

My man looks good.

I mean, he's awesome anytime, but man does he look good in a suit. "Okay, how come you don't wear them more often?" I ask as we exit the car. It's something boxy that feels governmental, to match the black suits we're wearing. The only thing about what we're doing I hate is that we have to carry our wedding rings in our pockets instead of on our fingers.

"Wear what?" He puts the sunglasses on as he looks around. There aren't as many police cars as I'd expected, considering we're in their parking lot.

"Suits. You realize you haven't worn one since our first date?"

He looked at me, and I put mine on, giving him my best smile.

"First date?" he asks after thinking it over.

"You know, Liaison. You and me, there together, me passing myself off at my Raphy, you as a debonair French Canadian restaurateur. Us breaking into the office, you killing that interloper." The shiver of delight at the memory of that day is...delectable.

"You have an interesting way of looking at events," he replied, smiling. "And unless they are properly tailored, suits are too restrictive to be practical."

"Once this is done, I'm finding us a proper tailor's shop and getting you a suit so comfortable, you'll never want to get out of it." I grin. "I'll help you try it on."

Even with the glasses on, I can see the puzzlement in the way the skin around them creases. "I don't think the booths are large enough for how you plan on 'helping'." He considers something. "How about we find a costume shop and we get suits we can tear off each other in the middle of training instead?"

"Too easy. I want to feel it when you rip a shirt off me. And I don't want to rip it off you; I want to admire you in it."

He nods, then motions to the police station. "How about we take up this discuss then after we are done here?" He consults the watch on his wrist. "We have twenty minutes before the FBI arrives to question Edwardo Aleman."

"After you."

I follow him, admiring the view.

"Alex, the FBI doesn't go around watching their partner's ass."

I raise my gaze to his shoulder blades. "I'm not." Look, it's an extremely watchable ass.

"We have one shot at this, then it gets extremely complicated."

I move next to him to remove the temptation. "This is your fault for being so hot."

"I'm going to have to get you to work on your self-control."

"I'm controlled," I state as we reach the doors. "I'll be quiet." I even keep myself from miming zipping my lips shut. That's how in control I am.

"Agents Malcom and Frederick," he introduces up and we take the badges out in unison and open them for the desk sergeant.

Don't ask me how he pulled this off. But after picking two of the IDs I'd taken out of the FBI's database, taking a picture of my face with the most serious expression I can manage. He placed a call.

Hey, it only took three tries. I can do serious, I'll have you know. His was good on the first try, no matter what I did to make him smile. You'd think that me dropping my pants

just as I'm about to snap the picture would have done it. He didn't even glance down.

Then, after buying the suits, he stopped at a postal box place and in a locker waited a package with the badges in their wallets, along with worn silver card holders with our cards in them, with a number he assured me would work, if needed.

For a guy who lived on a reservation in the middle of nowhere until I took him off it, my man knows a lot of people, it seems.

The desk sergeant is a healthy-looking guy with a receding hairline and an attitude so bored I'm not surprised when he just glances at the badges. What does surprise me is what he says.

"You're here for that businessman, too?"

"Too?" Tristan asks.

"Yeah. Don't you people talk to each other? A pair of you got here maybe five minutes ago. They're probably talking with him right now."

Okay, that can't be good, if they—

"Did you look over their badge with the level of efficiency you just demonstrated now?" Tristan asks, tone darkening.

"Well—"

"Do you let anyone walk in and talk with a witness without making certain they are who they claim to be? Has it occurred to you that the group he is about to spill the beans on would want him silenced?"

"They were—"

"Yes?" He leans forward. "Please enlighten me as to how someone needs to dress to be so convincing as FBI agents you don't need to call the office to confirm who they are." He puts the badge on the counter with more gentleness than his tone says he should and takes out the card holder. "I'm going to at least make this easy on you." He offers him a card. "Call the number and make sure we're the genuine article. Then we can discuss how we're going to proceed with those two imposters you let in."

The desk sergeant snatched the card so fast it could be a magic act. I place my badge next to Tristan's as he enters the number, then he speaks in a as a calm voice as he can manage under Tristan's severe expression.

He identifies himself, reads our names off the badges, then the number and nods at what he's told. "They confirmed who you are," the desk sergeant said, beaming with relief.

"Meaning you have two imposters with our witness," Tristan states.

"Fuck." The man reaches for his radio.

"Don't."

"I need to warn—"

"Are you looking to start a shootout?" Tristan asks. "If they haven't simply killed him, they're aiming to leave with him and possibly torture him to make sure he hasn't told anyone anything, or simply kill him where he won't be found. If they get a hint that something's wrong, that changes."

"What should I do then?"

Tristan considers something. "Is there an officer in the interrogation room with them?"

"No. They're with the FBI. It isn't like we need to keep watch."

“In the observation room?”

“Maybe? Like I said, we don’t need to watch them, but someone might have stuck around to watch.”

“Does it have its own phone?”

“Yes.”

“Call it. If someone answers, warn them the people with the witness are impersonating FBI agents. Tell them not to act on the information. If they suspect they’ve been made, they will kill the witness and you have a shootout in the precinct. Have them find five officers they trust and wait for us. We will position ourselves in relation to the door so that we can move the witness away from them and capture them without putting him at risk.”

The man was on the phone, then speaking in a low voice, constantly glancing at Tristan.

When he ends the call, he takes a breath to calm himself. “Carlton was there. I told him what to do, and he’s going to gather backup and wait for you.” He takes another breath, then gives us direction to the interrogation rooms and we head for the doors leading deeper into the precinct.

“More of you?” he exclaims as Tristan pulls the door open. We turn and face two massive men in black suits. Only theirs fit them perfectly and don’t cost less than three thousand dollars.

They’re fast on the draw, but Tristan is faster, and he shoves me into the inner precinct as the gunshots ring.

“Shooters!” He yells, shutting the door behind us, and all hell breaks loose.

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