S.T.A.R.#1: The Stray

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Alex finds a young man in the side of the road and takes him in, not sure about his intentions.

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Chapter 1: S.T.A.R. #1: The Stray

Alex Mathias sighed as he clocked out and walked to his locker. It had been a long day, and he was ready to go home. Returning the night greetings of the other agents, he continued out to his motorcycle. Starting the engine, he pulled out onto the dark, quiet street.

Due to the cloudy night and new moon, visibility was not good. Alex drove more slowly and carefully than usual.

When he was about half a mile from his house, which was still on the base, he slowed down. On the side of the road, he saw a still form that looked to be a dog. As he got closer, Alex noticed it was too long to be an animal.

Frowning, he pulled over and parked a good distance from the still form. Drawing his 45 mag pistol, Alex walked over slowly. Turning on his flashlight, he saw it was a young man around his own age. Keeping his gun out, he set the flashlight down facing the man and settled back on his heels.

Reaching over, Alex checked for vital signs, while still holding his gun firmly in the other hand. To his relief, they were strong, so Alex stood up. Taking a few steps back, he called his older brother, Will.

"Hey, what's up?" His brother sounded like he had been sleeping.

"Sorry to wake you up, but I need your help," Alex knelt down, feeling the man's pulse again. "Will," he sighed deeply. "I need you to bring your truck, because I found an unconscious man on the side of the road."

"What?" Will was fully awake now. "Never mind. I'm on my way, so don't move him. Where are you?"

"About a quarter of a mile from the house," Alex said, hearing his brother getting dressed. "I'll see you in a minute, okay? Thanks for coming."

"Uh huh," Will hung up on him.

As soon as Will got there, he checked the vitals again, then felt all of the man's limbs and other bones. Nodding to himself, he looked up at Alex. "He doesn't have any broken bones, so let's get him in the truck." Glancing at the bike, Will helped Alex load it in the back, then returned to the unconscious man. Opening the back door, Will placed him carefully inside. Looking at his brother, he smiled. "I hate to throw you in the back, but we need someone back there, just in case he wakes up."

Alex smiled. "I was thinking the same thing," he climbed in the back, cocking his gun before lifting the man's head into his lap.

The brothers shared a two bedroom house on the STAR Corporation base, not far from the headquarters. There were not any stairs, so it was fairly easy for them to carry the man into Alex's bedroom.

When they had made him comfortable, Will turned to Alex. "I'm sorry to dump him on you and leave, but I have to go to work. Call me if he wakes up, and be careful," Will loaded a fresh clip into his gun. "He may be drugged, which would make him more dangerous."

"I know." Sometimes Alex wondered if his brother had forgotten that he had gone through the same training as Will, so he knew how to handle a situation like this.

Following his brother to the door, Alex offered a tired smile. "I'll see you later. Be careful, and I'll call you if there are any changes. Please don't mention this to anyone. We don't know who this guy could be."

"Yeah, I know," Will replied quietly. "See ya." With that, he turned and left.

Alex closed the door, then locked the three deadbolts. Walking into the kitchen, he grabbed a glass of water, then returned to his bedroom. So much for sleeping.

Chapter 2

When Alex got back to his room, he sat down in a chair and studied the man in his bed.

He had nice features; high cheekbones, a small, straight nose, and a strong, angular jaw line. His hair was dark brown, and slightly wavy, though it was dirty at the moment.

Pushing back his hair to wash his face with a wet wash cloth, Alex noticed a small gash above the man's right eyebrow. He dabbed at the wound carefully, cleaning it as well as he could. The young man did not even wince, which was an indication that this was more serious than a drunken fool. He had more likely been drugged heavily.

Picking up some overdue paperwork, Alex tried to concentrate on it. Halfway through, he fell asleep, giving in to his exhaustion.

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When Alex woke up the next morning, he was not in the chair. Looking around, he noticed he was in his brother's room. Sighing, he got up, used the restroom, and walked back into his own room. He saw Will sitting in the chair, finishing the paperwork he had been working on. He looked tired, like he had not slept at all.

"Hey," Alex touched Will lightly on the shoulder. "How is he?"

Will shook his head. "No change." He was silent for a moment, then he smiled at Alex. "I'm gonna take a short nap, then we can head over to the station, okay?"

Alex smiled. "Sounds good," he motioned toward the paperwork. "Thanks, by the way. I tried to finish it last night, but..."

"Yeah, I know. I finished it, because it needs to be turned in," Will grinned. "We can take it with us." He stood up and stretched. "I'll see you later. Wake me up in thirty minutes, if my alarm doesn't, please," he said, walking out.

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When they got to the headquarters, the physician put the man on a stretcher and wheeled him into an examination room. He did not let anyone else in, mainly because he was planning on using his telepathy and did not want there to be any interference from other minds. Closing the door, he blocked out everyone, except the young man.

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Nearly an hour later, the doctor came out, holding two glass vials. One was filled with blood, and the other with plasma. Turning to Alex and Will, he smiled.

"His blood appears to be clean, so I don't think he will be an immediate threat. However, we will know more when the drug clears out of his system. I'm gonna send these samples to the lab, and they can find out who he is."

Alex nodded. "So, do you think he may be a threat to S.T.A.R.?"

The older man sighed. "Possibly. We don't know where he came from, or what he's capable of, yet. We'll just have to keep on watching him."

Alex nodded, glancing at his brother. "I would like to be the one to watch him. I found him, so he's my responsibility."

Will laughed. "It sounds like you're talking about a stray dog."

Alex shrugged, grinning. "He is a stray. I just don't know if he's an animal."

The doctor smiled. "I hope not."

Chapter 3

Over the next few days, Alex stayed by the sleeping man's side. The doctors had told him it would probably take a while for him to wake up, since the drug had taken such a heavy toll on him. It was the drug itself that puzzled the doctors, since they were unable to identify it as anything in their database. They were possibly more afraid of it than the man.

The results from the blood test had come back positive for mutant DNA. His particular power was super speed, but was currently hampered by the drug in his system. The doctors had taken extra precautions, putting power neutralizing handcuffs on his wrists. They had given Alex a band that would vibrate if the man woke up, so he could let them know immediately.

On the third night of watching the man, Alex woke up to the band vibrating. His eyes shot open, and he watched the still form from the corner of his eye. He was ready to restrain the man, if he tried to escape.

Waiting patiently, he watched as the dark haired man opened his eyes slowly. He lay there silently, staring at the ceiling, which made Alex even more nervous than he already was. The man finally looked over at Alex calmly, his bright, cerulean blue eyes shining. He tried to move his hand up, but as soon as he felt the handcuffs, he flipped out. His eyes now wide with fear, the man began jerking on the handcuffs. Alex jumped out of his chair, approaching the frightened man as he would have a wild animal.

The man gave him a pleading look, sinking down into the bed as Alex came closer. "Please, just get them off. I'll do whatever you want. I can't stand to have them on. I really can't. Please..." His voice trailed off, and he watched Alex. "What did I do to deserve this? Where am I, and how did I get here?"

Alex studied the man's face, seeing sincerity. He also knew it could be the drug talking, but didn't think so.

Sitting down carefully, Alex smiled at him. "My name is Alex Mathias, and I am not here to hurt you. I found you on the side of the road three days ago. I brought you here to get help."

The man glared at him. "You help people by putting power inhibitors on them? That's very generous."

Alex sighed, reaching for the handcuffs. "I'll take them off, if you promise not to hurt anyone."

The other man gave him a bitter smile. "The only person I'm gonna hurt is you, if you don't take them off, and tell me where a restroom is," he offered a half smile. "Please."

Alex grinned. "Sure." Reaching for the first cuff, he unfastened it. Moving to the other one, Alex set them on the nightstand.

The man smiled at him, rubbing his wrists as he sat up. "Now, where's your restroom? I have got to pee something fierce."

Alex grinned at him again. "It's down the hall. There's a shower in there, too."

"Thanks," the man bolted off the bed, making it to the restroom in seconds.

Alex watched him go, knowing he could not escape. The walls had force fields on them, which prevented anyone from using powers to get in or out of the building. Sitting back, he called his brother. Will came to the room as soon as he heard the man was awake, waiting with Alex until he came back.

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Alex called the captain, letting him know the man was awake, but not a threat. The captain sounded skeptical, but trusted Alex's judgement. He agreed to leave the man to walk freely around the compound, as long as he could tell him who he was and where he had come from.

That afternoon, the captain approached the man, who was sitting on the bed he was using, staring at the wall. Touching the young man lightly on the arm, he spoke softly. "May we have a meeting with you? All of us, so we can get to know you."

The dark haired man glanced at him, then back at the wall. "As long as you don't run tests on me, I'll do what..." he paused."Almost whatever you want. When do you want me? I can go now, if you need me to."

The captain smiled at him. "It might be best to get this straightened out now."

The man nodded quietly. "Let's go, then."

He followed the older man into an office, where Will and Alex were already waiting. Taking a seat further away from them, the man smiled softly. "Where would you like me to begin?"

The captain smiled back at him. "All we need to know is who you are, and what happened to you. We would like that information, so we can help you."

The man took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. "My name is Bailey Lewis, and I am from New Hampshire. I have been in New York City since 2020, when I was 14. I went in for a job interview six days ago, which was a trap set by someone who knew of my abilities. They started running tests on me," Bailey paused, obviously reliving the moment. He shook his head, then continued. "After they were satisfied with the results..." he dropped his gaze to the table. "Anyway...they forced me to do all sorts of things for them, including sex and stealing, by using power inhibitors. I don't have much control over what I do when they are on."

Alex looked at the captain, anger on his face. "How did you end up drugged and passed out?"

Bailey smiled bitterly. "I escaped out a window, after one of the younger members of their gang, or whatever, took the inhibitors off by mistake. I was still drugged, but made it to the road by the time any of them woke up. That's all I remember, until now."

The captain sighed. "I promise we do not have any plans close to what they did to you. In fact, you are welcome to simply stay here, and do not have to do anything you do not want to do."

Bailey nodded. "Thank you. Where is this place, by the way? Also, I'm sorry, but I'm really hungry."

The captain grinned. "We will fix you some food, and we can explain what this place is while we eat."

Chapter 4

While they were waiting for the food at the dining hall, the captain explained everything to Bailey. S.T.A.R. stood for Stun, Takedown, Arrest, and Rehabilitate. It had gained its name from the methods and practices most commonly used in the organization. They would receive calls from the police department to take care of situations that were beyond regular human control. There were five other branches of S.T.A.R. in San Francisco, California; Washington, DC; Liverpool, England; and Berlin, Germany. It had been formed when the police departments and intelligence agencies had begun to have too many losses, due to supernatural enemies. With the teams formed, there was more control, though many places in the world had not yet accepted the idea of people with powers working for the government. The captain explained that this particular team was not fully formed, but would be with time. It was still fresh, and the members were younger than the average on the other teams.

When the captain had finished speaking, Bailey looked up from his third full plate of food. It was already halfway gone, while the others were still working on their first or second. "Well, now that you've explained everything, what are your powers?" He said, addressing the brothers.

Alex smiled at him. "I have the power to manipulate energy, from which I can create electricity. It was one hell of a power to control, as a teenager," he grinned at Bailey, who grinned back.

"And you?" he turned to Will. "What are your powers?"

Will shrugged. "Mine isn't nearly as cool as yours or Alex's. I can read objects and people by touching them."

Bailey stared at him. "Wow, that's amazing! I have never heard of anything like that," he smiled at Will. "That is definitely not boring."

Will smiled back quietly. "Thanks."

The curious young man turned to the captain. "And you, sir? What are your powers?"

The captain laughed. "I don't have any. I was simply hired to be in charge of them, along with the other teams."

"So, how many teams do you have here?" Bailey seemed to be full of questions, and he was very hyper, after eating.

"There are three full teams here," the captain motioned toward the brothers. "Alex and Will simply help the other teams right now, since we are still trying to form this one."

Bailey was quiet for a moment, then he looked up at the three of them. "Thank you for rescuing me. I'm sure I would be dead, if Alex had not found me when he did. I just hope I can find some way to repay you guys."

The captain glanced at Alex and Will. "Well, like I said, you can stick around for as long as you like. We will help you catch the people who abused you, and bring them to justice."

"Thank you," Bailey whispered. "That means a lot to me. By the way, is there a phone I can use to call my sisters and let them know I 'm still alive?"

Alex smiled at him, touching his hand softly. "Here," he said, placing his cell phone in Bailey's hand.

"Thanks," Bailey's bright, blue eyes were now serious. "Excuse me," he said, standing up and walking out of the room.

As soon as he was gone, the captain turned to the agents. "So, what do you guys think of trying him out for our team? As a speedster, he would be expensive. That would be the main reason S.T.A.R. stopped employing them," he sighed. "However, I think he may have the right personality to mix with you guys, and he would be invaluable."

Alex glanced at his brother, who nodded. "I think it would be a good idea, once we get to know him a little better."

"Me, too," Will took a drink of his iced tea. "He obviously has some issues to work through, but he would also be a huge asset."

"He would," the captain agreed. "I'm worried about testing him, though. He is very sensitive about that."

"Yeah, he is," Alex shook his head. "I wouldn't mention anything about it yet, if I were you, sir. We should give him time to adjust."

The captain nodded. "I agree."

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The captain took Bailey's statement again, this time on tape. He also had him identify the men who had abducted him, using composite sketches. As soon as he was done, the captain let Bailey do whatever he wanted, as long as he did not leave the base. He had explained to the young man that he was not a suspect, but a protected witness.

They found out where the criminal warehouse was, using one of the telepaths to track a member. As soon as they had a location, two of the teams were sent out to investigate.

They would probably be gone for most of the day, so the captain had given Alex and Will the day off. He wanted to see how they got along with Bailey, since he was thinking about asking him to join them. He was still curious about his speed and endurance levels, but knew it would be better to wait for testing until he was more comfortable with them, and completely recovered from his traumatic ordeal. In the meantime, the captain had met with the chief. He was not entirely thrilled about adding a speedster to any of the teams, but had sent in a letter to the head of security, anyway. The captain would see what they said, before asking the young man to join them.

Alex and Will gave Bailey a tour of the base, at the same time asking questions about him. They found out that he had two older sisters, who where still living in New Hampshire. They had been orphaned seven years ago, when Bailey was fourteen. They would have died, also, if it had not been for his newly developed ability of super speed. He had moved to New York when he was eighteen for college, but had been dropped from his classes because of financial issues. He was now just trying to find a job to make ends meet. If he was unable to, he would be moving back home.

Alex and Will told him about themselves, also. They had both been born in the S.T.A.R. base hospital, since their father had worked for them. However, their mother had died in childbirth with Alex, and their father had been killed on a job, when they were ten and twelve. They had both started training with their powers as soon as they had developed, and had begun training for S.T.A.R. when they were each 17. That meant that Will had been training for two years longer than Alex.

They wandered around for a while, then, when it was almost dark, the three headed back.

When Bailey had gone to take a shower, Will called his brother into one of the bedrooms. Closing the door, he grinned at him.

"You like him, don't you?" His grin became wider.

Alex smiled. "Of course. He's a really nice guy."

Will rolled his eyes. "That's not what I mean, and you know it. You have been watching him for days, and it wasn't with the same general concern the rest of us have had for him."

Alex sighed. "Alright, yes. He is extremely good looking, and has a great personality. It would be nice to get to know him better," he was blushing, despite himself. "We don't even know which way he swings, though."

Will laughed. "I think I have a good idea, from the way he's been acting around you. There's hope."

"Hey, are you staying here tonight, or going back to the house?" Alex asked, changing the subject.

Will laughed again. "I think it would be better to stay here tonight."

Alex sighed again. "Sounds good to me. Goodnight."

"'Night, bro," Will said. "You should go see if our pretty boy is comfortable."

Alex glared at him. "Goodnight," he said, with emphasis.

Chapter 5

The next morning, Bailey woke up early, wandering around the base. He liked the morning, especially when he was alone and it was quiet. He also needed time to think.

The agents were nice enough, but he felt strange around the captain. It seemed like the older man was watching every move he made, almost like he did not trust him. Bailey was not sure what to think of the kindness he was being shown, waiting for a repercussion. He had learned from a young age that people who did not know you were only nice to you if they wanted something in return. That usually ended in pain, and he wasn't sure if he wanted to chance it here. The people here were also too good for him, since he was a criminal, and they were government agents.

Bailey found a tree in the small courtyard and sat down on the grass. He wanted to think this situation over before anyone else woke up. He knew the captain would want to test him, and he wanted time to decide if he was going to stick around for that, or run away, back to New Hampshire. It was a difficult decision. Laying his head back against the tree, Bailey closed his eyes to think.

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Alex woke up two hours later, dressing in his workout clothes. He chose a black tee shirt, black shorts, and his tennis shoes. He was planning on going for a run, then to the workout room.

Going through the kitchen, he grabbed a banana and a bottle of water. Glancing outside, he smiled. It was a nice day, with the sun shining and clear skies. It was a perfect day for getting to know Bailey better, assuming he and Will would not receive any calls to back up one of the teams.

Still smiling, he finished the banana and headed out, through the courtyard. Halfway through, he noticed Bailey leaning back against the tree, sound asleep. Making his way over, Alex knelt next to the sleeping man. He seemed to be completely at ease, and he also looked very good. Alex decided to forget the run, for now, and moved into a more comfortable position. He glanced at Bailey's face, then eased it off of the tree, and into his lap. He tried to ignore the sexual thoughts and the discomfort in his crotch, stroking Bailey's hair softly. He smiled when the other man moaned lightly, snuggling into his lap. Closing his eyes, Alex continued to stroke the thick, brown hair, drifting off.

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That afternoon, the captain called Bailey to his office. The young man looked very nervous as he entered, but took a seat, anyway.

The captain smiled at him. "Would it be alright if I ran a few tests on you? They wouldn't hurt, and it would only be for my own curiosity. I think you are a great young man, and I would never exploit you in any way. It has been a long time since I have seen a speedster, and I would like to see where your levels are."

Bailey watched him warily. "Who would be viewing the results? Are you planning to send them in to your headquarters?"

The captain shook his head. "No. Like I said, I am curious."

Bailey shifted nervously in his seat. "I would like more time to think about this whole situation. I'm not sure if I ever want to touch another testing machine. I think it would be better to be more comfortable with this place,

first. Do you know what I mean?"

The captain smiled. "Absolutely. Take all the time you need, and like I have said before, you don't have to stay here, at all."

Bailey looked down at the table. "I know. If that's all..."

The captain smiled sadly, while the younger man was not looking. "Yes, it is. You may leave."

"Thanks for everything," Bailey smiled at him, then left. This place seemed to be filled with people who had everything together, and he felt very much out of place.

As he was going to his room, he heard loud sounds from one of the training areas. Curious, he walked over, peeking in. He smiled when he saw that Alex and Will were sparring. He also noticed that they were using powers. It was very interesting to watch. He leaned against the door jam, his quick eyes catching every move.

When they had stopped, Alex grinned at Bailey. "You should join us, if you want to."

Bailey grinned back. "Sure."

He walked over to them, taking off his jacket. Underneath, he was wearing a pair of grey cargo pants and a white tank top. Taking off his shoes, he smiled at them. "If we're using powers, it's easier without shoes. That way, I can feel the vibrations better."

Will smiled smugly. "I'll step on your feet, on purpose."

"Only if you can catch me," Bailey circled the brothers, ending in the same spot before either of them had noticed. "Come on. You guys are slow."

Alex grinned. "You're cocky," he said, shooting a mild stream of energy at Bailey. The speedster seemed to disappear, ending up behind Alex.

Will advanced slowly, unsure of how to approach that younger man. It was obvious he would not be caught.

The continued like this for a while, with Bailey evading the brothers the entire time. When they stopped, Will and Alex were both winded, while Bailey was not even breathing hard. They ended the session, and left to go hit the showers.

Chapter 6

That afternoon, Will met with the captain and chief. Once they were all comfortable, he brought out a disk. Showing it the other men, he started to play it.

On the screen, it showed Will and Alex sparring. He skipped the first few scenes, to the part where Bailey had come in. Pausing it, Will smiled at his superiors.

"It gets better. Watch," he said, hitting play, again. What they saw was Alex and Will sparring with each other, with a blurred Bailey popping in every once in a while. There were times when he would get attacked by Alex's energy, and seemingly disappear.

Will hit stop on the DVD player, shaking his head. "We couldn't catch him. Not once."

The chief didn't as enthusiastic. "I don't know. He looks like all the other speedsters we have come across. How much does he eat?"

The captain frowned. He knew the chief was going to act that way. "He eats about as much as any other speedster, but I think S.T.A.R. might make enough to handle the cost. The more pressing matter is whether he would make a good agent, since he is reluctant to join us."

"Well, he's been through a hell of a lot," Will placed the disk back in its case. "Especially being a regular college kid. I think I would have broken, by now."

The captain nodded. "That's true," he sighed, looking at the chief. "What do you think?"

The chief shook his head. "He's fast, and he could be very useful. However, it's still up to the higher authorities."

Will smiled. "Are we done, then?"

The chief smiled at Will. "Yes, Agent Mathias. Thank you for getting this for us."

Will sighed. "No problem."

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That evening, the department received a call that it was clear to move in on Bailey's kidnappers. A S.W.A.T. team and one of the teams from S.T.A.R. were sent to handle it. The chief also sent Will, since he had the ability to read what was happening. Alex was not required, but was on call if things turned ugly and got out of hand.

The arrest went smoothly, since the men surrendered immediately. They were still denying any involvement with Bailey, claiming they were innocent. The S.W.A.T. team arrested them on speculation, while S.T.A.R. stood by.

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While they were gone, Bailey found Alex in his room. "Hey, would you like to go do something?"

Alex smiled up from the book he was reading. "Sure. What did you have in mind?"

Bailey shifted nervously. "Well, have you eaten yet? We could go grab a bite and, I don't know, got to a movie or something."

It was Alex's turn to look nervous. "Uh...sure. Sounds great."

Bailey smiled shyly. "Cool. I'll go get ready, then." He walked out, closing the door behind him.

As soon as he was gone, Alex found a nice, but casual dark red shirt and black jeans. Checking his beeper, he used cologne, then went out to meet Bailey.

When Alex went downstairs, he found Bailey waiting for him, wearing dark blue jeans and a black button up with blue, fighting dragons on it. He looked very nice, but Alex just smiled at him.

"Shall we?" He grinned. "We can take Will's truck or my bike, whichever you want."

Bailey glanced at him. "The bike sounds more fun, and it wouldn't waste as much gas."

Alex nodded. "True."

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During dinner, they talked about childhood and family, learning more about each other. They also talked about hobbies and several other topics, and found out they had a lot in common. Once they were done, they went to the movie, which was an action movie.

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When they got back to base, Bailey followed Alex to his door.

"I had fun tonight," he smiled at the black haired man.

"I did, too. We should do that again some time," he stared at Bailey, searching for words. Not finding any, he just smiled again.

Bailey took a deep breath, then looked up at Alex. "I'm leaving in the morning, to visit my sisters. I haven't seen them in two years, and still have a lot to think about.

I'm really glad I had the chance to get to know you." Before Alex could protest, Bailey kissed him quickly on the lips. When he pulled away, Alex looked surprised for a moment, then kissed him back. This time, he ran his hands through the other man's hair, kissing him deeply.

When they finally broke off, Alex smiled at him. "I wish you didn't have to leave, but I understand wanting to see family. Goodnight," he said, kissing him again, this time lightly.

Bailey stared at him. "I'll keep in contact. Thank you for everything. Goodbye," he said, leaving.

"Bye, Bailey," Alex said softly. "Be careful."

"You, too," Bailey smiled back at him.

Chapter 7

The next morning, the approval to add Bailey to the team came through. It was also around the same time that the captain found out the young man had decided to leave. He called Alex and Will into his office to discuss the situation.

"So, what do you guys think? I already put in a word for team members to be sent to us, but I would like to have Bailey, as well, if he will come back," he looked at the brothers.

"Sir, do you think we're ready for a team?" Will asked.

The captain nodded. "More than ready. I think you guys have been assistants long enough."

Alex nodded slowly, glancing at his brother. "Thank you, sir. Who would be the leader?"

"Like all the other teams here, it would have to be tested. However, I would assume that will fall on one of you two, personally speaking," he grinned. "You guys may be young, but you are also some of my best agents."

Alex blushed. "Thank you, sir. Where would the other members come from?"

The captain sighed. "Well, hopefully Bailey will decide to come back to us. Besides that, I'm not sure. Most likely from the other U.S. cities."

Alex nodded. "Probably. That would make more sense than transferring members from England and Germany."

"What about the cost of housing a speedster?" Will brought the conversation back to Bailey.

"S.T.A.R. has agreed to accommodate the expenses, as long as we train him and keep him busy," the captain smiled.

"When can we expect to have a team?" Alex asked, running his hands down the soft chair he was sitting in.

"They should begin arriving this week. In the meantime, you two will go through tests, to see where you are in your training," he smiled. "Like I said before, one of you will most like be the leader of this team."

"I would hope so, since they are from the outside," Will grinned. "It would suck to take orders from someone else."

The captain sighed. "Yes, it would. Now, you guys should probably get to those tests, if you want to have a chance at leader."

Alex smiled. "Yes, sir."

****

Over the next week, Alex and Will trained vigorously, working on their skills and powers. When the tests came, they both passed effortlessly, making the

captain very proud of his men.

Alex stayed in contact with Bailey, but never pressured him to come back. He just tried to get to know the other man better, regardless of whether they would see each other again. He also told him about the training and new members, who were due to arrive at any time. One night, he did not get a reply, and Alex got kind of worried. Bailey had been emailing or calling him everyday. He checked his email constantly, but there were no other messages.

The next morning, Alex felt something behind him on his bed. Tensing up, he turned around slowly. When he did, he saw Bailey lying next to him, watching him. Shocked, Alex sat up.

"You're back!" Alex smiled at the other man, who smiled back silently.

"I figured I had spent enough time in New Hampshire, and the captain's offers were too good to pass up. Plus, you kept telling me about the new members that are supposed to arrive, and I thought I should get here around the same time."

Alex was still staring. "How did you get in here?"

Bailey laughed. "Your brother let me in. I'm sorry I didn't call before, but I thought I would rather surprise you."

Alex touched his face, looking into his beautiful, blue eyes. "I missed you so much."

Bailey shifted. "I missed you, too. In fact, I couldn't stop thinking about you."

Before Bailey could stop him, Alex kissed him on the lips. Bailey pulled the other man on top of him, staring into his light brown eyes.

Alex drew in a sharp breath. "Are you sure about this?"

"Absolutely," Bailey kissed him again. He pulled his boxers off, spreading his legs in invitation.

Alex glanced at him briefly, before removing his own boxers and kissing Bailey on the neck. Making his way down, Alex began working at Bailey's entrance. Once he knew it was enough, he placed his hard cock against it. Pressing in slowly, Alex closed his eyes. Once he was all the way in, he kissed Bailey on the lips again. The man beneath him moaned softly, as Alex began to thrust. The moved together, then Bailey shouted as Alex hit something inside of him that made his eyes light up. Moving faster, Alex hit the same spot repeatedly. When he heard a small cry come from Bailey's mouth, he knew his lover was as close as he was. Thrusting harder, he tensed and cried out as he came at the same time as Bailey. They lay there, exhausted for a moment, then Alex pulled out slowly. Rolling off of the other man, he smiled.

"So, what does this mean?" Alex whispered into Bailey's hair, his arm wrapped around the other man's chest.

"I don't know, yet, except that I'm staying," Bailey closed his eyes. They still had a few hours until the others would be waking up, and he didn't care if they were found like this.

Alex smiled. "Thank you for coming back to me," he whispered into the sleeping man's ear.

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Later that morning, the captain tested Bailey, who came back with results higher than any speedster he had ever tested. He also caught on quickly with the other new members, passing all the tests perfectly.

When they were done with the tests, the captain smiled. "Well done, men. Welcome to the New York branch of S.T.A.R. Please let me introduce your leader, Alex Mathias, and his second in command, Will Mathias. You will begin training as a team immediately."

Everyone cheered, except Bailey. He smiled, tears stinging his eyes. He had been given a second chance.

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