

The Love That Never Should Have Been

By : **mightydricks**

Keith is a Lieutenant in the Bronx 49th precinct. One night at a bar having drinks with his coworker and girlfriend he meets a man who will change his life forever. He begins noticing weird things about men and soon finds out that the man he has slowly been falling in love with has killed the man he is the primary caseworker for...read the story to find out how Keith will handle the news and what will happen to Keith and his murderer!



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Chapter 2

Keith felt like his eyes were going to fall out of his head. He had been staring at his computer screen for two hours. The information was becoming hammers and his brain was becoming mush. Hearing the knock on his door, he turned to see Detective Dameon Hartfield standing in his doorway. "What can I do for you Dameon?"

"Um. Sir, I was wondering if you would wanna get drinks tonight?"

"Why Dameon, I would love to. Is it ok if Angela comes with?"

"Oh I suppose so. I will be bringing Helen, so."

"Ok sounds great. Seven at Dukes?"

"Ok see you there sir."

With that Dameon left and Keith called Angela.

"Hello?"

"Hi sweetie, how was your day?"

"Well it could have been better, but this prick copped a feel when I was clearing a table. He soon found out where my fist ends up when people cop feels."

Keith smiled as he imagined her fist is some poor idiot's face, "So what would you say to drinks with me, Dameon and Helen?"

"Oh, I think that would be lovely. I always love talking with Helen. Seven at Dukes, I'm guessing?"

"Yes, am I that predictable?"

"Do you have to ask? But that's ok, I don't mind."

"Ok, well see you tonight. Goodbye honey."

"See you later, sweetums."

Keith chuckled a bit and hung up the phone. He looked back to his computer screen and saw the time. It was 5:30. How had time got away from him? That didn't matter now. He checked his inbox and was enraged to find they did not contain lab reports. Did they not know this was a priority case? He turned to his phone and punched in the lab's number. When there answering machine started boasting that they were out of the lab at the moment, he slammed the receiver down on the phone. Getting up from his chair, he started to pace. He wondered how there wasn't a rut in his office floor. When he examined the carpeted floor he saw a distinct wear mark. Chuckling he sat back down and went back to killing his eyeballs.

Chapter 3

Back inside the house John answered the ringing telephone. "Hello?"

"Hey John, its Henry."

"Hey Henry, whats up?"

"I was wondering if you wanted to get a drink later?"

"I suppose we could. Where were you thinking?"

"Dukes? At about quarter to 7?"

"Hmâ !" John didn't like the idea of going to a known cop bar with what he had done and was about to do. But John wanted the rush. "Sure sounds great. See you there Henry." John set the phone down on on the table and felt a surge of unease pass through him. He had a feeling this night was not going to go well. Thinking about calling Henry back and canceling, John picked up the phone. But he couldn't remember Henry's number. He pulled out his cell phone and found no contact. Well, he would just have to go and deal with this unease. Walking into the bathroom he opened the medicine cabinet. Finding Tums he swallowed two of them. Feeling slightly better he went back into the living room to sit and do more planning for his operation the following day.

Chapter 4

"Keith. Keith! KEITH!"

"Huh? What." Keith looked up from his case file and saw Dameon standing in the door. "Oh crap." He looked over at his computer and saw 6:45. "Shit." Hurriedly he got up from his desk, threw on his coat and followed Dameon out of his office. Riding down in the elevator Keith and Dameon didn't talk. They exited the elevator and building when they were stopped in their tracks by a brawl happening just outside. Keith knew this was just what he needed right now. He was already late and this was not going to help. Keith motioned to Dameon to hold, while Keith called in uniforms. They skirted around the brawl and continued down the street to the bar. When they walked in they could smell coffee, sweat, determination and rage. The bar was packed. But they found Helen and Angela at the bar where they had saved seats for them.

Chapter 5

John and Henry sat at a booth in the far back corner: the hardest booth to see from anywhere in the bar. But John saw the instant Keith Richard walked in the door. The second that followed baffled John because he could feel tightness in his chest. His breath began to quicken and he couldn't take his eyes off Keith. He had a cap of golden blonde hair, features chiseled by a famous sculptor and a body that looked as perfect as a man could be. When John realized he was staring, he tore his eyes away, felt the tightness in his chest lessen and regained control of his breathing. *What had just happened?* He didn't know. The last time he had felt those things had been the first time he saw Conner Flanner, his school's quarterback. He was handsome as well but his breath hadn't quickened, not that he could remember anyways. Looking over to Henry, he saw that Henry was passed out. *Damn it!* John slid out of the booth and pulled Henry to the edge, he didn't stir. John threw one of Henry's arms over his shoulder and started for the door. Moving with Henry was hard since he was about one and a half times the size of John.

Keith was joking with Dameon when he saw a fairly tall man with jet black hair helping a man to the exit of the bar. Excusing himself, he started towards the two men not knowing that doing so would change his life indefinitely.

John saw Keith coming and swallowed an obscenity.

"Hey, can I help," asked Keith in a friendly tone?

"I got it, but thanks." Just after John said this Henry slumped more and John wobbled.

"Please, let me help." Keith took Henry's opposite arm and threw it over his shoulder.

Together they got Henry outside and into Henry's car. "Well thank you for your help."

"Oh no problem, anytime." That's when Keith really looked at the man he had helped. He had seen his height, which now matched his almost perfectly, and hair before. But now he noticed the dark blue eyes and his planed face. There was something in it that Keith couldn't quite determine. Well he had to get back so he wished the men safe driving and turned to reenter the bar. Just as he did his heart tripped. Stopping at the door he turned his head and saw the man getting into the driver's seat and Keith warmed. *What the hell? Was he having a heart attack? No, the tripping wasn't continuing.* When the man drove away the warmth faded and Keith turned and went back into the bar. But something had changed. The air had taken on a new smell, men's cologne.

Chapter 6

John drove to Henry's house and parked outside his apartment. Sadly, John's car was still at the bar, which annoyed him. He had planned to put Henry in his car and take his own and go home. But thanks to Keith Richard, he couldn't drive off in his own car for fear he would remember it. Still wouldn't he remember your face? *Damn! Damn! Damn!* He would have to hope no new leads would come in the next two days, because that's how long he would have to wait to perform his action. *Ugh!* John got out of Henry's SUV and locked the doors so no one would mess with him. He had got Henry's number and made a mental note to call him in the morning to make sure he was alright. Hailing a cab, he instructed the driver to take him to Dukes bar. He sincerely hoped Keith would not be coming out of the bar when he was getting his car out of there.

Keith had been distracted ever since he had come back into the bar. Angela had noticed and inquired about it. He had brushed off the question casually but lovingly. Dameon's cologne was strong in his nostrils. *Why hadn't he smelled this before?* Deducing it was the fresh air he continued the night in his semi aware mode.

The taxi pulled to the curb in front of the bar and John got out. Nobody was on the sidewalk, which he was grateful for. He took three steps in the direction of his car when he saw Keith inside the bar. John was stopped dead in his tracks. The calm and collected police lieutenant now had a hollow and distracted look on his face. John felt his heart move out of his body and start to move to him. But John caught it and pulled it back in. He had to remember who he was and who Keith Richard was. A cop would never fall for him. In the twenty-four years he had lived, there were not many good things he could take credit for. A single tear fell from his eye and dripped onto the cement.

Chapter 7

Keith could not focus for the life of him. He told himself it was the beer and working too much, but in truth it wasn't. His mind was on a man: a man of all things. Keith was not gay. That's what he told himself. There would no doubt be repercussions in the department. He looked to Angela who sat next to Helen, two seats down from him. The hair on the back of his neck raised and he turned to look out the front window. There stood the man he had helped carry out the bigger man. Keith's heart leaped from his chest. *What is happening to me?* The man noticed their eye contact and quickly moved down the street. Keith hurriedly grabbed his coat and ran out the door to the street.

Crap! Crap! Crap! You should never have been standing there. John was hurrying down the street to where his car was. When he was twelve feet from it he heard "Hey!" *Shit!* John stopped and turned to see Keith hurry towards him throwing his jacket over his shoulders.

When Keith reached the man he was slightly out of breath. Not because of running but because of a reason he didn't understand: not yet at least. "Hey weren't you the guy whose friend was drunk and I helped you cart him outside?"

"Yes, I live just a few blocks down there." John pointed in the direction he had been walking.

"Oh I understand. I have a very awkward question, but. What do you feel when you see me?"

The question caught John completely off guard. "Wait, what?"

"Um. I askedâ€¦!"

"No I know what you asked, but why would you ask me that?"

"Well, I was just wondering."

"Well to satisfy your curiosity nothing." That was a complete lie but John was not going to admit that he had feelings for the Lieutenant of the Homicide Division of the NYPD.

Keith felt his heart fall. He had hoped for something. *Wait a minute. Keith James Richard quit thinking like this!* "That's what I hoped you would say."

John hadn't expected that response and surprisingly was hurt by it. He showed more hurt than he wanted to as he turned to walk in the direction he had pointed. *Well good this hurt can fuel my anger tomorrow.*

Keith had no idea that the next thing he would do was to shoot an arm out to John. The second his ungloved hand touched John's shoulder and uncovered neck the fire in him started.

John felt the touch and the fire in his own blood. He turned to Keith and looked into his hazel green eyes.

Keith's brain finally recognized what was happening and he quickly retrieved his hand. "I'm sorry."

John looked confused, "What are you sorry for?"

"Um. I don't know. I'm not gay."

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"Really? How do you explain the fire? Or didn't you feel it?"

What? How had he known? He must have felt it too. "Yes I did and I don't know. But i'm not gay."

"You keep telling yourself that." With that John turned and left Keith standing on the street.

Chapter 8

The next morning Keith awoke to the sound of his alarm, reporting the time to be six twenty. His apartment was four blocks from the Bronx headquarters so he could get ready and be there at seven. Starting his coffee maker he walked into the bathroom to take a quick shower. After finishing he could smell the most amazing scent in the world. *Scratch that the second most amazing scent in the world: the man last night. NO!* "You cannot think that way Keith, you have a girlfriend and you are not gay." *Then why had his blood became lava in that one touch? "NO! NO!" Why had he notice the amazing smell that had escaped from his jacket when he turned? "NO! NO! NO!" Why of all did he want to touch that man again? That he couldn't argue with. "Ok i'm bisexual then." That wouldn't be as bad.*

BANG! BANG! John jumped out of bed and ran to the window in his living room. In the middle of the street there laid a man face down in a pool of blood. "SHIT!" This could break his cover. He would have to discover a way to stall the investigation without killing the primary, not yet at least. He heard the sirens in the distance and had a slight feeling of fear. Closing his blinds he went back into his bedroom and groaning fell on his bed.

Chapter 9

Keith walked through the front doors of the Bronx 49th Precinct and was immediately intercepted by Dameon.

"Sir they need your assistance on Haight Avenue at the corner of Lydig."

"Ok I will head right out." Keith zipped into his office and checked messages. There was only four from reporters and one from Angela. Pulling out his phone, he walked back out to his car and drove to Haight Avenue. He called Angela on the way telling her that last night he just had too much to drink. When she started to prod about why he had ran outside he told her he would talk with her later because he was at the crime scene. He threw open the door and stormed out of his car. This was not a good way to go into an investigation but he couldn't help it. He walked up to the barricade and saw the two uniforms were guarding the scene; this brightened his mood some as he showed them his badge and continued through the barricade.

One body lay in the middle of the street in a pool of blood. The blood had congealed and was a dark red. Keith set down his case and opening it took out gloves. He took all the necessary pictures, measurements and samples he needed. Then he walked up to the uniforms standing at the barricade, "Did you call the coroner?"

"Yes sir. He said he would be delayed."

"I see, well I am done with the body."

"Yes sir."

"Will you take the knock on doors?"

"Um, yes sir."

"Whats the problem?"

"It's the building there 2104."

"Yeah what about it?"

"Well the guy that lives there keeps peeking out the curtains and shaking his head."

"I see, I can take care of it then."

"Oh would you sir, thank you!"

"No problem." Keith took a look to 2104 and saw the curtains fall into place. *Hmmm.* Walking up the sidewalk he rang the doorbell. After waiting only a few seconds the door was wrenched open and there stood the one person Keith did not want to see.

Chapter 10

The man had jet black hair and the deepest blue eyes. Keith's heart melted where he stood. He realized what was happening and was mortified. Noticeably he straightened and managed to utter, "Hello."

"Hello Lieutenant." John stood in the doorway and leaned against the door jamb nonchalantly.

"So you live here?"

"Yes I do, Keith."

"That would be Lieutenant to you."

"Sorry Lieutenant."

"So what would your name be?"

John contemplated giving a fake name and making his scramble when the owners name and the name he gave were different. But he couldn't do it and out came, "John Trent."

"John, hmm."

"What?"

"Oh nothing it's just, I've always wanted to name one of my kids that." Keith looked up from his notepad and into John's blue searching eyes. "What?"

"I have a question for you Lieutenant."

"What would that be?"

"Keith." John looked deep into Keith's eyes and took one step closer. "Do you like me?"

Keith was taken aback at this question. He was looking into John's hopeful eyes and he felt his own heart beat faster and his breath quicken. "John, I. I. I think do." He smiled to John.

John smiled back and replied, "I thought you said you weren't gay?"

Keith heard the laughter in John's voice, but there was also some extreme happiness and disbelief. "I know what I said, but my heart has changed. And I think my heart would like to be with you John Trent."

John felt like he might faint. *Had Keith just said those words? Had Keith Richard Homicide Division Lieutenant of the Bronx 49th Precinct just said that he would like to be with me?* "Wait, did you just say?"

"Yes John I did. I would like to get to know you better."

This time John did faint. He fell forwards and right into Keith's arms. Of course the fire that quickly started in his blood quickly brought him back.

"Are you ok," Keith asked as John had regained balance?"

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"Yes I am. I just never thought I would hear you utter those words?"

"What do you mean?"

"Keith I have wanted you since the first day you moved here and into the 49th Precinct."

This news hit Keith like a forty ton wave. "Wow. Really?"

"Yes Keith and i'm just amazed that my dreams actually came true."

Keith was ready to endure whatever repercussions would arise with the department he liked this man. He moved closer to John and encompassed him in his arms.

John was caught off guard and took a second to wrap his arms around Keith. But when they were shirt to shirt their eyes met. John slowly moved his head in and met Keith's halfway. Their kiss exploded like twelve atom bombs over the same area of land. The fire burned in John quickly and completely. There was no way in this world he would ever let go of Keith.

Keith held onto John for dear life. There was nothing but him to hold onto in the world they went to when they kissed. Keith couldn't remember the time his body had responded so extremely towards another person. When Keith pulled back he smiled to John and breathed, "Wow."

"Yeah." John smiled back, "Now do you want my statement?"

Keith laughed, "Yeah I suppose that would be my job huh?"

"Yeah. Well I was sleeping and two gunshots woke me up. By the time I made it to the window the body was where it is now and the street was deserted. I'm sorry I couldn't be more helpful."

"Oh John you don't have to worry about that. You have been more helpful than you think." Keith smiled and gave John a goodbye kiss and walked back down the sidewalk.

Chapter 11

ohn stood in the doorway and watched Keith walk down the sidewalk and that's when the truth hit him. Just yesterday he had been plotting to kill Keith. Now mere hours later he was kissing and hugging him. He knew that things had changed. But that was a bit drastic. Plus he had killed the man that Keith was now representing. He wondered how Keith would react when he found that out. John no doubt figured he would lose Keith. *Damn! Damn! Why were you so stupid? Why couldn't you have just paid the officer off? But no you had to go and kill him! And now you're going to lose the man you love!* He thought his conscious was laughing at him. Well in reality it was, it also was showing John that he would reap what he sowed. He went back into his house and just sat down on his couch. Letting his head fall to his lap he started to cry.

Keith left the scene and felt a deep stab in his heart as he drove back to the precinct. He attributed this to Angela and the news she would soon receive. When he walked in there was a turning of heads from his detectives. *Damn! Had the uniforms at the barricade seen? Why were they staring?* He just nodded and walked to his office. There sat Angela in a very tight black dress with white gloves. She had her bright blonde hair in a tight bun and wore matching black high heels. "So your what my squad was staring at me for."

"Keith, I think we need to talk."

Oh shit! "What about?"

"About us."

Oh god! Oh god! "What do you mean?"

"Keith what happened this afternoon? You look like you're in love."

"Why yes I am. With you dear." Keith moved to where Angela was sitting and leaned down and planted a kiss on her lips. Nothing happened when their lips met. Keith's body stayed in homeostasis. This surprised him. There had always been spark with her. He pulled back and looked into her searching eyes.

"What?"

"Um. Angela I don't know how to tell you this."

"Well how about the straight forward way."

"Ok. He exhaled and worked up the nerve for those three cutting words. "Angela, I met someone."

Chapter 12

John answered the ringing phone, "Hello?"

"Is this Detective Brody's killer," asked a voice John didn't recognize?

"Who is this?"

"Is this Detectiveâ!"

"I heard what you said but who is calling?"

"Let's just say I know about what you did and I'm going to tell Keith. John."

John heard the dial tone. "Shit! Shit! See this is why you shouldn't have killed him. SEE!" He began to pace back and forth. *What are you going to do now?* Honestly, he didn't know. The call had caught him off guard and now he had Keith to worry about. What he would do and believe. The facts were that John had killed that Detective. He completely regretted it but there was nothing he could do now. That's when a knock on the door jolted him from his pacing. Moving slowly to the door he opened the peep hole.

Chapter 13

"You're in love with someone else? Did I hear that right?"

"Yes Angela, I am."

"Well, then I guess there's not much more to say then is there?"

"I'm sorry, Angela. I wish it didn't have to be this way."

"Says the man in love with another woman?"

"Um. Not a woman Angela."

"Excuse me? Are you telling me that you have fallen in love with a MAN?"

"Yes Angela, that is exactly what I'm saying."

She gave him a look that said she was ready to smack him. "Keith are you joking?"

"No Angela i'm not. Im sorry. Would you rather i cheated and slowly pushed you away?"

Some of the fight drained out of her. "I suppose not."

"Are you ok?"

"Yeah. I will be."

Keith moved close to her and rubbed her shoulders. "It's going to be ok."

"How do you know?"

"Because I just do. Angela I will always be your friend. I will always be there for you if you need me."

"Thanks Keith, I may need friends eventually."

"Angela I have to go now. I wish I could stay so we could talk."

"I'm sure we'll have time to talk later." With that, Angela left the office and the precinct. When she got in her car, she laid her head on the dash and cried.

Back in the office Keith's phone rang. He quickly grabbed the phone and answered, "Hello this is Keith."

"Is this Detective Brody's primary," said an anonymous male voice.

"Yes it is. Who is this?"

"Let's just say what I have to say may aid your investigation."

"Ok what do you have to say?"

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"Do you know John Trent?"

A pang of fear coursed through Keith. What was John in and how bad was it. "Yes, what about him?"

"Maybe you should ask him about the Detective. Make sure you watch his eyes when he answers. That's how you will know if he's lying."

The dial tone blared out at him as he frowned down at the phone. How was John connected? Was he connected? How deep was he in? "My god!" Keith dropped into his office chair and dropped his head to his head. *Shit!*

Chapter 14

"Hello John," said the man standing at the door.

"Who are you?"

"You don't remember me John. YOU SHOT ME!"

"Brody," escaped from his mouth in a whisper.

"Yes John, way to go. May I come in?"

John stood frozen and looked up at the six foot five inch tall man that he had killed. "ButâHow?"

"John let me in and I will tell you."

John moved from the door and let him in. Brody chose the couch and John took the chair across from him.

"Well John, the police are after you. Well they don't know it's you but their looking for my killer. John, their getting close."

"But you're not dead now, so it's ok right?"

"Wellânot exactly. See you did shoot me. Their still gonna want to hang you for that."

John curled into the chair and stared off in the distance. The doorbell rang again and he looked back to where Brody was. No one was on the couch. "Brody?" Nobody answered. The bell rang again. He got up and walked to the door. John opened the peep hole and immediately swung open the door. There stood Keith, the man of his dreams. "Hey sexy!!!!"

"John, can I come in," there was no happiness in his voice, it was all cop.

John looked to him with confusion; he moved aside and motioned him in. "What's wrong?"

"John, what do you know about Roger Brody?"

John's hand shook as he picked up a notebook. "I wondered when this day would come." He dropped the book in Keith's lap. Sitting back down he watched as Keith opened the notebook.

As Keith read the book he felt his gut tighten. This notebook plotted the killing of Detective Brody. So John had killed him. A tear threatened to fall from Keith's eye but he didn't let it. He turned the page and saw a photograph of himself. Reading the top line all the breath from his lungs escaped. His throat went dry and fear prickled the back of his neck. Nonchalantly he reached for his police communicator and pressed the distress button on the side. Grazing his gun he stood and faced John. "What's this," Keith pointed to the top line about the assassination of Keith Richards.

John's heart chocked his throat. First came the tears. John tried to stop them but they were a gushing waterfall and had no stop.

Keith was completely caught off guard, "John?" Reaching out his arm he touched John's shoulder.

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John felt their connection and turned to face Keith. "Keith, here's the truth," John controlled and stopped the tears. "The truth is yes I did shoot Roger. But just today he came to my door. He didn't have time to explain how he was still alive because you showed up and he disappeared. And Keith I know that you may not believe me when I say this but, I love you. And I don't think I could have ever killed you."

Keith looked into John's blue eyes like the caller had said and he saw an infinite compassion and something else. He couldn't quite figure out what the other thing was, when it struck him. It was love. "John, Iâ!" His breath hitched when John moved in and laid his mouth to his own. *Holy shit! It was love in his eyes, Keith could feel that now. There was a sweet and loving way that John held him close. Keith couldn't kid himself he loved this man. He only met this man yesterday, but still something had clicked between them.* Suddenly Keith felt a sharp pain on the back of his head and he fell to the floor.

The thud jolted John back and he saw Roger with his Louisville Slugger. "Why did youâ!" The bat was swung again and John joined Keith unconsciously on the floor.

Chapter 15

Darkness surrounded him as he searched for his bearings. The last thing he remembered was kissing John. *John! Where was he? What happened? Was he ok?* His eyes began to adjust to the darkness and he saw that John lay next to him. "John," he heard his voice come out in a wheeze. *God his head hurt like hell!* Crawling to John he heard voices from outside. He couldn't make them out but he was focused on John. He shook John to only receive moans. Keith was ecstatic. *Thank god he was alive!* "John, come on wake up." His eyes slowly started to flutter. That's when the orange blaze was blinding. *What the hell?* The flames engulfed the front door and the front windows. They were still in John's house. But it was burning. *Shit! Shit!* "JOHN GET UP NOW!!!" John's eyes opened slowly and he saw Keith and smiled. "John come on get up." Keith got to his feet and immediately felt an uneasy, woozy feeling, but he did not go down. They had to get out and now. The side door was also ablaze the only way was the bathroom window. It faced the back of the house. Keith grabbed John's hands and pulled him to his feet. Keith helped him into the bathroom and pushed open the window. He helped John up and out of the window when a black coat on the back of the door caught his attention. The coat read Madison Police Department. *That's where he worked before he moved here.* When he turned the coat over he was shocked. The front read Kent. Instantly a tall very handsome man swam into his memory. His name was Kent Brady.

Chapter 16

1 year ago

"Detective Richards?"

"Yes Brady what's up?"

"So I saw you havin some fun with that girl from records at the Christmas party."

"Well aren't u just a trained observer."

"I don't like the way you said that Richards."

"Well Brady you're a uniform so it doesn't really matter what you like or dislike now does it?" He knew that would burn Brady's ass. That made him smile. Watching Brady walk away was a great pleasure.

Present Day

"Keith!"

Keith was pulled out of his dream and back to the present. The house was burning and he could smell the smoke. He had to get out. Turning to the window he saw John standing outside the window with worry creased on his face. He held his hand to Keith. Keith's heart melted seeing his worry and his love. When he took John's hand he smiled and was helped out the window.

John caught Keith as he dropped to the ground from the slightly elevated bathroom window. He grabbed Keith's hand and pulled him towards his neighbor to the north. *They had to get away. Far away!* Soon they were over the fence and in his yard. John was plotting out his neighborhood in his head and searching for hidden spots. When he felt a sharp pain in his back he fell forward onto his face.

Chapter 17

Keith whipped his head around to see where the shot he heard had come from. Standing just on the north side of the dividing fence he saw Detective Jake Brody. Keith couldn't believe his eyes. "Brody?"

"Yes Richards it's me. Oh and by the way you're a faggot."

"Excuse me?"

"You heard me. You're a faggot Richards. I saw you lip locking with that killer over there," he motioned to John who lay on the ground coughing and retching.

"You bastard, I love that man and you just fucking shot him."

"Well, an eye for an eye as I say. He shot me so now I shot him."

Keith knelt down next to John and held pressure on his back. He reached for his communicator and felt the barrel of Jake's shotgun touch his back. "Really Jake? You're gonna shoot me? I am a ranking Lieutenant of the NYPD and you are gonna shoot me?"

"If that's what it takes. We don't want a faggot among us. Especially one who's in love with a murderer."

Keith wagered he had one chance. Nonchalantly he put his hand on his hip and hit the distress button again and felt for his pistol. He heard rustling in the bushes and had an amazing plan. Knowing they were Jake's men he fired his pistol and faked a gunshot wound. When his back hit the ground and his pistol at the right trajectory he fired again and again. Jake stumbled a little and fell backward. When his men came to investigate Keith lay on the ground and faked death. When sirens rang out they scattered in all directions. After they escaped Keith moved back to John and seeing all the blood he was scared. "John?"

"Keith," came a very weak rasp."

"Oh god John you better not die now. You can't. I love you John! I love you."

John smiled and half blew a kiss to him.

Keith motioned and yelled for the uniforms who responded to call the EMT's. He rode with John to the hospital and sadly was separated at the ER room doors. A nurse called to him from the desk. "Are you here with the man that just came in with the gunshot wound to the back?"

"Yes, do you have any word on his current condition?"

"Wow you're pretty collected for the way you stuck by him. The doctors practically had to pry you away from his side. So either he's a very high profile subject or you're gay."

"Wow! Um," Keith dropped his head to the counter and let a few tears fall.

"Sir," the receptionist said with worry in her voice."

"Yes," he said lifting his head and wiping his face?

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"There you go. That's a better reaction. Can you fill out this form Lieutenant?" She handed him a clipboard and motioned in the direction of a small waiting area.

He slowly made his way to the waiting area and he slumped into a chair. That's when he looked down at the paper. It was the standard patient form. *DAMN!*

"Fill out only what you know," she stood over him and held a cup of water out to him.

He looked up to her with gratitude and gratefully took the cup of water. Drinking the whole cup in one swallow he said, "Thank you and okay. I will try."

"You're welcome. He's going to be alright I'm sure." She gave him a gentle pat on the shoulder and walked back to her desk.

"I really hope so." Keith dropped his head into his hands and began to cry silent tears.

Chapter 18

John lay in the emergency room operation wing. But he didn't know it. He was in a lovely dream. Surrounding him was green grass and rolling hills. The sky was a deep blue and there was a slight breeze. Laying down in the tall grass he just breathed in nature's air.

"John?"

Snapping his head up, he looked all around and to the hills. Behind him he could feel someone looking at him but for some reason he couldn't turn around. He felt the breath of the person behind him and was completely aware who it was.

"Do you remember me John?"

He remembered that voice as it twirled into his ears. Straining his body he tried to turn but he was frozen and couldn't move. *Damn it he had to move and see that smug face.*

When he felt the arms come around him he felt home and he felt something melt inside his heart. "Oh Jason." The magnificent face came over his right shoulder and captured his mouth. The kiss was so magical and made the setting of the dream change. Now John heard the crackling of a fire and saw a house he had known as it burned. He had been inside that night but now he stood outside and watched as the house caved in; killing his lover of the time, Jason Harris. Countless nights afterwards he had cried himself to sleep. The police in that podunk town in Oklahoma never found the killer. So he left that town and all its memories. He couldn't stand the nights when he looked at the bed next to him and saw an empty spot. John's heart had never healed since that night. As he stood outside the house he saw the fire department race around the corner ten minutes too late. All they would find was John crying on the lawn behind the house where Jason had thrown him out of the house seconds before it caved in on him. Just as that night John stood and watched emergency crews douse the flames and cart out Jason's charred lifeless body. He cried where he stood, only no one reached out to him like the neighbors did to the John with smoke inhalation. Still he was grateful for those people's efforts to help him. Making a mental note to visit them he walked away from the scene and the memory. When he saw a blurry view of an operating room he ran for it.

Chapter 19

"Sir!"

Keith sat up in a flash. "Me?"

"Yes you," the receptionist told him. "He's coming around."

Keith surged to his feet and hurriedly asked, "Can I see him?"

"Not yet sir but very soon I'm sure. I'm sorry."

Keith slumped a bit with defeat, "Don't worry about it. I will just be over there." Pointing a shaky hand to where he had been sitting.

The receptionist nodded and smiled to him, "Lieutenant he's going to be ok. His vitals are strong and his surgery is being performed by the best surgeon here."

Keith didn't care how good the doctor was and how John's vitals were all he could see was the blood gushing out of John. *God the blood!* "Thank you." He went back to the waiting room and slumped back in the chair. He thought about their kiss, and the darkness that he couldn't understand. Keith imagined that Brody had something to do with it. That's when he felt the prick. It was just a small prick in his back. Realizing the prick Keith got to his feet and felt his brain beginning to fog. He looked at his chair and saw the syringe. *Oh shit!* Reaching for it he felt the slow paralysis and went down, his head hitting the floor.

Chapter 20

"John? John are you there?"

The voice was far off but it sounded like I was coming from the blurred operating room image in his dream. It seemed like John had been running towards the image for twenty minutes. He was surprised at his stamina but remembered it was a dream and kept running.

"John, this is Doctor Cauplin. Can you hear me?" John's body released a moan and the doctor smiled.

John saw the image get closer and he could almost touch it when he extended his arm. *Damn it John wake up! Come on!*

Doctor Cauplin could see recognition of the light he was using to test John's eyes. "John. John, can you hear me?"

John could hear him in his dream and he was so close. Just as his finger grazed the image everything went black. He blinked trying to see. Waiting for his eyes to adjust he saw stairs and a tiny glowing light at the top. Examining the stairs he looked up and saw an open sign. *What? No! NO!* John knew what this was and meant. He melted to his knees and began to cry.

When the machine gave a loud and menacing beep one word escaped Cauplin's mouth, "Shit!" He and the nurses worked feverishly to warm up the defibulator and to use it. But all their efforts made no difference. The line on the monitor stayed a steady straight line. When Cauplin walked out of the Operating room he washed his hand and sanitized them. Now he had to shatter the family in the waiting room's life. This was not going to be fun.

Chapter 21

Keith awoke in a dark haze. He realized his eyes were blindfolded. Looking around he couldn't see anything.

"Hey cop, you awake?"

"That's Lieutenant Keith Richard to you. I am a decorated official in the NYPD Bronx Division." The blow had come from out of nowhere. Keith imagined it was the kidnapper's way of saying shut up. "Where am I?"

"Can't tell you."

"Why can't you? My hands are tied, im blindfolded, I don't know who you are and I deserve answers."

"Hmm... I suppose. Well you're in a basement near the energy station. Oh and word has it that they're gonna have an issue there in a few hours." A slow smile spread over Brody's face and he took the Louisville slugger from John's house and smacked Keith again, knocking him out. Now he could read his magazine in peace. Opening his magazine he heard the buzzer of the timer he had set. "Well time to leave. Goodbye faggot." Brody left the building and got in his car. As he drove away he saw the energy station having an eerie glow.

Chapter 22

The light above him began to pulse and the red open sign moved slightly showing an obvious doorway at the top of the stairs. Finally mustering the courage and after his tears stopped he began the climb up the stairs. When he reached the top the door seemed even scarier. He wanted to run back down the stairs and find the image of the operating room and his normal life. But some compelling urge kept him in his spot. His right hand began the short voyage to the knob. When he was half an inch from it the door was wrenched open. A bright white light blinded him and he couldn't see anything. When his eyes finally adjusted he could see clouds and roads. Wait those were roads on clouds with cars. He rubbed his eyes to make sure he was actually seeing this.

"So John, how do you like it?"

John turned and saw a man standing next to him. The man looked like any average person you would see on the street: one of the masses of people from New York either going to work or coming home. "Um yeah. Hi. Who are you?"

"Hello John, I am Nathaniel. I'm a couple steps down from the big man."

John felt like he was going to faint or cry. Both would have been very embarrassing so he kept his head in the moment. "NathanielâWhat is this place?"

"John don't you know? Why its Heaven."

A rush of emotions ran through him. How had he been good enough to get here? Why was he here and Keith. Oh god Keith. John whipped around looking for the door to go back, but it was gone. All that surrounded him was clouds. "NOOOO!!!" John fell to his knees and began sobbing viciously.

Chapter 23

When he regained a fraction of consciousness he heard the alarm buzzer. His blindfold had fallen off and he could see he was in fact in a basement. His hands were tied behind his back but nothing had been taken off him. He knew he had a knife in his pocket. Looking at the ground he saw it had conveniently fallen out of his pocket. "Yes!" Shimming around he grabbed the knife, opened it and cut the rope that held his hands. After cutting the rope holding his feet, he was free. Getting to his feet he peeked through the door to the main level. The hallway was deserted and he could hear the siren more clearly. Where was that coming from? He found the door that was marked exit and escaped. Outside he was completely disoriented. But he still ran. His head throbbed but he ran for his life. Pushing his officer in distress button dispatches voice twirled out of his earpiece.

"Lieutenant, how can we help?"

Keith fumbled to push the talk button. "I was kidnapped and have managed to escape. Can you send the closest unit to pick me up?"

"Right away Lieutenant!"

He listened as the request went out over the radio. That's when he saw the glow over the energy station. What the hell? A police car screamed around the corner and he walked to meet it. A quick exchange of wellness exchanged and he sent them to evacuate the neighborhood as he ran to the door of the energy plant.

Chapter 24

He hit the front doors and heard the emergency buzzer blaring loudly. Scientists were running towards him. Rushing past them he found the doors to the lab open and a scientist he knew as Dominic Turner manning the controls. "Scientist Turner, what's going on?"

He looked to Keith with slight acknowledgment and mild appreciation. "The reactor is melting. We can't stop it and the U-235 is about to explode."

"You're sure there is nothing we can do?"

"Well maybe. Push that blue button." He pointed to the other end of the control panel.

Keith extended his arm and hovered over the blue button for a bit, showing his hesitation. He turned his head and looked into Dominic's deep green eyes. He never realized how handsome Dominic was. Keith knew he was 27 years old and knew what he was talking about. Keith pushed the button while looking deep into Dominic's eyes he heard air tanks whoosh and turned to see the internal heat monitor showing a slow decrease in temperature. Keith turned his head and saw Dominic smile. Dominic turned to the screen and changed a few numbers, set some times and turned back to exclaim, "You did it! You saved us all!"

Keith smiled sheepishly, "I only did what you told me."

Dominic laughed and moved closer to Keith.

Keith didn't realize what was happening until Dominic's lips were on his and the room around them was dripping away and being replaced with red wisps of some unknown mental picture that twirled around them. The kiss enveloped every sense of his body and it took him a bit to realize that he was kissing the wrong man. Keith pulled back and looked into Dominic's confused face. "Dominic Iâ" "

"Keith let me explain. From the first day I saw you, when Jake died, I had feelings for you. I know you're with Angela and that you're not like me. But I just wanted to see what it felt like to kiss you. And it has surpassed my expectations. I'm sure you will never feel the same but just please don't kill me. I promise I won't do anything else." To show his resignation Dominic moved a few steps back.

Keith was in disbelief. The man standing in front of him was telling him that he liked Keith. What? How was that possible? Yes he was kind of cute but not handsome or someone who could make people like him in one look. But now two men had told him so. *John!* "Dominic I have to go. Don't sell me short. I actually am like you. Would you like to have coffee tomorrow?"

Dominic stared to Keith in sheer amazement. "You are? You want? Yes if course." Dominic wrote his phone number on a slip of paper and handed it to Keith.

Keith smiled, took the paper and gave Dominic a goodbye hug. He didn't want to push anything because he really didn't know anything about what was happening in his life. He also needed gay friends so they could help him through his feelings and men.

Dominic watched as Keith walked through the main lab doors and his heart fluttered a bit. He also felt his pants grow very tight. Well he guessed it was time for a bathroom break.

Chapter 25

"John whats wrong? Are you in pain still?"

Through choked sobs John managed to say, "No I just can't die, not now."

"John none of us plan to die. Unless we are terminally ill."

"Nathanial, please you have to let me go back. Even for one day. Please!"

"John you're in the hospital with about twelve bb holes in your back. Aren't we glad that lovely man used birdshot?"

"Nathanial, please I have to see Keith. "

"John there is nothing I can do. Plus letting you go back for a day wouldn't do much good considering you didn't even make it through surgery."

"Nathanial, I'm begging you. Please let me go back."

Nathanial turned and looked over the numerous clouds and to the city built beyond. "John are you willing to fall out of favor with god?"

"How do you mean?"

"John, if I were to allow you to go back for any amount of time I and you would be going against gods plans."

"So you can let me go back?"

"There is a way John. But it involves dark magic."

"How do we do it?"

"You really want to go against god?" Nathanial turned around to make the question more pointed.

"Yes Nathanial. If it means I can go back to earth, yes."

"Alright. The maximum amount of time I can give you is a week."

"That will be enough."

"Are you sure? I mean, are you sure you want to do this?"

"Nathanial I am 100% positive I want to do this."

Nathanial sighed deeply and disappeared.

"What? Nathanial?" John looked around as he saw the clouds drip away and he stood in a white room. In front of him was a wall sized screen. On the screen he saw his body lying on a operation table and the machine showing a straight line. "Damn." Nathanial's magic hadn't worked. A tear fell from his eye and he watched as

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a drip fell from the corpse's eye in the operation room. John let a small chuckle free. The corpse complied.

Nathaniel appeared in the white room and John rounded on him with anger. "What the hell? This is not what I meant! I want to be in that body over there! Not controlling it! I WANT TO BE IN IT!"

Nathaniel laughed, "I know. Like this?" He moved to the wall and knocked. A microphone popped out of a panel. "Press the F12 key. Then relife."

John felt weird as he began to disappear. But just before he completely disappeared he saw the machine line jump and form a heartbeat.

Chapter 26

Keith burst through the Emergency room doors and rushed to the counter. "How is he?"

The same nurse as before sat at the desk and was surprised, "Where did you run off to?"

"Not important. How is he?"

Doctor Cauplin walked out of the Operating room with a sorrowful expression on his face.

Keith followed the nurse's gaze and found Cauplin's face. When he saw the sorrow and apology in his expression a simple syllable escaped his mouth, "NO!"

"Mrâ ??"

"Richards, Keith."

"Keith, we tried everything we could do."

Keith felt a cold lump in the pit of his stomach. He turned away from the man and the secretary. His gaze fell upon a picture in the waiting room. It showed a man and woman walking in a forest. The picture boasted that exercise was good. Keith saw the connection of the man and woman and looked down at his hands. He had felt that connection when he held John's hands. SHIT! His heart felt as though it had been dropped from a twelve story building and he felt it shatter when it hit the ground. He had to get out of here. Walking to the elevator he spared a glance to the nurses' station. The nurse was on the phone and the doctor had left. When the elevator doors opened he got in and pushed the L button.

Just as the elevator doors closed there was a shriek. The heart monitor attached to John had begun to beep and showed a strong heartbeat. Nurses checked his vitals and everything seemed to be functioning properly. Doctor Cauplin hurried in after he had heard about the bodies return to the living. He also checked the vitals and was very surprised when he too found them to be very strong. "How is this possible?" Wait the man. He ran out of the OR and was told by the nurse he had left. SHIT! "Do you have his number? Or address or anything?"

"No just his name."

"Then call NYPD maybe?"

"Ok what should I tell him when I find him?"

"Tell him that John is alive!"

"What? Doc you're kidding!"

"No! I'm serious." He smiled and said, "I guess miracles can happen." He then returned to the OR to monitor John.

While he did so the nurse began the process of tracking down Keith.

Chapter 27

Keith sat at his desk with his head down. Silent tears fell. When there was a brief knock on his door he moved his arms to imply the fact that he was waking from sleep. This also allowed him to wipe the tears from his eyes before he looked who was at his door.

Loraine stood at the door, "Sir there is a phone call for you on line two."

"Who is it?"

"It's a nurse from the hospital."

Probably couldn't find next of kin and wanted him to find them and relay the news. "Thank you Loraine," came out of his mouth as three more tears dripped from his eyes. He turned to pick up the phone and felt a hug from behind.

"Its gonna be ok Keith, it's a good phone call." With that Loraine left his office and went back to her desk.

Well better see who it is, "Hello Lieutenant Richards speaking."

"Lieutenant, John is awake!"

"Really? You're not joking?"

"No sir. His hearts beating and his vitals are good. He hasn't responded to outside stimuli yet but we believe he will soon."

"If i come now will i be able to see him?"

"Yes you can." She smiled as a dial tone twirled out of the phone. He would be here soon.

Chapter 28

Dominic stood in the energy center conducting tests on the earlier "power failure." He knew it wasn't true. They had extensive backup generators and their own power backup if all their generators failed. Which was very unlikely. He ran scans on the reactor controls. When they completed and displayed on the screen, he was dumbfounded. The reactors computer control system had been hacked. The hacker had reconfigured the computer to not use the power from the generators or their power supply. But to use a supply of his own. With no doubt not much more power than was necessary for him to escape and get away from the reactor. He had to get a name or something concrete to give to the police. Keith popped into his brain: the way his sandy blonde hair framed his face and the way his shirt clung to his chest. Dominic jerked himself out of the daze and reminded himself that he had to look for the saboteur. Also he was in an energy laboratory with many buttons and switches, his mind could not wander. One wrong button push could be catastrophic. But Keith's memory persisted until they were kissing and back in the lab like they were three hours ago. He wondered where Keith was now. Turning to the clock he saw it was nine. "Holy crap way past quitting time." He shut down his workstation and made a note to search more tomorrow. Walking down the corridor he retrieved his coat, car keys, and other personal things he needed from his locker and exited the building. Dominic got into his blue sedan and started the engine. Pulling out his phone he looked at it and willed Keith to call. When his phone vibrated his spirits lifted and he looked at the display. A new text was displayed with the words, "You shouldn't have done that." The number was blocked and Dominic was scared. He quickly closed the message and dialed the non-emergency line for the NYPD.

"NYPD how can I help you," said an operator with disinterest.

"Hello I just received a possible threatening text message and I was wondering if there is a way you could trace it?"

"Well we can."

"Great would you like me to bring my phone in?"

"Sir we are swamped now can you wait until the morning please," asked the operator with disregard.

"Um. I suppose. Oh by the way you wouldn't by any chance know where Lieutenant Richards is now?"

"I do not. Also I cannot give out information about our officers."

"Ok well thank you anyways. Good bye." After disconnecting he stared down at his phone. But he broke the spell of it and drove home. He would dream of Keith that night.

Chapter 29

Why did this elevator go so damn slow? He had to see if what the nurse told him was true. When the elevator doors opened he rushed through them.

The nurse sat behind the desk and smiled and gave Keith the go ahead gesture.

Keith rounded the corner and was through the Operating Room doors in three seconds flat. He saw John through the windows and was stopped dead in his tracks. For John's eyes were open and he looked around the room until his gaze met Keith's.

John smiled and showed love in his eyes. He watched as Keith came near to him with tears welling in his eyes. Holding out his hand for Keith to grasp, John felt tears well in his own eyes. "Hello my love," John said sending Keith a watery smile.

Keith knelt beside John's bed and held his hand. "Hi John, how are you doing my sweet?"

"Oh I'm ok but there is something I have to tell you."

"What is it?"

"Keith, I can onlyâ€¦"

John was interrupted Doctor Cauplin walked through the doors and cut him off. "Oh Mr. Richards, I didn't know you were here."

"Yes Doctor can you give us just one moment," Keith flashed a smile to him.

"Certainly." The doctor retreated out the doors and they were alone once again.

"Please continue John?"

"Keith, I love you so much."

"And I love you John what's wrong?"

"Keith I have to go back," a tear slid down John's face.

Concern clouded Keith's face and he shifted, "What do you mean John?"

John pulled Keith's face close to his and planted a long, lasting and romantic kiss to his mouth. "Keith I died. And I met Nathaniel who helped me come back to see you." John's stomach tied in knots as he saw Keith's face become unreadable.

"John, what are you saying?" Keith's mind was racing and he was scared that John was delirious or something just as dangerous.

"Keith you may not believe me but sadly it's true. And I can only stay for a week."

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Keith felt confusion taking over his whole body. He was genuinely scared for John. "John are you sure you're all right?" Something was seriously wrong and John was having delusions.

John could see what he was saying was not getting through to Keith. John cursed and a tear fell from his eye. "Keith I know how terribly insane that soundsâ ; But it's true. You just have to trust me."

Keith's face was full of concern and doubt. "John its not that I don't trust you its just thatâ 'you have to look at this from my perspective. I mean I trust you John, but you have to admit that it sounds a little weird."

John turned his head and looked to the wall as a flood of tears fell.

Naturally Keith pulled John into his arms and held him close. "John it's gonna be ok. I promise. We can get you help."

John quaked in Keith's arms but said through tearing sobs, "Keith there is no way you can fix me. I'm gonna die again in 1 week. There is no way to stop it. I'm sorry."

The brutality of the feelings that welled up inside Keith finally hit him and knocked him back onto his knees. "Johnâ !L."

John interrupted him with intruding words, "Keith i would understand if u wanted to walk away now."

"John, I love you. There is no way i'm walking away from you now!"

John turned his head back to Keith. When his eyes locked with Keith's he saw the faint glisten of his eyes. "Oh Keith." John gave him a watery smile and pulled him in close.

Chapter 30

Dominic had gone home and was tucked into bed. He was almost asleep when his phone rang. Contemplating whether to get up and answer it or stay in bed resulted in a throwing of covers and running legs. It could be Keith. That made his hopes rise. When he reached the kitchen he snatched his phone from the counter where it was charging. "Hello?"

"Dominic?"

"Yes who is this?" He pulled the phone back and checked the display. The number was blocked and fear shot through him.

"Someone you don't wanna meet."

"What? Why? Who is this?"

"Well Dominic to be clear. You should have died tonight. Along with a quarter of New York and most importantly, the faggot Keith Richards should have died."

"Iâ!â!"

"You don't have to worry Dom, we don't wanna kill you. Just him"

With that silence exploded out of the phone and air whooshed around it as it fell. On impact the phone exploded into 3 pieces. Dominic sank to the floor and looked to where the phone lay on the floor. *What the hell? Keith!* Oh god. Dominic quickly found all the pieces to his phone and reassembled it. He pushed the power button and grabbed his keys and ran for the front door. He ran down the front steps and jerked open the car door. Sticking the key into the ignition he turned over the car engine and it roared to life. He peeled out of the parking lot outside his apartment. Racing across town he pulled out his phone to call 911 but realized a missed call. At the stoplight he opened his call log and saw an unfamiliar number. He quickly pressed dial to call the number and hoped Keith would answer.

Chapter 31

Keith was kicked out of John's room so he could rest. He walked to the waiting room and began to examine a painting. Moving his hands into his pockets his fingers brushed the piece of paper he had stuck in one. Pulling it out a reading, he realized it showed Dominic's number. Keith pulled out his cell phone and retreated to a secluded corner and dialed the phone. When Dominic's voice trilled out of the phone announcing that he was unavailable and to leave his name and number; Keith hung up. Just as he put his phone back in his pocket it vibrated. Pulling it out he saw Dominic's number on the display. "Hello? Dominic?"

"Keith! Oh god am I glad to hear your voice. You have to be careful of what you do and where you go."

"Dominic what do you mean?"

"Keith can we meet somewhere and I can explain? Somewhere private."

Now Keith's cop senses kicked in, "Dominic are you in trouble?"

"No, but Keith. You areâ"

Keith froze down to his toes. "Dominic what do you mean?"

"Keith just please."

"Ok, well let's meet at the Station. Do you know where it is?"

"Of course. Be careful Keith," replied Dominic with sincere fear in his voice.

"I will be Dominic, do not worry." Keith hung up the phone and pressed the button to call the elevator. He wondered what Dominic could be wanting and what was so urgent and why he had to be careful. When the elevator opened it hit him, "Brody."

The passenger in the car looked at Keith with a fearful expression. He realized that he had spoken aloud and they traded places. Keith entering the car while the passenger exiting quite hurriedly. He pressed the lobby button and leaned against the back of the elevator.

Chapter 32

Dominic hurried across town to the 49th Precinct. When he rounded the corner he searched the street for a parking space. He found one and pulled in. Getting out of his car he scanned the sidewalk, when he saw it was empty he relaxed a little. Hurrying inside he was directed to Keith's office. Opening the door he found it empty. A new sense of fear arose in him as he entered and closed the door. As he looked around the office, he smiled seeing so much clutter. He looked casually at the odds and ends hung on the walls. A picture of his high school basketball team, an image of his high school and college diploma's. Dominic felt less apprehensive towards life just being somewhere Keith had been. *God was he falling for Keith? Or was this some kind of infatuation with a hero?*

Keith burst through the doors of his precinct and was alerted there was a Dominic Turner waiting in his office. He hurried down the hall and opened the door. Finding Dominic admiring his diploma's Keith shut the door and walked to him.

"Those are quite prestigious, Keith!"

Keith smiled and found himself turning Dominic around and pressing his lips to Dominic's. For what seemed like lifetimes fireworks exploded over the two men and the night sky replaced Keith's office. Before either one of them could grab hold of anything they were falling into the endless night sky. When Keith pulled away and looked into Dominic's eyes, he smiled.

Dominic returned his smile and stammered, "Thaâ 'Thatâ 'That was amazing!"

Keith's smile widened, "Oh come on."

"Keith that was amazing," Dominic held Keith's hand and smiled back.

"You sounded super scared, so what's wrong?"

"Keith when I left the Energy Center tonight I received a text. It was from a blocked number and it said you shouldn't have done that. It really scared me Keith."

"Why didn't you tell me or call here," Keith asked in a speculative voice.

"I didâ 'but they told me they were so busy and it was probably nothing. So I went home. And before I went to sleep my phone rings. So I got up and answered it thinking it might be you." Dominic smiled sheepishly.

"But it was the blocked number," asked Keith with fear creeping into his voice?

Dominic's smile faded and he turned to face the wall. "Keithâ '!" Tears began to clog his throat.

Keith moved close to Dominic and brought his arms around Dominic's body, "What is it?" He softly laid his lips to Dominic's head and held him close.

Dominic let out a choked sob and turned to face Keith. Looking into his eyes Dominic spat out the words as tears streamed down his face, "Keith they want you dead." His head fell on Keith's shoulder as he began crying steady and constant tears.

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Keith tightened his grip around Dominic but his face held a frozen fear. There was a knock on the door and Dominic tried to escape from Keith's arms. But Keith had a strong hold and held him close as he called out, "Who is it?"

"Lorraine, sir."

"Whats wrong Lorraine, I'm kinda busy."

"It's the hospital, they say John can be discharged but he wants you to take him home."

Dominic shifted in Keith's arms and looked up to lock eyes with Keith. "Who's John?"

"Sir, what should I tell them," prodded Lorraine impatiently?

Keith was torn; between an old love and the possibilities of a new love. Keith broke eye contact and released Dominic. He went to the door, opened it and whispered to Lorraine, "Tell them I will be there in twenty minutes." With that he closed the door and turned back to Dominic who stood in the same spot with a look of confusion. "Dominic, John isâ" *What was John? A lover? A convict? No, no John wasâ* Keith didn't know. All he knew was that Keith felt as his heart was pulling him in two directions. He didn't know which way to turn.

Dominic stood waiting for an answer he could practically answer himself. He felt as though he had been brutally punched in the gut and his heart. Knowing that the answer would not be what his heart wanted Dominic let a few tears fall and made his way towards the door and Keith. "Thank you for everything Keith. Iâ" "Umâ"

He was interrupted when Keith laid his lips down onto Dominic's; another explosion of feelings and something else. Keith couldn't identify what it was that made his heart beat in time with Dominic's. He felt as though the entire world was perfect. The choice for him had been made in that kiss. Keith Richard knew, down to his bones, that his heart belonged to Dominic Turner. Ever since that afternoon when they kissed in the laboratory of scattering scientists; Keith knew it. Pulling back he looked down into Dominic's eyes and said, "Dominic, please don't go."

Dominic took a few moments to return to reality. He had to remember to breathe as Keith had taken his breath away. "Buâ" "But Keithâ"

Keith placed a finger on Dominic's lips and made a shushing noise. "Dominic, I like you. And I want you to come with me when I talk to John."

"But Keith who is John?"

"John is a man I met on an investigation. And there was an amount of lust. But not the amount I feel for you Dominic. So will you?"

"Keith are you sure you want me to come I mean, what if he doesn't wanna let you go?"

"Then we can cross that bridge when we get there." Keith wiped Dominic's eyes and flashed his winning smile.

"Ok. I will come." Dominic smiled back and followed Keith out of the station.

Chapter 33

John sat up in a hospital bed and waited for Keith. His mind drifted to his house and their kiss. A smile spread across his face and a warming of his heart. His head jerked as the doors to his room opened and Keith walked in. John was so excited to see Keith but his face showed confusion at the man following him. "Keith, sweetheart!"

Dominic followed Keith and when he heard the words that came out of the man Keith had talk about as John, he felt a solid fist slam into his heart. Tears rushed to the surface of his eyes but he did not let them fall.

Keith moved towards John and grabbed Dominic's hand behind his back.

John's face clouded with even more confusion, "Keith who's this?"

Keith head was spinning. He had absolutely no experience in this at all. The only thing keeping him in the room was Dominic who's hand Keith held tight. Keith felt that his connection to Dominic was the only thing holding him steadily on the earth. *Wow how things had changed in a matter of hours.* He found that his heart which he thought belonged to John now actually belonged to Dominic. "John," it came out as a weak whisper but it was something.

Dominic heard the faltering in Keith's voice and he moved his free hand to Keith's back to show his support.

John could see what was happening all over Keith's face. His heart was exploding and tears fell silently from his eyes. "Keith, I understand," came through the tears. "This is good actually. I'm glad you will have someone when I'm gone." John reached out to Keith.

Keith looked at the floor but took John's hand. "John, I'm sorry."

John waved that away, "Keith, no don't be. I can see you're just following your heart." John resisted the urge to pull Keith out of Dominic's arms and hold him close so no one could take him away. But what good would that do? John was going to die by the end of the week. It was good that Keith wouldn't be alone. John was happy for him, but he felt as though his heart was being slowly stabbed with sewing needles.

Keith felt John's hand fall and saw his eyes roll back into his head. The monitor showed a silent green line. "Oh my god NO!!" Keith fell to his knees and tears fell from his eyes.

Dominic stood speechless. He slowly sank down to Keith's level and turned Keith towards him. "Keith, I'm so sorry."

Keith let even more tears fall and he fell into Dominic's waiting arms.

Dominic held Keith close and watched as the hardened detective cried like a baby in his arms. He kissed Keith's forehead lightly and held him tightly against him. "Shhhhh. Shhhh. I'm here Keith. I will always be here for you."

Keith looked up to Dominic's face and through his tears a small smile touched his mouth. But anguish soon replaced it. His head fell back to Dominic's chest.

Dominic whispered against Keith's forehead, "Always."

Chapter 34

A white tunnel was all he could see. The end seemed to be a blinding light. Walking closer he saw a desk. On the desk he saw three bold letters. Swallowing he continued to walk in the direction of the desk.

"JOHN MICHEAL TRENT," boomed a loud voice!

Practically jumping out of his skin he replied meekly, "Yeâ lyes sir." As he moved closer he could make out the letters. On the desk in front of him, there stood a g, o and a d. His core shook like a leaf in a windstorm.

"SO JOHN!"

"Umâ lGod sir," John spoke meekly.

"Yes John," replied God in a much lower and more amiable tone.

"Ok, I was just wondering if you would mind not shouting at me."

"Oh John of course I don't mind. Plus its straining on my vocal cords. I am quite old you know." A smile spread across his face. "So John, about your little Earth escapade. I figured that now was a good a time as any to pull you back."

"Yes I suppose it was," John said sadly and dropped his head.

"John, you know this was all planned."

John's face flashed anger and popped up. "What are you saying? That nothing I could have done would have changed my ending?"

"Well ultimately you sealed your fate when you dealt with Brody. You know that don't you?"

"So you're saying that if I hadn't killedâ lwell tried to kill Brody things would have been different."

"It is possible, I suppose."

John's face resolved the anger and instead was replaced with regret and uncertainty. "And I suppose there is no second tries?"

"Not in life, my son. Sorry."

"So you're not mad about the whole me going back thing, are you?"

"Oh John, of course not. I knew what was happening and I understood. So I let you go." He turned and moved to the right of his desk where a window appeared. "But you see John, you needed to see that you could not hold onto Keith forever. Especially since you knew you couldn't stay. Ah yes, come over here John." He gestured to look out the window.

John walked over to stand with God next to the window. Looking through the window he saw Keith kneeling on the floor clinging to the man he had brought into John's hospital room. John could see that Keith was crying. His heart hurt to see it, so he turned away.

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"Is something wrong John?"

"I can't see that God. You know that. If I were to watch the man I love cry miserably, it would kill me. Oh wait." John laughed a little at that. "I guess that wouldn't matter much."

"Yeah, John it's gonna be ok."

"Yeah I guess so." John turned to face God. The window had disappeared. The pain in his heart eased slightly and he smiled slightly.

"Well shall we show you to your house?"

"Whatâ I get a house?"

"Of course John." God laughed and walked through the cloud wall of his office.

John stared at the wall in disbelief. Inching closer he touched the wall and it was solid. Just then an ear splitting buzzer began ringing.

Chapter 35

Doors pushed open behind the two men clutching each other. Doctors began working on John in the bed. Keith seemed to strengthen and he rose to his feet. Dominic followed and held a supporting hand to Keith's back.

Keith felt his heart would explode because so much was happening. The man he loved was dead and the man he loved was showing his love. He turned away from the bed and pulled Dominic out of the room, around the corner and into the elevator.

"Are you ok, Keith?"

Dominic's face showed worry and fear. Keith brushed his hand over his cheek and planted a kiss on his mouth.

Dominic was taken by surprise, the fire spread through his blood so fast he felt that he was on fire. Keith had backed him against the wall. Dominic held onto Keith as tight as he could because the elevator car walls were melting from the heat they made.

The ding pushed through the sensations in Keith's mind and he pulled away from Dominic and exited the car as the doors opened.

Dominic felt the abrupt cold and opened his eyes to see Keith walking away towards the exit doors. He was confused but followed in pursuit. But surprisingly there was a lot of people in the lobby and weaving through people took longer than he thought. He saw Keith walk out the exit door and Dominic stopped in his tracks in immense confusion. Feeling his lips, where Keith's had been moments before, he found they were still warm with their heat. Continuing on in the pursuit of Keith; Dominic reached the door and pushed through it. Looking at the sidewalk he saw Keith leaned against his car. Dominic smiled and walked to him. "What's wrong Keith?"

He lifted his head to lock eyes with Dominic. "Dominicâ!"

The smile faded from Dominic's face, "What Keith?"

"Dominic, I'm sorryâ!"

Dominic's face filled with concern, "Keith what's wrong?" He moved his hand out to hold Keith's hand but he moved his hand. A single tear fell from Dominic's eye as he turned and walked away down the street.

Keith watched as he let the one man he loved now walk away. This time his heart did explode as he saw Dominic turn with tears running down his face. When their eyes met Keith felt tears of his own fall. *FUCK EVERYTHING!* Keith ran to where Dominic stood and held him close and planted a kiss to his lips. When Dominic pulled away Keith said, "I'm so sorry! Dominic, I love you and I don't care who hears."

Dominic's heart melted and he pulled Keith close. "Oh Keith. I love you too!" They stood in a strong embrace, when six floors above a new man's heart beat strong in the Trama Wing.

Chapter 36

Across town James Harper, an accountant, locked the front door of his house. He loved his little house in Brooklyn. It was small but it was all he needed. Practically living at his office he didn't spend much time here. He walked to his back door and found it already locked. Good he thought to himself. All locked up. James felt the fatigue of the past two days catching up to him. The firm he ran, J.H Accounting, had just caught a high profile audit. The auditee was a high level city official who had been suspected of not paying his taxes. Now normally the IRS would take cases in tax fraud but they wanted to be sure of his fraud before they launched a full on investigation. So in other words James had to sneak and connive his way to the numbers. But the thing he was looking forward to was the large payoff at the end of the job, regardless of the ending. He might take a vacation. Walking to his bed he fell face first onto his bed. Rolling to his back he heard the creak. It sounded from the front hallway. He froze and slowly rolled to the far side of the bed. When he reached it he spared a glance to the door nothing. Okay, time to move. Lowering himself to the floor he lay silently listening for anything, any movements. But there was nothing but silence. He exhaled and breathed a sigh of relief. The long hours and sneaking around were putting him on edge. There was nothing in his house. Getting to is feet he heard the creak again; this time closer to his bedroom door. Grabbing his alarm clock and yanking it out if the wall, he readied for attack. When the figure moved to the door James sprung out of the door and smashed is alarm clock down on the figure's head. Adrenaline pumped through him as he searched the hallway for anyone else. Seeing no one else in the hallway, he looked down at the figure. When he saw who it was he felt like an idiot. Lying on the ground was his partner, Alex. "Shit." What was he doing here? When James had left the office, Alex was in his office. What was he doing in James' house? And how did he get in? James walked to the front door and checked the knob. It was locked. How was that possible?

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