

He walked through the lobby with me and pressed the button for the elevator. At the door to my apartment, I fumbled with the key for a moment, suddenly feeling a bit nervous.

I was considering inviting him in for coffee, but yet I didn't want to sound like I was asking for more than that. I wanted to do this right with Kyzer. I decided I would extend the invitation. It would be coffee only.

As I turned to extend the invitation, the door to the apartment was suddenly jerked open. We both turned to see who had opened it, and found ourselves staring into the very piercing, extremely angry, green eyes of Taz.

"Where the fuck have you been, Lindsey?"

Taz was fuming, expecting an answer. I was still in shock as to why he was even here. It was taking me a moment to process the fact that he was in my apartment.

"I asked you a question."

Now that I'd digested the fact that Taz was here, I was trying to figure out why the hell he was in my face. Pissed was finally making an appearance in me.

"Excuse me?" I asked, taking a step forward. "Apparently I didn't get the memo that stated I needed permission to leave *my* apartment."

Taz shot me a dark look. He then looked past me at Kyzer, who I'm sure was as horrified as I was at the rudeness of my new guest.

Taz didn't spare me a glance, keeping his eyes on my date. "Lindsey, say goodnight to Kyler there and get inside."

I was humiliated at the way Taz was treating me.

"It's *Kyzer*," I hissed, turning away from his angry face to look at Kyzer. Taz was making no move to give the two of us any privacy. If that's the way he wanted to play it, so be it.

"Kyzer, I had a wonderful time this evening. Thanks so much for listening." I smiled shyly at him, playing it up. "You're kind of awesome at it."

He grinned back at me. "I'll see you in class tomorrow. I had a great time as well."

He leaned in to give me a quick kiss. I took the opportunity of wrapping my arms around his neck to make that kiss last a bit longer, since I had a very rude audience of one watching.

We pulled apart, hearing Taz tapping his fingers impatiently against the door where his arm was wrapped around it.

I literally was *this* close to giving him an encore performance.

"Nite," I said, as I turned to brush past Taz into my apartment.

Once Taz had closed the door behind us, I whirled around to face him, not even trying to hide my anger.

“What. The. Hell?” I demanded, putting my hands on my hips and glaring.

“Look, babe,” he halfway snarled, “it doesn’t please me one damn bit that I was delegated the assignment of driving down here to babysit you until Slate gets back. But, since he’s my superior, I don’t really gotta choice in the matter.”

“What?” I asked, totally confused that Slate felt I needed a watchdog because of those freaking roses.

I looked around and noticed the box containing the roses was gone.

Taz followed my gaze.

“One of our agents accompanied me and the roses are on their way to the lab in Quantico for analysis.”

“This is freakin’ ridiculous,” I said. “They were *roses*, yeah, they were creepy, but come on, really? How bored does the FBI have to be to take something like this so extremely?”

“My sentiments exactly, Lindsey, but I don’t give the orders; I just follow them. You’re stuck with me for a few days; get over it.” He walked over to the—my—couch, and made a show of sitting down and relaxing on it.

I realized that Darcy was not around. I wondered if she knew about all of this. She probably did since someone would have let Taz in the apartment.

Taz read my mind, once again. “Your roommate’s out. I think I made her nervous with all of my ranting and raving,” he replied.

I saw a hint of a smile cross his face, the first indication that his anger with me was subsiding.

“How very caveman-like of you,” I said, taking my jacket off.

He was still watching me. “Didn’t Slate tell you someone from the bureau would be coming up here?”

“Yeah,” I replied, starting towards the kitchen.

“Then why’d you leave?”

I stopped in my tracks and turned to look at him.

“Because I had a date,” I deadpanned, “because I knew that Darcy would be here, and oh, I don’t know—maybe because Slate never specifically told me that I wasn’t allowed out.”

I could feel my eyes bugging out at him, which was my sign that he needed to back off. He stifled a grin, shaking his head.

“So, what’s the game plan?” I asked, trying to use my best haughty tone.

He tilted his head as he considered the question. “Until Slate gets back, you’re stuck with me. I take you to and from school and crash here.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.”

“Yeah, it’s a dirty job, I know. I guess that’s why I make the big bucks.” He gave me one of his sexy grins.

“Well, *don’t* think for a second that we’re *sleeping* together. I’m through with my training. In case you didn’t notice, I’m attempting to spread my wings here.”

“Don’t you mean your *legs*?” he halfway snapped.

*Where did that come from?*

I ignored the barb and continued my interrupted journey to the kitchen.

“Do you want a beer?” I called out to him as I opened the door to the fridge.

“Yes, please, Ms. Dennison.”

I snorted.

*Don't be getting any ideas about playing 'teacher-student' again.*

I grabbed a beer from the fridge and a wine cooler for me and rejoined him in the living room. He was sprawled out on the couch, reaching for the remote.

*Looks like ESPN for the next couple of days.*

I handed him his beer, taking a seat at the end of the sofa while he settled on a basketball game, turning the volume on low.

“Do you have your schedule handy, Lindsey? We need to go over it. I’ve already pulled up a map of the campus. I want to familiarize myself with the various buildings where you have classes. I’ll plot out the time and location on the map, so that I can conduct some surveillance while you’re in class.”

“Yeah, sure. I’ll go get it.”

Taz and I spent the next hour (during commercials) with my schedule.

He had a computerized map on his government-issued laptop that he used to mark locations and times of my classes for each day of the school week.

He then pulled up info on all of my professors. He made a quick call to someone who was able to electronically send him a roster of all of the other students in my classes.

“Oh, I see here that *Kazwell* is in two of your classes this semester. It looks like he’s in your English Composition III class and Physics II.”

I narrowed my eyes at him. “His name is *Kyzer*, and I think you know that by now.”

He smirked and continued entering data into his laptop. My phone rang and I grabbed my purse to retrieve it. Looking at the caller ID, I saw who it was. Speak of the devil...

"I'm going to take this in my room," I said, heading down the hall.

"Hey, Kyzer," I answered.

"Hey, I just wanted to check and make sure that everything was alright."

"Thanks and listen, I'm sorry about the way Taz behaved. It seems my stepfather is a worrywart and sent Taz here to look after me."

"Is this because of those roses you received?"

"Partly. The roses are being tested at some government lab."

There was a slight pause. "Tested? For what?"

"I don't know," I shrugged. "I personally think it's an over-reaction. I'm sure they think my father is involved in some way."

"Are you sure you don't want me to pick you up for school tomorrow?"

"Actually, that's covered now. It seems that's one of Taz's responsibilities while he's here. But hey, I'll see you at school. Do you want to have lunch tomorrow?"

"That sounds great," he replied. "Try not to worry. I'm sure all of this will blow over and turn out to be nothing."

"I'm sure you're right. I'll see ya tomorrow, and have a good night." I hit END CALL with a smile forming on my face.

I went in and took a shower while the sound of the television blasting the basketball game droned on. I was dressed in my pajamas when Darcy finally came home. I passed her in the hallway and caught her raised eyebrows and shit-eating grin as we passed.

"Have a nice night, Linds," she said, giving me a wink.

I threw her a dirty look as I opened the hall closet and got a pillow and blanket out.

"Here you go," I said, handing/chucking them to Taz, who now had his legs propped up on the coffee table.

"Turning in?" he asked, looking up from his laptop at me with those incredibly green eyes.

"Yep," I replied. "I'll see you in the morning."

"Goodnight, Lindsey."

"Goodnight, Taz."