

# Into The Deep



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The phone rang on Jim's desk and he picked it up. "Ellison."

"Ellison, it's Sneaks. You know those two guys you asked about last week? I saw them."

"Where did you see them?" Jim asked. Jim was both curious and cautious.

"I saw them down by the docks, next to a blue building. You can't miss it. You owe me big for this one, Ellison."

"I'll let you know if I owe you big or not." Jim hung up the phone and turned to Blair. "That was Sneaks, he says those two guys that might be good for the murder of Tom Shute are hanging out at a blue building by the docks. Would you like to go and check it out with me?"

"As long as Sneaks doesn't think he's getting my new shoes."

Jim laughed and replied, "If he wants yours, which he probably will, I'll buy you a new pair. Not to worry, Chief."

Jim told Simon they were checking out a tip and told Simon where they were going.

“Jim, maybe you should take backup with you,” Simon suggested.

“We’ll call if we need backup, Simon.”

“Okay... Be careful, both of you.” Simon shut the door after Jim’s retreating form left the doorway.

When Jim and Blair got into the truck, Blair asked, “Do you think he could have been any vaguer about where we’re supposed to go? I mean how many blue buildings are on the docks? Probably half of them. And why do we care that Tom Shute got himself killed? He’s behind a dozen or more murders that we know of. We just couldn’t prove it. I say, let the guy that is our suspect go free.” Blair was kidding, although he sounded serious.

“Chief, you know we can’t let him go free. Even if he’s a lowlife, he still killed someone. This time it might have been another lowlife, but next time it might be a mom at a gas station. They’re dangerous and you know it.”

“Yeah, I know. I was only half serious, Jim.”

Jim smiled at him as they drove off.

When they arrived at the docks, Blair was right, every other building was blue. Jim just sighed loudly and drove up to the first building. “We’re going to have to check each and every one of them out. Maybe we should have brought Rafe and Brown. It would have gone faster.”

“Nah, we’ll get it done in record time.”

As they were walking Blair was talking softly so that Jim could still listen for things he needed to hear. But instead, Jim was listening to Blair talk and the sound of his ever present heartbeat. Jim couldn’t get enough of that sound. He was in love with Blair and wished he could tell him as much, but Blair wasn’t looking for a relationship right then. He was telling Jim as they walked that he had to keep his head on straight and work on his thesis. At that moment, Jim and Blair came around the corner of the building. Two men were standing there with guns out. They quickly took Jim’s gun away and shoved him and Blair over to the edge of the dock. Jim was totally disgusted with himself for not paying attention and not getting the drop on them instead of the opposite.

Standing before Jim and Blair were Kevin Hirsh and his partner in crime, Gary Sheldon. Sheldon was about Jim’s size and had a mean streak that everyone knew about. Hirsh on the other hand was a little more even tempered, so Jim was hoping that he could talk Hirsh into listening to him and not Sheldon. Before Jim had a chance to say anything, Sheldon decided to start talking.

“I can’t believe we got the drop on the detective of the year, Hirsh. It’s because he really isn’t that good, they just needed a name and went with his. Am I right, Ellison?”

“Why are you asking me, you know I’m not going to agree with anything you say,” Jim answered.

“Tell us why you take this pretty boy to crime scenes with you, Ellison. We’re dying to know the reason. He’s not a cop. He’s not a paid observer, so what is he? Do you just take him along to suck on your cock on the way to crime scenes?” Sheldon was getting really wound up and Blair didn’t like that at all.

“Shut the fuck up, Sheldon.”

“Wow, that was a good comeback, Ellison. Hirsh, did you notice he didn’t bother to deny what I said?”

“Yeah, I noticed. Now, let’s tie them up and leave them in the building. We need to get out of here, Sheldon,” Hirsh suggested.

“We’ve got plenty of time because hot shot here didn’t call for back up. Hot shot wasn’t even paying attention to what he was doing. He was too busy looking at the pretty boy next to him,” Sheldon said, evilly. Both men began to laugh for a moment.

Jim had the decency to blush when Blair looked over at him. Blair realized that Jim **had** been staring at him. *What in the hell is going on? Jim doesn’t have a thing for me. Does he?*

“What are we going to do with them, Sheldon?”

“We’re going to have fun with the smaller one while Jim Ellison watches us. Then we’re going to kill both of them and dump them here in the water.”

“You couldn’t get it up if your life depended on it,” Jim spat out angrily, hoping to get the focus off Blair.

It worked. Gary Sheldon hit Jim really hard on the side of the head with his big gun. Jim went over the edge, into the water and didn’t come back up. Blair just looked at them like they were insane. Blair dived into the icy cold water and swam as deep as he could to get to Jim. Blair felt a bullet go through his shirt sleeve, but it missed his body at least. He saw Jim was zoned and grabbed a hold of him and swam pulling Jim as fast as he could. Blair knew he had to come up somewhere other than where they went in. Blair came up enough to get air for both of them and then swam over to a boat that was docked. But while they were in the water, they were getting colder by the minute. At least he was keeping Jim’s head above water without the bad dudes seeing them. Jim was still in a zone, but he was breathing.

Blair was shivering but grateful that he at least had air to breathe. Blair knew that he needed to get Jim out of the icy water and onto something dry, but he also knew the bad guys were still there. Blair started dragging Jim further along the water’s edge, trying to find a place where it would be safe to come up for air, so to speak.

It was starting to get dark, but Blair could see a small alcove up ahead and decided to swim for that and see if it was big enough to put Jim inside it. As soon as he got there, he pulled Jim into a space that was barely big enough for the two of them. It reminded Blair of a small cave. Cold and damp was still his world. Blair was shaking so badly from the cold that he wondered if it was something worse than just being cold-were they beginning to suffer from hypothermia?

Jim was still zoned out. Blair pulled off Jim's wet cold tee shirt, pulled off his own shirts and then laid on top of Jim to see if they could produce enough body heat to warm them up. Blair began rubbing Jim's ice cold face and saying soothing things to him so he would wake up. Blair was getting worried about this zone. Jim had never stayed in one this long.

Jim finally blinked and showed signs of becoming aware of his surroundings and he asked, "Blair, why are you lying on top of me?"

"Because we're both freezing, Jim. I was hoping this would give us enough body heat to make us feel somewhat better. Since you're awake, could you listen and see if they are still looking for us?"

Jim rubbed Blair's back, helping Blair warm up some and answered, "Hirsh is still at the dock waiting for us to surface again. Sheldon on the other hand just left to look for us away from the water.

"We'll just stay here until we warm up a little bit and then we'll try to get away from Hirsh. I'm glad Sheldon isn't there. He scared the fuck out of me," Blair admitted.

"Blair, he scares the fuck out of me, too."

"That surprises me. I didn't think you scared too easily. Makes me feel better."

"Blair, I'm human after all. They were going to hurt you and kill us in the end. Of course I was worried and scared."

"Are you warming up, Jim?"

"Yeah, you can get off me if you want."

"Look around Jim, there isn't much room for two of us side by side. So, we'll stay here and keep warm."

Blair noticed Jim listening to something and then smiling. "Chief, Simon and the gang just apprehended Hirsh. We can swim out if you'd like. Simon thinks they killed us and he's getting very upset. Hirsh still had your backpack and my gun and shield."

Blair pulled his shirt back on and helped Jim get his on because Jim had little room to maneuver getting dressed. They both left the cave type area and swam for shore. When they walked up they both could hear Simon shouting at Hirsh telling him that he was going to make his life miserable if he had hurt either of his men.

Blair was instantly moved that Simon thought of him as one of his men. He walked around the building and said, "Not to worry, Simon. We're right here."

"Oh Sandy, I was worried sick about you," Connor said, hugging Blair hard.

"Thanks. We're freezing, but I think we'll be all right. Jim needs to have his head looked at," Blair said.

Henri pulled his phone out and called for the paramedics right away. "Let me run and get you some blankets." Rafe and Brown took off to their car to get blankets for both men, returning inside a couple of minutes. Jim and Blair took the blankets gratefully.

“What happened here, Jim?” Simon asked.

“Sheldon got a jump on us and was going to hurt Blair, so I insulted him. He didn’t like it and hit me over the head with his gun and I went under water. Blair jumped in and saved me.” Jim didn’t mention that it was all his fault more or less.

“Does anyone know where Sheldon is?” Simon barked.

Megan said, “I’m going to grill Hirsh and we’ll get something out of him. Until we do, I would suggest a guard on them.”

Simon smiled at his Inspector, who was keeping her head. “That’s a good idea. I’ll order the first shift covered right away.”

“I’m not going to the hospital,” Jim said adamantly.

Blair rubbed his back softly. “We’ll do what the doctor says, Jim. We have to be sure the injury to your head isn’t worse than it is.”

Jim glared at Blair. “My head is just fine, Chief. I’m going home from here.”

Simon wasn’t even going to let him get started. “Jim, the EMTs will check you out and tell us what’s going to happen. You’re not going to tell us, they are. And speaking of them, here they are right now. Don’t be an ass to them, Ellison.”

“I’m never an ass to them,” Jim said and was shocked at all the laughter that broke out, even from the EMTs who had arrived just in time to hear the comment. Including the EMTs.

Simon walked up and handed Jim’s gun and badge to him. “I thought maybe you would want these back.”

Jim smiled and answered, “Thank you, Simon.” Secretly, Jim felt like a different man when he had his gun. He felt in control. Although it hadn’t helped earlier.

The man that was checking Blair was named, Bill and he said, “Sandburg is doing quite well considering how cold he is. His vitals are just fine. You can go home.”

Sarah, the next EMT, checked Jim out and said, “You’re very lucky. You don’t have a concussion or anything else. Your vitals are good, also. You may go home as soon as your Captain is done questioning you.”

Jim smiled and said, “Thank God.”

“Thank you, Sarah,” Simon replied.

Simon told Jim and Blair to head on home and they would be accompanied by Megan Connor.

Jim of course argued and said he would take care of things, but Simon won the argument.

Once Jim was at the loft, he couldn't wait to take a hot shower and change into something warm. However, he let Blair go first and then he jumped in next. They came out looking like two new people instead of tired, cold and angry men.

Megan said, "You guys go ahead and rest if you want. I'm here if you need me."

Jim went up to his bed and slipped under the covers. He realized he was still cold. He had just settled in and was enjoying listening to the television show that was on downstairs when Blair came up and decided he wanted to talk.

"So Jim, what were you thinking about when they got the upper hand on you at the dock?"

Jim blushed, making Blair smile. "I was thinking about how great your voice sounded and also listening to the sound of your heartbeat. It's very relaxing to me."

"Oh... I thought maybe you were thinking about something else," Blair said, sounding a little disappointed.

Jim looked over at Blair and saw the disappointment and realized he had a chance. "I was also thinking about how much I would like to ask you out. On a date, I mean."

Blair snickered. "I knew you meant a date, Jim. I would love to go out with you. Why were you afraid to ask me?"

"I never seemed your type. The men I have seen you with weren't anything like me, so I figured that I didn't have a chance."

Blair threw back his head and laughed really hard. "Well, it's not like I could have brought home someone that looked just like you and you wouldn't have noticed. I didn't want to get the shit beat out of me. You know?"

"No, I don't know. You thought I would hurt you because you wanted me? Chief, I never would have hurt you. I know I'm a dick sometimes, but physically hurting you would never happen."

"I see that now, but I didn't know it then. I was scared, Jim. Sorry. I should have talked to you about it long ago. We wouldn't have been in this predicament if we had just talked out our problems."

"You better get downstairs and get warm, Blair."

"Would it be all right if I lie with you?"

Jim moved over on the other side of the bed and pulled the covers down. Blair stripped to just his sleep pants and got into bed with Jim. *Be still my heart.*

"We'll talk more in the morning, Chief. Now, relax and go to sleep."

Megan sat in the living room keeping guard over Jimbo and Sandy. She was relieved that there seemed to be no problems at that time

When Jim woke up at 7:00 the next morning, he felt like a new man. Blair woke up at almost the same moment.

“Good morning, Jim.”

“Good morning, Chief. I slept like a log. Megan is downstairs rearranging our kitchen. She must be bored. Before we go downstairs I wanted to say thank you for saving my life.”

“You’re quite welcome. After all, it was my Guide instinct taking over.”

“Let’s get up and find us a bad guy,” Jim suggested and both men walked down the stairs to greet Megan.

Megan looked at Jim and asked, “Jimbo, how did you let them get the jump on you?”

“I fucked up, Megan. It’s as simple as that. I royally fucked up.”

“Okay, you made a mistake. We all do and you learn from it and move on, right?” Blair asked.

“I could have cost you your life, Blair.”

“Jim, I don’t know how to tell you this, but you’re human. Human beings make mistakes. Being a Sentinel doesn’t make you Superman. Understood?”

“For now...”

“No, not for now. Forever, Jim. We’re a forever pair. Keep that in mind.”

Jim looked over at Blair with nothing but love in his eyes and said, “I’ll try and do better, Blair.”

“We’ll work things out. This relationship thing is new to both of us. It’s going to take some time. And I know you’re not the most patient man in the world.”

Jim laughed at that. “You’ve got that right.”

Blair smiled. “I can’t wait to talk about us.”

“So, talk,” Jim said.

“Not here. Not with Megan in the same room.”

“Okay, I understand, totally.”

Megan let out a huff and walked into the kitchen to start some coffee.

Simon arrived and had some coffee with all of them.

Megan asked, “Simon, can you stay while I do some shopping. These blokes have nothing to eat.”

"I'll go with you," Blair added.

Jim jumped up and asked, "Are you insane? That mad man is looking for us and you want to go to the grocery store with Megan?"

Blair glared at Jim and said, "I thought I would be safe with Megan. And who in the hell would be looking at the grocery store for me or you?"

Simon said, "Don't argue guys. That's exactly what Sheldon would want you to do. You have to stick together on this. Blair, Megan is going to get the groceries because Jim is right. He could be watching for you right now."

Blair walked over to Jim and hugged him. Jim hugged Blair back and said, "You could probably make Megan up a list of what you would like, Chief."

"Now that I can do," Blair said happily as he walked into the kitchen and pulled out a slip of paper and a pen.

While Blair was doing that, Simon sat down in the living room with Jim. "Jim, do you have extra ammo here?"

"Yes, it's in my safe. I even have an extra gun. We're covered, Simon. Don't worry about us. And Megan can stay here all night if she wants. Blair's going to sleep with me."

Simon raised his eyebrows and smiled. "It's about time, Ellison."

"I suppose you knew, too?"

"Everyone knew you were in love with each other. I'm just glad that you're still alive to do something about it."

"Megan can be here during the day and sleep at night. I'll watch at night."

Blair walked out of the kitchen with a list filled on both sides. Jim started laughing when he saw Megan's eyes almost bug out of her head.

"You need that much stuff, Sandy?"

"Well, yeah. There are going to be three of us, remember? We haven't had time to shop for a while and like you said we're out of everything."

"Okay, I'll get everything while Simon stays here. I'll be back in a few minutes."

Blair looked at her like she was insane. "Megan, did you see the list?"

"Okay, I'll be back in an hour or two. See you all later."

Megan closed and locked the door when she left.

"What does a man have to do to get another cup of coffee?" Simon asked.

Blair laughed. "I'll get you some because it's the only thing we do have."



“Thank you, Blair.” He followed him into the kitchen, took the coffee offered to him and then walked into the living room.

Two hours later, two cops from downstairs helped Megan take groceries up to the loft. Jim, Blair and Simon all took them and set them on the counters. It took three trips, then it was all done and the other cops left.

Megan asked, “Do you think you have enough food here, Sandy?”

“We don’t know how long we’re going to be here. I just wanted to be careful. How does meatloaf, mashed potatoes and green beans sound to you guys?” Blair was unloading everything as he spoke.

“It sounds great to me, Chief. It’s one of my favorite meals. Megan, you’re in for a treat.”

Megan smiled. “I can’t wait. Now, Sandy, let me help you put everything away.”

Jim looked out the balcony doors and wondered where Sheldon was and if he was going to make a run for them in their home. He would be stupid to try, but Sheldon wasn’t known for big brains.

Sheldon was in a hideout that no one knew about. Not any of his family or friends knew where to find him and that’s just the way Sheldon wanted it. He was going to be sure that Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg never testified against them. Now, he just needed to figure out how to get past the cop on the street down below Ellison’s loft. Sheldon had planned this out perfectly and knew where Jim lived, so he rented a place close by and knew he could come and go without being seen. Sheldon had quite a disguise. His normal look was that of a long haired man with a long beard. Now, he had shaved his head and gotten rid of the beard. He was clean shaven and had no hair. No one would take a second look at him. Plus, Sheldon was wearing dark rimmed glasses, looking more like a geek than a killer on the loose. This made Sheldon smile to know he had the upper hand. He was waiting for the night shift and then he would make his move. If it didn’t work out, he would be able to go back to the apartment and watch from the window and see what would be his next move.

“Megan, you know, Sheldon probably changed the way he looks by now. Maybe we should put an APB out on him with no hair and no beard. Do you think he would have done that?” Jim asked.

“Maybe we could have our sketch artist draw up something to hand out to the officers that are looking for him.”

Blair got a little excited and said, “I can do it. I know what he looks like and can draw him without his hair and his beard. I’ll never forget his face. Stupid fucker is unforgettable.”

“Chief, that would be great. The sooner you get it done, the sooner we can fax it in to the station and that way everyone knows what to look for.”

Blair sat down with his sketch pad and got busy. It took him about an hour. When he was done, everyone was impressed.

Simon passed the drawing of Sheldon without hair and beard and spread the word that that was probably what he looked like at the present time.

Brown walked up and said, "Sandburg did a good job with the sketch, didn't he?"

Simon answered, "He sure did. Jim said he remembered everything about his face, even the scars and lines he has."

Rafe came in and asked, "Did they go out to the patrol cars?"

"Yes, we handed them out about an hour ago." Simon suddenly thought of something. "What about the cops that are watching the house?"

Rafe stood up and said, "I'll take them to Jim's place personally and hand them over to them."

"Good. We want that fucker caught and this is our best chance."

Brown got up and said, "Come on partner, we're off, let's drop by and see how everyone is doing and drop the sketch off at the same time. Killing two birds with one stone, in other words."

Simon patted both men on the shoulder and said, "Thank you for taking care of it."

Rafe and Brown went downstairs into the garage and got into Rafe's car. As they drove over, Henri asked, "Do you think we should stop and get them dessert or something? I hate to go over there empty handed."

"We could get them donuts on the way. They have a drive-thru at the donut shop. That way it won't take too long and we can get this taken care of quickly." Rafe turned the corner and pulled into the donut shop drive-thru. He ordered plenty of donuts so they could hand them out to the cops on duty and everyone else that came to their home.

As they drove up to the loft, they saw the cop on the street, talking on the phone. Brown wondered if he was checking in.

Rafe called Megan and told her they were there. Brown took the donuts upstairs while Rafe took the sketch over to the cop on duty. Rafe knew the cop—he was new, but seemed good at his job, so Rafe thought he would do just fine with watching for Sheldon. Rafe talked with Officer Miller for about ten minutes and then decided to go upstairs and have some donuts with the rest of the gang. As he turned to leave the officer, a shot rang out and hit Rafe right in the chest. Officer Miller jumped out of his car as quickly as he could to shoot back, but couldn't see where the bullet had come from. His phone went off and he knew it would be Megan Connor, but he didn't have time to answer it now. Whoever it was stopped the call. He needed to get to Detective Rafe and see if he was all right. As he crawled on the ground, he found Rafe bleeding all over the pavement and his eyes were closed. But Miller could hear him breathing. Miller pulled out his phone and called for backup. At that moment,

Detective Henri Brown came out of the building and came running for the patrol car. Another shot rang out and Brown was down, but Sheldon wasn't planning on Brown, so he was off a little. He hit Brown in the shoulder, not near the heart like he wanted to. And just like that, Sheldon slipped away in the dark without anyone seeing him or knowing where he went.

Sheldon had no clue that there would be someone watching and able to see him. Jim was on the balcony and he saw Sheldon. He saw him go into the building down the road and across the street. He then heard him go into the apartment on the third floor. He kept his lights off, but Jim could see him watching the nightmare unfolding downstairs. Jim could also see him laughing.

Jim turned and walked back into the loft and said, "Megan, I know where he is. I'm going after him."

"No, you're not. We'll call Simon for backup."

"But I know where he is." Jim was ready to go and kill that fucker.

"Jim, you're not in good enough shape. Stay here with me and protect Blair. He'll be coming for you both, next. We need to be ready."

Jim hated when Megan made sense. Megan called Simon and told him what was going on. Simon could hear the sirens in the background, so knew that his men would be taken care of as quickly as possible.

"I'll have more backup as soon as I get off this phone. Don't let Jim out of that loft. Do you understand me, Connor?"

"Yes, sir. He's right here with me. Blair's right here, too. Jim and I will keep all of us safe."

"Have you heard how Rafe and Brown are?" Simon asked, hoping for good news.

"Just a minute. I'll ask Jimbo." Megan covered up the mouthpiece and whispered, "Can you hear how they are doing down there?"

"They just took Rafe in an ambulance, he wasn't doing too well and Brown is throwing a fit because he's going to be on desk duty now. He hates desk duty. They're getting ready to send him away in an ambulance."

"Did you hear what he said, Simon?"

"Yes, I'll check with the hospital and see how they're doing. I'll be there shortly." Simon hung up the phone and started barking out orders right and left. Someone was going to pay for going after his men and Simon wouldn't rest until they found him.

The next two hours was a whirlwind of activity at the station and at Jim's loft. In Jim's home there were now four extra police officers, which Jim thought was an overkill, but he knew Simon was worried and decided not to fight Simon on this. Megan went with Simon and Joel and they went to the apartment that Jim told them to go to. They all had their vests on and guns aimed and ready. Jim watched from the balcony of his loft and told Simon on the phone what Sheldon was up to inside the apartment. They stood outside the door and Jim said, "He

knows you're there, Simon. He's got a rifle and he's getting ready to shoot it through the door. Get out of the way.

Simon had everyone step aside as bullets came flying through the door. Sheldon thought he got them and opened the door. Joel and Simon had him down and cuffed within moments. Sheldon couldn't figure out how they knew what he was planning, but it was as though they knew ahead of time.

Joel took care of taking Sheldon down to the station to be booked and questioned. In the meantime, Simon walked over to Jim's to see if everything was all right.

Jim opened the door when he heard Simon walk up to it. "You got him. I can't believe you got him and without anyone being killed. Megan just heard from the hospital that Rafe is going to be just fine. He'll be pissed off, but alive. And Henri is doing fine and in recovery. He's pissed off too. Basically, we were all damn lucky because Sheldon doesn't like to leave witnesses. I think he was losing it at the end. Who in the hell would come right to the witnesses and try and kill them with cops all around? Yes, I think he was insane. But we're not telling the DA that."

Simon shook his head in agreement and said, "Finally, you'll be able to get out of the loft. That's if you wanted to." Simon couldn't help but laugh at Jim blushing.

Blair hugged Jim and said, "You don't have a good poker face, Jim."

"What does poker have to do with any of this?" he wondered.

Even Megan joined in on the laughter this time. "Well, I'm going to get out of your way, Jimbo and Sandy. I'm glad you're both all right and I'm glad that I get to go home and sleep in my own bed tonight. See you guys later."

Jim reached out and hugged her, quickly and said, "Thank you for everything, Megan."

Not to be outdone by his partner, Blair hugged her too. "Yes, thank you very much, Megan."

She walked out the door and Simon said, "I'm going down to the station and doing my job. What are you guys going to do?"

Jim blushed again, making both Simon and Blair snicker.

"See you both later on. Stop down at the station when you have a moment. You're both off for two days, so enjoy."

Jim closed and locked the door after their boss left and smiled at Blair. "I don't know about you, but I'm exhausted. Could we sleep first?"

"You read my mind, man. I'm tired, too."

"We'll discuss the rest of our lives when we wake up. I'm glad you're okay, Blair."

"I'm glad we're both okay. Now, how about some sleeping?"

**The end**