

Spoilers: TSbyBS!!!!!!!!!!

Warnings: This takes place between Naomi having sent Blair's dissertation and before the Press conference.

Authors note: This is a POV and solely Jim. Anyone who knows me, knows that I am a Blair babe, please understand that yes, this is angst, it is dark and as a Blair baby I cringed myself, please, don't flame me if you don't like it. This was more therapy for me than anything. Thanks to Mouse for being a fantastic friend, and thanks to Bonnie for being a great beta.

Trust

By [Sentarla](#)

Pain-I never thought I could feel this much pain. For most of my life I have never trusted anyone. I did once, when I was young, but when they hurt me, I learned the hard way not to trust, not to give someone that much control over my life. Trust is not just a word, it's not just an abstract feeling that one can have and then not have; trust is when you give someone the power to make decisions for you, decisions that could affect you both physically and mentally.

When Blair Sandburg came into my life, I would never, ever have thought of him and trust in the same sentence. There would be no way on the Earth I would give him that much control; once bitten, twice shy. Over the first few months, I started to change. I knew deep down that it was Sandburg who was changing me, but I did not want to accept it. As months turned into years, I started to trust. Small things at first: memories, personal preferences, until I finally noticed that I had given him my absolute trust.

If there was anyone in the world that I wanted by my side when things were getting hairy, it was him. At first this scared me; no, let's be honest, it terrified me. I think my greatest fear, other than him leaving me, was the fear that he would hurt me. That he would do something to totally shatter my trust. I asked him a few times, what if.... I asked him what he would do once his dissertation was finished. I asked him if he was sure he really wanted to be here, but the one question I asked myself time after time, but never him, was what would happen if his studies got out, and my life was ruined? I know why I never asked him. Why I never put a stop to this whole Sentinel thing. It was trust.

I feel like my heart has been ripped in two. I feel that there is no one in the world I can talk to who would understand, at least no one I could trust. I wonder if I can talk to Simon, a person who I had placed less trust in than Sandburg. Maybe not. I look at Sandburg and want to cry, I want to shout and curse. My fingers itch for me to pick up something heavy and pitch it at him, but in the same moment, I just want to go over to him and ask why, why did he hurt me; he knew what could happen, he knew what the result would have been. What did I do wrong?

I love my Guide in a brotherly way, but I'm not sure if I can trust him anymore. I'm not sure if I can work with him again and not ask questions, or look over his shoulder, or let him make decisions that could bring the world crashing down on my ears. I don't have the words in me to express my heart ripping in two, I don't have the words to explain what Sandburg and I have lost. All I have left is my dignity, which I hold firm. Maybe when I'm back at the loft alone, I can let loose the tears; but for now I have to show the stiff Ellison façade that so many people expect. Only the people who I trust know the real me. Or at least I thought they did.

Fin.