Circling the Drain

by hellbells

Summary

After Miami, the FBI taking advantage of his fragile life. He went undercover but not just a new name, he actually ‘died’ on all records and John Rahway, the Taker took his place. Only Dom takes his death harder than he expects, and almost rolls over in Brazil until help comes in the form of a ghostly Brian and his new paramore – awkward much?

Notes

This is a challenge I've set myself to write 40,000 words over on NakedNano. Enjoy and I am working on Fast Sentinel as we speak :)

Oh and obvious disclaimer - Don't own would be decidedly richer if I did.
Prologue: In which a small lie is told …

Brian was tired and weary. He had never felt like this even when he’d be running from the cops. He’d survived the operation that gained him, and his friend freedom only to have the goons come after him. He sat on the table of his office in pain as the EMT saw to his wound. He was getting pissed Verone’s goons had come to his workplace and that just plain annoyed him. It didn’t help the massive headache that was accumulating thanks to his best friend.

He loved Rome, really he did. Otherwise he would have never wrangled a deal to get him free of the authorities. It might have been misplaced guilt that he couldn’t do the same for Dom - he did what he could.

“What is wrong with you stupid ass white boys?” Rome was ranting.

He was still pacing and Brian was trapped thanks to the EMT. He had moved up to glaring; Brian got that he’d been scared but couldn’t he rant a little quieter? “I mean you see or hear a gun - you go away from it. NOT TO IT!”

Brian rolled his eyes and hissed when the EMT finished sewing up the one wound in a flourish and moved to the exit wound. “Sorry bro. Next time I’ll just let them kill ya ass. Shall I?”

Rome pouted, “Now I didn’t say I wasn’t grateful homie. Just you scared me. You ain’t bulletproof bro.”

Brian resisted the urge to say, “Tell me something I don’t know.”

He knew he was good and had avoided being killed by the skin of his teeth. Brian was more worried for Rome as he didn’t have the police training to fall back on. And it didn’t matter how quick you could drive a bullet was faster.

He and Rome had been looking over their shoulder since they had put Verone in jail. The local crime lord hadn’t taken too kindly to finally being arrested. Brian had known on the day of Carter’s arrest, when he’d calmly sat on the log staring into Brian’s eyes that retribution would be coming - and he wouldn’t have too long to wait. Brian wasn’t stupid though and knew that he could only look over his shoulder for so long before the bullet that had landed in his arm would end up somewhere that killed him.
He saw the EMT finish doing what he’d been sent for and casually flexed the muscles in his arm assessing the damage. He’d need all his wits and know exactly what his body could do if he was to survive.

Just to make a bad day worse Brian noticed Agent Bilkins of the FBI walk through the door. He wondered what hoop the FBI wanted him to jump through now. There was no love lost between the FBI agent and former cop. It wasn’t like Brian blamed him - he’d torpedoed his case in LA when he’d let Dom go and run.

Brian’s history as a street racer had seen him tapped by the FBI for a joint operation. He was good and followed the evidence; the only trouble was that he’d gotten too close to the mark and let him go. It was stupid and even now Brian couldn’t think of Dom without a lot of regrets. He’d realised too late, after he’d started running from the very people he’d worked for that he’d been in love with Dom.

The family hated him, and maybe with good reason as they were split up but Brian didn’t care. As long as Dom stayed out of jail he could hate him all he wanted. His sad musings were broken by Bilkins talking.

Rome had never considered his friend a space cadet. “You homie your boy wants to talk to ya.”

Brian had to bite back the obvious retort of not his boy, “Sorry. What can I do for you today Agent Bilkins?”

Bilkins liked one thing about O’Conner he never liked unnecessary chat. “I have a proposition for you.”

Brian was rightfully wary and his suspicion obviously showed on his face. As Bilkins explained, “No force but I think it might be a good fit for all parties involved.”

Brian still suspicious, “And what will fit me just right?”

“We have a job that needs a special touch and a guy that can play close to the wind.”
Well, Brian couldn’t really bitch about that statement as it was the unvarnished truth. “Okay but you remember the part where you said I play close to the wind.”

Bilkins shrugged, “Beggars can’t be choosers and this will be a role fit for you. You’re gonna rob banks.”

Brian sighed knowing that a deep UC role in a different city might just stop him dying in the near future and Bilkins knew it too. Still he couldn’t help but bait, “Who’s the beggar?”

Bilkins snorted, “Not too sure but listen and let me explain these guys are high class takers. We know it’s a crew and we know their MO but we can’t pin any crime on them.”

Brian looked at the brief, “What’s the catch?”

Bilkins sighed, “For this to work one Brian O’Conner will not have survived this gun fight. And you look like a John to me.”

Huh? Dead that was a new one Brian thought. It was attractive too; he’d messed up a lot in his life the idea of dying and starting again was attractive. So he might have to be a criminal but he always seemed to be a better criminal than cop. It was not like apart from Rome there would be many who would miss him.

Plus if he was dead then odds are Rome would be left in peace, “You got yourself a deal!”

Bilkins looked pleased and threw a shiny badge over the desk, “Welcome to the fold. I’ll let you say goodbye and then we’ll get started.”

Rome looked sad, and slightly bemused, “You weren’t a good cop.”

Brian laughed, “No I wasn’t but hey? Fresh start and maybe I’ll make a better Fed.”

It sounded hollow even to him. He clearly hadn’t convinced Rome either, “Stay safe.”

“You too brother”

Brian walked out of the garage, and out of his life. He wondered if anyone would mourn Brian O’Conner - it didn’t matter though, for now he had an operation to prepare for and that would be his
The only trouble was there was someone who did mourn him. Dominic Toretto had tried hating O’Conner but he’d failed. When things had mattered - he’d tried to do right by all in his family and now he was dead. Dom didn’t know how or when but he would get revenge.

The punch in the Panama garage had shaken the walls causing Vince and Mia to look at him with concern.

Vince asked a little nervous as no one wanted to be the end of Dom’s anger, “Hey, What’s going on?”

Dom threw the paper down, “Brian is dead.”

Mia and Vince shared a look and hoped that the killer had made peace with his maker or was behind strong walls. As Dom in that moment looked like he could kill with his bare hands. They would have to tread carefully and warn Letty when she returned.

*Brian wasn’t the only guy with regrets. It was amazing how much damage and chaos could be caused by one tiny lie.*
Chapter Two: Posturing and Secrets

Quantico was lame Brian had decided. There had been little choice in the whole affair. He’d stupidly agreed to the operation and now he’d have to go through the training to fit. Agent John Rahway needed training on how to be an FBI agent. And already two hours in he could tell he would probably be a worse Agent than he had been cop.

The minute he’d entered the room he’d had papers shoved at him. He listened as a million and one instructions were thrown in his direction. He just wanted to get behind the wheel of a car. To top it all - A douchebag instructor was supposed to teach him how to drive. Bilkins started smirking the minute the instructor got in his face.

Brian looked at him and with a look, kind of begged Bilkins to let him have a little fun. He smirked when he got a small nod as an affirmative.

“You’re gonna school me in how to drive?” He didn’t bother keeping the challenge out of his voice. He needed to take his anger out on the whole damn situation so it would be better on a

Bilkins smirked, “Well Rahway you should show him what you can do?”

Brian smiled but took a moment to remember that Brian O’Conner was no more. He was dead at the hands of Carter Verone’s men. “Do I get to pick the car?”

The instructor sneered, “I can beat you in any car you pick.”

Brian took a deep breath his instinct was to pick a tuner car. He did so love his zippy imports but for now as his new identity established in his mind - if nothing else he wouldn’t pick Supra, or Skyline. He chose the ‘69 Mustang. If he was going to do this he may as well have fun doing it.
“If I do this ... Do i get to test out?” Brian said getting more than a little annoyed. The others might not know but Bilkins did.

Bilkins smirked, “Look I know what you can do John the others do not.”

Brian took a deep breath and realized it was a fair point, as far as the FBI was concerned John Rahway was just a promising recruit that Bilkins had sponsored through the academy.

He stood up, “Let’s do this.”

A fair fight implies that both sides had an equal chance of winning but racing was in Brian’s blood, and this would not be a fair fight. He’d also been racing and boosting cars long before he ever had permission. However likely in all close quarters they’d heard that the rookie agent had challenged Agent Smith to a race. It would be a bloodbath. They were not offering good odds on the pretty rookie.

Bilkins had slid along to the agent who was seemingly holding the book, “What odds are on the rookie?”

“10 to 1 for the drag race and on the long course 15/1.”

Bilkins knew exactly how he could make it up to his wife. The money he made now would be enough to buy his wife some nice jewellery and let O’Conner, no he corrected himself, Rahway split the pot.

The cars moved to the start line and all the onlookers were excited as the cars rev’ed at the start line. Brian had a flashback but he wasn’t a buster, and he would never be Dom’s again. The flag went down and he was first to make it off the line. His car was stronger, quicker to accelerate but the trick in this shirt race was to wait for the right moment. At 150 yards, Agent Smith looked over at him with a sneer. Brian’s cold smirk had him rattled and the blind gear change more so.

He gunned it over in the line deciding that he didn't care if he was a sore winner. His fist pumped in the air. They got out of their car and Smith was staring at him in disbelief. “Beginner’s luck.”

"If you say so ..."
“No way will you win on a track.” Brian wondered if he’d even read the brief where he was attempting to audition for the crew by being a driver.

Brian won, and was even a little bit gracious. A little bit. He wanted to get on with things. He’d said he’d do the job. He didn’t want to wait a week doing research. The files didn’t tell him what he needed - he’d learn that as part of the crew.

Bilkins sighed, “We know you can drive but how will you convince them to let you drive?”

“Simple. I plan on boosting the leader’s Jeep.”

Smith snorted wondering where Bilkins had found the delinquent. He had seen enough but what he couldn’t decide was whether the guy was a cop, or a criminal. He’d seen both sides in his short time at Quantico. He supposed that was what would make him perfect for the UC work.

Rahway laid out his bold plan and in truth none of the Senior Agents could argue with the plan. Bilkins rubbed his face in tiredness, “Go eat. And be back in 20.”

Brian seeing the chance to breathe all but ran out of the room. Once he was gone, Smith turned around, “Who the hell is that guy?”

Bilkins deadpan, “New Agent John Rahway.”

“Cop or criminal.”

Bilkins wasn’t quite sure how to answer that, “He knows the line.” The only question was would he cross it. That was the gamble.

Smith watched as few of the senior agents ganged up on the rookie. It was a time honoured thing to haze the rookie a little.
The ex-soldier got into Brian’s face. “So you think your all it?”

Brian stared right back and his eyes were as hard as diamonds, “No just won a race.”

The agent stared a little longer assuming that due to his size and stare, which usually scared people. It would do the trick - Too bad when you’re a one trick pony.

Brian just challenged him, “Can I help you ... I need food you know, like now.”

“Such a smart mouth ...”

Brian rolled his eyes, “You should know that comments about my lips have been met with a split lip since I was 16.”

The Agent flushed and pulled away. Smith chuckled, “Oh he is good.”

Bilkins smirked, “Yes he is and he could be so much more. We just have to limit his crazy ass stunts.”

That was easier said than done; after all, the only one who’d managed it was Toretto. And even then he wasn’t a hundred percent successful.

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Mia sighed as she heard in great detail how batshit insane Dom had been on the last job he’d pulled. She’d been uncomfortable before he started stealing oil trucks.

Letty was ranting, “He jumped onto the frigging rig Mia. Even with the sharp bend coming up.”

Mia and Vince shared a worried glance; they all knew whom he’d picked up that little trick. Vince’s arm had a ghostly pain in it at just the sheer memory.

Vince for once trying to show discretion, “Letty has Dom said anything to you this last week.”
Letty’s face made them realise that the answer was a definite no. She looked to Mia wanting to know what was going on. Now. It was obvious that they both knew something.

Mia hated to tell her; Dom should have but it was clear that he wasn’t handling the grief too well. She was awkward, “Letty we got news Brian is dead.”

Letty was stunned; there was a name she hadn’t expected to hear again anytime soon. “How?”

Mia looked sad as whilst she hated that her family had been torn up - Brian had done his best to see them through. She shrugged, “The reports said that an Officer O’Conner was killed in a shootout at his privately owned Garage.”

Letty shook her head, “What did the buster do?”

Vince answered, “Put away Carter Verone.”

Letty laughed hollowly; since they’d done a few more jobs that name had circled up half dozen times. It was never a good thing; the general consensus was if you didn’t have a death wish - you stayed the hell away.

She watched Dom working on a Skyline; she should have been clued in at that point. Dom hated rice-rockets - it had been Brian’s love. She was sad and a little fatalistic; she hated competing with Brian when he’d been alive. She wasn’t stupid - the race bunnies hadn’t meant anything; the buster had.

*How did she compete with a ghost? Too bad that it was even more complicated than even she knew.*
Mia had let Dom rail and pout for a week as she knew that everyone deserved to grieve in their own way. She was a little surprised at the depth of grief being shown by Dom. After LA when Brian had revealed he was a cop to save Vince's life - she thought that Dom would pretty much hate his guts. This spoke of deeper feelings and she knew that, dare she say it; love would be one of the main feelings that could make someone grieve to this depth.

In the last week, he and Letty had gone from fiery to positively artic in terms of their interactions. It might have had something to do with the fact that Dom had spent every spare waking hour working on the Skyline. Letty would not tolerate being second in Dom's heart to anyone - definitely not a ghost.

Mia took a deep breath, shared a look with Vince, "Wish me luck!"

Vince had always admired Mia's quiet strength and this just highlighted it.

Mia handed him a Corona, "So let's talk about your death wish."

Subtlety had never been a family trait and she figured if it ain't broke, why fix it? She watched her brother freeze and slowly put the wrench down, "No death wish."

Mia snorted, showing exactly what she thought about that little tidbit. "You sure about that? Let's review this week."

Dom turned away, “Leave it Mia.”

She really wished she could; she could hear the pain in her brother's voice but it was clear that not acknowledging the problem might just kill him in the long run. And if there was one thing she knew was that she couldn't handle Dom dying.
Mia was the only one who could say the next comment without walking on eggshells. “He’s dead Dom.”

“I know and that is what is killing me.” He spoke with rare honesty.

Mia could tell what the problem was now; guilt was a powerful emotion, “Did you kill him?”

Dom shook his head, “Of course not I ...”

Mia spoke softly, “You what Dom?”

Dom turned away, “Doesn’t matter - he’s dead.”

Mia sighed, knowing she’d been just moments away from him admitting the truth. “So what you’re gonna kill yourself so you can meet in the afterlife. I suppose it’s poetic in a Shakespearean way.”

“Don’t.” One word and Mia hated pushing him but Dom needed to see reason.

Mia pushed though, “He let you go and accepted the responsibility and he was doing what he needed to do to make it right. Allow him the respect of his decision,” taking a pause and a deep breath, “And don’t waste the gift he gave you.”

Dom startled at that, “What would you do?”

Mia shrugged, “You make a choice and stick with it, but Dom think on this. Letty will not stick around while you pull your head out of your ass.”

Dom took a long swig of his Corona and thought about everything that had been said. The sad part was that while Letty had been such a huge part of his life at the moment he wasn’t sure she should be. He was worried that she would follow Brian and end up dead and it would be his fault. The question was what to do?
Meanwhile Brian had waltzed through the FBI training with an ease born of someone who had already completed the training. Penning the guy who made the final decision had had a few interesting words as he dismissed him.

“Son the difference between a Cop and a Criminal. Is just one bad decision.”

Those words banged around his head the whole drive to Riverside. It was like being back home which was as good as incentive as anything to get noticed and get gone as quick as possible, The gang was apparently lying low in a safe house just outside Riverside. Brian would pass through and get their notice - his plan was bold and would get him noticed.

He left the motel room he’d picked and had hidden the two files he had on the suspected leaders of the gang. There were others but all evidence pointed to them being sheep rather than leaders. His plan got forwarded a little by pure coincidence.

He was boosting a car; after all, a car thief would need a boosted car or he would lose all credibility. He saw an awesome Camaro left just outside the casino and figured that if the owner had left such a car like they had - well, it should be robbed. The problem wasn’t boosting the car. In 60 seconds he’d had the window down, and the engine turning over. It was kind of a waste of his talents. The problem was he heard a scuffle in the alleyway and a woman pleading.

He put his head on the dashboard and weighed the pros and cons. John Rahway on paper was ex-military, used to explain his weapons knowledge and car thief. He was meant to be a selfish bastard. The only trouble there was Brian O’Conner couldn’t handle the idea of a lady being beat on; nor should he.

It wasn’t really a decision; he was out of the car and his gun was in his hand before he’d really thought about it. There was a cowering woman trapped behind three men who were crowding her. If he could guess she was strung out on something, meth was his guess. Still he couldn’t give a shit, no meant no in his book.

His gun cocking and priming was audible enough. The three turned around, Brian tilted his head to the side, and gun primed said, “Hey nice night.”

The guys were unsure what to do. Their knives had scared the woman but this man had a ‘45 and
wasn’t looking the least bit intimidated. Brian smiled but it was as deadly as the weapon in his hand, “Yeah I’m not scared and I will shoot you. Where I was raised no means no.”

“She wanted it.” The guy goaded.

Brian wasn’t having any of it, he just raised the gun. His tone was conversational, but somehow more menacing because of the even tone, “Yeah, you see now you’re just making me want to shoot it.”

The second mate seeing the writing on the wall, “Adam she ain’t worth it.”

‘Adam’ took a moment longer but broke the stare first; he saw cold fury and realised that he didn’t want to get hurt. He spat on the floor, “Yeah the whore ain’t worth it.”

Brian had had enough; disrespect just pissed him off. It was enough to make the three tear down the alleyway. Once he was sure that they would be left alone he crouched down to the trembling woman.

“Hey there.”

The woman looked up; looking around still blatantly scared. “Are they gone?”

Brian smiled aiming for reassuring, “Yeah they didn’t like fair fights. I’m John by the way.”

The woman sniffled, rubbing her nose. She might not be in immediate danger any longer but she had been so scared. “Naomi. Oh man Gordon will be so disappointed.”

Brian was making progress, “Who is Gordon? And where are you staying? I’ll drive you back.”

Naomi looked at him, and would have been more cautious but she was high; scared and wanted her brother. “I can direct you to where we are staying.”

Brian grinned, “You got yourself a deal.”
Brian helped her to the Camaro, she frowned, “And shouldn’t you be on a white horse, not a white Camaro?”

He flushed and laughed softly. “Modern times ... Had to update.”

Naomi nodded and accepted the lift to the house. Brian drove following her instructions but was mindful of the men that he’d scared away. Sometimes with men like that when their masculinity had been challenged they reacted over the top and did even stupider things to try and get it back.

They weren’t followed and when he pulled up in front of the large style ranch he was surprised to see the very two guys he was after. Fate really was a bitch but hey, he could twist this to his advantage. It really was true; the old adage - one good turn deserves another.

Naomi raced out of the car into the embrace of one Gordon Cozier. The guy was big, in all senses of the world and yet he cradled his sister like she was something special. He was almost paternal in a way; Brian sensed that he’d been struggling to help his sister’s drug addiction for a long time. And that he’d probably had to grow up pretty damn quick as a result. “Na’ I was so goddamn worried. You cannot run out on me like that.”

“I’m sorry G. John saved me.”

Brian had waited patiently until Naomi had said that, mainly so he wouldn’t get shot on sight. He shrugged looking at the twin looks of suspicion, “Hey, I was in the neighbourhood and heard your sister needed help.”

Gordon was frantic, “What kind of help?”

Brian had no easy way of saying this, “Three guys who were looking to take advantage of her high.”

Ghost made his first comment, “And how did you get them to see reason.”

Brian’s smile had fangs, “Oh they didn’t see reason but hated seeing a revolver.”

Ghost smirked, “I like it, too bad you didn't use it.”
Brian looked sheepish, “Thought about it but I had just liberated this Camaro from a careless owner. Didn’t need the scrutiny.” He finished knowing they couldn’t exactly throw stones.

Brian watched the look that was shared between the two friends. He’d definitely intrigued them, “Just glad your sister is okay man. I’ll get out of your hair man.”

Ghost stopped him, with a hand to his arm, “Hey brother stay a while. We should at least get you a drink.”

Brian showed he was contemplating it, “Okay man, I guess one for the road won’t hurt.”

Ghost clapped his back, “That’s the spirit homie.”

Brian saw a few other guys hovering and after Ghost walked in, “Scram.”

It was clear just how much sway Ghost held as the team looked like they vanished into the ether. No wonder the FBI was struggling to get a hold of them. He accepted the thimble of good scotch and savoured it, “Damn good scotch.”

Ghost chuckled, “We like the finer things in life ... Like you.”

Brian snorted, “Yeah but you don’t take them.”

“Don’t we?” Was the enigmatic response and just as Brian sought to ask a question; Ghost shushed him, “Let’s wait for Gordon. I think we have some things to discuss.”

It took ten minutes for Gordon to be satisfied that his sister wasn’t going anywhere. All this had done was reaffirm for Gordon that he was getting his sister into Rehab the minute they hit the big city. Gordon entered the room they were sitting in; he’d lost the white suit jacket but was still immaculately dressed.

He took a long deep swig himself; probably to settle the thoughts that were running in his head about how bad things could have been for his sister. “Words can’t say how grateful I am.”

Brian shook his head, “None necessary - I couldn’t handle the idea of a woman being attacked.”
Ghost moved things off the dark train of thoughts. “I have a suggestion - How do you feel about doing more with your life.”

“How?” He had just the right amount of suspicion in his voice.

Ghost played it cool, “What if we said you could take a hell of a lot more than just Camaro’s in Riverside? We could use someone with good driving skills.”

John was cocky, “I can handle a gun just as well as I can handle a car.”

Gordon was shrewd, “That could come in handy.”

Brian smiled as he sensed he might just have a very lucky break, “So what do I need to do?”

Gordon snickered, “Go and boost Ghost’s jeep and then avoid him chasing your ass.”

This was would be fun, and for the first time in a long while his eyes sparkled with the challenge. Brian looked forward instead of dwelling in the past.

Trouble is you can’t outrun your past no matter how hard you try - Brian and Dom would learn this eventually.
Brian didn’t want to wait and in truth his little run in earlier with those jackasses had got his adrenaline flowing but the problem was now that he was restless without an outlet. A road chase might just be the right thing to see him good and help lose this extra energy - hopefully. Otherwise he was not going to sleep anytime soon and that would suck. He needed to be able to keep his wits and sleep helped on that front.

He wanted to make sure that the rules of the game were set - he wouldn’t honour them wholly. It was about being smart. “So let me get this straight - You want me to boost the jeep. Then I just have to avoid your friend,” he said pointing to Ghost.

Gordon grinned and looked like this was about to be the best thing ever. “Yeah I think this could be fun.”

Brian stood up. “Can we least get the Camaro off the street. The owner doesn’t deserve it back.”

Gordon nodded holding up three fingers, “Scouts Honour.”

Brian snorted, “Were you were ever a scout?”

Gordon smiled, “Sure great way to make friends in London.”

Jesus Christ, Brian wanted to snicker at any male who was thinking of networking when they were the age for the scouts. It suggested though that Gordon had probably come into this life honestly. Brian kind of felt for the guy; his big sister was meant to look after him not the other way round. He felt comfortable around this guy which was dangerous. He’d felt comfortable around Dom and look how well that had turned out.

Gordon tilted his head to the side as if he was contemplating a great mystery or better - like he was trying to figure out Brian’s angle.
“You have a plan?” Gordon asked searching Brian for any clues or tells. Honestly, it was smart, but there was a reason why Brian’s nicknames were always some variation of Ice.

And it wasn’t because he was too hot under the collar. He sensed that if he did run with the gang then that might be a good thing. Ghost was definitely not a cool customer and the young males - were exactly that, too young and like eager puppies. He smirked and looked at Gordon, “The question is will I share it?”

Gordon chuckled, “You are one cool customer!”

Brian shrugged, “Everywhere I go I pick up a nickname like snowman,”

Gordon laughed, rich and warm, “Blame your twinkish looks princess.”

Brian shrugged, “Yeah well I’m just a regular special snowflake. It was why I learnt to fight. As I said no means no.”

Gordon was reminded of exactly what this stranger had done for him and wondered if that was why he was so warm towards the guy. It was more that he could respect a guy who lived by his own code, and he had liked the touch of class. Rahway had stolen the Camaro not because he could, but because the owner was mistreating it. If John ran with them and he was pretty sure he would then he could drive whatever car he wanted.

Ghost walked back in, clapping his hands in glee. “Let the fun and games begin. The Jeep is outside and I’ll be chasing your ass after 2 minutes from the time you first touch the Jeep. Need any gear?”

Brian smirked and held up a velvet cloth, “I bring my own tools.”

Ghost shrugged, “Don’t be too cool. The Porsche’s 0-60 is nearly 5 seconds faster.”

Brian shrugged, as it might have made a scrap of difference - If he intended to race on the roads. He had a unique angle. It just required a small amount of manoeuvring room.

Gordon hollered, “Jake, Jesse, AJ get in here. We might have a new friend.”

Brian said nothing, “John Rahway nice to meet ya’. Now I have a Jeep to go and boost.”
Jesse was flabbergasted, “You are gonna boost Ghost’s car?”

Brian’s eyes shined at the mere hint of the challenge, “In my defence, I have his permission.”

Outside the night air had a slight chill to it, not that John minded. Brian was slowly disappearing into a tiny portion of his mind. Locked away so he could do what needed to be done. It was an attractive thought as well; Johnny Rahway’s life was not a total mess - like Brian O’Conner’s had been.

He flipped the black thin coiled wire around and under the window slat in less than 5 seconds. The door opened not 10 seconds later.

He heard the comment off one of the eager pups, “Damn he is making that look pathetically easy.”

Gordon’s laughter rang out, “Oh AJ those skills have taken years to perfect.”

He was too busy manipulating the wheel. Amateurs mucked about with the wires. Clever people in the know knew that if they caught the button on the wheel just right it would jump start the engine. He had to love the modern jeeps - he could never have pulled that trick in earlier jeeps. He didn’t think about time, he put the car into gear and headed back towards Riverside - *through the field*. No one said that he had to use the roads.

All he heard was laughter behind him and a few expletives, “And son of a gun.”

He grinned as he changed up gears. He needed to get back to his motel quick sharpish. He had played his main advantage in that he didn’t have to use the roads. He banked the Jeep into a hard right. He smiled, the European cars weren’t pretty but they definitely had precision handling. Nothing else would have let such a big huge monster turn a corner that sharply.

His motel had a garage and he’d paid handsomely to let his Red ’63 Mustang be housed there. He was out of the car and sprinting for the garage. For this to work he needed his car quick and have this one under cover even quicker. He had the garage door opened electronically, and jumped out of the Jeep leaving the engine ticking.

He had his Mustang on, and in reverse the quickest he’d done in quite a while, and drove out of the garage, again leaving it in gear. He hadn’t been in town long but the residents had already worked
out that he would be a bad guy to screw over. The Jeep was now fitting snugly inside the garage and he closed the door.

Yep, perfect, now for the final act Brian thought. Brian put his own car into gear and drove off. However instead of racing off like he was in the race of his life; he drove like it was a normal night. He wanted to snort when he saw Ghost pass him in a beautiful Silver Porsche. I mean it was old school cool but he’d been oblivious to him in the Red Mustang.

He worked backwards and found himself back on the roads that he’d navigated earlier with the help of Naomi. In all, by the time he’d pulled back onto the drive where Gordon, Jesse, Jake and AJ were waiting it had taken him 20 minutes.

Gordon stared in open disbelief. The eager puppies were astounded and seemed to bounce even more if that was possible, which he didn’t think was possible.

He stood resting on the bonnet of his Mustang, cocky grin firmly in place, “So how bout ‘dem apples?”

Gordon came down the steps clapping his shoulder, “You my friend are something else. Ghost will be back in a few, Jesse sent him a text.”

Almost as if he’d heard his name, his car pulled up, “You sneaky, sly, son of a bitch.”

Brian grinned as he would have been more worried if there had been anything other than grudging respect in his voice. He exclaimed in faux outrage, “Hey that’s my mum you’re talking about.”

Ghost looked him up and down and said, “Two things: One, you’re gonna need a suit if you run with us, and two, where the hell is my car?”

Brian snickered, “Relax, it is stored in the garage at my motel. I needed it off the street. Plus, your car there is far sweeter.”

Ghost looked at him, searching for something before he flipped him the keys. “It’s yours. Don’t thank me it's an investment, besides you’ve given me an excuse to buy the Lamborghini.”

The puppies as he’d named them in his mind came down the steps, “Welcome to the family John.”
John smiled and was friendly, but inside he was getting a sinking feeling. He’d had friends before in LA and he couldn’t help but be reminded of how well that turned out. He pushed those thoughts about Dom firmly from his mind; he had to look forward if he had a chance of succeeding.

Strangely enough he wasn’t the only one struggling to the past go. Half the world away, Dom lay on his bed waiting for Letty to come in from the bathroom. It was ridiculous they were living near the Equator and it was the height of summer and yet in this room - it felt like the fucking arctic. He hated it. He didn’t get why Letty was so pissed with him. They had been employed to steal the fuel truck and he had done exactly that.

Letty came in and judging by the sleepwear - Linen pants and a camisole she was ready to sleep. It wasn’t a surprise; for a hot couple they had had no sex for too long. A more sensible person might have considered why that was, but Dom was too far in denial land to even want to see.

Letty sat on the end of the bed. She had tried. God she had tried but she couldn’t watch Dom die being stupid. “Come on papi. Tell me do you want to die?”

Dom groaned in frustration, “Why does everyone keep asking me that?

He wasn’t suicidal; sure he was angry at the world. Yet if he was dead then he couldn’t gain revenge. He was well aware about revenge and what Confucius said - trouble was he would happily dig two graves if Verone ended up dead.

Letty hissed, “Maybe because since you found out that the puppy was dead. You are pulling more and more stupid stunts.”

Dom threw the pillow away, “I’m here with you and I got the job done.”

Letty laughed and it was ironic, and tinged with bitterness, “Your body is here Dom but I have a feeling your mind ...” She took a deep breath and decided not to pull any punches. “And your heart belongs to the buster.”

Dom got up and started pacing near the bed, “He’s dead. You telling me you’re jealous of a dead man?”
Letty looked sad and none of her usual fire was evident, “Yes. I am. He has more of you dead than I do alive. Papi you are gonna get yourself killed. Even he wouldn’t have pulled the stunt you did.”

It was Dom’s turn to snort, “Not sure about that. Brian jumped onto a moving rig, no rope or support - knowing full well that the trucker had a shotgun.”

Letty looked at him in surprise. Who could blame her? This was the first time that Dom had spoken his name since LA. “I’m gonna leave papi and you need to get your head and shit together. I might not have loved the buster but he sure as shit wouldn't want to see you dead.”

Dom turned away; if Letty was walking out on him then he didn’t want to watch. He didn't have many friends or family and no matter what they were now; at one point they had been young and in love. It hurt to see her walk out of his life. He truly wished that he wasn’t haunted by ghosts - he needed to do something.

Too bad he couldn’t get an exorcism. No what he needed to do was get his shit together and then go after Brian’s killer. Then he would be able to think clearly. Revenge was ugly and one of the vendettas that would harm the perpetrator as much as the victim but he needed to do something. It sucked to realise too late that you loved someone. He assumed that eventually he would get the chance to rectify his mistake - what he wouldn’t give now to turn back time and ask the buster to go with him.

*He should have said goodbye to Letty better. As all he had was even more regrets when he got the notice that she was dead.*
Brian had spent the evening with the crew socialising and getting to know them. He was wary of Ghost - the guy was one of the leaders but he would soon as sell you out, as give you his car if he could profit from it. Jesse and Jake were not blood brothers but he had seen the bond between them and he had to respect it. They would clearly go to the ends of the Earth for each other. AJ one of the puppies had clearly taken a shine to him and had peppered him with questions all night long.

Surprising himself, he answered patiently taking a shine to the kid in return. Gordon who would be the most dangerous one for him had made a sarcastic comment as he left, “Damn Johnny don’t you know that a puppy is for life - not just Christmas.”

Brian had laughed in shock and remembered that he couldn’t get close. So why the hell was Gordon so tempting? He was pretty much the whole package he went for in guys. He might get lucky and Gordon might be straight but he doubted that - his resurrection had changed his luck that much. John Rahway was still him after all. He held his hands in a three fingered salute and a sly grin crossed his features. “Scouts honour I will be back to feed him in the morning.”

AJ pouted, “Hey not a puppy.”

John laughed, “You kind of are, but you rock the look. I can teach you to pick up girls too.”

Gordon put his hands in his head, “Should we let you adopt a puppy?”

Brian’s eyes glittered in amusement, “Well, I’m responsible … ish and I look after my own.” All could hear the solemn vow and truth in that statement. The best lies came from the truth and yet Brian wondered if he wouldn’t get too close.

Gordon grinned clapping his back, “Go pack your shit up. In the morning we’re heading back to LA and well, we need to get you some threads.”
He looked down at his threads and pouted, “What’s wrong with my threads?”

Gordon looked unimpressed, “Don’t pout princess you’re too damn pretty - only AJ can pout convincingly. Look around and spot the odd man out.”

Brian sighed and said good night. He drove the Porsche and had a passenger as Ghost had come to collect his jeep. It wasn’t all fun; Ghost wanted to know more about his investment.

Ghost looking over the landscape, “So how long have you been out?”

Brian snorted, “That obvious? Two years.” He’d been off the LA force and figured the best lies had a ring of truth. Ghost was talking about the military and Brian just casually omitted a small truth.

Ghost just grunted, “You have special skills?”

Brian looked at him, still driving perfectly despite his eyes not being on the road. He could see the crossroads and pulled out an old party trick. It was flashy but drove the point home pun intended. He gave Ghost a silent stare as he sped up.

Ghost watched as he never broke eye contact and the approaching traffic. Riverside didn’t have a lot of traffic but it had enough. The closer they got to the crossroad, the more apprehensive Ghost got - until he clutched the dashboard.

In almost direct proportion to this John’s grin got wider and the he braked hard - lining up exactly up with the road. He was nonchalant as he let his usefulness be known, “Well enough to be able to get in and out unnoticed.”

Ghost looked pleased; Brian knew what assumptions Ghost would make and he didn’t correct them.

Ghost snickered, “Driving like that will get you noticed.”

Brian laughed, “That I could do when I was 15.” He saw the look of shock and just shrugged, nonchalantly, “I was a precocious child.”

Ghost shook his head, “You Mister are something else. I look forward to getting to know you better.”
Brian sensibly said goodbye. He knew Ghost’s type - he was fishing for something and he wasn’t in the mood to play games in the early morning.

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They got back to LA late the next day and Gordon offered to let Brian crash at his place. It was a mix of being gracious to the man who had saved his sister and also wanting to gain a measure of the new guy. Don’t get him wrong he was grateful but he needed to trust the guy. So inviting him home seemed like a bold move but was the smartest as he had home advantage.

Brian woke early with the morning light filtering through the slats of the blind on the bay windows. It was an apartment that screamed wealth and had the windows to match. Brian had to admit that it was a hell of a view.

He had a cup of hot black coffee shoved under his nose. It was good and he didn’t think twice about knocking the hot nectar back quickly. Too many it would have scolded them but Brian had long since scalded away any potential nerve endings that could be affected.

“You thirsty?” Gordon asked a lilt of British sarcasm could be heard.

Brian rolled his eyes, “Nope and I’m caffeinated. Now why are you looking at me like I’m a dress up doll?”

Gordon was man enough to avoid the lines that opening had given him. “Well we are booked at one to see my tailor.”

“I have to have a tailor now?”

Gordon rolled his eyes, “The reason why no one asks where our ill-gotten gain came from. Is that we look and act rich. Money gets money. If you look like you have it and you get more; well you are bound to be an asshole.”

Brian snorted in disbelief at the overly cynical yet truthful statement. “So what you’re saying is that I have to wear suits?”

Gordon’s devilish smirk over his own coffee was not reassuring in the slightest. “No we are taking you to get suits. Antoine will love you.”

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A few hours later, Brian got to find out how much Antoine ‘loved’ him. The very smart chic tailor had taken one look at Brian and clapped his hands in glee and mock despair.

“Am I to turn this bit of rough into a diamond?” He said despairingly to Gordon.

Gordon laughed, “Come now Antoine. Just look at him. He’ll be the best advertising space you’ll ever have.”

Brian wanted to say something about being a human and not objectified. However before he could really gain his bearings he was being moved into the curtained off area - directed to stand and two perfectly coifed minions came at him with measuring tapes.

He wasn’t shy. He had no reason to be shy. He slipped his shirt off and it didn’t go unnoticed that work stopped for a second. Tellingly though, Brian watched Gordon take an extra look and a deeper breath. He wasn’t sure why he was pleased that he could affect the other guy. He broke the silence that was becoming a little too tense for his liking. “I feel like a piece of meat.”

Gordon licked his lips, “Nah you’re more attractive than a steak. And certainly have way more confidence.”

Brian was back on an even keel and could match anyone for banter and wit, even sexual banter. He wasn’t exactly rigid when it came to the gender of his conquests. His retort, “It would be coy and that is one look I can’t pull off.”

Gordon gasped in surprise, “I don’t think there are many looks you can’t pull off. Maybe not heels.”

Brian wanted to snicker and wondered how he could rework the story. “You know I lost a bet once and the loser had to walk through the local hooker district.”

Gordon’s mind went to bad places; he wasn’t a good man at resisting temptation. “You’re telling me you dressed as a hooker and didn’t get molested.”

Brian looked rueful, “My ass had bruises for a week.”

It had. He’d also told his Captain that he’d be booked for assault the next time wanted Vice wanted to borrow him. Gordon was chuckling, “Tell me there are pictures?”
Antoine shared a hopeful grin - this was not what he’d pictured a trip to the tailors would be like. Then again he could honestly say that he’d never really imagined what a trip to the tailors would have meant. He had never really been in the income bracket to afford one.

Antoine looked over Brian, “Oh Monsieur ...”

“John Rahway.”

“Rahway. I am going to have so much fun making your wardrobe suits and casuals.”

Brian was a suspicious old soul long before he’d become a cop. Now he was worse - much worse. “How much will this cost me?”

Antoine smirked, “Consider it a gift. You will look like you stepped off the cover of GQ and be so much better than any advertising space I rent. Just don’t forget me when it gets to the summer.”

Gordon smirked seeing John’s face fall at the idea of the whole event having to be repeated. He took a little mercy, “Come on John. I’ll buy you a drink to help you get over the whole trauma.”

John pouted, which was really not helping his case. “Hey I know you think I’m pretty ... like a girl, but I’m not cheap. I don’t put out on the first date.”

Gordon emboldened by the close atmosphere, looked him up and done. Getting a lot of bang per buck considering he was still in his briefs. “Not a girl. And you’re not getting it Johnny I don’t ask; I take ... Don’t worry though when I’m ready you’ll be asking for me to take you.”

The sad part was that Brian would like to say that he was strong enough not to think about it. It was too late - the hot images raced through his mind, and once the genie was released out of that particular bottle. It could never be capped.

*It had done one thing even though he was back in LA - Echo Park hadn’t crossed his mind all day.*
Mia and Vince were pottering around the kitchen trying to work out what to serve for Supper. They were looking out the window at the garage and it was the same story as the day before; and the day before that. Dom got up, he raced, worked on cars - ignored race bunnies and then worked on cars some more. In the evening he’d usually have a Corona or two and then crash. The next day, wash and repeat.

Vince said what they were both thinking, “What do we do Mi’?”

Mia sighed, she wanted her brother happy, but she didn’t have the power over life and death. “I don’t know Vince he needs to snap out of his funk.”

Vince would have to argue that he wasn’t in a funk. However the evidence was stacked against him. Since they’d arrived in Panama both he and Mia had stopped dancing around each other. Maybe it was the uncertainty in their life but they had kissed one night and hadn't stopped since.

They had tiptoed their little budding romance around Dom. They were well aware of hell protective he could be, only this morning they had forgotten. Vince had pressed Mia up against the sink and Dom had walked in. The couple had frozen waiting for the inevitable explosion. Dom had just grunted and said, “Keep it off the table I east there for Christ sake.”

Before he walked out to the garage like nothing major had just happened.

Vince had been really worried since then, “Maybe we need to move?”

Mia laughed hollowly, “Where? The list is short ... only places not friendly with the US.”

Vince silently agreed, his chin rested on her shoulder looking outside. He wanted Dom to snap out of his funk. “I hear Bali is nice this time of year.”

Mia rolled the idea around in her mind. It was warm and she could settle them near the beach. She liked the idea of a fresh start free from the ghosts surrounding them

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It had been a great idea - Bali was meant to be a fresh start for all of them. Dom could see Vince and Mia settle down and start to rebuild his own life. Too bad Braga; the FBI; Hernan Reyes and a ghost would interfere. Then again the ghost just might save his life - this was just the beginning of the real fun.
In which the boys prove their uses

Chapter: In which the boys have their uses

Gordon decided that there was no better time to introduce John to their club. It helped that Antoine had insisted on him wearing black jeans and a dark shirt with the a few buttons undone. With the way that John looked right now he’d be a hit with more than just the ladies.

Brian had been unsure about the look, mainly because he’d never owned anything so expensive, but Antoine had fanned himself, "Don't deprive the world monsieur."

Gordon had laughed, "You know what you're right Antoine. I'm taking him to the club."

The club was one of the hippest in LA with a floor level and a smaller balcony section. Gordon ordered their drinks and showed him to the top - what was the point in owning the club if you couldn’t have the most exclusive VIP section ever. The only entrants were the team and any potential date they wanted to impress.

"A club smart. Restaurants would be a smart way to clean things." Brian observed.

Gordon cocked his head to the side, "You're not just a pretty face."

Brian smirked, "Far from it. Ghost thinks I'm a weapon to point ... Let him keep thinking that." He casually sipped his whiskey as he let Gordon make his mind up.

Gordon raised his glass and was surprised to see how quickly John had figured the lay of the land. He respected Ghost but knew that in the long run that he'd screw the team over. Just maybe Naomi's little flight in Riverside had done more good than any of them knew. He smirked and the devil would be proud, "I'm a gentleman who never tells a secret."

John's eyes glittering with amusement started laughing, “Fuck you man. I’m not a girl.”

Gordon laughed, "Relax princess enjoy your drink."
Gordon really did feel that Antoine had done the world a service putting John into clothes that showed off his assets rather than hiding them.

Brian pursed his lips sensing that wasn't a nickname he was going to lose any time soon. He noted the woman who was running the club and was giving him evils. "She a friend? She seems protective."

Gordon loved Lily - she was strong and full of fire and protective of the whole gang. She had a lousy taste in men as she was with Ghost but no one is perfect. He looked over the side of the balcony and saw that John was right, laughing he shouted up, "Lily get up here."

Lily was a beautifully exotic woman, who knew full well how alluring she was and she dressed to screw with men. ‘Hello there.’

Brian had the feeling that he’d just been weighed and knew that his first words had to be very carefully chosen, “You are much too good for any man. When you take over the world be kind to me.”

Lily laughed as she put three drinks down, “You need to be kept.”

Gordon snickered, “Please AJ has already adopted John, or the other way around. We’re not too sure.”

Lily looked over at him; she was surprised that he’d made friends so quickly. It was not like the gang. “How did you manage that?”

He looked at her, eyes portraying a perfect innocence, “I took his car for a spin and hid from him before circling back around to the house.”

Gordon snorted, “What he forgets to mention is that he wasn’t given keys, and actually covered Ghost’s car up before driving back in his own car.”

Lily watched John’s reaction and he looked like a kid with his hand caught in the cookie jar. He put the glass down calmly, “Well I listened to the rules. Boost the car and avoid Ghost chasing my ass. You never said I had to stay in the Jeep.”
Lily tilted her head and laughed in disbelief, “That would have impressed being that ballsy.”

John shrugged all boyish charm; he and AJ teaming up in the club would be very bad for the females. Very bad. She wasn’t sure that many would be able to resist. “He gave me the Porsche called it a signing on bonus.”

Lily wondered exactly who this blonde haired; blue eyed wonder was as Ghost was angling for something. Just as things were getting interesting and she wasn’t blind; she’d seen the sparks of Gordon and the newbie. A group of men in suits came in; she sighed acting all put up on, “Guess I gotta go and work.”

Gordon looked at her shrewdly, “You love this bar. Go do your thing we’ll be here.”

Brian watched her walked down the stairs, “She is awesome.”

“Yeah she is.” Gordon weighed up the group that had entered the club and was tense. Most of the regulars knew better than to screw up when the team were in the bar. They tended to get cocky around AJ, Jesse or Jake but never Ghost or Gordon. This group was new, and they were all cocky executive types - He was betting lawyers or stockbrokers; not that he liked either group. Scottie who looked after their money was about the only one he could stomach.

The group sat around one of the low tables and beanbags. “Serious douches.” He muttered low hoping that some whiskey might cool his anger.

Brian snorted, “Yeah well I’m thinking I’m beginning to lose my shine if you’re looking down there. They are douches but we’ll see how things play out.”

Gordon was impressed, “Oh don’t worry princess you’re still shiny.”

Brian rolled his eyes and fake pouted, “Good I don’t like being ignored.” He sighed though seeing the douche bags behaviour start to escalate, “but looking at the douches let’s go and see if Lily wants some help.”

Gordon followed him down and took the opportunity to stare unashamedly at his ass. The group of execs seemed to think that pawing the server was a god given right. Lily had handled herself well politely shutting down any innuendo or flirting. She was able to put up with some light flirting as being unfriendly was not a great way to stay in business.
As she turned one of them squeezed her butt. Now she was pissed. Still she had to tread carefully despite her initial instinct which was to take the metal serving tray and smack it over his head. She would make it hard enough to leave a dent. She saw Gordon start to walk over menacingly, but his new friend John stayed his hand with a soft touch to the arm. A single look passed between them that amounted to, ‘I got this.’

Lily had pushed away to have another one of the assholes pull her back. John stood there, and she loved him a little, as he looked far cooler and nicer in his jeans and shirt. He had a casual arrogance I’m worth more money than you that he worked. He stepped close, “Hey Lily. How are you doing?”

She smiled serenely which people would come to learn was the time that they should go and run. “You know I just wanted to get the gentleman a drink.”

He nodded, still cool and collected, “Cool, so if I stepped in here would you be offended?”

Lily smiled and showed how grateful she was; what she appreciated was that he didn’t come in all macho. His presence was all masculine and a few of them were looking a little uncomfortable already.

She moved off to the bar, and listened intently. The first asshole the one that had touched her ass was trying to go down the brotherhood of men route. “Look man we were just having some fun.”

Lily could clearly see that John was not impressed, “Oh fun. Did Lily want to have fun?”

“It wasn’t like that. She’s hot you can’t blame us.”

John stood rigid and Lily might not have known him long, but she could guess that this was a bad thing. He spoke softly, “Yeah but here is the thing. She’s out of your league.”

The asshole stood up and had a clear 100 pounds of muscle on John and yet he didn’t back down. Lily got a little worried, “Gordon?”

Gordon shook his head, “No he’ll ask for help.” He was so sure and had stepped back to enjoy the show so Lily saw no other option but to do the same.

John didn’t ask for help. In fact he chose to goad the male, “What? Why are you staring? I don’t
want a date.”

Lily gaped while Gordon just chuckled and said under his breath, “Oh I’ll give him a date anytime he wants.”

Lily looked at her old friend, he was quite smitten, “I don’t think he’ll say no.”

Gordon started when the guy went to put a hand on John. So maybe he was a little bit protective.

The guy tried to put his hand on John’s shoulder but it never got there. John had seen the pussy move, even though his back had been turned - you gotta love reflective glass. He caught the hand and whipped it behind the idiot's back. It was smart; the guy had lost any height or weight advantage with his arm immobilized. John ruthlessly pressed home his advantage by shoving the guy's face into the table.

His friends seemingly woke up but John was unconcerned, “It’s time for you to leave. One wrong move and I break your buddy's arm.”

“You're bluffing.”

John’s grin was glacial and the club was warm, “I don’t bluff - go ahead though. Have you got time to go the ER before afternoon trading?”

The asshole made the decision, “I give. It’s not worth it.”

John let him go, “Don’t let your ass hit the door on the way out.”

The group got out of there in a very quick scramble and John waited until they were gone before he turned back to Gordon and Lily. “So where were we?”

Gordon pretended to flutter his lashes, “Oh John you were so strong.”

Brian had a rueful chuckle and swotted Gordon’s arm - to tell him to knock it off, “Sorry Lily but
your dress looked too nice for you to ruin it over that asshole.”

Lily grinned as she slid two more drinks down the table, “You do have your uses. You’ll do nicely. Gordon be nice to him, I like him.”

Gordon was going to be more than nice to him but he could play along the game for something he really wanted.

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Mia saw Dom crumple the letter to the floor and storm out of the house. He was going down to the beach. She wanted to hit her head against the wall - he’d just stopped brooding since they’d settled in Bali.

She saw Vince read the note, and saw him sit quickly in shock. “Hey, what does it say Vi’?”

He looked up eyes a little red as he fought the tears forming, “Letty’s dead.”

Oh shit, nothing good would come of this. She looked down the beach at where he was staring into the horizon. She let him be as he needed to sort through his feelings.

Outside Dom weighed up the pros and cons but was willing to do what it took. He hadn’t been able to go after Brian’s killers at the time but he had enough to barter with to go for Braga.

He opened his cell and rang the number on Letty’s letter, “Yeah put me through to the Agent in charge of the Braga case.”

He didn’t have long to wait, “How did you get this number ...?

“You mean to say you didn’t know that Letty had sent her ex a letter.”

He could practically hear the gears turning in the Agents head, “Dominic Toretto?”
Toretto snorted, “That’s what my parents called me. Listen I’m offering to work a deal. Let me help you catch Braga.”

Penning in his office was looking smug as he sat opposite Stasiak and Bilkins. He had told them that he could reel Toretto in to work this case, “Now why should I do that?”

He waited intrigued by what Toretto would say in reply, “I’m safe but I can bring you Braga’s head.”

Penning was playing it cool, this is what he wanted, “Mr Toretto this is the law. If you do this I want the whole body attached,”

Dom internally snorted, the idiot had said that he needed the whole body - no mention of whether it should be alive. “You got yourself a deal. Get me a deal that you can email to the following address, racer@gmail.com and I’ll be in touch.”

He puts the phone down and his satisfaction takes a beating seeing the looks on the face of his two fellow agents, “What?”

Stasiak was sneering, “You want a known crook. One we’ve been after for a while to help us catch a bigger crook?”

Penning grinned, “Yes. We can’t get close he’ll manage. Stasiak sometimes the good guys have to do bad things. Your boy Rahway got that.”

Bilkins was weary, “And when they put a bullet in his head?”

“They won’t and that is not all you have to say Trevor so out with it.”

Bilkins startled a little at his first name since his promotion he so rarely heard it. He could understand why some people thought that on entering the Academy your first name got changed to Agent. He looked over at Penning, and out of everyone he probably understood and knew Toretto the best, “Well you see here’s the thing. At the moment all your cards are neatly in play Toretto, his ex and O’Conner.

“Young trouble is when they meet. Toretto thinks they are dead and this could come back to bite you on the ass.”
Penning shrugged it off but that wasn’t smart - it was a clever trick to stack cards in your favour but you then have a problem. A small change in the wind and all the cards fall down around you. It doesn’t need a fortune teller does it?
Playtime Over

They were holed up in Gordon’s apartment as it provided the most privacy. Ghost threw the paper at the wall.

Brian sighed, “Okay ... What is the problem?”

Ghost sneered, “The problem is that we have a mark who has all the information we need.”

“And ...” He really hoped that Ghost got to the point sometime soon.

“His only weakness is pretty blue eyed, blonde women.”

Hmm, so it could be a problem accept John had the stones to carry it off. He looked to Gordon and asked the most important question, “How discreet is Antoine?”

Gordon was quick enough to catch up remembering what he’d been told at the tailors. “This is above and beyond the call of duty ... Oh and I’m pretty sure you’ll fuel his fantasies for months.”

That was just what he was aiming for - really. John shrugged, “You’ll back me up?”

Gordon grinned, “Always.”

Ghost was catching up, “You saying what I think you are?”

John’s smirk said so much, “I told I can get in and out of anywhere undetected.”

Jesse, Jake and AJ looked adorably confused; AJ was the one to speak up. “What are you planning?”
Gordon pulled John in close, pressing him against his side, “Well kids amuse yourself as I’m taking your mother out to buy a new dress.”

John stood quickly and went with him, as the key to success in these situations was not to think too much. As they left the apartment they heard Jesse’s comment, “Wait they weren’t screwing with us.”

“Doesn’t look like it homie.”

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Antoine had thought his Christmases had come all at once. He was being paid to produce a one off black mid length dress that could tempt a nun. You had to admire any male who would do all this without asking any questions.

They collected the dress a mere twenty four hours later. Antoine personally fitted the dress and Gordon watched the transformation start to take place and he wasn’t sure he could survive. The black dress was mid length but with a small slit - it fell loose from the waist so as to hide any areas of suspicion, Gordon had wondered what they were going to do about the lack of breasts, but he shouldn’t. The high collar and small sliver of skin being shown, alongside the clever cut - created a stunning figure.

“Angela can advise on make--up?” Antoine ventured tentatively.

John looked at himself in the mirror dressed up and all those cracks about being pretty and girly ran through his head. For all his jokes about being soft featured he could pass. Antoine had made sure of it. However he was all male so knew absolutely sweet F.A about make-up. “Please. I want to knock this guy’s socks off.”
He confided like it was a secret, Angela giggled, “I don’t think you’ll fail.”

Brian stood patiently as he was primped, crimped and every other type of ‘imped’ in order to be ready to seduce the mark. He was finally free of grabbing and questing hands. “Done.”

“Fantastique!”

He opened his eyes and took in his appearances and was surprised how good he looked. Without sounding too narcissistic - he’d do himself and wanting to avoid such weird thoughts he deflected by twirling in front of Gordon. “So what do you think?”
Gordon pointedly adjusted his trousers, “You make a great man and it seems a real pretty princess.”

Brian groans, “Damn I’m never ever going to lose that nickname.”

Gordon clasped his arm around John’s shoulder, and was a little disgruntled to find that John was taller than him in heels. Still he was an adaptable type of guy so confided, “Now the real question is do you want to go straight to the hotel or do you want to fuck with the guys.”

Brian thought about it, “Let’s go to the hotel.”

You would have thought that it was difficult to get a room in the Hilton Checkers in the middle of the day. Not for Gordon, the concierge took one look at Gordon and his companion and happily accepted the platinum card. There might have also been some looks that translated to you lucky bastard. Gordon just smirked back and accepted the key, dragging John with him.

They closed the door and John started to laugh as he carefully collapsed on the bed. There was one more thing he needed to do; he was going into this covering all bases. He groaned as he sat up, “Hey honey. Unzip me I need to use the bathroom.”

Gordon stood up to do as asked, and Brian actually shuddered at feeling the breath on the back of his neck. He was in the middle of a dry spell which would help him sell any sexual frustration. He was grateful that he had the refuge of the bathroom and he sat on the toilet seat as he scraped his legs clean. He was really starting to sympathise with the girls he dated.

He would do this; the team needed the information. All he needed to do was go down to the bar and get him to loosen up. It was just going to take his police training and him digging down to find his hidden balls to go out of this room.

He was done; he carefully dried his legs and underarm area, and went back out into the middle of the room. He wasn’t coy as he slid the dress back up, and turned around for Gordon to zip him back up. Gordon’s cell went off disturbing the comfortable peace, “Well dear it looks like I’m having dinner with the guys while you work.”

John smirked at him, “Right for this to work - I need an exit and you’ll be it.”

“Oh and how can I help you?” Brian resisted the urge to say fuck him hard and quick - he was sure that was the dry spell talking. “I’m your wife and you’re a jealous bastard.”
Gordon nodded knowing that when the signal came it would not be a hard act to sell. No the hard part would be for him to not react before then. He was a jealous bastard and he’d made peace with that fact. He got to really enjoy the looks on the faces of AJ, Jesse, Ghost and Jake when they entered the cocktail lounge. He veered off to talk to them while John carried onto the bar.

AJ was still a little wide eyed when he sat down, “Err - Words fail me.”

Jesse was a little more tongue in cheek, “Mom scrubs up nice.”

Ghost had watched the interactions a little closer than the others and could see the attraction that was growing. It was good in many ways as it would cultivate a close friendship that would keep John with the group. “Yeah you looked to be having fun, but what am I chopped liver?”

Gordon just picked up his drink and said tongue in cheek, “Ghost, don’t talk about their mother like that and you’ll always have a special place in my heart.”

Ghost shook his head in amazement. Gordon with his accent could get away with a hell of a lot of sarcasm and somehow it was forgiven. Despite himself Ghost found he was soon snickering once the mark showed up. The team got to watch a master class in seduction and flirting. They would never know that he got these skills from a prostitute who was also a confidential informant. Still with each touch to the leg or carefully timed breathy laugh - Gordon’s grip got tighter and tighter around the glass.

Ghost was watching now as he didn’t want Gordon screwing up all the good work the kid had done. When John leaned into to whisper something close to the mark Ghost was sure that he was about to crack the tumbler. Losing his patience; Ghost said, “Put the glass down before you break it Gordon.”

Gordon put the glass down and looked a little rueful, “Sorry but that guy is starting to piss me off.”

He let out an audible sigh of relief seeing John’s signal and quickly marched in their direction, “And now the fireworks begin.”

The team watched as Gordon stormed over to John and yanked him out of the marks lap.
John had given Gordon the look to say he wanted to get the fuck out of here. He was expecting the yank but the strength in it caused him to lose his balance and stumble into the firm wall that was a ‘pissed off’ Gordon. His hands had slipped to Gordon’s hips to steady himself and he could just imagine the picture they were presenting.

“Where the fuck have you been?” Gordon’s voice had never been masterful before so he could be forgiven for shivering in shock.

The mark bless his soul, not realising that he’d already been robbed tried to stand up to Gordon, “Now listen here. You should not treat a lady like that.”

Gordon chuckled darkly, “This lady is my wife you asshole.”

To reinforce what he’d just said he kissed John. John whose hands had somehow never left Gordon’s hips froze for a second, before he melted into the kiss. The bastard was smug but his kiss was turning Brian into a puddle. He needed to get out of here, or the little lady outfit would be found out as his own dick was starting to take interest. He’d moaned into the kiss and Gordon being the advantageous bastard had ruthlessly mapped out his mouth.

Gordon broke the kiss panting, “I don’t blame you. You were innocent in my wife’s scheme but we’re leaving.”

If the mark had had any doubts they were soon dispelled by witnessing that kiss. It had been hot, explosive and made him just give up. He’d go back to his hotel and use his favoured escort business - it would be less dangerous that way.

As for the fake married couple, Gordon was dragging his ‘wayward’ wife out of the lounge. John was looking forward to it; as long as he got out of the damn dress.

It left a rather surprised table behind. Jesse and Jake had never seen Gordon act that way. AJ looked a little worried, “Err should we do something.”

Ghost laughed, “Well son, listen to Uncle Ghost. You know how kids like to think of their parents as virgins?”

Jesse snorted, “Apart from when we got made yeah.”

Ghost’s eyes twinkled with mischief which should have told them something. “Well I can guarantee that if you go up to their room right now. You’ll learn way too much about their sex lives.”
Jesse and Jake looked a little green but AJ was smarter, “In that case whose round is it?”

Ghost grinned, “Well it looks like I’m the cool Uncle get the waiter over here.”

As Brian O’Conner fell deeper into the role of John Rahway - to the point where he was starting to think of himself as John; Dominic Toretto was sitting in the office of the FBI headquarters in Los Angeles wondering just what he’d been thinking. He’d been sitting on a beach in Bali - safe. Okay so he’d had to put up with his sister and best friend making eyes at each other, but he was a big boy he could handle that. What he wasn’t so sure he could handle was being surrounded by so many sneering suits.

His hands were itching to smack more than a few of them. However he was smart enough to know that Penning wouldn’t be impressed if he broke any of them. It didn’t help that he was staring at a list of deceased people that the FBI had sent in.

The photo list changed and new ‘victims’ appeared including Brian. He was too quick not to see the connection, “How the fuck did Verone escape?”

Stasiak sneered, “How did you figure that?”

Dom rolled his eyes, “It don’t take a detective. Verone’s goons gunned down the buster in L.A.”

Stasiak was surprised; he’d thought their would be anger about O’Conner. He was admittedly a bastard, and knew he was on dangerous ground, “You should be grateful. Verone put down a rat. A narc.”

None of the agents saw Toretto move but when he’d finished, Stasiak was moaning clutching a broken nose, “And that is why penning needs me. That talk out there with Braga will get you killed.” He stepped closer, “And Brian was one of mine.”

Penning looked at Stasiak and figured that the cocky agent had just learned a valuable lesson, “We build ties and so do they.”

“He ‘oke m’ ose.” Stasiak tried to get out, earning a few titters from some of his lesser fans.
Penning nodded as looking at the visible damage it was a fair assessment. “You should get that checked out son.”

They watched Stasiak storm out of the room. At which point Stasiak levelled Dom with an even stare, “I want Braga alive. No cowboy antics.”

Dom smiled evenly as he was okay with that condition; it looked like he’d get a chance to avenge both Letty and Brian. If they were avenged then he’d bring back Braga wrapped up in a fucking bow if that was what the guy wanted. “So do I have an in?”

A timid mousy agent stepped up, “There is a race that will go down in Chinatown. Braga runs a club there and that will be your best bet into the operation.”

Dom knew this was it and he was glad to get started; if there was one thing he knew it was racing. “Fine but I’m racing my Plymouth none of these race-rockets.”

Penning shrugged as far as he was concerned it was none of his business. He didn’t really care truth be told - he just wanted Braga. “Done.”

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Dom pulled up in front of the club. He saw the racers and a feeling of home settled - racing was always gonna be comforting and feel like home.”

He just rode up and stepped out of his car to be met by a skinny brunette. She screamed don’t fuck with me and Dom could respect that. He’d also seen her picture in the brief; she was one of Braga’s lieutenants. She stood in front of him, “The Street King is back in LA?”

Toretto smiled, “I missed the streets - and I heard there was a race going down tonight.”

He was being smart; he was a well-known racer so he would be cocky and race would be enough to lure him out. If they wanted to lure him into anything else well then would have to earn it.
Giselle didn’t say much, “Follow me.”

As Dom entered Braga’s club, he saw a group of males enter an adjacent club. He was startled to see a shock of blonde hair that was oh so familiar. He could have sworn that it was Brian. He shook his head - and knew it was stupid and wishful thinking on his part. His buster had been gunned down and would never have owned something so expensive.

*Only that had been Brian, not that he’d have answered to the name. He was John now and making friends that he wanted to keep. He wasn’t stupid or naive - if he wanted to keep them he’d have to fight the law. Well, maybe not - trickery was always better.*
The team had fallen into a new routine since John had joined them in Riverside. The team never said anything about Gordon and John - they just were what they were. For one it would be incredibly difficult to say what they were - they were clearly fast friends; fast friends that would fall into bed. However they were not the ‘honey I love you’ type of couple or the type to engage in PDA unless it was to escape marks.

Today the team were beginning the prep work for knocking over the bank they had selected. It was only possible as John had seduced the mark and Gordon had provided the perfect exit strategy. However the black dress had got Gordon hot under the collar so he’d been dragged back to the hotel room. Where Gordon had proceeded to defrock him and now he kept the dress so that he could use it against Gordon when needed.

However it was only Gordon awake this morning and he was using it to take in the spectacular view. And he didn’t mean the view from the apartment; he meant the warm body next to him. John was sleeping soundly next to him and there was a primal satisfaction there that he’d kept him smiling. The black silk sheet had slipped down and was now resting on the curve of John’s ass. It offered a tantalising tease of what was beneath, which dragged Gordon to his memories of the night before.

Gordon had dragged John back from the club. He had more than proven last night that it wasn't John dressed up as a girl that had gotten him hot under the collar. No, in fact, his morning wood was getting stiffer just thinking about last night.

*When John had gotten into the club he'd seemed a little distracted but had helped as wingman for AJ. The poor kid looked like he’d hit heaven when the blonde had asked him out.*

*John had shrugged looking a little rueful, "What you said I had to adopt him. Well its time he flew from the nest."*

*Gordon had to admire a guy who could say a line like that with a straight face. He adopted a sympathetic face, "Here Princess, have a drink."*

*He had pursed his lips, and pretended to flick his ears, "I'm not a cheap date."*
Which was true, it had taken a fair few glasses of Macallan scotch before John had put out, but when he had - it had been spectacular...

In the morning light, restless and needing to find some release he decided to give John an awesome wake up call. Gently he rolled John over so he was lying in his back and took in the impressive wood his partner was supporting. It was too perfect not to suck on, he nibbled on the head, teasing the slit with a little bit of pre-come.

John came awake with a moan that would have made a porn star blush. “Holy fuck that is good.”

Gordon graced him with as a wicked smirk as he could, considering it was stretched around his straining erection. The bastard started humming as he swallowed him back down. He couldn’t help but give in to the freely offered pleasure. He whimpered as his hands slipped to the back of Gordon’s head. He didn’t push or hurry things along, but rather it was that he needed to do something with his hands.

His hands did tug at Gordon in warning but Gordon shrugged off his concern. He swallowed John’s entire climax - looking like a cat that’d got the cream. A terrible analogy but that wasn’t such a shock as he’d just had his brain sucked out of his dick.

He wanted to return the favour, and knew that G was weak to dirty talk, “G, fuck me.”

“Yes Sir.” Gordon turned him over and his finger was teasing his entrance to see just how slick he was from the night before. They hadn’t cleaned up much as they’d been exhausted - just enough to make sure that they wouldn’t wake up sticking to the sheets.

He was still quite loose from the night before, which he expected considering how many rounds they’d gone through the night before. Gordon slid two fingers inside, “Want to fuck you but you need to be able to sit later on.”

He felt John start to stiffen; it was a ridiculous how quick a refractory period he had. Still Gordon wasn’t complaining too much as he pushed inside. He groaned feeling himself be enveloped by the tight white heat. John wasn’t passive he soon started thrusting back to meet him. Gordon groaned and tried to think of all the horrible things in the world to stop him going off like a rocket.

John was groaning as Gordon’s steady pace was his undoing. He thrust back seeking his climax that he could feel he was just on the crest of; Gordon the bastard squeezed his dick. Stopping him from coming, he panted, “Fuck me.”
Gordon chuckled, “Don’t be pushy princess.”

Any reply stopped dead in his tracks as all of a sudden Gordon withdrew and snapped his hips back and thrust hard. He moaned, “Yes right there.”

Gordon hit his spot with a ruthless accuracy and the only way he could gain any leverage was to squeeze his inner muscles. Gordon’s thrusts lost their rhythm, “You little shit.”

John threw his head back and did it again. As Gordon’s thrusts increased in intensity; his hand slipped around to ruthlessly jack his own straining cock. He groaned, “So close.”

Gordon whispered in his ear, “Come then.” As he thrust one last time, deep and came with a groan.

John loved sex; it never failed to be a good thing, but he hated the clean-up. He sat up and pulled away reluctantly, “Round two in the shower?”

“No of course.” Gordon said affronted that John could suggest otherwise.

An hour later they washed and dressed to impress eating some toast and a coffee around the breakfast bar. The others were gaining surveillance and doing small scale break-ins to get what they needed for the plan to work. John and Gordon, it was agreed, were the best at blending with the rich clientele - the others looked respectable but somehow never lost the air that they were dressed for court, or, in their fathers’ clothes.

They did the bank interview, explaining they were partners in a new architect business, and they wanted to set up a safety deposit account. John had played the anxious businessman to perfection; Gordon had been impressed the guy really was a natural. The best part was where John had wrangled a look at the safety deposit boxes as a personal assurance that they were the best and most secure in the business. Gordon had gone along and eye balled all the features taking mental notes as he went.

John was so getting a blowjob for this as it was a brilliant move on his part.
They said goodbye and as they left they met AJ and Jesse on the steps. One look and Gordon shared a look with John. They were looking like kids who’d been caught with their hands in cookie jar, they weren’t actual parents but it was beginning to feel like that. Gordon just hoping he wasn’t going to need the aspirin that he thought he might need. “So out with it.”

AJ looked sheepish and was telling John, like mum would be any better, “Jake’s been picked up by the police.”

Gordon hadn’t heard that right, had he? “Come again. He was with Ghost.”

Jesse snorted; he’d never been the biggest fan of Ghost, “Well Mum, Dad, you should know not to leave the kids with Uncle Ghost ... the going gets tough and he bails.”

Gordon tiredly ran his hands over his face; they really didn’t need this shit. How the hell had Ghost fucked up so badly that they’d arrested Jake. He took John’s hand, and said, “Kids you’re grounded. Me and your Ma’ will get Jake.”

John finished darkly, “And we’ll have a word with your Uncle.”

As they left Jesse and AJ shared a look. “Shit they can be scary.”

AJ silently agreed, “Ain’t that the truth. I feel like I should go to my room. Still there is a bright side.”

“Oh yeah?” Jesse wasn’t seeing it and wouldn’t until Jake was out.

AJ’s angelic grin made him smile despite his worries. ”Yeah no matter how much trouble we’re in … Ghost is in more.”

You know what? It did actually comfort Jesse and he wasn’t the only one feeling uneasy. John Rahway was about to walk into a cop station that he’d done rookie patrol in to pick up one of the rookie robbers all without drawing suspicion. He really hated that he’d been so fucking good at his job.
Meanwhile, Dom was listening to a two-bit criminal, lord it over him asking why he should be given a chance at racing. Dominic had quirked an eyebrow, “You said you wanted racers and I’ve never been beaten in LA.”

Campos tilted his head, “You make a fair point but I already have my drivers.”

Dom shrugged, “You can find a driver anywhere, and you need a racer.”

Campos looked to the feisty brunette who had led him into the office. “His street credentials are solid we could do a lot worse.”

Campos looked at the greasy blonde. The one who had disturbed Dom greatly - it never smacked of mental stability to talk about yourself in the third person. “You know what Mr Toretto - you do one race and you’re in.”

The bruiser in the corner stood up, “Now hang on a minute he’s an animal.”

Dom knew that voice and hadn’t heard it since prison. Fenix had been a big cheese until he took on Dom and lost. His last months in prison had not been kind. Dom had felt a little sorry but he was no one’s bitch - not even then. “Come on Fenix - Lompoc was a hell that you either survived or didn’t.”

Campos’ eyes took on a bright sheen hearing this; while he wanted drivers ones that were already of the criminal persuasion could be cultivated. It hadn’t gone unnoticed by Braga that Fenix was weary of Toretto. It was perfect collateral as now if and when he wanted to get rid of Fenix - he could merely let it slip to Toretto that he’d been the one to put a bullet in his ex-girlfriend.

Campos clapped his hands in glee, “Well I hope you race like you live.”

Dwight who’d wanted to protest said nothing about having to race. He’d been silenced by a glared from Toretto and Giselle definitely appreciated that touch she ordered. “Gentleman head to your cars.”

She was stopped by Campos’ hand on her arm, “Be friendly with Toretto I want to cultivate him.”

Giselle said nothing as she didn’t need permission to sleep with the hot guy. Still if it would help her curry favour then she would make it look like she’d taken a one for the team - such a hardship.

Dom had torn off the start making the others look like they were pedestrian - and he got better. He
was able to out shift, out manoeuvre and out-accelerate all the competition. They were watching on
the screens in the office as soon as Giselle had returned from starting the race.

Campos preened, “I like him. I feel safe with him running our product.”

Fenix puffed out his chest, “He hasn’t got the killer instinct.”

Just as he said that, they watched on the screen as Toretto rammed the two drivers who’d been vying
for the lead. The one ended up in the concrete post that supported the freeway and the other was still
rolling it had occurred at that higher speed. Much to her delight and Fenix’ concern - Toretto won.
Well, she wasn’t going to be bored in LA anymore.

_Boredom wasn’t how she’d describe her time with Toretto - fun, frenetic and fraught but by the end
of it - she was free. She would come to learn that while she could sleep with him his heart belonged
to another - one who wasn’t as dead as believed._
Chapter: Fast times.

John was not freaking out as they walked into the cop shop. He wasn’t; it was not like anything could go wrong. Brian O’Conner had ‘died’ and no one could believe that Brian O’Conner would wear a 5,000 dollar tailored suit.

Gordon said in a low voice, “You have a plan?”

John smirked, “I do but you’ll have to go along to it.”

Gordon made an ‘after you’ motion with his hands and followed John into the waiting area. John felt slightly nostalgic as he interrupted the rookie; he would almost feel bad about how badly he was going to play the rookie. Still it would be a growing experience once he got chewed out.

“Hey Officer! I’m sorry to bother you but my son, Jake was bought in last night.”

You could see the wheels turning in the guys head. He had thought that all the people who were shoved in the cells last night were adults. Oh shit, the officer had sworn blind the kid wasn’t a minor. This was going to be a nightmare.

John had waited until he saw the, oh shit moment settle before he steamed on. “Yeah it’s been tough. He’s been acting out since we moved to L.A.”

At the we he had grabbed Gordon’s hand. The officer had seen it and his eyes had almost bulged out. He hadn’t expected that. In fairness, Gordon hadn’t either so he could relate. His mind was trying to process the ideas currently running through his head. John was actually selling the whole gay married with a kid. It was bold and sheer genius but he’d need Gordon’s help. He got his head in the game. He looked sheepish, “He started acting out when we got married. He’s fallen in with the wrong crowd. We both wish that we could separate him from his friend.”

John snorted, “Oh boy do I. What’s the damage officer?”
The rookie weighed it up; the kid was meant to be booked this morning but it was on misdemeanour charges. If the kid was a minor and he’d been forced to spend the night in the cells - it might be worth making the charges disappear just this once.

He looked over at the couple, who were clearly concerned about their adopted son, and he had no doubt that they were doing their best.

The rookie had a wry smile, “Which one wants to come up and be the disappointed Dad?”

John with a little sheepish grin, “Best be Gordon. He is the disciplinarian.”

Gordon followed the cop in disbelief at how thoroughly John had pulled the eyes over the kid. It had been so simple and he’d managed to sidestep so many questions by the avenue he’d taken. He walked through the rows of detention cells, to the one where Jake was sitting quietly in the corner. Smart kid, he wasn’t engaging in any conversations and had his back to the wall. People could adopt a worse strategy to deal with a night in the cells.

Jake looked up in surprise at seeing Gordon there, who had adopted a severe expression, “Not a word son.”

“But ...” He objected actually feeling like a 15 year old.

Gordon shushed him, “Not one word until me and your Pa get you home.”

Jake sensibly had adopted a very meek persona as he trailed Gordon. He knew the guys were always ribbing John and Gordon about being the Ma and Pa of the gang but to bare face lie about it to the police was something else.

As they got back into the central bit they saw John trying to break free of a group of cops. He was being pleasant enough, “Sorry. Look I don’t know a Brian but there is my partner and son. Excuse me.”

Gordon watched John walk to him with a look of absolute relief. He wondered what the hell that had been about. John all but demanded a hug, which Gordon freely gave and he ruffled Jake’s hair. “Let’s go home.”
Gordon agreed and he heard a snatch of the conversation, “Look Frank I know you think I’m an idiot but that was O’Conner.”

He heard the smack to the head, “O’Conner was killed in a shootout in Miami.”

Gordon looked at his lover and saw that he was suddenly not so carefree. He would take careful notice, after all there was no link between Johnny and this cop, was there? Circular thoughts like this could drive him mad so he forgot them in favour of celebrating the stroke of luck they’d just had.

Jake looked really sheepish, “Look I just got out of the subway station and the cop was there.”

John put the jeep into gear and pulled out, “And where is Ghost?”

It was interesting that even Jake, who tended to see the best in Ghost, snorted, “In the wind, as soon as he heard the sirens.”

John’s hands clutched the wheel that much tighter and Gordon looked like he wanted to squash something with his bare hands. Jake wisely kept his trap shut until they were at Gordon’s apartment and behind solid walls.

Gordon let Jake into the apartment, and he ran to his best friend and hugged him. It was clear that the night in the cells hadn’t left him with warm and fluffy feelings. It was a wake up to many kids more so to ones who were making a career on the wrong side of the law.

Gordon may not be old enough to have a kid Jake’s age, but Christ he felt that old in that moment. He was so damn tired and looking at John he wasn’t much better. He rubbed his face trying to stay a little bit awake. “You know what kids? Go to your room.”

Jake, Jesse and AJ took one look at John and Gordon and decided that discretion was the better part of valour and all but fled to the room they used when they crashed at Gordon’s.

Gordon watched them flee and snorted. “Really?” He turned to John, “Bed?”
“Amen.”

It was kind of sad that they wanted to go to bed but not in the fun way. Parenting aged you before your time. They slipped into Gordon’s room and undressed, tellingly John’s clothes and sleepwear were already in there. John wore a threadbare pair of boxers that really made Gordon wish he wasn’t so tired. He slipped on a pair of grey sweats and slid under the covers to join John.

“You okay?” He had to ask, John had been distracted since the cop shop.

“Yeah just wonder where Ghost has gone to ground.”

Gordon snorted, he’d like to be surprised but he wasn’t. Ghost had always been a self serving son of a bitch, who looked after number one first. “He won’t show his face.”

John rolled over so his head was in the crook of Gordon’s shoulder. “Yeah but what about when he does?”

Gordon sighed as he just didn't know. Ghost was becoming a danger to the team and he’d made it more than clear that he’d sell them up the river and he’d take away the paddle himself. “I don’t know … something drastic.”

John lay awake listening to Gordon’s breathing, with his thoughts churning. He had a perfect way of making sure that the Ghost problem went away. All it would take is one simple phone call; the only problem there was the Feds would want them all.

He didn’t want Jesse, Jake, AJ or Gordon arrested - they were family. Oh shit, if Gordon’s arm hadn’t been snug around his waist he would have sat bolt upright. It had happened again - he’d gotten too close.

*This time though, this time, he was going to fight for what he wanted to keep.*

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Dom had won and the annoyingly squeaky Mr. Dwight was kicked to the curb. It was a good thing for him as Dom was gearing up to kick his ass on the principle of the matter. An all expense trip into the club was his reward, which wasn’t insignificant. He politely thanked Campos and camped out at the bar. The women were not appealing but the idea of free booze was appealing.
Giselle slipped onto the stool next to him, “You’re not taking advantage of the *Entertainment*?”

He snorted, “Nope never had to pay for it. It takes the fun out of it.”

Giselle frowned hearing the phrasing; she could sense that it might have been awhile, which was stupid. Toretto was hot and shouldn’t have been lacking for bed partners. “Get me a Corona too Felipe.”

Dom smiled, “Okay you can drink with me.”

She arched a perfectly plucked eyebrow, “You have it the wrong way you’re lucky to drink with me.”

“I won’t argue with that.”

Not an hour later she dragged him onto the dance floor, “Tomorrow once you’ve delivered your package. Fenix has orders that he may just ignore when it comes to you.”

If it was an order not to kill him then he was sure of it. “Yeah Fenix will kill be if he is given a chance. I’ll watch my back”

It was clear that whatever had gone down in Lompoc had last a left impression; she would wait near the rendezvous point so if Fenix went against orders she could help him. Dom did have some plans but there was no reason why a girl couldn’t have a back up plan.

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A day later, he was in the truck; he’d flat out rejected the tracking chip the day before. He had merely told Stasiak that he had no intention of dying due to his ego. Penning had waved off the concern - he wanted Toretto to do the whole run as it would cement his loyalty, and hopefully get him an ‘in’ at the table with Braga. At least that was his big hope.

The journey was long and all he could think was that Giselle owed him a six pack of Corona for putting up with the bitching of the other three drivers. They’d gotten antsy less than thirty minutes into the drive. He had thrown back his chair, turned up his radio and listened to that rather than the chitters coming from the other drivers.
They stopped, and stepped out into the waning sun of Mexico. Giselle stood there, “Welcome to Mexico. This is your GPS, we have a very tiny window.”

“How tiny?” One of the others asked and honestly he was just a little too stupid to live Dom thought.

Giselle spared him a withering glance, “45 seconds and when in that car you obey my every word.”

Dom just took his and looked at the others, “I hope they can keep up.”

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An hour later he had his answer. They may have been able to hand drag races and street racing but this was going to kill them. They had never experienced driving through the tunnels at such high speeds. Fenix was shit as a guide; barking insults through the radios saw one of the drivers’ go cannoning into the cave wall and the car went up in flames.

“Twenty seconds. You’ve been spotted.”

Dom sighed, this was going to be tighter than any race he’d ever done. He was so close to winning - he could see moonlight shining at the tunnel, he banked sharp right. The unexpected little razor sharp edge had gouged the side of his car. If he'd been driving his Plymouth - he would have charged for the body work to be completed.

The remaining cars pulled through with a second to spare. They saw the choppers overhead but they had no reason to suspect them of being anything other than cars on a night drive. It would be a saving grace. As they pulled into the pre-arranged grove well it wouldn’t have taken Giselle’s warning the previous evening to know that something was wrong. He could see Fenix standing over the other drivers.

“Get out of the car Toretto!” He growled.

Dom could see the lackeys with the assault weapons and came up with a plan B. He flashed back to LA, with Brian and Tran’s gang. Tran’s gang when they had shot up Bri’s car had forgotten about the nitrous tanks. They had made a pretty boom then and would now. He loosened the cap on the
injector tube.

“Get out of the car. Won’t ask again.”

Dom got out of the car, loose and casual. He stood right by his car; he wasn’t going to give them a chance to shoot him in the back. It was cowardly and a dick move - so perfect for Fenix but not him.

Dom goaded Fenix, “So this is what you do?”

“Do what Toretto?” He spat.

“You run the drivers ragged and then shoot them in the back.”

The others started to look worried but were too scared to do anything. Fenix was enjoying himself, “Apart from one she ran and that was fun.”

Dom closed his eyes knowing instinctively that he meant Letty. He had a fire in his eyes remembering the strength of Letty, “Yeah Letty would never roll over for a dog.”

Fenix got up close and personal, “It’s funny you should mention that. I chased her down like a dog and put a bullet in her.”

Dom looked him straight in the eye not bothering to hide any of his fury. “I’m gonna enjoy hunting you down.”

Fenix must have felt threatened as that was when he ordered the executions. Dom smirked and ducked out of the way knowing that the NOS gas had done enough to ignite as soon as it met a spark - like the one when a gun fires. His car went up and was the perfect distraction.

The shooters sprayed bullets everywhere - they were clearly not professionals which worked in Dom’s favour. He saw a dropped gun and rolled for it. He came up firing - he missed the days where all his thoughts were on racing.

What he really needed was an exit and one came barrelling into sight. The hummer door swung
open, it was Giselle still looking perfectly made up, “Come with me if you want to live.”

Dom ignored the potential Terminator comment and dived into the Hummer. As they whistled down the road doing all they could to hit the highway as fast as they could. He took a deep breath, “What the hell was that?”

Giselle shrugged, “Fenix trying to settle an old score. The boss thought he might do something stupid. He did I came to get the things the boss wanted namely you and the money.”

“So that means?” Dom figured having nearly been blown up he was allowed to be a little slow on the uptake.

Giselle had a wolf like grin, “The boss wants to restructure. How would you like Fenix’s job.”

Dom knew this was pretty much perfect. He’d climb one step up the ladder and would inch closer to meeting the man himself. He was going deeper but he wasn’t worried - he knew who he was and why he was doing it. If he wanted his shot at Braga and Verone he would have to play the game.

He glanced over at Giselle, “I’ll accept but can I be the one to tell Fenix?”

Giselle liked Toretto’s style, “For the scrutiny that that little explosion will bring to our main route. He might just let you terminate his permanent contract.”

He went with a toothy, “You promise?”

Dom really hoped so it wasn’t fair to toy with a guy like that. Fenix would die for what he’d done to Letty and he would see Braga resting in jail for his crimes.

*The only thing was Braga was closer than anyone knew.*
Brian had had a very uncomfortable night and knew that things wouldn’t get any better until he settled his turbulent thoughts. It was ridiculous and stupid; he was lying on top of Gordon in a luxurious bed and yet he couldn’t sleep. He knew why as well - he’d started to build a life and think of himself as John not Brian.

He’d gone to the cop shop as he didn’t want to see Jake get into the system over something so trivial. He was so aggravated that Ghost had screwed up that he hadn’t even stopped to consider that it might have been in the station where he’d served.

He’d been doing okay when he’d pulled the wool over the eyes of the poor rookie. It had been when Gordon had gone to collect Jake; it had been a calculated risk. He figured a perp recognising him was more likely than a damn cop. It was just his luck that a cop from his graduating class had recognised him. He’d shaken him off and gone straight to Gordon but he could tell that Gordon was intrigued. The last thing he needed was for Gordon to investigate Brian O’Conner - it wouldn’t take him long to piece the clues together.

That wasn’t bothering him; what had kept him up was the question of Ghost. More importantly, what to do with the problem that was Ghost?

The morning light filtered through the slats and he gained a new resolve and realised that he’d approached the problem all wrong. He’d wake Gordon and explain. He’d do it with the knife under his pillow - he wanted to tell the truth, but he wasn’t stupid or naive.

“Gordon. Wake up.”

Gordon groaned, and frowned, John was too serious. He used his hands to scrub his face and try wake himself up. “Where is my morning blowjob?”

Brian chuffed out a laugh, only Gordon would ask that with a straight face. “If you listen to what I have to tell you and, hell, I’ll give you anything you want.”

Gordon listened intrigued - anything implied a lot and spoke to John wanting forgiveness for something. “What is it?”

“I have a way to deal with Ghost but you won’t like it.” John spoke softly.
Gordon turned over and stroked John’s flank trying to soothe him. “Why?”

John took a deep breath, “Yesterday you were curious about a Brian O’Conner.”

Gordon got a sinking feeling not liking where this was going. If it was then he had to wonder what John’s angle was. “Yeah the cop said he died in Miami. I know he crossed paths with Verone.”

John looked a little sad, “Nah the identity died down in Miami. The person only got winged in the arm.”

Gordon’s hand was actually ghosting, gently touching the still pink scar. He could start to see how things were adding up. “Let me guess he rose from the ashes Officer John Rahway.”

John looked at him and Gordon did not expect to see what he did. He saw in those soulful blue eyes; pain, sadness, hope, bitterness. So many things and he wondered why he wasn’t jumping out of bed. He should at least have his gun drawn.

“Was this all a lie?” Gordon asked wanting to test honest reactions. It was a smart thing to do this in bed when they were almost naked. It allowed for a vulnerability in them that would have had if they had been sitting dressed on a sofa.

John sighed, “No.” He was pleading with his eyes to be heard.

“So explain it me.” Gordon had always preferred plain speaking to lies.

John told him everything; about being a kid; about the academy; about the Toretto’s and what he let happen. He couldn’t let them go down for the crimes - they were family.

Gordon began to get a sinking feeling about why John had told him. It was clear that John hated losing the trust of others and had gotten in deep with Toretto. He was a jealous man and was glad that Dominic Toretto had been too stupid to realise what was in front of him. If it had been Gordon he’d have run together but that was just him.

He asked the important question; the one that would decide how things would unfold, “So what do we do?”
John rolled over so he was lying on one arm, “I want to con the FBI; get Ghost sent down but keep the rest of us together! You in?”

Gordon looked at John and groaned giving into the temptation. It wasn’t smart he should have kicked John to the kerb knowing the truth but he couldn’t. He wouldn’t call it love, but it was definitely making him stupid.

“There will be rules.”

John didn’t know he let out the breath that he was holding. “What rules?”

Gordon started to stroke his stomach, “One you tell me everything. No more lies and two, we start extricating you from the FBI’s grasp.”

John laughed in shock and surprise, “Done I hoped they’d be kinkier.”

Gordon rolled on top of him, “Oh you’ll be making it up to me for a while Agent.”

John looked up at him and went pliant; he hadn’t been kidding. He’d felt like a shit for lying to Gordon and would do what it took to earn forgiveness. Gordon thrust against his hip, “I’m glad you are better on this side of the law.”

John whined as he was unable to gain the friction he needed. He added a little more breathlessly, “On this side, or under this side of the law?” As he said the last bit he unrepentantly thrust emphasizing which side of the argument he was on.

Gordon shook his head, wondering how he’d managed to get entangled with such a smartass. Well, he had more than one answer for such a smartass. “Quiet you or I’ll gag you.”

John tried not to show his visceral reaction to that thought but Gordon had noticed it and was definitely a kink they’d explore at a later date. He was trying not to whimper as Gordon sucked one of his nipples into his mouth. Gordon withdrew a second later, “Hands on the headboard.”
He did as he was told and then Gordon went to town. His lips and teeth were back on that nipple, he gently raised the nipple before he started to worry it. Brian hissed in shock as the momentary pain became something far hotter. It was like there was a nerve straight from his nipple to his dick. He whined, “Please.”

Gordon looked up at the hot mess, and chuckled, “Sorry Princess you’re making it up to me. Remember?”

John’s head was thrashing from side to side, he was and he knew why. He just really wanted to touch. “Want to touch you.” He didn’t see the need to hide and he’d promised Gordon complete honestly.

“Not yet but soon.” Was the answer he got; it was soothed by a long kiss. They hadn’t said the words but actions speak far louder than words between them. Gordon reluctantly pulled away from his red raw nipples. It was with a smirk of satisfaction; it wouldn’t matter how expensive and soft the shirt, John was going to feel it later one and be reminded of who had done it.

John was whimpering by time he reached his weeping cock. Gordon though avoided it, just his breath ghost over the erection before leaving a trail of biting kisses in the v of his legs, leaving a visible hickie on the inside of his leg.

“Want you to suck me.” John was losing his inhibitions and it was a hell of a sight to behold. Gordon thought him gorgeous normally but now in his bed, writhing out of control because of him - he looked stunning.

Gordon though wasn’t ready to give in yet and do what John wanted. John had a gorgeous body that he wanted to explore and he’d been given the keys to the playground. His tongue started tracing different muscles - just to see the reaction. He was seeing what got his the biggest reaction. He found it when he traced the one that ended in the belly button, where he let his tongue, slip in and out. It was simulating what he would be doing soon enough to John.

Gordon figured he’d teased John enough and was glad to see the show of trust given. He could see that John was getting more than a small bit out of this as well. “Touch me.”

John moved quicker than Gordon knew he could. He was surging into a hot filthy kiss; one that after their tongues met Gordon took control of. As he took control of the kiss, John’s hand gripped his hard on and he matched him. They were on the knees in the middle of the bed trading sloppy kisses and hand jobs. It was enough - Gordon wanted him out of his mind.
He picked up the lube, and slicked up two fingers. He kept John on edge, as his fingers thrust inside. He watched as John all but fucked himself on his two fingers. “So greedy.”

“Want you.”

“You got me.” Gordon knew he was being obtuse but there was nothing hotter than hearing John beg.

John whined, “No need your cock in me.”

Damn Gordon had to think of tax returns so he didn’t go off like a rocket. He added a third figure as he didn’t want to hurt John. He needed to walk and sit today. “Okay, princess.”

He maneuvered John onto his hands and knees and watched as John shivered waiting. He draped over John and slowly pushed inside his ass. It was an awesome sight to see how his ass just accepted him. He thrust inside in one smooth movement only stopping when his balls rested snugly against John’s ass.

He felt John squeeze his inner muscles and groaned as he bucked inside. He didn’t think he’d ever be use to the tight white heat that he was engulfed in. He hoped he never had too. In bucking though he tagged John’s prostate and watched as John arched into him. Well, he saw no reason why he shouldn’t hit it repeatedly. His rhythm was steady and he enjoyed the moans and unabashed groaned coming from John. His personal favourite were the whimpers and sobs when he squeezed John’s dick stopping his climax in its tracks keeping him on edge.

John was going out of his goddamn mind. He had succeeded control to Gordon as a way to make small amends. He had expected to get kicked out; he’d have taken all the evidence he’d gathered on Ghost and moved on. He had been so shocked that Gordon had taken him up on his offer. He hadn’t expected Gordon to keep on the edge of his orgasm for so long.

He was whimpering as Gordon tagged his prostate, and stopped his orgasm. He couldn’t wait any longer, “Please.”

John felt the nip on his ear, “Let go.” and he did, so much so that he passed out and when he awoke - he was feeling so loose and relaxed. He saw Gordon’s face very amused, “You passed out princess. Now get your pretty ass in the shower. If you’re good I’ll wash your back.”
John got up and stretched feeling the muscles in his ass protest a shower would probably be of the good right now. “Be nice and I’ll tell you how we’ll screw Ghost and the FBI in one go.”

Gordon was pleased to hear that as it confirmed what he suspected that John wanted to be with them. It was also damn sexy, he smacked the ass that wiggled in front of him, “Get in the shower and then we’ll eat and you can tell me the Machiavellian plan.”

Dom found that his promotion had turned him into a silent attack dog. He followed Campos to his meets and stood menacingly in the background and when the meeting was over he took him to his next meeting. Considering he was working for a crime lord you would have thought that life would have been more interesting.

It wasn’t he followed his usual routine and picked up a burner phone. He did it like clockwork and knew what to say if questioned. He was talking to Mia and wanted to do it safely. He wasn’t phoning his sister, but rather Penning.

“So he hasn’t mentioned Braga?”

Dom sighed, “No, I’ve been playing gofer. However he did say there would be a meeting with a Miami business contact.”

“Verone.” Was the curt response and Dom couldn’t tell if Penning was happy about finding his wayward convict or not.

“Yes, I assume so but Braga is not happy with him.” Dom explained not exactly heartbroken at the idea of Braga taking out Verone. After all he had been the one to put the hit out on Brian.

Penning could hear something in his voice. “You think Braga might make a move on Verone.”

Dom snorted, “I think he wants him dead.”

In truth, Penning was pensive; he would have to let this play out. Toretto needed to be trusted and let
into the real inner circle if he was going to get anything that the Feds could pin him down with. And perhaps most importantly finally put a picture to Arturo Braga.

“How do you know this?”

“His lieutenant, Giselle, she is very friendly and willing to let things slip.” Dom said wondering just how to phrase that the woman had been sent to seduce you. He hated it; he hadn’t been kidding he didn’t need the help.

“How friendly?”

“Very,” Dom couldn’t hide his amusement. “She was all but laid out on a plate.”

Penning didn’t say lucky bastard but the silence was telling. “You have any reason why you’d be anti-social?”

Dom thought sadly, no, the only people he cared about were dead. He could do physical in a heartbeat but not emotional any time soon. “Get close to her. See if she can be flipped.”

He rolled his eyes, “Aye, aye Sir.”

“Oh and Toretto?” Dom was learning to be weary of that tone.

“Yeah?”

“Make sure that you leave the meeting in a position of trust.” He ended the call there and then, Dom figured making jokes about rudeness and FBI agents was too easy.

Two days later and Dom was in the meeting he’d been ordered to attend. He stood in the corner of the room of the Miami penthouse next to Giselle. Verone was trying to explain just why he was late with a payment - it wasn’t going well.

Campos stood up, “Mr Braga does a lot of business. And he was happy that you opened up the Keys
as it was a previously untapped market.”

Verone was all gracious smiles in his pastel suit; Dom never understood how men from the region could get away with them. “Well I’m happy to oblige. It was good business I have a market and you have a product.”

Campos smiled politely, “Yes it was mutually beneficial - only you forgot to pay.”

The tone or the phrasing must have tipped him off as he fired an order in rapid Spanish. Only Verone’s guards were slower than Giselle and Dom. Although Dom had to say that he hadn’t seen anything hotter than the diminutive Giselle holding the two burly bodyguards in check with the mini automatics she had aimed with in both of her hands.

Campos turned back to Dom and was pleased to see that Dom had trained his own weapon on Verone. He was an old fashioned guy he preferred a 9 mm. Campos tilted his head to the side. “Mr Toretto. Please consider this a gift, and revenge for what he did to your friend, even if he did have questionable employment.”

Verone was nonplussed, “A gift ending my life is a gift and who was the friend!”

Dominic didn’t question how Campos knew about Brian and it was clear that he wasn’t going to hold it against him. “Brian O’Conner.”

He watched Verone freeze knowing the game was up. Dom was torn and caught in crosshairs of several things. Here was everything he’d wanted - to kill the guy responsible for the death of Brian. He remembered Penning’s stark warning about doing what it took to get a seat at the table. He cocked the gun and levelled it at Verone.

*It was one action that would send the whole path back to a reunion but, would it be all smiles when they got their reunion?*
John and Gordon sat down at the bench by the breakfast table. Gordon slid the orange juice over, “The kids are close by.”

John eyes twinkling, “Hey mum and dad aren’t fighting. I meant what I said we’re in this together.”

Gordon squeezed his shoulder, “Yeah we are. We’ll table Uncle Ghost for later.”

John nodded and having gone through all the emotional turmoil he was willing to deal with for one day. He wanted a distraction. “Kids, you want food get in here!”

The way they all fell into the living room had John collapsing into Gordon. “You know I think we should adopt them. They can’t look after themselves.”

Gordon looked at them as they actually picked themselves off the floor. You wouldn’t looking at them assume that they had served in the Special Forces. “You really are a credit to yourselves.”

“Hey that’s not fair.”

Gordon looked over his paper, “You got picked up by me and John at a police station you don’t get a choice.”

John added, “Or a say.

It sucked when Mum and Dad teamed up.

AJ was smart enough to know when to speak but Jesse wanted to wind his almost brother up, “Yeah well at least we didn’t get arrested.”

John feigned outrage, “And yet you let your brother get arrested.”

Jesse was annoyed, “He was with Ghost, how was I to know?”
John saw the perfect moment to show them how to exercise a little more caution, “Yeah exactly. Now there is a lesson there that we’re trying to teach you.”

AJ frowned and could tell that under the banter; there was a real message here. He thought about it for a few seconds longer, “Don’t get close to Ghost.”

Gordon put his coffee cup down, “Exactly.” He had to tread carefully until he was dealt with, “Look Ghost has helped and done a lot for all of us. Just be careful; he has number one in mind always.”

AJ looked to John and could sense that he wanted to talk to G about something, “So are we really grounded? Or do you and Dad want some alone time?” He asked tongue in cheek.

Gordon though was never one to back down, “Well, there is thing that he does with his tongue, and if you don’t head over to the club. Well…”

Jesse took one look at the looks that were passing between the pair and decided that discretion was the better part of valour. “Guys let’s go. Lily will want help setting up.”

Gordon and John shared matching grins as the younger males left. John guided them to the couch, “Think we scared them for life?”

Gordon shrugged, “Ahh, we’ll pay for their therapy.”

They sat with their legs entwined, “So tell me the plan?”

John took a deep breath, “So here’s the plan. I tell them of the plan to rob the bank and that Ghost is the ringleader. Take him out … will make the streets safer.”

Gordon nodded, “Right but what about when he gets greedy and wants us all.”

John smirked and decided to mix a little business with pleasure and flipped himself so he was resting in Gordon’s lap. “Yeah, but here’s the thing, you’re one gang who operates smartly. Medium sized hauls and you don’t kill. What about if I propose I stay under and give them more?”

Gordon pulled him flush, letting him feel the arousal, “Yes you could give them so much more. Yet I worry you’re too close.”
John grinned as he kissed and nipped down Gordon’s throat. “Maybe I am, but you knew that. Why not use it?”

Gordon smirked as John started to tease his shirt off him. “Too close. How close is too close?”

John looked up, and Gordon sucked in a breath seeing the stormy blue eyes looking straight through him. He was pinned to the couch and yet nothing was holding him there as John plucked him from his boxers.

John looked up at Gordon and waited for the moment that he relaxed. He knew and he Gordon would take a little bit of time to get back the whole trust but at least by telling him, himself they hadn’t lost their banter. He freed Gordon’s tenting erection with a sole purpose of driving Gordon crazy. What better way to say sorry then a blowjob?

He licked his lips but said nothing as he wasn’t the corny. He bent down kissing the weeping tip, and listened to the satisfied moan. Good. His hands went to play with Gordon’s balls massaging them, as he started a sole lick on the underside of the erection tracing the dark vein. Gordon bucked his hips and John hummed, whilst pinning Gordon’s hips.

He looked up once more and smirked as he took Gordon right down, as he nudged the back of his throat he relaxed and Gordon’s groan would have made a whore blush.

“Fuck you’re gonna kill me.”

John said nothing instead he swallowed around the erection and Gordon wanted nothing more than to thrust into the tight heat. Gordon wanted nothing more that to take his fill, until he came down his throat. John smirked and pulled off causing a whimper to escape, “You okay. Not too much.”

Gordon felt the minute the John relaxed his grip on his hips and he grabbed the back of John’s head. He pulled him up into a hot filthy kiss, tasting himself on John’s tongue.

“Stop screwing around.” He panted.

John’s grin was too much and yet not enough, he still had the sparks of pleasure trailing down his spine. John slinked lower, ridiculous word for a grown man but true nonetheless, “Well I can’t leave my man satisfied.”
He got back to it, sucking him straight down, no preamble. He just hollowed out his cheeks and sucked causing Gordon to buck up. Gordon had worried that he’d make John choke, but no; the groan showed how much both parties are enjoying this. He gripped John’s head not to lead but somewhere to rest his hands and started to thrust. It was too good and he wouldn’t last.

John felt the moment he climaxed and he tried to swallow every last drop. He rolled up and got to his feet, Gordon pulled him close, “Let me.”

John looked a little sheepish, “No need.”

Gordon pulled him into a kiss slacks still loose, “So fucking hot.”

John pulled away, “Yeah, yeah, you want me for my amazing good looks. I gotta go get dressed and make a check in. Meet you at the club.”

Gordon sighed, “So I have to sit around while you ...”

John threw a teasing smile, “Well I gotta keep myself good otherwise you might throw me over for a younger model.”

“Not a chance.”

John smirked, “Oh and babe for god’s sake keep the kids away from Ghost.”

Bilkins had followed the protocol and set a meet for that afternoon. He watched as John Rahway stepped on and several people followed his steps.

Bilkins noted the 5,000 dollar suit, “Nice suit.”

John frowned, “I think I picked up a sugar daddy.” It wasn’t strictly true what with Gordon only being a year older but it was as good as explanation as any and if he could make Bilkins squirm all the better.

“That’s nice. What you got for me?”
John rolled his eyes, and sighed, no one had time for small talk anymore, “They are going for a bank next week.”

“So we collect them all and break a nice story.”

Rahway looked thoughtful, “Yeah you might get them. You won’t get the money or the network.” He leaned forward, “Look one of the leaders should be arrested he is rash and a hairsbreadth from killing a guard. If he is out of the way I can move to the second leader’s position.”

He was about to dismiss it; it sounded like he was close to the gang. It was probably best that this get closed off now. “No you get too close.”

John was honest, “Probably, but then again you knew that so let me use it.”

Bilkins looked at him and weighed up the pros and the cons. He had no doubt with how distracted Penning was with the Braga case it would get cleared. Plus there was the added problem of Toretto being around the office - it would definitely not be good to have them reunite.

He tilted his head, “You got yourself a deal. You stay under, but we want a steady supply of people and information.”

Rahway had a winning smile, “You’ll have the best shiniest CI possible.”

Bilkins sighed knowing it was probably for the best; he really was more comfortable the other side of the law. At least this way it was tempered - a shivering thought crossed him wondering what he could have been like if he had never joined law enforcement.

“Go I need the best way to get this Ghost.”

John stood pinning his suit looking to the entire world like he’d just completed a business transaction. “You’ll get an email.”

The new world was awesome and technology made it far easier to be a slippery son of a bitch.
An hour later he waltzed into the club. Kissed Lily’s cheek as she kind of demanded that sort of response being the clear Queen of the club and picked up a scotch for Gordon and himself.

Gordon was watching him with keen eyes, as he walked up the stairs.

John looked unabashed and ignored the comments from AJ, Jesse and Jake. He had a devilish smirk, “Here you go dear.”

Gordon pulled him close, if they were going to screw with kids - they’d do it properly. “How did it go?”

“Well I got my nails done then I had that business lunch. It was awesome I fluttered my lashes laid it all out for him and then they bought it hook, line and sinker.”

AJ was torn between looking at them and the girl over the balcony. John snickered as he kissed Gordon’s cheek, “AJ you can either be grossed out by me and Gordon. Or you can dig deep find those balls and go and close the deal with that girl downstairs.”

AJ waltzed downstairs with hereto unknown swagger, John smirked, “Jesse, Jake keep him out of trouble,”

Gordon watched as they all danced to John’s tune and couldn’t help but glad that he was on his side. “You know when you want to rule the world. Be kind and remember that I give great head.”

John snorted dragging him close, “Maybe but you’ll have to prove it.”

They were out of the club in minutes. The kids could look after themselves for the evening.

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Dom had to make a choice. He was the one that would be ending Verone’s life. He was too practical - he knew that Verone would have killed them before the end of the meeting. It was just their side
had gotten their first and got the jump on them.

If he didn’t shoot Verone then Giselle surely he would and he would lose his place at the big boy table. Verone was sneering, “Your friend is weak just like you.”

And what do you know? One reminder of Brian and the gun exploded. He watched Verone slump to the floor. His two bodyguards raised their own weapons to be taken out by Giselle.

The whole meeting had taken less than thirty minutes. Campos put gloves on and threw some to Giselle and Dom, “We need to arrange the scene - artfully.”

And just like that Dominic Toretto learnt how to arrange a crime scene to confuse the cops. It was starting to hit him that he’d killed the guy but he wasn’t feeling to sorry yet, maybe later when he could really think about it. Thankfully Giselle and Campos were keeping his hands busy.

Dom said the most important part though, “Look we got lucky no one heard but we need the surveillance footage.”

Campos grinned, “You are a marvellous employee. Why not get on that?”

Dom could menace the footage out of the security guard. It wouldn’t be that hard, but he would hide his face. He didn’t to be ID’ed too soon, more importantly, he didn’t want the FBI to have the leverage that that video could hold against him.

He was in this for revenge; he’d crossed one off his list but that still left Fenix and Braga. They were next.

For now though he stepped out into the Miami evening heat and looked up at the sky. They wouldn’t be leaving until tomorrow, Giselle stood there in all her smirking glory. “Come on big boy. I want to go dancing.”

How could he say no? He couldn’t and didn’t want to. It wouldn’t be love but it would be electric and physical - that he could do.
For the moment the boys were far apart and distracted but they wouldn’t always be. However when they came together would it be for the benefit, or their ruin?
John woke in the early morning light and smiled as he kissed Gordon awake. Whilst he would love to engage in their normal morning activities they were going to rob 20 million today. He would certainly have difficulty doing that if he couldn’t walk straight. Now some may be able to restrain themselves but Gordon and he had never been good with the whole concept of restraint, and therefore it was best not to test it.

He had a feeling that robbing a bank was going to be a bigger rush than driving, or at least that was what he was expecting. I mean in all honesty how does a cop truly prepare for robbing a bank? John had the perfect way he got to stare at his lover. Gordon was an incredibly attractive masculine man all times of the day. And he watched as Gordon slowly woke up – that was one thing that never changed Gordon sucked at waking up. It was ironic really; John wasn’t sure if he could ever call a 6ft imposing guy cute, but this morning, right now; he didn’t think there was any other word to describe Gordon but adorable.

“Stop thinking so loud.” Was the grumble he heard coming from beneath the sheet. Like he said - adorable.

“I’m not thinking; I was going to make breakfast to wake your ass up.” He said but by now Gordon would know that he was teasing.

Gordon snorted, “I don’t want food.” Of course the added leer let John know exactly what he was interested in.

John however would be strong this morning and instead snorted, as Gordon was definitely not subtle at all. “Yes, well dear we have to go to work today so you have to focus.”

“All the more reason for a morning blowjob,” was the straight-faced response. You had to admire the way he could deliver such lines and not sound a douche. John’s personal opinion was that it was the British accent; he could forgive a lot when Gordon spoke in just the right tone of voice.

John was grinning as he slipped his tongue into Gordon’s mouth, which opened automatically in a comfortably familiar way. They traded lazy kisses and John waited for the moment that Gordon tried to take control of the kiss, and that was when he pulled away.
Gordon was disgruntled when John pulled away, “Hey get back here.”

John smiled at the indignant tone of his lover. “Sorry babe breakfast is done.” It would have probably helped if he’d sounded the least bit repentant but Gordon knew better than that. Also as he was also happy to withhold sex to get his way – Gordon rarely tested it.

Sadly though the morning quiet was soon invaded by three hyper active males, who John couldn’t decide whether they acted more like puppies or overactive children. Gordon had a wry smile on his face, “You were the one who insisted we need to adopt.”

John snickered seeing the put upon expression of three in question. It made him think of children when they got all pouty when they’d been accused of doing something wrong but were actually innocent. The only trouble was that John was sure nine times of ten this trio were guilty of something, “Now babe you know our life wouldn’t be complete without them.”

“I’m not so sure” was the dry response.

Any further banter was limited by the arrival of the last man - Ghost. Since the screw up which had left one of them nearly arrested. It had not been pretty. The others had slowly but surely pulled away from the man. You see Ghost had made a calculated error in letting John into the group - he was a better natural leader than Ghost. He had no real ego so could take charge but at the same time was willing to listen to other viewpoints.

Ghost was all bluster, “So you all know your parts.”

“Yes.” Was the chorused response, which showed tellingly just how tired they were going over the plan.

John just cut off any potential arguments by adding, “Let’s do this.”

The great irony about bank robberies was that they took months of planning to execute but the actual
robbery does not take long at all. The robbery had gone well enough - smooth even one might also say. The team had executed, as per usual, a flawless heist and all that remained was a flawless getaway. As per the team rules - they all went their separate ways and would meet at a central location - Only Ghost never arrived.

John watched Ghost run into the police cordon. He in a twisted kind of way - wished that arrogant man could see who was responsible for his arrest. It wouldn’t be smart though in fact it would be damn right counter intuitive. The team had a rule; don’t talk - do your time and the money would be waiting for you. John needed Ghost to stick to that if he was going to have any chance of keeping the rest of the team out of jail. Slowly but surely, he’d encourage them to turn to more legitimate business ventures.

Just like John assumed Ghost wasn’t taken until the officer wounded him. A small part of him kind of wondered if it wouldn’t have been best that the wound was fatal. It was only a small part of him, even now; he was still too much of a cop to think that coldly and calculating. However there was another part of him that was more inclined to protect the team. They were now for all intense purposes a family and he would fight like hell to keep them.

As soon as he’d seen Ghost taken away by ambulance - he’d driven off in a silver Porsche that had a retro beauty to it - a gift from Gordon. And got his game face arranged. After all it was only Gordon that knew the whole plan he’d be predictably solemn as he announced the news to the rest of the team.

AJ as predicted was the most freaked of the trio, John was sure that had something with Uncle Ghost being responsible for seeing one of them almost arrested. AJ was sitting in the new pad that was on the outskirts of LA, on paper it was John’s but he and Gordon would be living there. John adored it; it was modern, clean and masculine without being pretentious.

AJ sighed, “What do we do now?”
John understood the question; the team was a strong cohesive group and what AJ was actually asking, were they too scared to carry on. They had felt invincible and while they had so far escaped it made them realise that the game could be up at any time. It was one thing to know that you could go to jail and another thing entirely to see one of them get arrested and look at facing hard time.

Gordon personally didn’t see the issue – he knew what he was and had no intention of changing anytime soon. He was a Taker and that was what he intended to do until he could no longer. His face betrayed his actual confusion, “Why does anything change? Honestly, we clothe you; feed you; educate you and this is how you repay us.”

He finished trying to light the mood. If anything it was a relief – they were smarter and having John
at his side he had an even greater understanding of the law, which meant in theory it should be easier to evade. Well, if only John wasn’t undercover. However considering John being undercover had gotten rid of the Ghost problem – he couldn’t really bitch at his lover too much.

AJ didn’t bother to hide his relief, which had Gordon and John trading affectionate grins. He added looking a little sheepish, “So it is business as usual.”

John smirked and wanting to put the others at ease continued with Gordon’s casual teasing, “Well I’m better looking than Ghost.”

“Well there is that,” Gordon said without missing a beat. “I didn’t want to sleep with Ghost either.” Gordon finished, adding a vague shudder at just the sheer possibility – that had never been on the agenda.

John chuckled as he pulled Gordon closer, “You say the sweetest things.”

It was the right and perfect movement to kiss, and when they broke apart. They heard Jesse and Jake freak out, “Ewww that is not right. They should have a ...”

Gordon knew what they angling at, “Platonic love?” He finished innocently.

Jesse, Jake and AJ were all vigorously nodding their heads. John though, looking a little too innocent to be real in Gordon’s eyes smirked. “Well, you see there is a problem with your theory.”

“What’s that?” Jake naively asked.

John sat on Gordon’s lap with practiced moves, “I find your dad too sexy.”

Gordon liked the sound of that, and his hands moved to stroke John’s thighs. His eyes darkening in undisguised lust, “In fact boys if you don’t want a show - Leave now.”

Jesse could see that they were unlikely to stop any time soon, and decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and pushed his friends out first. They would be having lot of sex but not just yet. John looked around the apartment and for once felt a resounding feeling of being right. It was an amazing feeling and he should have realised there and then that something would assuredly put a crimp in his plans.

Everything had been going brilliantly for six months. Until one morning just before they decided to
rob a downtown bank - John read the paper that had been thrown at their door, and saw that Dom had been arrested. He would let the system try and work first and if that didn't work, well, he was playing criminal. What was one more line to cross for a friend like Dom?

*Could he and Dom ever just be friends? That was a question he was trying not to think too hard about.*

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Across LA Dom had settled into the organisation for want of a better word. He wasn’t always in the best of moods but Campos knew when to push, and when he was likely to get his head bit off. Campos was smart enough to weigh the uses of Dominic being there of his own free volition to being coerced. It was for the best really for all concerned to keep Dom and Giselle happy.

He had also found himself in a sexual relationship with Giselle. The weapons expert was probably the only woman, who had never been one to accept things lying down. He loved that fire and while he couldn’t give his heart - he could give his body, which was something that they did often.

It also worked out as a mutually beneficial shield to deal with any bold clubbers who wanted to get lucky with one of them. Like tonight they were at the club in Korea town and were pretty much playing bouncers for the evening.

The clubs had a live and let live policy - if you were here then as long as you consented - the clubs owner didn’t care.

The pair had been sent from the office and pretty much told to do as they pleased. So they decided that going and ordering a drink from the bar pleased them.

They watched the clubbers and would make up ridiculous stories about them. Until after one sweep, Giselle froze, which meant either a) a gunfight was about to erupt or b) a woman had said no and was being ignored. Dom knew that if it was the first situation then he would be on Giselle’s side, as for a slim chick - she was sure able to hide a lot of weapons. If it was the second option then he was just as pissed. He got up with a terse, “Be right back.”

He didn’t know what had happened in Giselle’s past to make her this way, but he could guess. He wasn’t stupid or naive and if he could spare Giselle from having to relive those memories - he would.

The guy was one of a dime a dozen men - gym built body, reasonably attractive and all of them were
aching to break into hollywood. This guy was one of the worst of his kind though as he felt he was gods gift to women. The woman was another cliche in the town but he hated handsy guys.

The guy who was getting annoyed put his hand on her shoulder - but found his own shoulder tapped.

Dom smirked, “The lady said no.”

“She wants it.”

Dom shook his head, if he had a dollar for everytime he’d heard that responds, well, he could have retired and told the FBI go screw themselves. “Do you want him?”

The girl was pretty and was trying to collect herself, still seemed to struggle with the words shook her head vigorously. Dom just nodded as it was more than obvious that was the case. So he may have squeezed the shoulder and saw the punk wince - idiot. “The nice lady said no. Now you have to choices 1) ,you leave the lady alone and you're free to enjoy your evening.”

The guy sneered, “Oh and what’s behind door 2?”

Dom smiled in that slow, i’m so glad that you asked way, “I will smack you on your ass and then throw you through the exit.”

The guy must have been drunk or high or something. There was no other explanation, as to how he missed that Dom was a 100 pounds heavier than he was and it was all muscle. He had the temerity to swing a punch at him. He stopped the fist cold and saw the guy pale - impressive under the amount of fake tan.

In a move difficult for most to track the guy was on the floor, foot in his back and whimpering a little. “I told you what would happen?”

Little else was said, as Dom bundled him out of the door. He decided that this guy actually warranted a boot to the ass. He went back inside, searching for Giselle immediately. She was perhaps his only friend at the moments and saw that she was twitchy. He soon found out why - there boss was with them.

Campos smiled, “Mr Braga would like to meet you on the next drug run.”
Dom had to restrain himself from jumping up and down in glee. If only he realised that Braga was a lot closer than he knew.
All roads will eventually ... John

John had been part of the gang for over three years by now and they’d weathered a lot. Right now they were planning a little robbery of their own. Fed Cal was undergoing renovation leaving a rather big security loop that they would be exploiting. I mean if you leave a whole floor under construction off the security feeds then you deserved what was coming. They should be grateful it would be them doing the robbing as they would at least ensure that no lives were lost in the course of the robbery. John wouldn’t go as far as calling themselves ethical robbers but it was a close observation.

The team were stretched out in the open living space of John’s pad. Well, officially it was John’s but he and Gordon split their time between there and Gordon’s condo. Jesse was looking horrified, “I have to dress as what?”

John was doing his best not to die of laughter, but was failing miserably. As he was failing so pathetically he did the manliest thing he could do and hid in his man’s shoulder. The team were used to seeing these small moments of affection between the couple now and as Jesse and Jake seemed to be going from strength to strength - it was nice to see.

Jake grinned, “It won’t be so bad Jess’

Gordon chuckled, “Don’t speak so soon you haven’t asked what will your role will be.”

Waiting for the hammer to fall, Jake asked, “What am I doing?”

John straight faced, “We think it’s time you got a real job son.”
“Now come on as what?” He wondered just how bad it would be.

John chuckled, “Relax you’ll be fine. You’re just going to be dressed as a mail courier.”

Jesse and Jake grimaced, “Well it’s not a suit but it will do just to get the job done.”

Gordon snorted hearing the underlying suspicion, and they said that he was the suspicious, cynical one. It was true, sort of, Brian was more cynical than he was but no one ever believed it. He reckoned it was the blonde angelic face - he could just get away with more shit.

AJ though wondered what he’d been doing, “Err and what do I have to do?”

John grinned, trusting AJ that he’d be able to do it; he’d worked closely with the kid developing a real soft spot for him. The main reason being that he reminded him of him, when he’d been that age. “Well you’re gonna fly us out AJ.”

Jake furrowed an eyebrow, “Oh and where will we find a chopper in the middle of the hostage situation?”

John smirked at Gordon, “I told you they wouldn’t see it.”

Gordon sighed, “Yes well no one is crazy enough to do it.”

John looked pleased knowing that he’d obviously won, “Which is exactly why it is going to work.”

“What will work John?” AJ asked wondering just what angle he was looking to exploit.

“Who are the first people on the scene of event like this?” John asked patiently.

“Should be the police but usually it is the news choppers. “ Jesse said without seeing the point but AJ had, showing perhaps why John had taken such a shine to him, “Just how am I supposed to get the chopper to land?”

John smiled, “Do your injured act.”
The team watched as AJ fell to the ground clutching his leg, that with the right light, few added extras like fake blood. John snickered, “Now that is why you’ll be in charge of the getaway.”

John had no time to worry about Dominic’s trial as he was wondering exactly how he could get the crew through this robbery without any of them getting pinched. He’d given the FBI a load of fences and suppliers of things needed C-4. It turns out that in recent years the FBI get touchy when you try and sell controlled substances or explosives.

He walked through the doors of the bank and it was like nothing major was a worry. He looked like every other executive in the city; he walked to the elevator and pressed for his floor. He never acknowledged another human being - he wouldn't not in this city. He casually stepped off the elevator and no one paid any notice to him as he gave no reason for them to be suspicious.

However when John stepped off the elevator - he was met with the wide grin of his lover, “We good?” John had to ask.

Gordon grinned as he stepped forward, “All signs point to it.”

They wouldn’t distract themselves with any other action, and the elevator signalling a new arrival stopped any of those thoughts. Both showed what similar wavelengths, as they were reaching for the guns they had holstered in the small of their backs. However both relaxed when they saw a sheepish Jesse step out in a courier outfit.

“So who is signing for this?” He asked looking serious.

John had pointed at Gordon, but Gordon tongue in cheek, “Now you know your mother signs for packages.”

John smiled sweetly, “Fuck you dear.”

“You say the sweetest things.” Gordon replied earning a middle finger as a response.
The elevator stopped poor Jesse from having to hear John and Gordon flirt. It was great that they had found each other but really he could with never having to hear things like that again. His sigh of relief and, “Oh thank god it was getting uncomfortable in here.”

John and Gordon said nothing just tried to look innocent - they didn’t manage it. Jesse sensibly ignored them, “So is there a broken toilet?”

“Nope.”

“Good,” and just split the supposed cleaning cart apart to show a whole array of goodies for the robbers of the world. From the moment the cart opened the clock was ticking, they were helping each other and their body armour was secured.

Gordon motioned with his automatic, “After you dear.”

John stepped into the elevator and even with gloved hands a middle finger was understood. However any light revelry disappeared, they were on a schedule. They entered the floor, and whilst they’d blended perfectly they didn’t any longer. The assault weapons and clothing were not commonplace in downtown LA no matter what people tried to make you believe. Gordon took centre stage, “Ladies and Gentleman it is time for you to get on the floor, throw phones and valuables into the centre of the floor.”

John shook his head, at how nearly every person had agreed automatically and followed the suggestion - he supposed the AK-47 was a good equaliser. His gun was shoved in the face of the guard who seemed to get the idea of being a hero. John’s voice was ice cold and deadly, “Don’t do it, don’t be a dead hero.”

Gordon agreed, “Look no heroes and you’ll all be home in time for tea - boys hurry up.”

John had been pacing the hostages and saw the clerk do her job. She was a gutsy blonde, and now it was time for him to be the bad guy. “What do we have here? Alarm’s been tripped, which means we get to make a phone call.”

He dragged her along and Gordon stood over one male executive who objected to the clerk being dragged along. Gordon standing imposingly over him did the trick, “60 seconds.”

“We hear you,” was the chorused response.
John snickered wondering just what the precinct cops would be making of the clerk being allowed to
report the robbery. He let the plain facts be reported and then he cut the call, “Ah ah ah we don’t
want you making friends ... time to go back.”

Gordon waited for his nod before he moved onto the final portion of the plan, “Well dearies the cops
are here so its time to say goodbye.”

The boys climbed back into the elevator, hearing behind them, “They’ll have nowhere to go.”

The thing was they did, as AJ had done his job perfectly and the news crew who’d responded to the
call they’d heard from the clerk. The chopper had landed hoping to get a dramatic story from a
wounded security guard - only to find they’d been duped. AJ had them tie each other up and lie flush
to the ground as his team burst through the door.

The money was in the small stowaway compartment and they were up and in the air. It was weird to
be a news chopper and moving away from the big story but no one challenged them. The minute
they landed they were out of the chopper taking their money and driving away.

John hated this part the most, even if it was prudent. The best way to make sure that they all made a
clean getaway was to ensure that they were not seen together for the next 24 hours. He could stand
one day in his place alone; he wasn’t that far gone. He drove through the hills in his Porsche and
relaxed when he pulled on front of his home but his alarm bells were set off - and he didn’t know
why yet. It was unnerving.

His paper was on the lawn, thrown over the fence by the paperboy as per their arrangement and what
he saw made his heart break. Dom had been sentenced to 25 to life and would be moved next week.
He didn’t have time to even get his thoughts in order because when he walked through his door
Ghost was standing there - calmly looking through the barrel of his gun.

It was the start of a very bad strange week for John not to mention a hell of a reunion.

Authors Note: I really was psyched for this comp but for the last week I’ve been battling a chronic
toothache that exploded into an impressive abscess, which I still haven’t gotten sorted yet this is
likely to be the last update in this month. Thanks for all who’ve read and can assure you this story is
not dead and will be completed.  

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