

by Sean Scott

Staring [David McAllister](#),

[Author's note: This story contains sex acts between men, and is thus intended for ADULTS ONLY. If you are not an adult who wants to read this kind of smut, please do not continue. The characters in this story are played by professional, fictional actors and are not intended to represent any real people. Any similarities with actual people are unintentional and should be ignored.]

Epilog:

The red and blue flashing lights created eerie shadows upon the edifice of Ivan's Long Island mansion. The rain had let up, but the winds howled in the darkness. David and Austin's hulking physiques-- clad in their street clothes and long wool overcoats-- stood silently, and still, as police, investigators, paramedics and even a few paparazzi mulled around.

The medical examiner's station wagon pulled away, into the night. Ivan and Reed, still wrapped only in bathrobes, were placed in the back of a squad car which left moments later.

"We really want to finish checking you out at the Medical Center," a police detective said to Austin. "You too, sir," he said to David. "You two have been through a lot."

"I'm fine," David said. "But Austin might need some care," he said, looking concerned, at his friend.

"No-- I'll be okay," Austin protested. "Just need to catch my breath. I'll get in to see a doctor later, if I need to."

The detective protested, but the two muscle giants were adamant.

"Well, we're going to need to seal up the house for the investigation," he said. "Do you two have some place to go?"

"I have a hotel room in Manhattan," David said. He looked at Austin, who was nearly trembling from the cold. "We can go back there."

"I'll arrange transportation for you then," the detective said, then turned to some of his men and started talking.

David hugged Austin, holding him tightly, to warm him-- and comfort him. The two men had gotten back in to their clothes, but they both looked forward to a warm room and some needed rest.

"It's going to take some time," David whispered in to Austin's ear. "We need to give ourselves some time to process all of this-- this horror. But we'll get through it."

"Together," Austin said, looking up in to David's strong, comforting face.

"We'll get through it together," David smiled.

The detective turned back to the two huge men and said, "Of course, we'll need to be able to contact you again, as we continue the investigation."

"Of course," David said, pulling back from Austin. "You have our contact information?"

"Yes," the detective said.

An unmarked police car pulled up next to them. "Here's your car. He'll take you back to Manhattan." The detective opened a back door.

"Thank you very much," David smiled. He put Austin inside, then shook the detective's hand. The policeman was obviously taken by David. And David, even under these circumstances, found a moment to oblige. He smiled down at the man as they shook. He could see the awe in the man's eyes. David's eyes twinkled. "I want you thank you for all of your help here tonight. I will be available to you for anything you need-- more questions-- whatever. Please call me and let me know-- exactly-- what you need." He brought his other hand up and wrapped the detective's hand in both of his own, holding them.

The policeman looked nervous, then relaxed. "Yes. Yes-- I'll be calling you."

"Good," David smiled. With that, he turned and slid into the car beside Austin. The policeman closed the door and the car moved into the darkness on its way back to the city. THE END.

Your feedback is **TOTALLY** encouraged!

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