

## Speaking 'Harm'

By CAZ

Mac turned toward the elevator as Alicia Montes closed Harm's door. Again she had come to Harm for help and was turned away by a woman. As she started to enter the elevator she made up her mind not to ever come to him again. It just hurt too bad to always be second.

She felt his hand close around her arm just before he pulled her out of the elevator. "Where're you going?"

"Home." She looked at him trying to hide the hurt.

Harm moved his hand down her arm and took a hold of her hand. "No, you need to come in and help me." He pulled her through the door and shut it. "We're working on the case and I need you to keep me from going off in the wrong direction. "

'What's he talking about?' She tried to pull her hand away from his but Harm just held hers tighter. 'What's he doing?'

He finally let go of her hand and, while he served dinner, he brought her up to speed on the case. Alicia eventually joined in the conversation, realizing this was only going to be a working evening and not what she'd thought it might turn into.

As the evening progressed, Harm kept asking Mac 'What do you think?' and 'I need your opinion.' The whole time smiling at her like she understood his secret language.

It was fairly late when they finished and Alicia said her goodnights and left.

Mac started to gather her things to leave when Harm again grabbed her arm. "Where're you going?"

They just had this conversation a few hours ago. "Home." Mac was starting to get frustrated with this code he was talking in.

"No." Again he slid his hand down her arm and took hold of her hand.

"Harm, what's going on?" Mac now looked at him with more confusion than earlier. "Your words are English but I'm having trouble translating."

Harm reached for her and wrapped his arms around her. "Then let me make it clearer."

'Clearer?' What was clear?

Before she could verbalize a response, his mouth descended to hers and his lips took hers in a kiss that blew her away. Mac's arms wound around his neck of their own volition and she responded kiss for kiss while her hands moved across her shoulders.

When they broke for air, Harm moved his mouth to her neck. He had been dreaming of nibbling it for years. He moved his lips to her ear and whispered to her. "Say you love me too." He then continued on his trek down her neck to her shoulder.

He was almost back to her lips when Mac's hands stopped and she stiffened. 'What did he say?' She leaned back and looked at his face. Harm smiled that same smile he had been using on her all evening.

Suddenly Mac realized, he was speaking 'Harm' and she needed to translate. It wasn't what he said and it wasn't what he didn't say. It was both. She had to fill in the part he didn't say, and then what he said would make sense.

She didn't have time to fill in the blanks. Harm's mouth came to hers with such passion; she abandoned all thoughts of translating and matched his passion with hers.

His hands moved up the inside of her shirt. He felt her shiver as he ran his fingers up her spine. She was his now, whether she knew it or not. Harm started moving Mac to where he had told her all evening he wanted her; his bed.

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Mac woke slowly and realized where she was. Harm was spooned up against her back and his arm wrapped around her middle holding her close. She was thinking about last night and what he had and hadn't said.

All the talk about needing her help and her keeping him on track. That was him telling her he needed her to be in his life. When he kept asking what she thought, he was asking her if she needed him too. And when he asked her to say she loved him too, he was telling her he loved her.

Mac rolled over, scooted up and put her head on Harm's shoulder. She felt him move to adjust to her new position. She wrapped an arm around his neck and pressed her lips to his ear. "I love you too, Harm," she whispered.

Harm tightened his hold on her and put his lips next to her ear. "Sarah, I love you." She could feel his smile as she settled close to him, placing one of her legs between his and closed her eyes. 'I can translate when he's speaking Harm', she decided and slowly fell back to sleep tucked comfortably in his arms. Exactly where she wanted to be.

The End