wouldn't listen to me," Blair said.

Blair drove the two of them over to the address and they got out of the Corvaire. Jim knocked at the front door and a man answered and asked, "What do you want?"

"We are looking for Tate Carson and his parole officer. I'm Detective Jim Ellison and this is my partner Detective Blair Sandburg. Do you happen to know where we would find either of them?"

"That one's pretty easy. Mr. Nance was killed late last night. Whoever killed him, stole his car too. And no one has seen Tate Carson since then," the uneasy man said.

"Thank you so much for your help. If you hear from him, could you call the number on this card?" Jim asked, as he handed one of Blair's cards over to the young man.

"Sure, thanks for not giving me a hard time," the man said.

"Good luck with your life," Jim said as they turned and walked down the stairs.



"Where do you suppose he is now?" Blair asked.

"I have no clue. I wonder if he had family," Jim answered.

"We'll have to check his jacket," Blair said.

"His jacket?" Jim asked.

"You know, his folder or file at the station," Blair explained.

"Yes, we will have to check that. Maybe we should go back to the station now and look for him," Jim suggested.

"Good idea. On the way I would like to ask you something. How long do you live?" Blair blurted out.

"My unit will last for up to 35 more years. I am told that I will then be retired and slowly fade away. Did you think that we last forever?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I was afraid of what I got into last night, because I won't live as long as you probably will. I wish you were human, you are so perfect," Blair said.

"I can be killed, Blair. Does that make me more human?"

"How could you be killed?" Blair wondered.

"If my handler decides that I've done something wrong, he can terminate my brain function. So, I would guess my life is like living on life support. I never know if I'm going to be here the next day or not," Jim remarked.

"They had better not take you away from me. I had a really good time last night," Blair admitted.

"Believe it or not, I had a fantastic time also. We are programmed to enjoy sex and I do. I am looking forward to going to bed again tonight."

"Oh good, I'm so glad to hear you say this. I was hoping it wasn't a pity fuck," Blair said, laughing at the look on Jim's face.

"Pity fuck? I do not understand that saying. Explain, please?" Jim asked.

"It means I'm glad you weren't just feeling sorry for me," Blair said.

"I did not pity you last night, I did however have a very good time," Jim said as he smiled at Blair.

"Let's go back to the station and get Carson's folder and we'll have a look see if there is any family and go from there. Then we could go home early," Blair suggested.

"I agree one hundred percent." Jim's face was still lit up like a Christmas tree. He was all smiles with bright and shiny teeth.

"Do you know how good looking you are?" Blair asked.

"No, but I would guess that you think I am, since you mentioned it. I am glad you are happy with my form," Jim said, still smiling.

"Happy, doesn't express how I feel at all." Blair smiled at Jim and winked.

"We need to stop at a store some time today and buy you some clothing and things like that. You will be living with me, is that understood?" Jim asked.

"I keep a ton of clothes in my trunk, so there is no need for shopping right now. But thank you for thinking of it," Blair said.

They drove into the station garage and Blair said, "Stop smiling like that at me while we're here. Otherwise everyone will know about the two of us."

"I agree. Game face is back on," Jim said, frowning this time.

"Oh my God, you understand plenty of what I say, don't you?"

"Almost everything, Blair. My creator was quite brilliant."

They got out of the car and went to the elevator. "Let's get to work," Blair said as they stepped on.

Two hours later, they still had found nothing that would bring them any closer to finding Tate Carson. Blair was getting frustrated and Jim was going to join him soon.

Simon walked up and said, "I want you two to take off for the day. Take the jacket home with you and read up on his life while he was in prison."

"Okay. We'll see you tomorrow," Blair said.

Jim said, "Tomorrow is our day off, Blair."

"In that case, we'll see you the day after tomorrow," Blair teased as he got up to leave.

Jim said, "Goodnight, Simon."

"Goodnight, Jim. Take good care of Blair for us," Simon stated.

"I will do my very best," Jim said as he walked to the elevator and waited for Blair.

"Blair, just be careful how involved you get here. Remember he is not a human and doesn't have feelings like a human. Just keep that in the front of your brain at all times," Simon warned.

"Simon, I'm being careful. Not to worry."

The two men left for the day and Simon wondered if he had put Jim with the right detective.

When Blair parked at the loft parking lot, Jim said, "There is someone in my loft. I would guess it might be Tate Carson. How would he have gotten my address?"

"I don't know. How do we tackle this?" Blair inquired.

"You go to the front door as usual, and I'll come up through the balcony," Jim said.

"Jim, you live on the third floor. There is nothing to climb on," Blair pointed out.

At that moment, Jim bent at the knees and shot up to his balcony. He waited there for Blair.

Blair opened up the door and walked in. He put his backpack down and then went over and opened the balcony door. He took in the air of the evening and heard, "Don't move, you bastard."

"Carson, I would guess?" Blair asked.

"I'm surprised you remembered me. You couldn't get rid of me soon enough when I went to prison. Do you have any idea what they do to the new men that go to prison? You're going to pay for it and it's going to be slow torture. Give me your gun," Tate ordered.

Blair took his gun out and handed it over to Tate. "Now, take your last look at the stars because that will be the last thing you're going to see," Carson said.

Blair walked out onto the balcony and looked up at the stars. He saw Jim on the other side of the wall. When Tate came walking out to make Blair's life miserable, Jim attacked him. He got the gun away from Carson, easily and put the cuffs on him.

"How did you get up here?" Tate wanted to know.

"I have been here waiting for Blair to get home," Jim replied.

"I checked out here, I didn't see you," Tate swore.

"I saw you. Maybe you need to plead insanity this time," Jim offered.

"I can't believe I screwed this up. All I've thought about this entire time was killing you. Now, I have to live with failing."

Blair got on the phone and called for a black and white to pick Carson up. He looked at Jim and said, "It's going to be a long ten minutes."

"I hate you, Sandburg," Carson screamed and Blair saw Jim flinch. They hadn't had time to work on the senses at all. Blair vowed to do that when they got back to the loft after filing the paperwork. Jim and Blair took Carson downstairs to wait for the black and white and didn't really talk much at all.

"How much do you want to bet I'm out in an hour?" Carson asked.

"Carson, I hate to be the bearer of bad news, but this is attempted murder, not to mention the seven people you killed in my apartment building," Blair pointed out.

"I didn't shoot the gun, so it doesn't matter," Carson said, laughing.

Jim shook his head back and forth and wore a smile on his face. "It was not only attempted murder and murder, but you said you were going to take him and torture him. So, that is another charge. No judge will let you out of there."

"Oh, what do you know?" Carson spat out.

"Quite a bit, actually," Jim responded.

"I'll bet you ten dollars that I'm out in an hour," Carson said.

"Blair, add unlicensed gambling to the list," Jim said.

"You fucking suck, pig," Carson shouted as the black and white drove up.

"Oh look, there are more pigs. They're here to take you in, Carson," Blair said almost laughing.

"Captain Banks is waiting at the station for the two of you," Officer Dean said.

"We're going right now," Blair answered.

They got into the Corvair and they talked while Blair drove.

"Jim, how have your senses been because you seem good with them to me? I don't see you having a bunch of trouble at all."

"Blair, my senses are fine as long as I do not focus on one of them, just as you told me in the beginning. I feel pretty normal, actually. I am using the dials like you told me to and I think I am going to be fine," Jim said.

"Good, I'm glad to hear it. We can't have a Sentinel of the Great City having zone outs."

"I like being called a Sentinel. I always wondered what I was. My creator said I was special and I believe he might have been correct."

"Do you mind if I take up the job of your Guide?" Blair asked.

"I figured you had already done that. You have helped me through everything, Blair. I am grateful to you forever."

"Thank you, Jim. Now, I have a question about sex," Blair started.

"You want to know when you can make love to me, am I correct?" Jim asked.

"Yes, that's what I was thinking. How do you know this stuff?" Blair wondered, as he looked at Jim in awe.

"You looked at me last night like you wanted to ask but were afraid to while we were making love. You should have asked. I would have let you do it then. I want to experience the feeling that you did last night. I am looking forward to it," Jim said, smiling at the happy Guide sitting next to him.

Blair pulled up into the garage at the station and said, "We'll pick this up later."

The two walked side by side up the stairs instead of waiting for the elevator. Once there, they walked in and gave the verbal report to Simon and then went to their desks to type up the formal reports. They both did their job, extremely fast and proficient and when done, Blair asked, "You ready to go?"

"As soon as I hand in this report, yes," Jim replied.

They did just that and drove to the loft.

As soon as they arrived, Blair said, "I have to eat something. You have no idea how lucky you are to not eat anything."

"I often wondered what things would taste like because I have a very sensitive mouth and my handler told me to eat. I did and tasted food for the first time. I am able to eat food like a human, only it comes out almost undigested. I try not to eat too much, because I do not want to waste any. I will gladly give you a blowjob and have you come in my mouth. Then I will experience a new taste," Jim said.

"Can I eat before the blowjob?" Blair asked.

"Fix a sandwich, Blair, and I will make you feel good while you eat," Jim said.

"You're not hungry?" Blair asked.

"I don't get hungry," Jim assured him.

Blair hurriedly made the sandwich and then sat down on the sofa waiting for Jim to do his thing. To say that Jim was born to suck cock, didn't do Jim justice at all. His mouth hummed while Blair was in it, making Blair almost come three times. Jim would back off as soon as he tasted Blair's pre-ejaculate in his mouth. He wanted Blair to last a long, long while. Finally when Blair was done eating, he went to town and sucked harder than Blair had ever felt anyone do. Blair shot his warm come down Jim's inviting throat, moaning the entire time. Jim went up to Blair's lips and kissed him longingly.

"Oh man, you are good. Can I give you one, now?"

"I would rather come with you inside of me. How does that sound, Blair?"

"That sounds like a winner. Let's get upstairs and get naked," Blair suggested.

Jim was up there in record time, making Blair laugh. Blair honestly believed that Jim loved sex. Whoever had created him had done a very good job. Blair would be eternally grateful. He wished he could meet the creator some day.

Blair got Jim ready in record time and began to press into Jim's body slowly. Jim moaned with a good moan and said, "All the way, Blair."

Blair thrust all the way in and began to make sweet love to the love of his life. Blair couldn't remember ever feeling this good or making anyone make those love sounds while he made love to them. Jim was a very good lover. Before long, Blair started picking up the pace and Jim came without even being touched. Jim's ass suctioned Blair's orgasm right out of him. He had no warning at all. Afterwards, Blair lay on top of Jim and finally said, "I think I'm in love with you."

"I think you are too. My creator programmed me for love and now I finally know what it is. Thank you, Blair for sharing this with me."

"I love you, Jim."

"And I love you, Blair."

Blair cleaned them off and they fell into a sweet and restful slumber. Both men knew they were exactly where they belonged.

The following morning Simon called. Blair answered the phone. "Sandburg."

"Blair, everything is done, Thais and her daughter can leave town if they want or they can stay if they want. It's totally up to them."

"Oh great, we'll go over and tell them the good news. Thanks, Simon," Blair said, before he hung up.

"Thais is now safe?" Jim asked.

"Yes, we need to go and tell her that she'll be fine and they can stay here or go to another city," Blair explained.

"They would be smart to start over in another city, I would think," Jim said.

"Why?"

"She will always wonder if someone from her past is watching her. Someone that got away. She will never feel safe until she leaves," Jim stated.

"Okay, then we'll advise her to leave town."

"Yes, we will. Now let us get on the road so we can start this day out right," Jim said, smiling.

Blair smiled back, because he knew that things were going to be fine.

The end