



## Outside Looking In

*By PattRose*

*illustrated by Lyn*

“Hey Jim,” Blair whispered, fighting sleep.

“Hey, what?” Jim answered, sounding so tired Blair felt guilty for bugging him.

“Do you suppose people discuss us when we’re not around?” Blair asked.

“Why would they be discussing us? They probably never give us a second thought, Chief.”

“I just wondered how people feel about us being gay and all that.”

“Who cares?” Jim wondered.

“That’s true, but I hope they like us,” Blair added and then yawned.

“They love us. Now, go to sleep, Blair.” Jim kissed his lover into a lovely dream filled sleep.



### Sally, William's housekeeper

Today, Jimmy and Blair stopped by the house to see William and me, and it was so nice seeing them together at last. For a long while, I worried that Jimmy was going to let what other people thought of him get in the way of his love for Blair, but he proved me wrong. They're a perfect couple; Jimmy isn't overly demonstrative, but Blair makes up for it. Between the two of them, they make a whole person -- Blair would laugh if he heard this said out loud, while Jimmy would glare at me for even thinking it.

I can't believe what wonders Blair has made to fill the chasm between William and Jimmy. They used to never see each other, but now, it's dinner at the house every Sunday. Jimmy actually looks like he enjoys being with his father, too. I look at them now and see a father and son that talk, laugh, tease and enjoy spending time with each other. Such a nice change. William adores Blair. He knows exactly who is responsible for getting him and his son back together in life and he'll never forget it.

I was watching Jimmy and Blair tonight after dinner. Jimmy brushed a stray hair out of Blair's face, making both of them smile. It was such a very tender moment that it made me realize what a great couple they are. Jimmy doesn't fall in love easily, but he seemed to fall quickly and forever in love with Blair.

When they got ready to go for the evening, Jimmy hugged his dad and held him for a moment. I truly believe that he loves his dad more than I ever dreamed he would. Then, when Blair hugged him goodbye, William held Blair longer than usual. He's so grateful for Blair's actions that I think he wants to hug him all the time. Then it was my turn; Jimmy truly loves me and makes it very clear. I was more of a mother than his birth mother was. He is and has always been

grateful to me for that. I've known this for so long, but as he holds me and tells me he loves me, I wonder if he still thinks about his mother and if she ever thinks of him and Stevie. Wouldn't you want to have a moment like that with your mother? But Jimmy doesn't seem to care about it at all, he's happy with me. Blair, of course, doesn't love me like Jimmy does; but he's very tender hearted when it comes to me. I'm happy to be in both of their lives. And now, like every Sunday night after they've said their goodbyes and driven off, I find myself excited for the next Sunday.

### **William Ellison, father of Jim and supporter of both Jim and Blair**

Four years ago, my son wasn't even talking to me. Then something came up at the station and he ended up stopping by the house to look at pictures. We argued and fought over something that shouldn't have been argued over and he left, angry as usual. I would have let him end things that way if it wasn't for Blair Sandburg. He talked to Jimmy about how he should handle me and how he should handle us and before long Jimmy was back in my life again.

I'll never be able to repay Blair for all he's done for us. Stevie, his wife, Jimmy, me and Sally. He brought all of us together and we've never been happier. Every Sunday we have dinner here at the house and Sally is in heaven as she cooks every week. She missed the boys so much when they left. I missed the boys when they left. I pushed them both away and without Blair's help I would still be sitting at home alone every single Sunday.

When Jimmy came to me about ten months ago and asked me what I thought about Blair, I never dreamed why he was asking me that. So I told him the truth. I thought he was one of the best human beings I had ever come in contact with and would be forever grateful. Then Jimmy asked me how I would feel about having him for a son-in-law. I just stood there. I honestly didn't know what to say. I've never met anyone that was gay, so I was unprepared. When Jimmy got angry with me, I totally understood. I was angry with my reaction. I stopped him and told him I would be pleased to have a son-in-law. He calmed right down and asked me if I would continue to like him the same way. I explained that now it would be a different way and that was going to have to come with time. I was going to have to get used to them being together. I told him I loved him and that I would love Blair too. This made Jimmy smile and made my heart hurt a little bit. How many times did he smile at me when he was a child and I let the smile go to waste? I never loved him enough then, so I'm going to make up for it now. I hugged him and told him that I wanted Blair to be a part of our lives forever and he seemed happier than I'd ever seen him before.

Someone at the Country Club asked me if I knew my son was gay and I told them, of course I knew. Fathers know this stuff about their sons. They went on to say it was a shame that he was embarrassing me and I went and closed my membership with them that very day. I don't want to be around negative people who are going to say unkind things about my sons. Now I belong to a golfing club that is more my cup of tea. Two of the men in the club are gay, so I knew this

was the perfect place for me. I could learn from them. I told them upfront about Jimmy and Blair and they took me under their wings. Yes, the day I left the Country Club was the best day of my life. I now have new friends and golf three times a week with people I truly care about. Jimmy and Blair laugh when they hear my golfing stories. I'm glad I can bring such joy to them. I never would have thought I would laugh at gay jokes, but these gay men at the golf course have jokes every time I'm there. At first I wasn't comfortable laughing but now I understand more and enjoy their company. Just like I enjoy Jimmy and Blair's company.

I'm happier than I've ever been in my life with new friends, a new club, and new feelings. I think this all comes from Blair. He's been my rock and I'm grateful for his love for my son, his love for us and just his plain love. He and Jimmy make a great couple. I'm very grateful to have him be a part of this family.

### **Steven Ellison, brother to Jim and friend to Blair**

I'm so grateful that Jim doesn't call me Stevie anymore. So in return I now call him, Jim. We could never persuade Dad that 'Jimmy' and 'Stevie' are kids' names, and that as adults we prefer 'Jim' and 'Steven', but that's life.

I really, really like Blair. He's done more good things for Jim than I can name. First, he got Jim talking to me again after all of those years. Blair didn't even know Jim had a brother for the longest time. I'm sure he was shocked. I'm so happy having Jim back in my life again. Every Sunday we now have dinner at dad's house. My wife, Claire, loves Jim and Blair, and looks forward to each and every Sunday.

They're both very good to her. She thinks it's so funny that she and Blair have almost the same name. They talk and talk and talk when we are at Dad's. She's a teacher and has a lot in common with Blair; she loves Jim too. She told me that it's rare to see two men love each other like Jim and Blair do, and I think she's right.

Jim is very close to me now and I couldn't be happier. We went to Dad's cabin two weeks ago and stayed up there with both of them. We hiked, fished, cooked and hot tubbed until we were exhausted. It was the best weekend we've had in a very long time. Claire is quite shy, actually, so to see her so open with the guys makes my heart feel good.

Blair asked Claire if we planned on giving them a niece or a nephew and Claire told him that he had to ask me. Jim turned to me and asked, "Any news we should know about?"

I smiled and told them that they were going to be uncles to a little niece. It made their day. They both love children but know they aren't going to have any, so they can use ours. I was pleased to tell them the news. I knew they would take it well. Jim hugged us both for the longest time and then Blair took his turn.

Blair told us that he wanted to get all of the baby furniture for us, as a gift. Jim looked over at him like he was nuts, but smiled anyway. They'll probably be discussing that when they leave. Claire was thrilled and couldn't wait to go shopping with Blair. Then Jim got into the program a little more when he saw how happy it made Claire.

That night in bed, Claire told me she loved Jim and Blair more than some of her family members. I knew this to be a good thing. I told her I loved them too. I knew that Jim could hear us in the other bedroom, but I didn't care if he knew how I felt or not.

The next morning, Jim hugged me close and I knew he had heard what we said. He didn't say anything, just hugged me. It was great. To think, I almost lost out on having a brother. But thanks to Blair, I got my brother back and my life is filled with happiness and joy.

All I have to say is thank God for Jim and Blair. They made our family complete.

Wait until Dad hears our news.

### **Claire Ellison, wife of Steven, sister-in-law to Jim and Blair.**

I can't believe that soon we're going to have a baby girl. And to think we're going to be sharing her with Jim and Blair makes me very happy. Blair asked if he could help me shop for the baby furniture. He and Jim are paying for it. I didn't know what to say at first, but then I realized they would never have their own child, so they wanted to do this for ours. We can share. Our little girl is going to know the love of having two uncles that are fantastic. A lot of children don't have that. She's going to be a very lucky little girl.

I'm a little shy, but Blair is helping me get over that. I'm really starting to come out of my shell. Even my parents noticed this. Of course they love me no matter what, but they adore the fact that I'm happy and in love now. And did I mention how excited they are to be grandparents? Almost as excited as Jim and Blair were to hear the news.

I don't have any brothers or sisters, so I told Steven that I was going to use his brother and his mate. Steven laughed and said they would be thrilled. I love Jim and Blair and I hope they know exactly how much they mean to us.

### **Naomi Sandburg, mother of Blair and friend to both Jim and Blair**

I remember the day that my son called to tell me his big news. I was expecting news about a new expedition to South America. He would be so thrilled with a new dig, but no, instead he had news about his relationship with Jim Ellison. You could have knocked me over with a feather. I knew they were best friends, but I really didn't see Jim swinging that way and I told Blair as much. Blair informed me that Jim was the one that made the first move, so there was no

mistake made. What could I say? I told him I was happy for them. He seemed to buy it, but when I get there I'm going to have to talk to both of them.

To say I'm disappointed is an understatement. I wanted so much more for Blair. He should have been a Professor by now and in charge of his own dig. I watched him evolve into this extraordinary young man and it seems like now he'll be ordinary. It's just too bad.

I could tell when Blair was telling me that he's totally in love. Blair does that. He throws himself into whatever relationship he's in. I wish he had waited to talk to me about it first. I could have given him some helpful advice.

I like Jim on so many levels. He's such a good man, a great cop and an excellent best friend to my son. But lover? I can't see it. I can't believe that he will give Blair enough to hold him. So maybe I'm worrying about nothing. I'm going to be there in three weeks, they might have broken up by then.

During the last three weeks, I had more time to think about Blair and Jim being together. They're going to pick me up at the airport today with some good news. I hope it's about Blair's college life and not something to do with them. I don't know if my heart can take any more 'good' news from them.

When I walked down the stairs to get my luggage, I saw Jim and Blair standing there holding hands smiling at me. For some reason, it just seemed right. They do belong together, whether I like it or not. Then I saw Blair look at Jim and that was it, their fate was sealed in love. Blair adored this man and for some reason they make a perfect couple, so I'm going to go with it and make them happy.

I'm spending the next two weeks with them, so I can see for myself, but I think my heart already knows they are excellent for each other. Jim opened the door for me and kissed me on the cheek. He blushed. That threw me off a little bit. I wasn't expecting to see Jim so much in love with Blair. I couldn't help it, I hugged him very hard and told him I loved him. Then I hugged Blair and told him the same thing. Blair held me for a long while and Jim hugged us both. I have to tell you, it was a wonderful feeling being in the middle of these two terrific men.

So, now, I have two sons. I was thrilled with just one, but two is even better. They truly love each other and they also love me. Who could ask for more? Their good news was that they are committed now, with rings and everything.

When they took me to the airport to leave, they both had tears in their eyes. Did I mention that they love me? I left Cascade a very happy woman. I'm the luckiest woman in the world.

## Scott and Sean Silverman: neighbors on the first floor in Jim and Blair's building

I asked Sean to take out the trash before we left for classes and he's out there in the hall talking with Mr. Sandburg and Detective Ellison. They live on the third floor and are great. In fact they are more than great. They are life-savers. One night we were sitting on the sofa watching television, arguing over who got to pick the next program when my twin, Sean started choking on his beloved favorite food. Yes, he choked on buttered popcorn. I tried everything and couldn't get him to stop choking. I stuck my head out the door and screamed for help. I told them my brother was choking and could someone help me. The next thing I knew, Jim Ellison was taking over and Blair Sandburg had me off in a corner telling me how to breathe and how to ignore the fact that my twin was dying. He swore that Detective Ellison would be able to save him and he wasn't kidding. We've been friends with them ever since. We now call them Jim and Blair. Now I hear Sean telling Jim a wild story and I know damn well that Jim won't believe it. He wasn't born yesterday. I have many things to be thankful for, but the main one is for Jim saving my twin's life. Once Sean could breathe again, the detective just rubbed Sean's back until he felt good enough and finally stood up to take his leave. I hugged him hard and told him thank you. He's very modest and doesn't like to toot his own horn, so he shook off the compliment and told me anyone would have done the same. He has no idea that Sean adores him now. He calls Jim his guardian angel and I believe he might just be right. Sean wants to become a policeman all of a sudden. I'm not wild about the idea, but Jim does make it look effortless. We couldn't ask for better neighbors and they are so friendly that sometimes it bugs me. They are almost too perfect. Almost was my keyword. In my eyes, they are both perfect. I guess I'll go out and take some of my homemade cookies to them. Jim and Blair both smiled at me when I joined them.

## Marcia Matthews, neighbor on the 2nd floor, to Jim and Blair

It's Sunday night and Blair Sandburg and Jim Ellison have come from a dinner at Jim's father's house. How do I know this, you ask? Well, because they told me. They always stop and talk to me on the way up to the loft apartment. They are the sweetest men I've ever met. They think they're pulling a fast one on me by not telling me about the two of them, but anyone with eyes can see that they are totally in love.

Blair always makes time to stop by and take my trash out when he takes theirs. Jim always stops by to see if I need anything from the store when he goes. Like I said, they are the sweetest men I know. I just wish they knew they could be open with me because I accept them the way they are.

I think that the University got lucky when they hired Blair, because he's so good with young minds. Everyone he talks to comes away wiser for it. I think that Jim is one of the best police

officers I have ever met --although, I haven't met very many of them. He is always here for all of us and we all feel safer having him in the building.

Their apartment is right above mine and sometimes I hear things I'm not supposed to hear. But God love them, they are loud when it comes to sex! I don't mind at all; I like to think about my dear departed husband at those times and remember how much fun we used to have too. Jim is very quiet when he's around here, but when he's making love to one Blair Sandburg, all hell breaks loose. He calls him Chief at the top of his lungs. I've wondered if any of the other tenants know this but even in my years I'm not brave enough to bring it up for fear of being labeled The Pervy Granny and I know it would mortify my boys if they found out.

Tonight, Jim asked me if I needed anything from the Post Office because he was going tomorrow. You would think I was 100 years old or something. When you're 88, I guess they think you can't do anything on your own anymore.

I like to cook for them and they love my cooking. I know they ain't just saying so to be polite because they ask for recipes and tell me over and over again how good things are. Walter said that there ain't no better cook then me on the planet and I make sure that Jim and Blair get those dishes too. I think it's a safe bet to say they are the best neighbors in this building. I sure feel safe here and I know that my dear departed husband feels good about it too. I can't wait to tell him tonight about the boys. I look forward to my talks with my husband. Yes, I know he's dead, but I talk to him every week like clockwork. He knows all about Jim and Blair anyway, he met them before the cancer took him.

No one could have been kinder than the two of them when my Walter died. They took care of everything that had to be seen to or done. It was so nice because we had no children and neither of us had siblings, it was just the two of us, me and my Walter. Now I tell Walter, there are three of us: Me, Jim and Blair.

I think so much of them that they're in my will. They don't know it, but they are. I just know they would try and talk me out of it if I happened to mention it to them. And they ain't doing that. They're good men and I can honestly say I love them both.

### **Mike Thompson, neighbor on the 3rd floor, across from Jim and Blair**

Oh God, here comes the homos. I should have remembered what time it was before I went to take my dog for a walk. The big one, named Ellison, knows I don't like him or his kind, and I'm glad of that, but that small little fucker keeps trying to speak to me. Even Ellison tries to get him to shut up. I hate their kind and it makes me sick that they're in this building. The only reason I don't complain more, is because he's a cop and I figure they might answer calls from this address sooner than anywhere else.



One night I was waiting for the elevator and it opened and they were still kissing. I almost threw up. The big one just glared at me but Sandburg had to say hi and try and make things good between us. Doesn't he get that I don't like him. I don't like Ellison. I don't like fags. Am I going to have to say this to him? Maybe he's one of those people that think everyone likes queers. He's wrong. I belong to a club that is against this very thing. At the club, we all call them queer dears. Why should I have to tell him how I feel about him? Why can't he just figure it out and know he's in the wrong. I'm right, damn it. This is America, I'm entitled to be free to do and say whatever I want. But that also makes them free to do whatever they want. That part makes me sick. I need to go to a meeting and vent. They all feel bad for me having to put up with the queers in the building and it makes it even worse that Sandburg's a Heeb. They love to hear my stories about the fag with long hair that lives across from me. They sometimes laugh when I'm telling the stories, but it's not that funny. I shouldn't have to deal with them. Should I?

One night Sandburg brought over something for me to try. Brownies, I think, and I told him I didn't want them. Did that deter him? Hell no, he just stood there talking until finally I took the fucking things so that he would go away. He wouldn't be so bad a neighbor if he wasn't a fag. Who am I kidding, he looks like a fucking hippy. I threw those brownies away, God only knows what he used in them. He might have been trying to poison me. I doubt it, but there is always a chance that Ellison was helping. Now he, I believe, would poison me.

You know one thing I'm grateful for? I'm not right next to their apartment. I would die if I had to listen to their noises at night. Honestly I would have to move and that would be terrible, because I love this loft. I love the neighborhood because it's mostly white and you don't find those just anywhere.

I'm a good neighbor; I'm quiet and I don't give anyone any grief. Although, if Sandburg doesn't stop talking to me, I'm going to have to either punch him out or tell him to shut the fuck up. Ellison would probably punch me out if I touched his little woman, so, I guess that leaves telling the little guy to shut the fuck up. I don't ask for much. I expect the same in return.

I don't like Marcia very much either, because she's a homo and Heeb lover. She loves Sandburg like crazy. She talks about him all the time in the laundry room. I might have to tell her to shut up too. But I better be careful because Ellison is nice to her and takes care of her. He might not like it if I yell at the old broad. After all, I'm not stupid, I know a big guy like Ellison could hurt me even if he is a Queer.

Next Sunday, the dog's not going out for a walk. He can shit on the balcony for all I care because I don't want to run into them again.

### David Leek, friend of Mike Thompson who lives next to the fags

I came over to visit with Mike Thompson. I've known him for years. He told me he's having a hard time teaching Ellison and Sandburg to mind their own business. Mike would like to punch

out the big one, but doesn't feel strong enough yet. I just saw them as they entered the building and Ellison is a big dude. I hope that Mike doesn't talk about them at group again. We're all getting a little bored with the subject anyhow. I walked up the stairs because the elevator is down. I knocked on the door and when Mike opened it, he pulled me inside the apartment and didn't say a word. He took me into the living room where he went on and on about them and I realized he was making a mountain out of a molehill. I'm not saying I like them, I'm just thinking they might not be as bad as Mike painted them to be. I wish I could just tell Mike to shut up and let them live their lives alone. This is going to be a fucking long day.

## Carolyn Plummer, ex-wife to Jim Ellison and not a big fan of Blair Sandburg

I came into town last week to see about some things I had to take care of at the station house and I started hearing all the talk about my ex-husband. It was embarrassing. I knew already because Jim had told me, but now everyone wondered if I knew he was a fag all along. Of course I didn't or I would have left him much sooner. I still think it has something to do with the hold Blair Sandburg has over him. He seems like a nice enough guy, but when Jim is around, he's constantly touching Jim and telling him what to do. That's disconcerting. I just wish he wouldn't have stayed at Jim's loft with him and they wouldn't have the problems they have now. What was Jim thinking about? Sandburg looks like a hippy and should be treated as such. But no, what does my ex do? He falls in love with him instead. I still can't believe this is true. Jim assured me that Sandburg wasn't his first male lover, but I don't believe this to be true. I'm sure I would have been able to tell. A wife would know these things. At any rate we both have to live with the consequences and it's not that fucking easy to do.

I love Jim and always will, but I think I can almost say I hate Sandburg. He's ruined Jim's life. Jim will never get respect after this mess. I hope that Sandburg can live with himself if no one comes as backup for Jim when he needs someone. I can see this happening. Then again, he has all of his friends from Major Crimes that would take a bullet for Jim. So chances are Jim doesn't have to worry about backup at all. I'm glad because I don't want Jim to die. I just wish he would get rid of Sandburg. Rhonda told me the other day that they might be buying a house down the road. Jim is not thinking with his big head. I'd talk to him except Jim has made it clear that he doesn't want to hear anything negative about Blair. What a faggy name, anyhow. I'll just keep my thoughts to myself and hope that someday Jim will come to his senses and leave the jerk behind where he belongs. That's all I can hope for.

## Dan Wolf, friend of Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg

Carolyn Plummer just left here a little while ago and I've never seen anyone so full of hate as she is. She asked if I knew about Jim and Blair and I of course said yes. She was floored. She didn't realize that we were friends outside of the department. I almost always make an

appearance at Jim and Blair's poker night. Sometimes I'm unable to make it and it always bums me out. I've never had two better friends.

Blair is very interested in the Native American part of my life. So he asks lots of questions and we talk a lot about that. He's a very interesting dude. I like him very much. I don't know him as well as I do Jim, but if Jim loves this guy, he can't be all bad. And I respect Jim's life choice. But having to listen to Carolyn Plummer today was downright sickening. I can't wait for her to leave town again. Thankfully, Jim doesn't have to put up with her all the time.

I like Jim so much. He's a very good cop and a great friend to all of us. I think he would do almost anything for me. Hell, I think he would almost do anything for even Carolyn. He's a good man. Good men are hard to come by. This is one of Blair's favorite lines. It always makes me smile. I can't wait for poker night and I can get these bad thoughts out of my head.

## Rhonda, Secretary to Simon Banks and friend to Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg

Wow, Carolyn was here and full of hatred as usual. I'm so glad she doesn't live here all the time. She has no right to say the things she does about one of the nicest people I've ever met. And that would be Blair Sandburg. He's good and kind to everyone. You could count on him for anything. And yet, some people only find horrible things to say about him. One of the worst things I hear is how Blair has ruined Jim Ellison. They should really get their facts straight.

After Blair came into his life, Jim was nicer, Jim was happier and Jim became a much better cop. Blair didn't ruin Jim at all. In fact, I think they are good for each other. They make the cutest damn couple. Every morning when Jim comes in he makes sure that Blair is nowhere around when he grabs a donut. Blair tries to keep him eating things that are good for him. But it's funny how much control he has over Jim. I guess he doesn't or Jim wouldn't be eating the darn donut.

When Jim sits at his desk doing paperwork, he actually smiles now. He has days where he is grumpy, but most of the time he smiles and is happy. I like to think it's mostly because of Blair Sandburg. They make a great couple.

Jim stopped by my desk earlier today and asked if I would like to have lunch with him and Blair. I was so thrilled. They are becoming really good friends of mine, so it made me feel good to know that they were thinking of me. Yes, I'm going to lunch with Jim and Blair today and when I told Carolyn, she just about bit my head off. Wow, I'm so glad she isn't around here too often. Thank God for small favors. Thank him for big favors too.

Jim and Blair will always have a special spot in my heart. It started when they went after my boss in Peru. I love Simon and when they saved Simon and Daryl, they could do no wrong in my book. I like to think that the Rhonda book is the best book around.

Oh good, Carolyn is getting on the elevator and she looks mad. It makes me feel happy to know I helped give her that frown.

## Daryl Banks, son of Simon Banks and friend of Blair and Jim

I can't believe it's already Monday. It's time for my lesson from Blair. I needed a tutor and just like that he volunteered to help me in math. It's not even what he teaches. Even so, he's a terrific teacher, it doesn't matter what he teaches. Since I started, he's helped me pass four tests. They were tests that I was going to fail big time, but he wouldn't hear of it. He said I had it in me. I just needed a proper teacher to bring it out. Boy was he right.

Dad doesn't know that I know about Jim and Blair being a couple. Dad still thinks that I'm five years old. I asked Blair about it and he told me truthfully that he and Jim had been together for a year. Now if I had asked my dad, he would have said, "A couple? A couple of what?" and that would have been that. Did I mention that he thinks I'm still five years old? But Blair on the other hand treats me like an adult. I really like Blair a lot. I like Jim too, but not as much as I like Blair. For a long time, I had a crush on Blair, but I'm not telling my dad that. That would push him over the edge.

One day my car wouldn't start and I don't have Triple AAA, so I called Jim and asked him if he could help me out. I was shocked when he asked where I was and told me he would be right there. I knew that Blair would do it for me, but Blair was teaching a class right then. Within ten minutes Jim was there to help me out. He couldn't fix what was wrong with it, so he gave me a ride home after he paid for the tow truck to tow my car to the station he uses. I told him that my dad was going to be very upset and Jim just quietly said, "You can make payments to me, Daryl." That's what I've been doing for ten months now. My car runs like new and the payments are super low. Jim is the best. When I told Blair about it, he smiled and told me that Jim hadn't even told him about it. That's how trustworthy Jim Ellison is. I could tell him anything and I know he wouldn't tell my dad, unless it was something that could hurt me.

Every Monday after my class with Blair, we go to lunch. He always pays. I try to, honestly, I do, but he won't let me. We talk about anything and everything and it's one of my most favorite things I get to do. My dad isn't much of a talker, so Blair picks up the slack for that. Jim is more like my dad. They're quiet, but good men. Blair is talkative and an excellent man.

I asked him today if he could tutor me in a History class and he said yes. He didn't have to be talked into it, he just said, "When?" and I told him what day was best for me. We figured out a good time on Wednesday and he set it up for me. I know that he won't even mention it to my dad. Blair must figure that if I want my dad to know I need a tutor, he's going to have to hear it from me.

I have a girlfriend on campus that is much older than I am. I asked Jim and Blair if I could bring her over for them to meet and they said sure. I wanted to get their opinion about her before I

take her home to meet dad. Jim was in shock when he met her. She's 28 and is really hot. I think Jim was expecting someone nice and sweet looking in her late teens. Well Olivia isn't that at all. She's gorgeous and hot. Did I mention that she's hot? Blair was very quiet the entire time we were there. I asked him if I could see him in his office and he walked in there with me. I asked him what was wrong. He informed me that if I wanted to get back at my dad, it was going to take more than this. He said Olivia was just using me and to be careful. I was shocked. I thought of all people, he would understand. We left five minutes later and I didn't know if I was ever going to speak to Blair again.

Wednesday I went to Blair's office for my class and he asked me why I looked so sad. I told him he was right. Olivia only dated me because she liked cops and when no cops came around, she decided to dump me. I was heartbroken, and Blair hugged me and told me things would be all right. He never once said, "I told you so." He's a good man and the best friend I could ever have. Whenever I do meet someone nice, I'm going to ask him to be my best man at my wedding. There is no one better than Blair Sandburg on the planet. I see my children someday being taught by this caring man and am glad that he came into our lives when he did.

I don't want to make it sound like I don't like Jim, because I do. I love Jim. I love him a lot like my dad. Cops are weird dudes. You're never sure how to talk to them or how they will react to something you've done. They're usually over the top. But Blair is always the one that brings them down.

I'm so glad that I've met two men that are in love, because it made me more open to friends in college. My roommate is gay. A few years ago that would have flipped me out, but not now. Now it seems normal. I'm a good friend to him and he's a good one to me back. We study together and he tells me who he is in love with every week.

I'm very grateful that I met Jim and Blair and that they're in my life. I would be lost without them. They are two cool dudes and I'm glad their friends of mine.

## **Megan Connor, good friend of Blair Sandburg and menace to Jim Ellison**

Sandy is my best mate. When coming from a different country, it's hard making good friends, especially a Seppo. Americans are quite different than Aussies. But here I've made many good friends, not as good as Sandy, but almost. First of all, you're probably wondering why I call Blair, Sandy. It's short for Sandburg. It fits him. He just looks like a Sandy and it pisses Ellison off to no end. So it's perfect. Once Sandy told me that Ellison was about to pop me one for calling him that. Then I just did it more. He's a Yobbo most of the time. I call Ellison, Jimbo and that pisses him off too. I could call him Bastard, because that is a term of endearment.

When we go on a call, I go out of my way to call him Jimbo in front of people. He always blushes. They probably think it's his real name, but Jimbo thinks I'm a menace to society. Seriously? He wouldn't know what to do without me? When I first met him, he was such a

wanker. For all non-Australians, this is an idiot. I really like Jimbo, don't get me wrong. I ask him to go now and then to the Boozer and have a few rounds with me. But does he want to go? No. Now, if I ask Sandy to go, he drags Jim along with him. This gobsmeaked me the first time Blair made him come along. Who wouldn't be surprised?

When I really want to embarrass Jimbo, I just tell him about franger and freckle and he shuts right up. Who would think that a gay man would be so uptight about discussing a body part and a condom? Thankfully not everyone knows what we're talking about, so it doesn't really embarrass him. He's just shy. He's really not bad for being an old chum.

Sandy on the other hand, is a good bloke. No matter what I ask him, he's up for it. He's quite the dag and I like that in a person. Goofs make life more fun. He asked me over the other night for a Barbie and I had a really good time with him. Jimbo doesn't like sharing Blair that much, I've noticed. At first I thought he was jealous, but he doesn't like sharing him with anyone. When I hung out after the Barbie, we drank beer on the sofa and talked. Jimbo kept clearing his throat and you could just see the dovers coming out of his eyeballs. One thing Jimbo hasn't learned is that he doesn't scare me. He's not going to hit me, it's not his thing, hitting women, and he's not going to be mean to me because Sandy is my best mate in the world.

So I think Jimbo has decided to just learn to tolerate me. He doesn't think of me as his best friend, but he doesn't hate me either.

I like Jimbo and Sandy so much that I invited them both to Lucky Country. Yup, that's Australia. They said they would love to come and I do believe that Jimbo meant it. He did mention that he didn't want a bunch of women hanging out with Sandy, but that's just insecure Jimbo coming out. I would never invite women to hang on Sandy in front of Jimbo. I like them both as a couple too much to do that.

Actually, they make a wonderful couple and I enjoy just watching them sit and talk sometimes. They're both very handsome and the way they look at each other makes me pine for something like it. I think everyone should have a Sandy in their life. And in some cases a Jimbo.

Jimbo might not be that crazy about me sometimes, but he won't tolerate me being treated badly at the station house. He's very protective of me. A lot like he is of Sandy. He reminds me of my older brother, who would never want me hurt in any way.

Jimbo and Sandy have been making eyes at each other all afternoon. I keep expecting them to leave early and make good use of frangers and one of their freckles. I'm so dirty minded. Who else would sit and worry about condoms and an asshole. I really need to date more. Maybe Jimbo could find me someone nice.

## Brian Rafe, co-worker and friend to Jim and Blair

It's weird being friends with Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg. At first it wasn't, but then they went and turned gay on us. Shouldn't they have given us some warning or something? I can't dislike them because they have the best poker parties in town. But damn it, did they have to decide to both like dick?

Jim Ellison is a ladies' man and always has been. So what happened? Does anyone know? I doubt it. He just woke up one day and decided he liked dick.

I really like Blair Sandburg. He's smart, he's funnier than anyone I know and he's good to take the blame now and then. You know what? He never tells Simon when I blame him for something. He just takes it. What a good guy, eh?

Okay, I'm back to the first problem again. I'm having a hard time dealing with Jim and Blair being together. Sometimes when we're over there for poker, they even kiss. Talk about screwing with my brain. Blair and I used to double date with chicks from the station. What happened with them?

I want it to be clear that I still really like Jim and Blair. I just don't understand what happened. Why would two men that love women suddenly become obsessed with each other? I would think it's a joke, except I've seen the way they look at one another. They're in love big time.

Did I mention they have the best poker parties in town? When I first found out about Jim and Blair, I stopped going to the parties. I'm not proud of it. I know I was an idiot, but I had to think about it for a while. They never treated me any differently when we were in the bullpen either. They're stand up guys and I'm glad that I'm still friends with them.

Every now and then I see Blair staring at me like he wants to say something and then thinks better of it. He would probably tell me exactly why they both like dick. But do I really want to know? I think not.

It still doesn't mean I understand anything, though. I don't know if I ever will. But they'll always be my friends.

## Henri Brown, co-worker and friend to Jim and Blair

When I first started noticing Jim and Blair watching each other in the bullpen, it threw me off. Wouldn't it you? Big Jim Ellison had a thing for smaller Blair Sandburg and they didn't even cover it up. Blair was the worst at giving off vibes to everyone. These dudes were in love and everyone could tell.

I really like both men and I never really felt any differently when I found out about them being gay. I always wondered about Ellison anyway. He didn't date that much and when he did,

'things' always went horribly wrong. After a while, I would start dating men too. I'm cracking myself up.

They have great poker parties at their loft. I never stopped going, because I love the dudes. They're the best friends anyone could ask for. I'm open enough to understand that life isn't always black and white. Oh yeah, that would be about me. Okay, it's not always about gender. Jim is wild about Blair and shows it in every move he makes each day. I've never seen them show affection at the station, but it's in their eyes. I, for one, think it's great, after all, so many of us haven't found anyone. They were lucky enough to find each other and they're happy. Who could ask for more than that?

Jim introduced me to a woman cop that he knows from his Vice days and she's great. She's my age and has a lot of the same tastes that I do. We've been dating for about six months now and I constantly tell Jim that he has to pay for the wedding since he introduced us. He laughs, but he's so nice, he probably would chip in for the bill.

I don't know Hairboy as well as Jim, but what I do know is great. He's so much fun. On Saturdays at their house, he always tells the best jokes and never forgets the punch lines. We laugh our asses off while we play poker. He usually wins, but 'like' we don't care. He's turned our moody friend Jim into a tamed version and we all like that very much.

Jim was lost after his divorce from Carolyn, but now I see why it didn't work. He needed someone like Hairboy to make his life complete. That's just what Hairboy has done too, make Jim's life whole. Both men are so happy all the time that it makes you feel good to be around them.

My mama told me that she saw the love way before they did. I have to believe her because 'Mama is rarely wrong'. I'm so glad they saw what mama did and took that big step to making their lives better.

I can't wait for Saturday night. Only two more days to go.

## Simon Banks, boss and friend to Jim and Blair

I find myself looking at two of my officers more than usual these days. Blair Sandburg isn't actually one of my officers, but I think of him as such. Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg are lovers and who would have ever guessed that? Not me, that's for sure. I'm not sure I even wanted to know.

Jim came to me about three months ago to tell me about him and Blair. I tried to act like it didn't bother me, but I don't think he bought it. He's a Sentinel for crying out loud. I'm sure he knew exactly how I felt. Sandburg on the other hand needs more assurance that he's all right in my eyes.



I can't be angry at them because they're too much in love. As much as I hate the idea, they're still my friends. What gives me the right to even have an opinion on the subject? It's their lives, not mine.

I really like Blair. I don't know how many times he's stopped by when Jim was on stakeout and asked me to go to a Jags' game with him. He's very thoughtful and a really nice guy. He's been such a great help to my son, Daryl. He saved Daryl's life years ago and I'll never forget the debt I owe to him. The tutoring sessions are really helping Daryl. Sandburg didn't have to do that, but he did because he's wild about the kid. I'm very proud of my son and glad to have him be friends with Blair Sandburg and Jim Ellison. The only thing I asked Jim and Blair was, to not mention their relationship to Daryl. He's new to college and he has enough on his mind as it is. Jim agreed to not tell him. Blair told me the only way he would ever tell him the truth would be because Daryl asked point blank what their relationship was. I knew Daryl wouldn't ask, so I am safe for a few more years.

Jim Ellison is one of the best men I know. He's been my best friend for almost nine years. He helped me get through my divorce from Joan and move on and I helped him get over his divorce from Carolyn. I now know why the marriage to Carolyn probably didn't work. She wasn't the right sex. I had no idea that Jim swung that way. Not that it matters, but I was shocked. You always think you know everything about your best friends, but this just went to prove the opposite.

Jim has saved my life so many times I can't even keep track any longer. Not that I have to. He does so, willingly. But then again, I would do the same thing for him. He's a great man that has no boundary for ever letting down a friend. I remember when he and Blair told the other members of the bullpen, Rafe wasn't happy about it at all. He even stopped coming to poker night for a while. But he ended up coming back and Jim never mentioned it to him. I think that Blair wanted to, but Jim would just as soon keep it to himself then raise a fuss over it. Jim understands that not everyone will be on board about it. He's probably happy that Rafe came back to the fold.

I wonder what would have become of Jim Ellison if Blair Sandburg hadn't shown up? Jim was on the road to a breakdown. I've seen enough of them to know the signs. Blair was the best thing that ever happened to Jim. For this alone, I would accept them as a couple.

Did I mention Blair's sense of humor? He's not afraid to tell jokes about gay men and this one is perfect for them. I could see Jim screaming. Blair said, "How can you make a gay man scream twice? Fuck him real hard. Then wipe your dick off on his curtains." We all laughed, even Jim knowing he would be the one screaming.

I'm very happy to be in their lives, and have them in mine.

## Joel Taggart, friend to Jim and Blair

I'm sitting in my office today, not much going on, and thinking about Jim and Blair. I wasn't too shocked to hear that they were a couple, but some were. They've taken some flack over it too, but I try and help as much as I can. They should be allowed to live as they want. It's really quite simple.

I love to tease Jim, it's so much fun. He embarrasses easily and blushes. How often do you see a detective blush during the day? He came into my office yesterday and I gave him a cup of a wonderful new blend of coffee that I had just brewed. He sat down on the chair and we began to talk. I asked him if he would like to hear a joke. He almost said no. I could tell he wanted to say no in the worst way. But instead, Jim being Jim said, "Go for it."

Then I said, "What's the difference between a gay rodeo and a straight rodeo?"

Then he asked, "I don't know, what?"

"At a straight rodeo everyone yells, "Ride that sucker". Then I laughed my ass off. I have to give him credit, he blushed, but he still laughed. We then went on to talk about all sorts of things.

No one ever asks about my wife, but Jim does. He asks almost every day. Marie really likes Jim a lot. She thinks he's one of the nicest men she's ever met besides Blair. We've been married for 20 years and it's like she doesn't exist to most people. But Jim and Blair aren't most people. They've had us over for dinner numerous times and Marie told me that she loved both men. I knew what she meant. I love them too.

There is a special place in my heart for Blair, because he stood up to the people that wanted to kill me once. He wasn't afraid, or at least he didn't show it. I truly believe that it's because of him that I'm still alive. I will be forever in his debt.

My favorite thing to do with Jim and Blair is play poker on Saturday nights. Not only is there great food, but the company is fantastic. We all have such great fun. Everyone enjoys Connor terrorizing Jim every chance she gets. Who could pass a night like this up?

The best thing about Jim and Blair is their devotion to one another. Jim looks at Blair with such true love that it actually moves you to watch him sometimes. Blair is more of a smile person than a talker when it comes to Jim. All he has to do is smile and Jim melts. He has complete control over Jim and we all know it, including Jim. Thankfully, Blair would never use this for evil. He's too good a man.

I'm very grateful that Jim and Blair came into my life. I wouldn't trade them for anything and neither would Marie.

## **Officer Tim Martin, onlooker at the station**

I work in Traffic at the station where Jim Ellison works and I'm sick to death of Jim Ellison and his faggy ways. I don't understand why Captain Banks doesn't fire him. Doesn't he know what a bad name Ellison is giving all of us? Everyone at the station knows about the two men and it's embarrassing. I just wish that he would give his notice and leave the police department. We would all celebrate. There are about twenty of us that can't stand him or his ways. We've spread terrible rumors about the two men and they still stay here. I would die of embarrassment if I had to work with people that knew what I was doing with another man. I'm biding my time because I know that he'll retire one of these days, or Captain Banks will and then Ellison will be forced to leave. This is the only thing that gives me hope when it comes to Ellison and Sandburg. I hate them, it's as simple as that.

## **Rhonda (again), secretary to Captain Simon Banks and friend to Jim Ellison and Blair Sandburg**

Officer Martin from traffic is spreading terrible stories again. I heard him whispering in the elevator. And of course they were about Jim and Blair. Some people can't accept the fact that sometimes you don't have a choice in who you fall in love with. Sometimes you're just damn lucky. It's been my pleasure to work with the two of them. Blair is by far one of the nicest people I've ever met. Every year he gets me chocolates and flowers for Secretaries' Day. No one else remembers the day. Now, what's funny about it is that he has everything delivered to me and the cards are always signed by Simon. Except that it's not Simon's handwriting. Simon wouldn't remember anything like that. He's a wonderful boss, mind you, but he's not really thoughtful on holidays. Someday I hope to just hug Blair and tell him that I know he did it. I think he should know that all his work doesn't go unnoticed. Jim is damn lucky to have Blair. Oh, who am I kidding? Blair is lucky to have Jim, too. I hope the stories that Martin is spreading don't get to Jim. He would be so embarrassed and hurt. I think Blair would be too. Hopefully, one of these days Martin will forget about Jim and Blair and just move on to his next and newest hatred. I'm looking forward to that day.

## **Mitch Everson, student of Blair Sandburg**

Mr. Sandburg is my teacher and my friend. I call him Blair sometimes, but it bothers me at other times. I think he deserves to be called Mr. Sandburg. He's a terrific teacher, making everything understandable and easy to learn. When I didn't get what the lecture was about one day, he took the time to show me what he was talking about and I caught on quite quickly. I just missed something in the class. His one on one classes to help us get caught up are the best in the world.

He has a lot of students, so I don't think he really notices most of us, but it doesn't matter. He still remembers our names, he still tries to help us all the time and he's still the greatest teacher around.

When I heard he was gay, I was worried about having one on one classes and having someone talk about me behind my back. I got over it. Mr. Sandburg is a very special teacher and deserves nothing but respect.

His significant other is a cop, if you can believe that. He's a big dude that comes around now and then to take Mr. Sandburg to lunch. Anyone with eyes can see they have a thing for each other. I've never been too open about gay relationships, but this one has helped me learn. College has made me grow in more ways than one.

I'm glad that Mr. Sandburg is my teacher. He's my favorite one. His class is by far the most fun and I don't care if he's gay or not. I'm just glad he's here.

### Mary Sinclair, student of Blair Sandburg

I sure wish that things didn't turn out the way they did. Mr. Sandburg turned out to be a fag. What is really sad is he's an excellent teacher, but my dad told me I have to find a new class with a new teacher. The word got around pretty fast and my dad heard about it. He won't have any daughter of his being taught by a homosexual. Even if he is a good teacher. My dad thinks he's teaching the wrong things by living with another man. I wish that things would have worked out better, but now I'm going to see the dean. I'm not the only one changing my classes. Once word got around, he is being shamed throughout the school. My dad told me that he shouldn't be allowed to teach young minds. I'll do what my dad said to do, but it's a shame. I really liked Mr. Sandburg. He was by far my favorite teacher. I'm sure he knows he's in the wrong because six kids have transferred out of his class. He should have thought about that before he started up a relationship with a man.

### Tina Benet, secretary of Blair Sandburg

Being Blair Sandburg's secretary is harder than it sounds. I swear he is the busiest man on campus. I get calls all day long about meetings, classes and special meetings with the Dean. I sometimes don't even have time to take off for lunch, but Blair always notices and brings me back something when he goes. He appreciates all of my hard work and tells me as much daily. He's a great man to work for.

I think that Blair is one of the best teachers Rainier has to offer. The kids line up in the afternoon for appointments for special classes to catch up. You don't see that at other teacher's secretary's offices. We secretaries all discuss this from time to time. They all think he's the best teacher around, too. I'm just lucky that I work for him.

I was a little disappointed when I found out he was gay. I had hopes to bear his children. Yes, I was that taken with him. I wanted him in the worst way and then in walked his lover. Jim Ellison is something else. You don't think about the two of them being a couple. They just don't look like a couple at first. But as time went on, I realized they were totally in love. So much for my children. Maybe he'll introduce me to someone nice.

I'm glad that I work for him and I'm also glad that I get to see love up close almost every day. It gives me hope.

## George Winston, Night Maintenance at the University

I clean this entire floor every night and look forward to Blair Sandburg's office. He leaves notes for me. Tonight there is one on his desk that says, 'There is coffee brewed for you. Enjoy.' Sure enough, he's made me a fresh pot of coffee and all I have to do is drink it and clean out the pot when I'm done. He's one of the best people I don't really know. I've only met him twice, but he always called me by name and looked me right in the eye, letting me know I was as good as he was. He's a good man. But then again, so am I.

What I really enjoy about this job, is the trash he leaves behind. He's in love with a man named Jim and he writes poetry to him. Poetry isn't his forte. But all of the tries are in the waste basket and I love to read them. They sometimes make me laugh out loud. Tonight is no exception. I pull out the little post its and here are the latest and greatest by Blair Sandburg.

*First I lick  
Then I suck  
Hold on tight, Jim  
As I fuck, fuck, fuck.*

I burst out laughing. I know it's terrible that I read them, but it's like a sickness and I don't share these with anyone. I always destroy the evidence once I've seen it.

*Fuck his ass and make him scream.  
Fuck his ass and give him cream.  
He's perfect just for me. He's perfect.  
Can't you see?  
Fuck him. Fuck him hard.  
Fuck him until he yells; he's perfect.  
He belongs to me; he's perfect.*

Wow, this one made me sweat a little bit. Like I said, poetry is not his forte, but that doesn't stop him.

*Because he's perfect and needs to be had.  
He's perfect, and wants my love to be bad.*

*Fuck his ass and make him howl.  
Fuck his ass and hear me growl.  
He's perfect, just for me.  
He's perfect, can't you see.  
Fuck him hard, and fuck him fast.  
Make that feeling last and last.  
He's perfect. Just for me.  
He's perfect as you can see.*

That's all there is tonight. Must have been a busy day for him and he didn't have time to do any more than that. His poetry might not be good, but he means well. He's letting his lover know just how he feels about him.

Now it's time to destroy the evidence. As I rip them up in little pieces I think of how much this man must love the other and it makes me smile.

I really enjoy cleaning this office and hope to be doing it for a long, long while.

## **Jim Ellison, lover of Blair Sandburg and best friend for life**

I'm up earlier than Blair this morning and couldn't be happier about it. I love Blair watching. I get to see him resting and quiet. This happens so seldom that mornings are my absolute favorite time of the day. Blair recited dirty poetry to me last night before we made love. I have no idea why but it made my evening even better. He might not be a perfect poet, but he means well and they turn me on big time. He wondered if people talk about us and I didn't have the heart to tell him that there are a lot of people who downright hate us at the station. Hell, there is even one of our neighbors who hates us. Blair always tries to make it work but this neighbor is a lost cause. If looks could kill, we would both be dead and buried. We do love Marcia Matthews. She's our fun 88 year old neighbor. We're all the family she needs. I know that she's lonely since her husband passed, but she never acts like 'poor me'. Oh tonight is the night when she brings dinner to us. Or rather, she calls and I collect dinner from her. She's a great cook and once a week we have her over for dinner. I wonder what Blair has planned for her dinner this week. We do something new every single time. We sure don't want her to get bored. We also make cocktails while she is here. She loves a good drink. Especially when we make them and I walk her back to her apartment when she is done. She might be 88, but she's still a lot of fun.

I wonder if Blair is as happy as I hope he is. I would ask but I'm afraid of his answer. I know I'm being insecure but I **am** insecure. I love him so much, he'll never ever know just how much. I couldn't begin to tell or show him. I will just pray that he knows. The day I met Blair Sandburg was the best day of my life. I've got to remember to tell him that now and then. He'll love that. He loves when I get all sappy on him. And for him, I'll do anything.

He's giving off more heat than an electric blanket. Maybe I'll sleep for a while longer with him in my arms. Yeah, that's the ticket.

### **Blair Sandburg, lover of Jim Ellison and best friend for life.**

I love when Jim snuggles up to me in bed. I heard and felt him moving around earlier, but he's sleeping again. He does this all the time. He's the best thing in my life. I love him more than I love anyone. And he knows it. Don't let him kid you, he loves me back just as much even if he doesn't show it. In fact sometimes I catch him just looking at me and I wonder if he's trying to get up the nerve to say something wonderful. You know like, you make me a better person. Oh wait, he would never say that. But I see it in his eyes all the time. So there, Jim Ellison. I can read you like a book.

He loved the poetry I wrote for him last night. He didn't laugh at me or tease me later either. I think it made him hot for me. I must write more poetry and make sure there are a lot of dirty words in it.

I keep asking him if people are talking about us at the station and he tells me they aren't, but I know differently. I've heard some things. And I've read some things that were written on the wall in the locker room. There must be a lot of people who don't like Jim. And it might be all my fault. But you know what? That's too bad. I love him so much and I'm not giving him up for anyone. People at the university are talking too. Some of them are hateful and others are more curious than anything. The hateful ones, I stay clear of. The curious ones I try to guide through the entire thing. I want people to be open with me. I want them to ask questions. Our friends at the station do ask questions and sometimes they aren't even great ones. Rafe doesn't understand why we had to get together. He'll never understand, but he has accepted the fact and moved on. Everyone else seems fine with the two of us.

My mother and William Ellison were a big surprise. I thought my mom would hate the idea. She doesn't. And I thought William would kill me. He didn't. We're pretty damn lucky to have each other and our friends and family. Oh, Jim is stirring. Yay!

Jim woke up and saw Blair smiling at him. "What?"

"Nothing, I just love staring at you, especially when you don't know it," Blair admitted.

"You can stare at me anytime you want to. I love you, Blair. I want everyone we know to know how much I love you."

"They do know, Jim. Every action we make shows them. Everyone is coming on Saturday night for poker, so we're not losing any friends. In fact, two people from the bullpen called and asked

if they could come. I had to put my foot down somewhere, and I told them no. We don't know them that well. See? Everyone is talking about us," Blair said.

"I don't care what they say about us, as long as you love me and I love you, that's all that matters," Jim stated.

Blair smiled and said, "Come here and let me show you what I think of you."

Jim did exactly what his Guide said to do.

*The end*

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