

The negotiations stretched into the evening and involved a handful of calls to one or another of my fathers. You might think that my empathy makes me ill-suited to negotiate, all the other guy needs is a sob story and I'll crack, but something interesting happens when I'm negotiating with the representative of a group, versus dealing with a person alone. I can stop caring.

I don't turn into my fathers, but I can step back, see that what the representative says, wants, needs, is different from what's good for the group, even if I might not know what the group needs. It allows me to take what I perceive and use it to my advantage. And I could decimate the other guy if I wanted to; if I was just a little bit more like my fathers.

By the end, we reach an agreement; my family would support the Carbonneau officially making Quebec theirs, including showing up to make sure others respected their decisions if needed. In exchange we get a stake in a handful of businesses; I'm not going into detail here because you don't need to know.

Then came the use of the bed for the official closing the of the negotiations, before moving on to enjoying the family's hospitality, over and over and over.

I could have stayed longer. The Carbonneau have a lot of hospitality to enjoy, but after lunch, I hit the road. Having come into Quebec from the south, I decided to leave on the west, So I went down to Highway 20, and took that all the way to Ontario, except for the detour to avoid Montreal again.

I needed to stop as I hit the provincial line due to an inspection booth.

"This is new," I toll the officer once I took off my helmet. There were only three booths, with a building on the side of the road.

He looked at my bike. "We've been here for seven years. Ever since Quebec set up theirs. Identification."

I looked back and on the east side of the highway, on the Quebec side of the dividing line, there was another set of booths. "Are things that bad?" I handed him my driver's license.

He shrugged. "No idea."

"So what are you looking for?" I decided to go with my rule of not trying to be funny. This couldn't be federal, so I doubted they could make my life difficult, but why risk it?

"Illegal drugs, illegal weapons, undesirable people," He answered while looking at the screen in his booth. "How long were you in Quebec?"

"A few days."

He glanced at me, displeased at the vagueness of my answer. I gave him a polite smile. I saw no signs indicating they had legal power, so he could suck it up. I figured the best he could do was bar me from entering the province.

"What were you doing in Quebec?"

"Visited Quebec City," I answered, then because I just couldn't stop myself, "enjoying the guys."

Another annoyed glance my way, more because he could tell I wasn't taking him seriously than my answer itself.

I knew I'd pushed too far before his face hardened. He motioned to the building. "Go park there, an officer will see to you."

How much trouble were they going to cause me? My license was in view, so it'd be easy for me to grab it, turn my bike around and jump the divider. I doubt the Quebec side would have a problem with me doing that. But they might.

I wasn't a precog, and without being around whoever I'd deal with, I couldn't get a sense of how they'd act. So I walked my bike to the parking spot and waited. It took a minute before a slim beaver in an OPP, that's Ontario Provincial Police, they're the equivalent of State Troopers, headed in my direction.

That was their first mistake, sending a man to do this. Now I knew I'd getting out of whatever they might pull. I might have to play this nasty, but this nice officer would let me go by the time I was done. The second mistake wasn't one they could have seen coming. It was the way

the beaver looked me over as he approaches. This officer of the law had a thing for bad boys, and my build, in my bike leather, next to my bike, in the winter, screamed 'bad boy' pretty loud. I looked him over, not hiding my predatory smile. I had no problem ratcheting up the bad boy image if it was going to help me get out of this.

"Please stand over there," he said, indicating a bench twenty feet away. "Are any of the cases locked?"

So, more rules for dealing with law representatives; always do what they say, don't argue. Do not get close to them, do not touch them. It's their job to consider you a threat, and many of them, okay, in the US, more than Canada, find it easy to accidentally flip their guns to bullets.

In short, don't do what I'm about to do.

I smiled and step to him. "If they are, are you going to force me to unlock them for you?"

He hesitated before taking a step back. "Sir," his hand moving to the butt of his gun. "I need you to step back."

"Don't you need me to unlock the cases?" I looked him over again. I made sure he saw me doing it. When I locked eyes with him again, I licked my lips. "If I tell you where my toys are, you promise to let me use them on you?" I don't have toys. Who needs toys when they have me?

His exterior remained professional, but I could see the desire in his eyes.

I'm a bad influence on men. My entire family is. Our magic lets us turn men into quivering sack of need. If we get our 'hooks' into one, we can get him to do anything we want, just for the privilege of getting in bed with us, if they can even wait to reach a bed.

If it sounds like a bad thing, you're right. I might have mentioned before that my family are not nice people on the whole. My fathers are trying to be better, but they are the first generation to even consider it. Everyone before them happily took advantage of any men they wanted. My brothers have no issue doing it either, although they try to stick to gay guys. I avoid using it as much as possible. The few times I did, it was to get myself out of situations I couldn't find other way to get out; and this guy who insisted he could resist me. He lasted twenty minutes, which, all things considered, was impressive.

I wasn't going to have to go that far here.

I handed my phone over when he asked for it and stayed by him as he looked my bike over, running a hand on his back or side any chance I got. At any actual border crossing, I'd have been tazed at the start of all this. His disappointment, when he was done looking through my baggage and didn't find any toys, turned into annoyance.

He slammed the last case shut. "Come with me," he ordered.

He took me to a small interrogation room, closed the door and turned on me, the expression of a man who was going to rip me apart.

It didn't last. The building was hastily put up, and the room only had one camera in the corner next to the door, which meant it had this blind spot that couldn't be seen from either the camera nor the small window in the door.

I had him in that corner, pants open, me on my knees and... right, I'm keeping this clean-ish. Let's say that he 'interrogated' me for close to an hour, during that time, he did most of the talking and let me tell you he has a dirty mouth and gets needy after the first time.

By the time he let me go, I had his number, his address, the code to his place, and a place to spend the night. I drove directly there, and he joined me after his shift. By the time I was done with him the next morning, he had to call in sick, because there was no way he was getting out of bed. His mouth never got any cleaner.