

Summary:

A slow day isn't what it appears to be. Then again, it never is.

Categories: [Eureka](#), [Television](#) Characters: Jack Carter, Jack/Zane, Josephina "Jo" Lupo, Zane Donovan, Zane/Jo

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Story Notes:

Spoilers up to 3x16 - 'You Don't Know Jack' Pre-mpreg.

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Chapter 1: Make The World Go Away. by lopaka tanu

Title: Fun With Entomological Eugenics.

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Eureka.

Characters: Jack, Zane, minor Tess, Jo.

Words: 6850

Prompt: Experiments run amok create unexpected problems and...Zombies?

Fandom: Eureka

Pairing: Implied Jack/Zane, mentioned Jack/Tess, Zane/Jo.

Rating: Adult

Warnings: Language, Sexual Situation.

Summary: A slow day isn't what it appears to be. Then again, it never is.

Author's Note: Spoilers up to 3x16 - 'You Don't Know Jack'.

Sighing, Jack glanced about the sheriff's office. Life was looking to go pretty smooth today. Zoey was on a fieldtrip to Portland for the next ten hours. Jo was off on a routine patrol and would show up just in time for lunch. No one had called to claim his services. It was ten a.m. on a Tuesday and everything was quiet.

Of course, that meant at any moment something was going to happen to ruin his life for the next week. Until that happened, though, he was going to take his time and enjoy the quiet.

Sitting back in his chair, he actually smiled as it creaked. For once, it was the normal and mundane problem that he only had to deal with. That actually felt nice.

Tentatively, he put a single booted foot up on his desk. He glanced over at the door to see if now would be the time someone would come barging in. When nothing happened, he was almost disappointed. Almost. Not bothering to give whoever a second chance, he put both feet up and sat back.

Nothing happened.

Looking to the door again, he frowned. In any other place in the world someone might have gotten away with calling him paranoid. Nothing bad was going to happen. Everything outside was quiet.

And that was the sure fire kiss off death. Whenever things got quiet in Eureka, some big shit was going down. Of course, as the Sheriff in a town where the walls literally had ears, he couldn't call it that. Big crap just didn't have the right impact.

Putting his hands up behind his head, Jack laced his fingers together. Whatever was going to happen was going to happen. He might as well enjoy the moments of free time before...whatever was going to happen.

Checking his watch made him sigh. Any moment now. Things were going to go crazy and once again, he would have to come racing to save the day. That's what he did. He was the Sheriff, he was the white knight in shiny armor.

Any time now.

He looked to the door in expectation. The sound of crickets chirping made him frown. Dropping his head back against the headrest, he groaned.

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Snorting awake, he blinked blearily up at the ceiling. The shadows had passed over head but he couldn't tell how long he had been asleep. He yawned as he reached up to run a hand over his eyes. They came away with a slight crud making him frown.

The air had to be dusty and for sleep to build up like that. Since he was in the closed there had to be an internal cause. Things never got that kind of dirty, Jo would shoot him before she let it. The air filtration system must have been on the fritz.

Jack shuddered at the idea of having to go down in the tunnels again. That was one place he never hoped to see ever again. As a matter of fact, he was pretty much sick of all underground complexes.

Dragging his feet off the desk, he sat up in his chair. He threw out his arms to the sides to stretch off in another yawn. He finished with a loud moan. That done, he looked over at Jo's desk.

It was as empty as it had been since he arrived that morning. This made him frown.

He realized there were some pretty far flung residences to the town's scientists, but she should have been back by now. Jo never left the station for very long without checking in with him first. Figuring she might have left a note, he looked on his desk. There was nothing that hadn't been there when he fell asleep.

Sighing, he reached in to his front pocket and pulled out his cellphone. Jo's was the third number in the autodial. He put the speaker to his ear and waited while it rang.

After four rings, the phone went to voice mail. "This is Lupo. I'm not available, obviously. Leave a message if it's an emergency."

Rolling his eyes, Jack waited for the beep. "Hey, Jo, I think you've missed a check in or two. Give me a call just to be sure everything's all right. Bye." He closed the phone with a sigh.

This already had the makings of a typical Eureka mishap.

The call made, Jack knew there were a couple options open to him in locating her. Since he had only just called her, he decided to go it casual for now. After all, there was no reason to panic, yet. If she hadn't gotten in touch with him in a hour, then he would panic.

The easiest thing to do in the mean time would be a patrol of the town. That meant he had to get up. He had to get his lazy ass out of the chair and moving.

After two minutes he still hadn't moved. Checking his watch, he frowned at the time. It was thirty minutes after noon. That meant he had been asleep for over two hours. Another bad omen.

Something bad was definitely going down in the town of Eureka. "Oh, crap."

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A gentle breeze picked up the fringe of his hair as he stepped out of the sheriff's office. It was a little longer than he normally wore it only for the simple fact that lately he had been too tired to have it cut.

The cool air smelled of dry leaves as it tickled his nose. Before he knew it his eyes were watering and crossing while he sucked in a quick breath. With a chest cracking squeeze, he exhaled in a violent sneeze.

That was the bad thing about the changing weather. Rubbing at his nose he groaned softly. Chirping crickets made him wistful for Summer. Fall was creeping up on them early this year and would spell doom for the little insects. As much as he had liked it as a kid, he was dreading it now.

It wouldn't be too long before snow was piling knee deep on the sidewalks. Well, he smirked, until one of the many snow crawlers came along. There was at least one advantage to living in a town of geniuses.

Turning his head to the right, he looked down the sidewalk to Cafe Diem. The outside tables were surprisingly empty for this time of day. He would have figured that people would be taking advantage of the last warm days before jackets became the norm.

A chill ran up his spine that had nothing to do with the air. It was just a hunch, but whatever might have kept the populous from sitting outside might also be why Jo hadn't checked in.

He started towards the cafe. As he walked, he looked up and down the street. The nagging feeling increased with each step. He couldn't be sure what it was but something was definitely off.

By the time he reached the front of Vicent's cafe his face was sore from the pinched expression. He stopped at the window to look inside first before going in. What he saw through the dusty panes gave him a heart stopping pause.

The cafe was empty.

His fingers were scrambling for the phone in his pocket before he even registered the urge. Looking at the display, he found that it had a full signal strength. The charge was complete. There were no waiting messages.

Swallowing, he flipped it open and hit the autodial for one. There was no response from Zoey's phone after four rings.

His jaw clenching, Jack hung up and hit the second number on his list. His hand shook a little as he put the phone to his ear. He waited through four rings and then the voice mail before he hung up on Allison's cell.

Closing his phone, he felt numb and out of breath. It took three tries to get the phone back in his pocket. Taking a shuddering breath, he made himself remain calm. There was no reason to panic yet. There had to be a very good reason for all of this.

And he was certain that it laid back at GD's doorstep.

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Turning off the main road, Jack slowed down so he could watch the scenery better. There wasn't anything wrong that he noticed right away. Everything along the drive to GD so far looked normal. The ice ball that had formed in the pit of his stomach started to thaw.

Feeling a little foolish, he eased his grip on the wheel. After nearly fifteen minutes of tightly holding it his knuckles ached.

The road looked pretty much as it had for the past two years. The trees on both sides had recovered well from the crushing forces last month. At least the gaps provided more sunlight and alleviated the gloomy feel. He wondered how long before...whatever her name was filled them with new trees.

He squinted as the bridge became visible in the distance. Trying to discern the security barrier put a strain on his eyes. Jack sat back when he realized it was futile. Besides, he could wait a lousy two minutes to scare the hell out of himself with the hologram.

Even after all this time driving through it still gave him a pause. He was never quite sure how he had managed to keep from soiling his pants the first time Allison brought him there. That made him frown. He had never really 'thanked' her for scaring the living daylight out of him.

Smiling, he eased up on the gas a little more as the bridge became visible. His foot slipped completely from the pedal the moment he got a clear sight of it. By the time his Jeep reached the bridge it had rolled to a complete stop.

Jaw hanging open, Jack stared at the whole bridge. Where should have been the illusion of an old broken bridge was a solidly built structure. It was all there, perfectly normal looking.

That nagging feeling from earlier returned with a vengeance. Almost out of pure morbid curiosity, Jack took control of his Jeep once more. Giving it a little gas, he eased his cruiser over the bridge. The guard post on the other side was dark as he approached and there was no one manning the gate.

Pulling up to the entrance he slowed down to look at the gate. Nothing happened. His heart leapt in to his throat as he thought of the implications.

"This is not good." He spoke the words aloud more to dispel the creeping quiet than out any real need. Since it was only him in the car, and the whole town apparently, there was no one else to say it to. At least it made him feel better.

Opening the door, he hoped everything was working. He would hate to get caught in that invisible gravity net. Crushed was not a good look for his cruiser. The noise of nature was almost deafening from the silence of human activity. Crickets had never sounded so ominous.

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Pulling in to the main parking lot for GD Jack wasn't sure how to feel. There were plenty of cars for this time of day. That wasn't the problem. It was the lack of activity that bothered him.

The parking lot and surrounding area was devoid of human life. He kept looking even as he pulled in to the spot closest to the entrance. Once parked, he was reluctant to even turn off the engine as he knew instinctively it would be quiet.

There was no one left in the town, why should this be any different?

Eventually, he had no other choice but to brave the silence and turn the engine off. It wasn't as bad as he thought.

Shaking his head, he grabbed the door handle and pushed it open. The air was a little cooler here than back in town, but that was normal. He heard the hum of the generators and the other machines working. There was just nothing else to go along with it.

It was true then. He was all alone.

Swallowing, he climbed out of the Jeep. He felt a little unsteady on his feet when he slid out but other wise was okay. Unfortunately, this only added to the surrealness of it all.

Putting on a brave front for anyone who might actually be looking, or watching the security footage later, he closed the car door behind him. He paused to adjust his uniform to give himself more time. It wasn't that he was afraid to go inside and find out what had happened.

He was just really, extremely reluctant.

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Chapter 2: Fright Night At Global Dynamics by lopaka tanu

Stepping up to the front doors Jack stopped a few feet away. Where had been clear glass yesterday was now dark windows. It wasn't that there weren't lights on the other side, the view was obstructed. Covering their surfaces was a thick layer of white dust.

The sight alone gave him a headache from the potential sneezing. Jack's hands went to his pockets but found them empty. Groaning, he realized he had left Henry's spray mask back at the station.

That left the old tried and true method. Reaching in to his back pocket, he pulled out the white hanky. The pink monogram reminded him of who it had been intended for. Well, at least someone was going to get some use out of it. Dividing it at the corners, he put it over his nose and mouth, then tied it behind his head.

With his mask in place, he reached in to his shirt pocket and pulled out his GD security badge. It had worked back at the gate, it would probably work here too. Just because there was no one around didn't mean the computers shut down.

Not in this town.

Closing his eyes, he sent a silent prayer to the gods of baseball that this would work. Then he slid the card through the electronic reader. When he heard the electronic buzz followed by the snick of the locks opening he thanked Jackie Robinson.

After bracing himself for whatever he might find, he pushed the door open. Whatever he had

been expecting to jump out at him when he walked in was quickly banished from his mind by what he actually found.

Inside the building was nothing but darkness. There wasn't a single source of artificial illumination. Even the emergency lights were out. He could see a little thanks to the sunlight streaming through the windows, but the thick coating of dust on them made it murky at best.

To Jack, it seemed as if no one had been here in years. That clashed with his own memory of just yesterday. "What the hell is going on here?"

There was nothing but silence to answer him. Silence and crickets.

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Flashlight out, Jack swept it over the hall. Much like every other one this was dark. His footsteps echoed loudly in the still. The dust he had kicked up as he walked hung in the air like feathers blocking the light. The building felt dead to him.

In keeping with the tomb like atmosphere, he tried to take slow breaths to limit the noise. Every passing moment left him a little colder inside. He no longer felt like talking just for the sense that he wasn't alone. That was something that had been established and accepted by him already.

What drove him onwards now was the hope for answers. To get those, he needed to be in the Director's Office. It was the only place his limited access would get him even a cursory explanation.

Hopefully there would be a clue as to where everyone had gone.

Rounding another corner, he took it slowly out of habit and training. One never knew what security measure or rogue experiment would have been left behind. It was always best to keep on your toes he knew.

To that end, he swept the light over the walls, the floor, and the ceiling. Down the end of the corridor he knew that lead to a secure wing, he checked for the invisible line. Sure enough, all the way around was a thin line that separated the dust in to two sides.

The invisible barrier was still in place. That meant the main computers were still working in the Director's Office too. This little bit of knowledge heartened him slightly.

Jack made to only give it a second cursory glance before moving on. He was still a couple corridors from the central room. The thought of some note being left behind there urged him to move faster. He dragged the beam over the floor up to the walls.

Something moved.

Frowning, he slowly lowered the beam back towards the floor. Nothing caught in the light or reflected it. "Hmm." Quirking an eyebrow, he twisted his lips in amusement.

The atmosphere was getting to him more than he thought. He needed to take his mind off the case. It was that to him and nothing else. Right now that thought alone was keeping him from running through the streets panicking. Well, that and his dignity. There were still functioning cameras and someone would be back to check on them eventually.

They had to. He would make sure of it.

Whistling, he started down the next corridor. This place was a maze even when it was fully lit. It

was a wonder he even remembered how to find a bathroom. Feeling the quiet coming back, his whistling grew even louder.

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By the time he made it to the main hall, Jack was feeling more than a little jumpy. The shadows were playing tricks with his eyes and the silence was creepy. Now he would have given anything even for those annoying insects.

It had been slow going getting here. Every few feet he had stopped to sweep the hall in both directions for threats. That had netted him nothing but more dust motes.

Now that he was here, though, he was feeling mighty foolish about the whole situation. Despite the seriousness to this situation he smiled with some humor. It had been a long time since he had let the dark get to him like this. Not nearly as long as it should have been in his opinion.

That soured his humor quickly. Funny the things that these whack jobs could make him question. His own sanity was certainly not much further on the list.

Exhaling with annoyance, he began a sweep of the chamber with his flashlight. The dust covered a great deal here too. Finding nothing else on the stairs he turned the beam on the Director's Office. Even through the thick glass he could see there were no lights on in there.

That decided it in his opinion. The entire building was empty. Whatever had happened left no one around to answer questions. With a little luck and good old fashioned paranoia on the part of the Director, he might still have his answer.

Then again, the most recent person in charge wasn't exactly known for her Eureka honed survival skills. He sighed. Part of him was willing to forgive Tess for her naivety, but the part that wasn't covered in foreskin wanted to just smack himself in the head and go find a nice porno. Dating inconceivably smart women was way, way overrated, especially hot ones.

Well, there was only one way to find out for certain. Bracing himself, he left the safety of the hallway and started out across the dust covered plaza. He was halfway to the first set of stairs when the hair on the back of his neck stood up.

Skin prickling, he quickly swept the flashlight over the room. Jack felt a little foolish when his search revealed only more dust. Shaking his head, he continued on. The sooner he got in there to search for the information, the quicker he could get out of dodge.

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By the time Jack was stepping in to the Director's Office, Jack was about ready to crawl out of his own skin. It had taken far longer than it ever should have. The reason: he kept stopping to look over his shoulder.

Frowning, he wondered if may be it wasn't time to start seeing a shrink. There were limits of good to paranoia. He might have reached his. Jack stopped his mental process. Time for a correction. It was definitely a necessity to see a shrink; a nice, normal one who wasn't from Crazyville.

That left out everyone who was even remotely connected to Eureka. This put a grimace on his face. The ones here tended to require heavy sedation and jail time.

He shown the light over the sole desk in the room. There was nothing on it.

Shifting the light, he dragged it over the rest of the furniture in the room. What he found made his

heart beat a little faster. The computers that normally lined every surface were missing. It looked as if everything of value had been cleared out.

He supposed it made sense in a cold hearted logic. Something big had obviously happened and they had taken everything of value, including the people. That left just one problem.

"I've been left behind." Thoughts of that stupid series of books made him roll his eyes. Obviously it wasn't because of that. God had no use in computers, if he existed that was. Personally, Jack was more in favor of the belief in the Dodgers.

Still, there was the disturbing fact that he had been left out of whatever was going on. It also looked like there were no answers here. "They must have forgot that when they were clearing everything out." No matter, he had a Jeep and a functioning brain, he could get out of Eureka on his own.

And when he found out whoever was responsible, he would kill them slowly.

Since the information wasn't here, there was one final location he could try. Reaching in to his pocket, he pulled out his phone. He hit the autodial four on the phone and turned on the speaker since he didn't feel like having that voice in his ear. Much to his relief the line was picked up before the first ring was even complete.

"Hello, Sheriff Carter. What can I do for you today?"

"SARAH, thank god." He sighed with relief. Turning his back to the empty office, Jack raised his head to the ceiling and closed his eyes. "You have no idea how good it is to hear your voice."

"And yours. I have been very worried about you." The house's voice inflection changed to emote this.

"Yeah, thanks about that." Jack ran a hand over his eyes to wipe away the dust and sweat. "Look, I got a couple questions that seriously need answering and I am wondering if you can help."

"I will do my best. Shoot, Sheriff." The boundless enthusiasm was back in full force.

The words, however, made Jack shudder. "Okay, let's not get in to how wrong those last two words were together right now. First off, can you tell me if Zoey has contacted you today?"

"Zoey is just fine. Her class fieldtrip is going well."

"Excellent!" Snapping his fingers, Jack pumped a fist in the air. That lasted all of two seconds. Then he was back to frowning. "SARAH, why can't I get a hold of her?"

"She is most likely screening her calls. According to her message, the last time you allowed her to go any where with Lucas..." SARAH didn't get to finish as Jack scoffed.

"Great. Just freaking great." A huge weight had been lifted from his shoulders. Now that that was settled, he remembered the other problem. "Has anyone else called?"

"No, they have not. Should I be waiting for anyone in particular?"

Jack shook his head. Then he realized that the house couldn't see it while he wasn't inside the house. "No. It's just...there's no one else here. The town, GD, every where, there isn't a single living person."



"That's not true." The house sounded like it was a scolding him. "My connection to Global Dynamics security has given me access to the building's security system. Motion detector scans indicate there are lots of people directly in front of you."

"What?" Switching the phone to his other hand, Jack raised the flashlight. A sweep of the office revealed nothing. "SARAH, there's no one else in here with me."

"Look again, I am detecting them closing in on your position."

The words made Jack freeze. Swallowing, he turned the flashlight slowly to shine out the office window. His light soon found someone.

Pale, waxen skin stood out against white covered eyes. Mouth open, the man's jaw seemed to be hanging there.

"Uh, SARAH." Jack quickly swept the light away to the next person. It shown on several shambling figures that were indeed coming closer. "Is there something weird about these people you want to tell me?" He began to back away from the glass slowly.

The light reflected off a piece of metal as it moved. It was attached to a woman in a white labcoat, or what was left of her. Shifting back and forth, it eventually fell off from her slowly dragging the top half of her body up the stairs. There was no lower half.

SARAH chose this moment to respond. "Now that you mention it, there is indeed something most unusual about them. I am detecting no body heat signatures in my thermal sweep of the main hall. There must be a malfunction in the scanner."

Jack stopped once his legs hit the desk. "Oh, no, I think it's pretty accurate."

"That is not possible, Sheriff Carter." The house was back to scolding him. "There are no such things as Zombies."

"Not in the real world." Sliding along the desk, Jack switched the phone to the hand with the flashlight. Hand now free, he frantically ran it along the surface of the desk looking for the office controls. "But this isn't the real world. This is freaking Eureka!"

"Good point!" SARAH's exuberance was back in full force. "I will make note of this in my databanks for future reference. Would you care to hear practical solutions on dealing with Zombies? I have accumulated quite a library on the subject."

"Not really. Thanks. But remind me to kill Fargo next time I see him." Then, as if by some miracle, he found the control panel. "Yes!" Running his fingers over the buttons, he tried to activate the security protocols. Tried being the operative word.

"Oh, crap."

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Chapter 3: Pleased To Eat You. by lopaka tanu

"SARAH!" Balling up a fist, Jack slammed it down on the controls. This had no effect whatsoever. Eyes going wide, Jack shook his head. The house had to be right, this couldn't be happening.

"I take it from your tone that something bad is happening." This time the house was more circumspect about the reaction. "How may I be of service?"

"Can you activate the security protocols on the Director's Office?" Swallowing, Jack dared to look back out the window with his flashlight. "Now?"

"I am attempting to do so." There was only silence from the phone for a moment. "I am sorry, Sheriff, but there appears to be an active security firewall still in place. My access is limited to passive systems."

Jack put the back of his other hand to the top of his head. "Well, can't you bypass those? I mean, you are smarter than they are!"

"While it is possible, I am ethically forbidden from doing so. Sorry, Sheriff."

"Oh great. I'm going to die because Fargo gave you a conscience." Swallowing, Jack backed up until his body hit the wall. Through the window his flashlight shown on still more zombies heading his way. They weren't moving very fast, but their number had grown exponentially.

"It appears so. Sheriff, may I say, it has been a pleasure and a honor knowing you."

"You can take your honor and shove it up your microprocessor!" Slapping his phone shut, Jack shoved it back in to his pocket. It was time to get out a more useful tool. Reaching in to his holster, he flipped up the leather strap and pulled out his gun. "God, I hope the movies got it right."

A wet fleshy sound echoed from the hallway leading in to the office.

Jack turned smoothly and took aim. Heart racing, he swallowed down the rising panic. Now was not the time. Flashlight in hand, he shown it down the hallway. He was ready for the attack, and not a moment too soon.

Apparently they had found the way in.

With an electrical hum the room around him came to life. "Intruder alert!" Jack flinched at the loud siren. Lights above blinked on a second before the internal alarm began to blare. He barely had time to react before the door to the office slammed shut and a blast shield came down over the front window.

It was all so sudden that Jack's already pounding heart nearly gave out from the record beats. All the while, though, he held his stance. The only difference was that he shifted it to take in the whole of the office. With the lights on he could see everything more clearly.

Even though he no longer needed the flashlight, he kept it in his hand. He hadn't done anything to do this. That meant an external force had just saved his life. Jack would have called SARAH to see if it had been her, but that would have meant putting down his gun or flashlight. He wasn't ready to do that yet.

There was no telling what was coming next.

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Fighting the urge to close his eyes, Jack let his head fall back against the wall. In front of him was the desk. It was the only thing that stood between him and the rest of the office. He knew fundamentally that there was no way those...things could not get in here. Still, the security of the desk made things easier to bear.

According to his watch he had been in the office going on three hours. No one had tried calling him. He knew that the phone still had a signal. How? SARAH kept sending him 'helpful' text messages.

What the hell did he need with a zombie population count? The last scan had revealed fifty shamblers out there. At least the possible ways of dispatching them were amusing. Unfortunately, there were too many for his gun to be useful.

Closing his eyes, Jack decided now would be a good time to take a nap. Of course, with his luck, that was when the world decided to step in again. This time, it came in the form of a falling ceiling tile.

Heart leaping in to his throat, Jack climbed to his feet. His gun was trained on the new hole within the blink of an eye. He tried to discern the cause through the cascade of dust. His trained eyes spotted movement, but it wasn't the clumsy offerings of the horde.

This was something different. It was alive.

"Sheriff. How wonderful to see you."

And it was much, much worse than something that wanted to eat his brain.

Jack instantly recognized the voice and tone despite the modulator. "Zane. How kind of you to drop in."

Gas mask covering his face, Zane's spiked hair stuck out worse than before. It was easy to tell the man was smirking even though his lips couldn't be seen. "You know, I wondered who was up here. Of all the people stupid enough to ignore the evacuation order, I didn't think it would be you."

"Evacuation order?" Jack kept the gun trained on the man throughout their conversation. "What the hell happened here?"

"Crickets." Even through the gasmask Zane's disdain could be heard. "Dr. Innervass created them."

Jack could barely believe his ears. His eyes widened a little in disbelief. "Crickets? As in those tiny little insects that bug the hell out of me on camping trips? They're turning people in to zombies?"

Zane snorted. "Not a chance."

It sounded preposterous even to Jack's ears. Yet, he wouldn't discount anything.

"They're eating people." Shaking his head, Zane pulled it back in to the hole. "Crickets creating zombies. That's just crazy."

And that, that was why Jack hated living here. His gun hand dropped to his side, he stared wide-eyed up at the man as he dropped through to the office below. "If the crickets weren't turning them in to zombies, just what is?"

Standing up from the crouch he had landed in, Zane rolled his shoulders. He stretched his arms over his head and then to the side. He groaned loudly which was translated through the mask. "Something Fargo cooked up for the Halloween competition. I think nanites. Besides, they're not actually zombies, just medical cadavers from level four. I'm surprised they made it this far, though."

"Of course. Why am I not surprised?" Turning away, Jack wiped at the dust that settled over his face. The handkerchief he still wore kept it from getting in his mouth and nose. "How do we get rid of them?"

"The same way we're getting rid of the crickets." As he rolled his shoulders a second time, Zane slid the backpack off them. He caught it before the bag hit the floor and swung it around to his front. "Remember that failed sonic cleansing from last week?"

"Oh, god. We've got to get out of here." The memory of getting trapped before made Jack's pulse pick up again. This jumping about in blood pressure he knew couldn't be good for him.

"Sorry, no can do." Zane dropped the bag. After making sure he kicked it out of the way, he turned around and picked up the ceiling tile. "Even if we could get out of GD in time, the entire valley is sealed off. They didn't want any of those blood thirsty pests getting out. Don't worry, though, this office is shielded. After last month's incident the new Director made it a priority."

"Fantastic. Cannibalistic Crickets and Techno Zombies. Are you people really this starved for attention?" He heard the other man snicker, but didn't turn around to see. This was no laughing matter. People were dying out there, or, they were. A thought suddenly came to him. "Hey, how come the crickets didn't eat me?"

"They're after a certain type of person." Stretching up, Zane replaced the ceiling panel. He released it as it automatically snicked back in to position. "If you had a diet high in polyunsaturated fat, you would be on the menu."

"And that would be..." Jack wandered back over to his place against the wall. It wasn't like he was really interested, but it was something to talk about. He stuck his gun back in its holster before sliding down the wall to sit.

"Whole grain wheat, fish, cereals, you know, stuff you tend to avoid if you can. Look at it this way, eating like a pig probably saved your life." Picking up his bag again, Zane walked around the desk. He dropped it beside Jack. "Fargo, he was a walking candy cane to them." This earned him a chuckle. "You should have seen him every time a cricket chirped."

"This shouldn't be funny. It wasn't too long ago ancient flies almost ate him." Jack sobered pretty quickly after that.

"Actually, they only wanted his water. The rest of him held very little interest to them. In that way they had a lot in common with every woman he's ever met." Going down on one knee, Zane spun to put his back against the wall. That done, he stretched his legs out in front of him with a sigh of relief.

Jack groaned and shook his head. "Zane, it was almost a month ago. Can't you put it to rest already?"

"Nope. I figure I still have a good two weeks left on my jealous boyfriend card." With that, silence descended between them. Zane took advantage of this to stretch out a little further. This time he spread out his arms, one of them over Jack's shoulders.

Jack shoved it away before it had a chance to land. "Are we really stuck here for forty-eight hours?"

"Yep." The younger man tugged his arm back with a grin. "Just you and me."

"Great." Looking down at his lap, Jack fingered the hemline of his pants leg. "I knew something like this was going to happen. I could have bet you anything." He held up a hand to forestall the other's response. "Don't."

Closing his mouth, Zane looked out over the desk with an amused smirk.

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Staring up at the ceiling, Jack allowed his eyes to lazily trace the pattern on the tiles. He had never noticed how they all seemed to flow in to one another in a never ending loop. Well, all of them except the one under the vent.

The reason for that was busy sitting on the desk fiddling with something.

His thoughts drawn in that direction, Jack looked over to Zane. What he saw did not feel him with much confidence for his sanity.

Sitting on center of the desk in the classic lotus position, Zane played with a handheld game. It wasn't what he was doing so much as how that was unusual.

The situation was so absurd that Jack said the first thing on his mind without even thinking about it first. "I don't think Allison is going to like having an impression of your bare ass on her desk when she gets back."

Without pausing in his game play, Zane smirked over his shoulder at Jack. "You never know. She might surprise you." His game beeped and he looked back to it.

Groaning, Jack closed his eyes. For several heartbeats he lay there listening to Zane's playing. He tried to put the image from his mind. "Here's a silly question. Why are you...au natural?" Just thinking of the word naked and Zane in the same context caused his mind to reboot.

"Why not? It's comfortable and I've got nothing to be ashamed of." Zane frowned at the came. Tilting it a little, he used his left hand to press the controls harder. "Besides, it's not every day I get to sit on the Director's desk naked."

"So it's a thrill thing?" Closing his eyes, Jack had to shake the mental image from his head. "Oh, god, don't answer that. Please."

This caused the younger man to snicker. He waited a beat then responded. "You know, there's nothing keeping your clothes on."

Jack actually shuddered. There was no way in hell he was having this conversation. "Zane. I'm armed."

"We're going to be stuck in here for another forty-five hours, Jack." This time he shifted the game to the other side. "You'll want to get comfortable some time."

"I might as well get used to being locked up then." Opening his eyes just a bit, Jack glared over at Zane's ass. "Because I'm going to kill you before this is over. I can see it so clearly now."

Snicker morphing in to a chuckle, Zane shook his head. "We'll see."

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Epilogue - Coming Clean...Again.

The deep, vibrating hum of the power coming back on filled the Director's Office through the walls. Slowly, the lights above came up to full illumination. This was followed quickly by the sound of a motor kicking on.

Hearing this disturbed Jack enough that he twitched. Twitching a second time, he groaned and shifted. The soft body in front of him pushed back against him seeking his warmth. Jack obliged by dropping an arm over the lean stomach.

Heat pulled in his groin when the curve of a taut ass pushed back against him. He couldn't stop the involuntary thrust of his hips forward, driving his morning wood up between those inviting cheeks. A soft groan made him smile.

"Ahem!" The word was followed by the clearing of a definitely feminine voice.

Jack's eyes popped open. The first thought to come to mind was that was definitely not SARAH's voice. He raised his head to peer about them. This was not his bedroom was the second thought. When he spotted Tess standing in the doorway, he froze. "Uh, hi!"

Crossing her arms, she glared death at him. "Have fun?"

Wincing, Jack dropped his gaze to the floor. Before he had a chance to respond, though, loud footsteps echoed down the hall to the office.

She appeared in the doorway a second later. "Hey, did you find..." Jo's voice quickly trailed off. The sight in front of her registered for only a second before her hand automatically went to her holster.

"Hey, babe." The smile was evident even in Zane's voice. "This isn't what it looks like."

Jo cocked the gun.

THE END.....

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