



BOYS
IN
BLUE

REASONABLE DOUBT

Mia Watts

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Reasonable Doubt

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Warning: This book contains sexually explicit content which is only suitable for mature readers. This story has been rated *Total-e-burning*.

Boys in Blue

REASONABLE DOUBT

Mia Watts

Dedication

To Chris S., Janna, and Kris for all your support. I love you guys!

Chapter One

"No fucking way! No fucking way!" Geo Wilson laughed, holding his arms open as he walked away from Mack.

Mack Sullivan shared his grin, although he figured his version had a touch of curiosity to it. What the fuck was Geo on about? He turned, his eyes following the fluid stride of his lover as he moved towards a woman. Geo's larger frame partially obscured her. Mack's gaze stayed on Geo, the Dunne case file in his hands completely forgotten.

"Lauren. Holy shit. What are you doing here?" Geo asked, excitement and pleasure vibrating in his low husky tones. The same sexy tone Geo used on Mack when he was pleased...or about to get *pleased*.

Lauren? The spiralling red curls crushed on Geo's shoulder as he hugged her, the long sleek creamy legs beautifully tipped by four-inch heels sent Mack's stomach into a painful spiral of dread. Lauren Stratton.

Geo held her away, looking down into her upturned face like it held precious jewels. Jealousy left bitter bile in Mack's throat.

"Look at you. Woman, you look amazing. Obviously being a Fed agrees with you. C'mon." Geo took her under his arm and headed back towards him. "Mack, look who that cat dragged in."

"Yay," Mack replied flatly.

"Sully, you're as hunky and as outspoken as ever," she snarked.

He fucking hated it when she called him Sully. She knew it, too.

"What brings you to Maple Grove P.D.?" Geo asked, still oblivious to her subtle slam on his partner.

"That, actually." She snatched the file out of Mack's hands. "The little girl was taken after her correspondence with someone on the Internet. That makes it mine."

"*Suspected* correspondence. No proof," Mack said.

"Aw, you still have that sulky pout. That's a sexy look for you, detective," she said, lifting a finger to nudge his bottom lip.

Mack swatted her hand away.

"It's sexy, isn't it Geo?" she asked.

"Damn sexy," he agreed, a slow smile pulling his lips into a kissable grin.

Mack nearly smiled with him, but someone might notice and they weren't *out* yet as a couple.

Lauren's gaze sharpened. She looked from one man to the other. Mack looked at the file as though he could read through the manila coloured card stock.

"What?" she asked, suspiciously.

Mack looked up at her, cocked a brow with disinterest. "You've got my file. I want it back."

"No, not that. The other thing," she said, now turning her attention to Geo.

Geo shook his head as though he didn't understand her curiosity either.

"The look you just gave Sully. What's that about? That's not a typical look, that's the look you used to give me when you wanted to haul me into the sack." Her eyes widened, her mouth opened.

Geo discreetly lifted his hand off her shoulder and cupped it over her gaped mouth. "Hush now, baby. What you think you know, no one else does. Keep it to yourself. Got it?"

She nodded. Shock registered in her eyes, and Mack felt his chest swell with pride for his man, smugness at besting Lauren Stratton.

Just as casually as he'd done it, Geo lowered his hand from her face. His expression was warm and companionable. He didn't seem affected by Lauren's return. But Mack knew from experience that Geo was good at hiding his true feelings.

What was he feeling now, his arm around his old flame?

Anyone who'd been around the station for the past five years knew about Lauren and Geo. They'd been a hot item until she'd left him for the FBI. No warning. No Dear John letter. Nothing. She'd packed a suitcase and took off the next day. The bitch of it had been that she'd known she'd passed the testing and interviews for the position in the district office. She'd known and she'd still neglected to tell Geo she was leaving him.

They'd shared a bed. The same bed he shared with Mack. She and Geo had talked about marriage. No matter how much Mack loved him, marriage wasn't an option in Minnesota.

Mack studied Geo's expression. What was he thinking? Did it hurt to see her again after this many years? He didn't remember hearing whether or not Geo and Lauren had talked it out. After Mack had become his partner, he'd figured Geo would tell him if he wanted to. He never had and the subject had been dropped before it had been opened. Geo didn't talk about her except in passing about cases they'd worked together. And since Mack's time on the force didn't overlap hers by much, he had no real history of the two. Only rumours of how hot and heavy they'd been.

"Convenient," Mack said, shoving his hands in his pockets.

"What is?" she asked.

"Feds show up to take the case *after* all the leg work's been done. You get the credit. We get the headache," he answered.

"It's a beautiful thing," she agreed. Her expression grew serious. "You just don't see what happens behind the scenes. The FBI really does want the local law enforcement to know that we're on your side. We work with you. Not against you."

"Oh my God," Mack murmured. "You fucking said that with a straight face."

Lauren laughed. "I know, right? I've been working on it for at least a week. As long as I've known I was coming back to my old stomping grounds."

"So you knew and didn't say anything," Mack remarked, hoping the jibe would remind Geo of the way she'd left suddenly. His gaze flicked to Geo's. Geo fixed him with dry recognition. If Mack had been a timid man, he'd have blushed.

"Consider yourselves notified," she said, brightly. "And don't think I missed that last crack. I'm just a big enough girl to overlook some manly petty jealousy."

"I'm not —"

"Yes, yes you are," Lauren argued, cutting Mack off. "Look, Sully, I don't give a rat's ass who you're screwing or how much you hate the Feds. I'm here to do my job. That's it."

So why didn't he believe her? Maybe it was the strange gleam in her eyes that only he could see since Geo wasn't facing her.

"Think of it this way, the case is off your desk and is someone else's burden. You're home free," she offered with a small shrug. "If you look at it that way, we're doing you a favour."

Geo squeezed her shoulder. "It's good to see you again, Lauren. We should get coffee."

"Anytime."

Mack didn't feel as amicable about the whole thing. She was right, though. The Feds were taking a heavy case off their hands, and that meant less time and paperwork keeping them at their desks.

Another man joined the threesome.

"Oh, hey, I forgot to introduce you to my partner. Guys, this is Andy Powell." Lauren stepped aside to let him enter the circle.

Andy's once-over licked over Mack as though he'd been candy coated. Then his look shifted to visually fondle Geo. It left Mack with a greasy feeling. It would be Mack's pleasure to avoid Andy and Lauren for the duration of their investigation. He felt his upper lip begin to curl and plastered a smile on his face instead.

"We'll stay out of your way," Geo offered. "I'm sure the Chief will let you take over the smaller conference room."

"Don't stay too far away. We're going to need your expertise as we go through the case notes. You guys *did* do all the leg work." She winked at Mack.

"We'll stay close," Geo promised.

With tasers, Mack silently added.

Geo had been watching Mack with growing amusement. The longer the day wore on with Lauren and Andy in sight behind the glass walls of the conference room, the more pissed off he got.

Geo loved it.

Next week, when their families got together for the barbeque at Mack's family home, Geo wanted to make their relationship official. He wanted to stand in front of their families and tell them that Mack was the one he wanted at his side forever. Until today, Geo hadn't been convinced that Mack would go for it. He'd been reserved about coming out to any of their acquaintances.

Yet the more annoyed Mack got with Lauren, the more confident Geo felt about Mack's level of commitment to *him*. He wouldn't be that jealous if he didn't feel territorial about Geo, would he?

Jealousy was a beautiful thing, Geo decided.

He figured it was time to put some of Mack's angst to rest. The next time he came back to their joined desks, Geo bent over his shoulder like he was reviewing the case file with him. The computer screen was up and Geo planted his palm on the table as he leaned in. "Hey, the part of the locker room under construction doesn't have anyone working in it right now."

"That's because they get city checks like the rest of us," Mack muttered, poking his keyboard with hunt and peck awkwardness.

"It's also taped off."

Mack looked up at him, understanding dawning in his eyes. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Geo grinned. He let his gaze travel down to the other man's lips. "It's been exactly ten hours and forty-three minutes since I had your cock in my mouth. I'm gettin' thirsty."

Mack started to smile. He tipped his head towards the conference room and the smile died. "What about her?"

He knew exactly whom Mack was talking about. "Her who?"

Mack lifted a brow. "Really? You're going with that, are you?"

Geo nodded, chuckling. "She's got nothin' on you."

"We both did the girl thing. She's a great looking lady *with* her clothes on, and you've seen her naked in action. There's no interest in checking out her goods again?"

"I've seen you naked too, partner. I like your goods a helluva lot better than hers. Besides, her body does this crazy shit once a month that you wouldn't believe."

"So this locker room renovation..."

"I think we need to explore," Geo said, wiggling his eyebrows.

"I'm down, if you're down."

"Oh," Geo said inflecting his voice with meaning. "I'm definitely *going down*."

Mack stood abruptly, pushed past Geo, and headed for the locker room. Geo circled to his desk, trying to look nonchalant. He sat down, rifled through his desk drawer, looked around the surface as though he'd misplaced something. Then with purpose, he picked up his coffee cup and left the main room. Two minutes head start was all he could give Mack since he could already feel the blood heading south. Much longer and he'd look obscene as his dick became a sexual divining rod.

He hit the door, shoving it hard. Nodding to the few changing in or out of uniform, he tucked his chin and edged around the last bank of lockers. Dark and taped off, the addition stretched out in a series of shower cubbies and nooks. Geo ducked under the yellow construction tape, moved around the scaffolding and dry wall. As he walked by a shower cubby towards the back, Mack hooked his arm and hauled him in.

"What took you?" he whispered harshly. He shoved him against the back tiles, pressing their bodies tight together.

"Yeah, you're right. Two minutes was way too fucking long," Geo agreed.

Mack interlocked their fingers down by their sides and looked into Geo's face with barely controlled lust. He was trying to rein himself in, Geo noticed. Trying to calm himself and slow down. Well maybe Geo didn't fucking want slow today.

"Don't put a lid on it. Gimme what you've got," Geo encouraged.

His lips twitched into a grin. "You sure?"

"Oh, yeah."

Mack let go of his hand. This close Geo could tell he slipped his hand into his pocket to retrieve something. Then triumphantly, Mack held up a container of lube. "Because this is what I want. You still want me to let go? I'd settle for your cock in my mouth."

Every memory Geo had of Mack taking his cock, sucking, swallowing, murmuring, licking, flicking, tasting, nibbling surfaced in a rush of stomach-dropping lust. Yeah, Mack sucking off was fantastic. But like Mack, Geo wanted more right now. Something they shared which Lauren had no part of. Something that solidified the unique nature of their kind of loving.

Because God Almighty, Geo loved this man even if he was shy about coming out.

Geo tipped his head forward and kissed him. Their lips met, captured and held like they'd been kept apart too long. Like they belonged together by natural order. Geo murmured through the kiss, "Your hole or mine, gorgeous."

"Mine. Please, mine," Mack said, his voice shivering huskily.

Geo snatched the lube and shoved it in his back pocket. Then with urgent speed, he tugged Mack's shirt from his jeans and made quick work of the buttons. When Mack tried to loosen his pants for Geo, Geo stopped him.

"Half the fun is undressing your sexy body. Don't steal my piece of heaven."

Mack rested his head back and he watched Geo undress him through lowered lids. His shirt hung open, exposing every muscled ridge of Mack's athletic form. The dark trail of short hairs pointing the way for Geo never failed to squeeze pre-cum from his dick. Geo grabbed his belt, roughly undoing it and sliding the zipper painfully slow over Mack's heavy bulge. He let the back of his fingers track its length and Geo thrilled when he heard the laboured groan leave his lover's mouth like a torn blessing.

Geo yanked Mack's pants and underwear to the ground, leaving them at his ankles. Then looking him over, slowly, he pushed the shirt off his shoulders. Its fall stopped at Mack's wrists and left his amazing, hard body open for Geo's viewing pleasure.

"Fuck I love looking at you," Geo murmured appreciatively.

Mack's cock flexed at the praise. Its tip glistened with moisture. Still standing back to enjoy the way Mack's body responded to him, he stroked his hands over Mack's body. Hard tipped nipples teased Geo's palms. He rubbed them momentarily before coasting his hands down over Mack's ribs, pressing his thumbs down the centre line of his torso.

"I want to taste you so bad," Geo said on a ragged breath.

"Yes." Mack's voice cracked.

"I was only going to take your ass," he said, reaching around to cup the globes. "But looking at your ropey dick, seeing it purple enough to bust, I don't think I can take your ass until I have your cock in my mouth. God, look at it. It's so swollen, it's shiny."

Mack moaned. He looked down at himself, then pleadingly up at Geo. Geo fucking loved that expression. The one that said only he could take care of what Mack needed, that he not only trusted him to do it, he *needed* Mack to do it.

Geo sank to his knees on the concrete. It was cold and unforgiving, but he was more interested in the glistening cock which bobbed with every pulse. Mack had to be hurting.

Geo licked out, catching a jewelled drop from Mack's crown. Mack hissed, his fingers curling into fists at his sides. It was exactly what he wanted to see. He pushed Mack's ass to the wall, thumbs biting into the other man's hip bones.

Confident he had at least that much control over Mack, Geo sank on his shaft, taking him deep into his mouth before sliding back up to devote himself to Mack's head. In the past year, he'd learned a lot about the man. He'd come to know what he liked and didn't, what

pushed him over the edge and what kept him hovering torturously close until Geo was ready to give it to him.

And right now, that meant rolling his tongue over the rim of Mack's crown with quick flicks and letting him feel the slightest ridge of teeth on the swollen head. Geo fisted the base of Mack's shaft, pumping in harmony with the intense focus on Mack's cockhead.

He was close, close enough to pull out the lube. It was tricky, but he managed to unscrew the cap with one hand. Geo nudged Mack's legs further apart and pushed the lube against the other man's rosette where he generously squeezed gel into place. He dropped the tube, not caring where it fell. It had served its purpose and right now Geo wanted nothing more than to get Mack off in style.

Geo knuckled the sweet opening. Mack grabbed Geo's head, holding him to his needy cock. Though Mack gritted his teeth, his breath still hissed between them, his hungry grunts escaped unnoticed to echo softly in the tile cubby.

"God, your fucking dimples are showing. You know how I love your dimples," Mack ground out. "Damn sexy."

Geo nipped the rim of his cock. Mack shuddered, thrusting into Geo's willing mouth. Geo took it, accepted it and increased his pace the way Mack seemed to need. Knuckle to fingertip, he probed the rosette, wiggled inside and tugged on the tight ring of muscles. They flexed around his index finger like a firm kiss.

He slipped in another finger and scissored them on the withdrawal, stretching Mack to get him ready. With his free hand, he gently rolled Mack's balls which had pulled up tight to his body.

Mack's need increased. He pumped harder, hitting the back of Geo's throat. Geo fought the instinctive gag reflex he still had. The thrusts were hard, forcing his jaw open and his throat to take Mack's thick length. Geo swallowed on every slide, breathed with every pull. His own need tattooed sharply in his balls for release, but he held himself in check. Mack first.

Mack unintentionally pulled Geo's hair, slammed his cock forward. Geo's eyes watered, but he loved every hot inch of the dick taking possession of his mouth. Another finger inside Mack, and Mack barely restrained the shout as musky cum sprayed jets down Geo's throat.

He took it all, savouring the flavour of his lover, loving the way Mack's body flexed as though every muscle had invested in that moment of release.

He wasn't anywhere near done yet.

Geo sucked off the remnants, removed his inquisitive fingers from Mack's ass, and stood. "Lemme have that ass," he panted softly.

Mack, fingers still clutched Geo's dark hair, pulled him in for a tangled kiss. Then just as quickly, he rolled. Geo pushed the shirt off one wrist, letting the material swing free and uncovering the tight bubbled swell of sculpted cheeks. Mack was a masterpiece of angles and rises. Later, when they were alone, Geo would examine him at his leisure. Tonight, when their house was quiet and the lights had been turned down, and all that filled the air between them were soft words of affection, plans, reflections on the day.

The evenings with Mack were what Geo enjoyed most.

Okay, and his tight ass. Right now, it was definitely his tight ass. Reaching into his pocket, he took out a condom. The rasp of his zipper filled the air as he dropped his pants and dressed his cock.

Geo spread Mack's cheeks, positioning his dick at Mack's entrance. Thinking momentarily about his reaction to Lauren, the jealousy, the apparent insecurity in the relationship he had with Mack, Geo's hand found Mack's cock and balls.

"These are mine. All mine," he said. Geo thrust sharply home, burying himself balls deep in Mack's ass. "And this," he paused on a gasp. "This is yours. Only yours."

Mack clutched Geo's hips awkwardly from behind. "Take it."

He did. Geo rammed in, knowing that Mack's pleasure intensified with the sensation of ownership and pain, that the two married with ecstasy to give him the most replete satisfaction. It had always worked for Mack when he felt particularly down in the past. Geo counted on it working today.

He couldn't get enough of Mack. Didn't want to get enough of Mack. He'd never felt anything like it. As soon as Mack got it through his head, maybe he'd accept the fact that sooner or later their families would need to know. Yeah, it was scary, but they were family. They should be allowed to share the joy of knowing they'd found each other outside of the badge too. That Geo couldn't imagine his life without Mack and wouldn't contemplate it if he didn't have to.

It was Mack or nothing. Couldn't he feel it too?

Pressure built up in Geo's groin. The spiralling tingles of pleasure curled around the base of his spine like delicious fireflies of promise. They woke, shimmered, swirled. Geo stroked in and out, closing his eyes as his balls drew up and the fireflies darted up his spine. He bit Mack's shoulder to keep from yelling when his cock seemed to swell, and everything in him shot in jerky pumps deep inside the well of Mack's body.

Sparks danced behind his eyelids. He kissed the spot he'd bitten. "Sorry, honey."

Mack was breathing hard too. He shook his head. "Liked it."

"Me too."

"Geo?"

"Yeah?"

"Did you fuck Lauren like this?"

Geo's head swam. Hadn't he just proved how much Mack meant to him? How spectacularly perfect they were together? He extracted himself, and tugged off the used condom. Stepping away, he let Mack turn and begin redressing. He wanted to look Mack in the eye when he answered.

"No."

"You two were engaged," Mack pressed. "You telling me you never ass-fucked her?"

"Yeah, that's what I'm saying." Geo pinned him to the wall. It wasn't like Mack to be insecure. He was as tough a dude as they come. What gave? "I love you. What we have is worlds different and lifetimes better. If you pulled the crap she pulled on me back then, I'd lose my shit. Permanently."

"She wants you back," Mack noted calmly. "It's written all over her face."

"Tough luck. I'm taken by a dude with a temporary inferiority complex who warms my bed every night."

"Fuck you." Mack grinned as he pushed on Geo's shoulder. With enough space between them, he finished dressing. "Well?" He held his arms out at his sides.

"You look like you've been fucked," Geo answered.

"I have been. But do I look like I've been fucked by a monster Italian cock?"

"Nah. You're too put together. If you give me fifteen, I'll try again," Geo teased.

“Rain check for tonight.” Mack kissed him, taking his time as he explored Geo’s mouth. Finished, he moved away. “I’ll go first. You follow a few minutes behind.”

“You mean kind of like we just did?”

A wicked smile touched Mack’s lips. “Yeah. Kind of like that except less salty.”

Geo winked. “Get going, sexy, or I’ll pull you back in here.”

Mack chuckled, slipping easily away and out of sight.

Chapter Two

Mack ran his hands through his hair and stopped in front of the locker room mirror. He looked flushed, but otherwise normal. Splashing a little cool water on his face, he didn't waste much time lingering. This was the first time they'd fucked at work. Goddamn it if he didn't feel like there was a sign on his forehead announcing it.

He moved quickly, leaving the lockers behind and stopping at the water fountain to wet his parched throat. Sex with Geo always made him thirsty. It was a workout to let that man take his body. Hopefully, Mack would *top* tonight. He had the strongest urge to tongue Geo and make him as desperate for release.

Up the hall, he saw Reus, Donnelly, and Shepard talking. Mack steadied his nerves and joined them. The case they were discussing was interesting, and Mack offered some suggestions, though most of his senses were trained on the locker room door and whether or not the guys would notice that they'd both come from the same place, looking like they'd taken one up the ass.

Mack wasn't ready for that. Not yet, although he couldn't put a finger on why.

But Geo didn't appear right away, and Mack relaxed. He got back to the main room and took a few minutes to fiddle through the industrial metal file cabinets lining the wall. He needed something from them anyway, and any illusion he could provide that everything was normal, went a long way towards calming his jangled nerves.

Geo strode in, a steaming cup of coffee in his hand. At his desk, he put down the mug, and picked up his phone.

How did he do it? How did he make it look like it was the most natural thing in the world to keep a secret like screwing your same sex detective partner, had no effect on him?

"Hi," a voice by his shoulder announced.

Mack glanced over, not having heard anyone approach. That's what distraction did for ya. Andy smiled up at him. Barely clearing Mack's shoulder, Andy's slim frame and expressive face beamed with pleasure.

"Hi," Mack answered, not knowing what else to say or why the slip of a man was talking to him.

"So Lauren said I should chat with you."

"You already have the case records," Mack said stiffly. The vibe coming off Andy made him uncomfortable.

"That's not why."

Mack busied himself flipping through the filing cabinet at nose level. Something tickled him and he twisted his arm to dislodge the spidery sensation. It persisted though and he looked down to find Andy lightly stroking his forearm.

His ears roared. Mack jerked away. "What the fuck, man?"

Andy's bottom lip pushed out in a sissy pout. "You like guys. I like guys. I really like the look of the guy in front of me."

"JesusHChristInABasket." Mack felt his face heat as he stepped away. "Get off me, and stay off me. I'm not interested."

"I doubt that."

Mack stiffened his spine and he glared at the smaller man. "Doubt whatever the fuck you want. Just piss off."

"You're into that evacuation shit? Never liked being peed on, but for you, I'd try it." His grin was sly and it set Mack's nerves on edge.

Andy slipped his hands into his pockets and withdrew a wad of paper towels. Lifting them close to Mack's face, he peeled back the crumpled white edges to reveal the deflated, slick snake curves of a used condom. He raised his eyes to Mack's pointedly.

Mack felt his face heat. He glanced sharply around. "Put it away, sick fuck."

"No need to get nasty," Andy replied smugly. He folded the condom away and dropped it into the waste basket beside the file cabinet. "I'm just saying that I know who got the receiving end of that pretty little present." He shrugged. "I'd have figured you for a pitcher, but I guess when you're both dominant sorts, you play both positions."

"God," Mack choked. "Shut the fuck up. You don't know what you're talking about."

Andy dropped a hand on Mack's arm. Mack jerked it away.

"I like catching, Mack. I like it a lot. I also give head so good, I wish I could suck my own cock. A guy like you needs to know he's not only another guy's entire world, but that he

has the power to take another man's heart and play with it however he wants. I like my men tough. I like being boy-pussy. Can you say that about Geo? Can you say he doesn't like having a soft, feminine woman in his arms more than having you? From what I hear, he and Lauren had a hot thing going. Do you really think he looks at her and never once remembers shoving his hard cock into her pussy? Watching her breasts jiggle as he fucks her?"

Andy's words materialised every fear Mack had been putting at bay. His gaze swung to Geo. Lauren propped her ass on the edge of his desk, the toe of her fuck-me pumps resting on the chair between Geo's legs. If Geo sank down a few inches, he'd have front row to prime female real estate. Did he want it?

"We aren't together," Mack said, his throat feeling tight.

"Yeah, you keep saying that, but your eyes say something completely different." Andy looked relaxed. He, too, noted the attractive pair. "I'm not asking you to admit you just shot your wad with him. I'm telling you I saw you do it. It was hot. Your body is hot. Those two are just about a guaranteed thing, so when you get lonely, call me. I'll make you forget until you forgot you were trying to."

"You saw that?" Mack said, his voice falling to a horrified whisper.

"Glad I did, too. Like poetry in motion and all that." Andy watched him, leaning in to add quietly, "I know about work place biases. Your secret's safe."

A sudden, bright laugh tore his attention to the couple across the room.

Stabbing jealousy lodged in the pit of his stomach as he watched Lauren laugh. She leant over, giving Geo an eyeful of firm, creamy cleavage. She was beautiful, and no man who had ever appreciated the charms of a woman would say otherwise. If Geo weren't the only person he wanted, Mack might have made a play for her.

But she wanted Geo. It was in every line of her body, every covert look and flirty side glance.

"Last thing, and I'll leave you alone," Andy promised.

"Lemon juice for the salt in my wounds?" Mack snarled.

"Before we arrived, Lauren told me she would have your partner in bed. Now that she knows you're competition, it will only make the road to victory sweeter for her."

Andy wandered away, unrushed as he wove through the desks to the conference room the FBI had taken over.

Geo unhooked his holster and his badge, his eyes glued to Mack's ass as he leant over the breakfast counter to press the answering machine button. It was the best view of the day and it happened every night when they got home. Then just like usual, as he listened, Mack pulled off his shirt, wadded it up, and threw it into the basket on top of the washing machine in the laundry closet beside him.

He knew he had a sappy grin on his face. Mack had commented on the look a few times when he'd caught Geo looking, but hell, his boyfriend was *hot*. Wide, tanned shoulders, lean waist, tapered hips and an ass to die for. As his gaze travelled back up, Mack turned, a perturbed expression twisting his lips into a grim line.

"So?" Mack asked.

"Yes. Whatever you want, you can have it," Geo answered, sidling over to his man. He clutched Mack's hips and pulled them tight against his, hoping Mack could be coaxed out of his mood.

Mack pushed him away. "It's either 'yes', or it's 'whatever I want', but definitely not both."

"You lost me," Geo said, shaking his head. "I just want to get you in the sack, maybe eat dinner off those abs and curl up with you on the couch."

Mack's expression softened a little. "Lauren."

Geo wrinkled his nose. "Don't wanna talk about her."

"I do."

He'd known this was coming. Geo sighed and put his hands in his pockets to keep them off of Mack. Otherwise he'd get distracted in lots of delicious ways that Mack clearly wasn't feeling at the moment.

"She's back," Mack added.

"You noticed that, too, huh?"

"I'm being serious. She's back and she wants you."

"The great thing about being human is that I get to choose if I want to be had, and I don't. At least, not by her. *You*, on the other hand, can have me anytime you want." Geo took the single step to bring their bodies together. "Can 'anytime' be soon?"

Mack grinned, looked away like he was embarrassed. "Geo, can we focus for just a minute here? Your ex, the one you were engaged to, lived with, had sex with nightly, she's back in town on your turf, and she wants your cock lodged deep in her body."

"We didn't have sex nightly."

"Why not? *We* have sex nightly."

Geo wiggled his eyebrows. "You're just that good, baby."

Finally, Mack laughed. Geo took the relief of tension to pull Mack into his arms where he belonged.

"Spaghetti," Geo suggested.

"What the fuck are you talking about now?"

"Dinner. On your abs."

"Red sauce and cheese?" Mack asked.

"Too messy?"

"Ya think?"

Geo grinned with inspiration. "Soup!"

"Because *that's* not messy," Mack joked.

"Because when it slides all over you, I get to taste it off every surface of your body." Geo leant in, nuzzling a spot behind Mack's ear. "Today I have shaky hands. What if it drips over your balls?"

"It would burn like hell. How is that sexy?" Mack snarked. By his husky tone, Geo knew he was getting through to him, though.

"Oh, yeah. Make it Gazpacho."

"Well," Mack murmured. "They say tomatoes are great for the prostate. Keeping your prostate happy is on my 'to do' list."

"I have a sure-fire way to do that and it involves you pounding it."

"Are you sure? Lauren might own a strap-on cock," Mack supposed.

"Good." Geo caught Mack's lobe between his teeth as he spoke around the tasty morsel. "She can go fuck herself."

Mack pulled his head aside, freeing his ear. "Geo."

Geo kissed his neck.

Mack nudged him. "Geo."

"Hm?"

Mack's hands pushing on his shoulders made Geo realise he wasn't going to distract Mack for long if he didn't address his concerns. No matter how off base they were. "What?"

"Andy said she'd decided to win you back."

"Who's Andy? Oh, wait, that little twink shit?" Geo asked, vaguely remembering the rust-headed, freckled man-boy with the up-turned nose.

"Her partner. She wants you back, and he said she isn't one to give up on a challenge."

Geo sighed. "That's what makes her a good FBI agent and what made her a good detective. But it's also what made her a sucky girlfriend. When she had me, I no longer presented a challenge."

He put his hands on the counter, bracketing Mack so that he was loosely trapped. "What's it going to take to show you that I want you, and only you? Name it. I'll do anything you want, whenever you want, however you want."

The distracted look on Mack's face bothered him. Mack seemed almost disbelieving of him. Since Geo had never given him anything to worry about, he didn't see why it was a problem now. It couldn't be as simple as Lauren. Not with the emphasis his lover placed on Geo's former relationship with her — years ago, he mentally added.

"I don't know what it's going to take," Mack answered after a moment.

"Can you at least give me a starting place?"

"Yeah," he said, smiling slightly. Mack tapped his lips. "Right here."

"Now we're talkin'."

He moved in, catching Mack's finger between their lips, enjoying the rougher texture sliding away to give him full access to what he really wanted, Mack's mouth. He tasted tangy and like the cinnamon gum he'd been chewing as their shift ended. Mack's general reluctance melted away with softening lips and returned curiosity.

This part never got old. Geo never tired of knowing Mack couldn't resist a heated kiss. It had been like that from the beginning, when Geo had finally tasted those silky lips after too many beers. It had been a risk since neither of them had been with men before. Geo's erotic dreams had made him painfully aware of his partner until he'd finally cracked, taken the chance, and allowed himself the pleasure of sliding his fingers into Mack's thick hair, pressing his mouth on Mack's mouldable lips.

God, it was a hot memory. That had been the night he'd also sucked his first cock. Drunkenly, yeah, but if he hadn't been drunk, he wouldn't have dared. And if he wouldn't have dared, Mack couldn't have seen how great they'd be together.

But they were great. Very great and he wasn't stopping at a mere kiss to let him know it. He knew his man enough to know Mack got to a simmering horny if Geo took it slow.

His look of possession weakened Geo's knees with lust. Their mouths crashed together, teeth scraping, lips bruising, tongues clashing. Mack went one further, cupping Geo's cock and giving him two rough strokes through the material, before letting go and walking back to their bedroom.

Geo watched him leave. Panting and grinning at the unexpected move Mack had made.

Their pagers went off. Geo groaned. "What now?" he muttered, reluctantly ending what had promised to be great reassurance sex.

Mack already had his phone up and was frowning. "Case hit."

Geo scrolled through the rolling text too. "A new abduction. Jesus, this world is fucked up."

Mack fisted his hand in the front of Geo's shirt, twisting it and pulling him back against his body. "One for the road until I can fuck you proper," he growled.

Geo re-clipped his piece and badge. Another minute and his partner had returned with a fresh shirt.

"Let's go," Mack said.

"Anywhere your ass leads, baby."

"I hate that baby shit," Mack snapped.

"I know." Geo slapped his sexy ass. "*Baby.*"

Chapter Three

Mack turned off the ignition when they reached the station ten minutes later. Having had more than his fair share of insecurity over the past several hours, he opted for a distant demeanour. He didn't want Geo to think he was needy. It might send him into Lauren's arms.

But, God, he did need Geo. He needed him so much he ached with it. Geo had become everything to him. More than partner, more than friend, more than lover, Geo embodied all of it. There never seemed to be a point where Mack tired of him.

He got out of the car first. More of that I-don't-need-to-wait-on-you self-reliance shit he was doing. Yeah, he knew he was pulling crap but somehow he felt manlier for being a bastard after baring his heart to Geo. Jealousy sucked.

It also made Mack an ass, he realised as Geo hollered, then jogged to catch up. He slowed down. The only concession he made to having heard him.

Their relationship was pretty close to perfect. Sure there were those instances where Mack would find his goddamn towel on the floor, but then Mack sometimes left plates in the sink and Geo took care of those. *Symbiotic*, Mack thought. They were in a mutually beneficial relationship. Geo had said it once. Mack had to look that word up, but it fit.

Mack flashed a tight smile at the desk clerk. She buzzed them in and he headed straight for the Child Location Unit. Neither Mack nor Geo spoke until they got there.

"Whatcha got?" Geo said.

"Caucasian female, seven years, last seen at the bus stop this morning," the officer said.

Mack glanced at his watch in surprise. "It's eight, what took them so goddamn long to report it?"

"The school didn't call in the absence and the parents work. There was some confusion about whose day it was to pick her up. She was swiped this morning around seven."

"Shit," Geo said, reaching for the report printout. "Email this to us and anything else you've got. She's the right age and the right circumstance to be a potential victim of the guy we're looking for."

"You got it," the officer answered.

"Lauren's going to want this one," Geo mused.

"We could short cut the red tape if we just had the CLU send us every report, whether they match our guy's method of operation or not."

"Everyone to the conference room?" Geo asked.

Mack shrugged. "Sure, why not? All under one roof. All sharing information as it comes in. Seems like a good way to be on the same proactive page."

"Instead of just emailing reports?"

"You lose a lot in reports. The guys talk, speculate, details they noticed that the witnesses didn't..." Mack reasoned.

"Good idea." He clapped Mack on the shoulder, everything within acceptable guy-guy work environment parameters, and headed towards the back conference rooms. "Let's call them in."

Grudgingly, Mack looked through his cell phonebook and pulled up the newly acquired numbers. "I'll call Lauren. You call Andy."

He knew it sounded like petty jealousy, and maybe part of it was. Mostly, he didn't want to talk to Andy and get tangled up in the man's attempt to get Mack into bed again.

They had the back room loaded less than forty minutes later. Mack introduced the new abduction with the help of the CLU, Geo presented the coordination plan with the CLU, the FBI, and themselves since they'd worked closely with the specifics of the suspect's profile.

They selected the point people from the CLU to join them in the conference room so that they could deliver live feed information as it came in from the rest of their unit. In another hour, the tech staff had set up call lines and computer equipment to accommodate them.

Pictures made their way to the large whiteboard that dominated one wall of the room. Maps, string maps linking locations and children, computer generated relief maps showing the circles of contact and possible direction each child had been driven in, if the information could be obtained. The parks where the bodies of two girls had been dumped were circled in red.

On another wall, the faces, names, locations, suspect lists, witness descriptions overlapped a city map. Mack stood at corner of the room facing the adjacent findings. The

seemingly unrelated abductions listed to the left showed all the missing children without filtering them for the current case, the apparent related abductions to the case mapped to the right. It was the only way to see if they'd overlooked another stolen child as one that belonged to the serial killer.

He folded his arms across his chest, his head the only thing moving as he looked from one wall to the other.

He smelled Andy's aftershave before he heard him approach.

"Your profile's off," he said.

The fuck it was. Mack turned. Andy held a manila envelope with a short stack of papers.

"We just got this from the FBI sector office via Quantico. Your profile's off."

He eyed the smaller man with curiosity. Andy had seemed insignificant the day before, full of fluff. Today he exuded confidence. Mack's respect quotient for the man scaled up a notch.

"What did they find?"

"We've been looking for a Caucasian male, between twenty-five and fifty based on the averages of similar crimes," Andy began. "We should have adjusted the profile after the first two bodies were found."

"We did."

"Not enough. Our specialists have analysed the evidence and they've discovered a couple of things. The biggest clue is that the girls aren't sexually assaulted. Nothing about the positioning of the bodies or the dump sites suggest the abductions are sexually motivated."

Mack nodded. He and Geo had thought the same thing. The Chief had insisted that sexual crime not be ruled out. Because they were dealing with children, and because it was the Chief, they'd agreed.

"The similarities aren't common enough to suggest a specific displacement syndrome."

"A what?" Mack asked.

Andy grinned. "Sometimes a child is abducted with specific physical traits which remind the killer of a particular child they can't get to. They try to take another child who closely matches the one they actually want, in order to act out their fantasy. We aren't seeing

that pattern. Only two of the girls are blonde but their hair lengths are completely different. The only link is age and race, that we can tell."

"What about religion? If you're a parent you take your kids to family gatherings, school, social events, and religious institutions. Four of the girls come from the same faith background," Mack suggested.

"All different churches and denominations."

"Maybe that's the link. He's gathering one from each?"

Andy shook his head. "The profile update I've been mentioning is a critical one. The specialists seem to feel that the evidence points towards a female suspect."

Mack knew he was staring. How could they have been so far off? "Why female?"

"Each child has been tucked. Not under a blanket, but in a position which suggests comfortable sleep. You've found small stuffed bears with them, which have been traced back to a rather large supply warehouse. They're not only in repose, but they've been perfectly redressed. Aspects of the clothing, the positioning, the pieces of the layout and the deliberate perfection of dress, plus a list of other things point to a woman's hand."

"Meticulous male?"

"Female," Andy insisted. "It's the likeliest scenario. I'm printing out new information for the boards. You want to post it?"

"Yeah."

"Good. Lauren and Geo are doing the CLU update and filling the Powers That Be in on the parameter changes."

Mack searched the room, but only Andy and he stood there. When had they left and why hadn't he noticed?

"We're alone," Andy said, stating the obvious after watching Mack look around. "Anything in particular you want me alone for?"

Mack started with laughter. "Fuck, little man, I'll give you points for persistence, but as an investigator, you're following the wrong clues."

He smiled smugly. "No, I'm not. Your partner can barely keep his cock in check around Lauren, and you need a good mad-fuck with a willing man you won't see again when this case is over."

"My partner's cock is his business."

"And yours?" Andy teased.

"Is mine and my fist's."

"Too bad for your cock, but I'll be sure to tell Lauren that your partner is open season for pussy." Andy walked away.

Mack ran a hand through his hair. Fuck, that hadn't gone well. Open season? God he hoped Geo would hold up his resolve against Lauren. He searched the office for a glimpse of his partner through the conference room glass. They left the Chief's office. Mack's smile died as Lauren rose to her toes and planted a triumphant kiss on Geo's cheek. Geo blushed but he was laughing and pulled her into a big hug. CLU guys exited the office behind them, equally enthusiastic, yet managing to restrain themselves to high-fives.

Fuck Lauren.

Fuck Geo for fucking Lauren.

Fuck Andy for being right.

Geo let her go and they made their way back to the conference room. Mack stuffed his hands in his pockets. His body felt still, like he waited for the other shoe to drop. He'd be ready when it did. Any minute now, Geo would tell him that munching pussy was far too tasty.

"Hey, Mack, good news," Geo started.

Yep, here it comes. Good news, Mack, Lauren's pussy has secret sauce and she's single-handedly solved the case!

"Chief is encouraged by our progress so he's moving us round the clock," Geo said. Although he spoke cheerfully, his lips had taken a sardonic twist. His silvery eyes danced with a shared joke. To the Chief, good news always meant more work.

"And we sleep when?" Mack asked the obvious.

"You and I will divide between shifts and so will Lauren and Andy. He wants me and Lauren to take the overnight shift. You and Andy can come in early to overlap and discuss the findings. We'll do the same thing tomorrow night. If we close in, we can move back to day shift together."

And why the fuck did Geo find that to be a good thing?

"You and Lauren?" Mack repeated.

Lauren's lips stretched into a feral grin. Of course Geo didn't see it. He was looking at Mack. But Mack saw it, and it pissed him off. She knew exactly how Mack felt about the split up. In particular the *who* they were split up with.

"You and Andy should hang out together off-hours, to brainstorm ideas about our suspect," Lauren said.

Coming from anyone else, it might be a good idea. From Lauren, it felt like a suggestion to scrub his skin with sandpaper.

Mack met Geo's gaze, a little pissed that Geo seemed perfectly okay with that idea. "The only place I hang is the bar and my apartment."

"I'm cool with that," Andy said, easing into the conversation.

"My roommate might not be," Mack told him, keeping his gaze on Geo's.

Geo shrugged. "Yeah, sure. It's fine with me."

Mack's lips tightened. Geo's casual disinterest left bitter bile in his mouth.

"I guess that means we're off the clock now, huh?" Andy asked. "Let's go. I'll spring for beer and we can take it back to your place. Hell, I'll chip in for pizza too, if you want. I'm starving."

Andy moved around the room collecting his things. Geo seemed to sense something was off, but he didn't ask and Mack didn't offer. Lauren's smile grew by the minute.

"See ya," Mack said, after a minute.

"Yeah. See ya," Geo answered, less confidently.

Mack pivoted towards the door, walked to his desk, and retrieved his car keys and jacket. He waited for Andy, hoping Geo got a jolt of jealousy seeing them leave together. He didn't look back to see. It stung like hell that Geo hadn't gotten territorial on his ass.

Andy reached his desk.

"C'mon," Mack snapped.

Geo shut the apartment door behind him. For the fourth morning in a row, beer bottles littered the top of the coffee table along with two empty pizza boxes. Mack sprawled half the couch, his head on the corner of the back and armrest. One bare heel planted a half eaten slice to the coffee table's surface.

Annoyance niggled Geo. Andy's head rested on Mack's shoulder.

It might not have bothered him if Mack didn't leave the station pissed off and silent every night. Or, if Lauren hadn't told him that Andy had a little crush on Geo's boyfriend.

Geo grabbed the door, opened it wide, then slammed it as hard as he could. Mack and Andy jumped awake.

"What. The. Fuck?" Geo asked, levelling a glare on Mack.

Mack's mouth screwed up thoughtfully. "Toothbrush." He got up, shoving Andy off him and casually walked back to the bathroom.

"You. Get the fuck out of my apartment," Geo snarled at Andy.

"Going," Andy said in a rush. "See you tomorrow night."

"Not here."

Now the prick shrugged? *What the fuck does a shrug mean?*

"If Mack invites me, I'm coming," Andy whistled as he left.

Geo swallowed past the building anger, trying to calm his irritation as he followed the path Mack had taken to their bedroom. He stormed in, slamming into the bathroom. "Is there something going on with you two?"

Mack looked back at him through the mirror. Toothpaste foamed from his mouth. Mack waited for him to finish and rinse.

"Is there something going on between you and Lauren?" Mack questioned back.

"That's a stupid question."

"You've got a little something here," Mack said, motioning to the side of his neck.

Geo looked in the mirror. Lipstick smudged the skin. *When did that happen?* Then he remembered. "She fell over one of the wires in the room. I caught her."

"With your neck?"

"Fuck you. She must have brushed against me," Geo defended.

"Yeah. Happens all the time." Mack pushed past him, snatching underwear from his drawer and a fresh change of clothes. He came back to the small bathroom. "Do you mind? I have to get ready for work."

"What's your problem?" Geo snapped. And why the fuck did it feel like they were having completely different conversations.

"Me? Don't have one. My boyfriend is spending all his time with a woman he used to believe he could spend the rest of his life with, instead of spending it with me. He comes

home with lipstick on him and I happen to know she's trying to get in his pants. What makes you think *I* have a problem?"

"Jesus. Mack, I'm in love with you, you shithead. I come home every night to find you wasted and sleeping all cosy with Andy, who, by the way, has a thing for you."

"Yeah, I know. He's been pretty persistent about wanting to suck my cock."

"Nice," Geo bit out.

"I'm going to shower. You need to get out."

"I miss you." Frustration strangled Geo's words. "Can we talk? Work this out?"

Mack actually looked a little apologetic. It disappeared just as quickly. His pale green eyes dimmed. "Ask Ruby Red 319 on your neck." He cranked on the water and turned his back to Geo.

Geo watched him silently undress. It felt like the love of his life was slipping between his fingers. All because Mack couldn't get it through his thick skull that he had nothing to worry about.

The phone rang. Geo wandered out to get it, numb from the inside out. He listened to Mrs. Sullivan on the phone, gave her the right answers, hung up and wandered back to the shower. He scrubbed a hand over his face.

Renewed with determination, Geo quickly stripped off his clothes and stepped into the stall with him.

Water streamed over the back of Mack's head, trailing rivulets over his shoulders. Mack peeked at him with one eye. "I meant it. I actually need to shower. It wasn't an invitation for a wet fuck."

"Your mom called about the barbeque our parents are having," Geo said instead. He picked up the bar soap and lathered up a washcloth. "Turn around. I'll get your back."

Mack eyed him sceptically, but turned to face the shower nozzle. "Let me guess, potato salad?"

Geo lightly rubbed his back, not missing an inch of beautiful, tanned flesh. He didn't bother to ask if Mack minded him washing his ass, he just did it. Mack's muscles stiffened.

"You make the best potato salad. Of course she wants you to bring it," Geo answered. "She also wants you to do the braised cabbage."

"You think your dad will actually try some this year?" Mack teased.

Relief eased the tension in Geo's shoulders. Joking was a good sign. "You're asking a proud Italian to admit he might like an Irish dish? Good luck with that."

Back and ass cleaned, Geo couldn't resist dragging the wash cloth around Mack's side, sliding it from hip to firm belly. Mack caught his wrist as it rose to his chest. Geo was almost close enough to press his body to Mack's back. He held off, but his cock had other ideas. Full and aching, its length stretched for Mack's ass. The tip of Geo's cock brushed the other man's lower back.

Mack turned his head towards his shoulder. Geo stayed utterly still. Water pounded around them. Steam had long since clouded the bathroom. It could have been a moment when the world around them drifted away and they lost themselves in each other's bodies. They'd done it before. Today, though, Mack's fingers clamped on Geo's wrist, and despite their roughened breathing, there was no invitation to take things further.

The silence between them stung Geo's chest. Louder than any argument, it demonstrated exactly how strained things had grown between them. Not able to stand it any longer, Geo spoke. "I want to tell our families about us."

Mack's fingers flexed on his wrist. He faced forward again and dropped his chin to his chest. The water spray changed course, flowing between them and splattering Geo's face. He had to step away to breathe freely. More distance.

"I'm not ready," Mack murmured. "*We* aren't ready."

"It's been a year. The annual barbeque only happens, well, annually. I don't want to wait another year."

"We aren't ready," Mack repeated more firmly.

"Because we're having a disagreement? Jesus, Mack, couples have disagreements all the time. You can't tell me you've never argued with a girlfriend before."

Mack turned.

Geo gave him room. Yet more distance. They were breaking away from each other, not getting closer. It was exactly the opposite thing Geo had hoped to accomplish by joining him in the shower.

"This isn't a typical disagreement, and we aren't a typical couple."

"No, you're definitely right about that," Geo agreed. "We're a strong couple with years of friendship involved. We've worked cases together which required a lot of deductive skill

and we've covered each other's asses in gun fire. You've taken a bullet for me and I took a bullet for you. What we have is stronger than any *typical* couple, Mack."

"We're also formerly straight men who are suddenly gay for each other. That's going to be a shock on our families. There'll be questions about our commitment, and I don't think we're strong in that department at the moment."

"Aren't we?" Geo asked sharply. "I'm serious about my commitment to you. I look at you and think forever."

"I look at you and I see Lauren—"

"Goddamnit, Mack—" Geo interjected.

"As long as I see Lauren, I'm not fucking my family dynamics for a guy who may or may not want me in another week. You don't jerk family around. We aren't solid. If we were, we wouldn't be having this discussion."

They stared each other down, anger boiling between them. Shrill beeping sounded. Seconds later it was followed by rhythmic vibrations. They were being paged.

Mack took the washcloth from Geo. "I gotta finish up in here."

"They're paging both of us. They found something."

"Answer it."

"We aren't done," Geo said.

"We don't have time to get done with this," Mack replied.

Geo swore under his breath, yanked the shower curtain aside and stepped onto the bathmat, dripping. The shower continued on behind him, the curtain slid back into place, and Geo snatched his cell phone off the counter to read the page.

"They found a body. It's the Dunne girl," he told Mack flatly.

"Five minutes. I'll be out the front door in five minutes."

Geo left the bathroom and got dressed. His chest ached and his eyes burned with the need to cry. He hadn't felt so helpless since being a rookie on his first homicide scene. Hadn't felt the need to cry in probably as long.

His hands shook as he finished dressing. Mack was out of the shower and as badly as they needed to talk, Geo didn't want Mack to see him like this. Walking to the kitchen, he grabbed a couple of granola bars and some apples. It would serve for breakfast.

"Let's go," Mack said behind him.

“Ready.” He thrust the apple and granola bar at Mack.

Picking up his car keys from the counter, he got to his car before he realised Mack wasn’t riding with him. Mack’s car door slammed, the ignition turned over. Geo swore and got in his own car.

Separate? Fine. But this thing wasn’t over. Not by a long shot.

Chapter Four

Mack pinched the bridge of his nose. It had been a long day of reviewing the crime scene with Lauren, Andy, and Geo. Geo had kept looking at him like he wanted to talk. Mack had made sure never to be alone so he could. He had to let the Lauren situation play out. He knew Geo believed he wouldn't go back to Lauren, but there was always the chance he'd slip up.

Mack wanted to be far away when that happened. He wanted Geo to have the opportunity. Counter logic, it seemed, but it wasn't. Geo made him crazy jealous. He wanted nothing more than to grab Geo and hold on as tight as he could. But if ever there was a test to see if their relationship was more than a temporary fascination, this was it.

Lauren was a damn fine looking woman. She had legs that didn't quit, a tight, shapely ass, and breasts that practically levitated they were so perky. She jiggled in the right places and every word she spoke rounded and softened her lips like she was making erotic suggestions. There was more than one hard cock in the precinct at any given moment, and she was the source.

Unfortunately for the other cocks, Lauren's dedicated interest was on a specific fat dick. Each gesture, look, laugh, casual touch was meant for Geo. Why wouldn't it be? Geo moved like sex.

His body fluidly changed positions. Sexy dimples turned his rare smiles playful. His silver eyes seemed bottomless and clear, so captivating against his olive complexion and black hair. Mack had tasted his lips, enjoyed their sculpted fullness. He'd kissed that Adam's apple and had his hands on every aspect of Geo's body.

In sex, Geo moved the same way. One motion became part of the next, like fucking poetry. His hot little dimples came out when his talented mouth smiled just before wrapping around Mack's cock to suck him off. Just thinking about his silvery eyes looking up at him as he did it, could make Mack hard. As it did now. Good thing Mack was sitting at the conference table.

Andy leant over his shoulder, interrupting the daydream. "Impressive."

Over the past several days, Mack had developed a new appreciation for the little guy. He came on strong, but Andy was actually a pretty decent dude.

He shrugged slightly at Andy's praise. There weren't many social models for a guy complimenting another man's wood.

"So what's the problem?" Andy asked, taking the chair next to him.

"The killer or the man?"

"Both. Either," Andy answered. "Why aren't you fighting for him?"

"I am, in my own way."

"Doesn't look like fighting *for* him. Looks like fighting *with* him," Andy noted.

"Kinda both."

"Throwing him into temptation to see what he does?" Andy asked.

"Partly. I need to know I'm not..."

"Dumpable?"

"Yeah."

"So you push him into Lauren's arms? Your logic is messed up," Andy said.

"I know."

Andy propped an elbow on the conference table and his chin on his palm as he looked up at Mack. "You've made his decision for him. You're not even waiting for him to tell you what he wants."

Mack scoffed quietly. "No I'm not. Besides, I know what he says he wants."

"He told you he wants you, and you're still acting like an ass?" Andy asked incredulously.

"You're in the same line of work I am. You know there's a difference between what someone says and what they do. Well, look at him doing." Mack gestured towards Geo who was writing on the whiteboard while Lauren stroked his back.

"Damn," Andy murmured, not looking at Geo and Lauren, but staring soulfully up at Mack. "You're hot and you're smart, but you're kinda dumb. And yet," he said, sighing, "I'd kill for a guy like you to be as into me as you are into him."

Mack glanced down at him. There was a wistful twist to Andy's smile. "He's out there somewhere."

"Wish he were in front of me right now," Andy quipped.

"Thanks for not trying anything during all the nights we've hung out after work."

"If I thought you'd take me up on it, Geo or no Geo, I would have."

"Sorry."

Andy lifted his brows. "Tell me something. If Geo wasn't around, would I have a shot?"

Mack studied him. "I was into girls before Geo."

"Humour me."

Mack knew what he was looking for. Fishing for compliments and shit, but he understood it. If Mack didn't go home to Geo every night and there didn't appear to be a shot at having him, he'd want to know if Geo thought he was hot anyway.

"As persistent as you are, yeah. Maybe not before Geo because I had no thoughts about guys like that. But after, knowing what I know and how it can be, yeah, probably."

"Good. New plan of action. Keep throwing Geo at Lauren and when he breaks up with you, I'll make you feel all better."

Mack looked over at Geo again. Is that what he was doing? Mack didn't think he was throwing them together, but if that's what Andy saw, was it what Geo saw, too? "Fuck. I'm an idiot."

"Yeah, you kinda are."

"Fuck you," Mack said, laughing.

Andy inhaled sharply, his eyes widening with appreciation. "God, you are sexier than any man has a right to be."

"Now you're just being creepy," Mack told him.

"Maybe, but at least you know how *I* feel. Does Geo know how *you* feel?"

"You're like the twinkie godmother."

Now Andy laughed, too. "You should see my *magic wand*."

"You two going to work or flirt all day?" Geo snapped.

Mack jerked his gaze to Geo's furious one. *Oh, shit*. What Geo had seen, had to have looked bad. Andy practically sprawled the table by Mack and the two of them laughing it up.

He steeled himself, got up, and closed the vertical blinds in the conference room. The CLU liaison had gone home at quitting time, while the FBI, Mack, and Geo had worked on. Geo was pulling twenty-four hours without sleep. He had to be wiped out, which meant he'd

be easily pissed off. Well, it was time Mack stepped up and did something about the confusion.

He crossed the room to Geo who had resumed working on the whiteboard. Lauren leaned into him, reached up and brushed the hair off his forehead. The bitch was going to pay for that, Mack decided.

"Lauren," he said.

"Oh, you're working now?" she snarked. "Andy's a tempting thing. I thought for sure you two were about to get a room."

"Andy's a good guy. You, however, are a bitch. Get your hands off my boyfriend."

Geo whipped around in surprise. Lauren sneered.

"You don't act like he's your boyfriend," she said.

"That's because I've been an ass." He said the words to Geo. "I fucking hate the way she's all over you. I hate that you two have a history and that at one time you wanted her enough to marry her. I hate that you never had closure to your relationship with her, because it will always mean you wonder what would have happened. And most of all, I *fucking hate* the way I feel when you let her touch you."

Geo abruptly knocked her hand off his arm. "She won't touch me again," he said gruffly.

Mack grabbed his biceps and hauled him close. He'd never needed to kiss Geo more than he did right now. He needed to know that Geo's words meant what Mack thought they meant. He needed to know that Geo was willing to go for it, in front of Lauren, hopefully slamming that emotional door on her pert nose forever.

He kissed Geo, possessively. He wanted Lauren to have a front row seat on the way Geo let him dive into passion instead of tentative pecks of affection. He wanted to leave no doubt in her mind, and his own, that Geo really was his. To kiss when he wanted, to fuck when he wanted, that only Mack turned Geo's head with love, not some sultry red-headed Amazon of sex.

Geo melted into the embrace, parted his lips, and grabbed Mack's ass. Mack's whole body sighed with giddy relief. Andy groaned, echoing Mack's thoughts exactly.

His mouth felt like heaven. God, he missed this. He missed the heated slide of his mouth and the tiny little flick he sometimes gave Mack along his lower lip. He missed

hearing the way Geo's breath hitched. Mack cracked his eyes, smiling when he saw the tell-tale dip of a dimple in his cheek. God, yes, he fucking missed his man.

Geo pulled back, a boyish grin on his moist lips. "You realise we're in the precinct conference room, right?"

"I don't care."

"What changed?"

"My twinkie godmother over there convinced me I was being a wussy ass. I thought you needed to decide for yourself that Lauren had nothing over you. I've never given up a fight before, so I couldn't give up the most important one in my life," Mack confessed.

"Does this mean you believe me?"

"Yeah," Mack acknowledged.

"Thank God," Geo exclaimed, dragging him into another lingering kiss.

"What about us? We had something great," Lauren complained beside them.

Geo turned to her, still holding Mack close. "Lauren, there was never any need for closure from you. Once you walked away, I never looked back on my memories of you as what could have been."

"Why not? We could have it all again."

"Because I'd never marry someone who thought I was worth leaving in the first place. I'd never waste my time on someone who had so little respect for me that they didn't say good-bye to my face," Geo finished.

Pride filled Mack's chest. He hadn't given Geo nearly enough credit. Mack wouldn't make that same mistake again.

"What about him? He was ready to let you go," she snapped.

"Him?" Geo looked at him. "He's just thick-headed. I know he loves me. As twisted up and jealous as he was acting, he definitely wasn't feeling indifferent. I hoped he'd come around sooner rather than later."

"Took me long enough. Good thing you're a patient guy," Mack murmured against Geo's lips.

"When it comes to you, I have the rest of my life to make sure I get it right. If you're insecure about us for a few days, it just means I have to make sure you know how I feel about you until you figure it out for yourself."

"A fucking magi of brilliance," Mack determined.

"What would be brilliant is solving this case so I can take you home and spend my nights with you again," Geo said.

"So if you're done making out, can we do that?" Lauren complained.

"Sure," Geo answered, reluctantly letting Mack go. "What does your profiler say about the Dunne girl?"

"It narrows down the pool." Andy stood and moved around the table to where the other three talked. "We thought there wasn't a relative pattern showing dissociative behaviour, remember?"

"The bit about the children being stand-ins for someone living?" Mack recalled.

"We may be wrong. With the new body it looks like a pattern is emerging," he said. Andy clicked a handheld remote and the screen in the corner of the room changed to show what had been on Andy's laptop, now projected for all to see. It was a profiler's report.

"How did one body change a major determination like that?" Geo asked. "Sounds like shoddy profiling since that was our initial assessment and the FBI came in and tossed it out the window."

The frustration was thick in his voice. Mack noticed the twitching muscle in his jaw. He understood completely since they'd had to throw out most of their own work when the FBI popped in to take over. Now they were going back to original suppositions?

"What a waste of time," Mack bit out.

"Easy," Lauren murmured as though that one word would calm them both. "We never ignored the possibility of the child as a stand-in, it was just given a lower priority to the other information we had."

"Yeah, but it took another abduction and another dead body to find out we were headed in the right direction the whole time. Explain *that* to Melissa Price's mother, Lauren. Better yet. Have your fancy profiler fly down here and hold her hand at her daughter's funeral when we find her, because I'm goddamn certain that this has just set us back a day or two," Geo spat.

"Hey, cool it. Minutes ago we were hanging out just fine. Let's get back to the professionalism," Lauren said, holding her hands out, palms down like she was physically subduing the air.

Andy snorted with disdain. "They're right."

"Whose side are you on?" she snapped.

"The kids'. The parents'. Theirs. You can't tell me you aren't annoyed by the setback, too," Andy answered.

"We had to rule things out. That's the way it goes. We all know it, and that's why we reassess every new finding. This happens to be the new apparent direction," she reasoned.

"It doesn't matter whose fault this is," Mack interrupted. "We just go on from here, got it? We work together and go on from here."

"Don't be surprised if we don't follow your profile. Mack and I don't do fancy schmancy shit to find answers. We do something radical. We follow the evidence and the evidence should have been the priority, not some dude's degree and computer wizardry from some cubical at Quantico." Geo swore in a string of profanity.

Mack dropped his hands on his hips, closing his eyes at the wastefulness of it all. Chances were they couldn't have stopped the recent abduction. What they could have done was make the killer think twice, make him scared.

"Back to square one," Mack murmured. He looked up at the other three. "Here's a clue. You two do things the FBI way. Geo and I already tried it and I think it's safe to say that the FBI has their heads up their asses on this case. Geo and I will do it our way. We share information and get the job done by spanning every available department we have between us."

"A competition?" Lauren asked, her eyes lighting up.

Geo huffed a disbelieving laugh. Even Andy shot her a strained look.

Mack just shook his head. "Police work, Lauren. Good, old-fashioned police work to find the little girl and the killer as fast as possible."

"Competition is good," she said defensively.

"It's tawdry," Andy slammed. He turned to Geo. "What the fuck did you ever see in her? She's a cold-hearted bitch."

Lauren's jaw dropped, colour rose in her cheeks.

Geo shrugged, clearly disgusted. "Fuck if I know. Mack, let's go over our case notes again—alone," he said pointedly. "Find out if we overlooked something while we were bending to the FBI's will."

"You got it." Mack grabbed his notebook, a stack of papers, and followed Geo who'd taken several more papers and his laptop.

"You have to share your findings," Lauren pleaded.

"So do you, but for now, we're regrouping. Andy," Mack addressed him, "keep us in the loop. We'll let you know if we know anything new."

Andy nodded. "Sure."

"You're a good guy, Andy," Mack added.

Andy looked between him and Geo. "Not good enough to turn your head."

"I know a guy. We get this case done, and I'll put a good word in for you. He's a hot young cop in another precinct. Last name Knight." Mack sent him a wink before leaving with Geo.

"You think that was a good idea?" Geo asked after they left.

"Why wouldn't it be?"

"I don't think Knight is out."

Mack grinned. "That doesn't seem to slow Andy down. Besides, it's just an introduction."

"Well, when you call Rook to set it up, tell him I said hi."

"I'll do you one better. Let's invite Rook and Nate to the barbeque and have Knight tag along," Mack suggested.

"Lemme guess. You'll conveniently invite Andy along, too."

Mack nodded his agreement through his laughter.

"*Now* who's the twinkie godmother?"

Chapter Five

The case broke around seven p.m. three days later. Mack and Geo had cracked the media silence and gave the news stations enough information to plaster the little girl's face all over the television. They also gave them details about how her abduction was linked to the recent finding of a dead body. The leak that they believed the killer was female created the frenzy they'd hoped.

Calls poured into the station, most of them misleading, but some sounded golden. Some of them fit within the mould of what they expected to see. Women who couldn't bear children, stealing one. Women who'd lost a child at the age of the girls taken, seemed the most promising.

Mack had a list of names he'd compiled from the surrounding counties of women who'd lost a child between the ages of six and seven.

Geo had reviewed old cases to find other abductions not previously associated with their case. He'd found a pattern in some of those which matched up nicely with their results. The earliest went back nearly a decade.

Because of that new addition, and the expected escalation of the woman's frustration in not finding *her* child from the faces of many, Mack took his list of suspects back to encompass the previous decade, too.

Of the leads, two names came out of the three dozen or so they had. Andy ran them with priority and the rest of the suspect list, through their databases and profilers at Quantico. The two Mack and Geo found had been ideal candidates.

Mary Chambers and Soraya Walters topped both local law enforcement and FBI wanted lists for the crimes.

"Back off, boys," the Chief commanded.

"Why? We're so close," Mack stormed, pacing the office.

Geo pressed his lips together to keep from yelling. After all they'd done to solve the case, they were being told to heel.

"This case belongs to the FBI. You two did your part. You'll get commendations for it," Chief assured them.

"I don't fucking want a commendation. I want to be there when we nail this lady and get the kid back to her parents," Mack snarled.

"It doesn't matter what you want. This part is all about the bureaucracy. Their case. Their victory."

"Can we at least be there when she's taken to her family?" Geo asked.

"No. You two are to be hands off. You did your part, they do theirs."

"They did *shit*," Mack seethed.

Geo put a hand on Mack's shoulder to settle him. "Is there any part we're allowed to participate in?" he asked the Chief.

"Sorry boys. Your game is up. Go home. Get some rest. Agent Stratton will copy you the results," he answered.

"C'mon, let's go home," Geo urged Mack. "It's been a long week. They'll close the deal and we'll be back on the job in a couple of days with a new case."

"You're okay with that?" Mack snapped.

"Hell, no, but what choice do we have?"

"Take it out of here boys. You've been given your orders. Don't make me suspend your asses."

Mack turned to leave, but stopped suddenly in his tracks. "Como Lake."

"What about it?" Geo's eyes widened and his face paled as he put the pieces together too. "Of course!"

"Of course what?" the Chief asked.

"The orchestra hall on the lake," Mack said, finishing his own thought.

Geo nodded. "The girls were involved in local fairs," he clarified for the Chief. "We only recently attached three bodies to the parks where they were found, but the pattern exists."

"Melissa last played at the covered hall in Como Park," Mack agreed. "We have to tell Andy. If the CLU take the locations of those other missing children to the parks where they last performed, they'd find the other missing children's bodies."

"That's why the link isn't obvious. It didn't have to be the day after the performances. It just happened to be the place where the killer *found* her targets. Chief. We gotta get on this, now," Geo insisted.

"I said 'go home'. I'll call you if your hunch pans out, but I'm telling you, no, ordering you to stay out of it."

Geo followed Mack's tense body as they left the Chief's office and collected their things to go home. Geo got out his keys first. No way in hell, with Mack this pissed off, was he going to let the other man drive tonight, unless it was in the bedroom. That kind of rage could be put to very good use and would help them both blow off their frustrations. Literally.

Geo had always been better at letting go of things he didn't have control over. Well, this case was a perfect example of needing a talent like that. It was what it was and the Chief couldn't step on the toes of the FBI. "He's following his own set of commands," he said, knowing Mack wouldn't answer him.

It wasn't until they got to the apartment parking lot that Mack finally sighed in defeat. "I know. I just hate that we don't get to see this thing through."

Their eyes met in the dark interior of the car. The engine ticked as it cooled, and Geo took the keys out of the ignition. They jangled in his hand, muffled by the small space. He couldn't make out the green of Mack's eyes, but he saw the tightness in the corners of his mouth. He'd kiss those soon, see if he could make him relax.

"It's over," he told Mack.

"It's unsatisfying."

"It's how it is sometimes. They're going to pick her up tonight and with any luck the little girl will be there. If not, they'll chase down the woman at another location. Whatever happens, we're off the case."

Mack's look turned sly. "I know something that I'd find satisfying."

"Kicking Lauren's ass into next week?" Geo asked.

"Well, that too, but what I'm thinking involves you on your hands and knees."

"Oh?" Geo's cock stirred.

"Yep, definitely using your 'O'."

Geo's breath caught. "Then why the fuck are we still in the car?"

Mack swung his door open and slammed it behind him. He jogged backwards towards their building with a sexy grin on his face.

"Shit," Geo swore, struggling with his seatbelt. He got out and hit the lock on his key fob. Mack had a huge head start, but Geo wasn't going to let that stop him. He had something pretty specific in mind when it came to Mack. He only hoped Mack would be okay with it.

Mack beat him to the apartment. He'd left the door ajar and Geo shut it, bolted it behind him as he watched the daily display of tight ass. Mack leaned across the counter for the answering machine, except he didn't hit play, he turned down the volume. His shirt had already been taken off and as he turned to face Geo, Mack's cock tented the front of his pants.

Geo shrugged out of his shirt, undid his slacks and let them drop to the floor. He pushed off his shoes and barely paused to remove his socks as he crossed the room. Mack waited for him, hands propped on the counter behind. His chin tipped down and he watched Geo with a slow, sultry appraisal. That look never failed to get Geo hot. It was the look that said Mack couldn't help himself. That he barely restrained from throwing his body at Geo in a lust-craze.

God, sex tonight was gonna be *great*.

"You're wearing too many clothes," Mack muttered.

Considering that the only thing Geo had on was his boxer-briefs, the complaint startled a laugh out of him, considering that Mack was still fully clothed.

Mack grinned, too. "That's right. The only things I want you wearing, are those sexy dimples of yours."

"I'll show you mine if you show me yours," Geo challenged.

He slipped his thumbs into his elastic waistband, ran them back and forth to tease him. Then deciding it teased himself as much as Mack, he hooked them and pushed them down his legs. Geo's cock sprang free, bobbing as he finally closed the distance between them.

"Now that's a beautiful sight," Mack praised.

Geo unzipped Mack's pants, reached in, and grabbed his dick. Turning, he led Mack towards the bedroom. Mack didn't seem to want leading though. He stepped into the hold, wrapping his arms around Geo's naked waist and stumbled to the bed.

"You're chafing my ass," Geo complained.

"Not nearly as much as I'm *going* to chafe it."

"Awesome. Just promise you'll take your clothes off first. If I'm going to have a raw ass, I want it to be rubbed raw from your short hairs and not your denim."

Mack's buckle rattled and Geo let go of the steely cock he'd been holding to let him undress. Rolling over, he propped himself up to watch. Mack's gaze skimmed over him, lingering on Geo's prize package. "I love the way you look. Don't think I'll ever get tired of it."

"I love the way you look at me, and you'd better damn well never get tired of looking," Geo warned.

"Condom?" Mack asked.

The question had never really been asked. They'd always just worn one after their initial relationship sexcapades. Safety and all that. It just made sense. What was Mack really asking, and dare Geo hope it meant something important?

"Fuck the condom," Geo suggested.

Mack dropped down over him, stole a kiss, then looked importantly into his eyes. "Really?"

"Yeah. I want to feel every ridge. Let's go bareback."

"Rollover, sexy," Mack commanded gently.

"What? No kissing?"

"Oh, there'll be kissing," Mack promised. "Everywhere. I've been waiting to get my mouth on you for way too many days for there *not* to be kissing."

"Mouth. Now."

Mack obliged, lowering his body onto Geo. The sharply sexual contact felt incredible after nearly a week of opposing shifts at work and drawn out arguments, misunderstandings, and reasonable doubts about Lauren and pasts and futures. It felt like coming home.

Mack's hard body on his pressed Geo into the mattress. He lowered himself from his elbows. Geo wrapped his arms around the man who'd stolen his heart over a year ago and had never let it go again. He just prayed Mack never would.

"I've missed you," he murmured into Mack's neck.

Mack pulled back, his gaze searching Geo's. "I thought I was losing you." His voice cracked gruffly.

"I thought you were pushing me away."

"I think I was. If I pushed you away and you left me, it would have been my decision. Waiting for you to pick me over Lauren hurt too much," Mack said.

Geo stroked his cheek. "I know you're a hardass tough guy who likes a challenge, but do us both a favour, and trust me next time."

"I'm sorry."

"Goddamn right, you're sorry. Tell me what's going on in that head of yours before you decide for me that we aren't working out."

The helplessness of the situation returned Geo's frustration two-fold. To think they could have lost each other because of pride—it fucking pissed him off!

Mack bent, kissing Geo's bottom lip and pulling it between his own. "It was stupid and it's over. I love you. I want you. I can't believe I didn't trust you. Forgive me?"

"Maybe," Geo growled, not willing to let it go quite yet.

Mack's fingers wedged between their bodies to cover Geo's cock. "Please?"

Geo flipped them, landing Mack on his back. He sat astride Mack, his hands pressing Mack's shoulders down. "Only if you'll forgive me for doing anything that made you doubt us. It couldn't have been easy to see Lauren and know we'd been together. I didn't exactly push her away because I knew you didn't want the precinct thinking too heavily on the rumours that we're closer than partners ought to be."

"But Lauren?" Mack looked up at him and Geo thought he still saw traces of hurt in the bright green depths. "Anyone but Lauren I could have handled."

"I don't think it would have mattered who it was. I think our relationship scares you," Geo replied.

Mack seemed to think about it for a moment. "Yeah, but Lauren brought it home a lot faster."

"I'm not in love with Lauren. I'm in love with you."

Mack smiled, a slow twist of his lips which never failed to make Geo's breath catch and his pulse race. But was it enough? Did Mack think it was enough that they told each other in

private how much they loved one another, yet never told anyone else? What would his answer be when Geo revealed his hopes to Mack.

“What is it?” Mack prompted.

He’d told Mack he should trust him. Didn’t Mack deserve the same trust? Now the shoe was on the other foot, Geo felt a little more nervous. He moved off of Mack and left the bed.

“Geo?” Mack asked uncertainly.

Geo went to the closet and reached up high for a cardboard box. He pulled it down and dug through it.

“I thought you said ‘bareback’. Did you change your mind?” Mack questioned.

Chapter Six

What was he doing? They'd been having a great conversation, settling insecurities and doubts when Geo got up. What had happened to make Geo leave? Geo found whatever he'd been fishing for, and walked back to the bed.

"What is it?" Mack asked. If it was a memento of Lauren past, he'd rather not know.

But Geo blushed when he climbed back on top of Mack. The position made it hard to concentrate as it was—Mack's sex-heavy cock nestled under Geo's ass and balls. Geo's pristine penis jutting proudly towards him, as though requesting a kiss. He'd love to bend and give it one, if his body could flex like that. But pinned down, it was out of the question.

With Geo looking a little nervous, possibly shy and a way Mack had never seen him before, he was even more intrigued. He wanted to wrap this Geo in his arms and tease him with hot words and hotter touches.

"I have something for you," Geo said. "It's kinda hokey maybe, but I had them made and..." he trailed off, shrugging.

"Show me," Mack whispered warmly.

Geo nodded, catching his bottom lip under his teeth as he reached for Mack's hand. Geo brought Mack's hand to his lips and kissed his knuckles, each finger, his palm. He sprawled over Mack's body again. Geo popped something into his mouth then drew one of Mack's fingers deep into his mouth.

Mack felt the seductive pull of his lips and tongue. Something pushed at his finger and Geo's mouth pushed it down the length, before sucking back to the tip, leaving the object behind.

"Shamus MacGinty Sullivan, will you marry me?" Geo asked.

Mack thought his heart would explode. The implications thundered through his mind. Forever with Geo boomed loudest. Geo wanted forever with him. He stared at Geo, struck dumb by the magnitude of his words.

"I know it's not legal in Minnesota, but we can have our own ceremony. We could fly out of state to make it legit," Geo hedged.

It also meant letting other people know. Was this a test? Did Geo think Mack would say no? The last thing Mack wanted to do was hurt him. If Geo meant he wanted forever with him, didn't that mean there was no turning back, and that people would know one day, anyway? Hadn't this been the moment Mack had been waiting for, to know that telling others wasn't an aberration but a lifestyle for them?

It was no longer in the realm of 'maybe one day'. This put their relationship in 'absolutely now'.

Mack looked up at Geo, seeing the shadow of doubts rise and cloud his silver eyes. "You mean this?" he asked Geo.

"Of course I mean it. I love you so much it hurts. I know there are people who won't understand, but does it matter? You and I count for something special. Hell, before this *we* didn't even know or understand a guy-guy relationship. At least, I didn't. I certainly never intended to fall in love with you. We can't expect everyone to just accept it." Geo kissed him. "As long as *we* accept it. As long as *you* accept us."

It wasn't a question, but it might as well have been. There was only one answer. Did Mack accept that they were never going to get over being in love with each other? Yeah, he accepted that. He fucking knew it would never be over between them, and the fact that Geo knew it too added giddiness to his answer.

"Mack?"

"I can accept us. Are you going to be all right with me not always being so quick to announce our relationship? I don't mean with family and friends, but like holding hands on the sidewalk and kissing at work. That's a little out of my comfort zone."

"Jesus, Mack, you didn't do those things with girls either," Geo said, chuckling.

Mack grinned. "Yeah, I guess not. I'm not a really showy guy."

"I'm okay with that. I knew that about you already, remember? That's not what I'm asking you."

"No. You're asking me to marry you," Mack said, feeling his grin turn goofy.

"And?"

"I'll marry you."

"Hot damn," Geo murmured. "You said yes."

Mack looked at the slim decorative band Geo had so seductively slipped onto his finger. It was etched with...“Holy shit, Geo, is this a cock?”

Geo laughed. “Yeah, baby, it’s your very own cock ring.” He winked, then pulled out a matching band and put it on his ring finger too. The metal band was a long, veined cock wrapping around the finger, etched with dips and shadows with the suggestion of balls where the tip of the cock ended its circle. Base to tip, silver dick spanned their fingers. “Matching cock rings.”

“God, you’re twisted,” Mack laughed. He pulled Geo into a kiss. “It’s perfect.”

“We won’t tell anyone until you’re ready, okay?” Geo promised.

“Thank you.”

“Don’t say thank you until I’ve finished plugging your ass,” Geo said.

“Nah, bro, it’s my turn to ride you.” He shifted, hooked Geo’s leg and hauled it up. Though Geo was on top, his ass was split wide and ready. “Hope you can get to the lube before I go in.”

Geo scrambled, reaching to the side table and quickly applying gel blindly to his ass and Mack’s cock. “I thought you wanted me on fours. Are you really going to end my awesome proposal by slamming into my ass without some romance?”

“Oops. My guy genetic code is acting up again.”

Mack nudged him off, flipped him over and grabbed his hips. With a tug, he had Geo’s ass in the air.

“Not what I meant,” Geo said, dissolving into laughter.

Mack enjoyed the strangled end to that laugh as he gently massaged Geo’s hamstrings, then changing positions, Mack nipped his ass. His tongue flicked the opening of his crack as his free hand gently stroked Geo’s exposed sac.

Geo shuddered, buried his head in his arms. “Touch me, Mack. I need your hands on my dick.”

He obliged, teasing Geo’s cock with gentle pets, knuckling his balls into a roll. With Geo distracted, Mack flicked his tongue over the tight hole, already glistening with lube. Not his favourite way to taste Geo, but interesting given that it was strawberry flavoured lube. There would be teasing about this later. Geo and his strawberry flavoured ass.

Geo moaned and Mack couldn't wait any longer. He lifted up, kissing along Geo's spine while he cuddled Geo's balls in his hand. Pressing the tip of his penis to Geo's opening, he breached, feeling the pop of tight muscle close on his cockhead.

"It's been too fucking long since we did this," Mack said, his voice trembling.

"Your fault. I wanted to shower fuck you days ago."

"I've got my dick in your ass. You really wanna piss me off right this second?" Mack challenged.

"If it makes you hurry up and thrust, hell yeah."

"You got it, sweetheart." Mack pushed all the way in. His balls bounced on Geo's ass and Mack hissed with pleasure. "You're so fucking tight."

"Because you didn't fuck me in the shower."

Mack groaned through his laughter. "You keep pushing that."

"Until you *start* pushing, I'll keep pushing," Geo quipped.

Mack slapped his ass, pulled out, slammed back in. "Take it hard, then. Your ass is mine."

"And yours is mine, hot stuff."

The rhythm set, Mack pumped firmly into Geo, revelling in the slap of their flesh and the slick shaft of Geo's dick dripping pre-cum into Mack's servicing fist. He nudged Geo's prostate, giving his hips a little hitch at the end of every slide until Geo was shivering with the need to come.

"God, Mack, take it already."

Mack flicked Geo's slitted cockhead, sank his teeth into Geo's shoulder as orgasm streaked up Mack's cock and spurted thickly, nakedly into Geo's tight, hot body. Geo cried out, bucking his hips on Mack's final thrusts. Cum snaked out of Geo's dick, slicking Mack's fingers in the process.

"Good job," Mack praised. He took a spent Geo to the bed, falling on their sides in a spooning position.

"Next time I want your dick in my mouth," Geo said. "I want to taste you. Besides, I love the look on your face when you lose control. Total fucking turn on."

Mack kissed his shoulder, lipped his neck and ear. "Whatever you want, Mr. Sullivan."

"What? Hell no. I'm not the girl. Mr. and Mr. Wilson sounds better," Geo countered.

"Fuck that. We'll keep our own names, of course, maybe get married at—" Mack sat up suddenly when the phone rang. He glanced at the clock.

Geo looked up at him. "The Chief?" he asked, apparently thinking the same thing as Mack.

Mack rolled away, landing easily on his feet and ran to his cell phone where he'd left it in the main room. He punched the accept button and listened to Chief's brisk message. Geo came up behind him and held him to his chest.

"Thank God she's alive. Yeah, Chief, we'll see you Monday," Mack said, hanging up.

"Well?"

"The home address for Mary was empty. They found one girl's locket, another girl's christening ring, and our most recent dead body's backpack. They also found Melissa's St. Christopher pendant in the same box. Mary left the box on her bed with a note of confession."

"That's awfully tidy," Geo noted.

Mack turned in his arms. "She said she'd finally found her daughter and they could die together."

Geo paled. "But you said she's alive."

"She is. Lauren and Andy got to Como and found them on the dock." Mack's hands shook at the close call. "Mary already had twine and when she saw the FBI, she tried to strangle the little girl."

"But she's okay. We got to her in time," Geo said, looking for assurance with the tentativeness of his words.

"Yeah, Melissa's okay. They're taking her to the hospital and calling her parents to meet them there as we speak." Mack turned in his arms, placing a soft kiss on Geo's lips.

Geo's arms tightened around him. "If you hadn't thought of the connection to the performances, it would have been too late."

"But it wasn't too late and she's going to be all right. It's over," Mack assured him.

Geo's hands smoothed over Mack's back, dropped to cup his ass. "You're sexy as a hero of little girls."

"Does that make you my sidekick?"

“This time. Next time, I get to save the day and you can worship my body. Tonight? I’m giving you a hero’s celebration.”

“I’m gonna like being married to you,” Mack murmured.

Chapter Seven

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. Are you embarrassed to tell them you're gay?" Geo asked the following weekend at the barbeque.

"Am I gay? I never got sappy for any other guy, and my history is littered with women," Mack reminded him.

"Ah. Denial it is, then." Geo's chest ached. Was he backing out?

"Nah. I think they call it *gay for you*," Mack teased. "I'm definitely gay for you." He drew Geo closer. "On you." Mack stroked Geo's cheek. "Over you and under you." His lips skimmed lightly against Geo's. "In-fucking-side you, for damn sure."

"You're not changing my mind," Geo said. It wasn't anyone's business but theirs if they fucked each other every night. It wasn't like they needed approval. He just felt like they were lying to their families. The gathering seemed like the perfect chance to clear the air about their partnership. At least Mack was still wearing their ring.

"Wouldn't dream of it."

"Yeah, you would," Geo muttered.

"Yeah, I would." Mack chuckled. "Shut up and kiss me."

"We're not done arguing, baby."

"We're done and your mouth is about to get a whole lot busier." Mack slid his hand to the back of Geo's head and tugged on a fistful of hair. Hovering just out of reach, Mack flicked out his tongue to taste Geo's lips.

Geo groaned. Mack had grown a lot bolder since their engagement. Standing in the upstairs bedroom of Mack's family home, they could be walked in on at any minute. Geo figured it had to be a good sign that Mack was willing to take the risk of getting caught making out.

He pressed his hand flat on Mack's belly and pushed it into his pants. Mack's cock, already swollen with need, heated Geo's palm invitingly.

"God, I love it when you grab my cock like that," Mack confessed.

Geo grazed a fingernail on his sac and watched Mack shudder, his lips parting on a harsh gasp.

"I know exactly what you like."

Mack nodded in agreement, gasping on a "yes" when Geo began to slide his hand up and down the hidden length.

"Mack?" Mack's mother, Charlotte Sullivan called in the distance.

Geo snatched his hand away. The men quickly separated and Geo found a reason to turn his back to the door. Mack swore, muttering about blue balls at which Geo stifled a laugh.

"Mack?" she called closer.

"Hey, Mom." He answered quickly, shoving his hand in his pockets.

"Oh, good. It's nice to see you boys settling in. As soon as you're done, I want you to come downstairs and meet someone." Her look brooked no nonsense and it was aimed at Mack.

Geo shot Mack his own look. *You have to be kidding me.* This was exactly why they needed to make their relationship public.

"You'll like her. She's blonde," Mrs. Sullivan said, emphasising the last word.

"Oh, well, if she's *blonde*, Mrs. Sullivan, I think he should go meet her right now," Geo teased.

Mack snorted in disgust. Mrs. Sullivan patted Geo on the back. "Don't worry sweetie, there are some other locals around here that I have in mind for you."

"No thanks, I've got someone I'm seeing pretty seriously."

"You should have brought her," Charlotte cooed.

"You'll meet soon enough. I hope," Geo said, sending Mack a pointed look.

Mack grinned widely as Charlotte left the room.

Well, that's at least promising.

"Mack?" Charlotte called sweetly.

"Coming."

"Not yet, but soon," Geo promised.

Geo watched him leave, answering the Call of the Blonde. "Jesus, this is going to kill me," he muttered, wadding up a pair of boxers and throwing them on his matching twin

bed. The last time he'd slept alone had been over a year ago. Hopefully, they'd be able to tell the families soon. Like tonight and move to a larger, single bed.

"Maybe I shouldn't unpack," he mused to himself.

"Hi, Geo."

He looked up as Maddie, Mack's little sister, flopped on his bed. She propped back on her elbows and eyed him with a shy smile so like her brother's.

"Hey squirt."

Her brow wrinkled momentarily. "I heard you were staying all weekend," she led.

"Yep."

"Cool. Does this mean I finally get you to the lake for a moonlight swim?"

She snatched up his boxers. When Geo reached for them, she giggled and held them away. It was calculated because in order to get them back, he'd have to lean over her prone body. He knew she still had a crush on him. He wasn't taking the bait.

"If there's a group going, sure."

She tucked her bottom lip under her front teeth. "I was thinking just you and me. Totally, you know, like innocent."

He snorted. "The last thing you are, is innocent."

"I like cops. Sue me."

"You're underage."

"My parents trust you," she countered.

"They know I won't inappropriately hit on their only daughter."

She pouted. "I wouldn't tell if you did." She absently tugged on the elastic waistband of the boxers she held.

"No," he said gently, but firmly.

"You like me."

"You're Mack's family. Of course, I like you."

"I think you like me more than that," she suggested.

"I think you need to go find something else to do."

Maddie threw his underwear at his chest. He caught it easily. "You should give me a chance."

"Maddie," he said on a sigh. "I'm seeing someone. Someone *not* a minor."

"You didn't bring her, so it can't be that serious," she reasoned.

He nearly groaned as she continued to stretch out a discussion that had no happy ending with her. "No, you're right. I didn't bring her." He put subtle emphasis on *her*, but Maddie didn't seem to notice.

"Is it serious?" she asked after a minute.

"Yeah. We're getting married."

"Oh."

Suddenly, he tugged a dark lock of her hair. "But if I were a paedophilic pervert in need of a seventeen-year old for company, I'd call you first."

She gave him a sad smile, and stood to leave. "Geo?"

"Yeah?"

"If you and your girlfriend don't get married by the time I turn eighteen, will you at least think about it?"

"Sure," he relented. No way in hell was that an option. But Maddie didn't need to know that.

"Awesome." Maddie threw her arms around him and pressed a kiss to his lips. She giggled and dashed out the door.

By the end of this week, the Sullivans will either have me arrested for paedophilia or killed for screwing their son.

Sullivans and Wilsons milled around on the grounds, the aroma of smoked meat perfuming the outdoors on plumes of slow moving smoke from the grill. Agent Andy Powell was talking to David Rook and Nate Giamanti. Another guy, Rook's new partner from the seventh precinct, Liam Knight, walked over to join the threesome. Looked like the plan to introduce Andy and Liam was already underway, naturally.

Mack stepped out onto the back patio. Geo wanted to tell their families. There was no question that would happen. Mack's shoulders relaxed, and he found himself smiling. Yeah, this was the right thing to do, and the right time. There was no one else Mack wanted to spend his life with, so they might as well get used to the idea.

Geo did it for him. God, did he. He loved the way Geo smelled. The way he smiled. The look in his eyes when he teased Mack. The sleepy, mussed hair and rough jaw when Geo rolled over first thing in the morning and kissed him.

He hoped Geo would hurry up and come down. Something prompted him to look up at the bedroom window. Geo looked down at him, concern deepening the corners of his beautiful mouth. Mack motioned for him to come and noted the quick nod before Geo turned away.

This was it. It was now or never.

He reached for his mother's mimosa glass and lightly clinked it with a spoon. "May I have your attention please?"

The families and friends quieted. Geo stepped through the sliding glass doors to the patio and hesitantly moved in with the others as Mack waited for full silence.

"I have an announcement to make," Mack began, feeling like his face was going to split from smiling. His eyes touched on Rook and Nate. They looked curious, but he thought they might already know what he hoped to say. Could he call that encouragement in their eyes?

Mack looked down at his mother's upturned face. "I love you, Mom."

She smiled back.

"Geo, come here a sec."

Geo came to stand beside him. "Now?" he asked.

"Yeah, babe. Now." He looped an arm around Geo's waist as he said it. The words and the action drawing more than a few whispers. "I've got some great news. This guy beside me has been my best friend for five years. We've worked closely as partners on the police force and have saved each other's lives a few times now. Wouldn't you say?" he addressed Geo.

"At least a few. You're kind of a klutz," Geo agreed.

Mack heard some nervous laughter. "It's part of my charm."

"You're definitely charming."

"About a year ago, Geo and I figured out something life changing." Mack looked at Geo. Mack was nervous as hell. Geo was the one who didn't care if people knew they were together. Still, Geo's presence beside him imbued Mack with strength to continue. "Neither one of us expected we'd find our perfect partner in each other, off the clock."

"What are you saying?" Charlotte asked, her voice shaking.

"I'm saying, Geo and I have been dating for the past year."

Charlotte gasped. Tears filled her eyes. Her reaction stung, but Mack knew he had to continue.

"We didn't tell anyone because we needed to know this was the real thing. We knew this would be difficult for our families to understand. Hell, it was difficult for us to understand," Mack confessed.

"I'd like to take a minute to point out that I knew first," Geo said.

Rook and Nate laughed. Mack saw Rook hand over a five-spot. Seemed they'd been betting on Mack and Geo. Mack smiled at them, shook his head.

"Last week, Geo asked me to marry him —"

More gasps. Charlotte made a squeaking sound.

"And I said yes," Mack finished.

Mack released Geo to stand beside Charlotte. "Mom, I know it's a surprise."

Charlotte Sullivan slapped him. Mack's cheek stung. "Now you tell me? Now? I invited a girl to meet you. You should have at least told me this privately. Don't I deserve that?"

"Mom, I would have but I knew I wouldn't have the nerve," Mack told her.

Charlotte smoothed her hand over his cheek. "I can't say this is easy to hear. I still wish you'd told me first, but I promise to *try* to understand."

Geo crouched too. "I love him."

She looked from one face to the other. "You do, don't you," she said more than asked.

"Yes, ma'am," Geo answered.

"Okay then." Charlotte said uncertainly. She kissed his cheek, then Mack's.

"Thank you, Mom."

Geo helped him up. Turning to the rest of the crowd he smiled brightly. "I'm getting married! Someone crank the stereo."

"I got it!" Maddie called.

Music filled the air. Maddie came over to stand with them, making her way through the crowd of family who'd come to congratulate or stare.

"You okay, squirt?" Geo asked her.

"Yeah. I mean, I'm not a guy, so I'm not competition. It kinda sucks that I never had a shot, but," she shrugged. "There's a cute guy over there I might go talk to."

Mack looked. "Uh, Mads? He's gay, too."

"Seriously? Seriously? Do me a favour and when a straight guy shows up, send him my way."

"After you're eighteen," Geo said.

Mack grabbed Geo's hand and pulled him off to the side. "I need to catch my breath."

"You did great, baby." Geo looped his finger in Mack's belt loop and tugged. He kissed him, slow and soft. "I was afraid you'd chicken out."

"I had too much to lose," Mack said meaningfully. "It went okay, right?"

"Yeah. Give your mom time. It looks like your dad is already working on her."

Mack looked over. Indeed, Shamus Senior cuddled her close and sent Mack a wink over her shoulder. Relief washed through him. "Not so painful after all."

"Don't worry. I'll kiss any lingering boo-boos away tonight," Geo promised.

"Can we start now?"

Geo chuckled, taking the cue, and wrapping his arms around Mack. "I love you. Thank you for doing that."

"I did it for *us* because I love you too," Mack corrected. "Now, if I remember correctly, you had your hand in my pants when we were rudely interrupted."

"Oh yeah," Geo murmured, tugging Mack through the sliding doors and racing to the bedroom hand in hand.

About the Author

Mia makes her home in Minneapolis, Minnesota, where she divides her time between a job and spying on people. Mia enjoys long walks in Como Park, daisies, dancing in the snow...(Delete prior sentence, meant for personal ad)...

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