

Summary:

Fallout from two days at GD with Zane has claimed more than just his dignity as victim.

Categories: [Eureka](#), [Television](#) Characters: Dr. Henry Deacon, Dr. Tess Fontana, Jack Carter, Jack/Zane, Josephina "Jo" Lupo, Zane Donovan, Zane/Jo, Zoe Carter

Genres: Het, Slash

Warnings: Adult Situations, Angst, Dubious Consent, Implied Sexual Situation, Language, m/m, Scientific Conception

Challenges: None

Series: Another Day In Eureka.

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Story Notes:

Takes place chronologically two days after 'Fun With Entomological Eugenics'. Actual Mpreg in this one.

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Chapter 1: Golly Gee Wilikers! by lopaka tanu

Title: Go, Psychological Escapism, Go!

Author: Lopaka Tanu

Disclaimer: I do not own Eureka.

Characters: Jack, Zane, Zoey, Henry, Jo, and Tess.

Words: 8514

Sequel: To 'Fun With Entomological Eugenics'

Prompt: Jack is caught up in Zane's experiment, it might cost him his job.

Fandom: Eureka

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

Rating: Teen

Warnings: Language, Sexual Mentions, Mentioned Dub-Con, Mpreg.

Summary: Fallout from two days with Zane at GD has claimed more than just his dignity as a victim.

Author's Note: Two days after.

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Part 1. Golly Gee Wilikers!

Plodding down the stairs, Jack tugged at the front of his belt. The notches were slowly going back in to place. One more and he would be back to what he considered a healthy weight. Hearing a banging in the kitchen made him smile. "As much as I love your aunt Lexi, I am glad she came to her senses and went back to that guy, what's his name. I think all that new age crap was specifically designed to kill me."

There was a louder bang, this one from a bowl being slammed on the counter.

"She and that doctor boyfriend of hers probably came up with that microbotic diet thing just for me. You know, like that mask of Henry's targeted to kill certain organisms." When this didn't get him anything, Jack frowned. He walked in to the kitchen at a slower pace. "Zoe?"

"I'm not talking to you!" It was said around a mouth full of food. Crunching her cereal, she tried to finish it off quickly.

He sighed as he walked around the counter. She wouldn't even look at him. For the past two days since it had been nothing but this little act. "Come on, Zoey, it wasn't like I meant for it to happen."

"I don't have time for this." Tugging on her hair, she pulled the strands back out of her face. She quickly stuffed the last bit of cereal in her mouth. That done, she picked up her bowl and carried it to the sink.

Jack watched her go with a little amusement. The situation was far from funny. In fact, it was probably the worst thing to happen to him since...well the last time Fargo did something stupid. Two weeks by his reckoning.

Grabbing her bag off the couch, Zoey hitched it up her shoulder. "SARAH, I'm going now."

The house opened the door automatically. "Best make sure you wear your sweater. The winds are going to be bad today."

"I will." Turning for the door, Zoey resolutely kept her eyes off her father. She was determined not to even look in his direction.

That was the straw that broke the camel's back. Grinning, Jack tugged on his gun belt. "Hey, Zoey, wait up. I'll ride with you..."

With a high pitch screech, the teen sprinted for the exit. "SARAH, door, close it now!" She disappeared through just before it slammed shut.

"That was not very nice." Grin a mile wide, Jack picked up a piece of red puffed cereal off the counter. He popped it in his mouth and chewed it quickly.

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The drive to Eureka felt longer than it should have. While he normally would have enjoyed the quiet of the drive, today only set his nerves on edge. It was hard to be at ease when the world around him looked like something straight out of a nuclear holocaust. Shivering, Jack kept his eyes on the road.

For the first time in his two year tenor, he saw the town long before he reached the outskirts. He wasn't sure which unnerved him more: the lack of trees, the lack of color, or the lack of familiar landmarks. With only dead soil, rocks, and buildings to rely on, it was extremely disorienting.

Despite the fact he had been specifically ordered not to, Jack was seriously considering arresting the bug lady responsible for all this. What kind of moron came up with something that could... He let the thought fall flat before it completely formed.

No need to rehash that same old crap. Besides, he already had the answer a thousand fold over.

Thankfully, he pulled on to Archimedes a moment later. The last thing he needed today was more time to reflect this morning. It was bad thanks to the sheer devastation of the landscape, he didn't need to worry over his next meeting.

His stomach twisted as he finally allowed himself to think about it. He turned on to Main Street, slowly taking the turn so as not to disturb the dazed citizens crossing the street. They were walking about, staring at everything with blank faces. Apparently he wasn't the only one who felt

the change.

He had to stop just before turning in to his parking spot to allow a woman behind the wheel of an electric car to drive by. She was too busy watching the barren sidewalk gardens to notice where she was going. The urge to rubberneck was strong, he admitted to himself, so he gave her and everyone a pass today. Tomorrow he would enforce the driving laws like normally.

Once the woman had cleared his path he eased the Jeep in to the parking spot. Jack didn't get out after he turned the engine off. For several moments he just sat there staring at nothing. It was real, all of it.

He couldn't seem to get his head around it. Even with the evidence of the devastation right there in front of him, he couldn't... It didn't make sense to his mind.

It just didn't.

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"About time you dragged your ass in here." Jo's pissed growl came from the direction of the bathroom.

Walking in to the main part of the office, Jack headed for his desk. He wasn't sure how she knew it was him but figured it wasn't safe to ask. Not after how they had last seen each other. "Sorry. I got a bit distracted."

"Yeah, well you're not the only one." After washing her hands, Jo dried them under the heated vent. "We've had ten calls for accidents since I got here at six. If I get one more complaint about getting lost from some absentminded egghead, I am going to make an omelette!"

"Sounds like you've had a busy morning." He kept his tone light.

"Nothing I couldn't handle on my own." She may have been putting on the front of being sociable, but there was a distinct edge in to her words.

Jack knew there were daggers waiting for him, probably something explosive too. Once at his desk he checked for any messages. There wasn't even so much as a report waiting for him. Apparently she had been busy the last two days he had been off. That could mean only one thing. "Nothing happened."

Something clattered in to the sink. "Don't, Carter, I know what I saw."

"I just thought you should know." He tried to come up with a good excuse. There had to be something he could say to alleviate her suspicions. A helpless look to the bathroom made him sigh. It was pointless. "Anything else of interest happen?"

"There was a call from Henry. He is expecting you to stop by before ten." Coming out of the bathroom, she headed for her desk. As she passed, the shiny barrel of her gun glinted in the light.

Ordinarily Jack wouldn't have noticed this. There was something unusual about this. It took him a moment to realize this one wasn't her standard weapon. For starters, it was bigger. "Nice piece. Where'd you come by it?"

"Smith & Wesson Five Hundred. It can stop a charging bull elephant." Her hand automatically went to the pistol. Her fingers traced lovingly down the barrel. "Zane's way of saying he is sorry."

Looking away, Jack swallowed the lump forming in his throat. "You don't say." He suddenly had

the understanding of what a deer probably felt, if it could understand what a gun was. "It wasn't what it looked..."

"Save it." Her tone was soft, barely above a whisper. Looking over at him for the first time, she exhaled slowly. "It's done, we can't change the fact that it happened. Let's just move on."

"I'm..." he started, but let it drift off at her severe look. Nodding, he let it drop. Now was not the time to be making amends. That would come later and in several forms.

After that they stood there in an awkward silence for several moments. When it became too uncomfortable for him, Jack threw a thumb over his shoulder to the door. "You said Henry's waiting for me?"

"Yeah. He said it was important." She nodded in relief. Her pale skin pinked a little.

"I'll head over there then." Backing towards the doorway, he kept an eye on her gun.

Seeing this made her lips twitch. She reached up to tug at her braid ties to make sure it was secure, and bit her lip to keep from laughing. "Yeah, you probably should."

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Pulling up in front of Henry's garage felt kind of weird. With the lack of plants it looked more like the last fill-up station on a desert highway. Jack put the Jeep in park and climbed out immediately. There would be no repeat of what happened outside the sheriff's station.

He squinted as a strong wind kicked up the dirt. It would settle a short way off as it had been wont to do of late. This only added to the desert town image. Putting it from his mind, Jack tugged at his collar to shake off the dust.

He started to head for the door when something caught his eye on the far side of the lot. Jack frowned as he recognized Tess's car. "Uh oh, that can't be good." Sighing, he trudged to the door with far less enthusiasm.

Now, he could have speculated on what this could mean and killed more time until she left. That wasn't what he figured best to do, though he wanted to. It was better to get it over with now. Yet, somehow, he found himself standing outside of the door with his hand poised to knock and not doing it.

This was going to be a problem.

Gritting his teeth, he rapped his knuckles against the door three times. That was all the more active he was going to be in this. If Henry wanted him to come in, well then, the man would just have to make the next move.

"Come in." It was like Henry was psychic or something.

Taking a deep breath, Jack braced himself. He grabbed the door handle and forced it open. Stepping in to the garage he pasted on a smile. "Henry, you wanted to see me?" Just to be safe, he stayed in the doorway with it open.

Standing at the workbench was Henry, he was busy working at his computer. "Be with you in just one moment, Jack." He gestured for the man to come in with his left hand. "Pull up a chair, we need to talk."

"That definitely doesn't sound like a good thing." As he spoke, Jack tried to discreetly look

around. If he could spot her before she spotted him...

"It isn't, I assure you." Her voice came from behind the door in the direction of the main garage door.

Nearly jumping out of his skin, Jack spun to face Tess. His false smile slipped for a second before it was back in full force. "Tess, hey! Long time no see."

Arms crossed, she glared at him from her perch on the shop's single stool. "Yeah, hi. There's a reason for that. I think I saw more of you than I wanted to last time." Despite her cheery tone, there was a hardline to her body language that spoke of hostility.

That was not a happy woman, Jack wanted to say. Wisely, however, he kept his mouth shut. Turning from her brought him face to face with a serious looking Henry. This made his smile morph in to a grimace. "Ee-yeah, I'm not going to like this am I?"

"I'm sorry, Jack, but allegations have been made and questions raised about your recent actions. We have to investigate for the good of the town." Hands raised at waist level, Henry steepled his fingers. He glanced over Jack's shoulder as he spoke. "We are not accusing you..."

"You're not." The hostility in her tone made even Tess wince. Pushing off her stool, she stalked around the others to stand behind Henry. "I think his actions speak for themselves, but unfortunately we have to give you the benefit of the doubt."

"Yeah, wouldn't want to make any rash decisions." Anger gave Jack the strength to glare at her. He shifted stance and put his hands on his hips. A cleared throat brought his attention back to Henry. "What exactly are people saying about me?"

Henry glanced away for a moment as he considered his words. He sighed when he decided upon the best course of action. "Well, that's not important. Everything hinges upon one factor."

"And that is?" He darted a glance at Tess before focusing back on Henry.

"Why did you ignore the evacuation order?" Ignoring Henry's sigh of annoyance, Tess took a step towards them. "You were supposed to be overseeing the complete removal of Eureka's population. We had to rely upon Deputy Lupo. Why is that?" His choice of words made it clear this was an official investigation.

"I never got it." Jack's attention was focused on Henry, but his words were for Tess. This was going to get ugly very fast. He knew that her mind was already made up about this and the truth would be coming out very soon. "The first I knew of it was when Zane found me..."

This made her scoff. Taking another step forward, she uncrossed her arms. "You mean when he hooked up with you."

"Oh, so the green-eyed monster finally rears her ugly head." Jack matched her step for step.

Tess crossed the last bit of distance between her and Henry. "No! This is about the fact that instead of doing your job, you were out screwing around with Zane Donovan!"

"Enough!" Putting up his hands, Henry blocked the two from each other. "You are acting like angry children, the both of you!"

Irritation at the insinuation still coursing through him, Jack huffed and shook his head. He backed away from Henry to give the man space. Sticking a thumb in his pocket, he looked the man in the face. "So, what's really going on here, Henry? You don't really buy in to her twisted..."

"Jack!" Henry's warning tone was the only sign he gave of his irritation. "The fact is, there is enough evidence to call your actions in to question. While I am not giving credence to some of the more slanderous rumors, you did fail to uphold your sworn duty."

Jack froze on the spot. He stared at the other man with wide eyes. "You think I actually blew off my job to go...that thing, do 'it', you know, with Zane?" Squirming, he tried to fight off the raging blush. He reached up and tugged at his ear for a distraction. "Cause, you know, nothing happened, right?"

"That isn't what I am saying at all." Henry's distant stare made it clear that he wasn't trying to think that either.

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Chapter 2: Jumping Jeehozepheh by Iopaka Tanu

"SARAH, door!" Coat slung over one shoulder, Jack trudged through the entrance as it swung open. It hadn't even been an hour since he had left. This was a new record even for him.

"Welcome back, Sheriff. I trust your first day back on the job is going well."

Jack glared up at the ceiling with an incredulous expression. "No, it is not. In fact, I'm not even the sheriff any more." After tossing his jacket on the couch, he stormed his way in to the kitchen. He snatched a clean glass off the counter and put it in the beverage slot on the fridge. "Beer, SARAH, make it fast."

"Whatever is the matter? You have not been fired, have you?" To the house's credit it sounded shocked and upset. "Henry would know better than to..."

"Who do you think suspended me?" When his drink was full, he pulled it to himself and sucked down the foamy head. He sighed with pleasure as it went down. "Do we got any chips or pretzels. I'm sure there's a ballgame on some where."

"We do indeed!" A shelf on the far side of the kitchen raised up from the counter. "We have a wide variety of comfort foods available. Zoey made sure that I had plenty after your sister left."

"Smart girl." Jack made his way over to the shelf. There was indeed a wide selection, almost enough to start a convenience store. "How much did all this cost me?"

"It is not the monetary price she was concerned with, but your emotional one." The house sounded solemn. "Would you care to talk about this?"

"No." Bag of pretzels and beer in hand, Jack wondered in to the living room. Once there, he plopped down on the couch and put his feet up. "If anyone calls but Zoey, I'm not in."

"Where should I say you are?"

It was too easy. Jack grinned up at the ceiling. "Tell them to ask their mother."

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Flipping through the channels, Jack sat back on his couch. The beer in his glass was little more than suds on the bottom. It was his third in the last hour, sixth since he got home. "SARAH, is there anything on?"

"Perhaps it might help if you tell me what exactly you wish to watch." The house sounded a little peeved with him.

Jack glanced over at the trashed shelves. Blue fibers from his terrycloth robe still clung to the nail that had snagged it. He had trashed the rest of it in his bid to get free. It was very likely possible that he was drunk at the moment.

Raising up his glass, he peered through the curved sides at the suds. Okay, so it was more than just a possibility. Snorting, he dropped it to his side. "I want something with a lot of mindless violence."

"I will do my best to accommodate." The moment after SARAH spoke the screen flipped violently through images fast enough to cause seizures in anybody watching.

As it was, Jack's eyes were too glazed for him to make out much. Blinking to keep his eyes clear, he sighed. May be it was a good idea to just close them. Giving it a try he was unaware of the fact he was drifting off.

A chime sounded in the house.

Coming awake, Jack opened his mouth to shout. Instead of words, though, a loud belch came out. As it continued to pour from his lips he thumped his chest. He finished with a grimace and waved at the air in front of his face.

"There is someone at the door."

Thumping his chest to clear out another burp, Jack winced. "You don't say." He leaned forward to put his glass on the table. "Tell whoever it is to go away."

"I have done so twice." The chime sounded a second time. "Zane is most insistent that he speak with you. I am afraid that he does not believe me when I tell him you are not here."

"Of course." A wave of fatigue rushed over Jack at the mere thought of dealing with the other man. Suddenly too tired to face the world any longer, Jack dragged himself up off the couch. "I'm going to bed. Make sure Zoey does her homework and has something," he waved a hand around, "nutritious."

"Will do, Sheriff!"

Jack saluted the house as he reached the stairs. More staggering than walking, he climbed up them and headed for his bedroom. Behind him the door chime rang for a third time.

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Clanking dishes made Jack frown. Blinking awake, he groaned softly. As he lay there trying to put his mind back in order, the sound of food sizzling filtered through his mental haze. This made him instinctively sniff at the air. He moaned at what he smelled.

Slowly, the memory of that morning came back to him. By the time he was finished remembering his teeth were clenched in irritation. Obviously drinking hadn't mellowed him

Rolling his head to the side he saw the time. Six-thirty p.m. That was thirty minutes after Zoey's shift ended at Cafe Diem. He knew how much she disliked cooking, especially after work, but whatever it was made his mouth water.

Moaning to himself, he rolled completely on to his side. He used an unsteady arm to push himself up off the mattress. A wave of dizziness forced him to close his eyes and wait it out. At this rate, dessert would be served by the time he got down there.

Hopefully there would be leftovers.

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Trudging down the stairs, Jack didn't bother to even try softening his steps. Over the sound of his own footsteps he could hear talking. There were two people, one of them male. He grit his jaw. Obviously he was going to have to shoot someone.

Clutching the belt of his robe in one hand, he wandered in the direction of the kitchen. The male voice became distinctly familiar the closer he got. Jack kept his ear out for another voice, but it never came. It was just the man and Zoey.

Coming through the side entrance next to the fridge, Jack wouldn't say he snuck up on them. He just moved stealthily.

Standing in front of the stove top with a wooden spoon in his hand, Zane used it to point at someone just out of view. "It's not the end of the world, I swear."

"You don't know these people. They are going to ostracize me for the rest of my life." It was Zoe. From the way her voice was muffled it was obviously she wasn't facing him.

"Well, at least here you are in good company." The smile was clearly evident in Zane's voice.

Jack crept in closer. He tried not to make a sound as he slipped in further.

"I can smell you." Raising his nose, Zane sniffed at the air for emphasis. "Good evening, Jack."

"Zane." His cover blown, Jack felt a little miffed. He tugged at the front of his robe to adjust it better. "What are you doing in my house? Jo throw you out again?"

"Yes, actually." Zane suddenly made himself busy with the pot.

"Good going, dad!" Spinning on her stool, Zoe looked up at her father from her etablet. She scowled at her father.

"Me? What did I do?" The moment he said it, Jack held up his hand. "Do not even bring that up. I know for a fact that Jo..."

"It wasn't Jo's fault. She was just doing her job." This brought the conversation back to Zane. He kept his eyes on the pot for a moment more before looking up with a smirk. "I got fired." There was triumph in his voice.

Jack's jaw dropped. Catching himself, he shook his head. "You too?"

"Yep!" He beamed at them. At Jack's stare he shrugged, then went back to his pot.

"What happened?" Coming up to stand beside the other man, Jack leaned against the counter. "I mean, what did Allison say?"

Zoey snorted. Marking her place on the tablet, she glared at her father again. "It wasn't Dr. Blake. Your new girlfriend is a royal bi..."

"Zoey!" Feeling a headache coming on, Jack felt the need for a beer. He turned to the fridge, snatching a glass off the counter. He put it in the door dispenser. "SARAH, beer!" The glass was soon filled with golden liquid.

"Hunh!" Watching from the stove top, Zane frowned. "I tried that and I ended up with diet rootbeer."

Jack pulled out his glass. "I don't care." He quickly took a long drink from it. He finished with a sigh of appreciation. "Now, what does you getting fired have to do with you being in my house? Make it short and to the point."

"My apartment is owned by GD. With my dismissal, I'm the problem of the U.S. government once more." Zane stirred his pot once more then pulled the spoon out. After setting it aside, he picked up the potholders and grabbed his pot. He took it to the counter top and set it on a circle that rose up from the smooth surface. "I'll let you make the connections, I think that's something your brain can do."

This made the older man scowl. "You know, I can kill you with my house." He was two steps from grabbing the smart ass, one if he leaped. "As of nine o'clock this morning you stopped being my problem. You should be with Sheriff Lupo."

"Yeah, well, about that." The grin disappeared from Zane's face completely. "She's threatened to use her gun on me, in strange and kinky ways. It might be fun to try, though."

Jack's face registered the shock his system felt. "Oh, come on. You can't tell me this is about that. I thought you and she..."

Zane shrugged. "I might have moaned your name while we were..."

"Hey, there's a teenager here!" Throwing a thumb over his shoulder, Jack chugged at his beer. He finished with a shake of his head. Wiping his mouth, he glared at the younger man. "So you're my problem now. Great, just great."

An uncomfortable silence settled in the kitchen.

Ignoring it, Jack put the glass back in the dispenser. "SARAH, another beer." While it filled up, he took a moment to calm himself. This led to him smelling something that wasn't entirely unpleasant. Following that to the source he found it to be coming from the pot. "What is that?"

"Clam Chowder. SARAH suggested you might like it." As Zane turned, a set of bowls appeared from the cupboard beside him. He walked over and pulled them out with a grin.

Jack didn't like that grin. Narrowing his eyes, he sniffed the air for any hint of poisoning. He wouldn't put it past the man.

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Putting his bowl in the dish washer, Jack had to admit that Zane had known what he was doing when he made dinner. At least, to himself. He would never tell the pain in the ass anything that might inflate his already giant ego. One Nathan Stark was enough in his lifetime.

Of course, doing this himself had been for a purpose. He turned away from the washer slowly to face the man leaning back against his island.

Zane had his hands spread out to either side of him on the counter in a gesture designed to look casual. His twitching lips kept switching between a grimace and a smirk. "Well?"

"I haven't decided." Jack thumped his chest to release a burp he felt bubbling up. So may be his last two or three beers hadn't been strictly necessary.

This caused Zane's amused look to fall. Pulling up off the counter he took a step away from it. "You haven't decided? It's been two hours since you found out. Even Fargo doesn't take this long."

He just glared at the genius. "Never compare me to Fargo, ever." A noise off to his left had Jack turning to glare at Zoey.

The snort she had released turned in to a full blown snicker. "Would you tell him he can stay already." Standing, she picked up her tablet. "Just keep it down tonight, you two, I have a important test in the morning."

A pain shot through Jack's head at the same time as his gut clenched. "Oh, real funny. For that, you're grounded!"

"I thought so!" Heading for the stairs, Zoey shook her head.

"For the record, nothing happened!" While he said it for Zoe's sake, he meant it for everyone within hearing range. To see if his message had been received, he turned back to the waiting man.

Zane's eyes were surprisingly on the floor. The tip of his ears were colored pink.

Jack froze. His mouth suddenly dry, he swallowed nervously. "Right?"

Glancing up, the scientist opened his mouth to say something. He closed it just as quickly and glanced away.

"Oh." Jack swallowed; the world tilted a little. "Oh, god." Turning, he staggered to the fridge. "I think I need another drink."

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Chapter 3: Leaping Lizards! by lopaka tanu

His head was killing him. The first coherent thought he had was to wish for death. Jack knew instinctively the last time he had been this drunk was when Abby had told him they were over. That had not been a particularly good time in his life.

Now was proving no exception.

Rolling on to his back, he stretched out over his bed. He was halfway spread when his left arm encountered something warm. Jack jerked his limb back quickly.

There shouldn't have been someone else in his bed. He had gotten drunk last night, but not that shit faced. Opening one eye, he cautiously peered over at the body in his bed.

A pair of blue eyes stared back at him.

Closing his own, Jack groaned softly. "Please tell me we didn't do that again."

The sluggish grin that spread over Zane's face was marred by his yawn. When he finished, he sighed. "Not unless you snuck in to my lab back at GD."

Jack frowned. Something about that set a few of his neurons to firing. "What?"

"Never mind." Zane stretched out with a loud groan. He draped an arm over Jack's chest to end it. "You said I didn't have to sleep on the couch last night because it was bad for my back."

Removing the offending appendage with a frown, Jack sat up in his bed. "Yeah, well, today is a new day. So get out." Much to his relief, he had remembered to get in his pajamas for a change.

The other man was clothed too, even if it was just a shirt and boxers. Sitting up, he scratched at the top of his head. "Who gets the shower first, you or me?"

Pushing the blankets aside, Jack found himself remarkably calm for having woken next to probably his biggest nemesis. "Me and I swear to god, if you even hint at suggesting we share, I will have SARAH flush you down the toilet."

"I cannot do that, Sheriff, even if you order me to." The house sounded slightly reproving.

"It's just a figure of speech." Looking up, Jack waved with a grimace. On the inside he was wondering how long before he killed both of them.

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Stomping down the steps dressed in a pair of sweats and blue robe, Jack left his hair sticking up in all directions. It was still damp but he didn't care. Halfway through the shower the hot water had run out. The only explanation had been that it was being used by someone else.

Only one person he knew of lived with him that made it their life's mission to make his life miserable. Fists clenched, Jack headed towards the source. He rounded the corner in to the kitchen with the noise of his wet feet plodding over the floor.

At the stove, Zane held a spatula between his fingers. He twirled it lazily as he stared down at the frying dough on the surface. Reaching up with his other hand, he pushed a greasy lock from his face.

The sight of the other man's bed hair froze Jack in his tracks.

"It will be ready in a few minutes. If you could set up the table, I'll get us some coffee." After a final spin, Zane quickly slapped the spatula down to the stove top. The soft, brown cakes were quickly snapped up and put on a plate. "SARAH, stove off."

He started to turn with the plate in hand until he caught sight of Jack out of the corner of his eye. "Whoa, you're not Zoey." Zane dropped his eyes to Jack's torso visible through the robe. "You're not wearing a shirt either." The smirk said everything about how glad he was about that.

Suddenly self conscious, Jack grabbed the edges of his robe and forced them closed. "What the hell did you do with the hot water?"

"Nothing." Snorting, Zane completed his turn. He headed for the table, giving the sheriff a once over as he passed.

"Stop that!" Jack knotted his robe belt to free up his hands just in case. "I was halfway through my shower when it suddenly cut out. There is a huge hot water tank, now I know that means someone had to do something with it. That means you."

"Actually, there is one other person in this household." SARAH's voice filtered from the ceiling above them. "Zoey is currently enjoying a large bath. I must apologize, but she has used more hot water than my tanks could make for both of you."

"What is she filling up, a swimming pool?" Mood completely soured, Jack felt his anger slowly evaporate. A snicker behind him drew his attention to the fact he wasn't alone. He was wrong

about whom, but rather than dwell upon that, his mind latched on to another problem. "Why were you planning on giving Zoey coffee?"

"Relax, it's fine." Setting the plate down on the table, Zane rolled his eyes. "All your house has is decaf. I think that's safe for her, god knows it does nothing for me."

This made Jack frown. "That's not right. There is plenty of regular. I just had it restocked a couple days ago."

Zane snorted in disbelief. "All I can get from your fridge is crap that's a little stronger than water."

"That just means my 'smart' house doesn't like you." It was childish and Jack wanted to stick his tongue out. All he could do to save face was smile though.

"That is not true, I find Zane quite pleasant to be around." Of course it was SARAH contradicting him.

Jack felt the smile leave his face. Looking up at the ceiling, he frowned at it. "Don't even."

Walking passed the man, Zane nudged him with his elbow. "What's the matter, Jack? Afraid I'm growing on you?"

Slowly dropping his eyes to Zane's back, Jack let the full extent of his annoyance show. "Don't even start. You are not growing, on me or anyone else."

"Technically, that is not true. Zane has increased in mass by point zero, zero five percent in the past twenty hours."

"Ha!" Snapping his fingers, Jack pointed at Zane. The smile quickly returned to his face. "You are getting fatter."

This made Zane shake his head. "SARAH, how much has Jack increased in mass during the same time?"

"Sheriff Carter has recently decreased in mass, however, my projections indicate that will likely be balanced out by consuming breakfast." The house was extremely pleased with this.

It took only a moment for Jack to understand this. When he did he grimaced. "Oh, real funny. Poop humor, SARAH?"

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By the time Zoe made her appearance at the bottom of the stairs, Jack was ready to try gnawing on the furniture. He watched her make her way over to the table with them. Swallowing the mouthful of bacon and pancake, he sighed. "About time you showed up."

Zoey pushed the single lock of braided hair behind her ear. "Good morning to you too." Eyes wide in sarcastic alarm, she trailed them over the table full of food. "Someone's been busy this morning."

"Speaking of which, I made fresh juice this morning." Rising up from the table, Zane dropped his napkin in the chair he had vacated. "Be right back." His path brought him behind Zoe. He placed a hand on her shoulder in passing. "You are looking pretty this morning."

A tiny smile formed on her lips as she nodded. "Thanks, at least one person will notice. No one else will ever again."

Jack swallowed the piece of bacon in his mouth quickly in anger. "Hey, I noticed." He had to cough a second later as bits of it went down the wrong path. "You look very beautiful."

"You've got to say that, but thanks." Dropping in her chair, Zoey grabbed for the bacon first.

This caused Jack to frown. "I thought you were watching what you ate."

"Not like it matters any more." Breaking off a small piece, she quickly placed it in her mouth. The moment her lips sealed around it she moaned with pleasure. "Man, SARAH, this is so good."

"I have done none of the cooking this morning. It was all Zane."

"Really?" Zoey glanced over her shoulder in to the kitchen. Seeing Zane frowning at the fridge, she shook her head.

Jack leaned in so he could whisper to her. "Tell me about it." He grabbed her hand to get her attention. "Don't ever leave me alone with that man again."

Whipping her head around, she stared at her father in surprise. The strangled expression on his face made her alarmed. "Why? What did you do?"

"He is driving me crazy!" A second later, her words registered. "Hey! Why do you automatically assume I did something wrong?"

She scoffed. Staring at him with slightly parted eyes, she merely shook her head.

He couldn't believe it. His own daughter. Jack released her hand and sat back as he caught movement out of the corner of his eye. The crazy had returned and brought with him orange juice.

Zane set the flower covered decanter on the table with a sigh. "Remind me to kill Fargo before I leave Eureka. That fridge threw out my peach-kiwi fruit juice and substituted it with Orange." With a glare at the offending pitcher, he dropped himself back in his seat.

"Orange Juice is high in folic acid. A key ingredient in the body's developing immune system."

Glaring up at the ceiling, Zane paused with the fork halfway to his mouth. "No body asked you!"

While Zoey snickered, Jack felt a little green around his gills. The mention of folic acid reminded him of Allison. She was definitely going to kill him over this.

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Looking up at the skylight, Jack watched the clouds flowing overhead. Ordinarily there should have been tree limbs visible around the edges. Not any more thanks to the sonic cleaning. It was a bleak landscape beyond his house.

"Wonderful." Sighing, he dropped his gaze back to the screen in front of him. Spread out over the couch he was as comfortable as he could get. Still, boredom pretty much negated any feeling of relaxation.

"What's that?" Voice muffled by a steel plated door, the only part of Zane visible from the bottom of the fridge was his lower half.

Instead of answering, Jack leaned forward to pick up his glass of soda. He wasn't sure what the brand was, his taste buds had long since become numb to the sugar. If this had been Zoey, he

would have railed at her. Good thing he wasn't his daughter.

The snap of a rubber glove hailed the pull out of Zane from the fridge. He used the back of his hand to wipe the perspiration from his brow. "I can't find anything wrong with it."

"Told you so." There was no venom or emotional investment in the words. It was said more out of something to do. Jack hadn't even pulled his attention from the tv screen. Not that he was paying attention. The game on was more there for the noise than anything else.

He was yawning when the sound volume suddenly lowered. Closing his mouth, Jack focused on the screen.

"Sheriff, there is a call coming in from Henry. Should I put him through?"

Jack considered telling the house no. He wasn't really in the mood to talk with the jerk, but then again, he was in need of something to do. "Go ahead."

The speakers chirped as the game clicked off. A second later Henry's face appeared on the wall. He smiled at Jack a little hesitantly. "Hey. How are you holding up?"

"Get to the point." Putting the glass to his lips, Jack took a lazy sip.

This made Henry sigh. Looking down for a second, he sucked in a quick breath. "We did a complete review of the emergency protocols. A message was sent out to you."

"Great. Come to make it official?" Sucking in another swallow, Jack finished off the glass. It was quickly followed by a gas bubble back up. Belching, Jack opened his mouth to make it echo louder.

A sigh of disgust came from the kitchen. "Oh, that was lovely." Snapping the panel back together, Zane closed up the fridge.

"Wasn't it, though?" Jack scratched himself through the front of his sweat bottoms. He looked up to find Henry staring at him. "Oh, you're still...there?"

"There is more, Jack." The skin around Henry's eyes quickly wrinkled as he frowned. "The message went to your GD pager."

"I don't have one of those." Thumping his chest, Jack burped again. "I don't think I ever did."

"We know that...now." Looking a little chagrined, Henry tried for a tight smile. It came off more of a grimace. "Combine that with everyone assuming someone else had gotten in touch with you and you got left behind."

Jack. Just. Stared. His jaw half dropped. "Are you telling me that no one really bothered to even try?"

"Uh..." Reaching up, Henry scrubbed at the back of his head. "It appears that way."

Looking away, Jack clenched his jaw. He wanted to scream at the scientist. There were so many things he wanted to say, so many things that deserved to be said. In the end, all he did was sigh. "So, I still have my job?"

"If you still want it." The hopeful lilt at the end gave away Henry's feelings on the matter.

"I'll have to get back to you on that." Jack enjoyed the way Henry froze at those words. "Forget

about it. Yes, I still want the job."

Relieved, Henry smiled brilliantly. "Good..."

"Not so fast." Jack held up a finger. "I'll take it on one condition. Get Zane back his job and apartment. If I have to spend another day with him haunting my house like an evil spirit, I'm going to have to kill someone."

Already Henry was shaking his head. "I'm sorry, Jack, but I can't do that."

Scowling, Jack cocked his head to the side. "Don't give me that crap, Henry! I know you've got pull with the Pentagon and with Allison. Just tell her what happened and I'm sure she..."

"She signed off on the orders herself, Jack," Henry interrupted. His eyes tracked past Jack in to the kitchen. "There are certain rules that even we won't tolerate being broken."

"Oh, come on! It was just a little harmless sex, albeit, in the Director's Office, but come on." Jack finished with a half whisper. Skin pinking, he had to look away. Unfortunately, his eyes found Zane's shadow. The man was coming their way. He immediately turned back to Henry. "If you can forgive me, you can forgive Zane."

"Is that what he told you why he was fired?" Henry looked from Jack to the newly arrived Zane.

"Ye...well, no, not exactly." Sitting up, Jack refused to acknowledge Zane's presence. He forced himself to keep looking at the wall screen. "We never really discussed it, I just assumed is all. Why? What did he do?"

A nervous chuckle came from Jack's right near the fire place.

"He was experimenting with the sexual spores." Henry's voice took on a hard edge. Narrowing his eyes, he glared at the younger man. "Besides being a biohazard that was off limits, the nature of his experiments lead us to the conclusion he intended to test the results."

Jack's eyes shot open. Turning his head slowly, he finally looked at the young scientist. He immediately noted the dark red tinge to the man's skin and felt his anger start to bubble up. "Excuse me, you did what now?"

"I, uh..." A half smile on his face, Zane chuckle nervously. He dragged his feet as he twisted his body to face Jack. "I was trying to come up with a practical application for them. It was a diluted solution, something to enhance the sexual appeal, but not on a dangerous scale. I wanted to make a body spray that actually worked, temporarily making the user attractive."

That set Henry off. "It doesn't matter what your intentions were! Anything that deliberately lowers the inhibitions and control of another even slightly is strictly forbidden under our guidelines!" His shouts echoed throughout the house. "You knew that and still flaunted your disregard. You're damn lucky they haven't locked you up for this!"

Rising up from the couch, Jack clenched his fists in the pockets of his robe. "Is that what happened in the office?" He deliberately kept his voice even.

Glancing up, Zane bit his lip. After a hesitant second, he nodded.

Jack felt his spine go rigid. "Good bye, Henry."

Alarm covered Henry's face on the screen. "Now, Jack..."

"SARAH, hang up." The wall went back to being a wall the moment the words were out of his mouth. He took a slow and deliberate step towards the scientist. "Zane."

Swallowing, Zane took a step back. "Yeah?"

"Run."

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Tying the sash on his robe, Jack walked off the bottom step. That done, he stretched his arms over his head. He moaned with pained pleasure from the action. The sore muscles in his back, sides, and thighs protested a little from the move. It was a good pain, though.

Walking in to his living room, he looked around. Evening had fallen in the hours since he had last been in the room. A quick glance up to the skylight revealed that the stars were coming out. "SARAH, ambient lights, please."

The lower level of the house suddenly became visible.

Feeling better, Jack checked his watch. It was nearing eight, thirty, which meant Zoey would be home soon. If she still had friends, she would be til nine at Cafe Diem. As if sensing his thoughts, his stomach growled. With a fond pat of it, Jack headed for the kitchen.

Walking in to the kitchen revealed that Zane hadn't quite gotten around to finish putting the fridge back together. Oh well, when he got up, he would do it then. If he had the strength to do it, that was.

Jack smiled. "SARAH, I feel like something light. Do we have any Deli?" He found himself humming a song he couldn't remember the words to as he headed for the cabinets.

"We do indeed, Jack." She sounded much more pleased than earlier.

He couldn't fault her on that one. He was himself in a much better mood. Whistling now, he grabbed a loaf of bread from the counter and began to open the bag. "Is your beer dispenser working?"

"It never stopped being functional."

That made Jack smirk. Once he got the bread open, he set aside the twist tie. "You know, I don't know what Fargo programmed in to you, but I find this little bit of teasing between you and Zane funny."

"It is not something Fargo 'programmed' in to me." The house sounded a little miffed at the idea. "I am only following those guidelines which are best to ensure the health of my inhabitants."

Half lost in his own thoughts, Jack snorted. "Oh yeah, what's so special about Zane that he can't have any beer?"

"It would irreparably damage the newly formed and growing life within him."

That made Jack snicker. He started to shake his head as he reached in to the bag for bread. His fingers paused once they found the soft food. "SARAH, what exactly does that mean?"

"Zane is pregnant." It was stated so plainly that it seemed to be of no consequence.

The smile froze on Jack's face, a parody of what it once was. "Wha...what?"

"Congratulations, Sheriff, my scans indicate it will be a boy!"

"Oh, crap." The last thing Jack saw was the ceiling rushing away from him as he fell backwards unconscious.

THE END.....

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Epilogue - Great Googly Moogly!

Hands on the buttons of his pants, Zane tried desperately to redo them quickly. The dress slacks refused to cooperate and he had to take it slowly. Finally, the last button was slipped in to the hole over his protruding stomach. He refused to look down at the horror that his body had become.

Seeing this made Jack smile.

That reaction made Zane send a death glare his way. "The moment this little monster is out of me, I am going to kill you, Fargo, then those ignorant jackasses from Area Fifty-One. In that order." Without meaning to, he looked down. The sad lack of his low rise pants mixed with the fact he could no longer see his feet made him want to scream. "I am disgusting."

"Really?" Jack stood up from the table, his tie swung loose from his suit jacket. "I think you have never looked better."

"Keep it up, Jack, and I will find a place to bury your body." Before he could come up with another way to threaten the man, a throat cleared behind him. Of course, his body had to turn slowly or risk losing his balance. He found Zoey standing at the door waiting for them.

Her graduation robe shimmering in the dim light, she smirked at them. The little boy on her hip tried to reach the tassel hanging from her hovering cap. "If you guys don't hurry up, we're going to be late."

"Oh, I don't think so." Jack started towards her, his hands out to take the boy. "Henry wouldn't start the graduation ceremony without the class' valedictorian."

Handing off her brother, Zoe sighed. "Say it again, I'm not quite sure this is even real."

"It's real." Zane was feeling pissy, but just barely managed to keep it from his voice. "Come on, I want to get there and this over with before I have to go piss again. It's bad enough I have to be seen like this in public. If I have to suffer the humiliation of undoing these pants in a public restroom, I will become homicidal."

Zoey smirked. "Dad's been rubbing off on you."

Hand to his stomach, Zane smiled for real. "How could you tell?"

This made the young woman wince. "Oh, gross, that is an image I did not need!" Turning, she headed back out the door for the stairs.

Snickering, Jack followed along after her. He waited with the boy in his arms at the bottom of the steps for Zane. "Mind the house for us, SARAH!"

"Consider it done!" The cheerful voice echoed in the stairwell and house.

Hearing the inflections of his nemesis' voice made Zane roll his eyes. He stepped through the doorway with a groan. "Door, SARAH." As the door closed behind him, he felt a fluttering in his gut that had nothing to do with being nervous.

.....THE END.

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