

# Chapter One

Nathan Morris stretched in an effort to loosen his knotted back muscles. Hours of examining patients and filling out mountains of paperwork had taken their toll. His partner in the practice, Amy Vaughn, did more than her share, but after watching her work three fourteen hour days in a row, Nate finally insisted she take a couple of days off. He kidded her, saying her husband Mike was going to forget what she looked like. In reality, he envied her the security of home and family. *Which is what I thought I almost had with Rick.* He laughed at his own stupidity. The moment Rick's parents had threatened to withdraw their financial support, Rick had gone running home to Mommy and Daddy, and the relationship was over. *So much for eternal love and devotion.*

Nate shook himself out of the past and glanced at the clock. It was well after six and already dark. Autumn in Reed, Illinois, was going to take some getting used to. Having been raised in the South, Nate was still adjusting to the cooler temperatures and shorter days, but he found them to be welcome changes. Three years of residency in Atlanta Northern Hospital's Neonatal Intensive Care Unit had left Nate with a serious case of burnout. When the opportunity came along to open a practice in Reed, he didn't even have to stop and think about it. The fact that Amy, his best friend since the third grade, had decided to move to Illinois with him was just a bonus, as was Reed's reputation for being a "gay friendly" town. Since Nate had only been in Reed a grand total of three months, he had yet to test that theory. The only people he saw on a regular basis were his patients, and he hardly thought, "Hi, I'm Dr. Morris, and I have a preference for penises," an appropriate way to start a conversation.

He gathered up the last of the day's paperwork and headed toward the front of the converted Victorian cottage. The thought of going home to his lonely apartment was not inviting, but it was better than sleeping on one of the exam tables. He turned out all the lights and grabbed his keys. Before going out the door, Nate set the alarm and punched his code into the keypad. He fit his key into the deadbolt and was just about to turn the lock when he felt a blinding pain on the right side of his head.

"You're a dead man, faggot."

The voice was little more than a harsh whisper, but to Nate the words might as well have been screamed from the top of the Reed County Courthouse. From the corner of his eye, he saw his attacker raise whatever object he held, ready to strike again. Fighting waves of nausea and knowing he was too dazed by the blow to fight back, Nate used what strength he had left to open the unlocked door and trip the alarm. The shrill beep caused his assailant to run just as Nate fell to the ground. He was unconscious before he hit the porch.

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Nate woke up on one of his own exam tables. He tried to move, but a pair of soft, strong hands stopped him.

"Oh no, you don't, buster. I have not spent the past twenty minutes trying to wake you up just so you can get up too soon and black out again. As it is, I'm still deciding whether or not to pack you into an

ambulance and send you to Chicago for an M.R.I.” The tiny spitfire pulled a light out of her pocket and peered into his eyes. “Your pupils are reacting normally. Any nausea or dizziness?”

Nate smiled in spite of himself. “I’m fine, Amy. You know my head is the hardest part of my body.” He gave her an exaggerated leer. “Most of the time, anyway.”

Her hazel eyes filling with relief, Amy punched him on the arm and put the light away. “If you can crack sex jokes, I know you’re all right. Now tell me what in God’s name happened to you.” She swung her long, brown hair over her shoulders and pursed her bow lips.

Not for the first time did Nate admire her beauty. She made quite a contrast to her husband Mike’s white-blond hair and clear blue eyes. “You know, I should have married you back in the fifth grade when you first proposed to me.”

Amy laughed. “Sorry, but I don’t think I have anything you’d be interested in.”

Nate shook his head, an act he regretted the minute the pain returned. “Yeah, well, I didn’t have anything Rick wanted, either, so I guess you had something in common with him after all, huh?”

“If I wasn’t just sure you had a slight concussion, I’d shake you for even saying that.” She leaned in closer. “Rick Landon was an idiot. Probably still is, for all I know. You were too good for him, Nate, and that’s the last time I’m going to say it.” She straightened. “Now tell me what happened.”

Nate recalled everything he could; most of it was fuzzy. Mike Vaughn came to stand by his wife just as Nate got to the part where his attacker threatened him and called him a fag. Nate watched as all the color drained from Amy’s face and Mike shook with rage.

Mike took Amy’s place at the head of the exam table. “You’re sure that’s what he said?”

“No doubt.”

Mike turned to his wife. “How soon can you find another pair of doctors to buy out your practice?”

Though his words were cryptic, Amy got his meaning. “Shouldn’t take long. This is a new practice, so most anyone could step in.”

Nate sat up, grimacing as fresh waves of sickness washed over him. “We’re not selling out just because some bigot took a shot at me. Even if I was scared enough to leave — and I’m not — you don’t have to go, too. You’ve already put down roots here.”

Amy started to speak, but Mike cut her off. “There’s no way you’re leaving without us. Likewise, if you stay, we stay. We’re family. That’s the reason we all moved here from Atlanta together in the first place. If you want to stay, then we’ll just have to find the bastard who did this.”

Amy took her husband’s hand and reached out to Nate with the other one. “He’s right, you know. We are a family. The sheriff is on his way, so let’s wait until we talk to him before we make any decisions. In the meantime, let me check you over.”

Mike went into the lobby to wait for the cops while Amy examined Nate. She tested his reflexes and checked his vitals, her hands shaking slightly as she monitored his pulse. “You have no idea how terrified I was when I got that call from the alarm company. To race over here and find you lying in a heap on the porch like that...” She shivered. “That’s one experience I would gladly go a whole lifetime without repeating.”

Nate could feel her fear and hated the jerk who’d hit him even more for scaring Amy. Still, he didn’t exactly relish having to talk to the sheriff. He’d seen enough of police responses to gay bashing to know that he was just as likely to get some homophobic prick who could care less whether or not the world had one less fag in it. He suppressed a groan as he heard a large engine pull into the parking lot. The cavalry had arrived.

Amy insisted Nate stay put, so he was forced to wait while Mike spoke to the sheriff. Nate couldn’t hear what they were saying, but Mike was clearly angry. When Amy finished her exam and opened the door to let the officer in, Nate prepared himself to see a sixty-year-old man with a beer gut and a bald spot. The six-foot-three-inch stud who walked in the door was not what he expected.

The man had the bluest eyes Nate had ever seen. His hair was midnight black with not a hint of gray, the perfect foil for his left over summer tan. Even through his khaki uniform shirt and tight jeans, Nate could tell the man was well built.

The sheriff stuck out a calloused hand, first to Amy, then to Nate. "Sorry it took me so long to get here, folks. I was out on another call when my dispatcher told me what happened. I'm Brandon Nash." His voice was rich and smooth. Nate wanted him to keep talking just so he could hear it again. Then the sheriff opened his mouth, and his next words made Nate want to scream for the man to shut up.

"Your friend out there tells me you think you were the target of a gay bashing, Dr. Morris. I have to tell you, I find that hard to believe."

Anger coursed through Nate's blood, driving away all remnants of pain. He moved to the side so that the swelling of his face and jaw was visible under the harsh fluorescent lights of the exam room. "Does it look like I did this to myself, Sheriff Nash?"

Nash didn't flinch. "No, sir. There's no question that you were attacked. I just wonder if maybe you were mistaken about the motive. This town is pretty tolerant towards gays and lesbians."

"The man who jumped me called me a faggot and told me I was dead. Doesn't exactly sound like the Reed County Welcome Wagon, now does it?"

The sheriff's handsome face never changed expression. "No sir, it doesn't. All I'm asking is, could it be possible that someone would want this to look like a gay bashing? Do you have any enemies?"

Amy and Mike, who'd been listening from the open doorway of the exam room, rushed to defend Nate's character, but Brandon Nash's blue eyes never left Nate's face. It was almost like he was searching for something.

Nate found himself growing uncomfortable under the scrutiny. He decided to ease the tension by lashing out. "To answer your question, I don't have any enemies that I know of, other than my parents, who hate me because I'm gay. Oh, and my brother, who avoids me because he's afraid my queerness might be contagious. None of them would touch me, though. They'd be too afraid of catching something from the 'unclean homo'. I think you're overlooking the obvious. Maybe the good people of Reed don't want a faggot for a doctor? Did you consider that?"

For the first time since the interview started, Nash's eyes flashed with irritation. He put his notebook down on a nearby counter and looked Nate straight in the face. Had they both been standing, Nash would have towered over Nate, as he was at least four inches taller. Since Nate was still seated on the exam table, they were almost eye-to-eye. Nash edged closer to the table until they were nearly nose-to-nose.

Nate could feel the sheriff's breath on his face, could smell peppermint, coffee, and some kind of aftershave that made him want to nuzzle his face in the man's neck. He only hoped the sheriff didn't notice his reaction. He needn't have worried. Nash's eyes never broke contact with his own.

"No, it never occurred to me that the people of Reed might not want a 'faggot' for a doctor. After all, they elected one sheriff."

The room fell into total silence. Amy and Mike may have been speechless, but Nate was absolutely stunned. Nash was the only one who seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Now that we've established that I'm probably the last person in the world to ignore a gay bashing, let's get on with this so I can file a report."

Nate answered the sheriff's questions, all the while wondering about the man asking them. He was sexy enough to make even a straight guy look twice, but that wasn't what drew Nate to him. Brandon Nash had some unknown element that made Nate want to get to know him, to find out what he liked, what made him feel good. The sudden interest in a total stranger hit Nate as quite a shock. It was probably all just wishful thinking, anyway. A man who looked like Nash was certain to have a boyfriend, maybe even a life-partner. He was so lost in thought, Nate didn't hear Nash's last question. "I'm sorry. What did you say?"

For the first time since the interview started, Nash gave him a genuine smile. “I said, are you sure we shouldn’t take you over to the hospital to have you checked out? Chicago’s only about a thirty minute drive.”

Nate was about to decline when Amy spoke up. “I think you should go to the hospital, Nate. I’ll feel a lot better if you do. My exam was pretty thorough, but, to be safe, you should have an M.R.I.”

Mike nodded. “I agree with Amy. I’ll drive you.”

Mike reached for his keys, but Sheriff Nash stopped him. “My shift ended about half an hour ago. I can take him and get the doctor to sign a report on his injuries all at the same time.”

Nate felt himself losing control of the situation. He hated it when people talked about him like he wasn’t in the room. Nate wasn’t ready to spend time alone with Nash, either, especially when he was half-addled from a blow to the head. “Amy already checked me out. She can fill out your report.” Nate’s stomach turned over as Amy started shaking her head.

“No. I really think you should have an M.R.I. I can write the orders, and you can take them with you.”

He turned around just in time to see Amy nudge Mike in the ribs. “Honey, don’t you remember that proposal you have to prepare for your client?”

“Huh?” Another nudge to the ribs, this one harder, and the light dawned. “Oh, you mean the proposal I was working on when the alarm company called.” He gave Nash an apologetic grin. “I’ve been offered a junior partnership at a firm in Chicago. Not a bad commute, and the pay is pretty good for a guy who just passed the bar a year ago. Of course, if I don’t turn in my work on time...”

Nash nodded. “Wouldn’t want that to happen. I’ll take Dr. Morris to the hospital. Don’t worry about it.”

Before Nate could protest further, he found himself being hustled into a state-issue S.U.V. with the sexiest man he’d seen in a long time. Like it or not, he was in Nash’s hands.

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Brandon hated evening calls. Reed was small enough that his deputy, Sam Whit, and he could usually handle all the calls themselves without having to pull the junior deputies off their regular shifts. Unfortunately, no one told that to the eighteen-wheeler that had jackknifed off of Interstate Twelve just three miles outside of town. No one was hurt, thank God, but the truck had been carrying live poultry to the processing plant two towns over. Nothing set the tone for the night like trying to dodge speeding motorists while catching live, angry chickens. Sam managed to stop traffic and enlist a handful of volunteers to help with the round up, but the whole scene looked more like a sketch from a bad vaudeville show than a police procedure. After being pecked for the fifth time by creatures he only wanted to see fried with gravy, Brandon had been grateful to field another call. He could still see Sam’s face when he told him he had to leave. After a hellish six months at the F.B.I. academy together and twenty-five years as friends, Brandon knew Sam well enough to know his buddy would get even at the earliest opportunity. He only hoped the poor guy didn’t get mites from all those feathers.

Brandon stole a glance at the man slumped in the seat next to him. He’d heard tell how good looking the new doctor was, but the gossip didn’t do the guy justice. Nathan Morris was shorter than Brandon, maybe five-eleven, but his body was well sculpted and muscled. His chocolate eyes were red-rimmed, but still beautiful, as was his fine-featured face. His hair was dark blond and fell in disheveled spikes; a look which suited him.

The ride to Chicago was silent, but Brandon figured his passenger was in too much pain to talk, if the grimaces and grunts he was making were any indication. He wondered what the good doctor would sound like in bed. He forced himself to stop thinking about it when the bulge in his jeans started to rise.

Brandon pulled the S.U.V. into one of the spaces marked for police vehicles and cut the engine. Coming around to the passenger side, Brandon took the doctor's elbow and helped him out.

Nathan's voice came out low and rough. "Thanks, Sheriff, but I can go in by myself."

"Call me Brandon."

"Okay, Brandon, I can do this by myself. I did my residency in a hospital a lot like this one. I know the drill, and most of it is hurry up and wait."

Brandon smiled and started leading him toward the emergency entrance, locking the doors of the S.U.V. with the remote on his keyring. "Normally, I would agree with you, but I just happen to know someone who works here. He actually owes me a favor. I think he'll be able to get us in and out a bit faster." While he was talking, Brandon took Nathan past the emergency wing to a row of elevators inside the hospital proper.

"Where are we going?"

"Relax, Doc. We're going up on the third floor to Neurology. The guy I told you about has an office up there."

Brandon pushed the button for the elevators. The one closest to them opened, allowing a woman and four half-grown children to get out. One of the larger boys bumped into Nathan, nearly knocking him off his feet in his already addled state. Brandon caught Nathan to his chest, trying to ignore the arcs of sensation that went through him at the contact. Both the woman and the boy apologized, but Brandon's focus was on the man he held in his arms. "Doc, are you all right?"

"Nathan."

"Huh?"

"My name is Nathan or Nate. I figure if you're going to hold me like we're about to do the tango, the least you can do is call me by my name."

Brandon pulled back to see the grin on Nate's face, the first smile he'd seen from the man since the moment he walked into the doctor's office. "You look more like a Nate to me than a Nathan, so we'll go with that. And if you're joking around, you must be okay."

"That's what Amy says. Do you want to let me go now?"

Brandon did as he was asked, immediately missing the warmth from Nate's body. As they boarded the elevator, he stayed close enough to catch him again, if necessary. Other people crowded in, making conversation difficult. The silent ride gave Brandon a chance to clear his head of the strange effect Nate was having on him.

The third floor of Chicago General wasn't as crowded as the lobby. Brandon was able to lead Nate through the hall at a fair clip. He didn't realize how fast he was going until Nate stumbled. Brandon apologized. "Sorry, Nate. I wasn't thinking."

Nate grinned, again, making Brandon's knees feel weak. "Normally I can keep up. When I'm not punch drunk, that is."

"Maybe we should have called an ambulance. Are you even supposed to be walking around?"

"Amy checked me over before we left. The M.R.I. is just a precaution. I do feel guilty that you have to spend your evening here with me, though. I feel like I'm messing up your plans."

Brandon stopped in front of a row of doors and said, "If by 'messing up my plans' you mean taking me away from the glamorous prospect of sharing a frozen pizza with my dog, then I can only invite you to mess up my plans more often."

"No family? No boyfriend?"

"I have plenty of family, but I don't live with them anymore. I figure thirty-two is a little old to be sharing a set of bunk beds with my kid brother. As for the boyfriend, I had one of those, too, but he belongs to someone else now, thank God."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to stir up any painful memories."

Brandon shook his head. "You didn't. Jeff and I broke up four years ago. He subscribes to the theory that gay men are incapable of fidelity; I don't. Seems he had a fondness for twinks that he forgot to mention."

He almost laughed at the shocked look on Nate's face.

"He had an affair?"

"Affairs, as in plural."

"That must have hurt."

"Maybe the first time I caught him in bed with another guy. By the third time, I was just glad to be rid of him. I think the only reason I stayed as long as I did was because I felt like I had made a commitment. I guess he didn't see it that way."

"That's harsh."

Brandon shrugged. "It was a long time ago. Come on. Let's get you checked out." He knocked on the door in front of them.

The door opened a second later, and Brandon was engulfed in a bracing bear hug almost as quickly. "Hey, squirt. What brings you to Chicago at seven-thirty on a Tuesday night?"

"Damn, Keith, put me down before you snap my spine. Are you and Maria so hard up for cash that you have to drum up business by causing the injuries yourselves?" Seeing Nate's startled expression, Brandon said, "Nate, this is my brother, Keith. He's a neurologist here. Keith, this is Dr. Nathan Morris."

Keith put his brother down and moved closer to Nate. Using one finger, he tilted Nate's head so he could better see the right side. Keith turned back to Brandon. "I'm assuming you didn't do that to his head?"

"No. Nate thinks he was the subject of a gay bashing."

Nate gave Brandon an icy glare. "No, *he* doesn't *think* he was the subject of a gay bashing. He *knows* he was."

Keith and Brandon both fought back grins as Keith said, "Yeah, I hate it when people talk about me like I'm not around, too. You're here for an M.R.I., right?"

Nate nodded. "Yes, but I don't want to bump anyone else off the schedule."

"I'll check with one of the techs, but I don't think there'll be a problem. Tuesday nights are kind of slow, even here in Chicago. Do you have a set of orders, or do you need me to write you some?"

Nate handed him Amy's orders, and Keith led them down the hall to the radiology lab. While the techs took Nate into the other room and prepared him for the M.R.I., Keith seized the opportunity to pump Brandon for information.

"So, you gonna tell me what happened, or are you planning on letting me die of curiosity?"

Brandon bit back a sigh. "Some guy waited until Nate closed his office tonight, jumped out of the shadows screaming 'faggot', and then clocked Nate over the head. I have to tell you, Keith, it doesn't feel right. When's the last time you heard of a gay bashing in Reed?"

"Never, but who's counting?" Keith grinned, and Brandon knew what was coming. "So Dr. Morris is gay, huh?"

"Don't even think about it, Keith. Jeez, you're almost as bad as Mom." Keith did his best to look hurt, but Brandon knew his brother too well to be fooled.

"All I did was make a casual observation, Bran."

"Yeah, right. Just like you made a casual observation that one of the doctors on your surgical rotation was gay and had a thing for guys in uniform. Just like the casual observation you made about how great Pastor Oakley's son was, or how nice Mrs. Jensen's brother-in-law seemed. The answer is no. Stop trying to fix me up."

The tech came back into the room and started adjusting the settings for the machine. Keith stepped back enough so that the tech couldn't hear them. "You need to have that conversation with your hormones, bud. I saw the way you were looking at the guy."

“No reason I can’t look, is there? But looking is all I’m gonna do. For all I know, Nate has a boyfriend.”

Keith shook his head. “Not the way he was looking back at you. I’d almost be willing to put money on it. Besides, if Dr. Morris has a partner, why wasn’t said boyfriend the one who brought him in? No way would I let some other guy take Maria to the hospital if she was hurt.”

Knowing he’d never win, Brandon let the argument drop. Twenty minutes later, the tech finished the scan and brought Nate back into the control area.

“Why don’t you wait in my office while I read these scans?” Keith said. “I would offer to let you read them yourself, Dr. Morris, but you look a little worse for wear.”

“Sounds good. And, please, call me Nate.”

As Nate swayed on his feet, Brandon steadied him. “Come on, let’s get you to a chair before you collapse.” He led the way back to Keith’s office, wincing along with Nate as he groaned in pain. “Do you need to lie down?”

Nate shook his head. “I’m fine. I don’t think it’s my injuries that are causing me to be so shaky. I skipped lunch today and then missed dinner. I think my blood sugar probably just dropped down to the low side.”

No sooner were the words out of Nate’s mouth than Brandon was on his way to the snack machines. He came back with two soft drinks, a couple of sandwiches, and a pocketful of candy bars. He handed one of the sandwiches and a drink to Nate.

“Thanks.”

As Nate reached for his wallet, Brandon waved him away. “I was glad to do it. It’s not exactly four star cuisine, but it’ll bring your blood sugar up.”

Nate nodded. “You and Keith look a lot alike, same hair and eyes. So, what’s the favor he owes you?”

“What?”

“On the way up here, you said you knew a guy who owed you a favor. So, what favor does Keith owe you?”

“His life. I let him make it to adulthood without killing his sorry ass.” Nate laughed, but Brandon noticed he wasn’t eating much. “If you eat all that, I’ll give you a treat.”

Nate smiled. “If I had a dirty mind, my imagination could go hog wild with an opening like that.”

Brandon colored and took the chair next to Nate’s. Hoping to steer the conversation into less dangerous territory, he said, “Actually, I meant that I have a candy bar in my pocket.”

Nate’s grin widened. “Oh, is that what that is?”

Brandon had just taken a sip of his drink, and he sprayed soda all over Keith’s desk just as the door opened and his brother entered the room.

Keith took one look at the cola dripping from Brandon’s chin and shook his head. “I don’t know what you said to my brother, but I haven’t seen his face that red since the day Megan peed all over him in church.”

“Megan?”

“Our baby sister.”

Nate looked at Brandon. “How many brothers and sisters do you have?”

“Mom and Dad have eight kids, counting me.” Brandon pointed to Keith. “That idiot over there is the oldest.”

“Where do you rank on the list?”

“Third from the top.”

Keith took a seat behind his desk. “Do you have siblings, Nate?”

Brandon watched a shadow fall across Nate’s face.

“Just one — my brother Seth. He’s twenty-two, six years younger than me.”

Keith was about to ask another question when Brandon interrupted. "What's the verdict on Nate's M.R.I.?"

Taking the hint, Keith said, "Well, the scan shows no obvious signs of injury, but I think you probably have a slight concussion, Nate. Do you have someone who can stay with you tonight? I really wouldn't advise you to stay by yourself. Of course, I'm sure you already know all that."

Nate nodded. "I can stay with my friend Amy and her husband."

Brandon watched as Keith's curiosity kicked in. "You live alone then? No partner?"

Again Nate's expression darkened. "No."

"No boyfriend?"

"No."

"Any prospects?"

Before Nate could answer, Brandon said, "Jesus Christ, Keith, I thought I was the only cop in the family. Leave the guy alone, will you?"

"Sorry." Keith looked anything but. "Anyway, as I said, I think you should stay with your friends tonight. I can write you a scrip for pain killers, if you want."

"That's all right. I can manage with aspirin, thanks. May I use your phone to call Amy and let her know what's going on?" When Keith pointed to the phone on the desk, Nate said, "Thanks," and dialed Amy's number, waiting in silence as it rang. After the sixth ring, he cut the connection and said, "I got the machine. I'll call the clinic and see if she's still there."

Another call and, again, there was no answer. "Not there, either."

"Does she have a cell?" Keith said.

"Yeah, but she only carries it when she's on call. She's off for the next three days." Nate thought for a minute. "Let me check the service we use for after hours calls and see if she left a message with them." He dialed another number and waited. "Hi, Cindy, it's Dr. Morris."

Keith and Brandon listened to his end of the conversation.

"Boy, news travels fast in Reed, huh? ... No, I'm fine, just a good solid bump to the head. Listen, have you heard from Amy? ... She did? When?"

Nate covered the mouthpiece and turned to Brandon. "Mike's aunt down in Atlanta has been taken to the hospital. Cindy thinks she fell or something. It must be pretty bad because he and Amy hopped on the first plane out."

Nate uncovered the phone and said, "Who's handling our calls? ... No, he's a good doctor, but be sure he knows only to accept the serious calls. The drive from Chicago to Reed is too far for a light case of the sniffles. All right, Cindy, thanks. If you hear from Amy, please tell her to call me at my apartment."

Before he could hang up, Brandon took the phone. "Hey, Cindy? It's Brandon Nash." ... Brandon rolled his eyes. "No, I didn't realize your cousin was gay. And single, too. Imagine that. Listen, Cindy, tell Amy to call my place for Nate instead." His left leg twitched while he listened to the conversation on the other end. "No, you can't ask why. Okay, Cindy, see you at church."

The minute he turned off the phone, Nate said, "What was that all about?"

Keith almost laughed out loud at the look of innocence on Brandon's face, but he wisely sat behind the desk and kept his mouth shut.

Brandon said, "Oh, that. Well, Cindy and I go to the same church. Went to the same high school, too, though I'm a couple of years ahead of her."

He hid a smile behind his hand when Nate, who looked like he was about ready to start cursing, said, "That's not what I meant, and you know it. What was all that business about Amy calling your place for me?"

Brandon leaned over to better see Nate's face. "Oh, that. Well, it's real simple, actually: Amy's out of town, and you live alone. You need someone to stay the night with, but the only people in town you really

know are catching the red-eye to Atlanta, even as we speak. That leaves you with one option. Plainly stated, Nate, you're coming home with me."

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