

A surrealist painting featuring a man with curly hair sleeping peacefully in the foreground, holding a book. In the background, a ghostly, translucent figure of a man stands. The scene is filled with numerous thin, orange, thread-like lines that float and swirl around the figures. The overall color palette is dark and moody, with a focus on browns, greys, and the vibrant orange of the floating lines.

# the dreamer

by pattrose

art by mella

# THE DREAMER

BY PATTROSE

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Blair Sandburg sat up in bed, once again after the same dream. He'd been having it for two weeks now. He knew the man's name was Jim and he knew he was a cop, but out of all of the stations in town, where could he start looking for this Jim? He needed Blair's help, whether he believed it or not. Jim was looking for a killer. This one was killing over and over again, leaving no clues at all. Blair remembered something from the dream. Someone had called him Detective. So, he was a detective of the police department and needed Blair's help. I could just call and ask for Detective Jim, Blair said to himself as he laughed out loud. He ran his hands through his messed up hair and got them tangled in his curls. Sometimes, he hated his hair, almost as much as his dreams. Blair had an idea about the killer, but he didn't know how to go about telling them. They would trace his phone calls if he called and if he mailed something, they might be able to get prints off something. No, Blair knew he had to find this detective and make him understand he wasn't a nutcase. Quite the opposite, if he could get someone to listen to him, the murders would stop. He didn't know the killer's name, but he did know what part of town he lived in and what he looked like and where he might be keeping the girls. He could even draw the picture if he really needed to. But, again, it came down to the fact that no one would believe him and they might even think he was the killer.

In his dream, the killer had struck again, taking a young woman hostage and taking her to his place, not his apartment, but the warehouse. It was a deserted warehouse and Blair knew he would know it if he saw the area. It was near the water, there were docks in the background. He then remembered something else he needed to remember about the dream. He closed his eyes and saw the door with the writing on it. It said, Major Crimes. Now, Blair had a place to start. He was going to see if he could find this Jim fellow and help him. There was something else about Jim that he wanted to find him for. Jim had enhanced senses and might be a Sentinel. Jim didn't know what was happening to him, but Blair did. If he could just find him, he could help him. He would be able to make this everyday cop into a super cop with his enhanced senses. Blair shook his head when he realized how stupid this whole thing sounded. First, he would tell him about the senses and then the dreams. Jim would know he was insane. Not Jim, Blair. Blair decided that he might need to think on all of this some more. His reputation was in jeopardy. When they found out about him being a teacher, they might make trouble at the university and Blair couldn't afford to have trouble. He loved his job. He taught Anthropology. This is where he learned about the Sentinel business. If he could just rest a little while he would be more energetic to search for the detective.

Blair lay back on the bed and went right to sleep. He was exhausted from all of the dreams he was having. Not to mention the fact that as of today, he was going to be homeless. That was a worry in itself.

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The room was dark, but the young girl could see three other girls chained up on the wall across from her. She could also see that it was morning and the light shining on everyone showed they were all naked. She realized this was no longer a dream, but a fucking nightmare. She should be

at classes at the university right now, not here chained to a wall, with masking tape across her mouth. She looked across the room again and saw Callie McBride. She was the football cheerleader that everyone wished they knew. Now she was in the same place as she was. She started crying when suddenly she realized today would probably be her last day on earth and she never got to tell her mom and dad goodbye. Her name was Suzanne Miller and she would have given up anything to not be here. She continued crying and this in turn made the other girls cry too. No one was getting out, alive. They all knew this.

The man walked into the room looked at all of them and asked, "Who would like to go this time?"

They all started twisting in their chains, trying to get away, but to no avail. He laughed very hard at the sight before him and chose Callie McBride. He unchained her and started to drag her across the room. All of the girls were screaming behind the masking tape and this seemed to make him happier. When he shut the door, they all cried for a long while.

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Blair woke up and grabbed his pen and paper on his nightstand. He wrote down Callie's name and Suzanne's name too. He had to do something right now. He saw he had overslept and called his assistant to tell her he was ill. Today was going to be the day he found Jim and talked to him. Enough girls had already died. It was time for action.

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Jim Ellison was in a terrible mood. The city didn't know yet, but there were four more girls missing as of last night. He hoped they figured something out before they found them in the same condition as the first three. What kind of animal tortures and then rapes his victims? Wouldn't you think rape would be enough torture? Or that torture would be enough without adding rape? All Jim knew was he was sick and tired of having to face these parents with the horrible news. He rubbed his neck and then his eyes. He was so tired. He hadn't been home in three days. It was starting to show, too. Simon asked him if he had taken any time off for sleep and Jim laughed. As if. Those young girls aren't sleeping, Jim could guarantee that. Jim saw their abused bodies and he didn't know if he could ever sleep again.

Simon came out to his desk and asked, "Another headache, Jim?"

"Yes, this one hurts more than usual, sir. I might be a little off my game today," Jim said.

"I need you to go to sleep today. Take a shower, some new clothes would be nice, people are starting to complain," Simon joked.

"Did they happen to witness the autopsy of those three girls? This is no laughing matter, Simon. I will go home and shower and change, but I'm not sleeping until we find these girls."

Simon sighed and walked back into his office. His poor detective had had more than his share of things going on lately. The headaches, the hearing things he shouldn't and the seeing things he shouldn't. Simon was almost ready to put him on medical leave. He would have to think about it

today. Was he really helping this case being so tired and worn out? Simon smiled when he realized that, yes, he was even a big help then.

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Blair walked into Station Twelve and hoped this might be his lucky day. He didn't expect it to be his lucky day, but he did see a Major Crimes listed on the board on the fourth floor. Blair looked around at the people in the waiting area and realized he didn't know what he was going to say to get into Major Crimes. Right now, he was only in the waiting area. Sighing he went up to the desk and waited for someone to help him.

"Can I help you?" a young woman named, Shelly asked.

"I know this is going to sound strange, but I was supposed to see a detective in Major Crimes today and talk with him and I can't remember his last name. His first name is Jim."

She smiled and said, "It's probably Detective Ellison. Would you like to go up and see him?"

"Yes, if I could. I have important news on a case for him," Blair said, knowing he was rambling somewhat.

"Here is your pass, have a good day. Don't forget to hand it in when you come back down," Shelly instructed.

"Yes. Thank you, Shelly." Blair walked away from the desk hoping beyond hope that this was indeed the right station house and not another Jim. He got on the elevator and pushed number four and it took off right away. When the doors opened, Blair couldn't believe his eyes. There was Jim. It was the very same man that was in his dream, except that he looked much better in person. Although, he looked very tired and anxious and Blair hoped he'd be able to help with that. This was his lucky day after all.

Blair walked up to Jim's desk and asked, "Detective Ellison? Jim Ellison?"

Jim looked leery of Blair for a moment and then he pushed his chair back a little and said, "I'm just on my way out. You can talk to anyone here. Believe me they would be better company than I am."

"I'm afraid it has to be you, Detective. It's about you," Blair started.

Jim stopped from getting up and said, "What? What is about me?"

"Could we go somewhere quiet and private for this talk?" Blair asked, sweetly.

"No, if you have something to say, then say it, right here and right now," Jim barked.

When Jim said it, it made Blair about jump out of his shoes. This was one mean detective, that was for sure. "Okay, you asked for it." So, he sat down in front of Jim's desk and spoke in a Sentinel whisper that Blair knew only Jim could hear. To anyone else listening they could hear nothing, but to Jim, he heard that this man knew what was happening with his senses. And yet no one else could hear him.

Jim stopped him and said, "Follow me."

Blair followed Jim into what looked like an interrogation room and Jim shut the door once they were both inside. Jim then threw Blair up against the wall and said, "Who sent you and what do you know about me?"

"Calm down, man, put me down. Or, I'll leave right now," Blair assured him.

Jim let go of the curly haired man that was making his life impossible right now and Blair slid down the wall and almost to the floor before Jim caught him.

"I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?" Jim asked.

"It's funny you should ask about hurting someone because I have news about the girls that are missing, but you have to agree to listen to my entire story and not fly off the handle."

Jim said, "Sit down and fill me in on what you know about my senses first."

Blair sat down and told him about Sir Richard Burton, the explorer, not the actor and continued to tell him everything he would need to know. He even showed him how to work the dials so he could get that headache under control.

Jim tried what Blair had told him what to do and it worked. Jim was headache free for the first time in weeks. "What is your name, so I know who to thank?"

"I'm Blair Sandburg. I'm a teacher at Rainier University and I had to take the day off to tell you a few things," Blair began.

"How in the hell did you know my name and where I worked? Better yet, how did you know about me having heightened senses?" Jim was in shock.

"I'm a dreamer. I dream things and they come true. I sometimes find out about things before or after they have happened and I could help you with a lot of things, not just your senses," Blair explained.

Jim stood up and began to pace. "You're a dreamer? Oh, this is rich. So basically you've been stalking me and know about me? There is no such thing as dreamers. Get a grip," Jim yelled.

"You get a grip. I know what I have and what I am. I know how insane it sounds, but not another girl is dying because you won't listen to what I have to say. Fine, find those girls on your own, since you don't believe in dreamers."

Jim almost smiled at the man that was ready to take on a tired and grouchy Jim Ellison. "Okay, what do you know about some girls?"

"Not some girls, the girls. The ones you found dead. Then there are four more missing and you need to get to them soon. He took Callie McBride this morning, so it might be too late for her, but there were three others in my dream. They're scared, naked and need to be rescued."

"Do you have any other names," Jim asked, looking at Blair quite oddly.

Blair knew that Jim thought he was the perp. "I don't have them, Jim. I'm the one helping you. Yes, I have another name. She was one of my students. Her name is Suzanne Miller and she was so scared."

"Blair, where do you think they are?" Jim asked, seriously.

Blair could tell that Jim was actually listening to him this time. "They are at a deserted warehouse by the water and a dock. If you took me to the area, I could show you which one it was. I saw it from one of the girl's eyes. He has three waiting to be killed right now. Are we going to do something about him or what? Now let me tell you what he looks like." Blair began to fill him in on what the man looked like and Jim was in shock.

Jim stood up and Blair could tell he didn't know what to do. "Jim, do you in your heart believe what I am saying?"

"Yes, that's the frightening part. I usually don't believe anyone, but you, a complete stranger, I believe."

"Good, then go and talk to your Captain and tell him what's going on. He's going to laugh at you and if he does, we'll do it together, Jim. We don't need him. Now, go and talk to him," Blair insisted.

Jim walked to the door and said, "Stay right here."

"I wasn't going anywhere without you, Jim. This is too important to worry about what they're going to think."

"I've got a better idea. Why don't we go ourselves and see what's going on over there. I'm armed, I can take care of both of us," Jim suggested.

"Jim, because of your senses, you're not at the top of your game right now. So, let's try going through the proper channels first."

"Stay," Jim said with a smile as he walked out the door and carefully shut it. Blair began to pace. He hoped that they would find all of the girls alive, but he wasn't sure about that at all.

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Blair looked at his watch and realized Jim had been gone almost an hour when the door opened up and a tall black man walked in with Jim.

"So, you're the fruitcake that has made my officer insane?"

"My name is Blair Sandburg. I'm a teacher, not someone that thinks this is funny. I'm a dreamer and if I dream it, it will happen or has happened. Do you really want him to kill all of the girls while you wait and try and figure out if your detective is insane or not? I'm the one that told him to talk to you instead of doing it himself. He's not running on all cylinders with his senses acting up and I want the girls to live, not die."

"I'm Captain Simon Banks, and I think you're nuts. But Detective Ellison thinks you're not, so we'll go and check it out."

"I can show you where it is, once we get into the area. Please believe me," Blair pleaded.

"Fine. Jim, you're in charge of him and if this backfires, it's you that will be put on medical leave," Simon bellowed.

"Simon, you don't have to yell, he can hear really well. You hurt his ears when you yell," Blair said.

"My name is Captain Banks."

"I prefer to call you Simon. Captain Banks is too stuffy," Blair said.

"Do we want to go anytime today?" Jim asked.

"I'm going with you and the nut," Simon stated.

"Fine, let's go then," Jim said as he walked out the door, almost running.

"Slow down you two, my legs aren't as long," Blair said.

Neither of them slowed down one bit.

"Brown, Rafe and Connor, you're with us. Follow us and we might catch a break on the killer of the girls today," Simon shouted.

"Oh that would be great," Rafe said getting his things ready to go.

"It's about time, we found something," Brown said.

Connor asked, "Who is the midget?"

"Midget? Really? I'm a witness and expect to be treated well. Thank you very much," Blair growled.

"Oh, he's cute when he's mad, don't you think, Jim?" Megan asked.

"Shut up, all of you and follow us there," Jim shouted this time.

Jim got into his truck and Simon said, "Oh no. We're going in my car."

"But, sir, I hate the way you drive," Jim whined.

"And I hate the way you're wasting time whining."

Blair asked, "So, where is your car? I could start running for it now, so that I could keep up with you two."

"It's right there," Simon said as he went to the next parking spot.

"Cool, no running this time."

They got in and Simon started driving down to the dock area and Blair started looking around. He saw the building he was interested in and asked, "See the one that says, Breaker's? That's the building they are in. I couldn't remember what it said, but I do now."

"Isn't that convenient?" Simon asked sarcastically.

"Sir, please shut up," Jim said angrily. "Just drive."

Blair almost smiled in the backseat, almost being the key word. This was a terrible situation and Blair hoped they were still alive.

They pulled up in front of the building and Simon turned to Blair and said, "Now where?"

"I don't know, Captain. I just saw what the girls saw. That was the outside of the building. I'm sorry," Blair said, sadly.

"We'll find them, Blair. Don't you worry," Jim shot out of the car and Brown, Rafe and Connor were right behind him. They went in and Simon said, "I'm going to stay out here with you, since I don't for one minute believe they're in there."

"Whatever works for you, Simon, I don't care. I just pray they're still alive," Blair said.

"Like you don't know," Simon spat out.

"I know you don't like me much, but wait and see if they have the girls in there before you judge me," Blair said.

Simon's walkie-talkie came to life and they heard Jim say, "They're here. All four of them and we got the man. We need some ambulances for the girls and some blankets from your truck, sir."

"We'll be right in," Simon said as he went to grab the blankets. "Come on, kid, if you're going to be working here you need to stay on top of things."

Blair helped carry blankets and was hoping that Simon was joking about working there because Blair had a job. Once inside he stayed away from everyone and waited for Jim to come out with the man.

At that moment, he came walking out with the evil monster and Blair saw it wasn't the monster he dreamed of. So, under his breath he said, "Jim, there might be two of them. You have to look."

Jim looked at the one that he had and realized that he didn't fit the description of the man Blair had given him. Jim said, "Brown, come keep track of this piece of shit, I have to see if he's got a partner."

The man looked alarmed and Jim knew Blair was right. Jim rushed back into the area that they hadn't really looked over yet and saw a closet and could hear a heartbeat inside. He opened up the door and grabbed the son-of-a-bitch and dragged him out of the room, naked and all.

He came walking out with the second man and Blair smiled. Jim knew they had the other one now. Blair let out a huge sigh of relief.

The ambulances arrived and the girls were treated and finally Simon forced Jim to put a blanket on the second monster so they didn't have to see his scrawny ass naked one more second.



Once the girls were loaded into the ambulances, they put the men into the cars and took them back to the station. Jim read both men their rights and all of the bullpen gang wanted to shout with the excitement they were feeling.

Brown took one of the monsters and Connor took the other one. They left and Simon looked at Jim and said, "Want to drive?"

"Hell yes, Simon. This is a good day," Jim said.

Simon looked back at Blair and said, "I don't know exactly what to say about all this, Sandburg. But I have a feeling that you're going to be helping us from time to time, so I'll just have to get used to it. Thank you very much for helping us bring those girls home alive. I hope you know we can't give you any credit for this, right?"

"Oh, I don't want any attention brought to me at all. I was glad to help. Thank you both for believing me. I could have been a liar for all you knew," Blair said.

"Yeah, but Blair, we knew you were telling the truth. We're cops and we can tell."

"Jim, that's bullshit. I thought he was lying through his teeth. Now, we have to find a way to tell the DA why we ended up here. I don't know what we're going to say, but we sure as hell can't let them loose," Simon stated.

"Blair, are you dead set against anyone knowing? We could say you gave us a tip and we followed up on it. It happens. Cops listen to psychics all the time. What if we put that spin on it?" Jim asked.

"Do you think you could keep my name out of it?" Blair asked both of them.

Simon smiled. "I think to start off with we could keep your name out of it, but as time went on, you're going to have to own up to your gift."

"Okay, I just don't want to lose my job with the university," Blair said, nervously.

"Don't worry about the university. I know Chancellor Edwards really well. I'll take her on," Simon said.

"Okay, then I'm in. But I'm hoping I'll be laughed at and ignored," Blair confessed.

"If it makes you feel any better, I can laugh at you and ignore you all the time," Simon joked.

When Jim pulled into the parking spot, Simon said, "You have to stay long enough for you and Jim to fill out the report. So, let's start there and we'll take it as it comes."

"Simon, Blair has something to tell you about me. Tell him, Blair," Jim said.

So, Blair, knowing Simon would think he was nuts still went into his talk about Sentinels and Guides and the zone out factor and heightened senses for Jim. He explained everything and how it would work in their favor. Jim was going to be like a human crime lab and Blair made sure that Simon understood that part.

"So, like he can hear what's going on in the bullpen when he's in my office?" Simon asked.

"Well, that's an easy one. Of course he can. He can hear things from much farther away than that. I'm telling you, Simon, he's going to work even better than the old Jim Ellison."

"Jim, are you all right with these senses?" Simon wondered.

"Not really, but I'll get used to them as I learn to use them properly. Besides, I don't have a choice. Blair is a very good teacher," Jim replied.

"Okay, so no one is going to know about this but us, right?" Simon asked.

"Exactly," Blair said.

"Okay, that's enough weird stuff for one day. Try to keep it from driving me insane and don't let the others catch on to Jim," Simon stated.

"Gotcha," Blair said.

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Once they were done with all the paperwork, Jim asked, "Do you have wheels here already?"

"No, I was going to take the bus. My car's in the shop again and I have to get it fixed, so that means, I couldn't pay my rent so as soon as I pick up my car tomorrow, that's going to be where I live."

"Don't be silly, you can stay at my place," Jim offered.

"Really? You'd let a perfect stranger live in your home?" Blair was in awe.

"Yes, especially one that just saved four lives. We'll pick up Chinese for dinner on the way home and we'll be set. Where are your clothes?" Jim asked.

"This is so nice of you. You're sure about this?" Blair decided to give him one last chance to get out of it.

"It'll be great. You can help me learn to control these senses of mine, since I can't get rid of them," Jim said.

"You're on." Blair yawned and looked like he was going to fall asleep at the desk.

Jim said, "Come on, let's get out of here."

As they walked to the elevator, Megan Connor asked Blair, "Do you know what's going to happen tomorrow?"

"No, why?" Blair asked.

"I don't believe in this at all. I think you're making fun of us," Megan admitted.

"Connor, get back to your desk and finish your work. We've got things to do," Jim said as he pushed Blair into the elevator when the door opened.

When the door shut, Blair said, "I don't think she likes me much."

"Don't take that badly. I wish she didn't like me. She calls me Jimbo. I want to kill her when she does that," Jim confessed.

"I wonder if I'll get a nickname," Blair inquired.

"I'm going to call you, Chief. As in the 'Chief' of all things. How is that?" Jim teased.

"Hey, I like the sound of that."

"Do we need to pick up your clothes and things like that?" Jim asked.

"If you could stop at the university, I could pick everything up right now. I don't have much at all."

Jim drove to the university while Blair talked his leg off. Once there, Blair ran in and got his laptop and his backpack with everything in it that he owned. He couldn't wait to show Jim the book about Sentinels.

He got to the truck and put his things in the back and got in. "Thanks, man, I needed some clean clothing and all that. Do you have a washer and dryer there?" Blair asked.

"In the basement. You could do it tomorrow before you go to your classes. Hopefully, you'll sleep well tonight with the monsters off the street."

"Jim, thank you again for letting me move in. I don't know how long I'll be staying, but it might be longer than a week," Blair confessed.

"That's fine, Blair. Stop worrying already. Just relax and think about dinner and sleeping."

As Jim drove to the drive up for dinner, he asked, "Did I tell you what happened when I looked for the second guy?"

"No, tell me."

"I could hear his heartbeat. At first I thought it was mine, but then I realized mine wouldn't have been beating that fast. I heard his fucking heartbeat. I'm still in shock about that. I knew exactly where to go. These senses can be a pain in the ass, but sometimes they're going to be nice, I think."

Jim drove into the drive up lane and parked for a second and said, "What would you like?"

"Just some egg drop soup would be good," Blair said, sounding embarrassed.

"I'm treating, and I'm not getting you egg drop soup. Do you trust me to order for you?" Jim asked.

"I trust you with anything that has to do with my life. I know you from my dreams. I know what a good man you are," Blair admitted.

"Okay, then you'll have what I have." Jim pulled up to the microphone and said, "I'm ready now."

They took his order and Blair said, "Jim, there is no way we'll eat all that."

"We'll be hungry an hour later, though. It'll be just right," Jim kidded.

When Jim paid they handed the bag out to him and then handed him the second bag. *Maybe Blair was right.* He handed them to Blair to hold while he drove home.

"I didn't believe you this morning, but I knew there was something about you I could trust. And now, I think I would trust you with anything. Why is that?" Jim asked.

"Every Sentinel has a Guide, and maybe I'm yours."

"How would you know?" Jim asked.

"I don't know, Jim. I guess we'll have to wait and see," Blair admitted.

"I'm really glad you found me and helped me with this case. We would have looked forever. They were nobodies and we had no place to start."

"Believe me, Jim. I'm glad I found you too. Maybe I'll be able to sleep tonight. That would be a nice change of pace," Blair said, smiling.

When they drove into the parking lot at the loft, Blair was surprised to hear his stomach growl so loudly. Jim and Blair both started to laugh.

"Come on, there's no time like the present for eating," Jim said, smiling. And Blair followed him into the elevator.

Once, off, Blair waited to see which way Jim would go. He was almost certain he knew, but he didn't want to do it until Jim made that first move. Blair followed him into the loft and Blair whistled. "Wow, this is a big place."

"It's roomy enough for one. I guess that would be two now," Jim said, putting everything on the counter. "Let's get washed up for dinner."

Blair set all of his belongings on the floor next to the door and followed Jim into the bathroom to clean up.

While they ate, there was little talk because Jim was starving from not being able to eat for the last month, or at least eat anything good. Jim was making all of the proper noises while he ate, making Blair smile all the more.

"I love beef Lo Mein. Thank you for ordering for me. I was starving, but I'm on a limited budget because of school loans. And these crab puffs are fantastic. I'll never be able to repay you for your kindness," Blair rambled.

"And I'll never be able to repay you for the help you gave me today. So, no need to say thank you for these things. It's part of the package," Jim said.

"Package?"

"As long as you're living here, you'll be eating. You won't be hungry again," Jim promised.

When they were done, Blair helped Jim pick everything up and put things in the trash and in the fridge. "Jim, do you like the hot and spicy Chinese food?"

"I used to, but was afraid to try it tonight."

"You can try anything you want and move those dials as you need them. Move the taste one down a little bit and you'll be able to control things easier. This will all come to you almost naturally as soon as you're more used to your senses being online," Blair explained.

As soon as they were done cleaning up, Jim said, "Let's put your stuff in your room. I'm sorry, I forgot about getting you settled before."

Blair laughed and said, "That's because you were starving, man. Yeah, I'm going to grab everything and put it where it belongs."

Jim took some of it and Blair took the rest and Jim showed him his room. "Not too big, but it's cozy and warm. I hope it's all right."

"Jim, this is great. I'm going to love having my own space. Thank you, so much. Now, I'm going to hang everything up in the closet, if you don't mind me just hanging out in my room for a while. I have classes to get ready for too."

Jim smiled. "That's fine, Chief. You don't have to worry about what you do here as long as you pick up afterwards, because I am anal about keeping the place clean. Now, I have to have a shower and a shave. See you later."

Jim walked up the stairs and got his sleep pants, tee shirt and socks and underwear for after the shower. He was so fucking tired, he thought he might fall asleep in the shower. Once he got into the shower, it was like being in heaven. It felt so good. He even moaned a few times. Now, all he could think about was how great it was going to be sleeping in his large bed.

When he came walking out of the bathroom, he looked and smelled like a new man. He knocked on Blair's door and Blair opened it and said, "Wow, you clean up really nicely."

"Thanks. I just wanted to tell you I was going to sleep for the night. I know it's only 8:30, but I'm exhausted and I need some sleep. If you need anything, just make yourself at home. Goodnight."

"Night, Jim." Blair watched the tired man go up the stairs and Blair knew he had plenty of time for his lessons for tomorrow.

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At ten, Blair yawned and got ready for bed. He hoped he didn't disturb Jim, because he knew the poor man needed all the sleep he could get.

Once, he was in bed and pulled his blanket up, it was the last thing he remembered. It was because he felt safe and secure in this home.

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For the next month, there were no dreams. Life went on as usual. Jim liked Blair very much and liked sharing the loft with him, too. Blair liked Jim even more. It wasn't just because he was grateful, but because he appreciated having a good friend. That's what he and Jim had become in the last month.

Every week they watched the Jags play on television and sometimes even went to a home game in person. Yes, Blair liked having Jim as his friend and would have liked having him for more, but Jim didn't seem to lean that way at all. Blair had become close to the people in Major Crimes too, and they all liked him a great deal. He and Megan Connor had become fast friends.

He was actually sleeping for a change and working hard at the university. Jim kept asking him about cases, but Blair didn't have anything to help him with. No dreams for Blair was good, for Jim, not so good.

That night would change it all.

It was dark and Blair saw a child, crying in the corner of a room in an old house. He watched for some details, but none came, other than the child crying in the corner of the room. The child was about four Blair guessed and had curly blond hair. As he watched the child, he saw the door open and in came a woman who grabbed him and dragged him back to his bed. She said, "You will stop crying, or I will have to get the belt out again."

"I want my mommy," the child said.

"I am your new mommy," the crazy woman said. "Now, go to sleep, or the belt comes out again."

The child curled up in his bed and cried himself to sleep.

Blair saw the woman in the kitchen, making some type of drink in a blender, but it looked wrong. She was putting medication in there along with ice cream. She was drugging this child. Blair watched her closely and got a good look at her. He knew he could draw her face. She had a wild look to her. Blair was frightened for the child.

As she made up a sandwich and some cookies, she put them in a bag and wrote, Bobby on it. Was that the boy's name, or the name she had given him?

Blair woke up and he pulled his sketch pad out and started drawing the woman while it was still fresh in his mind. Then he drew the little boy with the curls now named Bobby. Once he was done, he saw it was about four in the morning. He heard Jim walking in his bedroom and wondered if he had woke him up.

There was a soft knock on the door and Blair said, "Come on in."

Blair was sitting Indian style on the bed, drawing. Jim thought it was one of the sweetest things he had ever seen, until he saw what Blair was drawing.

"A new dream?" Jim asked.

"Yes, I can't tell much from it, but this little boy was abducted and she's drugging him and told him she was his new mommy. His name is Bobby on the lunch bag, but don't know if that's his real name or not. This is what she looks like," Blair said, handing the picture to Jim.

“She looks demented.”

“She was demented. I hope you can figure out something today while you’re at the station. I have to work at the university, so I can’t be with you. You will look into this, right?” Blair asked, nervously.

“Of course, I’ll look into it. We have a missing four year old. I don’t know what his name is or what he looks like. But I heard about it yesterday.”

“Good, you have somewhere to start, then. I hope you can find him soon. She’s very cruel and has no patience for a little four year old at all,” Blair said.

“Go back to sleep and see if you can see anything else. Close your eyes and relax. I’ll be right here, if you want me to stay,” Jim offered.



“Yes, I’d like you to stay. Sometimes, the dreams are quite upsetting and I need someone to calm me down when I wake up.”

Jim sat down on the floor in front of Blair’s bed and turned the bedside light off. Blair did deep breathing exercises until he was sleeping once again.

Bobby was sitting at the kitchen table and wouldn’t eat breakfast. The crazy woman said, “You either eat, or I get the belt out again.”

He refused to eat and cried for his mommy. She went and got a thick leather belt out and pulled him away from the table. She started striking him with it, making the poor child scream, not cry.

Blair saw the water tower in the backyard. This made no sense at all. But, yet, he could see it from the kitchen window.

"Now, see what you made me do. Now, you're bleeding. You'll have to take a bath again." She dragged the screaming child into the bathroom and started running hot water into the tub. The water was just hot, no cold to cool it down. The steam could be seen from the water and she threw him in it. He screamed some more and said, "Mommy, help me."

Blair woke up, very upset. Jim hugged him and Blair held on for dear life. Blair was close to tears. "Jim, where is a water tower in town?"

"There isn't one, not like you think, anyhow. Why, was there a water tower in sight? Because if so, then it would be a more rural place that we'd have to look. There is one outside of town, in a small little town called Green Valley. Maybe, the child is there. You need to tell me more about the house."

"I haven't seen it from the outside, just the inside and through the kitchen window I could see a water tower. It had writing, but it was too fast. I didn't see it. She's not only beating him with a belt, but she just threw him into hot, hot water in the tub. I can still hear his screams. He's a baby, for Christ's sake."

Jim started rubbing Blair's back and said, "Calm down, Chief. You'll figure this out, or we will. Either way we'll get this child back."

"Jim, thank you for staying with me. It's sometimes horrible to wake up alone," Blair confessed.

"I can sleep in here anytime you need me, Blair. Just tell me when you need help with the dreams. It must be very difficult being a dreamer," Jim said.

"It is. I'm used to it now, but it's still scary sometimes. I need to get ready for my class," Blair said starting to get out of bed.

"Blair, it's only five in the morning. Why don't you rest a little while longer," Jim suggested.

"Because, I won't rest. I'll dream terrible things and I'm tired of it right now. I will rest later. I need to take a shower and get ready to go to the university. Oh shit, I have no car," Blair said.

"I'll drop you off, not to worry. Jump in the shower and I'll make some breakfast," Jim offered.

"You are a very good man, Jim Ellison."

"So are you, Blair Sandburg. Now get finished so you have time to eat, while I shower," Jim ordered and Blair jumped right to it.

As Blair showered, he started to relax a little and realized that he dreamed a little better with Jim nearby. Maybe that would help now and then. He would have to think on that.

When Blair walked out, fully dressed, Jim stood there in his sleep pants, no shirt and his hair all over the place and Blair smiled and realized, he could fall in love with this man. *Oh my God, settle down. He's not into guys.*



Jim looked up at that moment and wondered what he smelled that was different. It was from Blair and it wasn't his shampoo, or conditioner. It wasn't his body soap, so what was it? Jim looked down and saw his dick coming to attention and realized what he smelled. Blair was into him.

"So, I take it you're open to dating guys, huh?" Jim asked.

Blair blushed and asked, "You smelled my pheromones, right?"

"It took me a while to figure out what I smelled, but then I saw what it was doing to my body and put two and two together. I like you, too, Blair. Would you like to go out tonight?" Jim asked, nervously. He hadn't dated a man in years.

"I would love to go out, Jim. Thank you. I get off at 4:00 and I'll take the bus home and wait for you to get off," Blair said.

"Why don't I pick you up and you can come down to the station with me until it's time to go to dinner?"

"You might be very busy today with the new case of the little boy. I hope you can find him," Blair said.

"We'll find him, maybe not today, but we'll find him."

"I'm going to eat and you take your shower, Jim."

"Yes, boss," Jim teased as he grabbed his clean clothes from the countertop where he had laid them. Jim knew that things were moving quite fast, but he and Blair would be careful about jumping into things they couldn't handle. Everything would work out fine.

\*

Jim walked into the bullpen and said hello to everyone. Simon stood in the doorway of his office and said, "Ellison, my office, please."

Jim took his jacket off, threw it over his chair and put his papers on his desk. Then he walked into Simon's office.

"Hey Simon, good morning."

"It might be for you, but not for me. We have a kidnapping and it's close to home. It's the commissioner's grandson. Someone kidnapped him from his room last night and there are no calls for ransom. No clues were left. They don't have an idea of where he was taken. No one saw anything. I need you on this right away," Simon barked.

Jim said, "Hang on a moment." Jim rushed to his desk and got the drawing out and went back in and showed it to Simon. "Is this what the little boy looks like?"

Simon looked at the drawing and said, "Yes, that's what he looks like. Where did this come from? Oh fuck, that freaking Sandburg is at it again?"

"Hey, it's going to help us, not hurt us," Jim pointed out.

"Do you know where the child is?"

"No, but I know that you can see a water tower from the back yard of the house where he is at. The woman is insane Simon and is abusing the little guy."

"A water tower? I think the closest water tower is in Green Valley."

"That's what I said, too. So, maybe this child is in Green Valley. Is his name Bobby?"

"No, his name is Tyler. Why?"

"The woman is calling him Bobby. Maybe she lost her son or something. What should we do now, sir?" Jim wondered.

"Take the drawing to our sketch artist and see if he can draw a close up of just the woman and you can canvass the area, looking for a missing woman. Someone has to know her, right?" Simon asked.

"Good idea, Simon. I'll get right on it," Jim said as he started out the door.

"Find him alive, Jim. Please?"

"I'll do my very best," Jim answered as he went to look for the sketch artist.

\*

Blair taught his first class of the day but didn't feel like his mind was on it at all. He could only think of the child from his dream. What horrors was he going through now? He looked so sweet and helpless. Jim just had to find him. Blair felt like calling Jim to ask questions, but knew he had to wait. He poured more of his heart and soul into the lecture and hoped it was enough for the kids to learn.

\*

Jim led Joel, Connor, Rafe and Brown to Green Valley. He told them only that they were looking for this woman and if they found out who she was, they weren't to approach her until Jim was called first.

Once in Green Valley, they split up. Connor went with Jim, or Jimbo as she was calling him that day.

"So tell me Jimbo, is that psychic a nice guy?"

"Please stop calling me Jimbo. And yes, he's a very nice guy."

"Do you think she has Tyler?" Connor asked.

"She might have. If not, it's someone that looks like him in Blair's dreams. Let's get busy and ask questions."

They started at one end of the city and Joel, Brown and Rafe started at the other. Thank goodness it was a fairly small town. No one seemed to know who that woman was and they were all losing hope when Jim and Connor came across someone who knew her.

"Do you recognize this woman?" Connor asked, sweetly.

"Of course, I do. She's Alice Sterling. She lives three doors down. I haven't seen her in the last couple of days, but she's home, her car is in the driveway." Miss Parker said.

"Thank you so much, Miss Parker, you've been a big help," Jim said as he pulled out his walkie talkie and talked to Joel. He filled him in on where they were and what they were doing.

Joel said, "We'll meet you there in a few minutes. I hope you find the little guy."

Jim knocked on the door and Alice opened it, smiling and asked, "Can I help you?"

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Detective Jim Ellison and this is Inspector Megan Connor and we're here to ask you some questions."

"About what?" The smile had left and she was now angry and irritated.

"Someone saw your car in the neighborhood of a place where a child was taken and we need to know what you were doing last night," Jim questioned.

"Well, I certainly didn't have anything to do with that. Now, I have things to do. Go away," Alice said, savagely. And like that she slammed the door on their faces.

"Jim, we need to get in there," Megan said.

Jim pounded on the door and said, "Cascade Police. Open up or we'll break it down."

She didn't answer, and Jim listened to hear what she was doing. He heard her putting something over the child's mouth. Jim stood back and without another warning, kicked the door in and ran for the bedroom where they found Alice trying to smother the little boy.

Jim got the little boy away from her and Megan put cuffs on Alice Sterling. Megan read her, her rights while Alice screamed and yelled. Jim called the station from another room, carrying the little boy who was scared to death. "It's all right, Tyler. Your mommy and daddy are going to come for you soon."

"Banks," Simon bellowed into the phone.

"Simon, we have the little boy. We need an ambulance and his parents should meet us at the hospital. We're in Green Valley, 2305 Hamilton Blvd. Now, I have to go and calm Tyler down."

Jim closed his cell and saw that she had some things of his in the kitchen, so he went in the kitchen, carrying Tyler. Tyler started crying as soon as they walked in the door of the kitchen.

"Please don't make me eat that gross stuff," Tyler begged.

"I'm not going to make you eat anything, Tyler. I was going to get your blanket and your stuffed bear that are sitting here," Jim said, softly.

“Okay,” Tyler answered with a smile.

Jim handed him the bear and the blanket and Tyler cuddled with both in Jim’s arms.

Megan called from the other room, “What do you want me to do with her?”

“Take her in, use my truck. Get her booked right away,” Jim called back. He didn’t want to have Tyler anywhere around Alice.

Megan walked in to get Jim’s keys and left right away, as to not scare the child any more than he already was.

An ambulance drove up as Megan was putting Alice in the truck. “They’re inside; Detective Ellison is waiting for you.”

They both rushed in and found Jim with Tyler in his arms but they could see how upset the little guy was and knew that this might have been an even worse scene to come in to. “Detective Ellison, we need to take him in the back of the truck.” Becky said.

“Becky, that’s fine but I’m riding with you. He won’t let go of me anyway,” Jim explained.

They started out for the ambulance and Joel said, “We’ll hold the crime scene and make sure that no one gets in.”

“Thanks, Joel,” Jim said as he got into the truck.

Once they got in, Becky asked Tyler if anything hurt.

“My back hurts where she hit me with a belt. And my head hurts,” Tyler said, tiredly.

Jim listened to his heartbeat and it was slowing down. “Becky, is there any chance that she slipped him something to hurt him?”

Becky looked into his eyes and said, “She must have given him something, we need to pump his stomach right now.”

She did exactly that and Jim thought that had to have been the grossest thing he had ever witnessed. But, Tyler threw everything up and he was holding his own.

When they got to the hospital, Tyler’s parents were there and he went right to his mom and dad. Once they got him inside, Jim had to sign some forms, saying what he had witnessed. As he was leaving the hospital, Tyler’s dad caught up to him and asked, “Detective Ellison?”

“Yes, that’s my name, is there anything I can help with?”

“Tyler wanted to say thank you and say goodbye to you. Do you have enough time to go into the examining room?” the worried father asked.

“I have to report to the station to fill out the reports on this case. I’ll see him another time,” Jim said.

“My father wants to talk to you too; he’s here somewhere, talking to reporters. We can’t believe you found him in such a timely fashion. How in the world did you find him so quickly?”

"We got a tip from someone who thought they saw her car outside your house last night. So, we moved on it. Thank God, he's fine," Jim said.

Commissioner Olsen walked up to Jim and said, "Are you the officer that found my grandson?"

"One of them, sir. It was a group effort, not just me," Jim said.

Jim saw Megan Connor walking up to them and he said, "Commissioner, this is my partner, Inspector Megan Connor. She took the kidnapper into custody."

The Commissioner shook her hand and she said, "I hate to pull Detective Ellison away, but we have to file the paperwork on this right away. I'm your ride, Detective."

They said their goodbyes and walked out the door. "Connor, I love you for getting me out of that."

"You're welcome, Jimbo."

"Back to Jimbo again, I see."

"I've even come up with a nickname for your Psychic," Connor said, smiling.

"What?" Jim was almost afraid to hear. "And stop calling him my Psychic."

"His new name is going to be Sandy, short for Sandburg. I like it, it suits him," she said laughing at the look on Jim's face.

"He does have a first name you know?"

"I know but Blair doesn't suit him at all. Sandy does. I like it. Tell him that's his new name," Connor insisted.

"Oh, I'm sure he's going to be thrilled." Jim walked to the truck, smiling.

\*

Blair had finished both of his classes and was sitting in his office, wondering if anything he had told Jim was helping to find that little boy. He sure hoped something helped. He didn't get the dreams every night, but when they came, they were usually strong ones. He wished that Jim would call him and let him know what was going on, but he knew that Jim couldn't stop working and call when he wanted to. At that moment his phone went off and he answered, "Hello?"

"Hey, Chief, Connor says she has a new nickname for you. She's calling you Sandy, short for Sandburg. Now, I wanted to let you know we found the little guy. Just in time, too. Thank you for the tips. I'll see you tonight. I won't be able to pick you up at the university as planned. Do you think you could get a ride?" Jim knew he was rambling.

"I can get a ride, not to worry. I'm so glad about the little boy. Was his name Bobby?"

"No, his name is Tyler," Jim answered.

"What happened to Bobby?" Blair wondered.

"I don't know, we'll have to do some research. Talk to you tonight," Jim said before he closed his cell phone.

Blair was beaming with happiness. Jim called him to let him know how the case was. Jim thought Blair was of some importance. Blair knew it was mostly because he had already fallen in love with Jim and just wanted Jim to love him back. *You are such a dreamer.* But, after all, everyone had a dream. Jim just happened to be Blair's.

\*

When Blair got home that night, he was thrilled because he had his car back and opened up the front door. Jim wasn't home yet, and this worried Blair. *Would he still be working on that case?*

Blair decided since he got paid that day, he would pick up sandwiches and dessert and drinks for everyone at the station, but he knew he had to ask Jim first.

Jim's phone went off and he answered, "Hello."

"Hi, I was thinking of bringing sandwiches, drinks and dessert for everyone to eat since you're still working. Would that be all right?" Blair asked, softly.

"That would be great. There are about eleven of us working, so if you could grab that many, they would thank you forever," Jim said, happily. Blair was so good to him. He needed to tell him how much he appreciated him in the future.

"I'll be done in about an hour. See you then," Blair said. As he hung up the phone, he realized he didn't ask what kind to get. He decided he would get ham, turkey, cheese and tomato on all of them. He could bring the Mayo and mustard.

He thought of what could be a good dessert and figured he would stop for pies at Village Inn. They had the best pies in town. First he would go to the grocery store and pick up paper plates, napkins and plastic silverware. Then he would pick up the sandwiches and lastly the pies.

He stopped to get the things at the grocery store and decided that chips would be good for their sandwiches, too. He got two liter bottles of soda and two bags of ice. Hopefully, they had cups there they could use, because Blair didn't want to go back in again. Once he had them put in his car he started for Subway for the sandwiches. That only took a short time. He had 15 sandwiches made, that way they would have extra. When that was done, he headed over to Village Inn, and thankfully that was close to the station.

Blair walked in and ordered five pies, Chocolate Raspberry Royale, Fresh Strawberry, Chocolate Caramel Delight, Banana Cream and Lemon Supreme. Blair thought this would be more than enough, not to mention he was almost out of money. The girl at the register helped him carry his pies to the car.

He got into his car, put his seatbelt on and said, "We're off."

When he got to the parking garage, he called Jim and asked for some help up with everything.

"We'll be right down, Chief."

He wasn't kidding. They were down in a flash. Rafe, Brown, Joel, Connor and Simon all came to help. Everyone took things and headed up to Major Crimes. Jim lagged behind a little and said, "Thank you, Blair. This was really nice of you and I'll pay for all of this."

"I was more than happy to do it for you, besides, this is sort of our date," Blair teased.

"Fuck, I forgot about our date. I'm sorry," Jim said.

"Jim, I was joking. I didn't expect you to forget about the case just because I wanted to go out. Besides, there are many nights we can go out, right?"

"You're absolutely right, Blair. We can go out anytime we want. I really, really like you," Jim confessed.

Blair grinned and said, "I thought you did, but didn't want to push it. I really like you, too."

They came walking in and Simon said, "Boy, are you ever slow. We thought you went home."

Everyone laughed as they started to make their plates up. It was a very nice night. Blair was going to leave once he delivered everything, but Jim asked him to stay.

Once they finished eating, Jim said, "Blair, could you look at something for me?"

"Sure, what?" Blair was always eager to help Jim.

"Can you look at this description of a man that is attacking senior citizens for their checks? It might not sound like a big deal to anyone else, but to them, that's how they live. I was hoping if you saw the files you might have a dream about them," Jim explained.

"I don't think it works that way, Jim. I'm sorry. But I can read the file if you really want me to."

"I really want you to," Jim said, teasing again.

While everyone else worked and ate their dinner, Blair read the files. The two men doing this were young and beating the crap out of old men and women. Blair was so disgusted, he could hardly think straight. Blair finished reading the entire file and put it down and frowned.

"Do you have something?" Jim asked.

"No, nothing. I want to think on it for a while. I'll see you at home when you get back," Blair said as he started to leave the bullpen. Everyone stood up and shook his hand, hugged him and patted him on the back. Yes, Blair was popular and Jim was glad of that. Jim wished he was going home too.

Simon called Jim into his office.

"Yes, Simon?"

"Did Sandburg get anything from the file?" Simon asked.

"No, he said it doesn't work that way. He dreams it, not reads it."

"Well, it was worth a try, right?" Simon asked. "Why don't you head home for the night?"

"Are you kidding? I have a ton of paperwork to do," Jim whined.

"And it'll be here in the morning. In fact, come in at nine tomorrow. That way you'll have a little free time to spend with the kid."

"He's not a kid, Simon. He's only nine years younger than I am."

"You believe what you want. You're old, he's young," Simon said, laughing.

"I am going to go home. I'm exhausted. We'll talk to you tomorrow," Jim said as he walked out and said goodbye to everyone else.

Rafe caught up with Jim and asked, "Do you think you could ask Blair if he could read me?"

Jim burst out laughing and said, "It doesn't work that way, Rafe."

"Shit, I was hoping he would tell me there is someone in my future that I'm about to meet," Rafe said, longingly.

"Get back to work, you freak," Jim teased and left for the parking garage.

Jim couldn't get to the truck fast enough. He wanted to get home and visit with Blair before they went to bed. In fact, if he played his cards right, maybe Blair would sleep in his big bed. Just sleep, nothing else.

\*

Blair was already in bed and sleeping. He had a dream about the two boys taking the money from the old folks. One moment, they were beating an old couple up and the next moment they were at the police station getting picked up by someone. They seemed to know someone at the station. Yes, it was Joel. They talked to him quite a bit and then went off in another direction. Blair had no idea what that meant. But it worried him to no end.

He saw the old man sleeping in the bed at the hospital with his wife standing next to the bed. She was bruised and battered, but still stood vigil by his bed. The alarms went off on his machine and the nurses all came running in to help him. But there was nothing they could do. The poor man, who tried to defend his wife, had just died and a part of his wife died with him.

Blair seemed to be awake, suddenly and at the foot of his bed, was the man that had died. "Could you tell her that the insurance policies are at the bank in a safety deposit box? The key is in the bottom drawer in my dresser."

"Sure, I'll tell her. I'm sorry that you had to leave her. I know you didn't want to," Blair said, kindly.

"No, but I hope they find Ben and Frank soon. They have hurt many of our friends. They live not far from us. Did you know that?"

"I didn't know that, sir. I'm sorry that this happened to you."

"Just find Ben and Frank. And help my poor wife," the man asked.



"I promise, I will. Rest and go be where you're supposed to be," Blair said, trying to guide the poor man.

\*

Jim was in the loft and heard everything that Blair had said. Now, he wasn't just dreaming things, he was communicating with dead people. This freaked Jim out just a little bit.

Jim was standing there wondering what to say or do with Blair when he walked out of his room. He jumped when he saw Jim standing there. "Man, you scared the shit out of me."

"Sorry, Simon told me to come home and sleep, but it sounded like you were having a party in your room. First you were dreaming, now you're talking to them?"

"Jim, I've always been able to talk with certain spirits. It depends on what plane they are on. Sometimes they are here for a long while, and then I can converse with them. It's annoying at times, but one of the side effects of having what I do."

"I have a message from the latest victim of the robbery gang," Blair said.

"I take it that it was a couple and now one of them died?" Jim asked.

"Exactly. And he told me where his safety deposit box key was. He said he never told her. It has all of their insurance policies in it. He made me promise that I would take care of his wife. I'm not sure what that means, but I have to try and figure out what she needs," Blair explained.

"Did you see their faces?" Jim asked.

"Yes, but I know their names and they have something to do with Joel. I see them at the station, I thought they were picked up, but they weren't and Joel smiles and talks to them. Their names are Frank and Ben. They seem to think this is fun. They're sadistic looking and acting little punks and I forgot to mention one of them has brown hair and the other has blond," Blair said angrily.

"Can you draw a picture of them before I take this to Simon?" Jim asked.

"I'll do it right now, while it's still fresh in my mind. I'm sorry that my dreams are putting you right back at work again," Blair said.

"Come here," Jim said as he pulled Blair into a warm embrace and then he tilted Blair's face up and kissed him, softly, gently and lovingly.

Blair realized that Jim might already love him too. Time would tell. "Thanks, man. I needed that. I'll be in my room concentrating on the drawing."

"I'll be here," Jim said, putting no pressure on this man that meant so much him.

Jim got ready for bed and knocked on Blair's door. "Come in."

"Hey, I'm going to bed, I just wanted to say goodnight. I can take this to Simon in the morning, right?" Jim found it odd that he was asking Blair.

Blair smiled and asked, "I myself would take it tonight, because they might strike at any time and it would be nice if we know who and what to look for. What if they killed someone again tonight?"

"Okay, would you like to go with me?" Jim asked, hoping to spend some time with Blair, even if it was just time in the truck.

"I'm done with the drawing, we could take it now," Blair jumped up and grabbed his jacket.

\*

When Jim and Blair walked into the stationhouse Simon was floored. "I thought I sent you home?" Simon asked.

"We have another case, sir. Would you like to hear about it?" Jim asked.

"No, Jim, I'm just the captain, I don't need to hear anything," Simon said, sarcastically.

Jim walked into Simon's office and Blair joined him, finally followed by Simon himself. "So, I take it you had another dream?" Simon started as he shut the door to his office.

"Yes, Simon, I did. I drew the picture of the two suspects of the old couple that were attacked last night. And the old man died tonight."

Simon grabbed the drawing from Blair and looked at it and said, "You've got to be joking, right?"

Jim looked irritated and asked, "Why would we be joking, Simon?"

"These are Captain Carson's boys. You know the Captain in Narcotics?"

"Well, be that as it may, they're the ones that did it," Jim said, flatly.

"Have you ever made a mistake, Sandburg?" Simon wondered.

"Yes, Simon, I have. Why?" Blair asked.

"Because we don't want to ruin Carson's good name accusing his boys if it wasn't them," Simon explained.

"Simon, you do what you think is best. I need to go and help the old woman that was left behind. I have some news for her," Blair explained.

"Simon, you're just going to let it go?" Jim asked, stunned.

"No, I'm going to put Rafe and Brown on surveillance and see if they notice anything. Does that make you happy, Ellison?"

"Thrilled," Jim snapped back.

"Jim, could we please leave?" Blair asked softly.

"Sure, Chief, I've got nothing to do here."

The two men walked out and Simon called Rafe and Brown into his office. He explained what he needed and they took off to watch the boys. Rafe was going to watch the front and Brown the back. They wouldn't get away from them.

\*

"I'm sorry about the way Simon treated you, Blair."

"Jim, there is no reason for you to apologize. That's for him to do, not you. Don't worry about a thing. We're fine. I'm sort of tired, do you think that we could go home?"

"Yes, that's a good idea. In fact, if you would like to sleep in my bed tonight with me, just sleep, you are more than welcome," Jim offered.

"To just sleep?" Blair asked.

"Yes, I know you're tired and those dreams take a lot out of you. And if you wake up with a dream you can wake me up too and I can help," Jim said.

"You talked me into it. Thank you," Blair answered.

\*

Rafe and Brown had the two suspects down at the station and their father was none too happy. Simon was called in because Carson was making such a ruckus.

Simon came in and said, "Carson, get your hands off of my men."

"I want to know why they were watching my sons tonight and who said they were doing this?" Carson asked.

Simon sighed. "We had an anonymous tip and we were following up on it. That's all. What happened, Brown?"

"The two suspects were following two older people and the blond haired suspect took a knife out and stabbed the older man, killing him on the spot. We called for backup and arrested the young men, right away. We brought them here where they called their dad and this is where we're still at. They are waiting to be fingerprinted."

"Why? Why wasn't that done earlier?" Simon asked Rafe.

"Because, Captain Carson wouldn't let us, sir," Rafe said.

"If he interferes again, arrest him. I don't want to hear about another thing happening on this case other than them being booked. Am I understood?" Simon barked.

Captain Carson said, "Simon, you have a son, you must know how I feel."

"My son would never prey on someone defenseless. Those two are animals and they will be facing two charges of murder and 11 attempted murders. It's not like they'll just get a slap on their wrist, they're going away for a long, long while. Rafe and Brown, take care of business."

Simon walked into his office and slammed the door. He hated that Blair Sandburg had been right again. But he really did seem to have an inside track to the bad things that went on. He might just want to treat him better from now on.

\*

Blair was sleeping and having a wild dream about what Jim would like to do to him and it was interrupted by Captain Carson. He was downstairs in the loft. He had a gun and he was coming for Blair.

Blair woke up and woke Jim up. "What?"

"Jim, if anyone comes in the house will you hear them? And is your gun up here?"

"Yeah, my gun is right here," Jim said as he showed Blair in the moonlight. Then Jim cocked his head and heard someone coming up the stairs. Jim pulled the gun out and was ready for whoever it was. He just never expected it to be Captain Carson.

"What are you doing in my house, Carson?" Jim asked, loudly. Blair was moving closer to Jim as Carson got closer.

"So, is this the little fag that guesses and gets people's lives changed forever? He's going to die tonight, it's as simple as that," Carson said.

Without any warning, Jim shot him in the right shoulder. This didn't stop Carson at all. He pulled his arm up and went to shoot Blair and Jim shot him right in the heart.

Jim called Simon and told him what happened and Simon told him to stay put, he'd be right there.

*For crying out loud, will this night ever end?* Simon left right then and called Joel to meet him at Jim's loft.

\*

When Simon and everyone else arrived, Blair was in his room sleeping. Jim had insisted that he go there and Jim would take this on. He didn't want Blair's name in the paper.

"So, where is Sandburg?" Simon asked.

"He's in his room, sleeping. I calmed him down and told him the best thing to do would be to sleep through the entire thing. He didn't see anything, Simon."

"Okay, so why was Carson after you?" Simon asked.

"He wanted Blair and thought he would be up there with me," Jim said.

"Didn't you hear him come in or anything?" Simon wondered.

"Simon, believe it or not, it's been two days since I slept. I haven't done anything but work. So, I was tired. Can we hurry up and get that fucker out of my loft?" Jim was getting more irate by the moment.

Blair walked out of his room, hair all mussed up and walked right past Jim, Simon and Joel and walked out to the balcony. "Excuse me, it looked like he was sleepwalking," Jim said.

Jim went out to the balcony and saw Blair over in the corner talking to someone. He decided to shut up and just listen.

"You left him no choice. He had to shoot you. You can follow me forever, it doesn't matter. You were wrong. Your boys were evil and needed to be stopped."

"I'll tell him everything you say to me, you asshole, so get away from me," Blair shouted this time.

Jim walked over to Blair and said, "He's haunting you?"

"It won't be for long. Someone like him doesn't last very long. I don't know if they go to hell or what? But he won't be here for long to bother me. I just have to ignore him. He'll come in my sleep for a few nights and then it'll be over."

"Blair, was anything else wrong?" Jim asked, seeing how upset Blair looked and sounded. His heart was pounding like crazy.

"He said, he knew about us and that he told someone at the station and they were going to see to it that you were killed."

"Blair, you know that's not true," Jim assured him.

"We're going to be very careful for the next week or so. I won't be able to relax until then. Do you need me to help with anything out here?" Blair asked.

"On the balcony? No, not that I can think of."

"Smart ass. I'm talking about anything to do with the case. Did they charge the boys?"

"Yes, that's all finished with. They've already gone before the judge and got no bail. So, you're safe. I'm safe. Carson, however isn't safe," Jim said, angrily.

As Blair came back through, he saw the look on Simon's face and knew that Simon didn't believe Jim. "Do you have a problem, Simon?"

"Yeah, I do. I don't like it that he's taking the rap for you. What's the deal, you shot him or what?" Simon asked.

"I never shot him and never will. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'm going back to bed where he can haunt me some more." Blair walked into his room and slammed the door.

"What did he mean by that, Jim?"

"Carson is already haunting him. I'm sure you don't believe, but he's going to make Blair's life miserable and in turn that will make mine miserable. Let's just hope it doesn't last too long."

"Why would he haunt him?" Simon asked.

"Why do you care?" Jim countered.

"I guess I don't. Just curious, I guess." Simon stated.

"Well, let's be more curious about how soon this fucker's going to be out of my house," Jim almost shouted.

Jim went over to the table and sat down.

Simon said, "Are you all right?"

"No, I'm not all right. I just shot a man in the heart. It sucks," Jim confessed.

"I'll set up a meeting for you tomorrow morning. You need to see someone," Joel said.

Simon looked at Joel and said, "I'll sign him up."

"Well, you might be busy, sir and I thought I would help Jim out as much as I can."

The ME finally finished and they took the body out at three in the morning. Jim went upstairs and cleaned the floor till it didn't look like he had been killed there. Jim hoped that blood wouldn't come back to the surface of hardwood.

Jim jumped into the shower and got washed up and then went naked into Blair's room and slid into bed with Blair.

"Jim?"

"Yeah, I needed someone to hold me," Jim said, sadly.

Blair pulled him into his arms and said, "I'll be here whenever you need me, Jim."

Blair heard little snores coming from Jim already. He just needed to sleep. Blair hoped he would be able to do the same.

\*

## **Two weeks later**

Jim and Blair were into a good routine. They got up each morning, made love and then showered, had breakfast, then dressed and went to work.

Blair's life at the university had calmed down and was actually quite peaceful during the day. Blair hadn't had any bad dreams or any dreams for that matter in two weeks. He and Jim wondered if it had left him, finally.

He was in his office when he felt very tired. He locked his door and lay his head down on the desk and tried to relax and just rest.

“So, are you ready this time? If you fight me, I’m going to hit you so hard that you won’t be able to see straight for a month. Do you understand?” The cruel man asked. Blair didn’t like the looks of him. His eyes were cold and dead. There was no dealing with this man at all.

“Why are you doing this to me? You already got a baby from me? Why would you try for another one?”

“Because we have six of you here and they bring in a very healthy sum. Newborn infants are hard to come by, but we bring them to them every year. Six precious little infants, bring in millions. Now it’s time for another one to start.”

The woman started crying as the man tied her to the bed. He then raped her several times and while he was doing that, his wife was finding another set of parents for this child that wasn’t even born yet.

Blair wished he had called the woman by her name, but he didn’t. So he had no idea who she was. At that moment, the man called her baby and the woman screamed, “my name is Donna Gage. Don’t call me baby, again. “

“Whatever, Donna. You’ll have a beautiful baby again. Hopefully this time it’ll be a boy,” the sick man said.

Blair woke up and wrote down Donna’s name and called Jim.

“Ellison?”

“Hey, Jim, could you do me a favor? I need you to see if anyone is missing by the name of Donna Gage,” Blair asked, softly.

“You had a dream?”

“Yes, in my office, this is very unusual. This woman needs major help, but I didn’t get much from the dream.”

“I’ll see you tonight and we’ll discuss it,” Jim said.

“Oh, and one more thing, the man said there were six other women, no, five other, six all together giving birth to babies and the babies are sold. Then they start over again. It’s horrible,” Blair said, sounding so drained.

“I’ll see you tonight, we’ll talk. I love you, Blair.”

Blair was shocked. Jim never said he loved him when he was at work. Blair knew he must be really worried about him.

“I love you too, Jim. See you tonight,” Blair said as he closed his cell.

Blair knew he had to get home and try and rest some more before Jim got home. He needed to find some information out and he couldn’t do it while he was awake.

When Jim got home that night the loft was quiet and dark. He knew that Blair was home because he could hear his Guide's heartbeat. It was elevated somewhat and Jim took off up the stairs to see if Blair was all right.

When he got there he saw Blair in the middle of a nightmare, but knew better than to wake him because sometimes he was in the middle of finding something out. So, Jim just stayed back and waited this out.

Suddenly, Blair sat straight up in bed and smiled at Jim. "Thank you for letting me have the dream. I found some things out. Let me write them down." Blair got his tablet from the bedside table and began writing furiously. Again, Jim just stood and waited for Blair to finish.

When Blair finally looked up, he said, "I have two other names and I have a description of the man and the woman running the baby making business. I'll draw their pictures in a second. Are you okay?"

"I have some bad news for you," Jim started.

"What?"

"Donna Gage was found this afternoon in an alley near downtown and she had bled to death after having a child. So, you're right about that. But they aren't taking very good care of them. Do they seem to have medical knowledge?" Jim asked.

"The woman seems to know her stuff, but the man is simply the father of the children. They actually could all be his children, but I could be wrong. They might be using sperm from numerous donors that don't even know they're donating. The woman seems cold and heartless. I get the feeling that she can't have one, so she hates them all or she does it for the money. I don't know that for sure," Blair guessed.

"Donna Gage had been gone exactly nine months since she was kidnapped. Her husband said that they were trying to have a child when she was abducted. Neighbors saw someone take her, but they never found the van. It was two men, did you see another man?"

"No, only the one that impregnates them. I'm going to draw some pictures," Blair sat up and got his sketch pad out.

Jim went downstairs and left his lover to draw in silence. He did better when he was alone. Jim sometimes felt a little left out.

Jim called Simon. "We need to put Megan Connor and Brian Rafe undercover as a couple who want to have a child. We'll get Dan Wolfe to get all the papers needed saying that Connor can't seem to have children."

"I'd rather have you on it, Jim," Simon stated.

"Why me, sir?" Jim asked, wondering what was going on?

"We had two more women abducted last night and both were seeing their OB doctors for having children. So, now we need to check the doctors out, the staff out and everything else. Where are they getting this info? It has to be someone that works there. So, we're sending you and Megan



in to see about having a child. Then we don't have to go through Dan Wolfe, we'll have our own doctor. So, Megan Connor has to move into the loft for a short time. I hope that you and Sandburg can deal with that," Simon explained.

"I don't see that we have any choice, do we?" Jim asked.

"No, I guess you don't. Now, we can see if we can't find out where these women are."

"I think we need to have Megan have something put inside of her elastic in her underwear so that we can keep track of where she is. Like a homing device," Jim suggested.

"Okay, you have to go to the doctors tomorrow, so Megan will move in tonight. Chances are they'll be watching you from that point on. Try to keep Blair out of the lime light, so they won't even notice him at all," Simon said.

Megan went to tech at the station and had chips put in several pair of panties. Once that was done, Jim felt much better. Megan then moved over to Jim's place into Blair's old bedroom and settled right in. She and Blair got along beautifully, so things looked like they might work out.

Blair still had dreams every night, but he had none the night before their doctor visit.

Megan and Jim went in and talked to the doctor. Doctor Gold was very nice and told Jim to go into the exam room and give him a specimen of his sperm for a count. Jim was irritated, but still did it anyhow. Once he was done, he put it in the cabinet they showed him to put it in and started back to the exam room where Megan was getting a pelvic exam. "Come in, Jim. Megan is ovulating right now, so you're prime for getting pregnant right this moment. We did a sperm count and it was polluted, so we need another one. Do you need some help?"

"No, I don't need any help," Jim answered.

Jim went back to the same place and did the very same thing, thought of Blair and came into the cup. He was certain that there were no touching and polluting. He then went back to the room where Megan was getting dressed.

"Do you believe that we could be pregnant any time soon, hon? Megan asked.

Jim said, "Honey, sounds too good to be true, doesn't it? We thought there might be problems because we're not in our 20's anymore."

"You're both perfect. Now, go forth and have a baby. Your last specimen was fine," Doctor Gold said, laughing.

They left the office and Megan said, "I don't know about you, but I'm freaked out about this. He's either really weird, or he's in on it. Did you give them a new specimen?"

"Yes, and let me tell you, that wasn't that easy," Jim whined.

"Jim, what if the fathers are the ones that are being used, too? What if they took your two sperm donations and took them and froze them for two or three women. He might have thought you looked like a perfect specimen."

“Shit, now my sperm is going somewhere, and it never occurred to me that that baby would be mine. How very bizarre. They think we both work at home, so if they going to get us, they would get us at home.”

“And we might just be being paranoid. This doctor might have nothing to do with it. It might be the office staff. Did anyone seem odd to you?”

“Everyone seemed odd to me, so we need to be on our guard at all times, Megan.”

\*

Blair left for classes that morning a little earlier than usual and didn't see anything out of the ordinary. No one followed him or took notice of him when he came out.

Megan said, “Jim, I've got to go to the store and make my move. You can follow me in your truck if you need to.”

“I can't. They need to know you're by yourself. We'll find you as soon as we track you. Don't fight them if they take you. Don't act like a cop, act like a mom-to-be.”

“Gotcha. Talk to you soon,” Megan said as she walked out the door. Jim watched from the balcony and waved to her as she left. He saw a white panel van pull out after Megan did and got the license number and called it in.

Simon was thrilled that Jim had a license number and said, “We've got the tracking system on her. She's at the store right now and she's leaving the store and she's going in the opposite direction of your loft. We might have a nibble.”

“Simon don't act so excited that Megan Connor just got kidnapped. If we don't find her in time, he'll impregnate her with my sperm. I'm not that thrilled about that,” Jim admitted.

“Vice is going to take the case over, they've been after this group for a long, long while. I know you don't want anyone else doing it, but there was nothing I could do about it,” Simon said.

“I don't understand why Vice was called in for abductions?” Jim wondered.

“Jim, don't fight me on this,” Simon ordered.

“They better not screw it up, that's all I have to say,” Jim said before he hung up the phone.

\*

Jim went down to the police station and waited for some word about Megan. Jim realized he didn't want to have a child with Megan that was for sure. But more than that, he just didn't want Megan hurt in any way.

Simon walked out of his office and said, “They've located the tag on Connor. She's downtown at a warehouse. They've got vice cops going in quiet and we'll stay that way until we get the call to go and check it out.”

“Why can't we go, too?” Jim asked.

"Because they've been looking for this group for months, but had no leads whatsoever. They don't want us interfering. It's okay, they'll do a good job, Jim. We'll wait for their call."

"They better not screw this up," Jim said.

"I think I've heard you say that before," Simon pointed out.

"Well, I mean it," Jim said as he went back to work, trying to stay busy so he didn't worry so much.

\*

"Have you noticed the woman we picked up didn't really even fight us that much? Maybe she's a plant," the first man said.

"We better ask Millie what she thinks. After all, she's in charge," the second man said.

They went and told Millie what they thought and she went to check it out.

When she arrived in the room, Megan was chained to the wall by her hands, but her legs were still free.

Millie walked up to her and said, "You a cop?"

Without thinking, Megan kicked Millie right in the groin. Men always think they are the only ones hurt from this, but it hurts women too. Millie howled and the two men came running in. Megan started kicking them like crazy because she realized she had been too calm and it set off their alarms.

Millie finally got her voice back and said, "She seems pretty upset to me, boys."

"Me too," the first guy said.

"Okay, we were wrong."

"What should we do now, boss?" the first guy asked.

Millie said, "Get her on the table and get her ready. It's time. Get her undressed, right now."

The two men started taking Megan's clothes off and she fought them like crazy. *Where is the calvary?* But instead, they dragged her over to the table and tied her down.

Millie came in and had a syringe ready and was going to put it in Megan. Megan started screaming, in case they were out there listening. She really didn't want to be impregnated by anyone. But it was to no avail. Millie emptied the syringe into Megan's vagina.

"Why are you doing this?" Megan asked, really wondering why.

"Because, babies are a high commodity. We can get up to a million dollars for some of them. We sent pictures of you and your husband and we've had two offers already for a million each."

"You're insane," Megan said, softly, trying to keep her fear down.

"We're also offering the same father to three other women here. The offers will come flying in. They are next," Millie said.

The men got another naked woman and put her on the table next to Megan and tied her up too. Megan started screaming again. Very loudly, this time.

\*

## **Outside**

"How long do we wait for this? There seems to be a lot of screaming going on." Detective Sawyer asked.

"We just got the okay to go in. It's time," Detective Grant said.

All six of them went in guns blazing. Within minutes, they overtook the compound and had Millie and the three men that worked for her, not to mention two other women that worked at the doctor's office.

Vice wasn't that good with the women; they just gave them blankets and told them to wait for the ambulances. Megan realized they all needed to take classes in how to handle abuse victims. Megan was also shocked that Major Crimes wasn't on this at all. She figured they would save them and they wouldn't have taken that long.

The ambulances took all of the women up to the hospital and gave everyone the Morning After pill if they wanted it. Megan gladly took it. She didn't figure Jim would appreciate her carrying his baby. The women that were already pregnant had to decide what they would be doing.

Major Crimes finally showed up to question the witnesses, including Megan Connor. She was quite angry at them and let it show.

Joel got Megan and she asked, "Where in the hell were you guys?"

"Vice took it over and we didn't have any jurisdiction on it at all. We had to wait for them to call us," Joel explained.

"I never would have done it, if I knew you wouldn't be in on it at all. This was a fucking nightmare," Megan stated, angrily.

"We couldn't agree with you more, Megan. You never should have been left in there that long. I don't know what they were doing, but we're complaining to the captain of the squad," Joel said.

"Joel, get real. You know that will do nothing. They didn't care that I was stripped of my clothing, laid on a table for all of them to see and then injected with sperm. This never should have happened. I want to press charges against Vice. I'm not letting this die down and I've talked to the women that were with me and they are pressing charges too," Megan shouted.

Joel asked, "Do you want to call a lawyer, Megan?"

"You know, I think I should. Do you recommend anyone?"

"I've got a cousin who is pretty darn good. Let me get you his card," Joel said as he dug through his wallet and got the card out.

"Thank you, Joel. I'm not going to rest until they're asses are sued."

"Now, I need to ask you some questions and we'll go from there," Joel said.

When everything was said and done, the women had all called Joel's cousin and they were all pressing charges against Vice for reckless endangerment. The doctor in charge had them all admitted so he could watch them through the night.

Megan shared a room with a woman named Lynnette. They talked late into the night before they got sleepy.

\*

Jim tried to see Megan, but none of the women were receiving visitors. Jim found that odd. But then he found out about the law suit against Vice and felt somewhat better. She probably felt like she had to stay away from all of them until the time was right. Jim hoped it wasn't personal.

Blair came home that night and asked, "So, what happened with Megan?"

Jim filled him in and Blair got upset.

"I shouldn't have said anything about this dream. I should have shut my mouth. Now a good friend has been hurt by this and I have to live with that," Blair said.

"Will you call her cell phone and see if you're blocked?" Jim asked pitifully.

"She blocked your call? Man, she's pissed. Okay, let me call her," Blair said, as he got his cell out and dialed her number.

"Sandy?"

"Hi, I was wondering if I can come and see you. I want to apologize for getting you into this. I'm going to think twice about my dreams from now on."

"Yes, you can come up and see me, but not Jim. I have to stay away from the gang until this suit is taken care of. I'm on medical leave as of tonight," Megan said.

"I'll be up there in about ten minutes. See you then. Do you need any of your things from the loft?" Blair asked, nicely.

"Yes, my bag would be good. I've got sleep clothes in there, make-up and anything else I would need. Thank you for thinking of it. See you soon," Megan said.

"I'll see you in ten minutes. Bye," Blair said before he closed his cell.

"What's going on?" Jim asked.

"She sounds good and mad at all of you. What happened, anyhow?"

"Vice took over and we had no say in it at all. They took their sweet time and it was a nightmare. Now, Megan is suing Vice and won't talk to any of us," Jim said.

"Jim, you should never have listened to Vice. Megan did this because of you and you let her down. I'll see you later," Blair said as he grabbed Megan's bag and left very angry.

Jim realized now he had two people pissed off at him.

\*

There were security guards on the floor with the girls, and Blair showed his ID and they let him in. He walked towards room 235 and smiled when he saw Megan sitting in a chair looking out the window.

"Hi, Megan," Blair said, as he entered the room.

"Hello, Sandy. Thank you for bringing up my bag. They gave me these scrubs to wear but it wasn't what I felt like wearing."

"So, how are you? Did they hurt you?" Blair asked.

"In a way, Sandy. I had to take a Morning After pill and I felt odd about doing that, but at the same time I didn't want to carry a child that wasn't wanted by both parents."

"So, they inserted the sperm?" Blair asked, horrified at the notion.

"Yes, they inserted and did so in the other women, also but they all got the Morning After pill," Megan explained.

"I didn't even know that the Morning After pill was legal. Shows how much I know," Blair said.

"Yes, as long as it's administered by a Medical Doctor, it's legal and it has been since 1973. I asked about it," Megan stated. "The nurses said that someday it's going to be an over the counter type drug. I find that hard to believe, but we'll have to wait and see."

"I'm sorry you have to deal with this, Megan."

"It's not your fault, Sandy."

Blair's phone went off and he answered it, "Hello?"

"Blair, could I please talk to Megan? Tell her I need to apologize to her," Jim pleaded.

"Megan, Jim would like to apologize to you. Would you like to speak with him or not?" Blair asked.

"Sure, let me hear what he says," Megan said. "Hello?"

"Megan, I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am for all of this. Simon took me off the case and as Blair said, I should have done it anyway, but I just wanted to say that I'm truly sorry for the fucked up disaster that was called today."

"Jim, I'm not really mad at you, I'm just disappointed. You all should have been there and taken care of things. It was devastating to me to have to take that Morning After pill. There should be no chance of pregnancy. I know you're worried about that," Megan said, sounding hurt.

"Megan, as long as you were all right, I didn't care if you were pregnant or not. We would have dealt with it. But you shouldn't have been put in that place. I'm sorry. I know you won't forgive me, but I am sorry. Now sleep well and I'll talk to you after the case is over," Jim said before he hung up.

"See, I didn't want to do that," Megan said, sadly.

"What?" Blair wondered.

"I hurt Jim as badly as I was hurt. Now we're both hurting. It pisses me off. Oh my God, these cramps are killing me," Megan said bending at the waist trying to take the pressure off her stomach.

"Lay down on the bed and I will help you through some deep breathing exercises before I leave. I swear, you'll feel 100 % better when you follow my instructions," Blair said as he led Megan over to the bed.

He instructed her on what to do and how to do it and before long the look of pain in her face was gone. "Do you feel better, Megan?"

Megan continued breathing as Blair had showed her how to and she answered, "Yes, I feel a lot better."

"I've got to go home and talk to Jim. I don't want him to think we're done with. I was really angry with him and it's going to take a while to get past this. But in the meantime, you stay here for a few days and see someone about all of this. You're going to be fine, it's just going to take some time. Goodnight, Megan," Blair said as he leaned down and kissed her forehead.

"Goodnight, Sandy. Sleep well," Megan said.

Blair waved at Megan's roommate and walked out of the hospital, feeling a little better and knowing that he was going home made him somewhat happier.

\*

Jim called Simon. "Simon, I wanted to give you my two weeks notice by phone. I can't work for someone that leaves his people out on a limb by themselves."

"Jim, you're just being over-dramatic. What? Did Sandburg talk you into this?" Simon asked.

"Nope, he left hours ago and probably will never come back. I'm going to testify for the other side. I just want you to know," Jim said and hung up the phone.

Jim started pacing and wondered if the people downstairs could hear him doing this. Would it bug them? So, he stopped and sat at the table and drummed his fingers until they started hurting. He didn't know what to do. He wished he could see Megan and apologize in person, but

instead, he was stuck here, all alone and Blair probably moved into her place. He no sooner had thought this and the front door opened and Blair walked inside.

"Chief, you're absolutely right. I was totally wrong. I called Megan's lawyer and told them I would testify so that the women don't have to if they don't want to. I think they've been through enough, don't you?"

"That's really nice of you. That will probably take some of the pressure off you and Megan's relationship right now. But what about Simon?"

"I called him tonight and told him I gave him two weeks notice. I can't work for a man that let this happen," Jim said, sadly.

"Jim, I don't want you to leave your job. That's just silly. We'll all get over this, including Megan and she plans on going back to the same job, by the way. Now, call Simon and tell him that you'll come back if he testifies for the women," Blair countered.

"Are you moving into Megan's place?" Jim asked pitifully. He looked so sad, that Blair about fell apart.

"No, I'm staying here, in my home, with you."

"Thank God for that," Jim said as he moved closer to Blair and took him into his arms and began to kiss him over and over again.

"Lock up and come upstairs," Blair said.

"Okay," Jim followed orders very well.

"I'm going to call Simon really fast," Jim called up the stairs.

"Hurry up or I'll start without you," Blair replied.

Jim called Simon and told him if he testified for the women, Jim would be at work the next day. Simon agreed with him and said he'd do it. Jim said goodbye and then raced towards the stairs.

When Jim got upstairs, Blair was lying on the bed, naked. Jim didn't think he'd seen a sight this glorious in years. "I love looking at you, Blair."

"I know you do, it's partly because you are a Sentinel and the other part is because you're a man." Blair laughed a little.

"I'm a man in love is what I am. You make me feel like a man that has found his dream," Jim said.

"You're overdressed, get those clothes off and get in bed," Blair demanded.

"You're a demanding devil, aren't you?"

"Are you complaining?" Blair asked, smiling.

"Never," Jim said as he stripped as quickly as he could. When he crawled on the bed he was on a mission. He was going to give Blair the absolute best blow job he had ever received.



And he did just that.

\*

Blair saw a man sitting in his bedroom. The man was about 70 or maybe a little younger, gray as can be, a little stubble on his chin and pretty blue eyes. He sat on the bed and looked at a picture of someone and a tear ran down his face. He looked so lonely and he then picked up a gun and put it to the side of his face and shot a hole into his own head. When he fell back on the bed, he dropped the picture, cracking the glass. Blair looked down and saw the picture and knew it was Jim. It was a much younger Jim, but it was him. Who was this man? Blair felt so sad for the loss that was felt and woke up shaking.

"Blair, are you all right?" Jim asked as he pulled him even closer to him.

"What does your dad look like, Jim?" Blair asked.

"Just a minute and I'll show you," Jim said as he got out of bed and grabbed a photo album.

"You'll have to add about 20 years to this picture, but this is what he looked like then, why?"

"I just saw him shoot himself while looking at a picture of you. He might miss you, Jim. Do you think you could find it in your heart to forgive your dad for whatever he did?"

"Yes, I'll call him first thing in the morning, Blair. Thank you for telling me. I haven't been close to him, but I sure don't want him gone."

"Good, then that's settled. We'll have dinners on Sundays for your dad and your little brother to come. How does that sound?" Blair asked.

"That's sounds excellent, especially if you're going to do the cooking. But that means, I have to tell him about us and he might not like that, Blair."

"Don't worry about that, yet, Jim. Now, let's go back to sleep," Blair suggested.

"I love you, Blair."

"And I love you."

\*

In the morning, Blair woke up to an empty side of the bed and didn't like that feeling too much. He put his robe on and walked downstairs and heard Jim on the phone.

"Yeah, I was thinking about us and thought it would be nice if you came to dinner with us on Sundays every week. Would you like that, dad?"

Blair couldn't hear what was being said, but Jim was smiling so it must not have been bad things.

"Okay, dad, we'll see you on Sunday at 2:00. That way you can watch the evening game, with us, if you want to," Jim said.

There was more silence and Jim said, "It was good talking to you, too, dad. See you on Sunday. Goodbye."

"That sounded like it went well," Blair said.

"It did. He was so happy to hear my voice. He told he's been missing me like crazy lately and it was odd that I called today, because he was really down about not seeing me now and then. When I asked him about dinners on Sunday, he was thrilled. I even told him about you and me and he still wants to come. My dad has changed a great deal, let me tell you."

"You told him about you and me?" Blair asked, somewhat shocked.

"Yeah, I told you I was going to. Why does this surprise you?"

"I don't know, maybe because he was suicidal and you just told him life altering news and I don't know how he'll take it. You should have gone to see him in person," Blair said.

"Would you like to go over to his house with me and take breakfast?" Jim asked.

"Yes, that would be nice. Then you can see him in person."

"Okay, let's jump in the shower," Jim suggested.

\*

When they got to William's Jim rang the doorbell and William opened it with a big smile on his face.

"Jimmy, it's so good to see you. Come in. And you must be Blair?"

"It's very nice meeting you, Mr. Ellison," Blair answered.

"I insist that you call me William. We're almost family. Jimmy thinks I'm shocked about the two of you, but I've known for years that he dated men. It's not a big deal to me," William stated.

"Okay, William. You're just taking this so well, that it's a little scary," Blair said, trying to smile.

"Jimmy, can I hug you?"

"Yes, dad, you don't have to ask," Jim said, sounding relieved.

William moved over to Jim and pulled him into his arms and hugged him hard. "I missed you so much all these years. I was a terrible person and don't really deserve any good treatment at all."

"Dad, we're both jerks. It's time for us both to move on. Now, Blair is an excellent cook, so what would you like on Sunday?" Jim asked.

"I love barbecue and rarely have it. Yes, barbecue would be most outstanding."

"We'll see what we can figure out," Jim answered.

William said, "Let's sit in the living room and be comfortable."

The men all went into the living room and Jim was surprised to see so many pictures of himself and Steven up on the mantle. This made Jim smile.

"So, Blair, tell me what you do for a living," William asked.

"I'm a teacher at the university. I teach Anthropology and love it."

"Well, that sounds interesting. Where in the world did the two of you meet?" William wondered.

Jim said, "At a bar, dad. Nothing too exciting. Just saw him from across the room and felt like we connected. And we got along really good from the first moment we laid eyes on each other."

"Do you mind him being a policeman?" William asked.

"No, not at all. He's a born protector, so to me, it seems normal," Blair explained.

"So, he's told you about his abilities?"

"Yes, William, he has. He's called a Sentinel," Blair said.

"Really? And where did you get this from?" William sounded a little skeptical.

Blair could tell that William thought he was nuts. "I studied Sentinels while I was in Peru."

"You were in Peru? Jim asked.

"Yes, for about eight months and I studied a Sentinel and Guide partnership. It was awesome. Do you have a problem with this, William?"

"The only problem I would have is someone finding out what he is. Then he would be labeled."

"No one will find out, William, I swear."

"Thank you because I don't want him to suffer," William said, sounding much more at ease.

"Blair, I was in Peru while I was with the Rangers. I didn't know you were, too," Jim said.

"It's not like Peru is a small spot. We were probably not there at the same time, anyhow," Blair said.

"That's true," Jim said, smiling.

"So, William, what do you do for fun?" Blair asked.

"Nothing, really. I'm bored out of my mind most of the time," William said.

"We have a Literacy Program at the university, for problems with reading. Would you be interested in helping there three times a week? It's really a good program. We have a lot of students who can't read properly and are failing or falling behind, because of it. What do you think?" Blair asked.

"Sign me up. It would get me out of the house and I think that sounds good. I'm an excellent reader. I taught Jimmy and Steven to read before Kindergarten. Jimmy, do you have anything at the station I could volunteer for?"

"We have a battered men and women program, where you help them out when they come to the station. You get them set up in a group home of our choice and get them on their feet. We never have enough volunteers for this. Would you like to do something like that?" Jim wondered.

"Yes, how about Tuesday and Thursday every week?" William asked. "I could also donate money towards this, so maybe they could get more people in there to help. Do you think?"

"That would be perfect, dad. Thank you. I think it would help in the long run."

The three men talked about anything and everything for the next two hours, then Jim asked, "Would you like to go to lunch with us?"

"I would love to," William said.

"Get your jacket and we'll go have lunch at Olive Garden, I bet you like the pasta," Jim suggested.

"I love their pasta. I'll be right back," William said as he walked into the office.

Blair said, "That was really nice of you. You're a good son."

"Thanks, Chief."

"Okay, I'm ready to go," William said as he walked out to the truck with Jim and Blair.

Jim turned to him and said, "Why don't we take your car, dad. I forgot I have the truck. "

"The truck holds three, right? I'm fine with the truck, Jimmy," William said, happily.

Blair looked at Jim and almost burst out laughing. Blair got in first and then William and William slammed the door shut. "This is a good old pickup. When did you get it, Jimmy?"

Jim started it up and said, "About five years ago. I just keep fixing it and waiting for it to break, but it never does. Knock on wood," Jim said as he pounded on his head.

William started laughing and Blair followed suit.

"So, do you like Olive Garden, Blair?" William asked nicely.

"I sure do. I love pasta for any meal. If I had my way I would eat it three times a day. But thankfully, I don't. Speaking of food, what would you like on Sunday?" Blair asked.

"Surprise me. I like almost everything, don't I Jimmy?"

"I guess so, geeze, I don't remember," Jim said, flustered at being asked something he didn't know.

The talk between the men was nice and friendly. Blair got the impression that William was thrilled with Jim being back in his life. Blair hoped he would have better dreams from then on about him.

\*

That night when they were driving home, Jim said, "Thank you for being so nice to my dad."

"It was a pleasure. I thought I might make chicken and dumplings for Sunday night. Does that sound good?"

"Blair, anything you cook is good. Sounds perfect to me. Although dad said he would love barbecue, so maybe next Sunday," Jim said as he leaned in for a kiss while he was at a red light.

"Wow," Blair said.

"Wow, what?" Jim asked, curiosity peaked.

"You kissed me in public. That's something you've never done before. Actually, you've never done a lot of things before. I can't believe you told your dad about us," Blair said, sounding like he was in awe.

"I'm not a liar, Blair. I don't do deceit well and I want you to know I will always be truthful to you," Jim said, very seriously.

Blair held on to Jim's hand on the seat and they sat in comfortable silence for the rest of the way home.

\*

Blair got them each a beer and sat down and he asked, "Do you mind if I call Megan and see how she is?"

"That would be nice. You can tell her she's welcome to come over and chat if she'd like to," Jim suggested.

"Okay." Blair picked up his phone and went into the office. Jim wasn't listening so that Blair could have privacy.

"Hello," Megan answered.

"So, when are they going to spring you?"

"I'm home. They let me out three hours ago. I was going to call you, but I figured you might be busy," Megan guessed.

"We took Jim's dad out for lunch and we're just sitting here now, drinking a beer and relaxing. Do you want to come by?" Blair asked.

"No, I don't feel so hot. That pill is doing a number on me. So, I'm just taking it easy at home. I'm going to be off for a few weeks, so I would love for you to stop by to see me," Megan said.

"Would that include Jim, or are you going to make him suffer longer?"

"You can bring Jim along. I know he was just following orders, but it was still wrong, you know?"

"Yes, I do know, and he knows. He feels horrible. I'll stop by tomorrow on my way home from school."

"See you tomorrow," Megan said.

"Goodnight, Megan," Blair said.

Blair walked out to the living room and Jim was almost zoned out on the beer bottle.

"Hey big guy, you want to come back here with me?"

Jim shook his head from side to side and said, "What happened?"

"You were zoning. Were you listening to me?"

"Blair, I tried lowering the dials so I couldn't hear so well, but it didn't work. I need to work on those dials, don't I? It would have been easier to just plug my ears and wait for you to come out," Jim explained.

Blair smiled and said, "We'll work on the dials in the next few days. They will become second nature to you and easy peasy in no time."

"Easy Peasy? That's one, I've never heard," Jim said, laughing.

"Well, now you have." Blair gave Jim a big kiss and they stayed that way for a while.

"Thank you for loving me, Blair."

"You are most welcome, Jim. Thank you for loving me back."

"Are you going to see Megan tomorrow?"

"Yes, I am and you're invited if you want to come with, but I'm going as soon as I get off work," Blair said.

"I've got to go to the lawyer's tomorrow, so maybe another day," Jim decided.

"Can I sit by you and watch tv?" Blair asked.

"Like you ever need to ask," Jim kidded.

They snuggled together and watched tv until it was time to get ready for bed. Blair got ready first while Jim locked up the loft. Then Jim went afterwards to take his turn.

Once upstairs, both men yawned. "I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted tonight," Blair mentioned, casually.

"Sounds good to me, Chief. I'm exhausted, too," Jim agreed.

It was wonderful to be comfortable enough with each other to just have nights where you want to hold each other and go to sleep and not have anyone hurt over it.

\*

**Four Months Later**

Megan's lawsuit was over and settled and she was back at work in the station. No one treated her any differently because they knew that they would have to answer to both her and Jim Ellison. He was very protective of her.

On her day off, Blair was off too and she asked him to look at a house with her. She wanted to invest some of her money.

"So, where are we going today?" Blair asked.

"I saw this house two days ago and it's wonderful, I wanted to buy it, but not without a second opinion. You're it, Sandy," Megan said.

"I can't wait to see it. Tell me about it," Blair asked.

"It's got 2800 square feet. Four bedrooms, beautiful kitchen and nice living room and dining room. One of the rooms, I plan on calling Jim and Sandy's room for when you come over and have drinks and can't drive. I'm getting a king sized bed for that room. The back yard is marvelous, with the huge covered deck, built in grill and lots of room for a garden. I would like to start to grow my own vegetables. Wouldn't that be fun, Sandy?"

"What do you need a house that big for?" Blair asked.

"That way I can have my family come more often and have tons of room for them. One of the bedrooms will become my office, so that's pretty nice. I've always wanted my own office. Wait until you see this house and then make up your mind about whether I need this much or not," Megan said.

They drove up in front of a lovely brick home and Blair said, "This one? It's gorgeous."

"See, you love it too. It just looked like something I would want to have the moment I saw it. I have the key to take you through it. It's empty, so you have to use your imagination on it. A lot of painting needs to be done but I figured, I could have a painting party and see if y'all would help," Megan said.

"Jim and I would be the first ones there. Not to worry about that. Let's get inside so I can see this beauty."

Megan opened the door and they walked in and she didn't say anything. She wanted him to have the only remarks, not her. She really did need a second opinion.

"The foyer is lovely. Large and with the closet, for jackets and things like that, plenty of room right off the bat. Oh my gosh, this living/dining room is great. It's huge. You could invite everyone you know and there would still be room."

"You might be exaggerating just a bit, Sandy."

"Oh wow, this kitchen is to die for, isn't it? You weren't kidding about the perfect kitchen. I love it. It also has a lot of room in it. So far, I like everything."

"That's great. Now come and see the bathrooms and the bedrooms. They aren't huge, but they're nice. The bathrooms, I mean. What do you really need a huge bathroom for, anyhow, right?" Megan asked.

“Right,” Blair said as he walked into the first one. It was small, but very nice and clean. Another bath was between two of the spare bedrooms. Very small, but workable. And the master bath was off the master bedroom and it was small but nice too. “You want to hear what I think so far?” Blair asked.

“No, Sandy, you haven’t seen the yard yet,” Megan said as she pulled him out the door in her bedroom.

“That’s nice that you can get out this way, too,” Blair said.

“I know, right? Look at this patio and deck. I just fell in love with it.”

“Megan, I think you need to make the offer right now. This house does scream your name. Every room does. I love it and I know it’ll be a great house for you,” Blair said.

Megan hugged him and said, “Thank you, Sandy. It means the world to me to have your opinion. Let’s go and make an offer.”

The rest of the day flew by. They accepted her offer and she was set to have the inspections in a week. Then they would sign three weeks after that. So, in one month’s time, she would have her own place. She was so excited. Blair was excited for her and was going to talk to Jim about getting her something really nice as a housewarming present.

\*

Jim walked into the loft that night and asked, “Did you have a good day with Megan?”

“She bought a house. It’s a good house, too. Everything screamed Megan as I went from room to room. I wanted to talk her out of it, because it’s so large, but she was right. It’s her home. In a month’s time, it’ll be hers. I was going to ask you if we could get her something major for a housewarming gift. Like a piece of furniture or something. What do you think?”

“We’ll go shopping with her and she’ll let us pay for something. Like a dinette set for the kitchen or something like that,” Jim said.

“Yeah, something like that. I mean, we’ll let her choose it, so it’s her taste not ours and that will be wonderful. She’s going to be so happy in this house. And on to other things. How was your day?” Blair asked.

“I had a pretty exciting day myself. I piggybacked my senses today, just like you taught me and it helped me get the bad guy. I was so excited, I almost called you, but I knew I couldn’t say anything in front of anyone at work. You taught me well, master,” Jim kidded.

“Oh how exciting. I’m so glad it worked. I was just going by what I learned in Peru and in the book, but it seemed to make sense to me. So, who did you get?”

“He’s someone that we’ve been looking for, for a long while. He murdered his wife and child and then just disappeared. I found him from smell and sound. I really felt good about my senses for a change. Oh, and my dad called, said he was trying to get a hold of you. He wanted to ask you something. He didn’t tell me what,” Jim said.



"Jim, I'm so proud of you doing so well with your senses. I know you didn't want them in the beginning, but you have had them settle in just fine. I'll call your dad now, if you don't mind," Blair stated.

"Sure, I'll make dinner tonight. You go talk to my dad," Jim said, smiling and then kissing his love.

Blair took his phone into the office and dialed William's number.

"Ellison."

"I have one that answers the very same way," Blair joked.

"Blair, are you planning a party for Jimmy's birthday coming up?" William asked.

"Oh my God, I forgot. I need to start now. Where was my head?" Blair wondered.

"Well, you have three weeks before the big day, so I figured you might need help and thought I would offer my services. How about we have it here?" William asked.

"Oh, that would be great. Then I can make it a surprise party," Blair said.

William laughed and said, "Surprising Jimmy is hard to do."

"That's true. Well, we'll still have it at your house, whether it will be a surprise or not. Your house is so much bigger. The loft really isn't set up for get-togethers."

"Why don't we start looking at houses for you and Jimmy? He needs a bigger place and would probably love to have a home with you. I have a friend that has a ranch style home for sale. It's a big rambling ranch house. It's in really good shape and he'd probably give you guys a great price on it," William insisted.

"William, Jim has never said he wanted to move from here."

"Maybe it's time you told him you would like to have a home with him. Make a home with him," William said.

"I don't see him liking the idea at all. He loves the loft," Blair said, sadly.

"You do want a home, don't you?" William asked.

"In the worst way but, with my student loans, I can't afford much help towards a payment," Blair explained.

"Oh, Blair, I paid off your student loans last week. Don't send any payments in after today."

"You what?" Blair shouted.

Jim came walking in and asked, "Is something wrong?"

"Your dad paid my student loans off. I have no payments this month. Do you believe that?" Blair asked, somewhat shocked.

"He told me he was going to do it, so I'm not surprised," Jim admitted.

"You both are stinkers."

William started laughing and said, "Goodbye, Blair. Talk to Jimmy about the house."

Blair put his phone away and went walking out to the living room. Jim followed, he could tell Blair had something on his mind. *What did my dad talk him into now?*

"Got something on your mind, Chief?"

Blair sat down on the sofa and said, "As a matter of fact, I do. I was thinking about having a surprise party for you for your birthday, but your dad reminded me how hard that would be to do with a Sentinel. So, we're going to have a party at your dad's house if that's okay with you. I'll make the food and we'll get a cake, does any of this sound good to you?"

"Blair, anything you do for me is nice. I wouldn't mind a party at all. He's right about surprising a Sentinel. Hard to do. But I got the feeling that there was something else on your mind," Jim said.

"Jim, have you ever thought about leaving the loft?" Blair asked, quietly.

"Yeah, quite a few times, why?"

"Because I was hoping that you and I could find a house together and move in and be like a real couple."

Jim moved over and sat down next to Blair. He pulled the nervous man into his arms and said, "I would love to have a house with you. When would you like to start looking?"

Blair was thrilled. "As soon as you're up to it. We can look on your days off. Your dad said a friend of his has a large ranch style house that he would probably give us a good deal on. Do you have any preferences in what type of house you'd like?"

"Blair, I just don't want a two story. I'm getting too old to go up and down stairs that much," Jim said.

Blair burst out laughing and said, "Jim, you're not even 40 yet."

"But, my knees are feeling 60 these days," Jim answered.

"So do you want to look at that house that your dad's friend has?" Blair asked.

"Yeah, call my dad and tell him to set it up for us. We can see what type of place it is," Jim agreed.

\*

Jim and Blair were in the truck on the way to see the house that Sam owned. That was his dad's friend's name. Sam told them they were going to love it and he would sell it furnished if they wanted it.

"Are you excited?" Blair asked.

"Yeah, a little bit. I think it might be a good house, and then again it might be a piece of crap. We'll have to wait and see."

"It's not that far from your dad's house, so I doubt that it's in a bad neighborhood or anything. In fact, I never dreamed we would be in that neighborhood. I'm so excited," Blair said, bouncing in place.

"You're kidding, right? I never could have been able to tell," Jim kidded.

Jim pulled up in front of a gorgeous brick ranch style house and they both whistled.

"My dad said we could afford it, I think he's wrong," Jim said.

"Well, let's look at it at least and make him feel better about it."

They both got out of the truck and walked up to the door and rang the doorbell. It was opened by a man about 80 years young and he smiled and said, "Hi, I'm Sam."

"Hello, Sam, I'm Jim Ellison and this is Blair Sandburg. We're here to look at your house."

"Your dad said you would both be right on time, he wasn't kidding. I like people that are prompt," Sam shared. "Where are my manners, come on in and take a look around. Make yourself at home."

Jim cleared his throat and said, "Sam, I think my dad made a big mistake on this. He said we could afford it, believe me we can't afford this nice house. It's too nice and way too big. How many square feet does it have?"

"It's almost 3600 square feet. I'm not asking too much for it, so look at it and make me an offer," Sam said.

As they walked into the rooms, Jim kept looking around like he was lost. Blair went over to Sam and said, "Sam, Jim is having a hard time with this. We can't afford it. We were looking for something smaller and needing some work."

"Blair, I'm only asking \$240,000 for it. Tell Jim that and see what he says," Sam said.

Blair walked over to Jim looking at the gorgeous kitchen and told him what Sam wanted for the house. Jim looked at him like he was nuts. "Blair, this house is easily worth 600,000. There is no way he's asking that amount. What's going on?"

"Do you think your dad put some down for us?" Blair asked.

"Shit, I never even thought about that. I really wish he wouldn't do that," Jim fretted.

"Do you think we can afford it if it's \$240,000.00?" Blair asked, hopefully.

"You like the house, don't you?" Jim asked.

"I love the house. We could have four bedrooms and an office. This is a house, Jim. I could live here easily. It's beautiful. The kitchen is done so tastefully and very quiet and understated. I don't like when someone decorates so it looks loud and obnoxious."

They looked at all of the bathrooms, yes, there were three of them and all of the bedrooms and Jim was sold. "How do we feel about my dad putting down money on a house for us?"

"I feel great," Blair said, laughing.

"I'm serious. Don't you think it's like taking advantage of him?" Jim wondered.

"No, he has enough money or he wouldn't be doing it. "He said he would sell it furnished and the furniture rocks in this house. Let' see how much he wants for that?"

They found Sam sitting in the living room and Blair said, "How much would you ask for the furniture?"

"About forty thousand would be more than enough," Sam answered.

"That would put us at 280,000 and I think we might be able to swing that. Could we think on it for a night and get back to you tomorrow?" Jim asked.

"Jim, dear boy, the house already belongs to you. Your dad bought it yesterday when I told him it was going up for sale. He said it was perfect for you and he bought it. So, it's already bought and paid for, including the furniture."

"He paid cash?" Jim asked.

"Yes, he did. So, now I'm set. I can move into the retirement village I was going to go to. Here are the keys, boys. You have to sign all of the papers on Monday. Then it is officially yours. Have fun," Sam said, shaking both of their hands, one at a time.

They both thanked him over and over again and were in a state of shock. Once Sam left to go over to his new home, Jim said, "Do you believe this?"

"Did you notice the garage with room for three cars? This place is like a dream home," Blair pointed out.

Jim's phone went off and it was his brother. "Hi, Steven, what's up?"

"Dad just gave me our old house. He said he bought you and Blair a place and this one was now mine. We just got done signing the paper work. He's moving to a retirement community. Did you know that?"

"No, Steven I didn't know that. Is he at home?" Jim asked.

"He's at his new place. He gave me the address and phone number of his new place. He already moved out. Isn't this weird?" Steven asked.

"Yes, very weird. I hope nothing is wrong with him," Jim said.

"You're such a pessimist, but I mean that in the nicest way."

"I've got to talk to dad and make sure he's okay. You never know what could be going on," Jim observed.

"Want the address of the new place he moved in to?" Steven asked.

"Yes, just a moment while I get pen and paper." Jim looked in the drawer in the kitchen and there was a pen and paper by the phone on the wall. He pulled it out to see if the pen worked and it did. "Okay, shoot."

Steven said, "1309 Joshua Tree Lane and it's a small house. He only took enough furniture for it and left the rest for me."

"Okay, we're going to head over there and see what's going on," Jim replied.

"Okay, call me later and let me know what's happening," Steven asked.

Jim closed his cell and Blair said, "He moved?"

"Just like that. And not a word to either of us. Not that he has to have permission, but it would have been nice to hear about it before it happened. Do you mind us running over there?"

"By all means, I'm anxious to hear what's going on, too."

They locked up and got into the truck for the short drive over. It wasn't very far from the new house, Jim noticed. Maybe his dad had just wanted to be closer.

They pulled up in front and saw the lights on in the house, so he was there. "Where do you suppose his car is?" Blair asked.

"Maybe in the garage, Chief," Jim said, laughing.

"Oh yeah, duh."

They walked up to the front door and Jim rang the doorbell. William opened the door and smiled at both of them. "How nice. You came to see my new place even before I told you. I was going to tell you tomorrow when I came for dinner."

"Dad, what in the hell is going on? Are you sick?" Jim asked, nervously.

"I think it's so nice that you're concerned about me. Wow, we have come a long way, haven't we, Jimmy?"

"Can we come in?" Blair asked.

"Oh, sorry. Come on in. Don't mind the mess, I'm unpacking," William said.

They walked in to the small house and saw it was really nice. Small, but nice. And it wasn't messy at all. Everything seemed to be in its place.

A very confused looking Jim asked, "Dad, what's going on?"

"Do you like your new house?" William asked, ignoring Jim's question.

"We love the house, William, but Jim can't enjoy it because he thinks something is wrong with you and that's why you bought us the house," Blair said.

"Oh silly me, I didn't even think about you boys worrying about me. I'm sorry. Jimmy, I'm tired of taking care of a big place. Some day you'll understand, but anyhow, I just needed to downsize

and this is a great community. They have restaurants, shopping, meeting halls, club house and a few other things. I can't wait to get started. I'm very happy and nothing is wrong with me. I just had a physical on Tuesday and I'm doing really well. The doctor said my heart and everything else looks to be much younger. I told him that my bones would beg to differ with him and he laughed. So, stop worrying, already. Get stuff moved into your new home. You do like, it, right?"

Jim moved into his father's space and hugged him close. "I'm so glad you're all right. I really thought something was wrong." Jim finally let go and walked back to Blair's side.

"Blair, I'd like a hug from you, too."

Blair rushed over and gave him a huge hug that lasted even longer than Jim's did. "I'm also very relieved to hear you're going to be with us for a long, long while. Thank God for that," Blair said.

"You boys are good for an old man. Want to help me unpack the bedroom?" William asked.

They of course headed down the hall to find the bedroom. Jim laughed and said, "There is hardly any room in here for you. That bed is huge. Why not get a smaller bed, dad?"

"I might have to, it's way too crowded in here," William admitted.

"Dad, let's go and get you a bed now. A full size would be perfect," Jim said.

"Do you think the three of us could get this bed out, because the movers had a hard time getting it in?"

"Dad, we'll take it when we leave and give it to the homeless shelter. They would love this big bed for a family room that they set up," Jim said.

"Okay, let's go and buy a bed."

They all got into the truck and went to the mattress store not too far away and got a frame, mattress and box spring. Jim and Blair got it all put in the back of the truck and William said, "I could have paid for my own bed, Jimmy."

"I realize that, but you just bought us a gorgeous home. It's the least I could do. So, does this house belong to you, or is it a rental?" Jim wondered.

"It's mine. I paid cash and I have to pay a monthly fee for all of the amenities, but it's worth it to me."

"William, I'm so glad you're happy here. I bet it was lonely at the big house sometimes, too, right?" Blair asked.

"Oh, yes. Sometimes, I have the blues for days. And I realized I didn't have to live like that. My friend Sam talked me into this and I'm glad I made the move. Although, it'll be much nicer with a full size bed instead of a king."

When they got to the house, Jim and Blair made him sit down while they got the bed out of there. Then they moved the new one in, put the frame together, adding the box spring and mattress making it into a room. "Oh shit, we forgot sheets," Jim said.

"We'll get the box spring and mattress into the pickup and then run and get you sheets. You have a washer and dryer, don't you?" Blair asked.

"Yes, it's in the garage. I'll wash them as soon as you get back."

"What color, dad?" Jim asked.

"Your choice. My room is white, so something with color would be nice," William said.

They put the mattress and box spring into the back of the truck and took off to donate them to the shelter. Blair called them to see if they had room for a king sized bed and they said they did. So, Jim and Blair delivered it to the shelter and had help carrying it in. That was a nice change. Once that was done, they went to Wal-Mart to get sheets.

They were looking at sheets and Jim said, "These white ones are just fine."

"Are you nuts? He said some color. We're getting these burgundy ones here. Let's get a nice comforter to match and pillow shams and pillows for the shams. Blair was throwing things into the basket right and left.

"What if he hates this design on the comforter?" Jim asked.

"Jim, do you hate it?"

"Yes, I do."

"Then, what about a solid burgundy one?" Blair asked.

"I would like that much better," Jim said, happily.

"Okay, we're done, Jim."

"Yay! I love when you say that when we're shopping," Jim admitted.

Blair grinned at his lover and said, "You're such a trooper."

"Hey, I can tell when you're lying."

"Jim, seriously, you can?" Blair asked.

"Yes, I can tell when a suspect is lying but not always with friends, it's harder with them. So, I was just teasing you right now," Jim confessed.

"That's so cool. Does it help with interrogations?"

"Normally it does but sometimes I can't get them to say anything and it's not like I can accuse them of lying."

They got to the checkout and paid for everything and went to the truck as quick as they could.

"Would you like to stay at our new home tonight?" Jim asked.

"Yeah, that would be most cool."

"We just have to ditch the old man," Jim teased.

"First we have to help him do a few things. We've got plenty of time to do that and spend the night in our new home," Blair said.

\*

After they were done at William's house, they went over to the loft, picked up some bags with their things in them, packed a few boxes and went over to their new home.

They got to the house and unloaded their bags and boxes and walked to the front door. "Do you want me to carry you over the threshold?" Jim asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do. Let's put the stuff inside and then start over again outside," Blair suggested.

They got everything in the house and then Blair shot out to the porch and waited for Jim. Jim picked him up and carried him lovingly over the threshold and said, "To our new life, Chief." There was a lot of kissing involved before Blair pulled away and said, "We're giving the neighbors a show, Jim."

Jim realized the front door was still wide open. Hell, he didn't care. He shut it and locked and bolted it and then grabbed the stuff for the bedroom. They even brought sheets, pillows, towels and anything else they could possibly need.

"Oh man, you know what we forgot?" Blair asked.

"It'll have to wait. I'm tired," Jim said.

"The coffee pot," Blair said, sounding disgusted.

Jim smiled and said, "It's in one of my boxes. Not to fear, babe."

They got busy and unpacked the things they brought over and then went in and took a shower together. Blair loved shower sex. Jim was super good at making him so slick that he wanted to come after about ten seconds. Jim was a fantastic lover. Blair was going to have to tell him that some day. They kissed when they were done and dried off and got out and put their sleep pants on. Jim threw a pair of socks to Blair and said, "I know how cold your feet get, so here you go."

"Thanks, man."

"Let's lie in bed and just talk about the day until we get tired and fall asleep," Jim said.

"Sounds perfect to me, except we forgot to park in the garage," Blair said.

"I'll be back," Jim said as he rushed out and parked the car in the garage. Then he locked everything up and headed to the kitchen and got them each a beer and opened them. "I think of everything, right, Chief?"

"Did you bring condoms for the morning?" Blair asked.



"Shit, I forgot. Damn it. You know how I love my morning sex," Jim said, sounding disgusted. "Although, we can have shower sex in its place. I love that too."

"Not to worry, Jim, I brought some. See, I remember things too."

They got on the bed and Blair said, "Oh wow, this is even comfier than the one at the loft."

"I have to agree with you on this. It's super soft and comfy. I love it." Jim sat his beer down and snuggled into the bed and started to fall asleep.

"Wait a minute; you're not waiting for me?" Blair asked.

"Get over here and cuddle, I'm tired." Grumpy Jim answered.

Blair snickered and said, "Let me get the light." He turned off the overhead light and left the bathroom one on for just that night just in case they forgot where they were.

Blair snuggled into the covers and Jim and before long they were both snoring, little soft snores.

Blair woke up and there was an old man standing at the foot of the bed. "Why are you here?"

"He killed me, but no one believes that. He's killing a lot of us and no one cares. Do you care?" the poor old man asked.

"I do care. Tell me what happened and where," Blair suggested.

"I have to go. Please find him before he kills my wife, too."

Just like that, he was gone. Blair turned around and Jim was sitting there watching him.

"I'm sorry I woke you up," Blair said.

"I heard what you said, what happened?" Jim asked.

"The old man didn't say, just that someone was killing a bunch of old people before their time. Do you think you could check and see tomorrow? Maybe I could come down and see the bodies in the morgue, not that I want to, because they'll all talk to me while I'm there. But I want to see if he's there," Blair said.

"What if I take pictures of any older people that are in the morgue? Would that work? Then you wouldn't be surrounded by spirits."

"Thank you, Jim. That would be perfect."

"Is it hard at the hospital?" Jim asked.

"It's impossible at the hospital. They all flock around me as I walk the halls and they won't let me be. I have to use ear phones and the music up really loud to get by them. They finally leave me be once they realize I can't hear them anymore," Blair explained.

"That must be so tough," Jim admitted.

"I usually just stay clear of the hospital and I'm okay? But a Nursing Home would be the same way," Blair said.

"I'll check tomorrow and let you know," Jim said.

Jim pulled Blair back into his arms and said, "I love you, Blair."

"And I love you, Jim."

Thankfully when he went back to sleep, he stayed that way. No more dreams for the evening.

\*

The following day, Blair went to the university and Jim went to the station. Jim started looking in the files and there were two old men that came in overnight and they were from different nursing homes. Jim got up, walked over to Simon's office and poked his head in. "Got a minute, Simon?"

"Sure, what's up? Oh shit, did Sandburg have another dream?"

"He did, but not much to go on. He needs to see if an old man is in the morgue that he saw at the house last night," Jim said.

"He was at your house?" Simon looked confused.

"No, sometimes they come to Blair at home, not in a dream," Jim tried to explain.

"Just go check out the old man in the morgue. I don't want to hear the details anymore. They make me crazy," Simon stated.

"Thank you for understanding," Jim said.

"No, Jim, I don't understand, that's the problem," Simon barked.

"See you later," Jim said as he rushed out the door before Simon would explode.

\*

When Jim got done to the examiner's room, he walked in and said, "Hi Dan, how are you?"

"Busy, Jim. What can I do you for?" Dan asked, nicely.

"Do you have two older men down here waiting to be autopsied?"

"Yes, I have two, but I'm not doing autopsies on them. They both died while in a nursing home and their doctors signed off on them," Dan said.

"Could I ask you to do me a favor?" Jim asked.

"You want them both autopsied? What do I tell the family members when they come to pick them up?" Dan asked.

"Good question. What about a blood test for a toxic screen and a drug screen? I think someone killed them," Jim said.

"I'll run the tests on them, but no autopsies. I couldn't explain that away, Jim."

"Thank you, Dan. Will you call me as soon as you know something? And also, do you mind if I take pictures of them?"

"Go right ahead," Dan said. "Would you like a copy of the death certificate and all of that?"

"Yes, that would help a great deal, Dan. Thank you so much for helping me," Jim said as he went over to take the pictures of the two men.

When Jim was done, he talked for a short time with Dan and then left for the bullpen.

\*

Jim had to go and question a few witnesses and while he was out, he stopped at the university. He knocked on Blair's door and heard, "Come in."

"Hi, Chief."

"Do you have the picture?" Blair got right to the heart of it.

Jim showed him the two pictures and Blair said, "It's the second man. He's the one that I saw. How old is the other guy?"

"I think it said he was 97." Jim handed the death certificate to Blair and waited to see what he said.

"What do you think?" Blair asked, Jim.

"I think the 97 year old man died of natural causes but the other guy didn't look as good as the 97 year old. Maybe he was giving him things that made him sick all the time," Jim suggested.

"I have to get back to work, I just wanted to show you the picture and say hello," Jim said as he leaned in for a kiss and then walked out the door.

\*

When Jim returned to the bullpen, there was an older lady sitting in the chair in front of his desk. He walked over, took his jacket off, sat down and said, "I'm Detective Jim Ellison. What can I do for you?"

"I want to report my husband being murdered. They think we don't know, but we do. They kill one of us every month, but not before they make us sicker than a dog. I watched my husband go from 185 pounds down to 135 pounds in four months. You tell me what's wrong with that. They said he was sickly and to leave it at that. There was nothing wrong with him until we went to the home," the woman said.

"What is your name?" Jim asked, kindly.

"Rebecca Sanders," she answered.

"Ms. Sanders, I need to ask some questions," Jim said, pulling his tablet out.

"Please call me Rebecca and I'll call you Jim. How does that sound?"

"That sounds, perfect, Rebecca. Now, I need you to follow me into a room and answer some questions," Jim said.

Rebecca followed Jim into Interrogation room 2 and Jim asked her to sit at the table. Jim opened his tablet and said, "First of I have to tell you something and you can't tell anyone else. Please don't think I'm teasing you or pulling one over on you. Is this your husband?" Jim showed her the picture and she said, "Yes, that's him."

"I have a friend who is a dreamer and your husband came to visit him during the night, after he passed, and he told him to make sure that this person didn't get away with this. He said someone is killing them. Do you know who he was talking about?" Jim asked.

"As for suspects, we have narrowed it down to three people. One is the cook, the other is the housekeeper, who hates all of us, and the third would be the head nurse named Sally Stubbs. She also hates us all. Why they work in this line of work is beyond me." Rebecca asked.

"Okay, Rebecca don't say anything to get anyone suspicious and I'll come and visit you tomorrow and we'll say I'm your nephew. All right?" he asked.

"That would be perfect. I used to have a nephew that came and visited, but he died in a car accident," Rebecca said.

"One more question, Rebecca, did you and your husband have a bit of money or anything like that?"

"Yes, we both have big insurance policies and if he died, I would have to move because I have too much money, unless I sign everything over to them?"

"I'll be up there tomorrow to see what's going on," Jim said as he walked Rebecca to the elevator.

"Thank you for listening to me, Jim. Not everyone even cares. Thank that young man of yours too," Rebecca said.

\*

Dan called Jim that evening and said, "Positive on cyanide. So, you were right."

"Thanks, Dan. Now all we need is the motive," Jim said before he hung up.

Jim walked into Simon's office and said, "He was poisoned, sir."

"Oh shit, I hate when his dreams are always right. Damn it. Okay, take a team out tomorrow and search that place top to bottom. I want blood tests on all of the clients so we can see if anyone else is being poisoned. Go set everything up. Tomorrow morning will be soon enough," Simon barked.

"Yes, sir. We'll figure this out, quick like." Jim walked out of his office, happy that they had found something.

Jim called Blair when he sat down at his desk.

"Sandburg," Blair answered.

"Just wanted you to know that we found out its cyanide and we're going through the place tomorrow, from top to bottom. We have to do blood tests on all of the clients and everything. I wish we didn't have to do that, but there is no other way of telling," Jim said.

"What about you smell for almonds? It smells like almonds and it would be in their blood stream, you could find it easily. That would be better than taking all those blood samples. I'm off tomorrow, I could help in some way," Blair said.

"You're on. See you in a little while," Jim said, happily.

"Love you, Jim."

"Love you, back, Blair," Jim said softly and smiled. He truly was in love and couldn't be happier about it.

Jim called Megan, Joel, Brown and Rafe over to his desk and he explained what was going on. They were going to hit the nursing home first thing in the morning. Everyone was to be at work by 7:00, so they could get out there by 8:00. Then Jim changed it and said, he would meet them at the nursing home at 8:00.

Joel asked, "Who would poison some poor defenseless people?"

"Someone, Joel, and it's up to us to find out whom. It's going to be a long day, so be prepared."

They all left for the day and said goodbye. Jim was the last one to leave and called Blair first.

"Hello?"

"Hi, honey. What would you like for dinner?"

"I'm making dinner right now, so it'll be a surprise for you," Blair said.

"Oh goody, I love surprises," Jim answered. "See you soon."

Blair got off the phone, very happy. His life with Jim was so great. And this new house made it even greater. Wait until he told Jim that he drove home and went to the loft first, because he forgot about the new house. Jim would laugh at him and that was all right. It was funny.

\*

Jim drove up and saw the lights on in the window and felt at home already. He pulled into the garage and noticed how nice their cars parked beside each other. There was plenty of room for both. Not to mention that big space that they didn't have anything else in yet. Jim wanted to turn it into a work space for building things and Blair was good with that. They just needed to do it. But, they hadn't had time as yet.

Jim walked into the house and yelled, "Honey, I'm home."

Blair went running and jumped up and put his legs around Jim's waist and they hugged and kissed. It was quite the homecoming. "Miss me, Chief?"

"First, I'm honey, now I'm Chief. Make up your mind," Blair teased.

"You're my Chief Honey. How is that?" Jim asked.

"You are just gooey smooth, you know that?"

"Is this a good thing, Blair?"

"Of course, it is. I moved some more things over tonight because I went to the wrong house after work," Blair waited for the laughter.

"Good to know, because I almost turned on the wrong exit. It's going to take us awhile to get used to being here. By the way, it looks great, doesn't it?" Jim asked.

"It does and I especially love the kitchen."

"The house smells so good and meatloaf is one of my favorites," Jim said.

"It's really hard to surprise a Sentinel," Blair teased.

They had dinner and cleaned up the kitchen when they were done. Blair said, "I need to make plans for your birthday, so can I do that in the office without you listening?"

"Go ahead, I'm going to watch the news," Jim said.

The two men went in separate directions and Blair shut the office door and called Megan first.

"Connor," she answered.

"Megan, it's Blair. I wanted to know if you have Sunday open for Jim's birthday party?" It's just going to be cake and ice cream, nothing fancy, but we moved. So, we have a new address."

"What do you mean, you moved? What in the hell is going on?" Megan asked, totally confused.

"Jim's dad bought us a house and it's a killer house, let me tell ya."

"Holy crap, what will happen next? You going to get married?" she asked.

"I don't push him on that sort of stuff, Megan. That'll come much later."

"Yes, I'm open on Sunday. What time?" Megan asked.

"I was thinking about 6:00, so everyone will be off duty and can make it. Hopefully so, anyway," Blair said.

"Would you like me to call everyone and invite them for you?"

"That would be great, Megan. Thank you. You can ask Dan Wolfe, too because he's a good friend of Jim's too. And anyone else you think would want to come, just invite them."

"What's the address, Sandy?"

"9542 E 32<sup>nd</sup> Street. Big brick house on the east side of the street."

"Okay, I'll make all the calls and let you know tomorrow who can make it or not. OK?" Megan asked.

"Perfect, Megan. Thank you. Talk to you later."

Blair was thrilled, now he had to order a cake for Jim. He didn't know what to put on it, so he decided on fishing. Jim loved fishing, so that's what his cake was going to entail. Blair told them he'd pick it up at 3:00 on Sunday and paid with his credit card on the phone. Now, things were in the works. Blair would go shopping for all of the paper supplies the next day if he had time. Otherwise, it would be the day after that.

Blair picked up the phone and called Megan back. "Missed me already?" she asked.

"No, I wanted to tell you that if anyone asks what Jim would like for his birthday, he would like them to donate to a charity of their choice. Could you do that?" Blair asked.

"They're getting him gag gifts, Sandy. It's his 40<sup>th</sup> party, you have to have gag gifts. Stop worrying about it," Megan insisted.

"Okay, thanks, Megan. Bye."

Blair walked into the living room and saw his lover sound asleep in front of the tv. He was in the recliner looking so comfy. Blair climbed on top of him and said, "Mind if I lay with you?"

"No, I was feeling neglected. Some days I feel really old, know what I mean?" Jim asked.

"Jim, I could never know what you mean, because I'm so freaking young," Blair said and jumped off Jim's lap before Jim had a chance to grab him and went running for the bedroom. "I'm going to whip your ass."

Blair laughed and called out over his shoulder, "Promises, promises."

\*

When Blair woke up the next morning, he felt great. Jim always made him feel good, but no time to think about that right now. He had to get ready for the job at hand. They were both going to the nursing home.

Blair walked down the hall and heard Jim on the phone.

"Simon, you have search warrants for the entire place and everything in it, right?"

"Of course, I'm a professional, Jim."

"Okay, we'll meet you there at the nursing home at 8:00. See you then," Jim said as he hung up.

He turned to Blair and a huge grin broke out on his face. "Your hair is something else, Chief."

"I know, I just don't know what that something is," Blair admitted.

They both laughed at that and Blair said, "I'm going to take a shower since I see you already took yours."

"I had to get things done this morning, Chief. This is an important day. We have to find the people responsible for this and take care of them," Jim said, seriously.

"His wife is going to be so happy to have you on the case," Blair assured him.

Blair jumped in the shower and got ready to go. Once he was done, they got in Jim's truck and left for the nursing home. Jim had looked it up and knew exactly where it was.

"Do you think this is going to be easy?" Blair asked.

"Nope, it never is when it comes to murder, unless someone confesses and I don't see that happening."

"Why do you think he or she did it?" Blair wondered.

Jim thought a moment and said, "I think it's more than one person. It's too big of a deal for just one. To be able to get to the money would take some work."

"Well, I hope you have an easy time finding out whom, so the old folks don't have to suffer through too much," Blair said, thoughtfully.

"I hope so, too," Jim agreed.

When they arrived, Simon, Joel, Connor, Brown and Rafe were ready for them. They all walked into the building, Simon showing them the search warrants. The patrol cops came in to keep track of the people that worked there. Simon didn't want them running off to God knows where with all the money.

Mr. Nelson was the administrator and was shocked when he saw the search warrant. "Why would anyone hurt anyone in this establishment?"

"Mr. Nelson, we need you to sit down in your office and stay here, this officer is going to stay with you while we search the grounds," Simon stated.

Jim walked up to Mr. Nelson and said, "I need to see your hands."

Mr. Nelson didn't fight him on it; he stretched out his hands and arms for Jim to see. Jim sniffed the air around him, unnoticeable to others and realized there was no almond smell at all. "Thank you, Mr. Nelson. Now, stay here and follow the officer's orders."

To everyone else, it would seem odd, but Simon knew what Jim was up to.

Jim went to the next room with Megan Connor and the Head Nurse, named Sally Stubbs. Jim walked up to her and said, "Let me see your hands and arms, please."

She had no idea what was going on, so she showed her hands and Jim lightly sniffed so no one would notice and smelled almond right away. "Megan, cuff her please and read her, her rights," Jim said.

Megan cuffed her and read her, her rights and Sally started to panic and said, "It wasn't my idea at all. It was Bob Jones's idea and also Martha Jones's idea. Martha was in charge of the books. They're in charge of all this. Talk to them."



Jim couldn't believe what she had said so quickly. So, Simon and Jim went looking for Bob and Martha Jones. One of them was a housekeeper/bookeeper and the other was a cook.

Simon said, "Does anyone know where Bob and Martha Jones are?"

Rebecca said, "They're in the linen closet, hiding."

Jim almost laughed at how stupid that was. But it wasn't a time for laughing, so he went to the closet and started to open it, but they were holding the knob from the inside. Jim yanked it very hard and they both fell out onto the floor.

"We didn't do anything. It was all Sally's idea," Bob said.

Jim pulled him up and put the cuffs on him while Simon pulled Martha up and put the cuffs on her. They read them their rights and started to take them out of the building.

Rebecca was standing at the door and said, "Are you going to see that they are punished? Or will they be out tomorrow?"

"They'll be punished, Rebecca, don't you worry about a thing. We're all very sorry for your loss. I wish we could have helped before now," Jim said.

Blair was calming most of the oldest patients so they didn't go into shock. Jim gave Bob to Henri Brown and asked him to take him in. Jim had things to do.

He went to Blair and said, "I need to see if any of these people need medical help."

"Just get close enough to scent them, Jim. See if you can do it that way. Otherwise we have to draw blood," Blair explained.

Jim sniffed Rebecca and said, "Rebecca, you need to see a doctor right away."

"I will Jim, because I believe in you. Thank you. My husband would have liked you and Blair a lot."

Blair led her off to the ambulance and left her in their capable hands. Jim went through about 30 more patients and none of them had the odor of almond, so they figured they were just focusing on Rebecca and her husband.

Once they got done with everything, they left the place in the administrator's hands, whether they wanted to or not. This had all gone on under his nose and he had no idea. Simon told him, he needed to be more careful. Of course, he made a face at Simon, like he was nuts and went back to his job at hand.

As Simon, Jim and Blair were walking out of the building, Simon said, "Do you get the feeling that that man doesn't care about it at all?"

"Oh yeah, big time," Jim answered.

"It's too bad they'll be open to more maggots as time goes on. It's really sad that Rebecca has to go back there," Blair said, sadly.

Jim went to check on Rebecca and asked her how she felt.

"Jim, I'd feel better if I didn't have to come back here and face the demons of my memories."

"Rebecca, how much life insurance did you have, if you don't mind me asking?" Jim asked.

"It's a large one. I'm getting \$500,000.00 and I have to do something because I have to move from here."

"I have a place for you to go to. Let's get your things and you can stay with me and Blair until we get you settled in your new place," Jim said and then turned to the med techs and asked, "Does she have to go to the hospital?"

"No, she's fine. Her vitals are all good. If she took in any of the poison, it's leaving already. She's going to be fine," Sarah said.

"Thanks, Sarah," Rebecca said.

"Let's get your things and you can come with us," Jim said.

"Is it a nice nursing home?"

"Do you have no family?" Jim asked.

"No, we have no family left at all. That's why we went to the nursing home because my husband was in such poor shape with the dementia and all. But as you can see, I'm still pretty feisty." Rebecca smiled over at Jim.

Jim smiled back and said, "My dad just bought a house in a retirement community and it's really nice. He loves it. So, I'm going to take you to see his place and we'll see about one of the houses after that. How does that sound?"

"That sounds perfect. Let's go and get my things. I have very little, Jim."

"It's okay, we'll get what you have and go from there," Jim said, sweetly.

Jim walked in and said, "Blair, we're taking Rebecca to our house for the time being."

"Oh, that's nice. We have a lovely spare room that you'll be very comfortable in," Blair stated.

Simon said, "Jim, you can't take home a stranger."

"Yes, I can and I am, Simon. She'll be at our house if you need her. Did you hear we moved?" Jim asked.

"I did hear that from Connor. Are you going to sell your loft?" Simon wondered.

"Yeah, so if you know anyone that needs a home, just let me know," Jim said as he walked to the elevator with Rebecca.

Jim and Blair helped Rebecca get her few things packed in her suitcase and then they rode the elevator down and went out to the truck. Rebecca sat in the middle seat and Blair was fine with that. He couldn't believe that Jim was taking in a stranger. It was an odd thing for Jim to do but also, a very nice thing.

They talked all the way in the car. Jim called his dad and asked if he would show his home to Rebecca. William told them to come over right then. So, that's exactly what they did. When they drove up, Rebecca said, "Wow, I don't know if I can afford this."

"You can Rebecca. You'll see." Jim just smiled as he led her to William's front door.

Blair rang the doorbell and William said, "You must be Rebecca. I'm William and this is my friend, Sam. We both live in this community. We love it so far. You have to buy the one bedroom house and then pay a certain amount for amenities each and every month. It's not bad at all. The house itself cost \$150,000.00. But after that, it's just a monthly amount that usually is covered by Social Security. Do you think you might be interested?"

"I might be if you'd show me your place," Rebecca said, laughing.

"I'm sorry, come on in. This is a small house, but I love it," William said.

"Mine is just like it, only three doors away," Sam said.

"This is a lovely living room, dining room and kitchen. I love it already."

William then showed her the bathroom, the bedroom, the linen closets in the hall and then took her out to the garage and showed her the laundry room. "And that's the tour," William said.

"This is perfect. Where do I sign up?" Rebecca asked.

"I can show you, it's down the road a bit. Jimmy, I'll take her and introduce her to the manager and see if they have one open already or she'll have to wait for a new one to be built."

"Okay, dad. We've got things to do, so we'll be back in about two hours to pick Rebecca up," Jim explained. "Rebecca is that fine with you?"

"Yes, Jim, I'll be fine with William and Sam. You go get your work done," Rebecca said.

Before Blair left he said, "How would the three of you like to come for Jim's birthday on Sunday? Would that work for anyone? Just cake and ice cream and nothing fancy. William already knew but I wanted to ask the rest of you."

"That would be very nice, thank you for asking all of us," William said. "We'll decide and let you know when you come back."

"Okay, talk to you soon," Blair said as he took off for the truck.

Jim smiled at him when he got in and Jim said, "I heard you. I couldn't help but hear you. That was really nice of you."

"You're a really nice guy, who I happen to be very fond of," Blair teased.

"We need to get the paperwork done at the station and I figured as fast as you type, you could help me if you wouldn't mind," Jim said.

"That's a great idea. I love paperwork, NOT! Seriously, I don't mind helping you especially if it means we're going out for dinner tonight with Rebecca," Blair inquired.

"That's a good idea, why don't you decide where we're going and I'll just get hungry. That'll be my job," Jim joked.

"Olive Garden works well for people that need pampering and has feel good food," Blair suggested.

"Olive Garden it will be."

\*

"William, your son Jim is a life saver and I mean that literally," Rebecca said.

"He's a good man and an excellent cop," William agreed.

Sam smiled and said, "And he's really nice to have around for moving furniture."

They got to the manager's office and William introduced Rebecca and they were off. Before long Rebecca found out she could indeed afford one of the houses and afford the monthly payment after that. They had one house ready about five houses away from Sam and William. Rebecca jumped on it. She wrote a check and knew it was good and the manager said they would contact her as soon as it cleared the bank it would be all done.

They walked back to William's house and she said, "I wonder where mine is?"

"Gee, maybe it's the one with the for sale sign in the yard," Sam said.

William and Rebecca started laughing like crazy.

Rebecca knew this was going to be a great new life for her and she needed to thank Jim for that.

\*

After everything was finished, Jim and Blair drove over to pick Rebecca up. Jim rang the doorbell and she answered. "Hello boys. Your dad is doing a load of laundry and will right here," Rebecca said.

"So, how did it go with the housing situation?" Blair questioned.

"I bought one and I get to move in as soon as the bank clears the check," Rebecca said.

"That's so exciting. Do you know which one it is yet?" Jim asked.

"It's the one with the for sale sign in the yard. Sam pointed that out earlier. There was only one left. So, today was indeed my lucky day," Rebecca believed.

"What about dinner at Olive Garden?" Jim asked.

"Do you mind if Sam and William go too? We're like the three musketeers now. Life for the last year had been very hard with my husband. And he didn't even know me anymore so to make new friends is quite an accomplishment for me. I'm very happy, Jim and Blair. Thank you so much."

William came walking out of the garage and said, "You're back."

"What about dinner at Olive Garden tonight? You could ask Sam if he'd like to go too," Jim suggested.

William smiled and said, "I'll call him and see." William called and came back into the living room and said, "He's lying down with a headache. He asked if we could bring him a doggy bag," William kidded.

They took William's car so they could all drive together and had a nice dinner. It was good to share your life with new friends and family. Not only for the older folks, but for the younger ones too.

\*

## **Sunday Night**

Blair was in the kitchen with Rebecca getting all of the snacks ready and making sure the cake was the one he ordered. Rebecca was moving in three days, so it was nice having her around for this special occasion.

When the doorbell started ringing, it was everyone from Jim's work. Then Sam and William showed up. It was a full house.

There were lots of jokes about being old and many gag gifts that made Jim laugh really hard. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. And before long, everyone left for the evening.

"Wow, this was a nice party, Chief."

Rebecca was helping pick up and Jim said, "Rebecca, you don't have to do this. We'll get it."

"I earn my keep, Jim."

And they knew it made her feel better so they of course let her finish what she was doing.

That night when everyone went to bed, they were happy, but exhausted.

\*

Jim and Blair helped Rebecca move into her new place. William had given her some of his old furniture that Steven wasn't going to keep with the house. So she had a dinette set, a living room set and a double bedroom set. She only needed a washer and dryer to make her place complete. Jim and Blair bought one and surprised her with it. Blair also bought her all the bedding and towels she would need for her new place. Rebecca was set and very happy. She invited the boys to dinner the next night and they knew they would go. She was a sweetie and they both loved her.

\*

Jim and Blair were lying in bed and Jim asked, "So what's the deal about your mom? You always email her but you never really mention her. Is something wrong with her?"

Blair burst out laughing and said, "Well, she's a little odd, but she's nice. She's not going to like the fact that I live with and love a cop. She's a wild child from the 60's and she never got over her hatred for pigs. But once she gets to know you, she'll be just fine. I invited her to meet you and your family and she said she's coming next week. I'm not sure if this is good or bad news. You never know with Naomi. She's a free spirit and lands here sometimes, but mostly we talk on the phone or by email. I think you'll like her."

"If she's your mom, I'm going to love her. She's coming in a week? Let's have a barbecue while she's here. Doesn't that sound good?" Jim asked.

"Yes, that does, but let's see how you get along with her first. I find myself a little nervous because I want both of you to like each other," Blair said.

"Don't worry so much, babe. Things will work out just fine, I promise. Even if she doesn't like me, we're still having a barbecue with family and friends and that includes Rebecca."

"I count her as family all the time. I love Rebecca," Blair confessed.

"We both do, which makes it nice for her. She gets along so well with everyone. She's so damned happy now. I'm glad we came into her life. Especially, you," Jim said.

"Why me?" Blair asked.

"You're the most loving person I have ever met. I'm glad you're in her life, too," Jim explained.

"You are going to get so lucky tonight."

"I'm lucky every night," Jim said, sweetly.

Blair was thrilled with that and kissed Jim to show him how much he meant to him.

"I'm sort of tired tonight, Jim, can I have a rain check?"

Jim kissed him with his answer and before long both men were sound asleep.

\*

### **A week later:**

Jim was at work when Blair called and said, "My mom is here, just wanted to warn you."

"Why would you have to warn me, babe?"

"Just consider yourself warned," Blair said.

"I'll be home about six, I hope that's not too late," Jim kidded.

"Ask Simon if you could come home now. Maybe you could tell him it's a headache," Blair suggested.

"Chief, it's only lunch time," Jim reminded him.

"Please? Tell him it's a headache from sensory spikes. I promise, it'll work," Blair pleaded.

“Okay, if I don’t call back, you’ll know that I’m on my way home,” Jim said before he hung up.

\*

“Oh sweetie, why did you ask him to come home already? I wanted some alone time with you before I have to share you with the pig,” Naomi said.

“Please don’t call him a pig while he’s here. He works hard at his job and deserves much better than that. And you have to promise to be nice to him all the time. I mean it, Mom.”

“Fine... Let me ask something. Did he put your name on the house, or is it only in his name?”

“Mom, why would you ask that? Of course we both signed for it. It’s half mine and half his. Although, he wouldn’t have to, since it was a gift from his dad. We don’t plan on splitting up anyhow, so it doesn’t matter,” Blair said, smiling.

“It pays to be careful, Blair. So, I take it he’s rich?” Naomi looked actually happy for a moment.

“No, he works for the city, for crying out loud, mom. His dad is wealthy, but not Jim. He makes a good living and has savings, but he’s not rich. And did I mention that his dad paid off all my student loans? I mean, we’re talking tens of thousands of dollars. He did it to be nice. He is nice. You’re going to like him a lot. You just wait and see,” Blair promised.

“I’ll give him the benefit of the doubt. I’ll see,” Naomi answered.

“He’s home, I just heard the garage door go up,” Blair said, happily.

“Oh for goodness sake, Blair, don’t fall all over him. He’ll tire of that quickly,” Naomi said.

Blair calmed down and just smiled when Jim came walking through the door. Jim went to him, pulled him into his arms and kissed him longingly. Naomi cleared her throat and Jim almost laughed. For some reason, Blair seemed very nervous about something.

“You must be Naomi. Blair has told me so much about you,” He lied.

“Really? Because, he only told me about you a month ago. That’s why I’m here. I think you’re both jumping into this relationship too quickly,”

Jim asked, “Blair, why don’t you come in the bedroom while I change?”

“I’d rather have him stay out here,” Naomi said, rather hatefully.

“Okay, Naomi, let’s have it out. Why do you dislike me so much?” Jim asked.

“He’s given up his life for you. This isn’t normal. He should care more about himself, than you,” Naomi said, adamantly.

Blair just stood there with the two most important people in his life, arguing like crazy and realized, he didn’t want to be there anymore. He grabbed his jacket and left without saying a word.

“Now, see what you’ve done?” Naomi asked.

"Yes, I do. I'm sorry, I yelled at you and I will stay in our room for the remainder of the time you're here. I don't want to come between you and Blair. He loves you and I would never put a stop to that," Jim said sadly.

"You're going to give up that easily?" she asked, somewhat shocked.

"I know when I've lost and you're more important to him than I am. So, don't worry, I won't be in your way," Jim said as he walked into his room and shut the door.

Naomi knocked on the door and said, "Jim, call him on his cell phone and see if you can find him, please. Tell him I'll behave and we'll get along."

Jim called Blair and Blair finally answered, "Hello?"

"Babe, come home. Your mom and I are done fighting. Come home and talk with us," Jim suggested.

"You have to get along with her, Jim. She's the only family I have," Blair pointed out.

"I swear, I'll be good. No matter what, I'll get along with her. I love you, Blair," Jim said.

Naomi heard him talking to Blair and realized he was a man in love. What more could she want for her son? Nothing... Things were going to work out fine, she could feel it.

"Jim, could you come into the kitchen with me?" Naomi asked nicely.

"Gotta go, Chief, she's calling me."

"What is she calling you?" Blair kidded.

"Hurry home, lover," Jim said before he closed his cell.

Jim walked into the kitchen and saw Naomi looking into the refrigerator and she asked, "What should we make for dinner?"

Jim moved up beside her and said, "How about we go out to eat tonight and celebrate?"

"What about ordering Thai food from the place he used to go to. It was very good. Then we could eat here and have some wine and not worry about driving," Naomi suggested.

"That's a great idea. What would you like?" Jim asked.

Naomi and Jim looked the menu over and chose what they wanted and Jim wrote it down and then ordered Blair's favorite along with the other two. Once he called it in, he just hoped that Blair would be coming home.

He no sooner thought that and heard Blair's car come around the corner. "Blair is home."

"I like that you call him Blair and not some honey name. I love his name," Naomi said.

Jim smiled and said, "I call him Chief, sometimes. Because he's in charge of everything that is my life. He's my Chief."



"You're very cute, Jim. I'm sorry for not giving you a chance in the beginning. But at least I'm coming around, right?" she asked.

Jim's face lit up when Blair came through the door. "Hey, Blair, how are you doing?"

"I'm great, Jim. What happened with you two?" Blair asked.

Naomi explained that she was just being inconsiderate and she was going to get along with Jim from now on. She knew he was in love with her son and she couldn't ask for more than that.

Blair hugged her hard and then hugged Jim next.

"No more fighting, you two."

"We promised each other," Jim said.

"I better make dinner," Blair said as he started for the kitchen.

"I ordered Thai food and it'll be here in about ten minutes. I'm going to open up some wine, would you like to choose?" Jim asked.

"No, I trust your judgment, Jim. Go get us some wine," Blair ordered, sweetly.

Jim headed into the kitchen and once out of sight, Naomi asked, "Does he know about your gift yet, Blair?"

"Yes, I've helped with about six cases at his work so far. It's working out, pretty well, Mom. I have some things to tell you about us, but that can wait for a day or two. I just want to spend time with you and not have to worry about anything," Blair said.

"I'm glad you found someone that will let you be a dreamer and is all right with that. I'm so sorry I was mean to him. He seems like he suits you well."

"He does, Mom, and I adore him. I don't mind being a dreamer when I lie in his arms every night. It used to be very lonely, but now it's all taken care of," Blair explained.

"I'm happy for both of you," Naomi said, nicely.

"This weekend, we're going to have a barbecue with his family and our friends. I want you to meet everyone. We're very lucky, Naomi. Thank you for giving me life and letting me live it to the best of my ability."

"You're welcome. I can't wait to hear what you have to tell me about Jim," Naomi said. Then she suddenly looked at her son and asked, "He's a Sentinel? And you're his Guide? Oh my God. I can't believe you found one, sweetie. This is the best news ever. Fate was called upon and it came through. Thank the Goddesses."

"By all means, we do," Blair answered smiling.

Jim walked out and said, "Dinner is here. They'll be at the door in a moment."

Naomi smiled at her son and winked. Yes, this was her Dreamer's new life and it turned out to be a doozy.