

Author Notes: Thank you soo much to Bonnie for the beta of the story, and thank you so much to My family and Michele for the support, information and just for being there as I made this huge move to Japan. Here is to my first of many stories over in Nihon. Please let me know what you think. The more comments, the quicker I type the others up! Comments to Sentarla

In Contempt.

By [Sentarla](#)

"Blair, you better move it, we're going to be late."

"Yeah yeah, I'm coming, I'm coming, it's not like it's an emergency or anything."

"Sandburg" Jim growled, looking at his watch. It was 7.45 already and both he and Blair had to appear in court by 8.30. "Chief, we only have 45 minutes to get into town, park and arrive in the court room before Judge Rocco appears. You know what she is like. If you are late one more time she said she would throw you into jail for contempt."

"Yeah, right man, tell it to someone who believes her. I might not be a lawyer, but I know that I can't be charged with contempt for simply being late."

Shaking his head, the older man replied "Blair, her court, her rules."

Tapping his foot in irritation, Jim stood waiting for his partner. Moments later, Blair stepped out of his room with a backpack on his shoulder.

"I'm ready man, lets go."

Shaking his head a little as if to clear it, Jim looked at Blair as if he was from another planet and opened his mouth to say something.

"Wh...Chief, you're..."

"I know, Jim, surprise surprise, I'm ready to go. I may not be wearing a watch this week, but I can still get organised on time."

Closing his mouth, Jim followed Blair out of the loft and locked up. In the car, Jim looked over at his partner every few minutes as if to check he was still there. Opening his mouth, having built up the nerve to try again, Jim was once again interrupted.

"Chief, I think--"

As if hit, Blair turned his head sharply and shook it. "No, Big Guy, I don't want to hear it. We are not going to be late and I have no understanding of why everyone is so

obsessed with time. Before white man came to this country the indigenous people did quite well without watches. They still knew when to eat and sleep, so I don't want to hear another word, okay?"

Looking at Blair to see if he had grown a tail, or a pair of horns to go with the sudden attitude change, Jim nodded his head and drew his fingers across his lips. The rest of the trip was made in silence.

Arriving at the courthouse with only 10 minutes to spare, Jim and Blair half jogged to courtroom four. Ignoring the strange glances that seemed to be directed at him, Blair kept up with his taller partner and vowed to make it to the courtroom in time. He would never tell his partner this, but deep down he was scared of Judge Rocco. There was something about her that set him on edge.

Pulling open the heavy oak doors, Jim and Blair entered the quiet room and took their seats near the front. Both sat and waited in the dead silent room. Coughing discreetly, Jim looked at his partner and tried once more to talk to him. Before he could open his mouth Blair shook his head and put a finger to his lips, his face set in a scowl. Shrugging his shoulders, Jim turned to the front and gave up.

"All rise."

Not believing in formalities, Judge Rocco entered the room and looked over her audience. Her gaze narrowed at Sandburg and then continued on as she indicated for everyone to be seated except Blair. Sitting down, Rocco steepled her fingers and glared at the young anthropologist.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Sandburg?"

Looking both terrified and confused, Blair looked at his partner for support. Seeing no help there, Blair looked back to Judge Rocco and held up his hands.

"I'm sorry, your honor, I don't...understand."

Giving a little snort of disbelief, Judge Rocco addressed the whole room.

"Mr. Sandburg, the court finds this very hard to believe. You dare come into my courtroom like this and presume to not understand. I know you personally do not like my court room and more so, hate my strict tie rule, but what you have done today is clearly insulting. Mr. Sandburg, I hold you in contempt. Punishment is one day in Jail and a \$200 fine. Bailiff."

With a panicked look, Blair was taken away from his partner. Still not understanding, he asked the Bailiff in a small voice "Why?"

Giving a little laugh, the large, middle aged Bailiff simply pointed to Blair's clothing, or lack thereof. It was then the young Guide realised he was naked except for his boxer shorts and a tie. Blushing bright red, Blair felt smaller than an ant. Closing his eyes briefly, Blair groaned.

"Blair, you better move it, we're going to be late."

Eyes snapping back open, Blair took in his surroundings and became very disoriented. No longer was he exiting a small courtroom headed for a county lock-up, instead he was in his bedroom, in bed, wearing...a tie?

Blushing at the thought of what he had dreamed, Blair hastily got out of bed and reached for his clothes.

"Be right there, man, just have to get dressed."

"Just don't forget the tie Sandburg, you don't want to be in contempt with Judge Rocco."

Blushing again, Blair tried to stifle both a laugh and groan and kept on dressing.

~Fin~