

~ Sweet 'n Sour ~

by Ambrosia

Disclaimers: These gals belong to me, however since I sort of 'borrowed' the idea for this story from that show ya'll know and probably love "Xena: Warrior Princess" I should give props to them. So thanks ya'll for the inspiration! I couldn't have done this without a particular episode ;) If you feel inclined to read on, you'll soon discover what I mean.

Subtext: Yah, there's plenty of that.

Language/Violence: A lil' bit of this and a lil' bit of that.

Warning: Before you proceed, I warn you that this may be a tad nutty...okay, absolutely insane ;) I started not to write it, but then I had this very strong urge to give it a try (that voice in my head wouldn't leave me alone...) so here's my effort. Hope ya like :-D

Feedback: If you wanna send me some, please do so at SumrBrezze@aol.com. I'd love to hear your thoughts!

Now on with the show...

"GET OUT!!! Just get the hell out of my house!" With quick ducking, Blaire narrowly missed being struck by the frying pan, which was still hot because strips of bacon had just been cooked in it. Splatters of grease fell to the linoleum floor as the pan encountered the wall instead of her forehead.

"Joe-"

She wasn't able to finish her statement as a drinking glass sailed in her direction and she had to duck again, cringing as shards of broken glass slid across the grease stained floor. "I said get out *now!*"

"We need to-no!!! Put that down! Please." Apprehensive blue eyes pleaded with the hostile blonde not to throw the object she now held in her hands. "Please don't. You know Mom gave us that china plate as a housewarming gift. Don't break it. That might break her heart."

The other woman rolled her eyes. "That's a laugh," she replied, though she was far from laughing. "What heart? Has she purchased one since the last time she insulted me?"

Blaire shook her dark head. "That's not right Joely."

Though she put the plate safely down on the counter, Joely continued to glare at her partner.

"Neither was it right for you to kiss that secretary tramp of yours!" A fresh wave of anger coursing through her veins, the small blonde pulled out a butter knife from the dishpan. Holding on rather tightly to the utensil, she continued to glare. She doubted that she would ever get the image out of her head of coming to visit Blaire at her office today with some Chinese food takeout only to find her lips sealed with the silicone laden twenty-one year old secretary.

Feeling a headache coming on, Blaire rubbed her temples. "I told you that there is nothing going on between Stacy and I. I told you that *she* initiated that kiss."

Though she folded her arms over her chest, Joely still had a grasp on the knife. "And you are completely innocent? You had nothing to do with it?"

"I...did...not...kiss...that...woman...back." Blaire clapped her hands together for emphasis with each word she uttered. "When you entered my office she had just put her mouth on mine so I didn't have time to push her away, therefore it looked like we were kissing but honestly it was one-sided. I swear. I swear on the life of our baby!" The golden retriever lying under the kitchen table less any other inanimate objects suddenly flew through the air raised his head, his dark eyes connecting with those of his oldest mama. He knew he was the baby she spoke of. However, he didn't appreciate her swearing on his life.

Unfolding her arms, Joely pointed toward the kitchen exit with the knife. She had already made up her mind about what she saw and that was that. "Get out Blaire. I want you out of my house within sixty seconds. Tomorrow you can come get your belongings while I'm out of the house but for now I don't want to look at you."

The brunette looked as though she was on the verge of tears. Her eyes glistened with agony and sorrow. "But Joe...I love y--"

"I don't want to hear it," Joely swiftly cut her off. "If that were really true you wouldn't have done what you did. Leave."

Blaire sighed. "Okay, but I'm taking Otis with me."

"Oh no you're not. He's staying with me." Walking toward the kitchen table, Joely kneeled on the floor and placed a possessive hand on the dog's head.

"He's going with me Joe. You're kicking me out of *my* house, at least let me have my dog."

With her free hand, the blonde tapped her knife on the floor. "He's not your dog. You bought him for me for Christmas last year." Green eyes narrowed with animosity. "You can't be an Indian giver. If you want Otis, you'll have to take me to court."

Looking determined, Blaire grabbed the box of milkbones from the top of the refrigerator and rifled inside until she pulled out one of the brown bone-shaped treats. Crouching, the brunette presented the bone to the canine under the table watching her every move. She graced him with a winning smile, white teeth flashing. "C'mon Otis. Come and get yourself a nice yummy

milkbone and then you and I can go bye-bye."

Otis's ears perked at both the words milkbone and bye-bye. He loved going out almost as much as he loved food. Licking his blonde mama on the cheek to let her know that it wasn't personal, the golden retriever scooted from underneath the table and purposefully headed toward Blaire. He stopped when he heard his name being called. Glancing back, he licked his chops when he spotted Joely wiggling a piece of crisp bacon at him. People bacon. Ooh, very yummy. He loved his doggie treats almost as much as he loved people food. Making a U-turn, Otis made a beeline for the bacon.

"Hey Otis!" Putting the brakes on just before he reached the tempting meat, he turned around again to face Blaire. Cocking his head to the side, he waited for her to speak. "Buddy don't you wanna go with me? We'll have fun. We'll go to the park and play fetch, go to the beach and frolic in the water...wouldn't you like that?" Slowly, his paws led him in her direction although he realized that this meant he probably wouldn't get to eat the bacon. Well, some things were just more important than food. His eldest mama looked so melancholy that his little heart was about to shatter.

"Petco Otis?"

Suddenly halting, the canine inhaled deeply as he allowed the magical word his youngest master had just enticingly uttered to sink in. Petco was his most favorite store in the whole wide world! Every time he went there he was showered with free treats and was the delighted recipient of lots of affectionate pats and rubs from various employees of the animal oriented store as well as its visitors. Petco was indeed the dog's Achilles heel.

Glancing between the two women vying for him, Otis released the canine version of a sigh. He couldn't stand to see the people he loved most in the world bickering. It made him so sad that he couldn't even enjoy the idea of possibly going to Petco. Humans could behave so foolishly at times. After giving Blaire and Joely his best 'you ought to be ashamed of yourselves' expression, Otis hurried toward the doggie door, which led to the back yard a.k.a. his play haven. However, he didn't have any plans to play with his numerous toys or in Joely's carefully cultivated garden. No, he needed time to ruminate because this could simply not go on.

Joely regarded the saddened brunette triumphantly. "Looks like Otis has made his decision."

"Congratulations," Blaire softly intoned. Knowing that she was only moments away from bursting into tears and not wanting to give the other woman the satisfaction of witnessing them, she fled from the kitchen.

Having checked into a motel less than five miles from hers and Joely's house, Blaire swallowed the remaining bit of the Vanilla Coke from the bottle she had purchased for two dollars from a vending machine downstairs. After tossing it into the wastebasket, she removed her shoes and every inch of clothing except for her underwear before slipping underneath the covers, which she

prayed were clean. They smelled like lemon scented detergent, so that was a good sign.

Turning off the light, Blaire took a deep breath and closed her eyes, wanting to forget all about the day's events. As an image of a perturbed small blonde entered her mind, Blaire snorted. That was easier said than done. Glancing toward the digital clock on the nightstand, she noticed the time. 10:32 p.m. Although unbidden thoughts of Joely rampaged through her brain, Blaire managed to fall asleep just before eleven.

She was having a dream that someone was caressing her sides. Up and down their fingers trailed over the smooth skin above the waistband of her underwear. Yet there was one problem. Blaire instinctively knew that those fingers connected to those hands did not belong to her beloved. She knew it without a shadow of a doubt. Her arm shooting out from underneath the cover, Blaire switched on the lamp before startled blue eyes fell on the grinning person straddling her. Before she could awaken her vocal cords, the longhaired blonde planted a wet kiss on her lips. Instantly, Blaire placed her hands on the woman's shoulders and pushed until she stumbled to the floor. Letting the brunette know that there were no hard feelings, the intruder's mouth remained curved into a grin as she gazed toward her boss.

"What the hell do you think you're doing Stacy?! And how did you know where I was?" Grabbing a fistful of the covers, Blaire was about to fling them off of her so that she could arise when she remembered that she was practically nude except for the days of the week (Thursday to be exact) panties. Usually she didn't wear panties of that nature, but since Joely had put her out of their home and wouldn't allow her to get any of her clothing until tomorrow, Blaire had been forced to go to a nearby store and purchase a package of underwear. Unfortunately, they didn't have much of a selection and therefore it was either flower-printed undies or days of the week. Blaire chose what she deemed to be the lesser of the two embarrassments.

She closely watched as the woman sprawled on the floor moved to a kneeling position before resting her elbows on the edge of the queen-sized bed. When she reached out to touch Blaire's face she ended up caressing air as a cotton covered bottom smoothly shifted on the sheets in order to get further away from her. Dark brown eyes danced with merriment.

Stacy: (sung in a lilting voice)

*Honey Bunch is something amiss?
Didn't you enjoy my kiss?
Don't you wanna get some more?
C'mon down 'n join me on this floor*

Stacy crooked a finger at the brunette looking at her strangely. With a lascivious grin in place, she lunged across the bed and made a grab at Blaire. Becoming quite acquainted with it, Stacy merely grabbed handfuls of air after the woman she sought jumped out of the bed regardless of her state of undress. Yanking the white sheet from the bed, Blaire hurriedly wrapped it in a toga fashion around her body, effectively covering her more private regions. She glared toward the

woman now sitting cross-legged on the bed. Blaire was about to say-or rather yell something when Stacy proceeded to sing more. Eerily, background music accompanied her rather skilled vocals.

*Blaire there isn't any reason to be scared
I would never hurt you
Like the one who pretended to care*

*She brought you pain and made you cry
I could never do such a thing
This I tell you is no lie*

*So come with me, meld with me
Let's start a life together
I'll kiss you infinite times
That means forever and ever*

Growling low in her throat, Blaire's hands curled into fists at her sides as she willed them to stay there instead of connecting with the grinning blonde's cheeks-her facial ones. Blaire's feet practically itched to take care of the fleshier pair.

"Your kisses are the reason I'm not in my own bed right now with Joely! And why are you singing?" She glanced around the small room suspiciously. "And where was that damn music coming from?"

As Stacy crawled toward her on the bed, Blaire performed a worthy imitation of the moonwalk until her partially exposed back connected with the wall. Arising from the bed, Stacy pirouetted around the room with rhythmic music assisting her. After several moments she stopped and faced the stupefied brunette, hands on her hips. Crimson lips smiled.

Stacy:

*Blaire you must join me
Immerse in the rhymes*

(Sidling up to Blaire she softly spoke in her ear)

*If you're anxious to leave
Then first confront the crimes*

The brunette raised an eyebrow as her back pressed against the wall. Stacy was much too close. "What crimes?" The singer further annoyed her unenthusiastic audience of one by smiling again and then increased that annoyance by breaking into song.

*If you wanna know
Then you'll have to play along*

*Welcome to the world
Which is built upon songs!*

Snaking an arm around Blaire's shoulders, she started to lead her toward the door that would take them outside.

*Honey Bunch please trust me
'Cause I'd never betray ya*

(Pulling the door open Stacy continued)

*All will be revealed
During your visit to Fantasia!*

Jaw nearly dropping to the floor; blue eyes opened wide taking in the unbelievable scene before them. *I knew I never should have experimented with those mushrooms that one time in college. They must be coming back to haunt me now. Damn peer pressure!*

It was well passed twelve o'clock and Joely still wasn't able to fall asleep. Having tossed and turned the covers were disheveled as well as her pajamas and hair. Not even being able to admit to herself that the main reason she couldn't get to sleep was because a certain deliciously warm body wasn't cuddled next to her, Joely pushed the covers back and sat up. Perhaps a mug of warm milk would help her to relax.

Switching on the light, she located and slipped into her slippers before leaving the bedroom and heading down the flight of stairs. On the way to the kitchen, Joely glanced around searching for Otis but failed to see him. He must have been outside taking care of business. Upon entering the kitchen, the petite blonde looked curiously toward the area of the floor near the refrigerator. On closer inspection, she noticed that it was a perfectly formed puddle, which looked like clear water.

Her first thought was that somehow the refrigerator had begun to leak, but then she quickly dismissed it. *Maybe Otis peed?* Joely shook her head. No, the golden retriever was too well trained to potty on the floor. He hadn't done that since a rather furious lightning storm nearly scared the fur off of him when he was six months old. Speaking of, where was he anyway? It never took Otis this long to use the 'restroom'. Joely looked around the perimeter of the kitchen and then shrugged. She would look for him after she cleaned up the floor.

Obtaining a couple of Bounty sheets from the giant roll on the cabinet, Joely walked over toward the puddle and leaned down to absorb it. However, little did she know that the peculiar puddle would absorb her. Before she could fully comprehend what was happening, the middle of the puddle metamorphosed into a transparent hand that instantly caused an image of the shape-shifter from the movie Terminator 2 to pop into her head. As the hand clutched her wrist, Joely started screaming and attempted to back away only to be pulled closer to the puddle.

She tried screaming for Otis but the canine failed to come to her rescue. Although Joely fought with all her might to get away, it was no use. The liquidized hand was much too strong and within moments, her entire body plunged through the puddle. Her screams evaporated into thin air, as did the puddle.

Opening her eyes, Joely looked around in confusion and saw a school of brightly colored fish swim passed her. Perhaps it was just her imagination but she could have sworn that one of the cold-blooded vertebrates winked at her, which was odd because as far as she knew fish didn't have eyelids. Wondering what was going on, the blonde took a deep breath and wait. Just wait one second. How in the world was she breathing while underwater without an oxygen tank?

I must be dreaming, Joely nodded, trying to convince herself although this felt extremely real. *I wasn't aware that I fell asleep but evidently, I did. This is not real. This cannot be real!* Closing her eyes, Joely began willing herself to wake up when she felt a tap on her shoulder. She arched an eyebrow. Fish didn't have fingers either. Deciding to ignore it, Joely concentrated on awakening. More tapping ensued and despite her best efforts to disregard it, she could no longer do so. Turning around, she came face to face with the only man she had ever seriously dated before she admitted that the fairer sex got her juices flowing much better. She hadn't seen him in nearly a decade.

"Harold?" So, she could talk underwater too. Neat.

Smiling at her, Harold nodded as he wrapped an arm around her waist. With Joely securely in his embrace, he began to swim toward the surface, which was only ten feet above them. When their heads emerged from the water, Harold lifted his completely dry ex into a small wooden boat that barely contained enough room for the both of them and the guitar laying in it. Jumping onto the boat, Harold picked up the bright red guitar and proceeded to adjust the taut strings.

Joely observed their surroundings curiously. They were floating in the ocean with nothing around them except for what appeared to be a massive ship in the distance. It seemed that the ship was headed in their direction. Joely shook her head as she watched. *I don't think I'm dreaming. I think I've just lost my mind!* When Harold began to strum his guitar, troubled and bewildered green eyes shifted to meet his smiling countenance. Immediately, Joely recognized the melody because he used to often play it during college and would create different lyrics to go along with it every single time. Although it drove her crazy (which he was well aware of), he did it anyway just as he was about to now.

Harold: (playing a ditty that some might find catchy)

*I'm Harold your ex-boyfriend
On me you may surely depend
I'll help to guide you along
This journey to right the wrongs*

*But if you do intend to stray
In this land you might just stay
So listen to everything I say
Because I'm Harold! Harold your ex-boyfriend!*

Cocking her head to the side, Joely looked at the man quizzically. Since when was Harold able to sing? He now had a resonant operatic voice. One of the reasons she was so annoyed by his ditties in college was because he couldn't even carry a tune. "Where are we? I don't understand what's happening."

Harold: (glancing toward the oncoming ship while playing his guitar again)

*I hope that this doesn't dismay ya
But for now we're caught here in Fantasia*

Not having a clue as to how she arrived there, Blaire stood at the stern of what appeared to be a large trawling boat. The odor of fish permeated the air and she could see stacks and nets filled with them ahead of her on the main deck where numerous people dressed in jeans and T-shirts of all colors were working. Glancing down, Blaire observed that she was dressed similarly in blue jeans and a canary yellow T-shirt along with a pair of short rubber boots.

Suddenly thinking of Stacy, blue eyes flitted across various faces searching for her. Unless she was lurking somewhere on the fishing vessel, she had left Blaire on her own in this strange land. *First, she's the reason that Joe dumped me and then she dumps me in loony land. Stacy, wherever you are consider yourself fired!* Now what was she supposed to do? Thinking that perhaps she should ask someone for assistance, Blaire focused on the workers. It was then that she noticed some of them were focusing on her as well. In fact, a few of the fishermen were pointing in her direction while conversing with one another.

Alarmed, Blaire grabbed the railing tightly as fishermen began to move in her direction. Although none of them looked unpleasant, her heart beat wildly and her palms started to feel slick against the cool railing. Listening closely, Blaire could detect her name being whispered through the air and arched twin brows. Two questions formed in her head. One, why were these fishermen whom she had never seen before chanting her name and two what kind of speakers were they using in Fantasia that allowed one to hear music no matter where they were?

Fishermen: (singing enthusiastically in rich baritones)

*Look who has landed on our ship
Did you have a fun filled trip?
Are you tired, are you whipped, lovely Blaire?
We're very pleased that you are here
Do believe us we're sincere*

(One fisherman thrusts a plate in front of her)

Would you care for trout and beer, lovely Blaire?

Shaking her head negatively, Blaire watched in astonishment as the offering fisherman skipped away with the plate. This was so bizarre. As various fishermen of all shapes and sizes danced in time with the hearty music, a redheaded member of the crew sauntered up to Blaire. Easily slipping an arm through hers, the fisherman who looked to be in his mid to late twenties led her toward the main deck with others following along. Opening his mustache covered mouth he started to sing.

Fisherman #1:

*You've endured so much heartache
And we'd like to assist*

Fisherman #2: (flanking Blaire's left side)

*We will lend you our calloused hands
If you do not resist*

Fisherman #1:

Certainly, we'll be able to help ya

All Fishermen:

*While you're stranded in Fantasia
Welcome to our ship, lovely Blaire*

Robust Chorus: (chanted in a crescendo)

Joely, Joely, Joely, Joely, Joely!

Standing toward the middle of the vast ship, Joely was dressed in a silk white poet's shirt with a ruffled collar and cuffs and over the loose-fitting shirt was an unbuttoned silk black vest. She also wore a pair of black Capri pants and high black leather boots. Covering her blonde bob was a crimson bandana. In short, she and those surrounding her--most of them chanting her name--looked like pirates. The majority of them carried swords and a few even wore black eye patches. Now the reason she was dressed as a pirate and was sailing on what seemed to be a pirate ship was beyond her. One moment she was on the small boat with Harold and in the next was informed to climb onto this one. Harold along with his boat had since disappeared.

Turning her head this way and that, Joely searched for an exit. All of those eyes upon her were proving to make her nervous and the gleaming swords weren't doing a tacky job either. Surprising her-though Joely wondered why she was surprised by anything anymore-the pirates proceeded to serenade her as music played from an unknown source.

Pirates: (vigorous bass singing that might make Barry White jealous)

*She's a youthful mighty sprite
And her heart is filled with spite
In this we definitely delight, raging Joely
We think that you would perfectly fit
In our malicious plundering clique
Why don't you stay for a bit, raging Joely?*

*We shared a hearty laugh
When you kicked her out on her ass
Was that truly a blast?
Tell us Joely!*

Not giving her a chance to tell them a thing, four of the pirates lifted the small woman off her feet, two of them taking control of her arms while the other pair grabbed her legs. Easily carrying her, the pirates headed toward the helm of the ship, bright smiles on their faces as they glanced down at their evidently respected burden. Since her face was turned toward the cloudless sky, green eyes caught sight of a waving flag half her size attached to a long pole. The flag was black and stitched on it was her beaming face, complete with a patch covering her left eye. Beneath Joely's chin were two crossed swords. The young woman was caught between amusement, wariness, confusion, and a little gratitude for the reverence being tossed her way. It was an odd combination of feelings.

Pirate #1: (holding Joely's left arm)

You're the prettiest little gal that I've even seen

Pirate #2: (holding her right arm)

You're charming with daggers in those emerald greens

Pirates #3: (holding her left leg)

With powerful words, you could shatter a heart

Pirates #4: (holding the remaining leg)

She's probably sobbing and torn all apart

All Pirates:

Welcome raging Joely, welcome!

Arriving at their destination, the pirates gingerly placed Joely on her feet before taking a few steps backward. Both curious and fascinated, the blonde watched as a majestically bejeweled throne slowly swiveled on its axis to face her. Within moments, she was staring at the captivatingly attractive visage of her first female lover and softly gasped. Sprawled in her throne, the leather donned dark-haired woman appeared even more beautiful than what Joely remembered. She couldn't prevent the tiny flutter in her stomach as her ex-lover's full lips curved into a roguish grin.

"Simone," the small blonde uttered. "What part do you play in all this? You wanna tell me what's going on?"

Simone: (her low voice having a seductive sexy quality to it)

*It's... been six and a half years
But it feels like only yesterday (Joely)
That I was making love to those soft lips (Joely)*

(Leaning forward in her throne, wearing a half grin)

*And if you come a little closer
I might be tempted to taste and take a nip*

*You sassy, sexy, blonde I've often dreamed (Joely)
Of having you beneath me in my bed (again)
I ache to touch you all over
Make your body bloom with red*

While Joely concentrated on breathing, the pirates surrounding her and Simone erupted into cheers. Rising from her throne, Simone took a hold of the speechless blonde's hand and kissed the palm of it as the pirates harmoniously sang.

All Pirates:

*You and me love to loot
We don't care if we're dubbed brutes
We'll steal again and again
So what if it's a sin
Give us loot, loot, loot
We'll filch your boots to your suits*

Pirate #5:

Over the years we've took a lot

Simone: (speaks while lustfully gazing at a blushing Joely)

Damn, this blonde bombshell is sizzling hot

All Pirates:

Pirates love loot, loot, loot!

As the crew attempted to shower her with seafood and affection, Blaire suddenly noticed that one of the members aboard was her mother. Before she could say anything, the older, slightly heavier and shorter version of herself hurried over, placing a kiss on each of her cheeks. It was on the tip of Blaire's tongue to inquire why her mother was there but the maternal figure silenced her with a look. Shutting her mouth, the brunette just waited. Before words could flow from her mother's mouth, she speculated that they would be sung instead of spoken. Of course, she was one hundred percent correct.

Blaire's Mama (Debra):

*Countless women have tried to take advantage
Of your sweet and gentle-hearted ways
Listen better to your mom
If your parrot was still alive
We'd make him welcome on this day*

Blaire arched an eyebrow while wondering what her parrot had to do with any of this. *There's no telling in Insania Fantasia.* She didn't have time to ponder further as the fishermen began to sing as a whole, some of them dancing and others carting various fish from here to there.

All Fishermen:

*You and me love to fish
We catch bass and salmon for a dish
Spend the hours of the day, scaling fish and then fillet
We love fish, fish, fish
Trawling the sea as we wish*

Fisherman #1: (rather viciously chopping the head off a cod)

We do the same thing everyday

All Fishermen:

*Search the waters for our prey
Fishermen love fish, fish, fish!*

Glancing ahead, Blaire realized that they were most likely headed for the island, which was probably less than a mile away now. Curiously, she then watched another boat bigger than theirs that was purposefully heading toward the island as well. *Hmm, wonder who that could be?*

Simone looked toward the island through a pair of binoculars with a perplexed blonde standing beside her. After a few moments, she dropped the binoculars looking extremely pleased as she returned her attention to Joely.

Simone:

*Soon we will arrive at the island (yeah)
There you will encounter your foe (yeah)*

(Slipping a sword into Joely's hands)

*Plunge this weapon into her soul
Then I'll make you scream and moan*

Winking at her, Simone enjoyed the ready blush that suffused her ex-lover's cheeks.

All Pirates:

*You and me love to loot
We don't care if we're dubbed brutes*

Pirate #6: (spoken)

Seize their boats, take their jewels

Simone: (spoken)

Snatching booty can be so cool

All Pirates:

Pirates love loot, loot, loot!

Debra: (walking along with her daughter)

*Joely was a lousy partner-- she broke your heart in two
Had no trust and banned you from your home*

(Thrusting a large slick object into Blaire's hands)

Take this swordfish and run that pip-squeak through

Blaire dubiously stared at the huge fish sporting an elongated sharp tip and then at her mother.
"Let me see if I have this straight. You want me to do battle with a fish? Am I supposed to send her running for her life because of its stench?"

Gracing her with a bright smile, Debra lightly shrugged as she proceeded to sing with everyone else. Rolling her eyes heavenward, Blaire looked nothing short of exasperated.

All Fishermen:

*You and me love to fish
We catch bass and salmon for a dish*

Debra: (reaching their destination, she throws an anchor over the side of the ship)

Joely will be the grand catch of today

Two Fishermen: (sharpening knives)

If you hook her, we'll fillet

All Fishermen:

Fishermen love fish, fish, fish!

Pirates: (walking along the platform leading to the beach with Joely wielding her sword in the forefront)

We.....love.....loot

Fishermen: (exiting their boat with Blaire carrying her swordfish in the lead)

*Fish is yummy, good to eat
Looting is wrong, so is deceit!*

Pirates: (kicking up sand as they march along the beach)

*Cheating spouses should go down
Joely you must go to stabbing town!*

Fishermen: (approaching the sword swinging robbers)

Forget you love her, do attack

Whack her, smack her, we want to hear a crack!

Fishermen/Pirates:

Ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah ah...

Ah ah ah, ah ah ah ah ah...

Fishermen:

Fish!

Pirates:

Loot!

Fishermen:

FISH!

Pirates:

LOOT!

(The words "Fish" and "Loot" alternately repeated in steadily rising voices five times)

Standing right in front of each other, Joely and Blaire merely stared for several silent seconds as their cheering squads eagerly glanced between the two. Sighing, Blaire lowered her fish so that its unseeing eyes were directed toward the sand. Meanwhile, Joely kept a tight grasp on the handle of her raised sword as she paid close attention to her adversary's every move.

"Joe, I don't want to fi-shit!!!"

Before she had the opportunity to complete her statement, a freshly sharpened sword sliced through the space above her head, its incredible speed creating a whooshing sound. Blue eyes widened with confusion and surprise, the tall woman took a hurried step backward as the sword jabbed toward her stomach. Although it successfully ripped a couple inches of her shirt open, the sharp weapon fortunately missed the skin beneath. Or unfortunately, depending on which side you were rooting for.

Furious green eyes connected with now icy blue ones. The war had officially begun and one could cut the abhorrence flowing between the women with a plastic knife. With a mighty yell, Joely thrust her sword toward her opponent not really caring where she struck her, just wanting

to do so again and again. Deflecting the blonde's jab by striking the sword with her fishy one, Blaire immediately repeated the action when Joely took another swing. Her sword slipping out of her hand, the pirate outfitted blonde attempted to snatch it from the air when the sharp jawbone of Blaire's fish sank into the pit of her stomach.

All on the island, even the gentle swaying of the palm trees grew completely still. The only sound heard was the soft gasp escaping Joely's lips as dazed emerald eyes stared at her opponent before her legs buckled, causing the young woman to collapse to the sand. With one final shuddering breath, Joely closed her eyes, her entire body ceasing movement.

"Joely," Blaire whispered, hardly able to comprehend what she had just done. Kneeling in the sand she gently removed the swordfish and tossed it to the side before she cradled her beloved in her arms. "Oh God, Joely..." Ignoring those surrounding her, Blaire kept her gaze on the motionless beauty in her arms.

Appearing out of nowhere, Stacy crouched next to Blaire, a tsking sound emanating from her lips as she looked at Joely. As though to be positively sure that she was no longer alive, she pressed two fingers against the pulse point in the blonde's neck and then sadly shook her head in confirmation. Gently brushing the palm of her hand against Blaire's cheek, Stacy waited until doleful blue eyes focused on her.

Stacy:

*I'm proud that you could do what you have done
Wasn't slaying the paranoid blonde
Just a little bit fun?
Now you don't have to deal with all her mistrust
Put your hand into mine
And let's get lost in our lust*

(Pulling Blaire to her feet and proceeding to do the tango with her around Joely's body)

*She never deserved you so don't mourn her death
Be thankful that she's eternally all out of breath
Now I will complete you
You and I shall become us
C'mon, honey bunch
Let's get lost in our lust*

*Unleash all your doubts and give in to me
The burning desire within can set you free*

*We'll fit together like a pie tin to crust
So, please join with me Blaire*

(Dipping Blaire low enough that she's nearly eye level with Joely)

Let's get lost in our lust

Wrestling free of Stacy's arms, the brunette knelt next to her fallen lover, delicately touching her cheek. Though Blaire silently willed her to awaken, golden lashes denied her even a fraction of a blink. She inhaled deeply as her throat constricted. Joely was dead and there was nothing she could do to change that. Glancing up, Blaire realized that those around her were beginning to vanish. First, the pirates and their ship, then the fishermen (including her mother) along with theirs, and finally Stacy who gave her a look that she was unable to decipher. As she returned her attention to Joely, the younger woman disappeared as well, leaving her empty handed. Sighing, Blaire lowered her head as tears sprang to her eyes.

"How could you kill me? With a fish no less. What an embarrassing way to die."

Nearly jumping out of her skin, the tall woman looked over her shoulder where a recharged Joely stood some five feet away. Hurrying to her feet, Blaire turned to face her, the expression she wore suddenly sheepish.

"I...umm...I didn't kill you. Obviously, I didn't since you're talking to me now. That wasn't real. None of this is," pausing she added, "As for the fish that's what they gave me to do battle with. I had no choice in the matter."

"Oh, you didn't have a choice and killing me wasn't real. I see." Green eyes flashed with hostility. "Gee that makes me feel *so* much better Blaire!" Needless to say, her voice oozed with sarcasm.

Her guilt over 'killing' Joely forgotten, Blaire's eyes narrowed until they were mere slits. "And just exactly were *you* attempting to do when you kept swinging that gigantic sword at me, huh? Allow me to remind you that people who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones Joely."

The blonde's hands curled into tight fists. "Speaking of, I wish I had a few stones to throw at you now!"

"Aaw, kiss my ass." Blaire hurriedly ducked as a coconut flew in her direction. She looked around but didn't see the culprit.

While not paying any attention to the soaring fruit Joely cattily replied, "Don't get greedy Blaire. I'm sure your office girlfriend is fully capable of placing a considerable amount of kisses on your ass all by herself! Therefore, you don't need me to do it too." When a coconut struck her leg, the blonde deeply frowned as she glanced in the direction it came from. "Who threw a coconut at me?!" She yelled toward the throng of palm trees to her left.

"In case you failed to notice they threw one at me too." Thoroughly annoyed, an expletive flew from Blaire's mouth when twin coconuts headed straight for her. Though one missed, the other struck her on the shoulder. As she rubbed the sore spot, she caught the smirk that settled on the other woman's lips. Blaire presented her with a scathing look. "Shut up." A hard shell fruit

landed at her feet. Luckily, she still wore the steel-toe boots.

"I didn't say anything."

"Now you did so shut up." Both women ducked when someone rapidly fired several coconuts at them. The small blonde cried out when one of the tough fruits smacked a butt cheek.

"What are they doing?!?"

Realization dawning, Blaire answered Joely's question. "It's not them...if there is a them. It's us. Each time we exchange bickering words coconuts try to strike us. We have to communicate without animosity."

"How am I supposed to do that when I can barely stand to look at you?"

Blaire didn't even attempt to hide her pained expression. "But I love you Joely."

"Don't you dare say that to me. You weren't loving me when you were cheating with your secretary!" She dodged another coconut.

"I did not cheat! I have never cheated on you and regardless of what you think, I love you too damn much to even consider doing something so immoral," pausing, the brunette released a tremulous breath. "I admit that I've lied in the past, but not about this. You care to know the things I've lied about? Allow me to tell you. I lied when I said that spinach soufflé you cooked that one time was delicious. Actually, it was one of the worst things I'd ever tasted. I lied by telling you it looked pretty on you when you modeled that pink and purple sweater that you bought a few months back. To tell you the truth, I almost got seasick just looking at it. It didn't hide nor did it compliment your beauty. Also, I lied when I informed you that I had an incredible time at your brother's house last Thanksgiving. I didn't. In fact, I found myself wanting to kick Sean in the balls every time he interrupted during the football game. I know it was his wide screen television but was it really necessary for him to give a play by play the entire game? He even commented on the commercials! Also, the turkey was overcooked, the stuffing was dry, and your mother...your *mother* kept hounding me with advice on how we could improve our sex life! Apparently, she had just read this book and was anxious to share so she picked me!

"*And* I lied during our very first date. Yes, the first one. You asked me if you were the first person I had ever taken to that romantic little restaurant on the beach we were dining at. I told you yes, but truthfully, you were the fourth. And though I lied, I don't have any regrets about it because I remember my telling you that made you smile. That was the precise moment I started falling in love with you. And I still love you. No matter what I always will."

For long moments, Joely didn't react to the short speech as she stared at the other woman. Finally, she let out a humorless laugh. "Wow. I hadn't realized just how noble you are Blaire. You told all those lies for me? I'm touched."

The brunette heavily sighed. "What's it going to take to make you realize that you can trust me?"

That I would never betray you or our love?" When it became apparent that Joely wasn't about to answer, Blaire sighed again as she began to amble along the sand.

Blaire:

*I can't fathom how this could be
I thought the love we shared was strong
My heart lays broken on the ground
How could something right turn so wrong?*

(Leaning against a palm tree)

*I feel like I might smother from the pain
And then my life will be no more
This lack of trust is driving me insane
It cuts me to the very core*

Joely: (Facing the ocean, her back to Blaire)

*I can't fathom how this could be
I thought the love we shared was strong
Anger and sorrow have filled the space
That tenderness and love did belong*

(Turning around to look at Blaire)

*Because of you, I feel this way
Because you couldn't refrain from having an affair!*

Blaire: (Starting to frown)

*You brought those emotions on yourself
Because you failed to have faith in me
You're responsible for your own despair!*

Joely: (Walking closer to the other woman)

Why don't you stop denying what you did?

Blaire: (Meeting the irate blonde halfway)

Because I have been honest this entire time

Joely:

Don't you feel the least amount of shame?

Blaire:

No, because I haven't done a thang

Joely: (Standing on her tiptoes, her forehead almost touches Blaire's)

Yes, you have!

Blaire:

No, I haven't!

Joely:

Tell the truth!

Blaire:

I've been doing that all along!

Joely: (yelled)

That's not true!

Blaire: (yelled)

Yes, it is!

Joely:

It is not!

Blaire:

It is too!

The blonde was about to respond when she felt something peculiar happening to her feet. Looking downward, she noticed that she was sinking into the sand. The sky darkening, lightning and thunder could be heard. Before Blaire was even made aware of what was occurring to Joely a bolt of lightning struck her chest sending the woman twenty feet back where she landed in a large berry shrub. Hearing her lover's screams, the brunette scuffled to her feet although the lightning strike had her feeling a bit woozy. Blue eyes widened as Blaire noticed Joely's predicament.

Joely grabbed fistfuls of sand in a vain attempt to say above, although it didn't do any good. The

earth was slowly devouring her body. "Help! Help please! I can't go through this again!" Tears sprang to her frightened eyes. The dampened sand had her covered up to mid thigh now.

"Again?" Blaire cocked her head to the side. "You've been in quicksand before?"

"Yes! Sean and Willie put me in some as a 'joke' when I was little. Look, if you want to know more I'll tell you later but for now I need some assistance. Please!" Green eyes pleaded with the quizzical brunette to get a move on.

"I knew your brothers were an egg short of a dozen though I had no idea about their sadism!" Shaking her head and making a mental note to kick both of their butts the next time she saw them, Blaire sprinted to the other woman's rescue. Landing on her stomach in the sand, she grabbed Joely's hands and proceeded to pull to no avail. Blaire tugged harder, her face reddening with the effort as small grunts slipped from her mouth.

"Please don't let go! Please Blaire!" Sobbing, Joely tightened her grip while the sand made its way to her shoulders.

Though alarmed that the quicksand was starting to drag her along the sand toward it, her dark head shook. "Never Joe. I'm not gonna let you go. I'd never." Having a strong feeling that she wouldn't be able to pull Joely out, Blaire continued to tug anyway. In fact, she didn't capitulate until the sand began to swallow her as well.

There was good news, not so good news and downright bad news. The good news was that the voracious quicksand hadn't killed them. The not so good news was that they were still trapped in sand (run-of-the-mill sand) up to their necks. And the bad news was they didn't have a clue as to how they would be able to free themselves. Unfortunately, the sand encasing them from neck to toe was tightly packed, leaving the confused and anxiety ridden pair barely enough room to wiggle their fingertips. In short, they were stuck.

Turning her head with some effort, Joely observed their surroundings. Five humongous trees with trunks as thick as the frame of a standard-sized vehicle stood proudly around them. She heard the gentle crashing of waves in the ocean behind her, but was unable to make like the Exorcise and look. Turning toward her left, Joely noticed that Blaire was silently gazing at her.

"What do you think is happening now?"

Blaire was about to offer a reply when she and Joely caught the creaking sound of something badly in need of WD40. Two pairs of eyes fell on the tree to Joely's right. To their chagrin, a previously unseen door in the trunk of the tree was slowly opening and if that wasn't frightening enough, the same was occurring with the remaining four trees. Her eyes almost impossibly wide, Joely returned her attention to the other woman.

"Um Blaire, I think...we...this...bad...no good." Although she realized that she was stuttering,

she didn't care. This was enough to cause someone to have a heart attack!

"Yes, I realize that Joe." Nodding, Blaire listened to the ominous music beginning to play while a quintet of figures dressed in long dark robes stepped from the tree trunks. It was impossible to tell what they looked like since hoods covered their entire faces. Blaire gulped as her body broke out in a cold sweat beneath the sand. *That's if they even have faces. They could be demons or...*

As though they were capable of hearing her thoughts, four of the figures now standing side by side about ten feet away reached up to push their hoods back, revealing who they were. However, Blaire only recognized two of them-her mother and Stacy. When she asked Joely if she knew the other pair, she quickly filled her in.

"Harold and Simone. I used to date them both."

Blaire arched a curious brow.

"Not at the same time!"

Any further conversation they might have had was deferred as the robed began to sing; though, they didn't sound half as pleasant as the fishermen and pirates. Their voices sent chills down the buried women's backs.

The Robed:

*You are trapped in this world
'Cause of cruelties you hurled
Shouting this, throwing those, begrudging that
You will never get released
Unless the anger starts to cease
Relinquish this senseless tit-for-tat
Your fury and suspicions will ultimately consume your life
And it will be impossible for you to survive*

*Doubt is the ace; it will show on your face
Not the doubted, but the doubter
May waive the sweet, keep the sour
It will infuse you, leave you with bitterness and spite
You'll be abandoned in a place without any light
Doubt doesn't care who it will embrace-Doubt is the ace!*

The figure yet to reveal itself began its short journey toward Joely and Blaire carrying a gleaming axe and a coconut. Stopping before them, it dropped the coconut to the sand before swinging the axe at it, expertly cutting the hard-shelled fruit in half. As a few splatters of the substance within flew on her face, Blaire blinked drops of coconut milk from her long eyelashes. Although barely doing so, she refrained from glaring up toward the concealed person or thing.

*Surrendering to doubt can take time, even lives that are sublime
Could be robbed, could be rampaged, could be reached
Doubt has strangled your soul
Was that your intention, your cardinal goal?
Doubt you sobbed, doubt you mulled, doubt you preached
We were given great power
Due to your mistrust and wrath
Now your lives are crumbling since you've stepped in doubt's path!*

When it raised the axe again, it was obvious what it was about to do. Having either used the coconut for practice or as a warning, the figure evidently intended to cut Blaire's head in half next. As the robed creature brought the axe over its shoulder, Blaire tightly shut her eyes while Joely opened her mouth to protest.

"NOOOOOOO!!!! Leave her alone you asshole!!!" The blonde attempted to point at herself, but then remembered that majority of her body was trapped under sand. "I'm the one whose head you should be chopping open. I'm the reason we're here!" To her great relief and surprise, the figure immediately took two steps back and dropped the axe to its side. Although she could only see five of them, she knew that all sets of eyes were upon her. Glancing toward the brunette buried next to her, Joely softly sighed.

Joely: (quietly starting to sing with music that matched her tone)

*It never occurred to me that all my faith would dissipate
That I'd be filled with so much doubt*

Blaire: (deciding to join in)

You can believe in me

Joely:

*How did it get to this point?
I had your love, now I deserve your hate*

Blaire: (looking at Joely and briskly shaking her head)

You'll always have my love

Joely:

My fury brought this all about

Blaire:

It's not all your fault

Joely:

I never thought that I would accuse you of being a cheat

Blaire:

Never dreamed that I'd be kicked out on the street

Joely: (wearing an apologetic expression)

The both of us were torn in two

Blaire:

Our naked emotions on display

Joely:

The anger seemed to take control

Blaire:

But maybe we could start anew

Joely: (starting to smile)

This time we'll be stronger than the last

Blaire: (a gentle smile gracing her own lips)

And nothing will tear us apart

Joely:

We'll heal the damage to our souls

Blaire:

And to this chapter bid adieu

Together:

*Certainly, we'll make it through
If we're together, you and I
We'll be steadfast just like glue*

Of love, we have a full supply!

As the figure before them vanished into thin air, the remaining four they recognized exploded, their dusty remnants scattering in the breeze. While Joely and Blaire were freed from their sandy graves the heavy dark clouds above abruptly disappeared revealing a warm golden sun, the rays of which gladly kissed them. After they shared a brief yet tender hug, Blaire pointed toward the shoreline where Otis sat with an eighteen-foot red and white powerboat behind him gently rocking in the calm water.

"There's Otis! He's probably the reason we were sent to Fantasia and I bet he's the way out of it!" A bright smile on her face, Blaire gave her beloved a full kiss on the lips. "C'mon sweetheart, let's go home." Smelling a combination of raw fish and sweet berry juice, Blaire jogged toward the shore where she met an excited Otis who jumped all over her. As she'd crossed an invisible barrier her fisherman's outfit was exchanged for the one she had entered Fantasia with and thankfully she was no longer in desperate need of a shower.

More than ready to go home, Joely hurried to the shoreline. However, the invisible barrier stopped her movements a couple of feet away from Otis and Blaire as she knocked into it, banging her forehead in the process. An ouch falling from her lips, Joely rubbed her head while Blaire and even Otis looked at her quizzically.

"What's the matter?" The brunette inquired, so close and yet so far away. "Come on over here."

Joely was about to answer when she noticed something out of the corner of her eye. Looking to her right, she saw a powder blue feather slowly making its way toward the sand. Grabbing it out of the air, the blonde examined it before green eyes traveled upward where the unrevealed figure from earlier hovered high in the sky. However, it was sans the axe. She now knew exactly who or rather what it was. She murmured an expletive while thinking that all misdeeds one took part in eventually came back to bite one in the ass.

"Joe, hurry!" Blaire shouted in alarm as she spotted the flying figure as well. "It's that thing that tried to slice me like the coconut!"

Joely sighed as she looked back at her partner, slowly shaking her head. "I can't join you Blaire," she paused, gathering her courage. "It's Perris." She pointed toward the dark figure. "That's Perris. Or at least the spirit of him."

Immediately, the black robe evaporated to show the bright blue and yellow parrot underneath. Flying above Joely, Perris flapped his wings while squawking.

Bewildered blue eyes followed the movements of the beloved parrot that Blaire had had for nearly ten years before she met Joely. "I don't understand. Why is Perris here? He died over a year ago."

Joely momentarily shut her eyes. *Shit, double shit, and triple shit!* Unable to fully meet the other woman's eyes she replied, "Yes, he did but it's the way that he died-well let's say that

I...embellished with what I told you. Sort of edited and added some fictional information." Joely winced as Blaire gave her the 'look' she rarely used.

"What exactly does that mean Joely? Give me the non-fictional 'unembellished' version."

"Well it actually happened like this..."

Joely was barely halfway through the novel and she had to have it proofread by tomorrow morning. She glared toward the closed door leading to Blaire's home office. Even with her having shut it, she could still hear the parrot behind the door talking and singing his heart out all by his lonesome. If Joely heard him sing the theme song to "Gilligan's Island" one more time she was going to scream. Having a vast vocabulary thanks to his sweetie pie (that's what he'd nicknamed Blaire) Perris's favorite pastime was singing theme songs from television shows. The Gilligan's Island song was among his favorites.

As the perky parrot started in on another song, Joely dropped the manuscript on the coffeetable before she arose and walked toward the office. Knocking because Perris had accused her many times of simply invading on his privacy, she waited for him to tell her to come in before opening the door. While she entered, the bird continued his singing.

Schlimiel, schlimazel, hasenpfeffer, incorporated! We're gonna do it! Give us any chance we'll take it, Read us any rule, we'll break it. We're gonna make our dreams come true Doin' it our way!

Joely sighed as she watched the bird dancing in its expansive cage. "Perris." He paid her no attention as he continued singing.

Nothing's gonna turn us back now, Straight ahead and on the track now We're gonna make our dreams come true, Doin' it our way! There's nothing we won't try, Never heard the word "impossible."

She tried again while looking vaguely amused by his antics. "Peeeeerris?" The parrot shook his slight shoulders while really getting into Laverne and Shirley's song.

This time there's no stopping us, We're gonna do it! On your mark, get set, and go now, Gotta dream and we just know now We're gonna make that dream come true And-

"PERRIS!!!"

Stopping, the parrot slowly swiveled his head in Joely's direction, looking a bit annoyed by the interruption. He found it quite rude when someone butted in as he was singing one of the numerous show tunes he knew. "Yes Joke-y?"

The blonde smirked, having realized a long while ago that Perris knew her name. He just pretended like he forgot a lot of the time. "Could you quiet it down please? I'm trying to work."

The bird looked at her thoughtfully for a few moments before he tapped the cage door with a

claw. "Let me out."

"No way Perris." Joely resolutely shook her head. Under no circumstances unless there was an emergency was she going to release Perris from his cage. He'd gotten out a couple of times in the past and nearly landed in some trouble. She wasn't about to take another chance of that happening.

"Okie dokie then." He proceeded to give her a preview of what would occur if she didn't release him from the cage.

*I love you, you love me
We're a happy family
With a great big hug
And a kiss from me to you
Won't you say-*

Joely covered her ears with her hands. "Oh God no! Not the Barney song! Please, Perris." She pleaded with him. If ever a song could get stuck in one's head it was that one!

Perris grinned in a birdy way, knowing that he had her right where he wanted. "Then let me out. Just for a little while. I want to stretch my wings and fly around the room."

The blonde nodded as she came toward the cage. "Okay, but just fifteen minutes. And don't tell Blaire I did this when she gets home." Joely undid the latch and opened the door.

"Mums the word Jojo!" Soaring out of the cage, Perris had a destination in mind. His eyes gleamed with mischief as he headed toward the window that was open just enough for him to slip out.

Horrified green eyes landing on the window, which she had forgotten she'd opened earlier that morning, Joely sprinted toward it. "No! Perris no!" Pushing on the window until it was fully opened, the young woman jumped out of it head first in her haste to track down the feathered fugitive. Unfortunately, she sprained her wrist in the process as she landed on the ground, hands breaking her fall. Ignoring the pain, Joely rushed to her feet and then headed in the direction Perris was rapidly traveling. She chased him all the way down the street, her legs and thighs cramping with the effort. "C'mon, I'll give you a Krispy cracker! Stop bird! Perris!"

Eventually, Perris did stop flying and chose to take a break in someone's backyard, his claws latching on to the top of the Simpson's fence. Well aware that she was trespassing, Joely headed into the backyard, trying to tiptoe just in case anyone was home at this hour. Her steps faltered when she spotted two chained pit bull's sleeping next to a doghouse. Measuring the distance between them and the resting parrot, she estimated they were around seven or eight feet apart. Not enough space for her comfort. Softly drawing out the word shit until it resembled sheet, Joely slowly inched toward the bird who she could have sworn was smirking.

Nearly upon him, she reached out to grab Perris when he decided to take flight again. Growling

low in her throat, Joely watched as he landed on top of the dogs' outdoors home. Unfortunately, the scraping of his claws against the wooden roof stirred them and the vicious looking pit bulls started to stand, one of them spying Joely while the other's hungry eyes were on the juicy looking parrot. Simultaneously, they each lunged toward their prey. The good news was that Joely got away with only a minor nip to her rear. The bad news was Perris wasn't so lucky. Before he was able to take flight, the canine's mouth tightly grasped him.

Climbing over to the other side of the fence, Joely closed her eyes as the bird catching pit bull's brother joined him in feasting. Tears burning her eyes, the blonde head sadly shook. How was she supposed to explain this to Blaire?

Fresh tears glistened in Blaire's eyes at the thought that her Perris had died such a horrible death. "You told me that you took him to the vet after finding him laying in his cage and the doctor said he had a brain aneurysm. You said that he didn't suffer. That it was quick and painless."

"Well that part was true," Joely quickly countered. "Perris probably didn't even know what bit-what hit him. He passed quickly."

Wiping at her eyes, Blaire took a deep breath. "So you lied to me. All this time you've been accusing me of lying and you were harboring this secret," pausing, she stared at the other woman. "Talk about the pot calling the kettle black."

Since they were in Fantasia, Joely did the first thing that came to mind. As though they knew-whomever they were-what she was about to do, music suddenly emanated from everywhere.

Joely:

*Yes, I lied
I didn't want you to know how it came to be
That your beloved bird left this earth
I allowed him to fly free
I realize that it was wrong
Never thought that Perris would flee*

*I'm so ashamed
So many times, I started to unveil my burden
Then my courage would slip away
I'd keep the secret tucked inside
Now you know the entire truth
And there's something I beg of you*

*I'm so sorry, I blamed you, the blame is on me
Please believe me, don't leave me, could you forgive me?
Forgive me my secret, I won't hide anymore
Forgive me the doubts
Let's have peace instead of war*

*Forgive me and from this day forward, you will see
That I will love and cherish you for eternity*

(As Blaire wipes the tears streaming down her face, Joely focuses on Perris)

*Dear sweet Perris
I fail to remember the last I time I said, "I love you."
I never knew that soon you would forever fly away
Now I realize that I missed so many days
I apologize
I hate that you and I never did truly bond
I regret that we never had long talks
Or together sang a theme song
At least once, I could have sung along-now I feel so wrong*

*Could you ever forgive me?
Pardon me for not being a better friend
Even if you've already ascended to that bird Heaven in the sky
There is something that I
Must say to you...*

*I love you, sweet Perris, believe me
Never doubt that, I love you sincerely
Forgive those of us
Who sometimes act like a dope
Forgive, even if it's never forgotten
Believe in love, faith, and hope
Forgive me and it will occur to you
You'll forever have the love of you know who*

Flying down to perch on Joely's shoulder, Perris gave her a peck on the cheek and winked at her before he waved a wing at Blaire and took off into the sky. Both of them watched as he soared higher and higher before he simply vanished with a bright sparkle. Afterward, their eyes connected and Joely burst into joyous tears when her beloved held out a hand to her in invitation. Walking toward the invisible barrier, the blonde hesitantly put a hand up and pushed, relieved when nothing halted her movements.

Grabbing her hand, Blaire gently tugged the smaller woman over, immediately wrapping her arms around her crying form. While Otis patiently waited for his turn to tug, the two women shared a tender kiss before silently deciding that they needed to get out of there. Just as they broke apart, the golden retriever jumped on his younger master, intent on covering her face with sloppy wet kisses. Laughing now, Joely bent down and endured the sweet damp affection as she hugged Otis to her, running her fingers through his soft fur.

Smiling, Blaire leaned over to kiss them both on the head. "Let's go home loves."

Within moments, the trio was secure in the powerboat. Starting the engine, they decided to travel straight ahead, hoping that it was the correct way home. While they enjoyed the gentle breeze and reflected on how wonderful it was to be reunited again, curious green eyes fell on Blaire's outfit. Joely now wore her pajamas, but what was her lover clothed in?

"Blaire why do you have a toga on?" In that moment, her eyes spied the small white tag attached to the outfit. "Or better yet, a sheet?"

Sheepishly grinning, the brunette curled her arms around Joely's waist. "It's a long story. I'll tell you later. For now, let me show you how much I love you." When she captured the blonde's lips with her own, Joely forgot all about her inquiry.

So involved with their kissing, they failed to notice that they were now sitting on the beach that was within walking distance of their home. Happy to be home, Otis barked as he ran up and down the beach while the sun made its ascent into the sky for a brand new day.

THE END

CREDITS

"Honey Bunch"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Original Music

Performed by: Stacy

"Harold the Ex"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: The Bitter Suite Folks

Performed by: Harold

"Loot and Fish"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Debra, Simone, Fishermen, and Pirates

"Lost In Our Lust"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Stacy

"Accusations"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Joely and Blaire

"Doubt is the Ace"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Debra, Harold, Perris, Simone, and Stacy

"Reunited"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Joely and Blaire

"Love of You Know Who"

Lyrics: Ambrosia

Music: TBSF

Performed by: Joely

"Making Our Dreams Come True"

Lyrics: Charles Fox

Performed by: Perris

"I Love You"

Lyrics: Lee Bernstein

Performed by: Perris