

## **Too Good To Be True**

*by TibbieB*

### *Epilogue*

Hutch sat on the bar stool, nursing a beer, waiting for his partner to show up. It had been a little over a month since the episode with Angelique had occurred and earlier in the day, he and Starsky had given their depositions to the judge.

Based on the psychiatric evaluation, the court had determined she was mentally incompetent to stand trial. The fact that she wasn't a U.S. citizen had complicated things even further. Now it looked as though she'd be deported to her home country to stand trial there. All Hutch knew was, he hoped neither he nor Starsky would ever see her again.

“Hey, I thought you said Starsky was supposed to meet you here. Think he's okay?” Huggy casually wiped the counter area around Hutch's beer mug. “You sure he isn't freaked out over giving his statement to the judge today?”

“Well, I know it wasn't easy. He's had a hard time dealing with what Angelique did, not to mention the physical abuse Demetrius put him through.”

“That dude did a number on him all right. Man, I get the heebie-jeebies just thinking what would've happened if you hadn't gotten there when you did.”

Hutch didn't answer, just peered into his beer mug, unable to consider the unthinkable. But he knew with certainty the next time he had a bad feeling about someone, he'd follow his gut instinct, and convince Starsky he was right—even if he had to knock some sense into him!

Huggy looked up to see the subject of their conversation entering the bar. “Speak of the devil. How's it goin' man? We were beginning to think you weren't going to make the scene tonight.”

Hutch looked up as his partner gracefully slid onto the stool next to him. “I had to go by the doctor's office.”

Concern flashed across Hutch's face. “What's wrong? You okay? Why didn't you say anything?”

“Nothing, yes, and that's exactly why,” Starsky answered back cryptically.

Hutch looked nothing less than confused. “What? What kind of answer is that?”

“Give me a beer, Hug.” Starsky rested his chin in his hand, elbow propped on the bar. He turned sideways and gave Hutch a condescending look.

“Nothin’s wrong... Yes I’m okay...and I didn’t tell ya I was goin’ by the doctor’s cause I knew you’d go into your mother hen routine—like you just did.” He picked up the cold beer mug that Huggy set on the bar before him.

“Fine.” Hutch bit back. His jaw tensed, and he wore his best face of indignation. “Sorry I cared.”

“Come on, Hutch,” Starsky cajoled. “I’m fine. Doc wanted to see me one more time before signing my release papers. As of tomorrow, I’m officially off desk duty.” Starsky grinned like a Cheshire cat, pleased he’d been able to spring the news without Hutch suspecting what he was up to.

Despite his best efforts to look mad, Hutch couldn’t hold back a smile. “That’s terrific news, buddy!” He clapped Starsky on the back. The past month had been rough, doing all the legwork by himself while Starsky was chained to a desk pushing papers. Even though it had been difficult for him, he knew it had been close to unbearable for Starsky.

“I just wanted to surprise you. Besides, if he’d said no, then you’d have been disappointed. This way nobody was expectin’ anything from me.”

“Well, you surprised me all right. I honestly figured it would be a couple more weeks.”

“I told him I was goin’ bonkers, and without me to watch your back, you’d probably get yourself killed out there.” Starsky watched Hutch from the corner of his eye to see if he’d gotten a rise out of his partner; but Hutch didn’t take the bait.

Huggy had observed the exchange with amusement. These two weren’t happy unless they were giving each other a hard time. To him, this was all the confirmation he needed that “Starsky was back in town.”

“Well, Starsky, if you’re a hundred percent, I guess it’s time to get back into action with the ladies too,” he said casually.

“I don’t know, Hug. I’m not too anxious to get mixed up with another woman yet. Shouldn’t be hard for you can figure out why.”

“Hmmm, that’s a shame,” Huggy countered. “I have a new waitress that I figure to be just your type.”

Hutch quietly sipped his beer. He listened nonchalantly, taking in Starsky’s reaction as Huggy continued.

“Her name’s Christine and she is one fine looking specimen of pulchritude. Blond, blue eyes, and she’s got a thing for men with big guns.”

“Oh yeah?” Starsky tipped his head to one side, considering what Huggy had said.

“Yeah. Loves to dance too. I told her about your undercover alter-ego Ramón, and she’s dying to see you in action.”

Starsky’s chest puffed out a bit, and a cocky smile animating his face. “Really? Well, maybe I should—ya know—at least meet the lady.”

Hutch’s eyes rolled heavenward.

Huggy smiled, happy Starsky was seeing things his way. “I’ll be glad to introduce you to her. She’ll be on duty in thirty minutes.”

Starsky turned around gave Hutch a self-satisfied nod of the head. Maybe it was just what he needed. Meet a new girl, get back into the dating scene.

“So what do you say, Starsky? This chick is ‘too good to be true.’”

Starsky’s face went deathly white. Hutch’s head snapped up and the two exchanged a look of sheer terror.

“Uh....Uh...I’ll take a rain check, Hug,” Starsky stuttered.

Without so much as a word between them, both cops scrambled off their bar stools as if they were on fire. Hutch quickly threw a five on the counter for the beers and they beat a hasty retreat out of the club.

Perplexed by their behavior, Huggy watched them disappear out the door.

“Hey! Where you goin’, Starsky?” But neither of them even looked back. “Was it something I said?” Huggy mumbled under his breath.

Shaking his head, he chuckled to himself, picked up the bill, and slipped it into the cash register.

***The End***