Hook, Line and Sinker

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Hook, Line and Sinker

by Chel [archived by DaveandKen Archivist]

Summary

Black satin shirt open to the navel...

Notes

by Chel.

Note from the archivist: this story was originally archived at <u>Dave & Ken's Diner</u>, which experienced a drop in traffic to low levels following the opening of the official Starsky & Hutch archive. Still wanting to preserve the archive, Open Doors began manually importing its works to the AO3 as an Open Doors-approved project in August 2016. An announcement was posted to OTW media channels, but may not have reached everyone. If you are (or know) this creator, please contact the archivist using the e-mail address on <u>Dave and Ken's Diner collection profile</u>.

Starsky's performance as the cocky pimp Rafferty isn't entirely for the cops' benefit. Black satin shirt open to the navel, tight white pants: he's all too aware of the effect he has on women - and his partner.

He leans back; arrogant, laughing, exposing yet more chest and crotch. Hutch is dying to reach out and touch... something. Something with hair... Anything.

Socked feet up on the desk, toes flexing. His muscled thighs ripple with the action.

Hutch is caught looking. A blush creeps up his face, into his hairline; his groin stirs.

Starsky whispers, "Gotcha!"

"Yeah."

Hook, line and sinker.

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