



Graphic by [Steph](#)

Rating: PG

Classification: vignette, humor, romance (H/M)

Spoilers: "Yeah, Baby"

Summary: Mac is in labor, and Harm is nowhere to be found. Guess which situation is Webb's fault.

Disclaimer: If I owned any part of the rights to these folks, you'd know it. For example, the Air Force would start showing up a lot more often.

Author's Notes: Yes, the basic story here has been done to death. But I haven't taken my turn yet, so deal with it. This doesn't fit into or around any of my other stories - you just have to assume that we're a ways into the future, and our favorite couple has actually made themselves a couple, and then you're good to go.

Shar, this one's for you - I know your delivery will go far more smoothly than this one. Congratulations, hon.

1142 EST
JAG Headquarters
Falls Church, Virginia

Harriet Sims stuck her head into her friend's office with a bright smile. "I'm going to run out to Messino's and grab lunch. Do you want anything?"

Mac fixed her with a somewhat pathetic expression. "I want a lot of things, Harriet, but most of them can't be solved by a pizza from Messino's."

The lieutenant winced sympathetically. "Anything I can help with?"

"Well, let's see." Mac shifted slightly in her chair, attempting to accommodate her rounded belly. "I want to be able to move without causing a major disturbance. I want shoes that fit again. I want to be able to take a deep breath, eat a meal larger than six bites, and go at least an hour between bathroom breaks. In short, Harriet my dear, I want this baby to hurry up and get here already."

"I remember those days well." Harriet sighed. "How long until your due date?"

"Three weeks," Mac moaned, leaning all the way back in her chair. "I don't know if I can make it. How much bigger can I get?"

"Oh, but you look beautiful. Doesn't your husband tell you that enough?"

"Sure he does. When he's around, he says it every chance he gets. Unfortunately, he's off returning some favor for Clayton Webb this week, so I'm waddling around on my own for a while."

Harriet glanced over at the darkened office that belonged to Commander Harmon Rabb and frowned. "I'm surprised he was willing to go anywhere with you this far along."

"He wasn't crazy about the idea, but I told him it'd be all right. They're only down at the Navy Yard, anyway - staking out some supposed weapons deal. There's some weird jurisdiction issue, I guess, so Webb said they were basically just going to take some pictures and decide on a next move."

"And you trust Webb?"

"No, but I trust Harm. In any case, I trust Harm to understand that I will kick his ass if he does something stupid, pregnancy or no." She flashed a sly grin. "Besides, he's got a cell phone, and he's been using it to call twice a day. When that man decides to focus on something, God help anyone who gets in his way."

"Well, can you blame him for being excited?"

"No, but I can sure as hell blame him for putting me in this position."

Harriet laughed. "Hang in there, ma'am. In a little while, you'll have a wonderful new baby, and you'll want to do it all over again."

"Bite your tongue, Lieutenant."

"Sure I can't get you anything while I'm out?"

"Well ... maybe a chocolate milkshake."

"You got it." Harriet stepped out to retrieve her purse from her desk, and Mac gazed at the window with a faraway expression. Until she'd married Harm, and subsequently gotten accustomed to being with him every morning and night, she'd never realized just how much it was possible to miss someone. She hated going places without him now, and hated it even more when he had to go away without her. Granted, he was only a few miles away at the

moment, but he'd been too busy to come home last night, and the bed had seemed awfully cold and empty ... even though she was convinced that she took up most of it in her current state.

Abruptly, a twinge of discomfort brought her back, and she inhaled sharply, putting her hand to her stomach. In seconds, Harriet had hurried back in. "Ma'am? You all right?"

After a moment, Mac relaxed a little and forced a smile. "Yeah. Just a little wake-up call from the baby."

The blonde woman narrowed her eyes. "Promise me that you won't go all semper-fi and try to tough it out if you start feeling contractions."

"I'm fine, Harriet. Go get your lunch." Mac waited until her friend was out of sight, then let out a deep breath and rubbed the bulge under her Marine green smock. *I wasn't serious about wanting you to hurry up and get here*, she silently told the tiny life that grew under her hand. *If you decide to show up now, you'll really throw a wrench in your daddy's day.*

At approximately the same time, in an alley across town, two men were slouched down inside a nondescript midsize car. Clayton Webb rarely left home in something other than one of his favored three-piece suits, but that kind of attire got you noticed around here, and he didn't want to be noticed today. Therefore, he'd settled on a dark rugby and a pair of khakis, and he'd instructed his companion to do likewise.

He glanced over and realized that said companion was currently asleep, his head lolling against the passenger-side window in an awkward manner. Webb rolled his eyes and delivered a solid smack to Harm's shoulder. "Wake up, hotshot."

Harm came awake instantly and glared at the agent. "I *am* awake."

"Now you are, sure. You're not going soft on me, are you?"

"Webb, have you ever shared a bed with a pregnant Marine?" He wasn't expecting a response. "Then get off my back, would you?"

Webb scanned the street outside with a practiced ease. "I would have expected Mac to handle things just fine. Better than you, in fact."

"Who says she's not?" Harm followed his gaze and tensed slightly. "Is that - ?"

"Looks like it." Three men were now milling around the service door to a little-used warehouse across the street. "Showtime. Let's see what we can see."

Harriet was one of the last to leave JAG Ops that night. She was circling the bullpen, turning off printers and lamps and such, when she heard a muffled gasp from inside the colonel's office. Already suspicious, she rushed in, and was struck by a mixture of excitement and exasperation. "Ma'am, you *promised*."

"I know." Mac was trying to regulate her breathing, one hand pressed to either side of her belly. "I've been trying to call Harm for the past two hours, but he hasn't answered."

"How far apart are the contractions?"

"About ten minutes."

"Okay, then we're probably okay on time, but I don't think we ought to wait here for the commander to call back. Can you stand up?" Harriet helped her out of the chair. "Oh, look at you! The baby's already dropped a couple of inches. Come on. We're going to Bethesda right the hell now."

Mac wasn't a passive person by nature, but the situation had slightly overwhelmed her. "Okay ... oh!" She sank to her knees, a rush of warm liquid spreading between her legs. "H-Harriet?"

"It's okay," Harriet told her calmly, spotting Admiral Chegwidden on the way out of his office. "Sir! Colonel Mackenzie's having the baby!"

"Not here, she's not." The admiral was in the room in four strides, finding his chief of staff curled up on the floor. He smiled a little as he recognized the anxiety in her eyes. "You ready to do this, Colonel?"

"I thought I was ..." She looked up at him helplessly as he knelt down to help her up. "Careful, sir - my water just broke."

"It's all right. I've got you." He lifted her to her feet and motioned for Harriet to collect her things. "I assume you've informed your husband of this development?"

"I can't reach him, sir. He's with Webb, so I don't know what's going on."

"Bet that'll be the last time he does something for Webb. Okay, then it's the three of us for the time being. I'll drive. Harriet, you keep trying to reach Commander Rabb."

Mac tried to protest, but she knew that doing this alone was not a viable option. She nodded tightly and grasped her CO's arm, trying to prepare herself for the road ahead.

Harm ducked down behind a shipping crate as a bullet shattered the evening silence just above him. " 'Just this one stakeout,' you said," he commented.

"Shut up," Webb replied tersely.

" 'You'll be done by Thursday,' you said."

"You've made your point, all right?"

Harm ejected the spent clip from his sidearm and motioned for Webb to toss him a new one. When it came his way, he caught it with one hand and slammed it into place. The original plan had been to simply monitor the activities of one Robert Ruiz, a confirmed arms dealer with possible Mideast ties. When it became clear that there was in fact a deal being completed that very night, plans had changed. Unfortunately, their efforts to document the event had been

derailed by a jumpy young man standing guard. His itchy trigger finger had alerted everyone else, and now it was one CIA operative and one naval officer against six rather angry weapons smugglers.

"ATF says they'll have a rapid-response team here in under ten," Webb reported, grimly weighing their options. They weren't surrounded, but neither were they particularly mobile.

"Nice of them." Harm sounded even less optimistic, if that was possible. "You know what Mac's going to do when she finds out about all this, don't you?"

"Let me think - she's going to kick your ass?"

He gave a short, rueful laugh. "That goes without saying. No, she'll knock me around for a while, but then she'll be coming after you, my friend."

"I think I like my chances better with Ruiz's goons." Webb jerked his head toward the loading dock, where the majority of the fire was originating. "We can't stay here indefinitely. We'll run out of ammo before the ATF team shows up."

"If you've got an alternative, now's the time."

"I vote for that direction." He indicated a narrow pathway between the rows of container cars. "We'll only be exposed for a second or two. One goes while the other covers from the side, then the other returns the favor."

Harm nodded curtly. "All right. You go first." Webb gave him a long, hard look, knowing that the second man would bear the brunt of the attention drawn by the motion of the first. "What? My legs are longer. And I run a hell of a lot more than you do."

"Whatever. On three. One, two - "

As Harm ducked around the corner and fired a few quick shots, Webb hurtled across the open area, landing behind a huge crane. He scrambled to the far side and aimed his own weapon at the dock while Harm made a run for it.

But the first dash had been a little too conspicuous. A shot zinged through the alley, and when Harm collapsed besides the crane, he did so with a grunt of pain.

"You hit?" Webb crouched next to him and noticed the ragged hole in the upper thigh of his pants. "Damn it. That better not have nicked an artery."

"Not bleeding enough for that." White-faced, Harm squeezed his eyes shut against the searing pain. "But it still hurts like a motherf -- "

"Don't be teaching that kind of language to the kid."

"Clay, you are really not helping." With trembling hands, he took off the leather holster around his waist and attempted to cinch it around his leg above the wound. Webb continued to return fire, hoping to prevent the criminals from closing the distance.

"Hang tight. The team'll be here any minute."

"That's comforting."

Fortunately, the prediction was accurate, and SWAT-like trucks soon circled the warehouse. Black-clad agents with 'ATF' emblazoned on their backs poured out and canvassed the area, quickly and efficiently subduing the outnumbered criminals. Harm sagged against the crane, and the pair shared a look of relief.

"That almost got ugly," Webb couldn't resist remarking.

"Almost? This freaking hurts!"

Webb stood up and helped his friend to his feet, assisting him into the crane operator's seat and elevating his leg before hurrying off to confer with the ATF team leader.

When he returned a few minutes later, he barely noticed the cell phone in Harm's hand, and completely missed the shocked look on the other man's face. "Okay, the medic'll be here in a sec to take you over to GW."

"No. You're going to drive me to Bethesda. Now."

"GW's closer." At that point, Webb realized that Harm had somehow managed to go even paler than before, and he instantly understood. "Mac's not - is she?"

He nodded dumbly.

Webb cursed under his breath. "Figures. Come on. Let's go."

"Harriet, you don't have to stay here," Mac moaned, sinking back against the bed as the latest contraction subsided. "Don't you have to pick up the kids?"

"They get dropped off on Tuesdays," Harriet reassured her. "Bud's got them. I just talked to him a few minutes ago. Don't you worry about a thing except having this baby, all right?"

"Something must have gone wrong," she fretted, not hearing the platitudes. "Harm would've called - he's never out of touch like this."

"Don't jump to conclusions, Mac," A.J. rebuked gently. "I'm sure he's fine and doing his best to get here."

"Sir, with all due respect, I don't believe you - ohh!" She gasped as another contraction hit, and her two companions each took one of her hands to help her through it.

Commander Haslett, the obstetrician, breezed into the room then, her purple scrubs a cheerful contrast to the other uniforms present. "Ready to meet your son or daughter, Sarah?" she asked brightly.

"No, damn it!" Mac managed to say between hissing breaths. "I - need - my - husband!"

The doctor looked perplexed, but A.J. waved her off. "We're working on it."

"Um, okay. Well, I'm going to check you out and see how much longer we've got, all right?"

Haslett ducked under the sheet for a cursory examination. "Sarah, you're almost fully dilated, at zero station. I expect we'll be ready to get you pushing in about an hour or so."

"Fine," Mac mumbled, already exhausted from the effort. The cell phone on the table rang, and her eyes flew open. Harriet hastily picked it up and handed it over. "Hello?"

"Sweetheart, I am so sorry ..."

"Harm!" she nearly screamed. "Get your delinquent six over here right now!"

"I'm on my way. Webb's got a fast car. We'll be there in a few minutes, all right?"

"No, it is definitely not all right! Your child has apparently inherited your terrible sense of timing, and the admiral and Harriet are here doing your job for you. Harm, where have you *been?*"

"I know, and I'm sorry. I never should have gone. The whole thing went to hell a little while ago, and - that doesn't matter now. It's over, and I'm coming."

His voice sounded strange to her. "Are you okay?"

The strangled laugh she got in response was less than reassuring. "In your current condition, you're asking *me* that?"

Any reply she might have given was cut off by another contraction, and tears sprang to her eyes. "I need you," she whimpered.

"Ten minutes, honey. I swear to God, I'll be there in ten minutes. I love you, Sarah, do you hear me?"

"I love you, too." She dropped the phone back onto the table and tried to relax. "He's coming," she said softly, more to convince herself than to inform the others. Now she just had to hope that her husband would arrive before their baby did.

Harm shut off the phone and leaned back against the headrest, attempting to gather what was left of his strength. "The admiral and Harriet are with her," he said in the most normal voice he could summon. "Got any aspirin?"

Webb pinned him with a sharp glare. "Aspirin's a blood thinner, numbskull. You're bleeding."

"Okay, Advil, then? Anything?"

"Why don't you just cool your jets until we get to the ER?"

"Because I'm not going to the ER until after I go to Maternity, and I'd rather my wife not see me looking like a battlefield casualty, all right?"

Webb glanced over. Harm had hiked up his pant leg as far as it would go and was binding his leg with bandages appropriated from the response team's medic. "You're seriously going to try and walk right through Bethesda without getting treatment?"

"Webb, what part of 'I want to see my child born' doesn't make sense to you? I don't know how much time I've got here, and I'm sure as hell not going to waste any of it."

"You're the boss. But just for the record, if you pass out in there, I'm not responsible. Also for the record, I have no desire to see that much of your leg ever again."

"Would you just drive?"

They swung into a two-hour parking spot near the emergency entrance, accepting the fact that they would likely get a ticket, and flew through the double doors. Harm walked a step behind Webb, glad he'd worn black pants that mostly hid the bloodstains. But he couldn't entirely mask the painful limp, which caught the attention of a young doctor just before they could reach the elevators.

"Sir, do you need some assistance?"

"No, thank you," both men replied politely, but not in time to prevent her from seeing the telltale hole in the fabric.

Her eyes went wide. "Sir, have you been treated for that wound?"

"On the scene," Harm lied smoothly. "If you'll excuse us, Lieutenant, we're needed upstairs."

"But sir, I don't know if I can allow - "

"Listen very carefully, Lieutenant," Harm told her, his voice growing dangerous. "Here's what you need to know about me. I'm a commander, which means that you don't have the option of ordering me anywhere. I'm also a lawyer, which means that I'm very much aware of my right to refuse treatment. Last but certainly not least, I have a wife who's upstairs giving birth, and she outranks you too - so unless you're planning on calling security, I'm getting on this elevator."

The doctor blinked a few times, then answered carefully, "In that case, Commander, I suggest that both of you make use of that washroom over there. Otherwise the OB may not let you in."

She turned on her heel and left with a rapid stride. The two men shrugged at each other, heading for the washroom.

"She's right. You're a mess."

"Webb, one more smart comment out of you and I swear to God I'll tell Mac you shot me yourself."

Mac was beginning to think that repeating the Crucible might be preferable to this torture test. Her dark hair was matted to her forehead in thick, sweat-soaked locks, and her body felt as though it had been dragged behind a Hum-vee for a mile or two.

"You're doing great," Haslett said encouragingly. "We're going to be ready to push on the next one."

"Sarah?"

Hearing his voice sent relief flooding through her, and she looked up to see the love of her life coming through the doorway. "Harm!"

He hurried to her side and kissed her soundly. "Thank God," he breathed into her ear. "I was terrified I was going to be too late."

"You almost were - " She broke off with a strangled scream as another contraction slammed into her.

"Go time, Sarah!" Haslett commanded. "Push hard - one, two, three ..."

Harm grasped his wife's hands, not caring that she was coming close to breaking his fingers. It took his mind off the other things that hurt, after all. Harriet had noticed the way he all but dragged his leg, though, and said tentatively, "Sir, are you all right?"

"Fine, Harriet, thanks." He locked gazes with her, and the message was clear: *We both know better, but drop it.*

The admiral wasn't as easily dissuaded. He curled his fingers around Webb's collar and physically moved him to the door. "Want to tell me why the commander was unavailable to answer his phone for six hours today?" he inquired, quietly yet none too kindly.

"We got spotted, and the paranoid bastards started shooting. It wasn't my fault."

"I think that's a point many would argue." A.J. folded his arms. "Tell me that one of my officers isn't standing over there with a bullet in his leg, Webb."

"Well, no. The bullet went right through."

He stared hard at the agent. "I am so close to throwing you through a window right now, you know that?"

"Can it wait until tomorrow? I don't want to screw up baby Rabb's birthday any more than we already have."

A.J.'s reply was cut off by another yell from Mac, and they both ducked back into the room.

"I can't - keep - doing this!" Mac said through gritted teeth, her eyes squeezed shut.

"You can do anything, honey," Harm reassured her, in a voice he hoped sounded encouraging.

"You shut up! I don't see you doing this!" Apparently not encouraging enough.

"One more good push, Sarah," Haslett told her. "One more and the head will be out, and it's all downhill from there, all right?"

"It had damn well better be!" She sucked in a deep breath and focused every nerve and muscle in her body. For a while, she saw and heard nothing - until a few minutes later, when a young wail broke through her concentration, and she felt the most overwhelming relief of her entire life.

"Great job, Mom!" Haslett beamed, handing the infant off to a waiting nurse. "He's perfect in every way."

"He?" Mac repeated, collapsing back against the pillows.

"That's right. A gorgeous little boy."

Harm just stared as their son was cleaned up and placed in his wife's outstretched arms. With no idea how to handle the deluge of emotions that crashed over him at that moment, he stumbled slightly and sat down hard in the chair next to the bed.

"Hi, sweetheart," Mac whispered, tracing the baby's pink face with a trembling finger. "God, he's so tiny ... Harm, say something."

"I can't," he stammered, blinking bright tears out of his eyes. "My brain just shorted out."

Webb opened his mouth to comment, but A.J. swiftly elbowed him in the ribs.

"I don't believe it," Harm managed to say, leaning in to embrace Mac and gazing down at the baby boy in awe. "Incredible ..."

"He's beautiful," Harriet gushed, eyes shining. "Does he have a name yet? Do we have another Harmon here?"

"No!" both parents declared simultaneously, prompting an amused snicker from everyone present. "Dylan Gabriel," Mac elaborated, passing him to her husband, who looked both elated and shell-shocked.

"Wasn't sure I'd ever see the day," A.J. murmured to no one, fascinated by the sight. From the day he'd first met Harmon Rabb, he'd been aware of the numerous shields the younger man had built around his soul. A number of them had been methodically stripped away, courtesy of a willful Marine, but it was now clear that the last one had fallen in the instant he first held his son.

After allowing the family a few minutes together, Webb cleared his throat. "It kills me to break this up, but if you'll recall, Harm, we've got something we need to take care of pretty soon."

Harm didn't need the pointed glance to know what he was referring to. "Yeah, I know." Looking crestfallen, he passed Dylan back to Mac and kissed her forehead. "This won't take long. I promise."

"That's exactly what you said last time," she grumbled, but reached up to kiss him properly.

"I love you," he told her softly. "Both of you."

"We love you, too."

Harm kept his gait as even as possible as he followed the other two men to the door. Once he reached the hallway, though, the leg refused to support his weight any longer, and both A.J. and Webb had to grab an arm to keep him from falling.

"Nothing is ever boring with you two around," the admiral grouched, shaking his head in exasperation. "Webb, make yourself useful and score us that wheelchair over there."

They were met in the emergency room by the same lieutenant from before, who now looked more amused than disapproving. "You going to sue me for malpractice, Commander, or just pull rank?"

Harm pulled himself onto the gurney without a word, offering an embarrassed gesture in response. When she began efficiently slicing his pant leg at the seam, though, he almost leaped up. "Hey! I might need those later!"

"Unless you're planning on leaving the hospital in the next few hours, which would most certainly be against medical advice, I doubt it." Before he could reply, she reached for a pair of scrubs and tossed them on his lap. "With the Navy's compliments."

Surrendering, Harm leaned back and closed his eyes while she probed and cleaned the wound. "Looks like you caught a break," she remarked. "No significant muscle damage, but after waiting this long, you're going to get every antibiotic in the book, okay?"

When he didn't respond, she glanced up. "Commander, you have got to be the only person I've ever treated who could smile with a hole in his leg."

"Perspective, Lieutenant - it's all about perspective." He looked down at her with a faraway expression. "You probably need to have kids to understand."

Despite herself, the doctor smiled. "Congratulations, sir."

She started to wrap his leg, and he turned toward his friends. "Clay, give me your phone. I left mine in the car."

"It's my company phone."

"Watch me not care. Hand it over." Webb did so, and Harm dialed a familiar number.

"Mom, it's me. Is Frank around? Get him on the other phone. Hi, Frank. News? You could say that ... Yeah, just a little while ago. A boy. Dylan Gabriel. I just thought his grandparents might like to know."

Mac awoke some time later, not entirely sure how long she'd been dozing. Harriet looked up from a magazine and smiled, still rather chipper for such a late hour. "How are you feeling?"

"Sore," she answered vaguely, looking around for the baby. "Where - ?"

"They've got him down in the nursery for a little while," Harriet assured her. "Just the usual stuff. They'll bring him back in a while, and then he's all yours for the next eighteen years."

"Mmm," was all Mac could muster. Soon, though, she frowned. "Harriet, what are you still doing here? It's ... it's 0136."

"Don't worry about it. I'll be fine. Unlike yours, I'm sure, my kids have been sleeping through the night for a while now. Besides, if I nod off at work tomorrow, I think the admiral will understand."

Mac nodded, shifting slightly. "Next question. When was the last time you saw the father of my child?"

Harriet hesitated. "Um ..."

A nurse breezed in just then, allowing the younger woman to think she'd just gotten a reprieve. "Morning, ma'am," she said brightly, scanning down a file chart on her clipboard. Abruptly she halted, and her brow furrowed as she rechecked the chart. "Oh, this isn't right. You're Sarah Mackenzie Rabb, correct?"

"Last I checked."

"Terrific. Somebody put this bloodwork on your chart, but it's for a different Rabb. A guy, no less. Somebody down there in the lab needs to wake up."

A glimmer of suspicion entered Mac's mind. "What's he in for?"

"GSW to the leg, apparently. That's definitely not you."

She closed her eyes and counted to ten, trying to keep herself from going into a full-blown freakout. "No," she sighed, "but there's a good chance that it's my husband."

Bewildered, the nurse hurried off to straighten out the chart confusion. Mac fixed a weary look on Harriet, who squirmed. "I honestly don't know what happened," the blonde woman claimed, raising her hands in surrender. "I just noticed him limping when he came in ..."

"I don't be-lieve this!" Mac covered her eyes, vainly hoping that it would all go away. "My husband managed to hide a gunshot wound from me?"

"You were kind of busy at the time!"

"Harriet."

The reply was timid. "Yes?"

"Find him."

The other woman disappeared into the hallway, and within five minutes, she was back with the information that Commander Harmon Rabb had been admitted for the night and was in room 310. Mac promptly swung her legs over the side of the bed and gingerly attempted to stand up.

"Ma'am, no - just call him, please?"

"I can't kill him over the phone, Harriet," Mac replied patiently, wincing at the movement.

"Well, um, let's think logically about this ... I know! We'll get you a wheelchair, stop by the nursery, and take Dylan with us to go see him."

"Make it fast, or I'm going by myself."

Harriet quickly procured a wheelchair and piloted her friend toward the nursery at the end of the hall. When they arrived, any anger Mac had harbored instantly dissipated.

Harm was sitting in a rocking chair in the corner, a crutch leaning against the wall. He was wearing borrowed scrubs and looked utterly exhausted - but the only thing in his world at that moment was the newborn baby cradled in his arms.

With a smile, Harriet pushed the wheelchair fully into the room and ducked out again. Mac inched herself closer to her husband and son. "You're a big jerk," she said softly.

Harm glanced up, looking guilty. "I didn't want to worry you any more than you already were."

"Just tell me that you're okay now."

"I am. I promise. And that's the absolute last time I ever do anything that stupid."

"I want that in writing." She reached out to stroke Dylan's petal-soft skin, and the baby looked up at her with wide blue eyes. "He's really here," she whispered, enthralled. "And he's really ours."

"I know. It's amazing, isn't it?" Harm passed Dylan over to her and drew her into his arms. "We did good, huh, Marine?"

"So far, Navy." She kissed him gently. "This little adventure is just getting started."

Outside the nursery, three people watched the tender scene from beyond the window. "All's well that ends well," Webb suggested amiably.

A.J. merely looked at him. "You're not off the hook yet, Webb."

"I'm telling you, I didn't know - "

Harriet shook her head. "All due respect to you both, but would you please shut up and enjoy this?"

Incredibly enough, they did.

*** THE END ***