

ESSENCE



D. 7 MANLY

By:
D.J. MANLY

With
TRACEY FITZPATRICK
AND
TIMOTHY D. KELLEY

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CHAPTER ONE

"I don't have time for this guy, Cap. You know I don't believe in all that horseshit," a deep voice wafted down the hallway, causing Sky to stop dead in his tracks.

"All I know is," a gruff voice threw back, "this guy has been used all over the country, and even in Canada. He found that little girl last year in British Columbia."

"Aw...Cap...come on..." came the frustrated reply. "This is a police investigation, not some kind of a fucking circus. We've caught enough heat over this already...what do you think people are going to say when..."

Sky jumped suddenly as he felt a hand settle on his shoulder. He turned around sharply to see a young female police officer standing there. "Are you the mind reader?"

Sky grinned. "I guess you could call me that. I've been called worse."

She smiled back. "You don't need to stand out here in the hallway you know. They're waiting for

you in the captain's office. Come on."

Sky heard the sound of deep male laughter as he tentatively followed the female cop. There was something about that laugh... something... familiar.

"Captain Moore, Detective Ferguson, this is Sky, ah..." She checked the clipboard she held in her hands, "Jackson."

Sky's jaw fell open. *Rafael*. After almost eleven years, he was once again face to face with Rafe Ferguson.

The captain, a big strapping man in his fifties came forward and shook his hand. "I'm Moore. Glad to have you aboard, Sky. I've heard good things."

Sky was barely aware of the handshake. He was just about to say, 'it's great to see you again, Rafe, how have you been,' when Rafe pushed up off where he sat perched on the edge of the Captain's desk, and offered his hand. "What did you say your name was again...Sky?"

"Yes," he swallowed, feeling as if there was something lodged in his throat, "Sky...Sky Jackson," he managed, meeting his eyes. Rafael didn't recognise him. Hell, he didn't even remember his God damned name, but then why should he have expected anything more from Rafael Ferguson... a guy he'd been infatuated with for almost forever, and a guy who'd taken his virginity in the back seat of an Impala, back in high school. Yep. He was the same guy alright,

and if anything, he was ten times more gorgeous than in high school...and he'd been something then. Everyone had adored him, Rafe the straight A student, Rafe, the jock, and it was obvious that Rafe was still into sports, because his six foot frame was still hard, lean and muscular. Sky couldn't help him himself. He took a few seconds to let his eyes wander over him. The black jeans and open neck blue shirt he wore showed off his physique to distraction. His coal black hair was cut to his collar, waving back some, profiling a beautiful face with a square jaw and sensuous mouth.

Those intelligent and devastating dark blue eyes were observing him closely now. "Are you alright, Mr. Jackson?" he asked, his voice deep and smooth.

"Ah, yes," Sky said, looking away. After that night in the back seat of Rafe's car, Rafe had barely looked at him again. They both graduated weeks later. The night of the grad, Sky had taken special care with his appearance. He'd hoped that Rafe would at least talk to him. To Sky's bitter disappointment, Rafe never even showed up at the graduation, and later he heard he'd left New York. Even though he'd had many lovers after that, he never forgot that first, rather clumsy encounter with Rafe. The fact that standing in front of Rafe right now was making his heart do flip flops again, was damn irritating.

"Maybe you'd like some water, Sky," the

captain piped in, "or some coffee. Rafe, get Mr...ah...Sky some..."

"No," Sky said, shaking his head. "I'm fine."

"Since you just got into the city, maybe you'd like to go to your hotel, freshen up a bit. We can talk about this tomorrow." The Captain looked at Rafe for confirmation.

Rafe went back to his perch on the edge of the captain's desk, his gold shield swinging against his broad chest for a minute. He nodded. "I have no problem with that. Where you from, Sky?"

"New York," Sky said, looking down at his hands a minute.

"Ah, me too," he said. "I haven't been back in awhile."

"Captain," Sky turned away abruptly and looked at the older man, "I'd like to know the details of the case. Are there some files I can take back to my hotel with me?"

"Yes, of course," the captain went behind his desk and opened a drawer. "They're right here." He came around and handed him a hard disk. "We'll issue you a laptop before you leave. We've had six young men go missing from the Village in the last year, essentially about one every five or six weeks. Five have been found dead. They all fit the same profile and..."

"I'll take a look," Sky said, placing the disk in his pocket. "I'm a bit tired. Maybe I will go back to my hotel." He had this pounding headache that seemed to be getting worse each time he looked

over at Rafe Ferguson. How could he have ever cared anything for this conceited, full of himself, asshole? Had he been that easy to forget?

"We'll get an early start tomorrow," the Captain said, then turned to a uniform and asked him to get 'Mr. Sky a laptop from the requisitions room.' "Hold on there a minute, Sky," he glanced at him again, "I'll have a uniform drive you..."

"That's okay," Rafe said, standing up. "I'll take him to the hotel."

His heart sank. "Can't I just take a taxi to...?"

Rafe picked up his short leather jacket off the back of the chair. "Come on," he said, brushing past him. "We'll stop by and pick up the portable on the way downstairs. See you tomorrow, Cap."

"Night," the captain said.

* * * *

It felt funny getting into Rafe's sleek red sports car. He couldn't help remembering what had happened the last time he'd been in a car with him. God, how he'd lusted after him in high school, but Rafe barely knew he was alive. When he did speak to him, it was to borrow a pencil or something, but other than that, he had to be content with catching a glimpse of him walking down the hall, or the rare treat of catching him in the showers. But that night had been different. He ended up at a house party, and Rafe was there. Everyone had been drinking. Rafe was quite

drunk. He had gone out back for some air, and Sky had followed. His intention was only to talk a bit, maybe take the opportunity to ask him to hang out with him sometime, but Rafe came onto him big time. When he pulled him into his arms, and kissed him with his alcohol soaked breath, Sky felt as if he'd died and gone to heaven. Before that night, he'd never been sure that Rafe was gay. He seemed to date a lot of girls, but later on he began to realise that Rafe rarely came to the parties. Obviously he had better places to go. Sky was on cloud nine that night. The next time he saw him in the hallway, Rafe acted like nothing had happened. He barely acknowledged him. He was crushed. Now, eleven years later, here he was, sitting beside him in a car, and Rafe didn't even remember that they'd gone to high school together.

"You always this quiet?" Rafe asked him suddenly, stopping at a traffic light.

Sky glanced down at one of Rafe's hands. It was laying on the stick shift. He had strong, capable hands, hands that had once touched him in the most intimate places. "Not always," he shrugged.

"I get the impression you don't like me much." Rafe threw him a quick glance.

"I'm not here to like you," Sky replied, looking out the window.

Rafe was silent for a moment. "I guess I should warn you, I don't believe in all that hocus pocus shit."

Sky sighed. "No problem. Many people don't."

"I really don't think that guys like you belong on the police force."

"I'm not on the police force. I'm a consultant, that's all."

There was a strained silence.

"So, how did this ah... stuff start... this reading minds stuff?"

"I don't read minds, Detective. I get vibrations kind of, from objects."

"Oh. Weird. So what's that about?"

"It's just something I've always had. I lost my dog once, and well... I picked up his collar and suddenly I had an image of where he was in my mind. I went there, and I found him."

"Oh."

Sky could tell Rafe didn't buy it, and right now he didn't give a shit. He looked out the window again. Where in hell was this hotel anyway?

"You do realise that you'll have to work pretty closely with me for the next little while."

"Yes. I assume you're the detective heading up this investigation."

"That's right. Have you ever been to a gay bar, Sky?"

Sky looked over at him. "Why?"

"Well, because, the victims were all gay men, and you may have to frequent the bars with me to..."

"I have no problem with it. I'm gay."

"Oh, okay," Rafe said. "I don't know if you've

had to work with cops undercover or not..."

"Yes, sometimes."

"It's just that when we go to the bars, we may have to dance together... pretend to... you know..."

Jesus Christ. How much worse could it get? "Fine, whatever," Sky said impatiently, not wanting to dwell too much on the idea of that. "And you?"

"And me what?"

"Gay?"

"Except when I'm depressed," he grinned at him.

"Funny," Sky replied. "Of course it's your business if..."

"Yes, I'm gay," he said, cutting him off, "but it's not something I make a big deal out of."

"Especially a big tough macho cop like you," Sky grunted. He knew it came out sounding accusatory.

Rafe pierced him with those blue eyes. "It has nothing to do with that."

"Well tell me, Detective, what does it have to do with?"

Rafe tilted his dark head. "Not everyone is cool with it, besides, who I fuck and how I fuck, has nothing to do with the job."

"And I bet you fuck often," Sky replied, the words rolling off his tongue before he even had a chance to think about them. "It must be hard to keep track...or maybe you don't bother."

"I beg your pardon?" Rafe clipped.

"Well, obviously a guy who looks like you has lots of offers...that's all I meant," Sky swallowed. "Forget it, okay. I'm a little tired. I can be caustic when I lack sleep. I guess I just meant that I'm sure you have no problem getting dates."

Rafael didn't respond to that. He pulled up in front of the hotel and stopped the car. "Your room is waiting for you. You just have to give your name at the desk. The SFPD has paid for everything. Don't forget the laptop, and take care of it, they'll want it back."

"Thanks," Sky said, hastily grabbing the laptop, and his bag. He couldn't wait to get out of the car. "See you tomorrow."

"Eight o'clock," Rafe said before Sky closed the door.

Sky nodded, and then stood watching as Rafe Ferguson screeched away from the curb. He closed his eyes. There was a part of him that wanted to run, to tell the Captain that he couldn't help them on this one, but he had to think of the victims. All he knew right now is that he was just as infatuated with Rafe Ferguson as he'd always been, but it was worse. He was no longer that inexperienced eighteen-year-old kid. The thought of touching Rafe Ferguson, no matter the circumstances, made him hard, but to actually touch him, well that would mean losing all control.

* * * *

Trevor's mouth curled up into a grimace of hatred. Sky Jackson. He hadn't seen that little cock tease since high school. Jackson had always had a hard on for Rafael, wanting his cock...then that night, he saw them together. Jackson had waited until Rafael was good and drunk, and then taken advantage of him. He had watched as the car moved back and forth, covered his ears to drown out the sounds of the moans and cries. What in the hell was he doing here with Rafe in San Francisco, with his porcelain skin and baby blue eyes? Well at least Rafe hadn't gone up to Jackson's room and allowed himself to be a pawn in his filthy little games. No, Rafe was smarter. Beautiful, elusive Rafe. Only a man with his sexual essence could satisfy him, love him like he truly deserved. Still, he'd have to keep an eye on Jackson.

Trevor closed his eyes. The screaming had started again. It was like a symphony to his ears. He began to wave his hands around as if he were a classical conductor at a concert. *Rafe*. Rafe had smiled at him once, said thank you when his football landed in the bleachers and Trevor had scrambled to pick it up and hand it back. Their fingers had touched. He hadn't washed his hands for weeks after that.

There was no point in screaming down here really. No one could hear. His grandfather had built the underground shelter in the fifties, and when Trevor was really bad his father put him

down here. It was connected to the house through a secret passage. The only other entrance was deep in the woods behind the house. No one ever heard him screaming when he was bad, or any of the others he'd kept down here, so he knew that no one would hear this one either.

Trevor glanced at the faded newspaper photos he'd tacked to the wall, and smiled. There was Rafe accepting an award for bravery in the line of duty a few years back in front of the mayor. He'd rescued three hostages from a bank. He'd walked in unarmed and talked the hostage takers into releasing them, one by one, putting himself in their place. Then there was the picture of Rafe he'd cut out of the newspaper five years ago. This case had made him a legend. He had solved the case of a serial rapist. The guy had raped and brutally butchered eight women over the course of three years. Not one of those bozos on the force could figure out who he was, but Rafe had a nose for it. He was more intelligent than the whole bunch of them put together. After that, whenever there was a serial case, Rafe was called in as a consultant, even working with the FBI in many cases.

There were dozens of other pictures that he had taken of Rafe with his state of the art camera, the one with the zoom that he'd paid an arm and a leg for. It had been worth every penny, especially when it came to the ones he had taken of Rafe lying in bed naked. Trevor leaned forward and gently kissed the photograph now, running his

tongue over the image of Rafe's sex which curled up between his legs. He had encircled it several times with red marker. *Beautiful. Perfect.* "Soon," he whispered, his gaze caressing the image. "I promise. We'll be together, Rafael. As soon as I have enough of your essence...as soon as I'm worthy. Forever. We'll be together forever."

He stood back, tears blinding his eyes, then, he walked a few feet across the dirt floor and unlocked the wood door. He stood looking down at the naked man with the black hair and blue eyes. He was spread out and tied on the table, hands over his head. He'd wait awhile before he disposed of this one. He looked more like Rafael than any of the others. He needed to absorb all of his sexual energy first...and even this one wouldn't be enough...he'd need more. He had to be ready...ready and able to please Rafael when he came...ready, so that Rafael would want to stay with him forever. There was no one good enough for Rafael, that's why he had to become him. Right now, he needed some diversion. "Hello, my sex god," he whispered, touching the young man's cheek.

The man recoiled in fear, "Please, please don't," he whimpered.

"My beautiful Rafael..." he moaned, lowering his mouth to his, "let me love you."

* * * *

"Who did you say?" The voice on the other end of the line croaked. It was Steven, his best friend.

"Do I have to say his name again?" Sky moaned, stretching out his legs on the bed with the laptop on his knees.

"So, what did he say?"

"Say? He asked me to repeat my God damned name, and even when he learned I was from New York, he still didn't recognise me! Asshole!"

Steven sighed. "I'm sorry, Sky, but shit, don't you think it's time you got over your high school crush? You used to drive me nuts about him."

Sky grumbled something.

"He was really into himself, that guy, from what I remember. Didn't he bang you in the...?"

"Never mind," Sky snapped.

"He did!" Steven laughed into his ear. "You lost your virginity to..."

"Yes, yes," Sky replied irritably. "Don't want to talk about it."

"Look you're suffering because you felt rejected by him. You're all grown up now. Bang him, and he'll be history."

"Shut up, Steven," Sky told him, then changed the subject. "How's Debbie?"

"Complaining. We had another false alarm last night."

"Is she okay?"

"Yep, but we're both anxious for the baby to come, you know."

"Course. Anyway, I'll call you next week and

let you know how it's going. It won't be easy with Rafe. He's a born sceptic."

"You'll just have to prove him wrong."

"Hah!"

Steven laughed. "It might be fun."

"Don't get any ideas. The only thing that would give me pleasure right now would be to kick Rafe up the ass."

"Yeah. I'm sure that's the only thing you'd like to do to his ass."

"I'm going to pretend you didn't say that. If the baby comes, you call me, okay? I am the Godfather. And don't do that stupid Marlon Brando imitation please."

Steven laughed. "Okay. I won't make you an offer..."

"Stop!" Sky warned, laughing. "Talk to you soon."

"Bye, guy."

"Bye."

* * * *

Sky opened the laptop and plugged in the disk that the Captain had given him. He focused on the screen, reading as much as he could before his eyes started to close. Then, he saw himself walking through a fog in his mind. He was standing in front of Sherry Anderson's house. Her parents had gone out of town for the weekend, so Sherry decided to have a party. Everyone had

been invited. He remembered that he almost hadn't gone. He was feeling a bit down about finishing high school, wondering if he'd ever see Rafe again, and he knew that Rafe rarely ever went to these parties anyway. At around ten o'clock, he walked two blocks and caught the bus to Sherry's house. The music was blaring when he arrived and the joints were being passed around. Steven was there, dancing with his latest girlfriend. When everyone started slow dancing, he made his way to the kitchen. He was surprised to see Rafe.

He was standing near the door with Nancy Donaldson—who was known as the class slut—blowing smoke into her mouth. Dressed in tight jeans, and a sleeveless navy t-shirt, Sky couldn't help but admire the definitive bulge of his biceps, not to mention the way that material strained across his hard chest. The jeans did nothing to disguise the fact that Rafael Ferguson was seriously hung. Sky nodded at him. Rafe choked some on the smoke, laughing with Nancy, barely acknowledging his presence. Sky headed back to the other room. He found a chair and sat down, glancing around him sadly. He felt out of it. He would have loved to hold Rafe's hard body close to his, and passionately kiss his beautiful mouth the way some of these couples were, but it was a dream. He spoke to a few people, then got up again and made his way back to the kitchen. The kitchen door was open and he could see Rafe

standing out in the moonlight, smoking a cigarette. He took a deep breath. Rafe was alone, and maybe...maybe they could just talk...maybe he could ask him if he wanted to come over and study for finals with him. He'd never know what gave him the courage to move out into that yard, but he did. He stood a little ways away from him, and said, "Great party eh?"

Rafe turned around. "Oh hi...ah...Sky, right?"

"Right," Sky grinned. "So, what' cha doing?"

He swayed a little. "I needed air, man. I think I overdid it."

Sky laughed. "I see that. So, I was wondering, I need some help in math and..."

Rafe came closer. He looked at him for a moment as if he were seeing him for the first time. "Hey, you know... you're ah... well, you've changed a lot since junior high. You're looking good."

Sky could hardly breathe. He blushed. "Well, I..."

Rafe put a hand on his shoulder, then moved it down his arm. The other hand crawled around his waist.

"Hey eh..." Sky began, his heart beating hard in his chest. Those eyes looked down into his.

"So, you want to kiss me, Sky?" he said softly, the hand moving down over his ass.

Sky swallowed. "I... I... don't..."

Rafe laughed softly, then, his mouth brushed against his. It was like honey, and wine, and...an immediate addiction. Sky melted against his hard

body, letting that mouth take him to somewhere he'd never been before.

"You're hard," Rafe told him, rubbing Sky's cock through his jeans. "I want to see it. I want to unzip your pants, taste it." Rafe's mouth was on his throat, his hands fumbling for his zip. "Come on," he said, "let's get into the car."

He was being carried along, his pants unzipped before Rafe even got the car door open. Rafe's body pressed him against the car, his hand reaching into his underwear to fondle his cock. His cock pulsed in Rafe's hand. Overcome with passion, Sky said his name, grabbed his face between his hands and kissed him deeply. Rafe impatiently pressed him into the back seat and crawled on top. He pulled his t-shirt out of his jeans and up over his head while Sky watched.

He had raked his hands up over Rafe's chest. "Rafe...you're so beautiful... I... love you..."

Rafe lowered his head again and kissed him, then, getting back up on his knees, he undid his pants and pulled out his erection.

The first time Sky touched his cock, he literally swooned. "Baby," he said softly.

"Put it in your mouth," Rafe urged. "God, I'm so horny, come on... suck it," he urged. Rafe lowered his cock over Sky's lips and Sky took as much of it into his mouth as he could. He started to suck on it, to really taste it, Rafe telling him to take it easy at one time, and to cover his teeth. "Don't take it off," he joked.

Sky tried to follow his instructions. He wanted so much to please him, but he lacked the experience and the confidence. When Rafe came, he gagged, and Rafe pulled out. "I'm sorry...I..."

"It's okay," Rafe leaned down and licked the length of Sky's swollen organ. Sky moaned. "God," he said, clutching his hair. He almost came right there.

Rafe laughed. "Roll over."

"What?"

"Roll over so I can...don't tell me you've never done this before?" Rafe met his eyes.

"No, I... I have... I have," Sky lied. He would have said anything to keep Rafe there with him.

Rafe took out a condom and began to put it on. "I don't have any lube but I'll use nature's lube, okay?" He laughed.

Sky didn't know what in hell he was talking about. He felt Rafe's fingers reach up inside of him, and after a few minutes, he let out cries that sounded quite inhuman. "Not so loud," Rafe cautioned, "you don't want anyone coming out here and catching us."

Sky muffled the sounds by pressing his mouth against the seat. A few seconds later, he could feel the head of Rafe's cock poking at the entrance of his anus. He bit into the seat when Rafe's cock first pushed past the ring of muscles there. The pain was intense. He'd dreamt of nothing but having Rafe inside of him, and yet this didn't feel pleasurable at all...at least at first. After a few

minutes, Rafe began to push in and out of him, his hands clutching his hips, and the pain gradually began to turn to something else. The sounds coming from inside of him sounded foreign, unreal, animalistic, God... he wanted it to go on and on. "Yes... yes... yes... Rafe... God... go... don't stop... don't..." He exploded with an orgasm that shook him to his soul, and Rafe came several minutes later inside him.

For a few minutes, Rafe rested on top of him, then, he scrambled up and out of the car, arranging his pants, putting his shirt back on.

"Wait," Sky said, "I haven't done half of what... I mean..." He wanted to touch him, to run his hands over that incredible body of his, to kiss that luscious mouth of his again. "Let's go for a walk down by the river and..."

Rafe smiled at him. "Can't. It's getting late. I think I'll go on home."

Sky pulled up his pants and got out of the car as well. "Rafe, I..." He wanted to tell him how he felt about him. "Can we...?"

"Thanks. That was great," Rafe said, going around to the driver's side. "Make sure the back door is shut tight. I think it's loose and..."

"Sure," Sky said, feeling very disappointed.

* * * *

Sky heard himself moaning loudly. The moaning woke him up. His eyes snapped open. He looked

around to see that he was in a hotel room, then, he remembered. He moved his hand down to his cock. It was sticky, semi-erect. "Shit. A wet dream? He was twenty nine years old for Christ's sakes! He looked at the alarm. It was six o'clock in the morning. "Damn you, Ferguson!"

* * * *

Needless to say, he was not in a very good mood when the phone rang at seven thirty. He snatched it off the end table, and put the receiver to his ear without speaking. "Good morning," a voice said. "It's Detective Ferguson, I'm downstairs having coffee. Are you almost ready to go?"

Sky sighed. "Detective Ferguson, is it? Right. I'll be down in a bit." He slammed the phone down, and got up to take a shower. Twenty minutes later, he was stepping off the elevator. He could see Rafe sitting near the entrance of the hotel restaurant, his hair gleaming in the morning sun, a cup of coffee in his hand. Sky walked up to the table. "Morning," he said.

Rafe smiled, the effect devastating. Nope, he hadn't gotten uglier overnight. Too bad! "Morning. You want some breakfast?"

Sky pulled out the chair and sat down. "Toast and coffee I guess."

Rafael signalled the waitress.

"Good morning," she said, "full American breakfast?"

"No, brown toast, little butter, and coffee."

She nodded and scurried off.

"You look like shit," Rafe said, taking another sip of his coffee.

"Thanks."

"Hard night?"

"I slept fine," Sky snapped. "Look, did the police department assign you to baby sit me or something?"

"No."

"Then why are you picking me up? Don't uniformed officers do that kind of thing? Isn't that beneath you, Detective Ferguson?" The waitress brought his toast and coffee. "Thanks," he told her absently.

Rafe lifted an eyebrow. "It's on my way, besides," he said, taking his cell phone out of his pocket and checking his messages, "I've been told to be nice to you."

"So, you have to be *told* to be nice?"

"Sometimes." He grinned.

"Um," Sky growled, taking a bite of his toast. "It says something about your personality, doesn't it?"

"Look," Rafe eyed him, "I have worked my butt off on this case for the last few months, getting little sleep and little of anything else...having you here is only going to slow me up."

Sky met his eyes. "What if I can help you?"

"What if you can't?"

"Give me a chance."

"I don't have a fucking choice now, do I?"

Sky gave him a faint smile. "I guess not. Now you're being nasty."

"Well, you haven't exactly been pleasant either. I sense some definite hostility."

"Do you? Wonder why," he mused. When he didn't receive an answer, he said, "I glanced at the file last night, but I fell asleep. So, fill me in. Any leads?"

"We know the killer is striking in the gay village. All the victims were frequenters of the bar scene. So far, they all fit the same MO—dark hair, blue eyes, tall. They were all sexually violated with various objects, had rope burns on their ankles and wrists, bite marks on their genitals, chest and buttocks."

Sky pushed the toast away. "Psychological profile on the killer said he has a sexual obsessive compulsion with a certain physiological type. Possibly a victim of sexual abuse himself. Your typical psycho."

Rafe didn't answer.

"But you don't believe it?" Sky drank his coffee, meeting his eyes.

Rafe paused, then, shook his head. "I'm not denying that they have some of the picture, but there's something different about this one... something I just can't put my finger on. I just feel it. For example, he always leaves his victims within a one or two mile radius of a high school."

"High school? That's unusual. I didn't read

that."

"Yet none of his victims are students."

"Why aren't these things in the file?"

"Some people don't think they're significant factors."

"What else?"

Rafe shrugged. "The bite marks. Why does he bite them? He doesn't drink their blood, so it's not a vampire thing. There is very little blood loss. And death is by suffocation. He doesn't cut them up."

"So, he still kills them?"

"It's a gentle death—as if in his own way, he doesn't want to hurt them. He doesn't eat their body parts like a cannibal but yet he bites them, as if he wants to taste them."

"Any connection regarding their occupations?"
Sky asked, munching his toast.

Rafe shook his head. "One was a firefighter, one was a teacher, eh...there was a male nurse, a construction worker, and two computers techs. The one missing was a male dancer in a gay club."

"None of the victims knew each other?"

"Not as far as we know, although they could have. They all were regular patrons at 'Whispers.'"

"Regular gay bar?"

"On the raunchy side, mix of leather and some light bondage in the back room."

Sky looked around the room for a minute, suddenly conjuring up an image in his mind of

Rafael naked and bound. He shifted a bit in his seat.

"You okay?" Rafe asked.

"Yeah."

"Are you ready to go? The Captain wants you to meet the team this morning, after, I'll take you wherever you need to go."

"I'll need to go to the scene where the last victim was found and also if you can get me something from each of them, article of clothing, a wristwatch—especially something from the one you haven't found yet. Could he still be alive?"

"Maybe. Okay. Anything else?"

"That bar... 'Whispers,' take me there too."

Rafe stood up. "Soon. Let's go."

* * * *

Trevor sat across the street on the outdoor terrace drinking his coffee. He watched Rafe walk around the car to the driver's side, his hair lifting slightly off his forehead in the early morning breeze. He drew in some air, as if to inhale him. *Umm, the way he walked, the way he moved, poetry in motion.* Rafe bent down slightly to put his key in the lock now while Sky waited on the sidewalk, his hand on the door handle. Trevor lifted his camera and adjusted the zoom, focussing in on Rafe's perfect jean covered ass. He clicked, then, clicked again as the door opened, and Rafe hopped into his car, leaning over to open the door for Sky.

Rafe hadn't gone up to Sky's hotel room last night. That was good, that was very, very good. He had driven by Rafe's apartment building several times in the night to check. Rafe's car was still in the driveway. Rafe had left at seven to drive back to the hotel, had had a bagel and coffee and then called the hotel room on his cell phone.

In fact, Rafael hadn't fucked anyone since he'd had that young lawyer last month, the one from out of town. Trevor had watched them from where he sat high up in the tree across from Rafe's bedroom window. Hot sex, hotter than that uppity little lawyer deserved. Rafael had pumped him good with his beautiful instrument. Surely the angels wept when they moulded that gorgeous cock. Their bodies were moving together, Rafe's back and chest slick with sweat, his face contorted with orgasmic relief. It was so tough for Rafael to be a good boy. His beauty made him vulnerable to temptation from all kinds of little sluts. Anyway, that slut lawyer only got to feel Rafe inside of him once. He made sure of that. That whore never made it back to Los Angeles, and he'd made sure that no one would ever find his body.

Rafe's car was driving away now. Trevor put down the camera. "Be a good boy, Rafe, my angel," he whispered, "one day your body will be mine, and I don't want the stench of all those sluts on it." He imagined Rafe standing naked in the shower while he gently washed away the scent of all the others.

"Can I get you anything else, Sir?" the waitress said suddenly.

Trevor gave her a bright smile, and stood up. He had to get home. It was time, time to absorb some of Rafe's sexual prowess. "No thank you," then looking at her, he said, "You have such a lovely face, wait, let me take your picture."

The waitress smiled into the camera, and Trevor snapped it.

He was singing as he drove home, a song he heard Rafe sing whenever he was in the showers at school. Trevor would duck down behind the bench and watch him as he ran his hands over his naked body, then Rafael would begin to sing the little song by U2...*hold me...thrill me...kiss me...kill me...* as he masturbated and bit into his own hand so Rafe wouldn't hear him moaning.

"Don't worry, sweet man," he said aloud now, as he turned the corner towards his house, "I'll be home in a few minutes, and then," he began to sing, "I'll...*hold you, thrill you, kiss you...kill you... yeah!!*"

CHAPTER TWO

Rafe shoved a CD into the player of the car and turned it up before pulling the car away from the curb. The intensely soulful rhythms of Joe Satriani streamed out of the expensive sound system.

Sky watched the buildings flash by. This kept his mind off Rafe's hard thighs, and his strong hand as he shifted the car's gears. Rafe focused on negotiating the morning traffic, his finger tapping out the beat on the steering wheel.

No further information was available at the brief meeting of the task force that morning, which left everyone feeling frustrated and tense. While there was nothing new, there were some details left to be investigated and the members dispersed quickly to follow up on the few leads they had. Sky felt the desperation in the room. He received several looks of hopefulness after the Captain introduced him. It didn't look as if everyone on the force was as sceptical as Rafe Ferguson.

After the meeting, Captain Moore pulled Sky

aside. "Are you sure you're up to this?" he asked, eyeing the younger man's pale face. "You don't look like you've had too much sleep."

"Yes...yes..." Sky responded, knowing how tired he must look. "I was up late last night reviewing the files on the murders."

The captain nodded and glanced over at Rafe. He was perched on the corner of a nearby desk flipping through the file on the currently missing victim, a frown on his face. "Is he behaving himself?"

Sky took a deep breath to calm the thrilling rush in his belly before answering. He deliberately avoided looking over at Rafe. "He's just a bit sceptical, that's all. Once we really begin working together, things will smooth out. He thinks I'll be in the way."

"Yes, but he's been told to share information with you and, well... to play nice. You let me know if he's needs a boot in his ass. "

Oh, and what an ass, Sky thought.

"We're taking a lot of flack for bringing you in on this," the Captain was saying. "And frankly, I need you to do your thing and help us put this matter to rest before the heat is turned on."

Sky felt his face flush. He had to concentrate. God, he just needed to get this job over with and get the hell away from Rafe before he made a damned fool of himself. *Sky, you're not seventeen anymore.* To the senior officer he merely nodded and said, "I understand," before walking over to

Rafe. "Are we going to the crime scene, Detective?"

Rafe looked up from the file and nodded. "Yes. We'll take a ride out to one or two of the crime scenes. I have to check out some things from the evidence storeroom before we go. You did say that you wanted items from the victims' personal belongings, yes?"

"Yes," Sky confirmed, "I'm hopeful that with the crime scenes and victims personal effects, I might be able to give you some useful information."

"Hopeful? Might? You don't sound very certain about that. I hope you're not planning on wasting my time today, Jackson."

"It's not an exact science, so there are no guarantees. However, after being at this morning's meeting, you don't seem to have many leads to pursue. I would think you'd be willing to take a chance on anything that could possibly help you, regardless of whether or not you believe in the method."

Rafe stared intently into Sky's face. He muttered something under his breath. It sounded like 'touché.' He reached for his jacket. "Let's get moving. I'll stop by Evidence, and meet you outside."

Sky watched the muscles play along Rafe's shoulders as he reached for his lower back and secured his weapon, before shrugging into his leather coat. Sky's mouth went dry at the memory

of last night's dream. Without a word he turned and left the station to wait on the steps outside while Rafe retrieved the items held in the evidence room.

A few moments later Rafe emerged with a brown paper bag marked with a white label detailing the contents. "Ready?"

Sky nodded.

Watery sun broke through the thin clouds as they approached the car. "Game on, Sky boy, it's time to show your stuff." Rafe shot him a cheeky smile across the top of the car. He placed the bag behind the driver's seat and donned his mirrored sunglasses before sliding behind the wheel.

Sky sighed and climbed into the passenger seat while he bit his tongue. *Sky Boy?*

It's going to be a long day, in more ways than one, he thought, glancing over at the muscled thighs working the clutch and break pedals. *Yes, a long day.*

* * * *

Trevor's scrawny, naked chest heaving with rage defined each individual rib. Sweat covered his face, plastering his thin brown hair to his scalp. He glared down at the unconscious man. *Dumb fuck passed out before he gave me his essence.* He disgustedly slapped his hand across the now softening member of his victim. There was no response from the bound man but for the shallow

rise and fall of his chest. Perhaps he was playing too rough if he wanted to keep him, but damn it, he needed so much more if he was going to make himself worthy of Rafe. He was really pissed off this morning when he saw his beloved with that whore Sky. What the hell was he doing sniffing around like a little bitch in heat?

Looking down at the body before him, he thought that he ought to keep this one for a while longer, but... "Rafe," he whispered. A dreamy look crossed his features and he reached down to rub the bulge in his pants. He walked over and dipped beneath the spread arms, noting the thin line of blood running down the forearm from the wrists. His little toy had struggled, pulling against the ropes and chafing himself raw. Trevor unzipped his own pants as he stroked the face so much like his beloved. He reached for the satin-covered pillow, which was the same deep blue color as those sultry eyes of Rafe's. His hand moved slowly up and down his shaft. The pillow fit nicely over the fake Rafe face so that just his wavy black hair peaked out. Trevor leaned forward, resting his now hard sex on top of the pillow. With a moan, his hips ground against the soft silky material. He pressed his full body weight down against the pillow and gripped the skin of his surrogate's groin in his teeth. The unconscious man didn't move at all. Trevor's weight against the pillow cut off the oxygen.

Eyes tightly closed, Trevor mind's eye saw

Rafe's sweet ass and the flesh of his broad shoulders clenched in his mouth, marking... dominating. He heard Rafe begging Trevor to take him harder. Trevor's breath rasped loudly through the enclosed room while he thrust and shuddered. The body beneath him was completely still when he removed the pillow. Reverently he stroked the soft black hair. He rose with a sigh. He picked up the pillow and cleaned the room. Trevor hummed as he worked, giggling occasionally when he'd brush against the lifeless body.

When the "trash" was prepared to be taken out, he marked the map on the wall within the location he'd plotted previously. Each spot was a place in close proximity to a school and had just enough isolation to do what he needed to without being interrupted. He chose a comfy spot for his broken toy and looked over at one of the pictures of Rafe, and that unworthy leech of a lawyer.

"You need me, my precious," he crooned, stroking a finger down the slick photo. He felt his desire rise. "You need me more and more everyday. Such temptations spread before you." A burning rose deep in his chest, rage and lust warred within him. Lust won.

He knew it was time to go hunting again. "Yeah!"

* * * *

Rafe unfolded himself from the car and motioned

Sky to do the same. In the distance were the sounds of children screaming and laughing in play. A chain link fence was just barely visible on the opposite corner, and through it, Sky glimpsed colourful flashes of clothing as the kids ran around.

He raised a questioning eyebrow at Rafe, who waved toward the bench, which was tucked just back from the sidewalk and surrounded by a stand of tall shrubs. Rafe reached behind the seat and set the bag from the station on the hood of the car. He carefully broke the seal and withdrew another smaller plastic bag. The clear bag held a black wallet that he started to remove.

"Leave it in," Sky quickly stated. "I'll take it out myself once I'm prepared to touch it."

Rafe nodded and handed the entire bag to Sky, who turned and scanned the area.

"This it?" he asked.

"Yes, the victim's body was found behind the bench, naked and sprawled out. Our forensics team scoured the area and came up blank. We drew a blank on the wallet too, which was retrieved from the console of the victim's car at the club. We assume he took only his license and cash with him when he went in that night. The wallet is worn, like he usually kept it in his back pocket, so I figured it was personal enough."

Sky nodded. "It should do."

"I guess your magic wand will do what modern science and solid police work can't." The

last sentence held a bit of sarcasm.

"I'm not discounting the effort put in by you and your co-workers." Sky said between clenched teeth. "I just try to help where I can. Sometimes it makes a difference, sometimes it doesn't. And for the record, my...*gift*...doesn't care whether you believe in it or not. Just take whatever I come up with under consideration and do your job. I'll do mine, Detective Ferguson."

Rafe gave a quick, short nod and motioned Sky toward the crime scene. He crossed his arms over his broad chest, causing the leather to whisper against itself. He leaned back against the car, and crossed one leg nonchalantly over the other and raised his sunglasses. The position caused his jeans to tug tightly against the bulge at the apex of his thighs and Sky recalled exactly what was hidden there. Mother Nature sure had been generous.

Sky sighed and rubbed his hand down his face in disgust at himself. He shook his head to combat the surge of desire that coursed directly to his own pants. He took a deep breath, turned and walked over behind the bench and stepped into the area where the body was found. He held the evidence bag between two fingers, careful not to touch its contents before he centered himself.

Deliberately, he turned his back on Rafe. He needed to isolate as many distractions as possible from his mind if he hoped to have any measure of success. As he focused on the swaying leaves of

the nearby bush, he began the rhythmic breathing process he used to center his thoughts. For several minutes he stood still, his focus slowly turning inward. Finally he took one last deep breath and closed his eyes. He reached into the bag and grasped the black leather, stroking his fingers over it.

He waited through the initial blackness until the familiar pattern began; a dark grey fog swirling in his mind's eye. Gradually, the fog began to turn from darker to lighter grey and then to a milky, translucent cloud. A teasing glimpse of two naked men kneeling, locked together, floated beyond the smokiness. One man's dark hair brushed the floor as he bowed his head and braced his muscular arms, taking the full weight of the slender blond man crouched behind. The toned hips pumped languorously over and over. Tiny sounds of passion echoed through his head. As the view played out, each man spiralled higher and higher, sweat glistening, each straining to.... a bright flash of white. The vision changed. Sky felt a wave of dizziness and suddenly felt drawn deeper into his vision. The same dark haired muscular man lay stretched before him, bound on a table. Sky found himself bent over and his own mouth closing over his cock. Greedily he suckled and licked, nearly choking himself while stroking his own erect member. Again echoes of groans and moans reverberated around him... this time from the bound man. Sky looked up to watch the

face contort, as orgasm overtook him, while at the same time he strained and pulled against the ropes. Thick, hot cum filled Sky's throat. The first intense flavour pushed Sky's own climax and his mouth worked hungrily, swallowing in time to the pulses of his orgasm.

'Rafe? Oh my God!' Sky's consciousness wrenched away from the vision, eyes suddenly wide open in horror. He spun drunkenly, staggered as he cried out unintelligibly. His eyes rolled back while his body crumpled to the ground.

When Sky opened his eyes, he met with the deep intensity of Rafe's blue ones. Sky was sprawled, half sitting, half lying on the ground. He was held, propped against Rafe's broad chest. One steely arm pinned him close.

"Shit, man...you scared the fuckin' piss out of me. Don't you dare pull that shit on me again!" He underscored his words by lightly shaking Sky's shoulders.

Disoriented, Sky's light blue eyes stared into the deep blue ones. A flash of heat filled him and he licked his lips nervously. Rafe's gaze briefly settled on his mouth with a promising intensity before looking away. Sky's stomach rolled sickly and his body shuddered. Rafe murmured soothing noises, patting his shoulder. Sky relaxed into the bigger man, drawing strength from him, breathing in his manly, musky odour as he willed himself into a calmer state. Gradually, the hum of the city

around them became more tangible and with it, the intimacy of their postures apparent to both of them simultaneously. Sky looked up at Rafe and away quickly, a flush of color staining his cheekbones.

Rafe cleared his throat and glanced around, "Can you stand? Or do you need to rest a bit?"

As much as Sky's body wanted to remain pressed against Rafe's muscular form, the force of the remembered vision overwhelmed him with shame. Too much, he thought, too much... something, and pushed himself away before rising to his feet. He staggered a bit, causing Rafe to place a supporting hand under his elbow. Sky pulled abruptly away. Rafe raised an eyebrow.

"I'd like to go back to my hotel now." Sky's curt tone did not go unnoticed, and Rafe bristled at it.

"What do you mean you want to go back to the hotel? Draw a blank there, Sky boy?" Rafe's tone was mocking, which felt harshly painful after being held so caringly.

"I..." Sky's voice trailed off. He focused blankly in a distant stare before wobbling on shaky legs. His face's chalky pallor was starkly evident. He felt as if he were ready to keel over again any second.

"Aw, shit. Come on, I'll take you back. Do you need help to the car?"

Sky's knees buckled slightly, answering for him. He felt a flush rise to his cheeks again as Rafe's arms wrapped around him. His mind

screamed to push this beautiful man away in the face of the graphically erotic vision still floating in his head. His body warred against him as his pulse rate rose, along with other more uncomfortable parts of his anatomy. They made their way to the car, his thigh brushing intimately against Rafe's.

Reaching the car, Rafe braced Sky with his hip, pressed alongside Sky's groin, against the vehicle. Sky breathed in the musky scent that was all Rafe once more as he leaned over and opened the door before helping him slip into the seat. Sky's head fell back in exhaustion while he waited for Rafe to gather and store the evidence that lay on the nearby grass. Once the things were returned to their bags and Rafe situated himself behind the wheel, he looked over at Sky.

Sky felt the weight of his gaze, but ignored it as he blindly felt around for the seatbelt and fumbled clumsily to fasten it. Rafe gently pushed aside his hand to fasten it for him without a word. The touch of that strong hand on his hip caused a shudder to go through his body. His eyes shot open to meet Rafe's darkly intense blue gaze. The surprised look in those deep blue eyes briefly turned feral and hungry. As quickly as it had been there, it was gone. Sky wondered if his obviously overrun imagination had put it there, or if he'd actually seen the hunger there that matched his own.

"You're really out of it. You gonna be okay? Do

you need a doctor?"

"No." Sky whispered, "Just take me back to the hotel, please."

"Sure, no problem." Rafe put the car in gear. The trip through the city traffic was tedious. Rafe was quiet as he drove. Sky was shaken by the visions. Why instead of the vibrations of the murdered man had he envisioned such explicit sexual fantasies of Rafe? Had he tuned into Rafe from his contact with the evidence bag? Or was he so hung up on the memory of their one night together that his subconscious had taken over and produced the wildly erotic scene? It didn't make any sense. This had never happened to him in all the years assisting law enforcement. Granted, there were the few rare occasions he had been unable to "zone in" and had come up empty, but his personal life had never entered into it before. Instead of providing any answers that could actually be helpful to the case, today's work had only served to remind him of how he'd never forgotten that night in the car with Rafe.

"Hungry?" The deep rumbling voice pulled Sky out of his contemplation.

"No...I...well as a matter of fact, I am. A strong cup of coffee would be real good right now." Sky answered.

Rafe flicked the right-turn signal and pulled into the lot of a small local diner.

"Best coffee in town," he stated.

With a weak smile, Sky said, "Cops are the

experts on the best coffee, right? Let me guess, best donuts too."

"Nah, homemade apple crumb pie." He smirked. "But the donuts aren't bad either. Come on."

They entered the brightly lit diner. Sky looked around and took in the spotless interior. Black and white checked flooring was complimented with bright red placemats on each sparkling white table top. The counter stretched the length of the place and was neatly lined with shiny napkin holders. An older woman, with soft pink hair teased into a poof under her little cap stood at the end of the counter calling out an order to the beefy cook behind the cut out window. The place was cheerful and had a hometown feel to it. Sky was surprised at Rafe's choice.

He was even more surprised when the waitress grabbed two cups and approached their table with a steaming pot of coffee. A flirtatious smile on her lips and a sassy swing to her hips, she greeted Rafe by name. He blew her a kiss and winked when he answered.

"Ah, Annie, how's my girl?"

"Well, you know how it goes, handsome. Morning crowd kept me running and it's hell keeping old Hank in line, but a girl's gotta do what she's gotta do until some sweet thing sweeps her off her feet. You wouldn't happen to have a broom in your back pocket now, would you?" Her eyes twinkled in merriment.

Rafe chuckled and said, "Now, Annie, you

know Hank would hunt us down like a man possessed if I ever did manage to convince you to run away with me."

"So he would, honey. So, he would. He's been around the block too long to let a good one like me escape." She laughed loudly at her own joke. "Usual?"

"Sure thing, sweetheart."

"And for you, gorgeous?" she asked, turning to Sky.

Sky couldn't help but smile in return. She was so unexpectedly charming and sweet. "I'll have the same."

She scribbled the order on her pad and overtly sashayed across the room to place their order.

"She's something," he said, turning to Rafe with a shake of his head.

"Definitely," Rafe agreed. "At least once a week she begs me to take her away from all this. At least once a week Hank plays alpha male, protecting his woman from me. He'll be out at the counter glaring in a minute or so. We all get a kick out of it, and I think it keeps a little spice between the two of them. They were married thirty years last year."

"They don't know..." Sky's voice trailed off, slightly embarrassed.

"Does it matter? It's all in fun, we all know it. And for the record, they *do* know. This *is* San Francisco. Nobody really bats an eyelash here."

Sky nodded, sipping his coffee. "This really is

great coffee."

"Food's great too." They settled into silence until the food arrived. Hot piles of roast beef in tantalizing gravy, poured over crispy garlic bread and two enormous baskets of fries were placed in front of them along with two diet sodas garnished with lemon. A bottle of ketchup peaked out of Anne's apron pocket. She set it between them.

"Enjoy, sweeties." Annie winked and smiled at both men before turning away. Sky noticed that just as Rafe had said earlier, the cook was lounging near the register glowering in their direction, arms bulging and crossed over his chest. He grinned before the awesome smell of the food distracted him. It overwhelmed him making his mouth water. He dug in as heartily as his companion had already begun to.

Annie returned as soon as they finished the last morsel of food. Efficiently she whisked away the empty dishes, refilled coffees and set huge, steaming pieces of apple pie in front of each of them. "Keep at it, boys," she said, walking away.

Sky groaned, he was so stuffed but he grabbed his fork and dug in anyhow. "I don't know that we're going to fit in that sporty little car of yours again."

"You'd be surprised," Rafe grunted back, mouth full of the sweet confection.

Sky sighed and leaned back, giving Rafe a sincere look. "Thanks, I really needed this after...well...after that."

Rafe sipped his coffee, thoughtfully. "You know, you should have warned me so I was better prepared."

Sky was quiet for a moment before he responded. "It...it's never happened like that before." He felt his face flush again at the memory of what he'd seen when he stood at the crime scene. Then, recalling how he had come out of it, cradled in Rafe's arms and his body's reaction, he blushed redder.

"What do you mean? You don't usually get any answers from the spirits, or you don't usually drop like a stone... or was it something else?"

Sky locked his gaze to Rafe's deep blue eyes, ignoring the faintly sarcastic tone. "I don't hit the ground as a rule, and it was something else as well. But...I'm not sure that I'm ready to talk about it just yet. I don't quite know what it means or what to make of it."

"Okay, I'll leave it at that for the moment. But next time I'll stick closer to you so I can catch you as you go down instead of picking you up." A quiet moment passed before Rafe reached out and brushed his fingertips over Sky's wrist.

Their eyes fixed on each other's. The moment drew out, Sky thought he again saw something dangerous spark in Rafe's eyes. As before, it was gone in an instant, leaving him wondering, with his heart beating heavily in his chest. His wrist tingled and Sky watched Rafe's hand slowly slide back to his own side of the table.

Annie returned with the check completely dispelling the moment. "You enjoyed your meal."

"Yes, ma'am." Sky swallowed around the lump in his throat he hadn't realized was there. "It was the best meal I've had in quite some time actually."

"This one has pretty good taste in food." She tipped her head toward Rafe. "I figured if he can't have me, at least I can feed him good until the right one comes along." She nodded at Sky in approval, and stared at Rafe for a few seconds before returning her stare to Sky. "Take care of my boy. And you both better come back soon." She looked away and smiled at a new pair of customers just sitting down at the booth behind them. "Be right with you," she said to them. "Catch you later, boys." She squeezed Rafe's shoulder for a second before she hurried to the newcomers.

"I think..." Sky cleared his throat, looking down at the table. "I think she got the wrong impression. I mean it...it's not as if you would ..." His voice trailed off. Rafe hadn't said a word. He was leaning against the seat, one arm casually draped across the back. "Which is it? I wonder," he said.

Confused, Sky answered, "I'm not sure what you mean."

Rafe leaned forward, elbows braced on the table top, fingertips pressed together in a steeple. "Is it that you don't think much of me? Or don't

think much of yourself?"

Surprised, Sky blushed once more.
"I...uh...I..."

"Never mind," Rafe interrupted. "You don't have to answer that just yet. Let's get out of here and get you back to your hotel." He grabbed his coat, slid out of the booth and headed for the door.

Mouth agape, Sky stared at him, not moving.

Rafe paused at the full length glass door, sun streaming around him giving him a mystical glow.
"Coming today?"

Sky scrambled to follow, wondering if that tone had had a flirtatious ring to it or not. 'Get a grip, Jackson. You're really losing it.' He waved goodbye to Annie, who winked at him. He nearly fell over when Hank winked at him too as he passed by. "I must have fallen down the rabbit hole and Annie is really Alice," he muttered, scurrying to catch up with Rafe and shaking his head with every step.

CHAPTER THREE

“It’s time,” Trevor muttered to himself as he leaned against his car in the parking lot of the nightclub. As he began his search for his next victim, he noticed a familiar face coming out of the bar. It was a tall, black man, a man he’d seen Rafe with in the past. He wasn’t sure if there was anything sexual between them, although he had seen Rafe kissing him one night. It was time to introduce himself and find out.

Trevor got out of his car and crossed the parking lot. “How’s it going?” he called out, causing the man to pause on his way to his own vehicle.

“It’s going good.” He eyed him suspiciously. “How about yourself?”

“Can’t complain. I’m Trevor, and you are?” he asked, extending his hand.

“Mike. Nice to meet you, Trevor. Do I know you?” He shook Trevor’s hand.

“Ah, yeah. I think we met awhile back. You probably don’t remember me. What are you up to

tonight, Mike?" Trevor released his hand.

"About to go home?"

"Want to grab a cup of coffee?" There was a brief pause.

"Ah, well..."

"Come on, just a cup of coffee."

"Ah, I really shouldn't."

"Come on. I just broke up with my boyfriend. I'm a little down. Some talk and a coffee, what do you say?"

"Where you want to go?"

Slut. "How about my place? I'm only a couple of blocks away. That way we won't have any distractions." Trevor flashed his charming devilish smile.

"You're not some kind of a psycho or something?" Mike chuckled.

"I'm harmless as a fly. I'm parked over there. Why don't you follow me?" Trevor pointed in the direction of his car parked under the streetlight in the parking lot of the nightclub.

"I'm parked over here," Mike said, pointing to his car on the street. "Ah, but I really don't know you very well, and there's been a rash of killings, man..."

"Oh yeah. I heard about that. Scary, isn't it?"

The guy called Mike nodded.

"We can meet at IHOP. It's just down the street. You know where?"

Mike shrugged. "Yeah. Okay. Sure."

As he drove, Trevor was thinking about how he

was going to do this guy in, if he was proven to have any romantic connection to his Rafe. He'd stab him in the heart and cut him up into pieces like he'd done that lawyer trash. *Yeah*. He thought about the kiss he saw this guy Mike share with Rafe one night in the parking lot of that bar. It wasn't a deep passionate kiss, and then again the smile they shared afterwards indicated some type of romantic link. He wanted to make sure. If he was fucking his Rafe, providing him with temptation, he'd have to take him out.

Suddenly Trevor noticed IHOP's marquee. He quickly turned right into the parking lot and pulled into the first available parking spot.

Mike pulled up beside him, and got out of his vehicle.

They walked into the empty restaurant together silently, and waited for the hostess.

"Welcome to IHOP. How many?" The hostess asked.

"Two," Trevor said as he and the guy called Mike followed her to a booth in corner near the kitchen.

"Your waiter will be with you shortly," she said, placing the menus on the table.

"Thank you," Mike said, as he sat down. "Are you hungry?" He flipped through the menu.

"Not really. How about yourself?" Trevor looked out the window at the empty parking lot.

Mike was just about to respond, when a young man walked over to their table. "Hi. I'm Jeff. I'll be

your waiter. Can I start you off with coffee?"

Trevor looked at Jeff the waiter and smiled. He quickly put the thought of how he would get rid of Mike on hold. Instead, his imagination strayed to how Jeff reminded him of Rafe. Trevor was captivated with his strong facial bone structure, the long black hair neatly placed in a ponytail, and his slightly slanted eyes with their neatly shaped, thick eyebrows.

"I'll just have coffee," Mike said, interrupting Trevor's thoughts.

"Same here," Trevor responded.

"I'll be right back," Jeff said, turning and walking away from the table. Trevor's eyes were fixed on his tight shapely ass. He imagined burying his face in between his crack, and using his tongue to open up his hole as he swung from the sling he'd installed in his bedroom.

"So, Trevor, I'm curious. Why did you ask me to have coffee with you?" Mike asked.

"I told you, my boyfriend and I just split and besides...I think we have a mutual friend."

"Who?" Mike asked.

Trevor opened his mouth to speak, but then the waiter, Jeff, came back to the table. "Here you go," Jeff poured two cups from a coffee urn. Trevor's attention zeroed in on Jeff. He noticed his thick, stubby, perfectly manicured fingers. His broad shoulders and erect nipples were protruding through his white oxford shirt. Trevor's eyes traveled down to his crotch. It looked like he was

well endowed. Jeff's black pants were tightly gripping his muscular thighs. Trevor felt himself harden with excitement.

"Thank you," Mike said, and Trevor smiled at him.

"If you need anything else, just let me know."

After he'd left the table, Mike said, "That's a hot boy," stirring the cream and sugar he had poured into his coffee.

"Yeah, he is. So ah, where were we? Yes, a mutual friend. Maybe I'm wrong, but didn't I see you leaving the bar with Rafe Ferguson?" Trevor said casually, lifting his cup to his mouth and taking a sip of his black coffee.

"You know Rafe?"

"Tall, dark hair, good looking. Of course I know him. I have the eye. We're old friends."

"Really?" He raised an eyebrow.

"Yes," Trevor grinned. "He's hot, isn't he?"

Mike smiled. "Oh God, yes. We've known each other for a couple of years."

"Years? So, are you two involved or what? I wouldn't want to be horning in on anything or... 'cause I'd really love to get me some of that."

"You and a thousand other guys. Unfortunately, we're just friends. What can two tops do together?" Mike chuckled.

"A threesome," Trevor said comically, as they both laughed.

"So what's up with you, and the boyfriend?" Mike asked, taking a sip of his own coffee.

"He dumped me. He found out I slept with Rafe one night."

"You what?" Mike blinked.

"Oh, shit, did I say that? I mean, I guess I told him I wanted to sleep with him, or...I was just kidding."

"Oh really?"

Trevor met his eyes. "Don't think that Rafe would go for someone like me?"

"I...I don't know." Mike looked uncomfortable. "I can't speak for Rafe."

"Of course you can't. Rafe's a god."

Mike laughed.

"So, you have a boyfriend?"

"Yeah. For five years. He's in Vegas on business."

"So why did you take me up on my invitation? Like to fool around? You been fooling around with Rafe? Can't fuck, but you can suck each other off."

When Trevor saw Mike's expression change, he started to laugh. "I'm joking. So, what are you doing here with me if you've got a boyfriend?"

"Ah, didn't feel like going home. I was supposed to meet Rafe tonight actually, but he has to work early in the morning so he couldn't hang out. I don't think anything's wrong with having a cup of coffee. It's not like we're going to fuck." Mike poured more coffee into his cup, lacing it with cream and sugar again.

"You gentlemen ready to order something?"

The waiter was back at the table suddenly.

"We're just going to have coffee," Trevor responded.

"Okay." Jeff reached into his apron and pulled out the check and sat it on the table. "If you want, I can take this up for you?"

Trevor reached into his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill, handing it to him.

"We're all set. Thank you."

"Is there anything else I can get you?"

"Can I give you a ride home tonight?" Trevor grinned.

Jeff's face turned red.

Trevor reached into his pocket and discretely placed a one hundred dollar bill in his hand, making sure Mike didn't notice.

"Well, ah..." Jeff began.

"What time do you get off?" Trevor insisted.

"In an hour." Jeff looked everywhere but at him.

"How do you usually get home?"

"The bus."

"I can drop you off," Trevor volunteered.

Jeff nodded quickly, and walked away.

"I guess this is my cue to leave," Mike interjected as he stood up from the table. "How do you do that?"

Trevor shrugged. "Good timing," he replied.

"Thanks for the coffee," Mike said.

"We have to hang out again soon," Trevor said, standing up and shaking his hand.

"Sure. You have a good night." Mike turned and walked out the door.

Trevor sat back in his seat, watching Jeff as he walked to a table to serve a new customer. His mind went back to Mike for a minute. Mike had captured his attention, and even though he acted like he and Rafe were just friends, he was determined to find out more about him. But for now, he had better things to do.

He ordered more coffee, and patiently waited.

At one o'clock, Jeff took off his apron, and came over to the table. "I'm ready to go when you are," he said.

"Let's go," Trevor said, standing up from the table and leading the way out the door of the restaurant. "My car is parked over there." He pointed to a Black 1998 Cadillac Seville.

"Caddy man. I like that," Jeff said as he opened the passenger's side door.

"So where do you live?" Trevor asked as he fastened his seatbelt and turned the key in the ignition.

"I live in Oakland. You can drop me off at the BART Station."

"Why don't you stay the night with me? There's a little bit more money in it for you. I doubt you make great tips at that place."

"No, not a lot," he said.

"So, stay with me."

"How much more...ah, money do you mean?" Jeff said.

"How about two grand?"

Jeff nodded. "So what are you into sexually?" He placed his left hand on Trevor's right thigh.

"I'm into S and M..."

"You mean whips and chains and leather," Jeff blurted out.

"I love bondage."

"Really? I've tried it a few times," Jeff had a smile on his face as he spoke. "It may cost you a bit more."

"Really?" Trevor said. "You're a real slut, aren't you? I can't wait. Let's do it now!" Trevor pulled the vehicle off into the nearest deserted side street. "Suck my cock now, boy!" Trevor commanded as he unzipped his pants, freeing himself.

"You are too funny," Jeff laughed. "We're not going to do it here."

"Boy, I said suck my dick now!" Trevor reached over and slapped Jeff hard across the face.

"What the fuck is wrong with you!"

"You need to be disciplined!"

"I need to get the fuck out of this car!"

With all the strength he could muster, Trevor grabbed Jeff's head and pulled it down to his crotch. "Boy, when I tell you to do something, you do it, without talking back!" Jeff bit his cock head, pulled away from his grip and frantically tried to open the door. Trevor grabbed his hair and pulled him back. "You little bitch. You said you'd do it. You'll get your money."

"Just let me out," Jeff pleaded as his terror filled

eyes focused on Trevor. "I've changed my mind, okay?"

"I got something for you," Trevor growled as reached into the backseat and retrieved a pair of handcuffs. He forcefully grabbed one of Jeff's hands as he fought to maintain his dominance and locked it around the headrest.

"Just let me go." Tears raced down his face.

Trevor took a handkerchief from underneath the seat and stuffed it into Jeff's mouth. He opened the glove compartment and took out a piece of rope. He tied it around his ankle as tight as he possibly could and then attached the other end to the steering wheel.

Jeff looked at him with terrified eyes.

Trevor reached in the side door compartment and pulled out a roll of duct tape. He tore off several pieces and placed them over Jeff's mouth, pulling up the handkerchief to cover his nose as well, then plastered duck tape over it. He didn't pay any attention to Jeff's struggles. "I'm going to take your essence," he whispered, and then ripped at Jeff's pants.

Ten minutes later, he was standing on the road, looking around him in the cool, dark night. There was no one. He put the gloves off and stuffed them in his pocket, and started walking in the direction of the IHOP, which was less than a mile away. On the way, he glanced over at Highside Elementary school. Once he reached the parking lot, he took out the keys to his 2005 Saturn, walked

over to where he had left it, and got in. As he drove away, he looked at his watch. It was almost two in the morning.

* * * *

The sound of the telephone ringing startled Sky. "Hello," Sky said in sleepy voice as he picked it up.

"You need to be down in the lobby in fifteen minutes," the voice on the other end of the phone said.

"Okay," Sky mumbled, hung up the phone and turned back over to sleep. Fifteen minutes later there was a loud banging on his door. Sky groaned, crawled out of bed, and grabbed his robe. He was tying the sash as he opened the door.

"We found another victim," Rafe said, barging through the door. "This one's alive. Meet me downstairs in fifteen minutes."

"Alive?" Sky blinked. "How. Where?"

"I'll explain everything on the way to the hospital. Get dressed."

CHAPTER FOUR

Rafe drove at breakneck speed to the hospital. Sky wasn't sure if they were going to get there in one piece or not. He tried to get more information out of Rafe but he was deep in his own thoughts. A little while later he found himself running at his heels as Rafe took the hospital steps two at a time, and practically flew through the door of the Emergency.

When the doctor told Rafe that the patient had just died, Rafe turned around and punched his fist into the wall. Sky gasped. It actually left a dent. "Fuck, Jesus Christ!" he growled.

Sky placed a hand on his shoulder. He pulled at his forearm and forced Rafe to turn around. "Let me see your hand. Is it broken?"

Rafe let out a deep sigh of frustration and yanked his hand away. "He could have identified this fucker. It might have..."

"Rafe," Sky said, meeting his eyes, "it's too late. Let it go. Maybe he wouldn't have been able to say anything. How do you know it was his victim?"

Tell me about it." He felt his pain. It was intense, and those blue eyes were glazed over with anger.

Rafe began walking down the corridor towards the front door. Sky followed. He wanted to touch him. He wanted to tell him that none of this was his fault. "Rafe, wait. Let me see the body."

"What?" he said, turning around to glare at him.

"The victim. I want to see him. It was a him, right?"

Rafe nodded.

"Same description, dark hair, blue eyes?"

"Yes."

"Like you."

Rafe lifted a dark eyebrow. "What?"

"Like you," Sky said softly. "Maybe that's why I saw you...why I..."

"Saw me where?" Rafe demanded.

"At the crime scene."

"I don't understand. Speak English!"

Sky shook his head. "Never mind. Make them let me see the victim. I need to be alone in the room with him."

Rafe turned on his heel and went back to the desk. A doctor came and Rafe spoke to him a few minutes while Sky waited anxiously. "You can go in now. He's down there," the doctor said, "door six."

"I know," Sky said, brushing past him.

Rafe was at his heels. "Don't you want to know how we...?"

"No," Sky turned and looked at him. "And I need to go in alone. I can't have ah...distractions."

Rafe lifted an eyebrow. It was an attractive habit of his. He smiled faintly. "Am I a distraction, Sky?"

"Yeah, you always were," he said softly, then forced himself to walk into the room. He closed the door behind him, then, smiled a little. *Had he actually told him that? Well, hell, why not? It was true, wasn't it?* Sucking in some air, he forced himself to walk over to the hospital bed. He glanced at the silent heart monitor, and then at the corpse, which had been covered with the traditional white sheet. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I'm sorry I couldn't do something before it was your turn. God." He reached out with a trembling hand and drew back the sheet.

If he expected to see a peaceful looking young man lying there, he wasn't disappointed. The dark haired man looked more like an angel than a corpse. He was young, and handsome, and..." Sky swallowed. *Dark hair, tall, handsome.* It was ridiculous, wasn't it...but it might explain what he saw at that crime scene.

The sheet was now scrunched up in his fist and he forced himself to move closer. He lifted the young man's hand. It was already cold. He squeezed it in his and closed his eyes. He'd never done this before, trying to read something directly from the victim. He couldn't say he cared much for it. He began to breathe deeply, concentrating

on the sensation of that cold hand in his. A flash. A face, the victim's face, smiling, pouring coffee... coffee... damn, he could smell it. He saw it again... that face... eyes... terrified blue eyes, pleading. Sky placed his hands to his throat. "Can't breathe... can't breathe..." *Rafe*. He saw Rafe lying on a bed. He heard moaning...a man touching Rafe... making love to him... and there was such anger coming from who... from him... watching... click... click... camera... taking pictures... oh God, can't breathe...can't breathe... have to have his sexual essence... football... he saw a football game... Rafe... a face smiling, handing him a ball... Rafe... MINE... MINE... MINE... YEAH!

Sky opened his eyes. He was shaking. He released the hand. Faces swam in front of him, but the face he saw most was Rafe's.

* * * *

Sky didn't speak at all when he emerged from that room. He walked straight out of the hospital. Rafe was waiting at the front door, and if he spoke to him, Sky didn't answer.

He didn't stop walking until he felt Rafe's hand on his arm. "What? What is it?"

Sky glanced up at him. His eyes filled with tears for a second and then he looked away. "Come on, what is it?" Rafe insisted, then, swore as his cell phone rang. "Yeah, Ferguson here.

What? When? Jesus Fucking Christ... okay... okay...I'll be right there."

"What?" Sky asked, snapping back to reality.

"Our missing person has just turned up," Rafe headed to the car.

Sky ran after him and hopped into the passenger's side. "Where is he?"

"In a dumpster outside of Whispers." He started the engine.

Sky nodded. "There's a message for you, isn't there?"

Rafe looked at him before he took his foot off the brake. "How did you know that?"

Sky reached out, and squeezed his arm. "Rafe, I'm afraid."

"Try to keep it together, Jackson. I know this is some scary shit and with that corpse, and all..."

"No," Sky sucked in some air. "I'm afraid for you."

Rafe met his eyes. "Don't worry. I'm a cop and..."

"Listen to me, Rafe. I think..." How in the hell could he even say it? He could be misinterpreting it all. Was it right to worry him about something that he might not be getting straight? Maybe it was him, his attraction that was mixing up the signals.

"You think what, Sky? Spill it. I got to get there and..."

"Never mind. Now is not the time. Let's go, we'll talk later."

Rafe nodded, and hit the gas.

* * * *

Trevor wondered if Rafe would like his little surprise. He hoped so. He couldn't wait for him to get there. He stood across the street on the tenth floor of the Queenstop. It was a sleaze-bag hotel that rented rooms by the hour, and right now it afforded him a clear view of the dumpster in the back of Whispers. "Yes, baby," he said aloud, slapping both hands together as he spied Rafe's car racing down the street in the direction of the nightclub, "come to daddy, my beauty. Come see."

He lifted his binoculars and focused them on the driver's side as Rafe screeched his vehicle to a halt in the parking lot, and got out. That little shit, Sky, got out too...the fucker...what was he doing there? "Leave Rafe alone," he called out, banging his fists on the window, but no one could possibly hear him through the closed tenth floor window and the traffic whizzing by. "He's not going to fuck you. He fucked you in high school...you slut...whore...cock sucking little mother-fucking jerk-off...I hate you...I hate you..."

Then he grew silent. He sucked in some breath. Rafe was beside the dumpster. He would see it now. He would understand, and tonight he would go to Whispers to check out the crowd, and he'd be there, watching, watching him. "It won't be

long, lover. I'll be able to please you. I'll have enough of your sexual essence to make you forget every lover you've ever had. Patience, baby. Patience."

* * * *

Rafe stood there in stunned silence, several other police officers and a forensic team all looking at Rafe. Even the captain was frozen to the spot. Sky moved closer to him. He reached out as if to touch him, then, drew back. If Sky ever doubted Rafe's professionalism—all doubt was stripped away as he suddenly moved forward and scrunched down on his haunches to take a closer look at the body. Someone handed him a glove and he put it on.

The Captain glanced at Sky, then took his arm and steered him away. "Anything we can use so far?"

"Pieces."

"And this?"

"It's pretty clear."

"But what does it mean?"

"I'm not sure. Maybe Rafe can answer that."

"Do you know him?" the captain asked, as Rafe walked over now to the two men.

Rafe didn't answer. His eyes went to Sky. "What aren't you telling me?"

"I'm not sure." Sky shook his head.

"Fuck," Rafe growled. "You know something. You tried to tell me before we got here, after you

went into that room with the last victim. What was it?"

The Captain glanced from one to another.

"Not here."

"Rafe?" the captain demanded. "What does it mean?"

"I don't know. I just don't..." he faltered, shaking his head. "Give me a minute, okay?"

Sky watched him walk back to his car. He got inside and sat there, his head back, eyes closed.

"He's connected to the killer," the Captain said to Sky. "How?"

"The victims all fit his description," Sky said. "Before I thought it was just a type the killer liked, but this one...God, I swore it was Rafe lying there. And now this confirms my suspicions. I need a few minutes with the victim...alone."

"Okay. They're about ready to wrap it up."

"Take Rafe home. He needs some time to himself."

"Okay," the Captain said.

Sky waited, watching as the Captain told everyone to take a break. They all moved back as Sky walked over to the place where the victim was lying. He closed his eyes. Essence...Rafe's essence...waiting...scenes of sexual torture passed through his mind...he saw a face, not the victims, Rafe's. MINE...MINE...MINE...YEAH.

Sky's eyes snapped open, and he shuddered. He looked down once more at the mutilated corpse. Both eyes had been carved out. The hair

had been shaved off. The penis was gone, and on the chest was written in black marker, "I love you, Rafe."

* * * *

A few hours later, after being practically interrogated by Captain Moore, he begged to go home. A uniform drove him, and on the way, he asked him where Rafe lived. "You want to go to Detective Ferguson's house?"

"Ah...no, but take me there anyway," he said. The last place he wanted to be was at Rafe's but they had to talk. He had to tell him what kind of feelings he was getting, and that they were getting stronger all the time.

It was around suppertime when he rang the bell at Rafe's apartment. The door swung open a few seconds after he had rung, and Rafe stood there, looking just a little more than drunk. "Oh," he sneered, "it's the mind reader. Can you read my mind right now, Jackson?"

Sky pursed his lips. "Yeah, but I don't think I should repeat it."

Rafe left the door open, so Sky walked in, shutting it behind him. The living room he was standing in was quite small, but fully furnished with a sofa, Lazy Boy and huge plasma television. Straight ahead was a galley kitchen and a bathroom, and the bedroom...well...he didn't even want to think about the place where Rafe

slept. He tilted his head some, looking at Rafe who had thrown himself on the sofa, a bottle in his hand. He was in his socked feet, and wearing a pair of grey sweat pants and a t-shirt with SFPD on the front. His hair was messy, and he looked like he could use a shave.

Sky took a deep breath. It was time for a little reality talk. "You know," Sky said, walking into the living room and over to the window, "you were the best quarterback in high school. If it hadn't of been for you, we would have lost the championship in our senior year."

Sky looked out onto the street. It had started to rain. When Rafe didn't answer, Sky turned around to look at him. "Did you even hear me?"

"Yes, I heard you, and I think you're exaggerating. Tommy August was far better than I was. If it hadn't of been for that car accident he had, I would have never made star quarterback."

The enormity of that sentence washed over Sky for a second, then he said between clenched teeth, "you son of a bitch." He came to stand in front of him now.

Rafe raised his eyes to him.

"You do know me. You do know who..."

"Yes," he said, cutting into Sky's words. "I know you, Sky."

"You couldn't do me the courtesy of...?"
"Of what?" he shrugged. "Reminding you of a one night stand in the back of a car...a night I was too drunk to even remember?"

"I know it might have meant nothing to you, but..."

"I didn't say it meant nothing to me," he replied. "I said I can hardly remember it...the sex, that is."

"Well," Sky sniffed, "it was hardly worth remembering. It wasn't that good."

Rafe actually smiled. "Well, I was drunk, and I was a kid, so you're probably right. I didn't know dick about making love back then. I could do a much better job of it now."

Sky sucked in some breath. "Please," he said, trying to make light of it. "Give me a break." After a second, he said, "Making love, it was hardly that. It's not important anymore. You know, I don't give a shit about..."

"Well," he said, "for someone who doesn't give a shit, you're sure making a big deal out of it."

"You arrogant ass," Sky grumbled.

"It has nothing to do with arrogance."

Sky met his eyes. "You didn't come to the grad."

"No."

"Why not?"

He shrugged. "My father kicked me out of the house."

Sky blinked. "I didn't know that. Why?"

"Because," he sighed, "I came out to him. He beat the crap out of me, and then threw me out of the house. That's why I missed the grad."

"I'm sorry. Why didn't you tell me?"

"We hardly knew one another."

Sky nodded. "I wanted to know you. You ignored me most of the time. You were my first. Did you know that?"

He nodded "I figured that out real fast. The one thing I do remember is that you couldn't suck cock worth shit."

Sky gave him a dirty look.

Rafe smiled at him. "Don't take it personally. Anyway, that night was the best thing that ever happened to me."

"What?"

"You had a lot to do with me finally telling my dad who I was."

"You got the shit kicked out of you."

"Yes, but at least I finally stood up to him."

"It wasn't your first time."

"No, but it was the first time I'd done something like that, so close to home."

"I'm sorry your father beat you up."

"It was a long time ago."

"Not so long. So, are you alright now with him?"

"He died of a heart attack shortly after I left to come out here, so that's how it ended."

"I'm sorry, Rafe. Why did you pretend not to know me?"

"I don't know. Maybe I was just as shocked to see you as you were to see me?"

"You didn't show it."

"I'm a cop. I hide my feelings well. Now, can

we forget about it? What are you doing here? I'm really not in the mood for..."

"We need to talk. It's important."

"Unless you can describe to me what the killer looks like, forget it."

"He wants you."

Rafe blinked, and stood up. "He wants to kill me?"

"No," Sky said. "He *wants* you, and maybe in the end he will kill you. It's the ultimate act of possession."

Rafe sighed. "He's playing with me; that's all."

"Yes and no." Sky went back to the window. "I have the feeling you know him. I saw an image of you back in high school in your football uniform. There was a face, but it was hidden."

"Come on, Sky! Someone from our high school?"

Sky turned to look at him. "I'm not sure. Anyway, all the victims look like you, don't you see? He's obsessed with you, and he thinks that killing these men makes him worthy somehow... although I don't get this part... something about sexual essence."

Rafe ran a hand through his hair. "Sexual what?"

"Essence...I think it's your sexual essence. He's getting braver. He's leaving messages."

"What in hell is my sexual essence?"

"I don't..." Sky paused. "I wish I knew."

Rafe looked up at him. "Do you?"

"Do I what?"

"Wish you knew?" He smiled.

"You're drunk."

He nodded. "Doesn't mean we can't..." He reached out to him.

Sky dodged him. "Look, if the only time you're going to make love to me is when you're drunk, forget it."

He grinned. "What about when I'm sober?"

"I'll consider it," Sky said nervously. "Now, stop it, okay."

"I think you're blushing."

"Fuck off," he said, and put some distance between them.

Rafe laughed, then after a few minutes, he got up off the sofa and announced, "I'm going to Whispers tonight."

"I'm coming with you."

"No," he said. "It's too dangerous."

"Rafe, I think you're the one in danger. I think this guy intends to link up with you somehow."

"Good," he growled, "I sure as hell hope so, because I want to meet him."

Sky shook his head. "You've got to think. Have you had any stalkers?"

He laughed. "Christ, no."

"Persistent lovers—one night stands?"

"Nothing I couldn't handle," he said with a shrug.

Sky reached out and shook him. "Rafe, be serious. If anything happened to you, I don't

know if I could..." He stopped dead.

Rafe was looking at him funny. "Sky?"

Their eyes met, held. God, looking in those eyes made him feel so lost. He felt his fingers pressing into the flesh of Rafe's muscular forearms. He looked at his mouth. He could almost taste his kiss.

"Sky?" Rafe said again.

Sky abruptly released him. "I've got to go. I'll go home and...pick me up later. I'm going with you to that club. Maybe I can sense something. Promise me you won't go there alone."

"Look, Moore said to drag you around, so I'll drag you around." He smirked. "You want a ride?"

"With you, in that condition? No. Sober up and..." He looked at him once before leaving, "I was going to say shave, but don't, you look sexy as hell like that. Call me a cab, I'll wait downstairs."

"You're a cab," Rafe mocked, and then picked up his phone.

Sky laughed, and then took the two flights of stairs to the sidewalk.

CHAPTER FIVE

Trevor leaned against the wall near the end of the bar in the club's dim light. He had an unobstructed view of the dance floor and the entrance corridor from where he stood. Shoulders squared in an aggressive stance, he radiated a message through his body language that he didn't want to be approached.

Just to his right were two men grinding against each other with their open mouths pressed hotly together. Their public display of lust at the same time thrilled, and disgusted him. Both were equally aggressive in the kiss they shared, but the darker haired man definitely was in command. He held his partner pinned against the wall with his hand wrapped firmly around the other's face. This outright display of dominance had Trevor's pants straining with arousal, which amplified the impatience pounding through him. *Where in hell is Rafe?*

Maybe Rafe was not coming tonight, but damn it, he had to. He left him that surprise outside.

Doubts ran through his mind now as he continued to scan the dance floor and entrance. One of the more playful patrons caught his eye. His coloring and build were similar to Rafe's but he was much shorter. His hands traveled down his body while hips gyrated with a sensual rhythm. Trevor licked his lips. If Rafe didn't show, that little morsel would make a sweet substitute this evening. His eyes gleamed with a predatory light as he studied the man.

All of a sudden, he pushed off from the wall to make his way toward the dance floor. Flicking one last glance to the entrance, he froze mid-step. Rafe! He slowly headed back into the shadows.

* * * *

Sky nervously tugged at his shirt as he followed Rafe down the darkened corridor to the club. Rafe's body swung in a confident step as he led the way. The tight leather pants slid fluidly across the backs of his muscled thighs, causing Sky's own pants to tighten near his zipper. As they reached the doorway, Rafe casually reached back and hooked one finger through the loop of Sky's jeans and tugged him forward.

"You're sure you are up to this?"

Sky cleared his throat and shrugged.

"Sky, I need to know that you can pull this off. Aside from the case, this is my life. I hang out here and I have a reputation with these people. I want

you to be certain before we walk in there. You need to be convincing as my lover. Once we're inside..." His voice rose slightly as it trailed off.

A thrill shot straight down Sky's body at Rafe's words. He rubbed a shaky hand across the back of his neck. One night, for this one night he'd be Rafe's. Even if it were only an act on his part, Sky felt something deeper within him stir. He knew that his emotions were visible on his face; in his eyes, and that the longing was plain to see. He kept his head lowered and eyes averted. A long moment passed after Rafe's declaration. He was waiting for an answer.

"Yeah," Sky whispered, looking at Rafe. "Tonight, I'm all yours."

With the flash of club light behind him, it almost seemed as if Rafe's eyes had briefly darkened with passion. Sky's heart stuttered in his chest. He licked his suddenly dry lips, wanting the courage to step forward. He watched the deep rise of Rafe's chest as he drew in a jagged breath. Whatever Sky had imagined he'd seen in those beautiful eyes, was gone.

"Let's go," Rafe said.

* * * *

Tonight, I'm all yours. Sky's words echoed through Rafe's head making his blood pound uncomfortably low in his body. Watching that sweet pink tongue flick over those sensual lips

made him recall some of that night back in high school. Rafe recalled that Sky hadn't had much experience back then, and he supposed that had been part of the thrill for him. He'd never once thought that Sky would have remembered that night after all this time. After all, he was a grown man now, probably with a string of lovers behind him, and what they'd had was a quick, clumsy fuck in the back of his car. That fuck had given him the courage to tell his father he was gay. Weird how life was.

Rafe led the way into the club, stopping to wave to one of the bouncers. The bouncer's gaze slid down the length of Sky's trim physique, and Rafe reached possessively for the loop of Sky's belt again, tugging him around in front of him. Sky bumped his succulent ass against his groin. The bouncer nodded once, and then shrugged.

Holy shit! That little flirt just wiggled against me! This night was going to be a lot more fun than it should be, he thought. Either that, or it was going to kill him. He'd better concentrate on getting the information they needed, and get the hell out of here. *Focus, man, focus.*

* * * *

When Rafe pressed up against him, Sky couldn't resist pressing back. *It's part of the act.* but Rafe's hand at his waist felt good. As they moved through the club, Rafe continued to touch him in

some way, either by holding his hand, or hugging his waist. It was damn hard to concentrate on anything except his nearness.

He couldn't help but admire the way Rafe subtly questioned everyone he spoke to. Of course the murders were big news in the city, but they were even bigger news in the gay community. Everyone was eager to gossip in whispered tones, often leaning in toward Rafe's ear conspiratorially, to try and cop a feel. As many times as they stopped, Rafe never forgot to introduce Sky as, *my Sky*. Each time he heard him say it, Sky felt his heart pound. Many speculative glances were cast his way. Perhaps it was all the scrutiny that made Sky feel uneasy. One thing was certain, though, whenever Rafe put his hands on him, they felt as if they belonged there.

Now, they stood near the edge of the dance floor, leaning against a brass rail. The flashing lights made the deep indigo of Rafe's eyes glow. Rafe stood talking to two dark-haired men. The taller and more slender of the two had a leather collar strapped around his throat and his bare chest glistened beneath the black leather vest as if it were oiled. The shorter man had a broad, stocky build. He kept eying Sky speculatively. Sky sensed tension in Rafe as he watched the two of them talk. The man gestured to Sky and then toward the back of the club. Rafe shook his head sharply, *no*. A few more words were said, then the guy reached up and hooked his index finger in the

loop of his friend's collar. The two walked off toward a doorway that appeared to be guarded by another bouncer.

"What was..." Sky's words were cut off abruptly when Rafe wrapped his hand around the back of his neck and drew him into an aggressive hold. Sky moaned as Rafe's tongue plunged in to meet his own. Instinctively he grasped at Rafe's shoulders, lost in the kiss. Rafe pulled back suddenly and tipped his head to touch Sky's. "Dance. Now," Rafe murmured and pulled Sky onto the dance floor.

Conveniently, the DJ began a slower number. Rafe pulled Sky in tight and clasped his hands around his waist. Sky did the same and they swayed in tempo. "Care to tell me what the hell that was all about?" Sky asked.

"You're the damned psychic, you tell me," Rafe smirked in response.

"Fuck you." Sky said. He was uncertain if Rafe was teasing or not.

"I might if you ask nicely," Rafe replied in a hot whisper against the side of Sky's neck.

Sky drew back slightly in confusion. "Rafe?"

Rafe sighed, and the playful expression left his face. "Sorry about that. I got carried away a bit there. The guys wanted to take you up to the back room and play. They were disappointed when I turned them down and I wanted to make sure they knew you were all mine."

"What the hell are you talking about?" Sky

asked, bewildered.

"The back room is sort of a play area for those 'in the know'."

"Play area?"

"Yeah. Just some light BDSM mostly. I've never heard of it getting too rough. They wanted to spank your sweet ass." Rafe grinned.

Sky gulped, his eyes going wide. Briefly he imagined Rafe's strong hands playfully slapping at his ass.

"Oh," he said.

"Don't worry, I told them your ass was all mine. They said they'd look for us another time. Seriously though, they actually knew one of the victims."

"They did? What did they say?" Sky tried to take his mind off the back room.

"Apparently, they'd played together here one night. Then they took it home and it got intense. The vic they knew, was into the scene. He liked it a little rough and had been looking for some action recently. They actually tried to hook up with him on the night I figured he went missing. However, he turned them down, saying he had something else going."

"Interesting," Sky replied. "Did they know who he was hooking up with?"

"They didn't pay much attention after he said no. The only thing they could remember was that the guy he was talking to was tallish and skinny."

Sky looked around the darkened club and

shivered. "That could be a lot of guys in here tonight."

"Yeah, it could." Rafe said. "I wonder..."

The music ended and the DJ shouted for the crowd to make some noise. Somewhat reluctantly, they moved apart as they were jostled by the partiers. The rest of what Rafe said was lost in the racket. His mouth moved and Sky made out that Rafe was ready to leave. They moved off the dance floor, heading for the door. Sky stopped and motioned toward the Men's room. Rafe nodded and indicated he'd wait.

* * * *

The music became a dull throb as the door swung shut. Sky walked to the furthest urinal. The roar of the music increased as the door opened and closed. The hair on the back of his neck rose and his heart began to pound. He felt the wave of menace hit him and it nearly drove him to his knees. Gasping, his hand hit the wall with a loud slap to brace his body. He began to tremble. The door opened and closed again. Booted footsteps drew along side him. Eyes wide, Sky looked to his left. One of the bouncers stood there, reaching for his zipper.

"You okay, man?" he asked. "Please tell me you're not going to puke on my new boots."

Sky shook his head unable to answer. His eyes darted around the room, but they were alone.

"Hey, aren't you Rafe's new squeeze? You gonna be all right? Do you want me to get him?" His growing concern was evident.

"No, no...thanks, man." Sky finally managed. "Did you...was there someone else in here?"

"I passed some dude on the way out." The bouncer started to look oddly at Sky. "Why?"

"Did you recognize him?" Sky pressed.

"I didn't really catch a good look at him, actually," he answered. "What's going on?"

"Nothing, forget it." Sky said. "I've got to go. Rafe is waiting for me." Sky bolted outside and nearly ran headlong into Rafe's arms.

"Whoa! What the hell lit your ass on fire?" Rafe said.

"You're not going to believe this, but I think he was here," Sky panted.

"What?!!" Rafe shouted.

"He was here. In the men's room. Behind me. But, he's gone now."

"Are you sure?" Rafe asked.

"I'm fucking positive," Sky replied with a shiver.

"Son of a bitch!" Rafe shrieked. "I can't believe we were that fucking close!"

"You and me both." Sky said shakily, feeling as if he was going to pass out again. "Rafe? Oh shit, get me the fuck out of here."

CHAPTER SIX

Trevor stood in the corner against the wall by the bathroom door watching the bouncer help Rafe escort Sky from the club. The little bitch couldn't hold his liquor. *If it wasn't for the bouncer walking into the bathroom, they would be carrying my ass out in a body bag instead of being in the arms of my lover.* Enough was enough. One night he'd put that cock stealer out of business. It was bad enough he had taken Rafe away from him in high school, he wouldn't do it again.

"Hey," a strange voice said suddenly to Trevor, breaking his train of thought. It was the little morsel who was eyeing him earlier from the dance floor. "I thought maybe you'd want to go the backroom and play for a while." He had a sly smirk on his face.

"I would love to, but I have to leave right now. I just got a call from my sister and my mother has fallen. I have to meet them at the hospital," Trevor said as he brushed the hair from the little morsel's face, his eyes moving to the door.

"I sure would like to take your load down my throat while those slim fingers of yours fuck me," he said, playfully pulling at Trevor's nipples through the material of his shirt. Trevor's cock stiffened as he thought of tying him up and beating him to the point of death, and then fucking him into an unconscious state.

"Maybe next time. I got to go." Trevor walked away, swiftly exiting the club. By the time he reached the parking lot he noticed Rafe and Sky driving by. "Son of a bitch," he shouted to himself.

"What's up, man?" He heard a voice behind him.

Trevor turned around, surprised. It was that little morsel from the bar. Damn, he didn't have time to play now.

"Hey. How's it going, baby?" The guy cooed. "Where you going in such a hurry?"

"I...ah... told you inside. My mother slipped and fell, and she is on her way to the hospital. I got to get going."

"Are you okay to drive? I'll take you if you want?"

Trevor looked at him. God, if only he had the time. He'd fuck him unconscious. He glanced toward the road. "Thanks for the concern. I'll be fine. My mother is eighty-two, when the smallest thing happens to her, my sister gets frantic."

"Hey, which hospital are you going to?"

"St. Rose," Trevor responded quickly.

"Sure you don't need a lift? We could...ah..."

"Can't. Maybe I'll catch you some other time," Trevor said, on the way to his car.

"Sure," the guy shouted after him. "Give me your number."

But Trevor was already pulling out of the parking lot.

* * * *

Undercover Detective Devon Houston watched as Trevor Morrison turned on his left hand turn signal and screeched out of the parking lot. He waited until he was out of sight, then he raced over to his car, and got inside. If he'd been going to St. Rose, he would have turned right. Devon exited the parking lot and also turned left, scanning for a glimpse of his car.

He'd been working undercover on Rafe's homicide team for three months now. He'd spent his time in the gay bars, questioning people. Tonight he was Rafe's backup. He'd noticed that Trevor guy lurking around. It wasn't the first time he'd seen him. He seemed to be waiting for something. When Rafe and Sky came in, he stayed discretely in the corner, but he never took his eyes off Rafe. When Rafe had discretely informed Devon on his wire, that he was taking Sky back to his hotel, Devon had lost track of the creep for a few minutes. Then Rafe and Sky had left, and just then, as he was poking around the bathrooms, he saw that Trevor guy again. He decided to go over

and flirt with him a bit, see if he seemed anxious to leave. He was. He kept looking at the door. On top of that, they had gotten a description this morning of a guy who had been at IHOP, where the latest victim had worked the night he was murdered. This Mike guy, some friend of Rafe's, had said the guy's name was Trevor, and he talked about Rafe, said he knew him. That creep he'd been watching all night fit the description. He had to tell Rafe.

He picked up his phone, and dialled the precinct. "Houston here," he said. "I need you to run a license plate for me. California plate 'I-T-S-M-E'. Give me a call back ASAP."

He was stuck at a traffic light when his phone rang. He answered on the first ring. "Houston."

"Got your information," the female voice replied.

"Go ahead," he said, reaching for a pen and pad of paper.

"The license plate is registered for a Two Thousand and Five Saturn belonging to a Trevor Morrison. His address is twelve twenty Mountain Drive in San Francisco."

"Trevor, yeah, that's him. Do a background check. Where he is from? What high school did he graduate from? Is his mother alive?" Mike asked as he doodled on the pad.

"He was born and raised in New York City. He graduated from Roosevelt High School in Nineteen Ninety Six. He took a few courses at

New York University, no degree. His family still lives back there. His father is a retired factory worker, and his mother is a housewife. He's an only child. He works for the school district as an art teacher. He has lived in San Francisco over six years. That's about all I could find on him."

"No prior convictions?"

"Not even a parking ticket. Want me to put an APB on him?"

"Not yet. I need to talk to Rafe first. Start the paperwork for a search warrant for his apartment," Devon said, and hung up.

As he sped through the light now, he turned the corner and caught sight of the car. There he was. Frantically, Devon pressed the numbers of Rafe's cell phone as he accelerated; careening in and out of traffic so that he could keep track of him. Jesus Christ...Jesus... this guy had graduated from the same high school, in the same year as Rafe. He'd moved to San Francisco shortly after Rafe had, although all his family was back in New York. As his mind played the physical descriptions of each of the victims again in his head, he couldn't deny it, they all resembled Rafe.

Rafe's phone rang. "Come on, pick up," he urged. "Pick up the fucking phone."

With one hand on the steering wheel, he pressed the disconnect button, then, re-dialled. After seven rings, he got the message taker, "Ferguson here, leave a message."

Devon threw the phone aside in frustration.

The car was gone again. "Shit!" He raced through a red light, frantically looking down every side street.

* * * *

"Are you alright?" Rafe said to Sky, as he pulled up in front of the hotel.

"I'm fine. I just need to lie down," Sky responded as he went to open the door.

"Explain to me why you keep having these fainting spells? It's not the effect I have on you, is it?" Rafe chuckled.

"Don't flatter yourself." Sky's mind traveled back to their first and only sexual encounter. The effect he had on him was the burning sensation he was feeling between his legs, which was causing him to twitch in his seat.

"So explain to me these fainting spells you keep having," Rafe insisted, glancing over at Sky who had his hand on the door handle.

Sky took a deep breath before he spoke, "I'll explain everything to you once we get up to the room."

Rafe pondered his words for a second. "Okay, for now, but if you're not any better, I am taking you to the hospital."

"I didn't think you cared so much."

"The Captain said you were my responsibility, so I want to make sure you're okay. Besides if something was to happen to you before I tapped

that ass again, I would never be able to forgive myself."

Rafe's words left Sky speechless. He didn't know if he was being serious or just being smart. Sky opened the door and got out.

* * * *

Once they were in the room, and Sky was lying on the bed, Rafe began to drill him again, "Okay, tell me what happened when you were in the bathroom?"

"What are you, a cop or something?" Sky mocked, then, he smiled faintly. "Like I told you, I felt dizzy and begin to lose my breath, gasping for air. That's when the bouncer came in. It was the same feeling I got when you took me to the spot of the first victim," he said, as he felt his body beginning to tremble just from the thought. What in hell was wrong with him?

Rafe sat down on the bed beside him. He placed a hand over his. "Tell me again about that theory of yours."

"Okay. I think you know this guy. I think he went to school with you, and that's why he leaves the victims near the high school. He always picks men who look like you. That message on the last victim—I think he's being sincere. He loves you. In fact, he's obsessed with you and somehow..." Sky took a breath, "I know this sounds stupid, but every time he kills a man who looks like you, he

absorbs something."

"Like?"

"Like...he absorbs a part of ...of you." Sky met his eyes.

Rafe made a face. "That's ridiculous. Couldn't it just be that he knows I'm the lead investigator on this case and he's playing games with me?"

"I think you're too close to it, Rafe," Sky said. He sat up. "I think he's really after you. He wants you, Rafe, and..." He felt his heart race.

Rafe pushed him gently back down to the mattress. "You're getting all excited for nothing."

Yes, he was excited alright, and it had more to do with the fact that Rafe was so close to him right now, looking into his eyes. Sky's chest heaved. "You've got to stop this, Rafe," he whispered. "I can't take much more. I need you to..."

Rafe's mouth came down hard on his suddenly, cutting off his words. Sky moaned and brought his arms up around his neck, pulling him closer.

* * * *

Trevor pulled up to the hotel a few minutes after Sky and Rafe had entered the building. He was surprised he didn't get pulled over by the cops for driving like a bat out of hell. He swerved and parked in the first available parking spot across the road. He reached in the backseat and picked up his duffle bag containing a roll of duct tape, a pair of handcuffs and a forty-five revolver. He

hastily got out of the car.

As he was crossing the street, he froze. A car rolled past him, then turned into the underground parking lot of the hotel. He was sure he had seen the guy driving. He was the little morsel from the bar. What in hell was he doing here? Oh no, he couldn't have that. Not when he was so close. He'd ruin everything.

Trevor fingered the small revolver he had tucked into his pants. He dodged the traffic and raced across the other lane to the curb.

He saw him getting out of his car. He careened through the parking garage, practically flying. The guy didn't spot him until he had the gun raised. One shot rang out, and he was down. "See, see..." Trevor blurted out. "That will teach you to stay out of it." He walked over and stared down at the body, giving it a little kick. "Dead. It will get you dead!" So damn inconvenient, and he didn't even get to fuck him good before he finished him.

"You see," he growled, "I have to put things on hold for you, 'cause you didn't mind your own business. I have to take care of you first before I go and get my baby." He sighed, and reached down to fumble in the guy's pocket. He picked out his wallet and snapped it open. "A cop," he laughed. "Too cute to be a damn cop, but then again...Rafe is a cop." He grinned. "Devon, eh? Well, Devon, although your body won't be any use to me, at least your name will be." He reached down and took the cop's car keys out of the pocket of his

jeans, dragged the body around to the back of the car, opened the trunk and threw it in. Inside the vehicle, he spotted Devon's cell phone. He picked it up, and began to access the menu. He played Devon's voice message a few times. The voice was easy to imitate. He started the engine and careened out of the parking lot. "Hold on, baby," he called out the window of the car as he sped by the hotel, "I'm coming for you." *Soon, Rafael, we'll be together forever...like it was meant to be.* Then raising his hand over his head, he shouted, "Yeah!"

* * * *

Sky pushed Rafe off him only long enough to pull off his shirt. He unbuttoned it hastily, practically ripping off the last two buttons as he yanked it out of his jeans. Before Rafe could say anything, Sky pushed him backwards with both hands and then began to undo the snap on the top of his jeans.

"I see you've recovered," Rafe said, picking his head up and grinning at him.

Sky glanced at him as he sat back on his elbows. "Don't say anything," he swallowed, pulling the zipper down on his pant. "I've been wanting to do this since the first moment I set eyes on you back in high school...even before I fucking had a clue as to why, and now..." He took a breath as he scooped his hands down into the skimpy black briefs he was wearing and wrapped his fist

around his erect cock, "God, Jesus," he managed, reluctantly releasing his cock, and reaching up with both hands and yanking the jeans down over his hips. He pulled off the short black boots, the white sport socks, then, threw the jeans over on the floor. There he was, Rafael Ferguson, lying there on the bed with nothing but a pair of underwear on, his cock hard and clearly discernable through the material, his dark head tilted, just looking at him.

Sky tried to speak, but there were no words for how beautiful he was, or how much he wanted him right now. He placed his hand on his thigh, then, moved it up until it covered his hard sex again. Rafe let his head go back. It was the most erotic thing he'd ever seen. "Take them off," Rafe said softly.

Sky's hands shook as he reached up to pull the elastic waist band down over his groin. Rafe lifted up his hips so that he could slide them all the way down. As his sex came into view, thick, curled upward, the perfectly shaped tip slick with pre-cum, Sky licked his lips. He whipped them down and off with one hand.

Rafe was looking at him again. "You want to touch me, don't you?"

Sky met his eyes. Did he want to touch him? He wanted to touch him too much. He felt paralysed. "You're all I've ever dreamt of," Sky told him. "I'm afraid if I touch you, you might disappear." Hell, he was afraid he'd disappear. Rafe would

swallow his heart whole, and then abandon him, and he wouldn't survive it. "You are so beautiful," he whispered, his eyes moving over his scrumptious chest, the flat waves of his stomach, and then back to his cock. "I want to do everything with you."

"Show me," he coaxed, lifting his hips enticingly. "Show me, Sky."

Their eyes met again and Sky placed both hands on his thighs, then, lowered his mouth to his cock. He let out a little moan as his lips touched his hot, musky sex. Rafe's fingers went through his hair. "That's it," he breathed. "That's it."

One of Sky's hands moved up over his stomach to his chest. He encountered one of Rafe's hands there, moving sensuously over his own nipples. Sky brushed it aside and took one of them between his thumb and forefinger, while slowly moving his tongue around the head of his cock. His other hand rolled his balls between his fingers as he captured the head of his cock in his mouth, then, moved his lips further down his shaft.

Rafe's hips lifted off the bed. "Baby," he grunted. His fingers tightened in his hair. "Jesus Christ, please tell me you have condoms somewhere in this...ahhhhh...fucking room."

Sky's hand moved under him, flirting a little between Rafe's beautiful ass with his index finger. The other hand lingered on Rafe's stomach. The sounds Rafe was beginning to make in his throat

sounded guttural as Sky pushed up with his palms, moving up and down with his lips and tongue, his jaw aching, his own cock pumping.

Suddenly he felt a hand pressing against his forehead. "Um, stop," he said. "Stop. I'm going to...ah, come. I don't..."

Sky moved back off his cock, smacking his lips, bringing the back of his hand up to wipe his mouth.

Rafe glanced at the night table, then leaned over and opened the drawer. "Oh, thank God," he said, pulling a package of lubricated condoms out of the drawer. "Extra large?" He lifted an eyebrow. "You're optimistic."

Sky grinned. He glanced down at Rafe's cock. "I remembered."

He laughed slightly, fumbling with one of the packages. Sky reached for him and pulled him close. He took the condom out of his hand. "I'll do it," he said.

"Yeah, well, while you do that," Rafe said, "let me do this." He pressed Sky back down against the bed and began to kiss him.

Sky dropped the condom. Rafe's mouth moved down his chest where he paused to lave both nipples, while his hand snaked down and captured Sky's cock in his fist. Sky's hips bucked, and Rafe chuckled softly. He let his mouth move further down and then took some time moving his tongue up over Sky's throbbing dick. Then before Sky knew what was happening, Rafe had yanked

his legs up over his shoulders and lowered his mouth to his ass. He didn't expect that. Of course the only time he'd ever made it with this guy was back in high school. The years were showing. The fact that Rafe knew exactly what he was doing and why, became clear when Sky felt the tip of his tongue touch his hypersensitive opening. Within minutes, he had him practically climbing the walls, and begging for release. Damn, the stuff that guy could do with his tongue...half of it was probably illegal. At the same time, he was roughly manhandling his cock, his balls. When he picked up his head and said, 'You ready'? Sky couldn't even answer. He just moaned.

Rafe somehow found the condom by some miracle, and Sky ran a hand over his chest as he watched him put it on. His cock was throbbing straight through to his anus. Then, abruptly, Rafe reached for his hips and roughly yanked him around on all fours. Sky cried out something unintelligible. Rafe pressed his cock against his ass, his lips on his back. "Put your hands on the wall. You're going to need to brace yourself."

"Fuck," Sky said, his body slick with sweat, as he felt Rafe's cock nudge him, then begin to sink inside of him. He threw his hands against the wall, closing his eyes as Rafe's hard sex began to impale him. He let his head fall forward. The feel of Rafe's hands moving over him, his cock beginning to ride him, slowly, sensuously, then harder, faster, until his teeth began to rattle, defied description.

He felt the orgasm begin to shoot through his cock like a jolting bullet. He was panting, sweating, pleading; his entire body gyrated with the force of that orgasm, and the force of Rafe's cock discharging the riveting remains of his come.

Rafe stayed behind him for a moment, lowering his face on the small of his back, a hand cradling Sky's limp cock. It surprised him that he seemed content to hold onto him like that, then slowly he released him and lay back on the bed, his chest and cock slick with sweat, and ejaculated. His eyes were closed, a tongue darting over his full lips, that black, slightly wavy hair clinging to his forehead.

Sky sat there at the top of the bed, watching Rafe's chest rise and fall, beginning to regain a normal rhythm. He wanted to move to him, hold him, kiss his mouth. He just wasn't sure that Rafe would...but then, Rafe held out his hand. He looked at him, a soft smile on his lips. "Come here, baby," he said softly.

Baby... the way he called him baby. His cock was stiffening again. He crawled across the bed to him. Rafe immediately pulled him down into his arms and held him there. Sky let his eyes study his beautiful face for a minute. He moved the sweaty hair off his forehead. He brushed his lips over his. Rafe didn't say anything. He just looked at him with those eyes. "If you tell me this is a one time thing, I'll..." Sky began.

"Shush," Rafe said, moving his finger over his

lips.

Sky took the tip of his finger between his teeth and nibbled it gently, one hand moving down to his cock. He kissed it, then released it, and smiled. He laid his head on Rafe's chest and played with his cock, moving it back and forth. He was getting hard again. God, what a beauty he was. Sky looked at him now. "I want you again."

"Ah," he laughed, shaking his head, "a cop's work is never done." He lifted his head up and kissed Sky's mouth, pressing him down to the mattress, leaning over him. Sky playfully sat up and pushed Rafe back on the mattress.

He began to kiss him all over, then, he grabbed the box of condoms. This time, he got the condom out of the package, and he slowly rolled it up over Rafe's erect cock. "I want," he breathed, "straddling Rafe's hips, "I want you to ride me this way. I want to see your face when you come."

As Sky lowered himself over Rafe's cock, Rafe grabbed the base of his own cock and began to guide it up inside of Sky's ass. Then Sky took control.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Sky didn't want to get out of bed. It felt too good to be lying there next to Rafe. God, he was beautiful, and what a lover. The second time around had been as good as first, although it had been different. He had taken control of Rafe's body, and he had totally lost all inhibitions. As he was using Rafe's cock to extract every last ounce of pleasure, Sky couldn't help but feel powerful. Rafe suddenly seemed vulnerable, this big six foot something hunk of man, muscular, strong, smart, was suddenly at his mercy. And he actually froze at one point, and stared down at a man who was being transported by the agonising sear of the pleasurable sensations shooting through his body; and he was in awe that he had somehow brought him to this place.

Rafe was looking at him now. Sky almost blushed as his eyes moved over his nakedness. "I need a shower," he said, meeting his eyes.

Rafe took his hand. He squeezed it, then, released it. "I'm sorry," he said.

"About what?"

"Ignoring you in high school."

"You didn't..."

"Sky, I was pretty into myself. I was lost." He sighed. "I had all these feelings and I didn't know where to put them. I couldn't tell anyone."

"Where did you go to...?"

"Gay bars, dark places. I felt compelled. I had some very...let's say, unpleasant experiences, but I had to know who I was."

Sky nodded, turning his head on the pillow to look at him. "I fell in love with you in high school. You never knew."

He smiled. "No, I never knew that. I did suspect that you might be gay but...ah...well, I wouldn't have said. And maybe that's why I avoided you."

"You knew I was gay?"

"I wasn't sure, but sometimes the way you looked at the guys...in the locker room. I recognized that gaze. It was the same as mine. It wasn't obvious to the straight guys."

"If you would have come to me, we could have..."

"Could have what?" Rafe asked, raising an eyebrow. "I was on the football team. My father was a homophobe. Do you think I could have told anyone?"

Sky shook his head. "High school is tough on a lot of people."

"I suppose. I'm glad it's over."

"I remember this guy...his name was..." Sky sat up suddenly, a funny sensation creeping over him.

"What?"

"This guy from high school...I wish I could remember his name. Shit, what was it? He was in our grade, a geeky guy, and..."

"Oh," Rafe laughed, "Trevor. He was weird. He was the fetch-and- carry boy for the football team, just volunteered. I think he was..."

Sky put a hand on Rafe's arm.

"What?"

"Nothing. I just...got a chill. It's probably nothing. Look, I'm going to throw on some clothes and go to that coffee shop down the street, get us some coffee. I'm hungry too. You wore me out."

Rafe laughed, closing his eyes. "Back at ya. Go ahead, I'm going to close my eyes."

Sky quickly threw on his pants and a shirt, and searched for his running shoes. "What kind of sandwich you want?" he called out. "Lazy? Did you hear me?"

Rafe grunted and rolled onto his side "Come back to bed," he yawned. "We'll call room service."

"No, they have great coffee there, plus I need to stretch my legs."

Rafe got up off the bed. He came over and put his arms around his shoulders from behind. "Feeling better?"

"Oh yeah," he said, pressing his body back

against Rafe's naked one. "And if you don't put some clothes on, I won't be going anywhere, ever."

He laughed and released him. "Sorry."

"Don't apologise," Sky said. "Just do me a favour, okay?"

Rafe met his eyes. "What?"

He looked so delicious standing there totally nude, those beautiful dark blue eyes curious. "Just don't break my heart to pieces."

Rafe smiled at him, then, he shook his head gently. "I'll try not to, honey."

Sky was almost giddy when he left the room. He'd called him honey. He'd forgotten to ask him again about what kind of sandwich he wanted. As he looked at the long line up, he almost regretted coming here. He couldn't wait to get back to the room, just so he could look in his eyes. It wasn't until he was almost at the counter that he knew something was desperately wrong.

* * * *

Trevor carried his little bag down the hallway of the hotel. He stopped at the door, and waited for one of the nearby guests to go into his room. He pretended to be fumbling with his key. When the guest had disappeared inside his suite, Trevor raised his hand and knocked on the door. He waited, his heart pounding. The gun was in his hand, close to his side.

He had played Devon's message over and over again, listening to it as he dumped the cop's body into this basement sanctuary. He knew that voice. He knocked again. As it turned out, his practising had been for nothing. He wouldn't need to use it.

He heard Rafe's voice. "You forget something?" he said, throwing the door open.

Trevor raised the gun. He pushed the gun up against Rafe's chest, which forced him to back up. Trevor was inside. He closed the door quietly behind him, looking around.

Rafe's eyes darted to the night table.

"Don't, Rafe," Trevor said softly, following his gaze. "It's not worth it, baby." He raked his eyes over him, then lowered the gun down to his stomach, and then lower still.

Rafe was standing there with only a towel wrapped around his waist. His hair was in disarray, his chest gleaming with dried sweat. He looked stunned. He looked incredibly beautiful.

Trevor sniffed. Sex. He could smell sex. "Who's been touching you?" he demanded, dropping his bag on the floor. "Who's been stealing your essence?"

"My...ah...what? Ah...I know you. Didn't you go to...?"

Trevor smiled. "Yes, Rafe. We know each other. We belong together. You and I."

"Trevor?"

"I'm so pleased you remember my name. I can't wait to taste...and I know..." He moved closer,

poking his groin with the gun, "you've been waiting too. Unfortunately, my darling, you will have to wait a little longer. I can't take you here. I will have to take you where you'll be safe...where none of those dirty, filthy bastards can ever touch you again." He started to shout. "I HATE THEM ALL...I HATE THEM...ESPECIALLY THAT SKY WHORE."

"Sky," Rafe said, his voice calm, his eye on the gun Trevor was holding, "where is he?"

He was concerned about that little prick, was he? Perfect, Trevor thought. "If you come with me quietly, I'll take you to him. But if you pull anything, give me any trouble, he's dead. You understand me, beautiful?"

Rafe nodded. "I'll just get dressed," he said, pointing to his clothes on the floor.

"No. Don't touch those. I'll get your clothes, then, you'll come quietly with me down the fire stairs and to my vehicle. Do you understand?"

Rafe nodded again. He put up a hand. "Okay. Please. Just don't hurt Sky."

"How fucking noble," Trevor sneered. "Go stand over there against the wall. I'll throw you the clothes, then, we leave. Get it?"

"Alright. And you'll take me to Sky?"

Trevor bristled. After all this time they'd been apart, after all he'd done for him, and all he could think of was that little fuck. He watched as Rafe removed the towel, felt his cock stiffen as he pulled on his pants, and then his shirt. No one was

good enough to touch that body. Only he could give him what he needed. He had his essence. He hoped he had taken enough.

* * * *

Sky pushed his way through the line of people and out the door. He began running up the street in the direction of the hotel. *God, please, please, let him be alright.* When he was standing in line, an image of a gun came into his head, and then the hotel room where he and Rafe had just made love, and then as clear as if he had been standing in front of him was a skinny young boy handing Rafe a football from under the bleachers. He turned his face, and smiled at him directly. "Now, you whore," he said, "Rafe is mine."

Sky didn't wait for the elevator, he ran up six flights of stairs. His heart was pounding in his chest when he finally got to the room. He called out his name as he pulled open the fire door which led to the corridor where his room was. He could see the door standing open. He ran faster, tripping and almost falling. "Rafe!!" he screamed. "Jesus, where in hell are you?" He ran into the bathroom, then, found himself standing in the middle of an empty room. After a few seconds, he walked over to the nightstand. He pulled out the drawer. Rafe's gun was there. So was his wallet, his badge, and his cell phone. He turned around suddenly, and narrowed his eyes. There was a

picture tacked up in the corner of the mirror. Sky walked over and studied it, without touching it. It was a picture taken with a zoom lens. It was Rafe, obviously having sex with someone hidden beneath him. Rafe's head was back, his face contorted in orgasm.

Sky sunk down on the bed and put his face in his hands. "Please, God, be alright," he whispered. "I love you. I fucking love you." He was shaking as he stood up. He picked up the phone, and dialled the police.

Within fifteen minutes, the police were all over the room. Forensics were taking fingerprints of everything, and Sky had been desperately trying to talk to the Captain since he'd arrived but he kept saying, "Not now. Not now."

He was forced to wait in the hall, half crazy with worry. He had to get back in there. If he could just have a few minutes in that room, maybe he could figure out where this maniac had taken him.

Finally, Captain Moore came walking out of the room. He called his name.

Sky rushed up to him. "Captain, I need to..."

"You have to come down to the station with me. We have a possible suspect. I think you know..."

"His name is Trevor...Trevor ah..."

"Yes, Morrison. How did you know?"

"I saw him..."

"You saw him? You saw him where?"

Sky shook his head. "Not in person, in my mind, when I was standing in line at the coffee shop down the street earlier."

"Oh, okay," the Captain said. "One of those visions."

"We went to the same high school and..." Sky sighed, running his fingers through his hair. He took a breath. "I need to have some time alone in that room so that..."

The Captain shook his head. "You need to come downtown," he said. "You need to tell us everything you know about this guy. Everything. Let's go."

"You don't understand," Sky muttered, glancing back at the room as the Captain dragged him off down the hall by the arm.

"Sky, we know his address. The police are there now as we speak. You don't need to tell us where he is. We've surrounded the house and..."

"He won't be there," Sky shook his head, trying to pull his arm away.

The Captain eyed him.

"Listen. I...no...he'd have a special place picked out, just for Rafe. It's not in his house."

"How do you know that?" The Captain narrowed his eyes.

"I just do, that's all. Captain, if I could just get in that room for a few minutes, then maybe..."

"Tell me downtown," the Captain said, starting to pull him down the hall again.

* * * *

It was clear to Rafe, that this freak was a nut job. He wished now that he had paid more attention to him back in high school. He wasn't sure what he was talking about, as Trevor walked behind him through a wooded path with a gun at his back.

In front of the hotel, Trevor had told him to get behind the wheel. As soon as they got in, he'd reached over and slapped a pair of cuffs on his wrists. "I have to make sure you're safe," he had said.

Trevor gave him the directions and he followed them, the handcuffs clanging against the wheel as he drove, the gun jammed into his ribs. He needed to find Sky, but the more he drove, the more he realised that this guy didn't have Sky at all, or he had already killed him. Trevor had showed up to his room minutes after Sky left to get coffee. He wouldn't have had time to drive him way out here.

Now, with his hands cuffed in front of him, he stumbled ahead of Trevor, turning once in awhile to try and get a straight answer. "You don't even have Sky," Rafe accused. "You fucking lied to me, you piece of shit. If you hurt him, I swear I'll..."

"You'll do what exactly, Rafe?" Trevor laughed. "You're completely at my mercy. I can do anything I want to you."

"Where in fuck is he?" Rafe growled, turning around and glaring at him. "I'm not going

anywhere until you tell me."

Trevor raised the gun to his head. Rafe swallowed as he heard the distinctive click. "Keep moving, lover. You're being difficult now, but you'll cooperate when I show you everything I've done for you."

"Done for me?"

"Yes." Trevor nodded, smiling. "Now, turn around and move. We're almost there. I've been waiting so long for this. I hope you like it."

Rafe sighed. He kept on moving, thinking of Sky, what he'd said to him before he left the room. He'd talked about high school and the geeky guy, and Rafe had remembered his name. The other players used to make fun of him, push him around, rough him up. He never looked them in the eye; always kept his eyes downcast. He'd never done that. He never went out of his way to be mean to him. To Rafe, Trevor was just invisible. Maybe that was worse.

"Stop!" Trevor called out.

Rafe stopped, looking around him. "Where are we, Trevor?"

"Say my name. Say it again," he said.

"Trevor. I know your name. I know your name from high school." He turned and looked at him. Maybe the key was to be nice to him until he could figure out how in the hell to get out of here. "So, Trevor, where are we again?"

"Nowhere," he said softly. "We're nowhere." He moved around him then pushed a whole lot of

branches and grass around with his foot. It was getting dark. Rafe squinted at the ground. There was a trap door there. "Open it," Trevor urged.

Rafe's heart went to his throat. *Jesus*.
"Trevor...I..."

"Open it!" he insisted, pushing him to his knees.

Rafe pulled the door up and let it slam open.

"There are stairs, go down."

Rafe looked up at him, then, felt the gun at his temple. "Okay, take it easy. I'm going." He walked down the steep stairs. It was pitch black. "Trevor, listen, I..." Rafe began, but he didn't have time to finish it. He felt the blow to his head, tried to stop himself from falling. He hit the ground, then... *nothing*.

* * * *

"We're wasting time," Sky said, marching up and down the interrogation room. "What in hell does it matter what Trevor did at school? I told you. He was a geek, not popular. He hung out with the football team, sucked up to them. That's all I know."

"Did he have friends?" Moore asked, sitting back in his seat.

"No. I told you. He wasn't popular. People were either mean to him, or ignored him. Captain, Jesus, let me..."

"Captain," an officer broke in on them

suddenly, "the house was empty."

Moore stood up. "Rafe?"

The officer shook his head. "He wasn't there but we found photographs of Rafe all over the wall, some of them were taken in his apartment with a zoom lens. Captain," the officer said, lowering his voice. "There were pictures of Rafe cut out off newspapers in nineteen-ninety-six, when he was in high school."

"Jesus," the Captain said. "I want that place combed from top to bottom, you understand?"

"Yes, Sir," the cop said and disappeared.

"See," Sky said desperately, "I told you, for fuck's sake. Please, Captain, we're wasting time. Let me go back to the hotel. Let me..."

The Captain narrowed his eyes at him. He marched out into the squad room barking orders at a frantic team of men and women. Sky was on his heels. "Captain," he tried again. "I..."

The Captain turned to him. "Alright, come with me in the squad car and on the way over, you're going to tell me everything again."

CHAPTER EIGHT

Rafe moaned a little. His head hurt. "Sky." He blinked open his eyes. He felt groggy, as if he'd been drugged with something. He squinted. The room was surrounded with candles, huge candles, which were about three feet tall, and as big around as a small tree. He tried to move, but he couldn't. His hands and legs were stretched out and tied down in the same position as Christ on the cross.

He moved his head this way and that way, trying to see. The movement made him dizzy. He was lying against something; it was soft, a mattress. It wasn't on a bed. It was propped up at an angle, and anchored against a wall. There were vases full of flowers everywhere, and rose petals scattered among the candles.

He was totally naked, but he didn't feel cold. The room was warm. He glanced up above him and noticed a camera. Someone was watching him. He could feel it. He pulled against the constraints. "Trevor," he gasped, finding it an effort to yell. "Trevor! Where in hell are you?"

Eventually, he dozed again, wincing in his sleep. When his eyes opened again, his head was throbbing. He focused on the watery figure of Trevor standing in front of him. "What in fuck did you give me?"

He shrugged. "Something to relax you, that's all." He came closer, placing a hand on his forehead.

Rafe tried to repel it.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, fussing around him. "I've got all your favourites. I know you like chicken, and those hot meat sandwiches. I have Diet Coke. You like Diet Coke."

"Trevor," Rafe said weakly. "Why are you doing this? I was never mean to you in high school like the others, was I?"

He shook his head. "I don't want to talk about that. I want to tell you everything I've done for you." He reached out a hand and placed it on his thigh.

"Trevor, don't," Rafe said, meeting his eyes.

"Alright." He withdrew his hand. "Maybe you don't think I'm ready yet, but I am. When I tell you, you'll let me, Rafe. You'll want me to."

"Tell me what? Where's Sky?"

"Stop talking about him! He's not important anymore," Trevor shouted.

"Okay, okay," Rafe said. He tried to smile at him, calm him. He had a crazy look in his eye. "What do you want to tell me, Trevor?"

"The first time I helped you." He met his eyes.

"Yes, I remember you helped at Roosevelt. You helped all the players and..." Rafe winced, his head pounding.

"Not that. I made sure you were star quarterback."

Rafe looked at him. "What do you mean?"

"Do you remember Tommy August?"

"Yeah. Ah...he was in a car accident and he broke his neck..." Rafe stopped. Trevor was grinning now, his arms across his chest. He nodded. "Trevor?"

"And you made star quarterback."

"You...how?"

"I fixed his brakes." He grinned.

"Oh my God. What else did you...?"

"Your father, he hurt you."

"Trevor. You didn't..."

"He had a bad heart anyway. Rafe, he should have never hurt you like that. You went away. You left me and I...it took a long time for me to find you again. If we would have been separated then..."

"You killed my father?" he breathed. "What else?"

He touched Rafe's cheek. "You are so beautiful. I love you so much. I'd give my life for you."

Rafe was trying hard not to scream. "Trevor. Please, tell me who else?"

As Trevor went through a list of people he'd killed on his behalf, Rafe was speechless. There was a cop he'd trained with. He had found out he

was gay, and gave him a hard time when he was a rookie. Rafe had always believed he'd been shot in the line of duty. Trevor had killed him, along with several one night stands he'd had, most recently, a lawyer he'd slept with.

"And all those men, the ones that look like me? Why?" Rafe looked at him, fascinated, horrified.

"To make myself ready."

"Ready for what?"

"Each one had your sexual essence. I took it before I took their lives. They were no good without it anyway. Now, I'm ready. I have it. I can give you so much pleasure, Rafe, because there is no man good enough for you...except you....but I am you, don't you see? I'm you."

Rafe's mouth fell open.

"One night, we'll have one night, one glorious night," he said, then, he started dancing around the room.

"And then what?" Rafe demanded, watching the bizarre display. He was almost positive now that he was going to die here with this psycho.

"Then we're together forever."

"Down here?"

Trevor shook his head. "No, silly." He stroked his hair. "In another world, in paradise. I have it all planned. First, I'll have you, then it will be painless with poison. We'll take it together at the same time, nothing to mar your beauty in the other world. All that beauty belongs to me. I earned it."

Rafe swallowed. "Trevor," he began, "listen to me..."

"Enough," he said. He stuck his finger in his mouth, and before Rafe even knew what he was doing, he felt a burst of liquid seep down his throat.

"What did you give me? What..."

"Sleep now, beauty. I'll come back soon."

* * * *

"Do you believe me now?" Sky said in the car, as the Captain drove back to the hotel. "Trevor is obsessed with Rafe. He has been since high school. He chose men that looked like Rafe and he somehow believed he was taking in Rafe's essence...probably sexual, and that each time he did, he somehow became more and more like Rafe, therefore, more and more worthy of him."

"Nut job."

Sky had no disagreement there.

"If he's obsessed with Rafe, maybe he won't hurt him," the Captain said. "Maybe he'll just keep him prisoner and..."

"Captain, you don't believe that. Each time he killed, he was killing Rafe too. The ultimate possession is..." Sky swallowed. "Deep down he knows that the only way he could ever have Rafe forever is to kill him. He possessed him each time he killed. He..."

The Captain put up a hand. "I know," he said.

"Listen, Rafe is the best I have on the force. He's a good cop, and a good man. I don't want to lose him."

"Me either," Sky whispered. "I don't want to lose him either."

* * * *

As Sky walked into the room, he turned to the Captain and asked to be alone. "Okay," Moore said. "Forensics is finished dusting so you can touch what you need to."

Sky nodded.

Moore went back out, closing the door behind him.

Sky glanced at the bed, and closed his eyes. He could picture himself there with Rafe, making love. He didn't have to have any psychic ability for that. He sat down on it for a minute and placed his face in the pillow where Rafe had lain. "Baby," he whispered.

He pulled himself together and sat up again. "Okay, Trevor," he said aloud, "you and I have something in common, we are both obsessed with Rafe. We've both loved him since high school, and your love for him has driven you mad. God." He got up and paced. "Concentrate, Sky."

His hands were shaking. He closed his eyes, trying to find his center. He began to breathe deeply. *Relax your mind...relax.* He got an image, Rafe, naked, standing in the middle of the room,

smiling at him. "No, no, get out of my head, Rafe...Trevor, where are you, you fuck? Where did you take him? Where?" A flash, Rafe, but this time different, his face still, eyes closed. For a minute, his heart almost stopped. He thought he was dead. Candles...roses. There were roses and the scent of flowers and...Trevor! Crunching leaves, branches...woods....Rafe, Rafe, walking, a gun. He heard the click. His eyes flew open. Nothing. He knew nothing except that he was somewhere in the woods, with flowers. *Where? Where was he?*"

When Moore came back in, Sky was sitting back on the bed, holding Rafe's leather coat in his arms, rocking back and forth. Desperation.

"Anything?" He gave him a curious look.

Sky stood up, still holding onto Rafe's jacket. "All I know is that he's in the woods."

"What woods?"

"I don't know yet." *Damn it*, Sky thought, his thoughts were clouded. He was too close to this one. His love for Rafe was blocking his ability to see clearly.

"We got a make on the car. We have a witness who saw a man meeting Rafe's description coming out of the hotel. He got into this car with another guy, skinny, blond, possibly Morrison."

Sky nodded, swallowing hard.

"And there's something else."

"What?"

"We got a dead cop."

Sky gasped. "No. Who?"

"Devon Houston."

He met him once at the precinct. "The undercover cop who had been working the bars?"

"Yes. We think he was shot outside the hotel just a few hours before Trevor took Rafe. They found his blood in the parking lot, and his body just washed up on Ocean Beach."

Sky closed his eyes. "I'm sorry."

"Me too. Are you ready? We got another hotel for you. It's not safe for you to stay here."

"He won't come after me now. He's got what he wants."

The Captain nodded. "Come on, your stuff's at the station."

"Captain," Sky said. "Let me see Devon Houston's body."

"Why?"

"I might be able to read something from it. It's the last place Trevor was before he took Rafe. He doesn't usually throw his victims in the water. He was in a hurry. It must mean that Houston was on to him. If he was distracted by what he was going to do next then..."

"Okay," the Captain said. "I can't say I really follow what you're saying, but I'll try anything at this point. Let's go to the morgue."

* * * *

Trevor walked down the hallway of the

underground house. He walked past the room where he'd brought all his other victims, pausing to run his hand over all the duplicate pictures of Rafe he'd pasted to the wall. Some were copies, not as clear as the originals, but they served in a pinch. He whistled a little tune, the same tune that Rafe used to sing in the boys locker room at Roosevelt High.

The sedative had probably worn off by now. Rafe would be awake, ready to listen to what he'd been longing to tell him all these years. When he entered the room, he noticed several of the candles had blown out. He took out his matches and relit them, one by one. He stood there for a few minutes in awe, just looking at him laying there, his head turned to the side, his beautiful naked body scrubbed clean of all those perverts who'd ever touched him. After he'd knocked him out, he'd removed his clothes and washed every inch of him with sweet smelling soap for sensitive skin, then he'd dried him carefully with a big, fluffy towel. Sky's stink was now gone. He knew that bastard had touched him in the hotel room, seduced poor Rafe, who didn't seem to have great control when it came to whores. He probably gave him some sob story about how he felt so bad. Trevor wanted to kill him, but there was no time now. He'd never have him anyway, so let the bastard live, let him suffer.

Trevor felt weepy all of a sudden. All these years he had waited for this moment to have Rafe

all to himself, and then to finally possess him, first his body, then his life. He began to laugh, the tears streaming. "Ha, ha," he muttered, "you can't have him, Sky. You'll never have him, you whore. He's mine now. *Yeah.*"

He walked over, and gently slapped Rafe's face a few times. "Wake up, beauty. Tonight you're mine, and I want you to be fully awake."

* * * *

Rafe's eyelids fluttered open. He was dreaming of Sky. They were walking outside in the sunlight, and Sky said to him, "Don't worry, Rafe. I'll never let you go." He swallowed. He could be in love with Sky, if he gave himself the chance to be. It would have been nice, him and Sky, to have someone to come home to, to care about, to hold in his arms.

"I love you, Rafe," a voice said.

Rafe felt his skin crawl as Trevor bent over and placed his lips on his sex. "I know you'll love me too before the end."

* * * *

When Sky came marching out of the room where the corpse was, it was like his tail was on fire. The Captain stood up immediately. "You got something for us? You know where Rafe is?"

"Not that," Sky said, "but when Trevor put

Houston's body in the river, he had his cell phone in his pocket. He was practising his voice message for some reason. Can we track...?"

"I'm way ahead of you," the captain said, opening his cell phone. "This is Captain Moore with the SFPD, get me the FBI."

* * * *

Two hours later, Sky anxiously sat at the police station, waiting for news. Several officers told him that tracking Trevor by Houston's cell was a long shot. First, he may have dumped it. Secondly, he may have it turned off.

Sky paced. He stood at the window on the third floor of the police station and looked out into the dark night. "Where are you, baby?" he whispered. He closed his eyes. He saw Trevor suddenly. He was dragging a body out of a car trunk. "You won't ruin it for me. I have it all planned... my underground house... yes... my father built it in the woods..." Sky increased his concentration. He saw a house... he saw woods... a house... grey... four windows... trees... then nothing.

Sky ran into the squad room. The Captain was on the phone. He put it down. "We got a signal." A roar went up. The cops were ready to roll. "It's weak. The battery is probably dead. It doesn't mean that bastard has it, but maybe he dumped it nearby. The FBI found the area but..."

"Is it near his house? Is it near Trevor's house?"

Sky insisted impatiently.

The Captain nodded. "Five mile radius."

"Let's go," Sky said. "I think I can find it. Are there woods near his fucking house?" Sky asked impatiently as one of the officers checked the map.

"Yes," she said, "less than a mile away."

"Alright," the Captain said. "What in hell are we waiting for? Come on, Sky." He opened the phone. "Yep, Moore here, tell the Feds I'm on the move. I'll meet them in the vicinity of Morrison's house. Have the men begin to scour any woods nearby. Do it NOW!"

* * * *

It was a harrowing ride to Trevor's neighbourhood. The Captain's siren blared as he sped through every red light, but it couldn't have been fast enough for Sky. He was out of the car even before it completely screeched to a stop. As soon as he saw that house, he headed straight for the street which spanned the back of it, spotting the beginnings of the wooded area which much to Sky's dismay, were dense.

The Captain called out to him once, but Sky ignored him. He was concentrating on Rafe, the sound of his voice, his smile. He could sense Rafe. God damn it, he could feel him. He was somewhere in those woods, and he was still alive.

* * * *

Trevor lifted the wine to Rafe's lips. Rafe did everything he could to avoid drinking it, including spitting it in Trevor's face. Trevor tried several more times, wiping at his face, then he got angry. "You are so unappreciative. After all I've done for you. I even got rid of that cop, that slut in the bar. Did you fuck him too, Rafe?"

"Devon?" Rafe swallowed hard. "You killed Devon too? Jesus Christ! You're an animal."

"He was in the way. He would have ruined everything for us."

"Us?" Rafe croaked. "There is no us. You...you're evil...you're a sick fuck."

"You don't mean that, Rafael. We love each other."

Rafe glared at him, enraged. The sedation had worn off now. "I don't love you, Trevor. I'll never love you. I don't even know you. You killed those men for nothing. You don't have their essence. They didn't have my Goddamned essence, you psychotic mental mother-fucking..." He was so angry, he couldn't go on. He pulled against the restraints like a mad person.

Trevor looked down at the floor for a second. "When you see what I can do, you'll..."

"I don't want you to touch me. I don't want you," Rafe seethed. "You could kill a thousand people, and I wouldn't want you. We will never be together, Trevor, and even if you kill us, I won't be yours, ever, in life, in death...anywhere. Do

you understand that?"

Trevor looked up, and when he did, there was a look on his face that caused Rafe to cringe. He reached out and took a piece of Rafe's hair in his fist. He pulled his head forward roughly causing Rafe to suck in some breath. "Want to play rough, do you, baby?" His hand snaked down and he grabbed his sex in his fist, squeezing it brutally. "You have been known to engage in a little rough trade once in awhile, that night two years ago in the back room at Randall's. Remember? God, that was exciting to watch, especially when you decided to let those two guys have their way with you. I wanted to be one of them...now guess what?" He pulled Rafe's hair again and increased the pressure on his cock.

Rafe grunted, glaring at him. Christ, had this guy been watching his every move since high school?

"Behave, sweetie," Trevor whispered, kissing his cheek. He released him, and stepped back, "or Daddy will have to teach you some manners."

Rafe muttered under his breath. "Fucking psycho bastard, if I was free, I'd teach you some fucking manners."

"What I pictured for this night was you and me, making love, drinking wine." He softened, smiling. "I will make it happen, Rafael, my love."

God, this guy could change in a heartbeat. Rafe licked his dry lips. He nodded slowly. Maybe he should play along. Maybe he could get him to

untie him. He had to do something soon. "I'm sorry," Rafe said, forcing a charming smile to his lips. "I lost my temper. I realise you went to a lot of trouble to..."

"I forgive you," Trevor said. "I'd forgive you anything. I forgave you for all the men you fucked."

Rafe swallowed. "Thank you. You know me well, don't you?"

"God, yes. I know everything about you."

"You know what I like in bed."

Trevor moved closer. "Some, yes. You like to dominate. You're definitely a top, but you have a submissive side as well, but usually when you're feeling reckless. That time at the bar when you let those two guys take you," he licked his lips, "you'd just come off a bad case. It got to you, that little girl they found in the dumpster. You needed to let the power go, but you're usually the one on top."

Rafe stared at him, horrified. He was right. He was absolutely right. The murder of that six year old child had demoralised him, even after he'd caught the son of a bitch. He almost left the force because of that. He'd gone to Randall's that night looking for someone to take it all away. He had never known that Trevor had come along for the ride. *Jesus.*

"Tell me more, baby. Tell me what else you like." His eyes looked a bit glazed.

Rafe met his eyes. He had to swallow the bile in

his throat as he spoke. "I like to give head. I'd like to suck your cock, Trevor. Will you let me?"

"You want to, but you're a god, you don't suck my cock. I suck yours. It's me who will kneel before you and..."

"I want to do it to you. I'm good at it. I'll make you come." He met his eyes.

"If you want to. You love me that much?"

"I want to thank you."

"You can do anything you want to me," he whispered.

"What about fuck you? Will you let me fuck you?"

"Oh, Rafe, I knew it," he whispered, running his tongue along his neck. "I knew you'd understand that I did it all for you, and you'd love me."

Rafe tried not to retch. He clenched his fists at his sides. "You have to undo me though. I'd want to get down on my knees, then on all fours. Would you like to take me like that, like those guys did at the bar?" Rafe whispered.

"With a collar?" Trevor picked up his head and looked at him.

"If you like. Oh, Trevor, you're so kinky. Undo these ropes and I'll play with your cock. Come on, handsome, one last time before we go off together."

Trevor seemed hesitant. He stood up and took a step backward.

"Hey, what's wrong? You don't want me

anymore?" Rafe's heart was hammering in his chest. *Come on, you bastard, undo my hands, just one. All I need is one free hand.*

Trevor placed his head on his chest, and moaned. "I want you so much. I never wanted anyone in my whole life like you. I've wanted you forever, Rafael." He looked at him. "Can't you see? I did everything for you. Everything."

"Then take me, take your reward," Rafe met his eyes. "Let me give you everything you deserve." Trevor nodded, and stepped forward. He began untying the rope.

* * * *

The men were crawling all over the woods, but they still hadn't found what they were looking for. Sky stood still and listened, trying to block out the sounds of the dogs, and voices echoing in the woods. He heard a bang, saw a trap door in the ground, then envisioned a big tree. He turned on his heel, scanning the woods. He could see that tree in the distance. "Over there," he shouted now, beginning to run, "he's over there, under the ground."

* * * *

Somewhere dogs were barking, and Trevor heard the sound of voices. He paused in the middle of undoing one of Rafe's hands, and looked up. The

noise overhead was just enough to distract him; Rafe wiggled his hand out of the loosened rope, and reached out to take him by the throat.

* * * *

When the door was heaved open, Sky was right there, ready to descend into the ground with the armed officers. Captain Moore grabbed Sky by the back of his jacket as he was about to make his way down behind one of the uniforms. "No, you don't," he said. "You're a civilian, stay here."

Sky moved aside begrudgingly, watching anxiously as more and more police disappeared into the hole, guns drawn. He closed his eyes. He said the same prayer over and over, "Please, please."

* * * *

Rafe still had Trevor by the throat when the room was suddenly bombarded with armed men. It looked more like an army than a police force. Several FBI men appeared as well. Someone threw a jacket over Rafe's lap, while another began to slowly pry his fingers off Trevor's throat, who hung there in Rafe's hand like a limp marionette.

The police had surrounded Trevor but he collapsed on the floor as soon as one of the cops disconnected Rafe's hand from his throat. He was practically blue.

"Rafe, it's okay now," someone told him, undoing the ropes. "We got him, buddy."

Rafe stared at his hand as a couple of heavily armed SWAT members pulled the unconscious body across the floor, and carried him out. Someone kept asking him if he was alright. No, he wasn't alright. He might never be alright again.

* * * *

When he was on his feet, he swayed a little. Jackie, a fellow officer at the precinct put a blanket around him. "Sky," Rafe said, looking at Jackie. "Where is Sky?"

Then he looked up as he heard someone say, "Well...fuck you. I don't give a shit. Sue me."

He smiled a little as Sky barrelled his way through the entrance which was still heavily guarded.

"Rafe," Sky said, running over to him, and embracing him.

Rafe wrapped the blanket around the two of them and pulled him into his arms. He kissed the top of Sky's head. "I thought you were dead." He hugged him tighter. "God, I thought you were dead." The two officers standing nearby quietly disappeared, leaving them alone.

* * * *

Sky held onto Rafe for a long time. His entire body

was trembling, and he looked pale. When he found the strength to release him, he looked around him, and shook his head. "It's a shrine."

Rafe nodded silently.

Sky noted the ropes lying on the floor. "Did he hurt you?"

"No."

"He would have killed you." Sky shuddered.

"Yes. He was planning to kill us both from the looks of it. Let's get out of here, okay?"

Sky nodded. "Okay."

They didn't say anything in the back of the ambulance. Rafe had put up a big fuss about going to the hospital, but the Captain insisted he get checked out.

Sky stayed with him until dawn. They kept him for observation, then released him in the morning.

They took a cab back to Rafe's apartment. Rafe lay down on his bed, and Sky laid down beside him, stroking his hair. "Sleep, baby," Sky said. "You're safe now."

* * * *

When Sky opened his eyes a few hours later, Rafe was no longer beside him. Sky's heart began to beat in his chest. He jumped out of bed, and walked into the living room. The sun was coming up. Rafe was sitting on the sofa, a ratty old robe wrapped around him, a glass of some smoky liquor in his hand.

Sky walked over to him and took the glass out of his hand. He sniffed it, and made a face. "This stuff will kill you."

"So will French fries," he muttered, holding out his hand.

Sky handed him back the glass. "Are you alright?"

"You know," he looked up at him, a bitter smile on his face, "I wish people would stop fucking asking that."

Sky nodded.

"I'm sorry," Rafe sighed, after a few minutes.

"You have nothing to be sorry about."

"Oh, God, yes I do," he said, taking a gulp of the liquor. "He killed my father. He paralysed Tommy. He killed at least two cops, not to mention several guys I had one night stands with...and the six others who looked like me. Maybe he didn't even tell me about all of them." Rafe looked up at him.

"Your father too?"

Rafe nodded, sucking in his bottom lip. "This guy's entire life was focused on me, and I hardly even knew him. All those people died because of me, Sky."

"No," Sky said, sitting beside him. He took his face in his hands. "Listen to me. He was an insane bastard, deranged, sick. None of this was your fault. You could have done nothing to change this." Sky pulled him into his arms and held him. He wanted to take away all his pain, but he

couldn't. Only time could do that.

CHAPTER NINE

Within twenty-four hours, the media was having a field day with the story of Trevor Morrison. Consequently, Rafe's picture was plastered all over the television news as well. The headlines in the paper read, *"Gay Serial Killer Obsessed with the Cop Tracking him...Killed To Win His Love."*

Rafe shut off his phone, and locked his doors. The Captain came by twice to check on him, as did several other cops on the force. Sky stayed close to Rafe, listening to him when he wanted to rant, holding him when he cried.

"I want you to take some time away from the force," Captain Moore told Rafe on his third visit that week. "You've earned it."

Rafe shook his head. "I'll be alright. I need to work."

"Rafe." Moore put a hand on his shoulder. "Take some time. The trial won't be for months. You know how it is. Go on a vacation." The Captain looked at Sky. "Get him out of here, will

ya?"

Sky walked the Captain to the door. "I'll try," he said. "Thanks."

When he'd closed and locked the door behind the captain; Sky walked into the bedroom. Rafe was sitting on the edge of the bed. He'd hardly slept at all in the last few days. "I got a call from my friend on my cell," he said. "They had a baby boy. I'm a godfather."

Rafe looked up at him. "Congratulations."

Sky sucked in some breath. He had stayed here with Rafe for the last few days, not really sure what his status was. Was he his friend now? His lover? Did Rafe want him here, or would he prefer to be alone? He didn't want to leave him, but he didn't want to ask him either? If he was to be honest with himself, he was afraid, afraid that Rafe would say goodbye, and it would be over. He wanted to say, 'I love you'. Maybe he had said it, but if he did, had Rafe even heard him? Did he want to hear him?

"I need to go home," Sky said. "I guess I will have to go back to New York. I'd like to see the baby and..."

Rafe stood up. "Of course." He went to stand in front of the window.

"Rafe?"

Rafe turned around and looked at him. He looked so young, so vulnerable, standing there in his jeans and sweatshirt.

"Come with me."

Rafe looked at him for a few seconds, then, he said, "Okay."

Sky smiled at him, surprised. "Really?"

He shrugged. "The Captain doesn't want me back on the force right now. He thinks I can't handle it, so..."

"Rafe," Sky said, walking over and putting a hand on his shoulder, "I don't think that's it. You deserve to have some time to yourself, that's all. I have an apartment and..."

"I should visit my mother," he said, looking away.

Sky bit his lip. He wasn't sure what that meant, but it definitely implied that he wasn't going to stay with him. "Okay. Sure. You want me to make the reservations?"

"Sure. It's a good idea to get to hell out of here, especially with the press all over the place."

Sky nodded, and went to pick up the phone.

* * * *

Two days later, they were landing at Lagaardia. As they walked through the airport, Rafe stopped at the exit and said, "I'm going home. I'll just grab a cab."

Sky reached up and touched his face. He searched his eyes.

"I'll be alright."

"Here," Sky said, "it's my phone number at home, and you have my cell, right?"

"Yes," he said. "I'll call you."

Sky watched him walk out the door without another word. He opened the door to a cab, and got inside. A few seconds later, it sped away. Sky closed his eyes. He took a deep breath, walked through the exit and did the same.

* * * *

Reginald Sky Kent was beautiful. He was flailing his arms and legs in the crib when Sky first laid eyes on him. When Debbie picked him up and laid the baby in his arms, Sky almost cried. He had been surrounded by so much death that this new life seemed almost like a miracle. It was a miracle.

"What's wrong?" Steven asked him a few hours later as they sat outside on the porch together.

"Oh, I don't know," Sky said with a sigh, "what with all this Trevor stuff, and the upcoming trail..."

Steven touched his friends shoulder. "And Rafe?"

"He's here in New York."

"Really? With you?"

Sky shook his fair head. "At his mother's."

"Well at least you got him out of there for awhile. It's a lot to digest."

"You bet, but he's strong. He'll do alright. He just needs time."

"And?"

Sky met his eyes. "And?"

"You and Rafe?"

"I don't know anymore. I thought...there was a time, then all this, and I can't expect him to..." He sighed. "If there was anything, Trevor's put a stop to it."

"Don't let him," Steven said fiercely. "Don't let that sick bastard win, Sky."

"It's not me, it's Rafe. I don't want to put too many demands on him right now."

"Maybe that's just what he needs." Steven met his eyes.

Sky thought for a minute, then, he stood up. "Maybe, you're right. I'm going to lay all my cards on the table and..."

"Do you love him?" Steven looked up at his friend.

"Christ, yes, more than anything. I always have."

"Then love him now, when he needs you the most."

* * * *

Sky didn't have the phone number of Rafe's mother, but he knew where the house was. Hopefully, she still lived there. It was almost nine o'clock at night. He thought about waiting until tomorrow but then decided not to. He didn't want to give himself time to back out.

Sky pulled his car up in front of the little brown bungalow in the mostly Spanish speaking,

working class neighbourhood, which was located less than three blocks from the Roosevelt High School.

He got out, and walked up to the door. *Please be the right house.* A pretty woman in her mid forties opened the door. "Yes," she said in English, laced with a Spanish accent.

"I'm Sky Jackson. I'm a friend of Rafe's. Is he here?"

"Sky," she smiled. "Ah, yes, here, but not now. Would you come in? You can wait."

"Ah, no, I really need to find him. Thanks. Do you know where he went?"

"He took a walk," she said. "Is he alright?"

Sky nodded. He reached out and touched her hand. "He'll be fine."

"I don't know where..." she began.

"I think I know," Sky said. "Thanks."

She smiled at him, watching as he ran down the path. He left the car and headed in the direction of Roosevelt High School.

As he walked, his cell phone rang. He dragged it out of his pocket, thinking it might be Rafe. The number was a familiar one, but not Rafe's. It was Captain Lewinsky at the NYPD. "Hello," Sky said, continuing to walk toward the high school.

"Sky, why didn't you tell me you were back in town? I've been looking all over for you. Spoke to a Captain Moore in 'Cisco, he said you were home."

"Yeah. I haven't been home long. What can I do

for you?"

"We need you. Looks like we have a serial rapist on the loose. We've connected five cases, looks like the same MO. He's smart. We're stumped. We could use a hand."

Sky sighed. "Okay. I'll drop by tomorrow morning."

"How about tonight?"

Sky groaned. "Okay. Fine. In an hour or so?"

"Sounds good. The team is here all night anyway. We're catching a lot of heat on this one from the mayor's office. Oh, and sorry about that nasty business in S.F."

"Yeah," Sky said. "Thanks," and he hung up.

When Roosevelt High School came into view, he paused. So many memories came flooding back. Not all good ones. Where was he? Where was Rafe?

He walked around the playground, and then around to the back. He looked out to the football field, and spotted a lone figure standing there. He sighed. God, he looked so alone. Sky pasted on a smile and pushed forward.

"Rafe," he said, when he got within speaking distance.

Rafe turned around and looked at him in surprise. "How did you find me? Oh yeah, you're a psychic."

Sky laughed. "Actually, I spoke to your mother. I figured you'd be here. What are you doing?"

"I don't know," he said, shaking his head.

"Trying to find some answers."

"And?"

"There are none."

"Precisely. The answers are in Trevor's warped brain. Have you been sleeping?"

"Some. Yeah. A little more. My mother's been stuffing me." He rubbed his stomach.

"Good. You look better. It's going to be alright, Rafe."

He smiled sadly at him, looking around. "Yeah. I know."

"Rafe," Sky said, meeting his eyes. He took a breath. "I'm putting myself on the line here, but I need to tell you something. It has nothing to do with this case."

"Okay."

"I love you." He kept his eyes on Rafe's face. "I love you, and I want to be with you, just you, only you. I don't care where, as long as it's forever."

Rafe looked speechless. His mouth opened a little.

"Say something, please."

"I... I'm..." He stopped.

"You're what, God damn it!" Sky moved closer, taking him by the collar.

"Okay," he said, nodding, his face exploding into a smile. "Okay."

Sky took a step back. "Okay? I tell you I love you, and all you can say is okay?"

"What do you want me to say? I'm ah..." he blew some air out of his mouth, "I'm a little

stunned."

Sky laughed. "You're a good cop, but when it comes to love, you're a real dunce. I told you I fell in love with you years ago. Right here," Sky said, "at this school. Don't you remember?"

He nodded. "Yes, I remember." He moved closer. "I love you too, Sky. I really do. Maybe if there hadn't of been all that shit in the way back then... I..."

"There's no shit in the way now," Sky said. "Don't let there be."

Rafe pulled him into his arms, and held him. He kissed his hair. "Okay. I won't. Let's put this all behind us, this school, and everything that happened here."

"Okay," Sky said, touching his face, then, kissing his mouth. They kissed deeply, a kiss of promise.

Rafe laughed as he put his arm around him, and propelled him off the field. "Do you realise we're kissing on the very field I made my first touchdown?"

"Yeah, I do."

"Can you imagine what would have happened if I'd done that back in high school?" Rafe threw his dark head back and laughed richly.

"I would have kissed you anywhere, and to hell with those pricks. Half the football team would have been jealous anyway."

Rafe shook his head, grinning. "Probably. Hey, let's go back to your place and see if I can score

another touchdown?" He lifted his eyebrow.

Sky melted. "Shit," he said. "Do you know there is nothing in the world I'd rather do right now but..."

"But?"

"You have crappy timing."

"What? Why? You got a hot date?"

Sky laughed. "Yeah, with the NYPD. They need some help. How about you come back to my place, and wait until..."

"Help with what?" He asked curiously as they rounded the corner, leaving the school behind them.

"A serial rapist. Five cases, same MO, no clues."

Rafe narrowed his eyes. "Over how many months? Were the crimes committed in the same area?"

Sky smiled as he watched his face. He was in cop mode again. God, he loved this man. "I don't know, gorgeous. Do you want to come down to the precinct, and find out?"

Rafe looked surprised, then, he shrugged. "Why not? I got nothing else to do."

Sky hugged him, then, pointed to his car. Before he got in, he glanced at Rafe over the top of the roof. "Don't expand all your energy downtown, honey, because you're going to need it for later."

Rafe gave him a heart jolting smile. "Don't worry, baby. I always save the best the last."

Sky grinned as he got into the car. He liked the sound of that. He leaned over to let Rafe crawl in

beside him, then said to him, "You better call your mommy, little boy, and let her know you won't be coming home tonight." He started the engine.

Rafe pulled out his cell phone and began dialling, "or any night after that, it looks like."

Sky reached over and squeezed his thigh. He said that right. He turned his attention back to the road. He had to get himself into the right frame of mind for what he was about to attempt down at the police station. It was really hard when he was so aware of what was awaiting him at the end of this night. "That's right," Sky muttered with his eyes on the road, "tell Mom I plan to keep you very, very busy."

"Okay," Rafe said, holding his cell phone to his ear. "Oh, y Madre, Sky plane para mantenerme muy muy ocupado," he said, repeating those very same words in Spanish to his mother on the phone.

* * * *

Sky's eyes widened. He reached over and socked him in the arm as Rafe closed his phone.

"What?" Rafe laughed. "That's what you said to tell her."

"I can't believe you told your mother that!" He paused, shook his head in disbelief, then when he saw Rafe's grin, he started to laugh.

And Sky was still laughing when he turned the car into the parking lot of Captain Lewinski's precinct in downtown Manhattan.

THE END.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

I write not only for my own pleasure, but for the pleasure of my readers. I can't remember a time in my life when I haven't written and told stories. When I'm not writing, I'm dreaming about writing, doing something wild and adventurous, or trying to make the world a better and more open minded place to live in. I adore beautiful men, and I know I'm not alone in this! Eroticism between consenting adults, in all its many forms is the icing on the cake of life!

PUBLISHED BOOKS:

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