

Summary: "I've waited long enough for them to come to their senses, it looks like I'm going to have to take matters into my own hands."

Archivist Note: [Cherokee Girl](#) wrote stories in SH fandom and in The Sentinel. She passed away in 2001. She was one of the sweetest people I ever met in S&H, a fandom full of kind and warm folks. Our correspondences were always fun and light-hearted, and it's still hard for me to believe I'll never hear from her again. When I archived some of her stories on the Starsky & Hutch Archive, she said she was thrilled to be included. I tried to assure her the pleasure was all mine, but she always acted like I was doing her a huge favor by posting her stories. The Archive is open to all SH stories, but I could never change her mind about the "honor" she felt I was bestowing on her.

I know Cherokee Girl loved the boys, and her love for them flowed through every SH story she wrote.

Categories: Slash

Genre: Romance, Zinefic

Warnings: No Warnings Needed

Cupid
by
Cherokeegirl

I wonder if those guys will ever stop playing games. After all, they're not fooling anybody unless it's themselves. Any one that sees them can tell how they feel about each other. One day it's the looks, the gestures, the pats on the back-side, their lingering touches. The next day they're at each other's throats. They're sniping and arguing so badly, I think at times they're going to kill each other. The sexual tension is so thick you can cut it with a knife. Well I've waited long enough for them to come to their senses, it looks like I'm going to have to take matters into my own hands.

~*~

When Hutch got home from work Wednesday night he found another rose. The flowers had been arriving for about a week. There had been one left on his door step every night. A single red rose in a florist box with a card attached that simply said "With Love always, your friend and soon to be lover. S." He hadn't told Starsky about the flowers. He hadn't wanted to listen to the jokes, teasing and theories as to the identity of his 'secret admirer'. The more Hutch thought about it the more convinced he became that the 'S' stood for Samantha in records, not the 'S' he hoped, not the 'S' of his dreams.

On Thursday morning Hutch was getting ready to go to court to testify in a kidnapping case. He hoped he could wrap up his testimony today. If he finished the Captain promised them a three-day weekend to make up for the long hours he and Starsky had been putting in. Starsky had finished his testimony the day before and was planning on leaving town this afternoon. He mumbled something about his 'big plans' for the weekend just before he hung up. Hutch was disappointed. He had called Starsky hoping they could make plans to spend some time together, maybe drive up the coast. Or maybe just stay in town and hang out; it really didn't matter as long as he was with Starsky.

How long had he felt this way about Starsky? He really wasn't sure. He hadn't even realized what his feelings were until after Gunther's men had gunned Starsky down in that garage. 'Get real, Hutchinson. You've got to get a life and quit pinning away over your partner. Your *male* partner. You're *straight male* partner at that.'

As he opened the door he found another florist box. But this time the flowers had an envelope attached. "I've decided it's time I stopped beating around the bush. I've rented a cottage up at Big Bear Lake. I know you have some time off this weekend. Just think, three wonderful days to 'really get to know each other'. I've enclosed the key. It's the Bear Paw Lodge and Camp Ground, cottage number 14. Love, always S." 'Well,' Hutch thought. 'Maybe this is just what I need.'

~*~

Starsky was tired, it had been a rough week. He had spent his days in court waiting to testify against a kidnapper he and Hutch had arrested a couple of months back. Every day after court adjourned, he and Hutch would go back to the precinct to work their shift. 'It will be great to get out of town for a few days,' Starsky thought as he hurriedly packed. 'But if I had my choice there

would be a certain blond going with me. Will you cut it out! Hutch doesn't feel that way about you. He is a ladies man through and through. The sooner you realize that and move on the better off you'll be.'

Looking back Starsky wasn't sure how long he had been in love with his partner. He had kept it hidden from everyone including himself. But after the shooting, Hutch spent day and night at the hospital and when Starsky was released Hutch even moved in with him to take care of him. They had been constant companions for months and Starsky realized that the love for Hutch had grown and his feelings could no longer be denied.

'Maybe this is just what I need right now, A little diversion. I have to admit this is going to be an interesting weekend,' he thought as he picked up the latest of the notes from his 'secret admirer'. He had found one in his mailbox every night for the last week. He hadn't told anyone about them, not even Hutch. Most of the notes had read. "I have always loved you from afar. But soon we will be lovers. H." But this one said more, a lot more! "I've decided that we should stop playing games and take this to its inevitable conclusion. I know you have a long weekend coming. I've rented a cottage at Big Bear Lake. Bear Paw Lodge and Camp Ground, cottage number 14. I have enclosed the key. It will be magnificent; three wonderful days together just the two of us. Love, H." The more Starsky thought about it the more convinced he was the 'H' was Helen in bookkeeping. Not the 'H' he longed to be with.

Starsky found the drive up to Big Bear Lake pleasant; the farther he got away from the city the more he felt himself unwind. 'This is going to be nice. There is only one thing that could make it perfect.' "No, David, don't even go there!" he said aloud. He arrived at the lake in the late afternoon and found cottage 14 easily. He went inside and looked around. The cottage had one very large room that contained living, dining and kitchen areas. There was a large stone fireplace covering one entire wall. A doorway on the opposite wall led to a short hallway that opened up to the bedroom and bathroom. 'The perfect hideaway for lovers,' Starsky thought to himself as he went into the bedroom to unpack.

He built a fire, finding that the lake breeze had already made the night much cooler than in the city. As night came and there was still no sign of Helen, Starsky wondered if he had been the victim of some kind of joke. He went into the kitchen to see if he could find anything to eat. There was a bottle of very expensive, imported champagne in the refrigerator along with a container of Beluga caviar. "If this is a joke," he said to himself, "someone went to a lot of expense." He got out some cold cuts and a beer. After making himself a sandwich he went back into the living room to eat in front of the fire.

When ten o'clock came he was beginning to worry. 'Well if she changed her mind, at least I've had a nice pleasant evening. It would have been great if only Hutch...' "Not again!" he said aloud. He decided that it was too late to drive back to the city. So he went to take a shower and get ready for bed planning on leaving early the next day. When he finished his shower he went back to the living room and stirred the fire making sure that it had burned down enough that it was safe to leave it. He also left a small lamp burning just in case Helen really was planning on joining him. Giving into the exhaustion of the rigorous week of pulling doubles, he went to bed. Almost the minute he lay down he was asleep, dreaming again of his one true love.

~*~

Hutch was exhausted as he finally got on the road leading to the lake. The court session had run overtime. When he finally finished his testimony and was able to leave the Court House, he found his car wouldn't start. He ended up having to rent one for the drive to the lake. He called the lodge to try and get a message to Samantha only to find the office and switchboard had closed. He wasn't on the freeway leading out of town until after nine o' clock. As he drove he rolled the window down and let his mind wonder. 'This is really going to be great. Three whole days to just lie around and relax. If Starsky were here...' "Stop it, Hutchinson!" he said aloud.

He arrived at the lake at midnight and quickly found the cabin. As he pulled up in front of the door he noticed the light burning in the living room. 'She's here,' he thought nervously. When he opened the door he saw the low burning fire and the single lamp casting a romantic atmosphere around the room.

Deciding she must be asleep, he sat his suitcase down and softly closed the front door. Since he hadn't stopped for dinner he planned to fix himself something to eat and grab a quick shower before waking her up. 'Or are you just postponing the inevitable.'

When he saw champagne and caviar he realized she had gone to a lot of trouble to make the weekend special. 'She deserves my undivided attention,' he thought. 'But still I can only think about Starsky.' "Get a grip," he said softly.

Taking his impromptu snack into the living room, he thought of his partner as he stared at the dying embers of the fire. When he finished he picked up his suitcase and walked softly to the bathroom. After a quick shower he put on his robe. As he was leaving the bathroom, he decided on a surprise of his own.

He got the champagne and a couple of glasses and returned to the bedroom. He opened the door quietly and looked in. In the dim light, he could just make out the sleeping form curled on its side beneath the covers. Hutch leaned down and placed a gentle kiss on the lips, then whispered "Wake up, lover, I'm here."

"Hutch?" Starsky asked as he woke.

'Wait a minute,' Hutch thought.

When he reached over to turn on the bedside lamp it was hard to tell who was more surprised, Starsky or Hutch.

"What are you doing here," they asked in unison.

"I got some roses with notes attached from a 'secret admirer'," Hutch answered sitting on the foot of the bed. "They were all signed with the initial 'S'. The one I got this morning asked me up here to the lake for the weekend."

A thought occurred to Hutch, "Wait a minute Starsk, you didn't... those notes and roses weren't from you, were they?"

"No I didn't send them," he answered. 'But only because I didn't think of it,' he thought. "I got notes in my mail box from a 'secret admirer' they were all signed with an 'H'. I don't suppose you sent those either."

Hutch shook his head, in response.

"Well, Hutch, the way I see it either we have been set up for one big joke, or..."

"Or what?" Hutch asked.

"Or," Starsky answered. "Somebody knows us better than we know ourselves. Come on, Hutch, let's go back in the living room and talk."

~*~

They got up and went into the kitchen. Hutch sat at the table while Starsky went to the refrigerator and got them a beer. When he turned around he saw Hutch sitting with his head in his hands.

"What's wrong, Blintz?"

"Well, Starsk," he said sarcastically. "Would you like me to give you a list?"

"One," he ticked them off on his fingers, "we have spent a hell of a week in court testifying against a kidnapper that you and I both know is guilty but will probably get off scott free. Two, after we spent the day in court we went to the station and put in another eight hours. Three, court was held over today and I didn't get out until late. When I finally did get out my car wouldn't start and I ended up having to get it towed, and renting a car for the drive up here. Four, when I get here I find that I have been the fall guy for some kind of stupid joke. I'm embarrassed and if I weren't so damn tired I would drive back home tonight."

"Are you really that ashamed of being here with me?" Starsky asked softly.

"It's not that I'm ashamed of you Starsky, I just don't like being the victim of a prank."

"Hutch, how much do you think it cost to rent this place for the weekend?"

"What?" he asked surprised at the sudden change of subject. "I don't know why do you ask?"

"Well, I was just thinking. It had to cost a lot, I mean look around, this is really nice. And I see you've already found the champagne," Starsky said a slight smile playing at the corners of his mouth. "I know I'm not some wine connoisseur, but even I know that imported champagne is expensive. There's also Beluga caviar, and I don't even want to think about how much that cost."

"So, what's your point?" Hutch asked tiredly.

"Considering how much all of this cost, it seems to me that someone is spending a lot of money just to play a joke on us."

"Well, then, why would anyone do this? Why would anyone go to this much trouble?"

"Maybe to give us the push we needed. Look, Hutch, I've kept this to myself for a long time now. I was afraid to say anything. I was afraid that we would lose what we have. I had decided that I would rather be your friend and keep my feelings inside than to tell you and risk losing you."

"Tell me what?" Hutch asked quietly his thoughts in turmoil. 'Could this be it? Could he really be about to say the words that I have waited so long to hear?"

"I love you," he said it softly. "I think I have for a long time now. Before the shooting I denied it even to myself. Then afterwards when we spent more and more time together, I realized I couldn't deny it any longer. But I made up my mind I wasn't going to tell you. I never wanted to do anything that would ruin our friendship or cause you to hate me."

"I could never hate you, Starsk."

"Yeah, well I don't hear you telling me you love me either."

"But I do love you. I think I always have."

"I'm not talking about the brotherly love of partners here, Blintz."

"Neither am I."

Starsky looked at him for a long moment before he replied. "Do you mean that, Hutch? Please don't say it unless you do."

"I mean it, Starsk, with all my heart. I don't know where these feelings come from, but I know they're real. I've never been with another man and I don't think you have either. That's why I never said anything. I kept imagining what would happen if I told you and you couldn't handle it or we try and have a relationship and it doesn't work. Either way I lose you, and that's a chance I wasn't prepared to take."

"You're wrong, Hutch, about everything. You could never do anything that would cause me to leave you. And I have been with another man. While I was stationed in 'Nam, I was with Matthew Stevens. He decided to go career military when we got back stateside. Our contact dwindled and I ended up getting a 'Dear David' letter. I was so hurt, I never let myself get close to another man after that. But you worked your way into my life and heart."

"So where do we go from here?"

"To bed."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, Hutch, whatever you want to do, as slow or as fast as you want it, nothing to everything and all things in between. I am finally hearing the words from you that I've wanted to hear for years. If I've waited this long, I don't need to rush things now. If you just want us to lie there and

hold each other believe me that will be enough. As for the rest of the weekend, let's just do what our anonymous benefactor wants us to do, have a nice, quiet, romantic weekend together and see what happens."

~*~

As soon as they were in the bedroom, Hutch untied Starsky's robe and slid it off his shoulders then he pulled him in for a long searing kiss as he lowered him to the bed.

"I guess the idea of just holding each other has been vetoed," Starsky said smiling.

They rolled on the bed, reveling in each touch, kiss and caress.

"Hutch, let me make love to you," Starsky whispered breathlessly.

"Oh, yes."

Hutch stood up and pulled off his robe as Starsky slid under the covers. As soon as he slid into bed, Starsky rolled on top of him and captured his mouth kissing him thoroughly, deeply. He started kissing along his jaw line and moved down to his throat, nuzzling and tasting. He left a large passion mark near Hutch's Adam's apple before kissing his way down his chest.

Hutch's hands stroked Starsky's back and kneaded his hips as he moaned at the wonderful sensations. Starsky moved to a nipple, took it into his mouth and smiled at the groan he caused. When he moved to the other one, it was standing ready for his attention. As Starsky moved down Hutch's body he left small passion marks on his chest and stomach.

Feeling their arousals meeting and sliding against each other in the sweat generated from their lovemaking, Hutch moaned again.

"Starsk, I... I don't know... know how," he panted as he twisted on the sheets.

"Do you want me to stop?" Starsky asked as he ran his hands soothingly up and down Hutch's sides.

"No! God, no!" he said as he grabbed Starsky and kissed him.

After a moment Starsky pulled away and whispered, "Just take it easy, Hutch; relax it's going to be okay. Just let me do the driving tonight."

He then pulled him close and started thrusting gently up against him. Starsky smiled as his partner picked up the rhythm and thrust back more firmly. Within seconds they were writhing together in perfect rhythm. Mouths locked together, they rubbed their way to their first shared climax. Softly, they whispered each other's names.

As Starsky collapsed on top of Hutch he whispered with a grin, "I know we really should get up and shower, but right now I can't move. You wore me out."

"Don't you dare go anywhere," Hutch replied. With that he turned them gently onto their sides and they fell asleep in each other's arms.

~*~

Hutch opened his eyes slowly and smiled at the sight that greeted him. Starsky was curled on his side facing him, sleeping soundly. Sometime during the night he had kicked off the covers and Hutch looked at him lovingly. He had seen Starsky naked before but never like this. Hutch's eyes drank in the sight. Unable to resist the temptation, he reached out and lightly stroked Starsky's arm with his fingertips then trailed down his stomach over his groin and legs and back up over his hips and back. *His skin's like velvet. I can't believe we're here. We're finally lovers and it was better than anything I ever dreamed.*

Starsky woke and smiled up at him. "Mornin', Blondie." He pulled him into his arms and kissed him. "Sleep well?"

"Like the dead."

"Wow, I found the cure for insomnia." Starsky smiled at the sight of the passion marks that covered Hutch's body. He began kissing his way down the side of Hutch's neck and over his shoulder, licking and tasting his lover's skin. "I love you, darlin'," he whispered in Hutch's ear.

"I love you, too, with all my heart," Hutch responded, while lying still enjoying Starsky's caresses.

"How are you?" Starsky asked, running his hands up and down Hutch's back.

"I've never been better," he said as he raised up to look at Starsky. "Last night was better than my wildest fantasies."

"Any regrets?"

"None, and you?"

"Never," Starsky replied then captured Hutch's lips.

"Starsk, I want you to make love to me, to go all the way."

"Hutch, we don't have to do that, you know. We should take things slowly. There are lots of other things we can try. What we did... what we had last night was more than I ever thought I could have with you. That's enough for me, really."

"I want you, Starsk, I want to feel you inside me."

"Are you sure?"

"I've never been more sure"

"Have you ever done this with a woman?"

"No, but I trust you, and I want you."

"Turn over onto your stomach," he said. As Hutch complied, he scrambled in the nightstand for something to use. He wanted to make this beautiful and painless for his new lover. He found the aloe lotion he had brought with him for his weekend with 'Helen'. "Just relax, babe, I'm going to get you ready."

Starsky worked the warmed lotion slowly into Hutch's back. The long strokes were not having much effect on the tight muscles.

"Starsk, what are you doing? I thought we were going to do it?"

"We are doing it. It's all part of making you feel good and loved, babe. Now just leave it all to me and concentrate on feeling."

Starsky slid down in bed, separated Hutch's thighs then eased his tongue slowly up the crevice eliciting a moan of pure pleasure. He coated his finger with the lotion and gently stroked the hidden opening. After he slowly eased his finger inside he stopped a moment to let Hutch become accustomed to his presence. Resuming his gentle message, he reached underneath Hutch and started carefully stroking his cock. When he was sure that Hutch was completely relaxed he worked his finger all the way in and brushed against his prostate.

"Oh, my God, what was that?" Hutch gasped as he stiffened in surprise.

"Just one of the many little surprises I've got for you, babe," he said, then carefully added another finger and picked up his pace stroking Hutch's cock.

Hutch started pushing harder into Starsky's hand yet still cautiously backward onto the fingers inside him. When Starsky slowly added a third finger, Hutch moaned and relaxed further his unconscious motions speeding up.

"Oh, God. Oh, my God! Please, do... something," Hutch yelled, as Starsky nudged his prostate over and over.

"Tell me if it hurts or if you don't like it. Just one word and I stop."

"Will you hurry up before I kill you?"

Starsky laughed, "Well, since you asked so nicely."

He coated himself and entered Hutch's body a little way. Pausing for a few seconds, he slid in all the way in one long, smooth stroke. Hutch let out a moan that was both pleasure and pain while Starsky stilled to savor the feeling of being with Hutch. The body beneath him wriggled and thrust against Starsky to get him moving.

Starsky started thrusting deeply and cautiously. Hutch gasped and raised up to hold onto the headboard of the bed.

"Come on, Starsk, more...more."

"You may not be so thrilled with that idea tomorrow."

His next thrust sent shock waves through other man's entire body as the impact hit against his prostate. Another and another followed until Hutch was gasping with each one, sweat pouring off him, his hands clutching the headboard for support.

Starsky changed his angle and drove deeper, making his thrusts rapid and strong. He couldn't remember ever cutting loose like this during sex, not with Matt, not with anyone. But this wasn't just anyone. This was Hutch. He gave in to a series of shouts and moans as he thrust faster and harder.

Hutch moved with him matching him stroke for stroke encouraging him with a mantra of "Yes, Starsky, yes!" along with an occasional yelp as his prostate was brushed.

"God...Hutch...love you...love you so much," Starsky grunted.

"Starsky..." Hutch whispered as he spurted his seed over Starsky's hand. That was all it took for Starsky to join him, letting out his own moan of completion.

Starsky eased forward and settled himself on top of Hutch's back as he tried to get his heart rate and breathing back to normal.

"Hutch? Are you okay?"

"Starsk..."

"Did I hurt you? God, Hutch, I knew we shouldn't have tried this."

"It was beyond incredible. But, you're squashing me. I can't breath." Hutch responded. He turned over onto his back with a moan and pulled Starsky back on top of him.

"I should never have let go like that," Starsky whispered against Hutch's chest.

"I'm glad you did. I'm glad you trusted me that much. I loved it."

"You loved it?" Starsky asked as he straddled Hutch.

Hutch massaged his partner's buttocks as Starsky started rocking so that their cocks slid together in the remnants of their sex.

"Oh, yeah, babe, move for me just like that," Hutch gasped, as the friction brought his spent cock back to life.

After such an explosive orgasm, building to a second one took some time but neither complained as they patiently rocked together, enjoying each other, grunting with the pleasure. The pace stayed slow and intense until Hutch's second climax rolled through him, and Starsky followed

thrusting hard a last few times. He collapsed on top of Hutch a second time that morning as Hutch's arms came around him.

Exhausted, they surrendered to sleep.

~*~

When Starsky woke the second time it was almost noon and he was alone.

"Hutch," he called getting out of bed.

"I'm in here babe starting breakfast. Grab a quick shower it'll be ready in a few minutes."

Starsky showered and shaved. When he emerged from the bathroom he smelled bacon and coffee. Walking up behind Hutch, he watched him working at the stove humming softly to himself. He was wearing an old pair of cut-offs and a PD t-shirt and Starsky thought he had never seen him look more beautiful.

When Hutch turned and saw him standing there he smiled and opened his arms. "Good morning, again."

"Good morning. Have I told you lately how much I love you?"

"Repeatedly, last night and this morning," Hutch answered as he nuzzled Starsky's neck while rubbing against his cock.

"All you'll get with that is false promises."

"Sit down and eat," Hutch replied patting him on the butt, "your breakfast is getting cold,"

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Later they packed some beer in a cooler and took the boat out onto the lake. They floated and lazed until they could watch the sunset over the water.

Fireflies danced about as they ate grilled steaks on the deck. When they finished, they moved to the swing with their arms around each other listening to the soft music coming from the radio in the kitchen.

When the Bee Gee's "How Deep is Your Love" began to play Hutch got up and extended his hand to Starsky.

"May I have this dance?" he asked holding out his hand.

Starsky got up and moved into his arms.

As they began to sway to the music Hutch started singing along.

"How deep is your love, how deep is your love
I really mean to learn
'Cause we're living in a world of fools
Breaking us down when they all should let us be
We belong to you and me."

As the music ended Hutch leaned down and kissed Starsky passionately. "Let's take a nice long soak and get to bed," he whispered against Starsky's lips.

"I'll get the dishes and put them in the sink while you gather up the rest of these things and lock up."

Meeting in the bathroom, they slowly undressed each other, kissing and caressing. While the large tub filled Starsky poured in some scented bath oil that he had found.

The two men settled into the warm water, shifting around until they faced each other with Starsky straddling Hutch's lap. As their mouths locked together, their wet hands slid over each other fully exploring and reveling in the fact they could finally express their love and desire for each other.

Breaking apart they began to bathe each other slowly.

"You are so beautiful, so perfect," Hutch breathed.

"I'm far from perfect babe and I know I'm not beautiful. But you take my breath away, my beautiful, golden angel." With that Starsky leaned in and kissed him passionately as he rubbed his erection against Hutch's.

Hutch's arms came around him as he matched his rhythm.

Starsky reached under the water and gently massaged Hutch's balls His lover cried out then, arching up into his hand moaning with pleasure.

"Oh, God, Starsky, will you just do something... anything?" Hutch gasped moving his hips to the rhythm of Starsky's caresses. A slick hand closed over his cock, pumping it while the other hand continued stroking the velvety sacs. Hutch suddenly stiffened and with a shout of Starsky's name, he came, spilling his seed into the water.

"Don't go under, dummy, you'll drown," Starsky laughed as he caught a sliding Hutch. He pulled him into his arms and gave him a blistering kiss as his own erection pressed against Hutch's thigh. Hutch slid his hand down beneath the water and found the straining length, stroking and pumping it while his lips and tongue found Starsky's neck and chest, finally fastening on a nipple.

"Oh, man...," Starsky groaned, moving in time with Hutch's strokes, his own hands sliding up and down Hutch's back. As Hutch's mouth made its way through the curly hair to close over Starsky's other nipple, Starsky let out a cry of pleasure as his own climax peaked.

"God," was Starsky's only comment.

"Was that an exclamation, a plea of mercy or a benediction?" Hutch asked smiling and pulling Starsky against him.

"All of the above," he replied. "God, Hutch, I love you."

"I love you, too, babe. If this is what the honeymoon is like, I can't wait for the rest of the marriage."

"Is that a proposal?" Starsky asked looking at him.

"What if I said yes?"

"What if I said yes?" Starsky replied and captured Hutch's mouth again.

~*~

Saturday evening Hutch closed his eyes and let the cool breeze dance over his body. The day had been perfect. Now the sun was setting, painting the sky with a myriad of pinks, blues, golds and oranges.

They had gotten up and taken the boat back out onto the water to fish. They had made a deal; whoever caught the most fish the other had to clean them. Starsky caught three large bass and Hutch didn't even get a nibble. He teased Starsky as they rowed back to shore that he would do anything to get out of cleaning fish. After the fish had been cleaned and put in the refrigerator to await dinner, they strolled hand in hand along the shore. Talking about their future together, Hutch said that he would like to get a larger apartment or a small house.

"Aren't you afraid of what people will think if we live together?" Starsky asked as he lay in Hutch's arms on the shore after they had made love.

"Starsk, my whole life has been spent doing what other people think I should do, worrying over what other people will think. I've decided I don't care what they think. I love you. I'm not ashamed of loving you. Our friends, like Huggy will be happy for us. The rest don't matter. Sure I'm not talking about giving you a big kiss right in the middle of the squad room, because if I did Dobby would have a heart attack! But, I do love you and if we choose to live together then that's no one's business but ours. What about you, any regrets?"

"None, besides I would give you a big kiss right in the squad room just to see Dobby's reaction."

Hutch laughed and pulled him close.

"Hutch, do you have any idea who our Secret Admirer is?"

"Absolutely none. But if I ever find out I *will* give them a big kiss right in the squad room in front of everybody."

~*~

Late Sunday evening they drove back to Bay City. They had turned in the rental car locally so they could drive back together. Starsky was driving and Hutch was asleep beside him with his head on Starsky's shoulder and Starsky's arm around him.

Starsky didn't know what guardian angel had brought them together, but he thanked God they had. "It was a long road to get here, Babe, but we're together now, and nothing is going to separate us," Starsky vowed.

He sighed contentedly and squeezed Hutch's shoulder.

~*~

Monday morning found them back in the squad room at their desks joking and teasing each other as usual. But there was something different about them, Captain Dobey noticed as he watched them from his office door.

"Starsky, Hutch, come into my office," he called.

"You wanted to see us, Captain?" Hutch asked as they came through the door.

"Yes, I have a new case for you, a string of burglaries. Here are the files. I want you two on it right away."

"Right away, Cap," Starsky said as they turned to leave.

"You know, gentlemen," the captain said as they turned to leave. There's something different about you two. That must have been some weekend. The two of you are going to have to go up to Bear Paw Lake more often. Okay, you two get busy you've got work to do."

As they left the Captain's office they turned to look at each other.

"You don't suppose..." Starsky began.

"No, no way," Hutch replied.

"But how did he know about the Lake?"

"I'm telling you, Starsk, there's no way!"

~*~

Captain Dobey picked up the phone.

"Edith, it's Harold."

"So, tell me what happened, you went to a lot of trouble to get those two together, please tell me it worked," she asked excitedly.

"Well let's just put it this way, you can call me Cupid from now on. And, as for it being a lot of trouble, there isn't anything I wouldn't do for my boys."

The End?