

The Perfect Fit



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Jim Ellison was tired. He hadn't slept for more than three hours a night in the last three months. Jim would give anything to have a pill that would work for this reason alone, but there was nothing that seemed to help. He looked out the window of his gorgeous home office and took in the beautiful scenery before him. He was surrounded by trees around the outside of the house, high on the hill overlooking the lake. Jim liked being isolated and alone. He wanted to be far away from people, noises, smells and too many sights to take in.

Jim really felt that he was losing it. He could taste things he shouldn't be tasting, see things he shouldn't be seeing, hear things he shouldn't be hearing and he was so fucking touchy feely it wasn't even funny. His father told him that he had it when he was a child, but it had left, whatever it was. Jim would pay good money to have it leave again. But instead, he was

constantly hearing things all night long. Last night it was wild animals sounding as if they were in the middle of mating season. This only reminded Jim of his loneliness all the more. He really wished that ear plugs worked, but he could hear right through the ear plugs. Jim felt as if there was no hope.

Jim hadn't dated in over a year. The last time he'd been with someone, a man, he had blanked out and the man he was with thought he died. It scared the fuck out of the man and Jim both. Jim didn't ever want to expose himself to that again. Jim wasn't going to let anyone have that much control over him. So, instead, he stayed home all alone, having very few visitors and managed quite well.

Jim had some friends from his business, but that was about all. He saw his father once a month when William felt the need to check up on his oldest son. It wasn't that William was mean or anything, it just seemed that he didn't really want to be at Jim's house. William did it because he had to. Or at least it seemed that way to Jim. Jim secretly hoped that William really wanted to see him once a month and check in on him.

Jim owned a security company called Watchmen Inc. And through starting this company he made friends with four men. Simon Banks was one of his best friends. He had known Simon for about ten years. He was the head honcho for Watchmen Inc. Then there was Joel Taggart, another good friend whom Jim liked a great deal. They were both African Americans and couldn't be more different. Jim also had two installers for the company named Tyler Rafe and Henri Brown. Everyone called Tyler, Rafe. He preferred to go by his last name. And one thing Jim really liked about all of these men was the fact that they knew something was wrong with Jim, but they didn't care. They protected him and sheltered him, even more so after the episodes started up.

When Jim had an episode, he would blank out and lose track of time. He had to be extra careful about whom he was around. Jim never knew when it was going to happen. Jim sure wished he had been able to find a doctor to help him. In the last year, he had seen three doctors and they all said it was in his head.

He was still looking out the window when he saw Simon drive up. As Simon got out of the car, he looked up, saw Jim and smiled as he headed to the front door. Simon had a key, so Jim wasn't in a hurry to get downstairs and open the door for him. No, Simon knew his way around the house. And thankfully so.

Simon walked into Jim's office moments later and said, "Good morning. I brought coffee for you."

Jim took the flavored coffee that Simon had picked up and smiled. "Thank you, Simon. I love this coffee. No matter what flavor you bring, it's always good. It's one of the few things I can still enjoy."

"I have some serious business to talk to you about," Simon stated.

"Sit... Now, fill me in."

Simon sat down and took a drink of his hot coffee. "I think we might have a problem with the new clients that you wanted me to get for our company."

“Why? They got a better deal somewhere else?” Jim wondered.

Simon shook his head. “No, they want to have a sit down meeting with you at Martino’s Fine Dining.”

“They want to meet at the most expensive Italian restaurant in Cascade? I suppose they want me to pick up the tab, right?” Jim almost sounded angry.

“No, Mr. Burnett said it was his treat. But he couldn’t do business with a man who wouldn’t meet him face to face.”

“Then I’ll meet him face to face. I just got a new suit two weeks ago from my dad, so I’ll have it tailored and we’ll be set to go. Why were you so worried about this, Simon?”

Simon ran his hand over his short hair and said, “Jim what happens if you blank out like you do sometimes?”

Jim sighed and then tried his most winning smile. “This is worth a lot of money to all of us. It’s important. I have to give it a try. I’ll make the reservations for this Saturday. That gives me almost a week to plan things. Will that work for you, Simon?”

“Yes, Jim, that would be perfect. That way I have enough time to get the paperwork in order and have all the plans made and prices ready to quote.”

“Thanks, Simon, for everything you do.”

“You are most welcome. Thank you for giving me a great job after I got hurt at the police department. I would have had a hard time finding work limping like I do. People always say it doesn’t matter, but it does. They label you disabled and write you off right away.”

Jim stood up and so did Simon. Jim patted Simon on the back and said, “Your limp is still much better than my blackouts.”

Simon secretly agreed with Jim on that topic. His limp was manageable. Jim’s blackouts weren’t.

Simon smiled and walked towards the doorway. “What time on Saturday, Jim?”

“I’ll make the reservations for about 7:00. That way we will all have time to discuss business while eating. We’ll see you tomorrow with the paperwork for last week’s clients.”

“See you tomorrow. I never get tired of this view, man. It’s great in this office.” Simon stopped for a moment and looked out the window. Then Jim walked him down the stairs and out to the front of his home.

Simon got into his car and drove off, waving as he left. Jim was once again filled with the lonely feeling he got from time to time.

When Jim got upstairs, he decided he needed to call Mr. Baxter, the tailor, to see if he could come out to the house to do some measurements for his new suit. Jim dialed the number and waited for him to answer.

“Baxter’s Alterations, may I help you?” the kind voice asked.

Jim really liked this man. He was so nice and very easy to work with. “Mr. Baxter, this is Jim Ellison. I need to have my suit slacks altered but I was wondering if I could pay much more than I usually do and have someone do it here at my home.”

“Hello, Mr. Ellison. It’s very good to hear from you. Do you still live at 970 Panther Drive?”

“Yes, I do. And if you could have someone come as soon as possible, that would be great because I need them by Saturday morning.”

“I will be sending Blair Sandburg out, Mr. Ellison. He’s very good at what he does. He’ll be there in about an hour.”

Jim smiled. “Thank you, sir. I’ll be watching for him.” Jim hung up the phone after some more small talk and then went in to find the suit that William had bought for him. The jacket and vest fit like a glove, but the slacks needed some alterations. Jim liked the suit. It was a dark gray and he knew that he would look good in it once it was altered. Jim knew that he looked good, because he worked very hard at keeping in shape. He had quite the gym in the basement and worked out sometimes twice a day to stay on top of things. Jim put the slacks on and decided he would wear them with the vest, shirt and tie until Blair Sandburg arrived to do the alterations. Once he was changed, he went downstairs to wait for Blair Sandburg.

Blair Sandburg knew this was his lucky day. He was a TA at Rainier University and needed new books for his classes in Anthropology and they were expensive. Just when he wondered what he was going to do, his boss, Mr. Baxter, had told him about a client who paid very well to have his clothing altered at his home near the forest by the lake. Mr. Baxter had paid him ahead of time and Blair couldn’t believe how much money he made extra for going to this man’s house. Now, Blair just hoped he wasn’t a freak. But Mr. Baxter had told him he was a very good customer and there was no need to worry about a thing. Blair decided to not worry for a change.

As he drove, he thanked God that his Volvo was running for the time being. He’d had nothing but trouble with it for the last two weeks. But today it was as if it knew Blair needed to be on time and was behaving accordingly. Yes, this was Blair’s lucky day.

Jim saw the old Volvo drive up and smiled. Whoever this man was, he liked classics and Jim liked that about this man. When Blair walked up with his bag of tricks, Jim opened the door and smiled.

“Blair Sandburg, I presume?”

It was Blair’s turn to smile. *Oh my God. He’s like a dream come true.* “Hello, Mr. Ellison, my name is indeed Blair Sandburg, but you can call me Blair.”

Jim could sense the spike in Blair’s heartbeat looking at Jim and this pleased Jim to no end. Blair Sandburg was gorgeous. “I’ll call you Blair if you call me Jim.” Jim was grateful that Blair didn’t have his senses, or he would be able to smell Jim’s need for Blair. Jim could

hardly help it with Blair looking so good in the herringbone suit. He looked and smelled like a million bucks.

"It's good to meet you, Jim. Where would you like to do this?"

Jim pointed towards the stairs. "Follow me. My office is very comfortable. Would you like something to drink before we head up there?"

"No, I just had coffee, thank you. Are these slacks you're wearing, the ones we need to tailor?"

"Yes, they almost fit, but I lost a little bit of weight and want them to fit like my other suits do. And speaking of suits, yours is very nice."

Blair smiled. "Thank you. Mr. Baxter insists that his help look as good as the people that we work on. It's been hard sometimes because I'm still a TA at the university."

"What do you teach?" Jim asked.

"Anthropology and I'm almost done with my dissertation for my PhD." Blair got a tape measure out and added, "Could you spread your legs slightly, so I can measure more easily?"

Jim spread his legs, slightly and he could smell Blair's want and need for him and this was driving Jim crazy. Jim watched as Blair wrote everything down and put pins in his slacks where they should go. After about ten minutes, Blair said, "You can take them off now and give them to me to take to Mr. Baxter to tailor right away. He said this was a rush job."

"Yes, I need them as soon as possible. I'll be right back. I just need to change."

All Blair could think about was how hot this man looked in his gray slacks with the vest and purple tie. Blair would like to eat him right up. *Oh my God, you're getting hysterical.* Blair shook his head to clear the thoughts and Jim walked in wearing a pair of worn blue jeans and tee shirt that fit him like a glove. *Be still, my heart.* Blair felt like a teenager.

Jim heard the spike in the heartbeat and the scent in the air. Jim couldn't believe how good Blair was for his ego. It had been a long time since anyone had made him feel good. Hell, it had been a long time since anyone had made him feel at all. Jim couldn't help but smile as he handed the slacks back to Blair.

"Can you excuse me for just a moment?" Jim asked as he picked up the phone on his desk. He dialed Martino's Fine Dining and waited for them to answer.

"Martino's Fine Dining, may we help you?"

"This is Jim Ellison. I need to make a reservation for Saturday night in the meeting room."

"For how many, Mr. Ellison and what time?"

"Just a moment." Jim covered the receiver and asked Blair, "Would you like to go to dinner with me on Saturday night?"

Without missing a beat, Blair said, "Sure, thank you."

Jim went back to the phone call and said, "Make it for twelve people, at 7:00."

Jim hung up the phone and turned around to find a sad looking Blair Sandburg standing there. "I had better get out of here."

"Blair, what's wrong? Did I say something wrong?" Jim asked.

"No, I just didn't realize it was a party you were asking me to," Blair answered. Jim didn't reply and Blair wondered why. Blair looked over at the quiet man and noticed his eyes weren't blinking, he didn't even seem to be breathing. *What the fuck is going on?* Blair went over and touched his sleeve and asked him if he was all right. Jim suddenly came out of it and blushed.

"Sorry, Blair. I have these episodes where I go somewhere and leave my body here." Jim tried to make light of it, but Blair could tell that it upset Jim to no end.

"What were you doing when this happened?" Blair asked, honestly interested.

"I was listening to your heartbeat," Jim answered before he thought of how it sounded.

"You can hear my heartbeat?" Blair asked, somewhat shocked.

"I can hear the squirrel running up and down the tree outside this window, with the windows shut. I can hear your heartbeat going wild right now and I can smell all different things coming off of you. I know that you want me, but yet right now you're scared. Or it might be excited, I'm not sure of your smells yet. Which one is it, Blair?"

"It's excitement, Jim. Let me tell you about what I studied in college and we can go from there. We need to sit down for this." They both sat on the love seat and Blair proceeded to tell him all about the Sentinel lore and everything that went with it. He told him how he could help him regulate his senses and how he would be able to control things as time went on. Blair explained all about Jim needing a Guide and that he might be the Guide, but he wasn't sure.

"Do you mean, I can leave the house from time to time, unafraid that I'll have one of these episodes?"

"Jim, you'll be able to do anything you want. Just like before. I promise, things will look up. Now, I have to tell you about zones. And I want to also tell you about picturing dials in your mind and turning them up or down."

Blair went on to tell Jim all about the dials and the zone out factor and Jim was amazed that it could be explained away.

Jim did the dials and it worked. He smiled at Blair and said, "You're a life saver."

"Not really, it's not like you're the first one, nor will you be the last."

Jim looked plenty surprised when he heard this. Then Blair told him all about how the tribes in Peru always had a watchman and that's what Jim was. He then informed Jim about what a Guide did. Once he was done telling him all of this, he sat back to listen to what Jim had to say.

“This is so odd, because I named my business Watchmen Inc. Don’t you find that odd, too?”

Blair shook his head yes and smiled. “Every day things will get better for you, Jim.”

“Are you telling me that I’ll be able to have sex again?”

Blair smiled. “Yes, Jim, you will.”

“With you?” Jim asked, blushing.

“You can have sex with anyone you want and you would like to have it with me? Wow, I’m so thrilled to hear this. And talk about being flattered. I like you, too, Jim.”

“So, we’re still on for Saturday’s business dinner? The dinner part is business, afterwards, is pleasure.”

“Okay, where are we going and what should I wear?”

“Martino’s Fine Dining and what you have on today is perfect for that night. You’ll impress them all.”

“Should I meet you there at 7:00?” Blair asked.

“No, you’re going to give me your address and I’ll pick you up in my limo at 6:15. How does that sound?”

Blair took his notebook out and wrote down his address and phone number and handed it to Jim. Jim took a piece of the notebook and put his cellphone number on it for Blair. He handed it to him and Blair smiled.

“I guess we’ll see each other on Saturday at 6:15.”

“I can’t see you until Saturday?” Jim questioned.

“Would you like to go for dinner tonight, Jim? We could go somewhere quiet and non-dressy.”

Jim was amazed at how much Blair seemed to know about him. He had just been thinking somewhere quiet and where you didn’t have to dress up at all. Jim liked his blue jeans and his hiking boots more than anything he owned.

“That sounds good to me, Blair. I’ll pick you up at 6:30 this evening. Will you ask Mr. Baxter to have the slacks done by Saturday morning?”

“I’m taking them right now. I’ve had a really good afternoon, Jim. Thank you for making my day.”

Jim walked over to Blair and pulled him into his arms and they kissed their first kiss. Jim put everything he had into it and it was working. Suddenly the phone rang, making both of them jump. Jim pulled away, walked over to the desk and answered it, “Ellison.”

“Mr. Ellison, it’s Mr. Baxter. I wanted to be sure that Blair got to your home all right and brought your slacks back to the shop before closing.”

“Yes, he’s just leaving now, Mr. Baxter. Thank you for doing the rush job on them.”

“You are most welcome, Mr. Ellison.”

“Goodbye, sir,” Jim said as he hung up the phone. Jim then turned to Blair and said, “Busted by your boss.”

Blair laughed and said, “I’ll see you tonight. I liked your kiss. You have very nice lips and I’m sure the rest of you matches them.”

“Jesus, I want to jump into bed with you right now. You better get out of here while the going’s good,” Jim warned.

Jim walked Blair down to his car and watched him drive off. Jim was never so happy in his life. He got back upstairs and called Simon.

“Banks.”

“Hey Simon, I wanted to let you know that dinner is set for Saturday and I’m bringing a date.”

“A date? Where did you get a date?” Simon wondered.

Grinning like mad, Jim explained the entire afternoon to Simon. He left the kissing out, but he did tell him about the Sentinel senses and that they had a date that night.

“This is wonderful news, Jim. Congratulations for finding someone that could figure out what was wrong with you. And to think it’s not wrong, it’s just different.”

“I’m really happy, Simon, but I need to know if you think it’s all right to bring Blair to dinner on Saturday. I don’t want to scare Mr. Burnett off, you know?”

“Geeze, Jim, it’s not like you’re going to throw Sandburg on the table and have your wicked way with him right then and there,” Simon teased.

“I hope to get that out of the way soon, Simon. It’s been a very long time since I’ve been with anyone.”

Simon laughed and said, “Good luck with it all, Jim. You deserve to have a nice life. I’ll see you tomorrow at noon and you can tell me if you got to fuck his brains out or not.”

This time it was Jim’s turn to laugh, then he turned serious. “Simon, I want more than that out of this. I want him to live with me. I want him to be in our group of friends. I want him to be included in the poker game every week. There are so many things I want from him that fucking doesn’t really come up yet.”

“Are you scared, Jim?”

“Petrified. He’s really young. At least ten years younger than me. What if he only wants to date me for my money?”

“Stop worrying and play it by ear. You’ll see how it goes as the months pass by. Good luck, tonight.”

“Thank you, Simon. See you tomorrow.”

That night, Jim pulled up in front of the run down warehouse building and sighed. Blair really was a struggling student, he wasn't kidding. Jim got out of the limo and started for the door, but it opened and out popped Blair, raring to go. Blair's hair was loose, wild and so soft looking that Jim wanted to lose his fingers in it right away. He was wearing a pair of tight jeans and hiking boots that almost matched Jim's.

"It's good to see you, Blair."

"Right on time, I see. I like that in a date. In fact, I like everything about **this** date."

"You're really good for the ego, Blair. I find myself falling for you, big time. I'm going to try and not run you off with my possessiveness and faults."

Blair slid his arm around Jim's waist and snuggled into Jim's body. It made Jim shiver. "Are you cold, man?"

"Quite the opposite," Jim replied.

"Oh goody."

"We're going to Claim Jumper for dinner. I got a reservation for just the two of us," Jim explained.

They got into the limo and the driver took off for Claim Jumper. As soon as they started driving off, Jim began to kiss Blair with such passion, he had forgotten he still had these types of feelings. Blair finally pulled away to breathe and said, "Do you do everything like this?"

"Like what?" Jim asked.

"Like we're going to die and we have to do it before the end?"

Jim threw back his head and laughed. "I need to tone it down a little, I would guess."

"Not for me, man. I like the way you kiss and act. Now, how about showing me some more of that kissing?" Blair wiggled his eyebrows and Jim knew he was in over his head. They went back to kissing, but not as desperate this time because both of them knew they were almost to the restaurant.

They pulled up in front of Claim Jumper and the driver got out to let them out of the limo. "I'll be in the parking lot, Jim. Just call me when you're ready."

"Thank you, Jack. I'll bring you dinner." Jim walked in with Blair on his arm and felt fabulous doing it. Everyone looked at them and Jim just knew it was because Blair was so gorgeous. He never even thought about people being surprised to see the wealthy loner out and about.

They got right in and the hostess sat them in a booth. The waiter came over and took their drink orders. Jim reached across and held Blair's hand and smiled. Neither of them said anything, they both just looked into the other one's eyes. It was a magical moment that both would remember forever. Blair glanced around and saw everyone staring at Jim. This worried Blair somehow. Why were they staring at Jim?

"I have a question," Blair said.

"Then ask it. I've got answers I haven't even used today," Jim kidded.

"Just how rich are you? Everyone is staring and the looks I'm getting are like I'm a gold-digger or something."

"My Grandfather was very wealthy, and left it all to my dad and me and my brother, Steven. So, we all took our shares and built up businesses and have done rather well. I also invest wisely, so I'm very comfortable."

"I need to know what comfortable means." Blair looked very nervous and Jim was slightly confused.

"Does it bother you that I have money, Blair?"

"Maybe... I'm rather normal and have very little in the bank at any given time. I owe a ton of money to the university and I'm sure everyone thinks I'm dating you because of your money."

"Well, are you, Blair?"

"No, of course not, but it doesn't look good. If your father was here, he would probably have a fit that you're dating someone like me. Wait a minute, does he know you're gay?" Blair asked.

"My father knows a lot about me. And yes, he knows I'm gay. He tries to screen people before or after I see them hoping to chase them off, so I wouldn't be surprised if he does it with you. Just don't let him scare you off. He means well, just doesn't know how to show his love for either of his sons."

"Okay..."

Jim looked across the table and saw a frightened man before him. "Blair, are you afraid of what people will think or say?"

"Sure, aren't you?"

"No, I couldn't care less what they think. I have found someone that is special in my life, I don't have time for negativity. It's as simple as that."

Blair thought on that for a moment and decided that he agreed with Jim. "Good point, Jim. I'm going to try to be less insecure."

"Wow, I'm insecure also. Maybe we could work on that together."

"Yes, we can, Jim. I really like you and I think this is going to be a great time for both of us."

"I'm glad to hear it, Blair. Now, what's next?"

"After we order our food, we'll discuss some Sentinel issues instead of focusing on whether you're too rich for my blood or not," Blair teased.

"So, you're saying that I'll be able to eat and drink anything I want with those dials in place?"

“Yes, Jim, you will. You’re going to find out that it’s second nature to lower or raise these dials and once you figure that out, you’re on the road to controlling all of this. But one thing for sure. Don’t focus too much on one sense. Piggyback the senses so that you won’t zone. We don’t want you zoning. Try and focus on two senses at a time. If you need to hear something, be sure to look at something with your sense of sight at the same time. It works, I swear.”

“I’m not so worried about zoning with you by my side. I feel so much better with you next to me. I know you’re my Guide. I can feel it.”

“Jim, we don’t know that I’m your Guide. Let’s not get ahead of ourselves.”

“I feel it inside. I know it’s true.”

The waiter walked up to the table to take their order and left them to talk again. He also brought them each another drink.

“Man, if he brings me any more to drink, I’m going to be drunk.”

Jim laughed. These drinks are good aren’t they? I haven’t had one in years.”

“What is the name again?” Blair asked.

“Alligator. Seemed fitting,” Jim teased.

“I don’t usually like fruity drinks, but this one is excellent. I wonder what’s in it.”

“I can tell you because I made them at home years ago. Two ounces of Midori melon liqueur and four ounces of orange juice. You fill the glass with ice and add the ingredients and stir. I like it too, Blair. Like I said, I haven’t had one in years. But that two ounces of melon liqueur hits you all of a sudden, so you have to be careful.”

“I have another question,” Blair said.

“Ask away, I’ve still got answers.”

“On Saturday won’t that new client wonder why I’m with you?”

“He might, so therefore you’re going to be my new assistant. I hope you’ll give up the job with Mr. Baxter. I really want you to sign on as my assistant, with a large increase in pay.”

“Jim, what will I be doing? I suddenly feel like a prostitute.”

“Stop that talk. First of all, I need help with my senses and getting them under control. You can help me do that. But I want you to work with me on my business, too. You’ll be in charge of taking calls and making calls for me, if you wouldn’t mind. I’ll let you read up on all of my brochures for our business so you know what people are asking about. And how do you feel about paperwork?”

Blair perked up immediately. “Seriously, paperwork has always been a breeze for me to do. I’d love the job. But I have to tell Mr. Baxter. He’s been very good to me.”

“Good, you’re hired as my new assistant. Thank you for even considering it, Blair. I’ll work around your school schedule. It’s going to be great.” Jim looked very thoughtful for a moment and Blair watched a cloud seem to come over him.

“All right, what’s wrong?” Blair asked.

“I’m not crazy about where you live. I’d be happier if you had your own room in my house. It’s too soon to assume anything - it would be better to work on this relationship slowly, which means that much as I’d like to I wouldn’t be jumping your bones the moment you moved in, but you’d be living where it’s safe.”

Blair laughed. He swung his hair around, looking sexier than hell and knew it. “I would love to move in to my own room. But I’d like to take it slow, like you said.”

“Perfect, we’ll stop by and pick up all you need tonight, unless you would like to do that tomorrow,” Jim said, sounding a little unsure of himself for a change.

“I don’t have much, so it’s just my books, my clothes and my laptop. We could do this tonight and be done with it. Maybe Jack wouldn’t mind driving us even though he hasn’t had dinner yet.”

“Honestly, he works very hard and doesn’t seem to mind. He was homeless when I found him. He’s a Viet Nam Vet that had nowhere to go. He now owns an apartment and makes a good living. He’s a noble man, but I’ve learned that he doesn’t like handouts. I work him long and hard. And he makes good money for doing just that. While I’m in having dinner somewhere, he goes to drive ups and orders food. I never worry about Jack going hungry.”

"But you said you'd bring him dinner," Blair reminded Jim.

"There's not really anywhere near here where he could pick up something good. When that happens, I always buy dinner for him."

“Does he drive your limo to his apartment?”

“No, he drops it off at the limo garage and picks up his truck. It’s my old truck. He loves it. It’s a ‘69’ Ford. I sold it to him for one hundred dollars.”

“You’re a good man, Jim Ellison.”

“I’ll tell you what I am is a starving man. Is it just me, or is service slow tonight?”

“It’s a little slow. But here he comes with our dinner, now.” Blair was anxious to eat his Filet Mignon. He loved medium rare steaks. They were his downfall. His mom would be so disappointed in him. She liked him to eat healthier. Well, thank goodness, Naomi wasn’t there.

They both ate their dinner with little talk, both seeming happy with their meal. When the waiter asked about dessert, they both agreed that a piece of New York Cheesecake would be awesome. When the waiter brought that to the table, he also brought the dinner for Jack, and the bill for the evening.

Jim handed him his credit card and the waiter went off to process it. Jim and Blair both ate their cheesecake and loved it. When they were finished, the waiter brought back the receipt for Jim and dinner was officially over. Jim pulled his phone out and called Jack.

When they walked out the front door, Jack was there waiting for Jim and Blair to get into the back of the limo. Jack held the door and then closed it after they were inside safe and sound. Jim had handed a huge bag to Jack as they got in and Jack seemed happy with that.

“Where to, Jim?” Jack asked starting the limo up to leave.

“To where we picked Blair up. We’re going to pick up some things, do you mind working later than usual?” Jim asked.

Jack smiled into the rearview mirror and answered, “Not at all. I can eat when I get home. I had a hamburger while you were inside eating. You should have seen the looks I got at the drive-thru.”

Blair threw back his head and laughed. “I just bet you did, Jack. Thank you for taking such good care of Jim.”

“I owe him a lot. He saved my life five years ago and I’ll be loyal to him until I die.”

Blair had no doubt that Jack meant everything he said. Blair liked him a great deal.

Jim and Blair got out of the limo when they arrived at Blair’s place. Jim could tell Blair was nervous. “Is something wrong, Blair?”

“I’m embarrassed for you to see my place. It’s a dump, really. But, it was all I could afford at the time. Just tell me you won’t get rid of me as soon as you see the way I had to live.”

“Blair, not everyone has a well to do grandfather. It’s just one of those things. We’ll be right down, Jack.”

“I’ll be here, Jim. I’m glad Blair is leaving this neighborhood, it’s not a good one.”

Jim smiled at Jack as he got out of the limo and followed Blair upstairs to pack his meager belongings.

Jack ate the cheesecake while he was waiting for Jim and Blair to come down. He had just finished when he saw them coming out the door with some boxes. Jack jumped out and opened the trunk up and helped put everything in there. It looked to Jack like Blair didn’t have too much, but he did have quite a few books. To Jack, this was a good thing. He also loved learning and reading.

As soon as they were back in the limo, Jim asked, “Jack, did I already ask you about Saturday night?”

“Yes, Jim. You always give me plenty of notice, so stop worrying. I’ll be there at 6:00, so you’ll be early to the meeting.”

“Thank you, Jack. I appreciate everything you do for me,” Jim admitted.

“You don’t want to disappoint Mr. Burnett. It wouldn’t make a good impression on him. You have to keep your clients happy, am I right?”

Blair smiled and said, “Boy, are you right on that.”

Jim held Blair’s hand for the entire drive home and once they arrived, Jack helped take everything inside Jim’s house. Once they were done, Jim asked, “Would you like some soda for the road, Jack?”

“I wouldn’t mind a Dr. Pepper. I know you drink them.”

Jim went into the kitchen and grabbed a six pack of Dr. Pepper and put it in a bag for Jack. He handed the bag to Jack and said, “Drive carefully, Jack. We’ll see you on Saturday, unless I need you before then.”

Jack smiled at the bag of Dr. Pepper’s and said, “You know where I am. Have a good night, both of you.”

Jim and Blair said their goodbyes and then Jim shut and locked the front door. He turned the alarm system on and walked over to Blair and leaned down to kiss him.

“Are you going to show me where I’m going to be staying?” Blair teased. Although Blair knew that Jim realized it would be best if they took things slowly, he had a feeling that he was the one who’d have to make sure that they did. There would be no screwing this up.

Jim smiled and said, “There are three spare bedrooms, you pick out which one. I’d take the one that has a bathroom off of it, if it was me.”

“Wow, this place is huge and super nice. Yes, I’ll take the bedroom with the bath off of it.”

Jim grabbed three boxes and took them into the room. Blair followed him carrying more boxes. Blair whistled when he saw the room.

“This is a spare room? Holy shit, this is a nice room.”

“Glad that you like it. I didn’t design any of the furnishings or anything. I had someone do that for me. I have no taste at all in decorating. My bedroom is very plain and simple. Not at all like this one.”

“Jim, why is your bedroom plain?”

“I never had anyone to share it with, so why bother, right?” Jim looked sad.

Blair went into his arms and hugged him hard. “Well, you have someone now.”

“Maybe we’ll decorate it together, Blair.”

“That’s a great idea. Now, back to the work talk. Where is my office going to be?” Blair really did want to figure out where he belonged in this relationship.

“There is an extra desk in my office, I thought perhaps you could work there. But if you don’t want to share, we can take one of the bedrooms and make it into an office for you,” Jim said.

"I think I would like working in your office. I could bug you all the time," Blair joked.

"I like the idea of having you close by," Jim confessed.

Blair was getting to like these compliments that Jim constantly made. "Thanks, man."

They unpacked all of Blair's items, hung up all his clothes and put things in his drawers. Blair was officially moved in and both men couldn't have been happier about it.

That night, Blair kissed Jim goodnight and walked into his bedroom. He missed the look on Jim's face which was one of longing and need. But Jim had agreed that they would take things slow, so slow they would go.

The next day, Blair went and told Mr. Baxter that he wouldn't be back and Mr. Baxter seemed pleased to hear that he was working for Mr. Ellison. Blair was happy now - he had been so afraid that the older gentleman would be upset, but he wasn't. Now, Blair could get on with his life.

Blair got back to the house and had just settled in to typing some things for Jim when he heard a big booming voice in the house. It made him jump, but he could tell from Jim's voice that Jim knew exactly who it was and was happy to see him. Jim and a very tall black man walked into the office.

"Blair, I would like you to meet my partner in crime, Simon Banks."

Simon stepped towards Blair and stuck his hand out for a shake. Blair grabbed his hand and gave it a very firm handshake.

"It's good to meet you, Simon. Jim has told me a few things about you and it's nice to put a face to the name."

"Jim told me about you, also. And it is good to put a face to the name. How do you like working here? Jim just told me the news."

"I love it. I happen to be crazy about the boss, so that makes it a little easier to handle," Blair teased.

"There is that," Simon agreed.

The three men talked about business for the next two hours and then Simon had to leave to find new clients. "Off I go, it's a never ending battle working for this man."

Blair snickered and said, "It was good meeting you, Simon."

"Back at you, Blair. We'll see you on Saturday. And, Jim, don't forget to tell Blair about the poker game on Sunday nights."

"Poker?" Blair asked, perking up like mad.

"I take it you like poker," Jim guessed.

"I do. And I've heard that I have a good poker face. Can't wait to meet the other guys in the company."

Simon shook Blair's hand again and walked out the door with Jim. Jim walked him to his car and asked, "So, what do you think?"

"I think you're better already."

Jim frowned. "No, I mean, what do you think of Blair?"

"Oh, I think he's super nice and very nice looking. You make a good looking couple. I wish you all the luck in the world, Jim."

"Thank you, Simon."

Jim watched as Simon drove off and smiled to himself. Jim thought they made a cute couple, also.

Saturday was a quiet day, Blair was busy doing paperwork and then Jim asked, "Do you want to go with me to pick up my suit pants?"

"Actually, I'd like to finish this project I started, so I can catch up with some of this paperwork. Do you mind?" Blair asked.

"You know you already have the job, you don't need to kiss up to the boss," Jim teased.

Blair got up and went and kissed Jim softly and said, "Go. I'll be waiting when you get back."

Jim smiled and left the room. Blair was actually happy with doing this work, so he **wanted** to get caught up and keep it that way. He never wanted to give Jim a reason to replace him. *There you go, being paranoid again.* Blair knew that he was not as secure as he would like to be, but give him six months and he might get the hang of it. Blair had never had so much happiness in his life, but he kept waiting for the other shoe to drop.

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Driving over to Mr. Baxter's Jim was trying to figure out how to ask Blair if he wanted to sleep with him that night. Jim wanted, no, he needed Blair in the worst way. Surely it wouldn't come as a surprise to Blair. They had been making out for almost five days. Jim was a little nervous. He still had a few bouts of blackouts, or zones as Blair called them. Jim had to really stay focused. And Jim would be focused if he was making love to the man in his life. Jim's phone went off, he pulled safely over to the side of the road and he answered, "Ellison."

"Hello, Jimmy. I wanted to come by tomorrow and meet this new man in your life. I ran a check on him and I can't find a thing wrong with him. You might have just picked a good person," William said.

"Hi, Dad. Blair is the best thing in my life right now. He's really good for me and knows what causes the blackouts. I'm getting in control and am out on my own without my limo driver for a change."

“This is wonderful news, Jimmy. Do you mind if I come and meet him tomorrow?”

“That would be good, Dad. Why don’t we have lunch together? We could eat at my place or meet somewhere out. What do you think?”

“We’ll meet at Martino’s. Would that be all right?” William asked.

“Yes, that would be great. We’ll see you there at about 2:00 on Sunday. Thanks for calling, Dad.”

“See you tomorrow, then. Goodbye, Jimmy.”

“Goodbye, Dad.”

Jim had no reason to mention that he was going to be eating at Martino’s that night, too. They had fantastic food, so it would be great.

Jim was smiling all the way to Mr. Baxter’s shop, happy that things were working out. His dad wasn’t trying to break them up, he was happy with Jim’s selection for a change. This in itself was unreal. Jim parked and walked into the shop all smiles.

Mr. Baxter said, “Mr. Ellison, it’s good to see you out and about. This is new, no?”

“Yes, I’m getting better and I owe it all to Blair. He’s the best thing that’s ever happened to me in my life,” Jim confessed.

“Here are your slacks, Mr. Ellison. Thank you for the business. And I appreciated you giving our name to four new clients. You are a very good man.”

Jim took his slacks and smiled. He went to the dressing room and tried them on and saw that they were just perfect. He walked out so Mr. Baxter could have a look and once he got the okay from him, he knew he could change again. He got his jeans back on and walked out into the store once more. He handed two one hundred dollar bills to Mr. Baxter and said, “Thank you for everything you’ve done for me through the years. This is just a little thank you.”

Mr. Baxter didn’t know if he should take it or not.

Jim saw the hesitation in his actions and said, “Treat your family to dinner tonight. Tell them it’s from me because I appreciate you so much.”

“Why thank you, Mr. Ellison. I will do that and they’ll have a good time. You have a wonderful time with your dinner party.”

Jim left with a huge smile on his face and drove home happily.

Jim got home and hung his slacks up in the closet and walked into the office. Blair was busy at work. Jim wasn’t even sure he had heard him. But at that moment, Blair turned around and smiled at Jim.

“Hey, I missed you.”

“I missed you too, Blair.”

“I’m going to take a shower and get ready for our dinner meeting tonight. I want everything to be perfect.”

Jim had been leaning on the door frame and almost fell into the room when he thought about Blair being naked in the shower. “Blair, I would like for you to spend the night with me in my room, making it our room tonight after the meeting. What do you think?”

“I would love to. I think we’ve been courting quite long enough. I want you, bad.” Blair wiggled his eyebrows making Jim snicker.

Blair walked into his bedroom and shut the door, getting ready to take his shower. Jim went into his bathroom and did the same thing.

While they were showering, Jim was thinking about how Blair would look naked. Jim had an instant boner. Blair looked delicious even with his clothes on, so Jim could only imagine how fantastic he would look without them on. Little did Jim know that Blair was in his shower thinking the very same thing about Jim.

When they were done, they got dressed and walked into the living room. Blair was eyeballing Jim like crazy. “What? Is something wrong with my new suit?” Jim asked.

“No! It’s a perfect fit. Just like us. I’m in love with you, Jim Ellison.”

Jim smiled and knew tonight was going to be worth the wait. “I love you too, Blair.”

And both men knew that life was never going to be the same. For this they would be forever grateful to Mr. Baxter.

The end