

# ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

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## Chapter 1

A young man dressed in leather pants and a shirt two sizes too small, no doubt thinking his bulging chest would get him a job, stepped onto the well lit stage in the private auditorium.

"Mr. Mandel, do your thing," said Bolton Bowers, the not so typical entertainment manager. With his coal black hair, nearly matching eyes and six foot three height, Bowers was quite intimidating. The small goatee that encircled his mouth, along with his attitude, made him appear quite devilish. An image which he didn't seem to mind at all and in fact perpetuated whenever he could. He stroked those dark whiskers whenever he thought he was getting away with something. And when it came to his famous client, he usually did.

Hands flew across the drums in front of the man auditioning for a spot in the band Sky High, the backup band for Skylar Ramsey, the hottest new singer in pop music. Having risen to fame in just inside two years, Skylar Ramsey was a natural for show business. She caught the interest of every set of eyes when she walked into a room. But she had been doing that long before she came to the attention of the music world, because of a natural God given quality. She always had a smile and a genuine one. Her generosity was already legendary, as she donated her time or her name to various charities, having a particular soft spot for abused women and children. Her gorgeous and purely natural born looks drew screams, catcalls, whistles and marriage proposals from both her male and female fans. Having her first single reach number one on the music charts and having her first CD reach platinum sales almost immediately, sent her on the fast track of the celebrity highway. She did her first music tour the previous summer, as the opening act for a music legend. And now she was preparing for her first national, headlining tour in support of her new CD, entitled Soaring. She had also just won a Grammy for best new artist. Surprisingly

to Skylar, she had also seemed to catch the attention of movie makers and television producers, receiving dozen of scripts and audition offers. But Skylar was only interested in music...at least at this point in her life anyway.

Publicity was an absolute necessity in the business of show and Skylar's image had already appeared on hundreds of respected magazines and some of the more disreputable ones. Every issue was always a best seller. There were many high school lockers, office cubicles and bedroom walls featuring her lovely visage. And no doubt she had starred in more than a few fantasies. Her mane of shining, dark chestnut hair hung most of the way down her back, only lending to the attraction of her five foot ten inch form. And anyone coming within two yards of the beautiful woman was immediately mesmerized by the pair of sparkling, indigo eyes that looked back. Those eyes concealed a soul already aware of more anguish than most others her age.

But the world would never know.

The weary eyes were now closed and the temples around them being rubbed to ease away the ache of the pounding that echoed that of the noise coming from the stage. Anticipating, begging for the end of the song, she looked up to catch the man's exaggerated wink in her direction. He finished with a flurry of furious drum licks and then proceeded to twirl the sticks above his head.

"Thank you Mr. Mandel. We will be in touch." Bowers leaned over to the star and whispered. "What do you think, Cash?"

"You're really asking my opinion?" Skylar replied with a sharp tongue. "And don't call me that." He was the only person to ever bring out the very worst in her and she never tried to disguise it...around him. They would be adversaries to the very end. Most everyone around wondered why the two put up with each other, but no one suspected their dark secret.

"It is your band," he answered.

"Damn right," she muttered. "I don't think Mr. Leather is even under consideration. I want a serious musician, not an egotistical show off."

"Okay then, which one?"

Skylar leaned back in her chair, stretched out her long legs under the table and reviewed her notes. Sixteen applicants had displayed their varying degrees of talent over the past three hours. She had almost immediately disqualified four of those, including Mr. Leather pants, for a number of different reasons. But she let each of them finish their turn out of courtesy. Skylar's kind nature was well known and respected by her fans, friends and colleagues, except her manager who tried to toughen her image whenever he could. But Skylar always managed damage control of his misguided efforts. She hated being under his control, but pushed him to his limits whenever possible.

Skylar was replacing two band members with these auditions. One backup singer had left with

the star's full support to pursue other opportunities. And the previous drummer's continued misconduct had forced Skylar to terminate his employment. That had not been a pleasant scene with his drunken slurs and veiled threats.

Skylar was surprised that only sixteen people had showed up for a try out as her drummer. Surprised, but grateful; she didn't think her head could take much more. Headaches had been plaguing her for several months and Skylar suspected it was caused from a combination of stress and apprehension. The stress was inevitable in this business, but being nervous surprised her, then again she was about to embark on her first headlining tour. Above all, she didn't want to disappoint her fans, whose extreme interest had at first overwhelmed her, but then quickly warmed her heart and soul, which were otherwise very lonely.

She gathered up the papers in her hand and the ones scattered on the table in front of her and shoved them into a folder. "I need some air," she announced. "I'll be back in half an hour with my decision."

Bo wasn't happy with the delay and made it well known by banging his fist on the table. "Just be sure you don't take any longer," he growled. "We've got thirty two more auditions for singers, and you know we have to find one today. They'll only have two weeks of rehearsal as it is." He shook his head in disgust. "I don't know how you could have let Cheryl leave with this tour about to start and you should have canned Brian a long time ago. The first dozen shows are gonna sound like crap."

Skylar wouldn't let herself be baited into an argument. She turned on her heels and stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind her. If the press had been there, they may have had cause to report her surprisingly bitchy attitude. And it would have been a first. One reporter from a television entertainment show was due to spend a short time at the auditions later in the day.

After grabbing a diet soda from a vending machine, Skylar went to her third floor office. She grabbed a small bottle from her desk drawer and an apple from the tiny refrigerator in the corner. Taking her snack and medicine, she stepped out onto the balcony that overlooked a small park. She washed down two aspirins with her soda and stood there gathering her thoughts. She was pretty sure which of the drummers she was going to choose, but she really needed the break, mostly from Bo. She had trouble spending long periods of time with Bobo, as she called him. But she didn't have much of a...no, she had no choice.

Leaning against the railing, Skylar surveyed the group milling about on the green grass below her. A few clicks and a flash or two alerted her of the cameras pointed in her direction. She didn't mind those people getting their photos, but she wasn't going to primp and pose; she was already too tired and the day wasn't even half over. She did give a weary smile and a simple wave.

A dozen or so people were already there waiting for the singing auditions to begin. Although she was replacing a woman, Skylar saw four men in the group. She would be choosing a woman if she could get away with it, but if she heard some extraordinary talent she always passed their name on to a producer or two. That's how she was discovered and she wanted to do the same for others.

The sun was bright on this late April day and a strong breeze ruffled her dark hair, also helping to chase away the pain in her head. She snagged a bite of the juicy fruit as she scanned the potential employees. Skylar's gaze was drawn to one in particular. She couldn't tell much about the woman's features, but the blonde appeared to be right around her own twenty six years of age. The young lady sat by herself on a bench, her face lowered, reading a book. There was calmness about her... or maybe it was loneliness. Maybe that was the instant, odd connection she felt with this woman, even from a distance. Skylar flipped through her papers, finding the names of those signed up to audition and she began to read, trying to guess which name belonged to the lovely blonde. By the time she finished the list, Skylar had it narrowed down to three names. She couldn't wait to see if she won the little game and wondered what prize to give herself. Skylar Ramsey smiled, finished her drink and headed back to face her manager.

\* \* \*

A little over three hours later, they had heard over half of the singers, including two of the names Skylar had chosen, but she had yet to see the blonde from before. There were some very talented individuals, but as with the drummers, she wouldn't begin to make a decision until the last one had finished.

Bo had scheduled a break at three o'clock for an interview with a reporter from Show Biz One, a cable entertainment news show. The female journalist, Sherry Smart, checked her appearance in the mirror, giving her dark blonde do a final fluff. A tall, skinny technician stepped up and checked the placement of the microphone attached to Sherry's collar. Ms. Smart then took her seat under the blaring lights and waited, studying her notes and list of questions. After the tech had affixed the mic to Skylar's shirt, Bo walked her over to the interview area. She had been interviewed by this woman on two other occasions and thought her nice enough, but silently likened her to a Disney employee on a constant caffeine IV. Bo whispered something in the reporter's ear and she nodded and grinned flirtatiously. Skylar briefly wondered what that was all about, but didn't really worry too much; with Bo it could mean almost anything. Bowers walked outside the camera area, but remained within hearing range. He crossed his thick arms across his beefy chest and pinned his client with an ominous glare.

Sherry produced a smile that nearly obliterated the lower half of her face and exposed what Skylar was sure must have been at least sixty four teeth. "Skylar, it's so good to see you again."

"Thanks Sherry. It's nice to see you too."

The segment producer counted down the start of taping. With the cameras rolling, Sherry questioned the singer about her upcoming tour and the auditions. Another question or two and ten minutes later, the interview was just about to come to an end.

"Skylar," Sherry said, "I have to ask you about the spreading rumor that you might be getting engaged in the coming months to a young man by the name of Daniel."

Skylar forced a smile as she caught her manager's dark, threatening gaze. She didn't even know

anyone named Daniel, and though denying would probably give Bo a stroke, she had to tread very carefully. "Is that really the best rumor you've heard this week?" Skylar chuckled and zipped her lips teasingly. But inside she was seething. Now she knew what that little covert whisper was about. Being in that career, Skylar knew that rampant rumors were par for the course, but when they were spread with ulterior motives it was appalling. She didn't have time to call Bo on his devious little trick. It wouldn't do much good anyway.

The news crew packed up their equipment, but the reporter asked to stay for a while to gather more notes for her story. Once that was taken care of, the auditions started up again. Bo Bowers made many positive and negative comments along the way, including some to the singers themselves. He had also been watching Skylar very carefully for her reactions to the pretty young women on stage singing. To his satisfaction, her expression stayed mainly neutral, but professionally interested. Skylar knew this and she certainly didn't want to prejudice him against any potential candidate.

Everyone was getting restless as the long hours dragged on. There were only three more people waiting and the impatient manager wanted this over. He prepared for the next one, forcing Skylar to make hurried notes.

"Kyra McCall," he said loudly.

Next to him, Skylar's head popped up and her hand stopped what it was writing. It was her. The woman stepped out onto the stage and without realizing it, a slow smile spread across Skylar's face. She quickly disguised it, but the reaction was not lost on Bo. And that already worsened the singer's chances with him.

"Miss McCall," said Skylar, beaming another friendly smile, "you may start whenever you're ready." *The name certainly fits her...a beautiful name...a beautiful face* thought Skylar as the woman opened her mouth to sing. The words of a love song emerged flawlessly and the enchanting notes floated across the room, totally captivating everyone. The soprano voice was smooth, and flowed over Skylar like a waterfall of warm silk. *A beautiful voice.*

Even Bo couldn't deny the young lady's talent, and if he cut her from the list right away it would look suspicious; after all he was supposed to do what was best for his client's career. Bowers watched Skylar watching the woman on stage and his temper raged. He quickly checked to see if the reporter was observing his client. But like everyone else in the room, Ms. Smart was fascinated by the woman singing. He was going to have to remind his client, once again, of their arrangement.

The final, wondrous note caressed Skylar's ears and after a moment of applause, she waited eagerly as the singer stepped off the stage and came to the table for her interview. Skylar extended her hand. "Please have a seat Miss McCall."

Bo remained seated through out the approach and introduction of Kyra McCall. He barely shook her hand before proceeding to grill her with questions. They soon found out that she was twenty five, single and that she currently lived in San Diego. All of which was on her resume, but Bo

always tried to catch someone in a lie.

"Do you mind if I ask some questions?" Skylar asked through a stiff lipped grin.

"By all means," Bo said with false joviality.

She turned to the young woman with a nod and a charming smile. "Now, Miss McCall."

"Oh, please call me Kyra." She smiled back and felt herself relax...as long as she concentrated on Skylar Ramsey, which was easy. The man who had been introduced as Bo Bowers made Kyra nervous...or was it made her skin crawl. He almost gave her second thoughts about wanting this job. But just another glance at Skylar Ramsey and that thought was out of there. Her tiny crush on the star, something she shared with a few thousand others, aside, there were many reasons Kyra wished for this job.

"Kyra," Skylar said. "You have a lovely voice."

She had been told that all her life and accepted with great humility. "Thank you."

"Tell me more about your public singing experience."

"While I was still in high school, I was in the chorus of a community theater production."

Bo raised a hand to his mouth, unsuccessfully hiding a snicker.

Skylar was silently disgusted with Bobo, and Kyra just tried to ignore him.

"After that, I had the lead role in the next three summer musicals. When I was eighteen," Kyra continued, "my church choir made a CD and I had two solos on that. And just last summer I was guest vocalist with a local band for ten weeks when they played one of our most popular clubs."

Skylar genuinely appreciated the young woman's list of accomplishments, her dedication and her pride in what she'd done. "Good," she praised. "Besides singing, there will be some dancing required."

Kyra's face flashed with a touch of panic. "Dancing? Oh...I didn't realize..."

"Don't worry; I don't expect any fancy moves. It would just be a few little routines with Gable Roberts, the other backup singer," Skylar motioned to the petite redhead seated behind them, "and myself."

Gable nodded in a friendly gesture and Kyra acknowledged her with the same. She returned her attention to Ms. Ramsey and gave it some consideration. *Dancing? Can I do that?* "Well..." she hesitated, "I guess I can do that. I just have...um a bit of a trick knee."

"I'm sure it won't be anything to cause you problems..."

"If you get the job," Bo interjected.

When he looked back to his notes, Skylar gave Kyra a quick wink. "Please excuse my manager; it's been a long day. Do you have any questions?"

Kyra was almost reluctant to ask, but she didn't want any embarrassing surprises...if she got the job. "About costumes?"

"Costumes?"

"Yeah; I've seen some...well very short..."

Skylar nodded. "Oh; I think I understand. And there will never be any skimpy, revealing outfits. I do not believe in glorifying women as sex objects. That's not to say that there won't be some sexy clothes. Those are two different things."

That's exactly what Kyra wanted to hear. "I agree, and thank you for that. I don't have any more questions. It would be a pleasure working for you Ms. Ramsey." They shook hands and Kyra grabbed her backpack from the chair and walked away.

As much as she wanted to, Skylar avoided watching the departing figure. Mr. Bowers called for the next singer and the star listened attentively. After the final interview, Sky, Bo and other backup singer conferred to make a final decision.

Skylar jotted down a few names. "Here's my final five."

Bo quickly scanned the short list and refereed to his personal memos. "Well, I can eliminate two of them right away. Phoebe Julian is overweight by at least fifteen pounds." Two heads snapped to the right, but he didn't flinch under their incredulous glares. "Hey, I call them as I see them," he said, "and I saw too much of her."

A brunette and a red head shook tiredly.

"What else?" Sky asked, disgustedly.

"Rae Finley has a husband and a young child..."

"Who are willing to travel with us part time at their own expense."

He rubbed his black whiskers with a single finger. "Still too much baggage...too many potential problems."

Skylar relented, but not too easily. "I still think she could work."

"And if she doesn't, we can't make a switch mid-tour."

Sky bit down on the end of her pencil. "That wouldn't be good," she mumbled. After a couple of seconds she drew a line through the second name on the list.

"If I can add my two cents," Gable said, "I talked to Hanna Reed outside this morning, she didn't know who I was... anyway she has a huge ego problem. Her interview was pure acting. And I think she would flirt with and probably screw the band at every opportunity."

Bo chuckled. "In other words, you don't want her around your husband."

Gable just happened to be married to the bass guitarist in Sky High. She didn't like Bo Bowers anymore than anyone else who ever spent five minutes with him. "I trust my husband," Gable told him. "But I don't think he or any of the other guys should have to put up with that; not when there are other good candidates."

Skylar nodded her agreement. "Okay then, the last two: Kyra McCall and Tara Leland."

Gable gave her opinion. "They both have the talent and the great personalities to do a good job."

Bowers offered his expected judgment. "I vote for Leland."

"Well, I think Kyra," Gable said. "She does have the better voice."

Skylar chewed the inside of her jaw. "Okay; I get the deciding vote. Give me a few minutes." She walked away and paced a few laps, pretending to study her notes and mull heavily over her choice, all the time knowing exactly who would be her newest backup singer. Five minutes later, Skylar stepped back to the table. "Kyra McCall."

Bo's only reply was a scowl. After all there was a reporter in the room.

The star ducked out a side door before the journalist could ask any more questions. She was headed for the water cooler when she saw a blonde woman step from the ladies room. "Kyra!" The young woman turned and smiled when she recognized who was calling her. Skylar jogged down the long hall. "I'm glad I caught you; do you have a few minutes to talk?"

Kyra shouldered her backpack. "Sure."

"Let's go up to my office." They made inconsequential small talk as the elevator climbed two floors. Skylar unlocked the door and offered Kyra a seat on the small leather sofa. The star sat down on the other end of the couch, turned sideways and folded her leg onto the seat. "Again, let me apologize for my manager's attitude," she said.

Kyra adopted a similarly relaxed pose. "It's no problem," she said with a vague gesture of her hand.

Skylar smiled calmly with just a bit of joy. "You're very forgiving and incredibly talented. Your

voice is angelic. You should be looking for a recording contract. Would you like me to talk to some producers?"

"Oh no, no; I don't want to be a star. I love to sing, been singing all my life. I was in the school choir and the church choir. Right now I just want to do what I love, without the pressures, have a steady income and work for someone nice."

"Well, if that's your decision. In fact that's better for me." The dark haired singer stuck out her hand. "You've got the job. Welcome to Sky High."

"Really?! That's fantastic!" Without thinking, Kyra leaned over and threw her arms around the taller woman's neck. She pulled away with a blush. "I'm sorry; I shouldn't have done that."

Skylar gave her a lopsided grin. "Don't worry about it. Actually, it's the first hug I've had all day. But don't you want to know what the job pays?"

Kyra hadn't even thought about that; the excitement of auditioning and meeting the beautiful star was distracting. But the salary was very important to meeting her financial obligations. "Oh, I guess so."

Skylar grabbed a pad and pen from the side table and scribbled a number. She tore off the sheet and handed it to Kyra.

The show business novice started only a second at the outstanding number. "I...um...think this will work just fine." Kyra folded the slip of paper and lifted her gaze. "I would love to work for you," she said sincerely.

*She's so cute*, Skylar thought. "Good. I need you here at seven in the morning. We'll get all of your paperwork signed and then get right into rehearsal, so wear something comfortable. I'm looking forward to working with you Kyra. Just one thing, don't outshine me. After all I am the star."

Kyra nearly laughed at her haughty tone. But she didn't buy it.

The super star blushed and made a pinched face. "That was a joke...and a bad one; I'm sorry."

The blonde giggled. "Don't worry; I know you don't have an egotistical bone in your body."

Skylar studied the engaging emerald eyes. She saw an aged wisdom in such a youthful soul. "And just how can you be so sure, Ms. McCall?"

"Aside from the fact that every article I have ever read about you states that emphatically, I was there four years ago, at the university, when you won the senior talent show. I was also at the interview the next day. And I seriously doubt that anything has changed since then."

"You were there, at the interview?" Skylar searched her memory of that event. "I don't remember

you."

"Well, there were about a dozen others there too. I sort of stood in the back and blended in."

"Did you ask me a direct question?"

"No."

"That's it then; I would have remembered if we had made...eye contact." They had an odd moment just then...but still it was almost familiar, calming. Here they were, near total strangers, yet they were comfortable, like old friends getting reacquainted.

"What was your major?" Skylar asked, breaching the peculiar connection. Although it was something she would definitely consider later.

Kyra's chin dropped to her chest and the tone of disappointment was evident in her voice, no matter how much she tried to disguise it. "I wasn't a full time student; I was just taking a single journalism class." The blonde head popped back up and a faint smile drew across her lips. "But I knew you were going to be a big star, not only because of your exceptional talent, but also..." Kyra seemed reluctant to say what she had intended; she didn't want to embarrass her new boss. "Well, I was going to say that you have a special quality; something that I rarely recognize in performers. You don't just sing your songs you experience them and the emotions they express. I can always tell in your body language and your eyes...especially your eyes. It's just amazing to watch." Kyra noticed how the tall woman's face was darkening, but she finished her thought. "You also make a connection with every member of your audience. You make them feel like you are singing just for them. But I'm sure you've been told that before," Kyra added.

The dark head nodded slowly. "Not the way you just did." Skylar's voice was a bit emotional. "I don't hear positive things from my manager at all...unless he's talking to the press and trying to **sell** me. And the critics; I don't bother with what they have to say...after all it is their job to say something. I do appreciate the fans compliments, but I rarely get to talk with them one on one. I consider you a peer, Kyra and I know you are sincere. Thank you."

"You know," Kyra said. "I wouldn't have even contemplated auditioning for most other super stars."

"Well, I'm glad you decided to take a chance on me."

"I think you're probably the one taking a chance on me."

"I don't."

Now it was Kyra's turn for pink cheeks. "Thank you."

Skylar held out her hand in a much less formal and more personal manner this time. "I think we are going to be great friends."

Kyra held on to the strong, yet feminine hand as she said, "I think we already are." She wasn't sure what made her say that, but it made Skylar Ramsey smile.

Continued...

**Colleen's Scrolls  
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### **Chapter 2**

Kyra arrived fifteen minutes early to find the auditorium already bustling with activity. The six musicians, including the new drummer, Michael Fisher, were tuning instruments and practicing solos. The other backup singer was having coffee at the snack table and skimming the morning paper. There were at least five other people, who she assumed were equipment technicians, milling around the huge room, but not a one paid Kyra any attention. She wasn't sure exactly what to do. It appeared that neither Skylar nor her manager was there yet, so she just found a chair in the corner and dropped her pack on the polished floor. She did a little people watching to try and familiarize herself with her new co-workers. Skylar had handed Kyra a folder with the band's info and song lyrics the afternoon before and she had spent a good part of the night studying the contents.

Her eyes first sought out the band's leader and lead guitar player Jack Harrison. He was a slight fellow with close cropped, dark hair. Kyra had found a very interesting fact in his bio. His Japanese mother could trace her lineage back to royalty.

The other guitar player was Lisa Scott. At thirty five, she was the oldest member of Sky High in age and seniority. She had been a music teacher at the college Skylar attended, and although she had never had Skylar as a student, Lisa had followed her academic studies through colleagues. When Lisa had heard of the young woman's recording contract, she saw a possible opportunity for the career change she had desired. Lisa was a tall woman; she had at least two inches on the statuesque super star. Her medium length, bright blonde hair was thick and curly, and Kyra noticed that it bounced rhythmically when the woman played intently.

A young, mustached, African American man was wailing away on a shiny saxophone. The jazz influence was clearly heard as Kyra remembered he had grown up in the French Quarter, where his parents owned and operated a restaurant. His uncle had played the sax every night for the customers and just as soon as Terry Cook was old enough to hold the substantial instrument, he was learning the rhythm of the New Orleans blues.

Pounding away at the piano keys was Grant Worthington. The thirty year old man, a graduate of Julliard and former studio musician, apparently had a reputation for being a prankster and all around clown. But that certainly didn't take anything away from the proficiency of his nimble fingers and his musical soul.

Kyra listened for a few more minutes then the song came to an end. A couple of the musicians put aside their instruments and stepped away from the band's area. Kyra casually observed as the bass guitarist ambled over to the snack table, where Gable handed him a cup of coffee. Josh was of average height for a man, but his physique was anything but ordinary. His heavily muscled arms and chest shouted of his longtime body building regimen. His shaved head added to his unique look. Kyra could see an intricate design tattooed on his generous upper arm, but she couldn't make out exactly what it was. She admired modest body art, but could never see herself wearing any...mostly because of her low threshold for pain. Kyra casually watched as the singer and the musician chatted for another minute, then the big man leaned down and planted a kiss on Gable's lips that was far from merely friendly. Being a naturally curious human being, Kyra gave it some thought. *Josh Roberts and Gable Roberts. I didn't make the connection that they might be married; it's not all that uncommon a last name. Huh. I guess it would make it easier to keep a relationship together with all of the traveling involved with these jobs.*

"Hi."

The timid voice, barely caught Kyra's attention, but as a form stepped into her line of sight she looked up to see a smiling young man. "Hello," she returned.

"I'm Michael Fisher."

Kyra accepted his handshake and introduced herself.

"I guess we're the new kids on the block," he said.

"Yeah. It's just a bit intimidating huh?"

"A little." He looked back at the group of people waiting to get started for the day. "But everybody seems really nice...well except maybe..."

"I know." The name was unspoken, but Kyra knew they were both talking about the abrasive manager. "But Skylar has to be one of the nicest people I've ever met," she added.

"I didn't get to talk her for very long yesterday, but I think working for her is going to be a good experience."

Kyra quickly studied the young man's appearance. With his reasonably dark hair and deep blue eyes, he could almost pass for Skylar's brother. Of course he wasn't; Kyra knew that Skylar didn't have any siblings. He was very handsome and Kyra suspected he was going to gather a few female fans of his own.

"So Kyra, would you like to..."

"Good morning everyone," Skylar bellowed above the general din of the conversations around the room.

A chorus of greetings came back.

"Hey Skylar."

"Yo boss."

"Mornin' Skylar."

The tall singer's eyes swept the room and quickly located her two newbies. "Kyra, good morning. I hope you had your coffee this morning; you're going to need that caffeine boost."

"Well, I get mine from tea, but I'm ready to hit the...high notes?"

Skylar laughed. "I like your enthusiasm. By seven tonight, I'm afraid you'll be ready to strangle me."

"Oh, I don't think so."

Skylar turned to the man beside her. "Hello Michael. Bo is waiting in my office, so let's go on upstairs and get those papers signed so we can get to work." Skylar yelled out to her band leader, "Jack, take them through the band's solo, while I take care of some business. I'll be back in a few minutes."

\* \* \*

The Saturday before Sky and the band were to set out for the first tour date in Seattle, she threw a big party at her canyon home. She had decided to make the event a tradition before and after every tour. The magnificent, six bedroom house was surrounded on two sides by heavily wooded mountains and a rather sheer cliff on the third, but the entire property was protected by a tall fence with an alarm. Bo had convinced her that the seclusion was necessary for her safety. She hated it, but had agreed; she knew there were some deranged people in the world. Sky liked the house and the views, but it was nothing compared to the splendor of her hometown in Colorado. She tried to get home as often as she could to visit her Aunt and Uncle, who had raised her for five years before she had gone off to college. Even in her career infancy, Skylar Ramsey was already preparing for her eventual retirement and return to the hometown she loved.

Her guests started arriving at one o'clock and by two there were twenty four people at Sky's home. Mr. Bowers had, thankfully, declined her totally insincere invitation.

Half of the guests were soon seated around the patio, hiding under several large umbrellas from the sultry afternoon sun. The small crowd was engaged in some lively conversation and the others were in the pool, escaping the rising heat. Someone had mentioned planning a game of poker later in the evening, but Skylar had staunchly snuffed the idea of gambling. Her friends abided by her wishes, no questions asked.

Finally, Skylar had enough of the heat so she peeled off her shorts and t-shirt, unveiling her one piece, coral colored bathing suit. She dove into the crystal clear water, where her long, graceful form cut through the cool liquid from one end of the pool to the other and back. She repeated the trip about thirty times as the others played around her. Skylar followed a moderate fitness routine and swimming played a big part of that. She loved the water: in a pool, in a mountain lake or a coastal ocean, she just loved swimming in it, floating on it or diving under it. After her pleasurable exercises, she swam to the side of the pool and enjoyed the sights and sounds of her friends having fun. Gable had just offered to invoke her earlier career and play waitress. She delivered a tall glass of lemonade to her boss and two beers to Grant and his partner Greg. Skylar leaned against the side of the pool and donned a pair of dark sunglasses. She searched among the crowd for her new, blonde backup singer. But she didn't see her anywhere. After greeting Kyra at the front door and having a short chat, the singer had lost track of the young woman. She sipped her tart drink and thought back over the last two weeks.

Only taking Sundays off, the group had spent twelve long, hard days rehearsing for the concert tour. Special attention was, of course given to the new musicians. Each was well skilled, but working them into the routine took some patience; a trait which Bo Bowers did not possess an ounce of. Skylar had to fend off his loud dissatisfactions at least a dozen times a day. She was just thankful that he hadn't scared off her recent additions.

The young Fisher liked to chew on candy as he played, but assured Sky that he wouldn't do it when they were performing for the public. He also liked to flirt with Kyra. He was rather endearing in his coy attempts and it never interfered with his concentration, but just about

everybody had noticed at one time or another. Most of them wisely ignored it. Bowers, the totally unwise, did not. He encouraged the man's attraction to try and end the blonde singer's single status.

Kyra McCall was a rather interesting person. Not one complaint or even a groan of displeasure ever left her mouth, even when everyone else was on their knees begging for a break. Her dedicated work ethic was greatly admired by Skylar. Kyra had an endlessly cute and sometimes shy smile that was complimented with just a trace of a single dimple. She was very inquisitive about the business she had just entered into, but rarely talked about herself. It was obvious that she was intelligent and sensitive, yet there was a charming mystery about her. Sky took the opportunity to chat with Kyra whenever possible, unfortunately those times were short and frequently interrupted by the annoyed manager. But Kyra often brought laughter to the super star with her calm wit. And somehow, Sky felt a sense of comfort with the young woman around. Her recent hectic life had her feeling...off balance. And lacking a certain something. But now it felt like she was coming back to center. A new friend seemed to be just what Sky needed.

Skylar broke from her curious musings as somebody did a cannonball into the pool. She shook her head in amusement and hauled herself from the water. Grabbing a towel from a nearby chair, she gave her head a rough rub and ran the cloth down her arms. She then wrapped it around her waist and headed for the house. Skylar opened one of the French doors and stepped inside. A blast of cool air grazed her still damp skin and the stone floor was chilly, but refreshing on her feet.

Kyra was sitting at a small table overlooking the patio and pool. She looked up from the paper she was scribbling on and caught her boss's gaze.

Skylar smiled. "Hey."

"Hi." Even after two weeks, Kyra was still a little reserved around her new co-workers...with the exception of Skylar Ramsey. The easy camaraderie they had developed at their first meeting had continued and had only gotten better.

Skylar asked, "How come you're not outside having fun?"

"It's too hot; I don't like the heat." Kyra fanned herself with her hand to illustrate her point.

Skylar grinned. "It's not hot in the pool. You do swim, don't you?"

"Yeah, I know how. I haven't been in a long time," she mentioned wistfully.

"Now's a good time. Most everybody is watching Josh and Terry arm wrestling."

Kyra laughed. "Gee, I wonder who's gonna win that match?" They heard a rousing cheer outside, signifying the end of the macho contest. "Thanks for the offer," Kyra said, "but I didn't bring a suit."

"Well, I have about a dozen suits in all different sizes. For when friends stop by and we decide on a swim."

Kyra grabbed the sheets of paper as a light bulb suddenly went off in her head. "I'm sorry; you probably don't want me all alone in your house."

"No, no! That's not what I meant at all. You are welcomed to go anywhere in this house. I trust you." Skylar looked around the large, open room, where normally she had only her echo and reflection for company. "I just...isn't it a little lonely in here all by yourself?" she asked her friend.

The blonde sat back into her seat. It was lonely, but Kyra wasn't going to admit it. "No," she said, "I'm very comfortable."

Skylar wasn't exactly convinced, but she shrugged it off. "Well, okay; that's all that matters. They're starting up the grill, so dinner should be ready shortly. I'm gonna get changed."

Sky returned a few minutes later dressed in a pair of tan shorts and a blue and tan tank top. The singing star had stopped right next to the table and her backup singer. She reached for a chair. "Mind if I join..."

Jack Harrison stuck his head in the door. "Hey Sky, you gotta come see what Grant is doing."

"Umm...yeah, I'll be right there."

The younger woman suddenly averted her gaze after having gotten an eye full of the lovely legs standing next to her. Kyra was a touch envious of the tanned and toned length. And she smoldered with a bit more than a touch of lust. It hadn't really surprised Kyra when she realized that her tiny crush was developing into a big one. But it was a harmless attraction; nobody would get hurt because nobody would ever know. "You'd better hurry," she said. "You don't want to miss Grant's antics." The jokester had taken the edge off many long and tiring days of rehearsals. "Might be good material for later years."

"Oooo, you're right." Skylar agreed with a chuckle, but an unexpected ripple of sadness hit her in the gut. She tapped the girl on the shoulder. "I'll talk to you later." Sky left and was soon surrounded by the gregarious crowd.

Kyra watched the fun for a few minutes before she continued what she was writing.

\* \* \*

Skylar stepped back inside about half an hour later. "Mind if I join you for a while?" she asked. "You were right; it is too hot out there, at least out of the water. Is this seat taken?"

"Not unless you have some old childhood invisible friend still hanging around."

Skylar laughed at the joke and asked, "How did you know I had one of those?"

"Didn't we all?"

"Especially those of us who were only children," Sky added. "You know, we've worked side by side for two weeks, but I haven't had much time to get to know you, like I really want to. I really want us to be good friends."

Kyra smiled sweetly. "I'd like that too."

They chatted for a short time, but at first the only topic they could manage was work. Both shied away at the mention of family, but they soon finally found a subject they were each enthused about. World travel. So far, Skylar had only visited two other countries, but she had a long list of future exotic destinations.

"For me," Kyra said, "it's all pretty much wishful thinking to actually visit those places, but I love reading about other countries."

"You never know what the future holds. Who knows, maybe in a few years we'll do a world tour. I understand our music is very popular in Europe."

Kyra was excited at the possibilities. "Oh, that would be so great!"

Jack stuck his head in the door again, about ten minutes later and announced that the food was ready. A wacky jingle sounded from the vicinity of Kyra's chair and she pulled her cell phone from the side pocket of her backpack. She recognized the number and a fond smile crossed her lips, but quickly fell in a flare of panic. "I'm sorry," she told Skylar, "but it's important. I need to take this call."

"Sure. I'll go grab some food."

"Hello. Is something wrong?"

That's all Skylar heard before she closed the door behind her and went in search of sustenance. This was the fourth urgent call that she knew of that Kyra had received in the last two weeks. She was sure it was from the same caller because Kyra always had the same reaction. Sky knew it was none of her business, but worried about her new friend none the less.

Her call only lasted about ten minutes and Kyra came back into the room to find Skylar seated back at the table with a plate full of food in front of her. She was sipping on a glass of iced tea.

"I thought I'd come back in and eat with you so we could talk some more," the star said.

Inside Kyra grinned, but she didn't want to be greedy. "Umm...don't get me wrong, I really like your company, but won't the gang out there miss you?"

Skylar waved off the outside crowd with a hand gesture. "Nah. They're too busy feeding their faces. Besides, I like your company too."

The smile leaked out. "Great!" Kyra said. "I'll grab a plate and be right back."

Neither worried about perfect table manners as they ate, talking and laughing through the meal of barbecued chicken, baked potatoes and the best slaw Kyra had ever tasted. She had commented on the dish and was surprised to learn that the star had whipped it up herself. But Sky teasingly declined to share her secret ingredient.

When both were stuffed, they pushed away empty plates. Kyra swallowed the last of her tea and easily dabbed at her mouth with a napkin. "Have I thanked you yet for inviting me here?" she asked. "I've had a really good time."

"You're welcome." Skylar looked out the doors where all her other friends were doing the...limbo? "You guys aren't just my band or just my friends," she turned back to Kyra, "you are my family. And if there is anything I can ever do for any of you, I hope you will please ask." Sky set both plates aside. "Do you mind if I ask what you were working on so intently all afternoon?"

A pair of alarmed green eyes landed on the pile of papers. "Oh, I was just fooling around with some lyrics."

Skylar was surprised, but enthused. "You write songs?"

"Not...well, like I said it's just words. The music just doesn't come as easy to me."

Sky held out a hand. "May I see them?"

"I don't..."

"Please."

Kyra chewed on the inside of her cheek and reluctantly handed over the top sheet with the finished lyrics. She averted her eyes while the star scrutinized her work. Kyra soon heard a heavy intake of breath, knowing that Skylar was looking for a way to ease her criticism.

The blue eyes carefully swept over every single one of the delicately handwritten words. The honest emotions stroked a lonely spot on her soul. And somehow lit a spark of unexplainable anticipation. "Wow," she exclaimed in a soft exhale. "This is...very good. I mean it's fantastic."

Kyra was slightly flabbergasted. "Really?"

"Absolutely." Skylar quickly re-read the delightful words. "There must be someone very special in your life to have inspired this."

Kyra shook her head sadly. "No; nothing like that. I just...that's the kind of love I want to experience someday."

"You will," Skylar said. "You are a very special person Kyra." An idea popped into her head. "Come with me." Sky took Kyra's hand as if it were the most natural thing in the world. She led her from the room, turned down a few halls and hopped down a short set of stairs. Skylar took her into a secluded room and flipped on a set of lights.

"Oh wow!" Kyra exclaimed as she took it all in. At the center of the room was a beautiful, gleaming, and dark walnut colored baby grand piano. Two more electronic keyboards sat in a back corner and four handsome acoustic guitars stood proudly against one wall. An intricate sound system took up the final corner. There was also a recording booth. "This room is fantastic."

"Yeah; it's soundproof and has perfect acoustics." Skylar pulled a stool over to the piano. "Do you play any instruments?" she asked.

"Guitar."

"Take your pick," Sky said as she slipped onto the bench at the piano. She fumbled with some sheets of music until she found a few blanks. Placing a pencil behind her ear, Sky took Kyra's lyrics and propped them in front of her on the baby grand.

Kyra had picked up a blonde colored instrument that had a painted design around the body. It was probably custom made she thought and perhaps had some very special meaning to the star. She started to set it back into its stand.

"That's a beauty huh?" Sky asked. "It's my favorite. Bring it over here and have a seat."

Kyra relaxed and carefully carried the prized instrument over to the piano and sat down on the tall seat as Skylar read the title of the song out loud. "A Touch of Your Love." The star then read the first verse to herself and proceeded to hum a few different tunes. She played a few notes on the piano and asked, "Do you envision something like this?" She tapped another, slower melody. "Or something more like that?"

"I...you would probably know better."

Skylar smiled fondly. "This is your song Kyra, your vision. Here, I'll play them again." Once she did she said, "Now let's put the words in and see which one works best." Together they sang the first few lines. Skylar was reading the words on the paper, but Kyra was watching her. She couldn't believe that the words she had written were flowing from this woman's mouth, and so beautifully. "Okay, which do like better?" Sky asked.

Kyra had a minor moment of star struck awe. "Umm..." She looked away, knowing that her cheeks were ruddy. "Sorry."

Skylar also had a little extra pink on her tanned face. "Don't worry about it. Shall we do it once more?"

Kyra nodded and another short duet rang out. "I think I like the second one," she finally decided.

"Me too, but I didn't want to influence your decision. Let me get this down." Skylar jotted the notes on the blank music sheet. She played them yet again on the keyboard, just to be sure she had them right.

For the next hour and a half they worked on the musical piece. It was amazing to both of them that practically all of their ideas meshed perfectly. Not only did they work well together composing the finished song, they realized that their voices harmonized flawlessly. The last few practice times, they both played guitars, having memorized Kyra's great song. They knew it needed a little more work on the wording in a couple of places and some overall polishing, but both were rather proud of their first collaboration.

\* \* \*

Later in the evening, as dusk was slowly cloaking the California sky, everyone was gathered around Skylar Ramsey's torch lit patio. The band members had brought out their instruments and started an impromptu jam session. That was perfect, Sky had thought; she was anxious to perform a little music of her own.

The guys had played half a dozen songs before deciding to take a beer brake. Skylar moved a couple of chairs to the center of the circle. "That was great," she said, stepping over to grab a guitar. "Now I have a little something to debut. Kyra, please join me, and bring that instrument along with you." They soon sat side by side, fingers poised over the taut strings. "As I said, this is a brand new composition, written just today as a matter of fact. This is 'A Touch of Your Love'." She nodded at her partner and alone she strummed the musical introduction. After a few bars, Kyra joined her and together they sang.

"I don't need to be a millionaire  
My needs are basic food, water and air  
But there's one thing more that keeps me alive  
Without it I know that I would never survive

Just a touch that can wipe away all of my tears  
A touch that will carry me all through the years  
When the darkest of night turns to day  
A special touch lights the way  
A touch of your hand on my heart and we're never apart  
Your face on my hair and it's all so clear

All I need is a touch of your love  
The mystical and magical touch of your love  
When your soul touches mine

It makes my world shine  
Skin on skin let the passion begin  
It's velvet and satin and fire and ice  
Just one touch is worth any price

In all of my years I have learned many things  
I've seen with my eyes what a touch can bring  
Fire touches sand making beautiful glass  
The sea touches the shore with a wonderful roar  
A taste so divine with age against wine  
But nothing compares to your lips upon mine

All I need is a touch of your love  
The mystical and magical touch of your love  
When your soul touches mine  
It makes my world shine  
Skin on skin let the passion begin  
It's velvet and satin and fire and ice  
Just one touch is worth any price

Just a touch of your love  
Your heart  
Your hand  
Your soul  
Your love"

As the final cord reverberated, the crowd broke out in appreciative applause.

"Sky, that's fantastic," Gable said. "You guys sound great together. And that song will be a number one for sure."

"Thank you; I agree. But I didn't write it...well, not the lyrics anyway. The words were written by our very talented new band member, Kyra McCall." The humble young woman accepted the enthusiastic praise with a modicum of discomfort, but happiness. Kyra was not used to being the center of attention. "And," Skylar continued, "If we can work out an agreement with Miss McCall, that great song will be on the next CD."

Kyra stared goggle eyed at her boss as more murmurs of excitement assailed them. "You want to record my song?" she asked with a squeak.

"Not only record it, I want it to be a duet, like we just did."

Gable patted Kyra on the back. "Congratulations. This is a great opportunity."

"Yeah Kyra, way to go," another band member said.

Skylar stepped away, but stood tall, more than happy to relinquish the spotlight...especially to her new friend. She smiled as she watched Kyra gathering the praises that she certainly deserved. The torchlight cast flickering shadows across the beaming face, causing the star to once again admire the young, innocent beauty. But admire was all she could do. Sky also realized that she had just found a talented protégé, whose career she could help nurture.

Kyra was finally able to step away from the well wishers and rejoin her friend. "This is totally unexpected Skylar. Thank you. But you know I am satisfied just being your backup singer."

"I know. And you're doing a great job. But you deserve this opportunity. It doesn't mean you have to be a superstar; I know you said you didn't want that. But this might just help you sell some more songs. That would be good; wouldn't it?"

"Of course!" Kyra wrapped her arms around the tall singer and squeezed, just as she did upon getting the job. But this time, Skylar freely and gladly returned the warm hug. "This is wonderful. Thank you again." Kyra took a step back. "But I don't want to stop working for you...unless that's your decision of course."

"Don't worry about that; you've got a job as long as I do. I just want you to enjoy everything that comes to you Kyra. And don't let anybody ever have control over you."

Kyra nodded, but she didn't quite know what to make of that last, strange comment. She was left to ponder it as the music started up again.

Continued...

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### Chapter 3

Two huge vehicles pulled up outside the great arena in Seattle Washington. Ahead of them were two semis, full of the intricate staging, technical equipment, costumes and instruments.

Whenever possible Sky and the band would roll along the highways to the cities on the tour, but sometimes it would be necessary to take to the sky. It was those times when the imminent jokes about the band's name would run rampant. They always chartered flights, but Skylar was seriously considering investing in her own plane. She had realized that it would also be much easier when she wanted to visit her hometown.

The band members piled out of the buses, stretching their legs and other tight body parts. Skylar had had the band's bus designed with as much comfort as possible with fold down sleeping for eight, a bathroom and a small kitchen. Sky's personal vehicle was a top of the line RV with a private bedroom, full bath, a complete kitchen and banquettes that could also fold down for an extra sleeping area. There was also a TV, DVD/CD player and surround sound system. The driver's compartment was separated for Sky's complete privacy. Skylar had always asked the ladies of the band to ride with her, but she made Bo travel in his own car. Surprisingly to her, Lisa Scott had chosen to ride in the second bus and of course Gable had wanted to be with her husband. That left Kyra, at Skylar's encouragement to ride in the luxury RV. The two of them had played board games and worked on more songs on the long ride from LA.

The group got a quick tour of the backstage and dressing rooms before they boarded the vehicles once again and headed to the hotel. It was around eleven in the morning and most everyone wanted a shower and some lunch. They would have the rest of the day to relax because the concert wasn't until the next evening. The techs however had a full day ahead of them, assembling the elaborate stage, lighting and sound equipment.

\* \* \*

That evening, the guys gathered in Josh Roberts' room for a few rounds of poker. Lisa had wanted to visit a local night club and Sky invited Gable and Kyra to her room for a movie night. Earlier in the day, the two backup singers had done some sightseeing. Kyra excitedly recounted their adventures as Sky looked at a couple of dozen pictures that had been loaded onto a laptop. The blonde also told her friends of the travel diary she was starting.

"I wish I could have gone with you," Sky said. "That's the worst part about having fame." She turned to Gable. "Remember what happened at the end of last year's tour?"

"Oh my God!" the redhead laughed. "Wait till you here this Kyra."

The night went on like that, with stories and laughter, popcorn and root beer. They never got around to the movie, but a good time was had by all.

\* \* \*

The next day, just after lunch, Sky and the band were back at the arena for a sound check and rehearsal. The singer noticed that a few fans were already hanging around in hopes of getting an autograph. She would have loved to take the time to indulge them, but Bo hurried her along as usual. She settled for a quick wave. They entered through a back door and stopped at the

dressing rooms to drop off some backpacks and duffle bags. Kyra rummaged through her dark blue pack and grabbed her cell phone. As they walked down the back halls and up a few stairs, she quickly checked for messages then clipped the tiny box to her belt. She suddenly felt the enclosed space around her fade away and looked up to see why. The green eyes grew to the size of golf balls and Kyra stood frozen in place while everyone else was moving to take their places behind instruments and microphones.

"Hey McCall," Bo shouted, "get your head on straight and get a move on."

"Hey Bo," Sky countered, "why don't you stick your head up..." It was really a waste of breath to finish. "Just give us a minute will ya." She walked over and put a hand on Kyra's shoulder, immediately detecting the trembling. "It's something to be on this side huh?"

Kyra kept scanning the huge arena and her face paled. "Yeah. I've been to concerts before, but to be up here with all those eyes on you...well their eyes will be on you, but...wow."

"I think there'll probably be more than a few admiring eyes on you too once your face flashes onto that." Sky pointed to one of two very large screens hanging over each side of the auditorium seats.

Kyra gulped audibly. "Thanks for telling me," she joked...sort of.

Skylar laughed good naturedly. "Well, I wanted you to realize that now instead of in the middle of a song, in front of the sell out crowd."

Kyra made a pinched face at her friend. "You're just trying to make me faint, aren't you?"

Sky continued smiling and handed her a bottle of water. "Of course not. But why don't you have some of this and take a seat over there while we get levels on the instruments." She leaned down and whispered in Kyra's ear. "I know it's overwhelming; I felt the same way. But you'll be fine. If it's too much at first, just watch me and pretend we're back in rehearsal."

Kyra nodded and followed her suggestion. She swallowed about half the water and gave herself a little pep talk. *Sky's right; I'll be fine. No one will even notice me. Why would they with her here.* Her gaze drifted back to the star, who was practicing a sexy dance move. As she continued watching, Kyra began to immediately feel better. She took a deep breath as the final nerves settled into place and an appreciative grin slid across her face. The pink returned to her cheeks, she rose to her feet and joined Gable, ready to do her job. She wouldn't disappoint Skylar Ramsey.

The singer turned and saw her new friend looking vibrant and energetic once more. Sky nodded and winked. "Okay ladies," she said cheerfully, "it's our turn for a little vocal activity."

\* \* \*

After an early, light dinner, the band returned to prepare for the 8:00 curtain call. A huge crowd

of teens and twenty something women and men had gathered at the back of the arena, where they knew Skylar would be arriving. Some of the really dedicated ones had been there over eight hours. A few chanted her name, some were singing their favorite Skylar Ramsey songs, but all kept a close eye out for their beloved super star.

A van pulled up and five of the eight band members exited and strolled past the excited fans. This actually sent a renewed thrill through the mob of young people, because they knew that Skylar Ramsey wouldn't be far behind.

And they were not disappointed as five minutes later a long, black limo turned into the barricaded lot and came to a stop about thirty feet from the building. The screams and cheers went up about ten decibels as the back door opened. They were not deterred as the imposing figure of Josh Roberts stepped out first. He moved aside, but not away as his wife and Kyra McCall followed. Once the dark headed celebrity appeared, her name rumbled from a chorus of thrilled voices, and as her long legs took just three steps it became too much of a temptation for the agitated mob to handle and in one huge push they knocked down the wooden barricades and rushed the star and her entourage.

They just wanted a touch.

Nobody was actually trying to hurt them, but the three women felt the terror of the unexpected moment as they were suddenly squeezed tight against the tall, chain link fence. Skylar instinctively moved her taller body between the wave of humanity and Kyra...for all the good it would do. Even Josh couldn't hold back the dozens of bodies moving forward. A frantic call went out for security and Bo Bowers charged out the arena door, screaming swear words until his voice cracked and finally failed. Several guards ran to the rescue and drove the enthused fans back away from the women. Josh wrapped his massive arms around the three and hustled them to safety. After a few deep breaths they wasted no time making their way to the dressing rooms.

"I'm so sorry," Sky said to her friends. "I guess I should have let you come in with the band."

"It's not your fault," Gable said. "I don't think you expected anything like that to happen. I guess your fans have been building up all that enthusiasm over the winter and it finally exploded. I'm sure Bo will make sure that doesn't happen again."

Skylar shook her head despondently. "I hope so. I love them all, but that's a dangerous situation for everyone." She looked over to the quiet blonde who was still standing by the door. "Kyra, you okay?"

It took several seconds for the clouded green eyes to look up. "Huh? Oh yeah; that was just...a little shocking."

"You're not having a very good day, are you?" Sky asked.

"Well, maybe I didn't realize exactly everything that would be involved in working for a superstar, but now that I've had my inauguration, I think I can handle just about anything."

"Situations like that are why we have the hulk out there with us." Hulk was Sky's affectionate nickname for part time bodyguard Josh Roberts.

"Hulk?" Kyra questioned.

Skylar laughed. "Sure. He's a damn good musician, but you've got to admit he can be a little scary looking." She directed her teasing remarks to the little redhead, before she stepped into the connecting bathroom.

"He ain't mean and he ain't green," Gable sang, "but he is all mine."

Skylar rolled her eyes and shouted. "Newlyweds!"

Kyra laughed at the banter as she opened her makeup case. "How long have you been married?" she asked.

"Eight months." Gable looked up and saw the blonde's back reflected in the mirror. "Kyra, you're bleeding!"

Skylar ran into the room. Her hair was pulled back into a pony tail and her face had just been scrubbed clean. She guided Kyra to a chair and sat down beside her. "Let me see." She gently pulled up the blood streaked, short sleeve of Kyra's shirt.

The blonde peered behind her as the star examined the injury that was on the back of her right arm. "It can't be much," she said, "it hardly hurts."

Skylar sighed. "It's a small puncture wound, but it might be kind of deep. It's bleeding quite a bit. I think you need to see a doctor."

"We don't have time for that, Skylar. It'll be fine; I'll just stick a band aid over it."

"Gable, I saw a first aid kit in the bathroom; can you grab it for me?"

Kyra was very uncomfortable taking up the star's valuable time. "I can probably reach around and do that," she said nervously. "You have to get ready for the show."

"There's plenty of time," Skylar assured as she rummaged around in the white box. With slow, easy moves she tended to the small wound. "This may sting a little," she said as she cleaned the area with some peroxide. Kyra sucked in a quick breath and Skylar felt the pain. The thought of this gentle woman being in any kind of pain was almost unbearable. She'd never felt an empathy this strong before. "It had to be something on the fence that poked you," Sky murmured as she worked. "Have you had a," Sky sniffed as the powerful emotion tore at her, "a recent tetanus shot?"

"Umm yeah, about two years ago."

"Good." Skylar placed a small, skin colored covering over the injury and with a quick swipe of her cheek, wicked away the single tear that she just couldn't fight off.

"Skylar," Kyra whispered. "I'm fine." She took the hand that had treated her so gently and gave it a comforting squeeze.

"I know, but you got hurt because of me. That's never happened before and it just hit me hard I guess."

"Like Gable said, you're not responsible for their actions. But thank you for taking care of me." Kyra released her hand even though it felt so good. "Now, I believe you have something more important to do," she said before turning back to prepare.

*I can't think of anything more important than you.* Like a whisper you strain to hear, Skylar vaguely perceived the thought that just skimmed across the deepest recesses of her brain. She patted Kyra's shoulder one more time and stepped out of the dressing room. She just walked a few steps when Bo turned the corner in front of her.

His usual scowl deepened. "What are you doing out here, looking like that? You should be just about ready to go on."

"I need to speak to the manager of this place," she answered. "Can you track him down?"

"What do you need?" he huffed impatiently.

"They need to check the fence where we were pushed up against it. Kyra got hurt and someone needs to fix it."

"Hurt how?"

"She got cut on the back of arm."

"Great, I suppose you wanna call a paramedic and that's gonna cause a delay."

"Don't pop a vein Bobo; I took care of it."

"You took care of it? She was bleeding?"

"Yeah."

Bo threw his hands up in the air, angrier than ever. "What the hell were you thinking Cash; what if she has HIV or something?!"

Skylar turned and walked away disgustedly. "She does not have HIV or anything." She kept her voice low, but convincing.

Bo stomped after her. "And just how can you be so sure?"

She stopped again to grudgingly answer his question. "Not that it's any of your business, but she told me that she had a recent physical and got a clean bill of health."

What Skylar would not tell him was that the physical was for a life insurance policy, a very sizable policy that she offered all of her employees...except Bo. She had to keep those a secret from him. He struck down that idea the moment she had first suggested it, calling it a total waste of money.

\* \* \*

All lights in the huge, filled to capacity arena fell away, drowning the space in shadowy blackness. The darkness hummed with a soundless energy as many thousand hearts accelerated by a beat or two. A deep thrum began and every seat began to vibrate. All eyes zeroed in on the upper level of the elevated stage, while below that, newcomer Michael Fisher let rip with a very impressive drum solo. The piano sounded off next and just a few seconds later the entire six piece band lit up the dark night with an illumination of notes. The introduction lasted another five minutes as the audience began to move to the edges of their seats in anticipation. As good as the music was they wanted their star.

A single spotlight popped to life and the crowd sprang to their feet, clapping, cheering, whistling and calling out her name. Skylar took one deep breath, jogged up the stairs under the maelstrom of admiration and appeared in the white light. Camera flashes joined the earsplitting vocal fray as she ran down the ramp on one side, across the stage and up the other ramp back to the spot where she began. More lights of color began criss-crossing the stage and yet more flashed across the excited viewers.

"Hello Seattle!" Skylar yelled into the tiny microphone near her mouth. She began clapping her hands high above her head, igniting the beat of her first number. "Take me away," she sang.

Kyra and Gable echoed. "Take me. Take me."

Not a single butterfly remained as Kyra drew on the energy of the overcharged atmosphere and of her exuberant boss. The show had just started and she couldn't wipe the smile from her face. It was so much fun, she realized; more than she could ever have imagined.

Skylar sang the rest of the song from her high perch, then energized with the power of the thunderous applause she descended to the main stage where she chatted and laughed with the audience. Turning back to grab her guitar, which was next to Kyra, she was happy to see her friend smiling and enjoying.

Kyra and Gable were wearing identical outfits of black, flowing slacks and black, sequined, sleeveless tops. Skylar gave herself a mental pat on the back for choosing such appealing costumes. Sky was wearing a pair of low riding, faded jeans which had an airbrushed scene of the Colorado Mountains on the lower right leg. They had been a present from someone very

special. A thick, black and silver belt encircled her slim hips and she wore a top of the same style as her backup singers, only Sky's was a shimmery silver. Two black scarves hung out of the back pockets of her form fitting jeans. They waved and bounced as she moved around on stage throughout her high energy numbers. During the last song, before the break and Sky's costume change, the three ladies took center stage and performed an entertaining and spicy dance routine. At one point in the number, Kyra and Gable plucked the scarves from their snug locations, much to the delight of the audience. The satin adornments ended up draped around their necks and remained for the rest of the show.

After every performance, Skylar autographed the scarves and donated them to a local charity to be auctioned. They always brought in a tidy sum.

\* \* \*

"So what did you think of your first concert?" Skylar asked as she cracked the top on a bottle of water. She had showered in her dressing room before they left Seattle and was dressed in a pair of nylon shorts and a tank top. Her bus mate's emerald eyes were still sparkling with vivacity and somehow Skylar knew the answer to her question.

Kyra sucked in a deep breath. "I just...I mean I've never..." She was still a little tongue tied. "Wow! That was the most thrilling experience of my life. Thank you. Thank you so much for giving me this opportunity."

Skylar leaned over and tapped Kyra on the arm. "You are very welcome. And you know the great part about all of this is we get to do it over and over again."

Kyra laughed, savoring the notion. She had on a pair of soft, loose fitting pants and a pale yellow t-shirt. She looked radiant, Sky thought, all excited and happy.

Sky was happy too. Very happy. But the adrenalin was finally beginning to drain and the fatigue was showing in the weary blue eyes. It was nearly two in the morning and the bus was racing down the highway toward the next city. A tired arm lifted the plastic bottle, but a yawn slipped out before she chugged down the last of her sparkling water. "You did a great job Kyra," she praised, licking the drops from her lips. "And I think we'll have a lot of fun...on stage and off." Sky's eyes slid shut, but popped right back open. "You must be very sleepy," she joked through another yawn. "And I'm sitting on your bed. You probably want me to move...so you can..." The lazy lids drooped once again as the smooth, rolling motion of the bus lulled Skylar into a twenty second nap. Kyra watched with a fond smile, which she maintained when the orbs showed themselves again. "...get some sleep."

"No, I'm fine," Kyra said. "But you, my friend are exhausted." She stood and reached out to the slumped woman. "I'll give you a hand." She pulled Sky to her feet when the bus hit a hole in the road. Both women went tumbling and the blonde landed in the taller woman's lap. This sparked a bout of giggles that was nearly unstoppable.

"Shall we try this again?" Ms. Ramsey asked, still chuckling.

The next attempt was mildly successful as it took the pair of long legs a few seconds to get a solid footing. Sky grabbed on to a handhold to really steady herself. "Well, I guess it's gonna take me a few days to get my stamina back. All that pampering by my dozen servants the last few months has made me soft."

"Ha, ha." Kyra spun her tall friend and gently pushed her toward the back of the vehicle to her bedroom. "Night Sky."

One final, weak chuckle was heard and the drowsy singer stopped at the door and looked back over her shoulder. "Good night Kyra. And thanks."

Kyra tossed aside a couple of turquoise colored cushions to reveal her bed for the night. "What for?" she asked. But the bedroom door was already closed.

Continued...

**Colleen's Scrolls  
Main Page**

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~ by Colleen

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### **Chapter 4**

They did two more concerts in the Pacific Northwest and then the tour moved on to California and down to the southwest. Six weeks after the first concert, the buses rolled into Dallas for two shows. That meant a three day stay at a hotel, but Skylar would not see much of her luxury suite. Bo had scheduled four interviews, two photo shoots for national magazines and a private afternoon performance and autograph session for a local executive. The company president had paid a tidy sum for Skylar Ramsey to sing for two hundred of his favored employees.

While Skylar was working, Kyra and Gable went out for more sightseeing. They didn't always have the bonus time for a little adventure, but always took advantage when they could. They were forming a good friendship and worked very well together.

After some shopping, the July sun sent them seeking shelter inside a little café. With their lunch

orders placed, they examined their morning purchases. Kyra slid a brown cowboy hat onto her head and checked the look in her compact mirror. "Not bad," she muttered.

"Rather spiffy," Gable agreed. She looked down at the new pair of pointed toe boots on her feet. The shiny, black leather set had a matching men's pair in the shopping bag on the floor next to her.

Kyra took another look at her friend's purchase. "Neat boots. And they're so fashionable with your cutoffs."

The tiny tip of a tongue answered Kyra's teasing. "I savor comfort above all else," Gable said. "You must be burning up in those jeans."

The blonde head shook casually. "No," she confirmed and removed her hat. "Do you think it's nutty to buy yourself a birthday present?" Kyra asked.

"Of course not. Is it today?"

"Tomorrow. I had actually almost forgotten the date until we passed that little girl's party in the park. I had a party in an amusement park when I turned eight," Kyra said with a hint of melancholy.

"My youngest sister stole the show during my eighth birthday party."

"How?" Kyra asked with anticipation.

"She was born."

Both women laughed and started in on their lunch.

They were at a table by the front window, watching from the corners of their eyes as the locals and other tourists passed by on the sidewalk. The crowd was increasing as the lunch hour moved on and a familiar face suddenly appeared at the glass. The smiling man waved at the dining duo and ran for the front door.

"Hello ladies," Michael Fisher said as he helped himself to the empty chair at their table.

"Hello Michael," Kyra responded demurely.

Gable crunched on a breadstick and asked what the young man had been up to.

"Me and Jack were checking out the bike park. They have some cool trails." Although he was answering the redhead's question, he kept smiling and sneaking glances at the pretty blonde that had caught his eye from the moment he first saw her. His foot tapped against a shopping bag. "Find some neat souvenirs?" he asked Kyra. He was so obvious in his attentions, even though he was trying his hardest to hide it. But that's what you get from a 22 year old still living in his

teens. At least he wasn't an egotistical jerk; Kyra hated them. "Kyra," he said timidly, "would you like to go to that microbrewery across from the park, down the street? I thought maybe we could get a drink, do some more sightseeing and maybe have dinner."

The blonde caught Gable's grin before she answered. "Oh Michael, I don't think so. I'm really tired; I need to get back to the hotel and get some rest."

One other thing he couldn't hide was his disappointment. "Well...I understand...I guess." The last part he murmured under his breath. "I better get going. Maybe I can catch up with Jack. See you later."

Once he was clear of the restaurant, Kyra released a helpless sigh. "I wish he would stop doing that."

"What?" Gable asked.

"Asking me out; this is the third time I've had to turn him down."

"Don't you like him?"

"I like him well enough, but I don't want to date him."

"Tell him that."

"Yeah, I will. I thought he'd just give up by now." Kyra rearranged some of the pasta on her plate. "Gable, did Sky have a problem with you and Josh dating, I mean with working together and all?"

"No. I don't think she really knew. She seemed pretty surprised, but pleased when we announced our engagement. But Bo was working her so hard to get her career started she didn't realize much of what was going on around her. I thought you didn't want to date Michael."

"Oh, I don't. I was just curious."

\* \* \*

Both shows went great and everyone returned to the hotel for their last night in Dallas. It was only a three hour drive to the next destination and the performance was two days away, so Sky had decided to let everyone stay the extra night. Skylar showered and dressed in a casual pair of jeans and a blue top. She put her keycard into her back pocket and picked up the basket of food she had room service put together. She placed one final thing into the wicker container and sauntered down to room 218.

Kyra answered the knock on her door and smiled. "Sky? I thought you'd be fast asleep by now. Come in."

"Not sleepy tonight. But I am hungry." She held up the basket. "I thought you'd like to share a little midnight snack."

Kyra checked the clock on the wall. "It's only 11:05."

"Good, then I'm not too late for this." Sky pulled a package from the basket. "Happy Birthday."

"Sky, how did...did Gable tell you it was my birthday?"

The singer grinned mischievously. "No. I have my ways."

Kyra sat down at the table and unwrapped her gift, while Sky began unpacking the food. Opening the small box, Kyra gasped quietly. "Oh Sky, it's beautiful." She lifted the silver chain and further inspected the pendent hanging from it. The stylized version of the first letter of her first name was studded with tiny emeralds. "I'll wear this at every show." Kyra hugged the star. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. How about some stuffed mushrooms and a little pasta salad?" Sky asked. "And for after..." She pulled out a tiny chocolate cake that they split in half, and that ended a good day and a wonderful birthday.

\* \* \*

Kyra got a phone call at eight o'clock the next morning. "Hello."

"Hey sleepy head."

"I've been awake for more than an hour Ms. Ramsey. What can I do for you?" They were not checking out of the hotel until eleven and she had just planned to have some breakfast, pack and take it easy till then.

"The manager is closing the pool to the rest of the guests for half an hour and I wondered if you wanted to join us for a short swim."

Kyra made just a slight hesitation. "Thank you, but I don't think so. I need to pack and write a couple of e-mails."

Skylar was definitely disappointed. "Are you sure; that cool water feels awfully good first thing in the morning?"

"I'm sure. But have fun. I'll talk to you later Sky."

Just a few minutes later, Kyra stepped out onto the balcony with her morning tea. The pool was below her room and five of her co-workers were splashing around in the crystal clear liquid. It certainly looked like they were having fun. Leaning her arms on the railing, Kyra caught sight of the sleek form doing the backstroke, slicing effortlessly through the water from one end to the

other. Her steady cadence was almost hypnotizing. Kyra couldn't pull herself away.

Skylar made her turn at the end of the pool and pushed off for lap...she'd lost count she was so relaxed. It was just her and the water for these short moments...no screaming crowds, no reporters, no stress...no Bo. Actually, he was standing by the fence surrounding the pool, wearing a suit and checking his watch every five minutes. But she managed to put even that out of her mind. "I wish Kyra was here though," her inner voice whispered. As she started a lap away from the hotel, her eyes popped open. The sun was momentarily hidden behind a cloud and she had a clear line of sight to the second floor balcony above her and more importantly, the grinning face looking back. Skylar stopped her momentum and floated, smiling at her friend. Kyra was the best friend she had, the first best friend she'd ever had. Skylar had been pretty much a loner in school. She had a few casual friends, but no one in particular that she had been close to. She grew up an only child and for the most part she was glad it had been that way. Even in college, Skylar didn't socialize much, preferring to concentrate on her studies and her music. The relationships with her band members were certainly friendly and their companionship was important to her, but they lacked the intimacy and comfort that everyone needed, that Skylar had craved.

But now she had that.

Their instant connection had forged into a devoted bond in just a matter of weeks. Even though the sentiment was yet to be spoken by the young blonde, Sky knew that Kyra felt the same. Every morning, one of the first things Skylar anticipated most was seeing her friend Kyra...talking to her.....working with her... sharing their thoughts and feelings. Skylar recently realized just how important that was when Kyra had to make an emergency trip home. When Sky had asked if she could help in any way, Kyra had declined to discuss the problem. But then Skylar had her own secrets. And part of being friends, was letting people keep their secrets.

Skylar lifted her hand to wave when the rowdy gang around her displaced the water causing her to sink. The dark head popped right back up and she spit a stream of water onto the pool deck in her best impression of a fountain. Sky looked up to see Kyra laughing. Her day was now perfect.

Kyra suddenly reached for her pocket and even from a distance Sky saw her friend's expression change to one of near panic. Kyra answered the phone and stepped back inside the room.

Skylar hauled herself out of the water, still curious what the frequent phone calls were about.

\* \* \*

Skylar zipped her heavy leather jacket and pulled on her waterproof gloves. All the band members were gathered around the small, snowy field, dressed appropriately in ski parkas, wool coats, gloves and hats. Six inches of fresh snow covered the ground beneath their booted feet as they mingled and kicked up powder like a bunch of kids. It was a bright, sunny day in the middle of...July. Skylar had written and recorded an original Christmas song for a compilation CD with a dozen other singing stars. Making videos for her songs was nothing new to Skylar, but wearing two layers of clothing in a summer month was. A giant snow machine was whirring behind the

cameras, ready to shoot fresh, clean snow down over the pseudo actors before each take and that helped, but it was still hot. The current scene had Sky and her friends engaging in a rather spirited snowball fight. In spite of the moderately stuffy conditions, they were having a lot of good, winter fun.

Bo was sitting by the camera, in a director's chair, although he was definitely not in charge. But he tended to think so. The director called for action and Sky was suddenly, but expectantly pummeled by a barrage of cold, white orbs. Everyone was getting in their friendly shots. The group of eight took off in all directions and Sky was supposed to tackle one of them in a long camera angle. The way it was going to be edited, the viewer wouldn't know exactly who her victim was. On the first take, Skylar chased down her piano player, Grant Worthington. The jokester had dropped an icy chunk down her back earlier and a little retribution was in order. He came away with a face full of snow and a head full of wet, shaggy, blonde hair. But the smile never left his face. He was always a good sport.

On take number two, Sky took off after one of the two shorter figures clad in a coat of deep crimson. The person faltered after about twenty feet and Sky seized her chance. But instead of falling down on top of the smaller person, in one smooth move she wrapped her arms around the slim waist and tugged backward, pulling them down on top of her into the soft, ivory blanket. Kyra rolled off the lean, but sturdy body and began laughing uncontrollably. Sky couldn't pass up the opportunity and dug her long fingers into the blonde's sides in a tickle torrent.

The little maneuver wasn't scripted, but the director let the camera roll just in case he got something special to include in the video. Bo took particular interest in what was happening in the snow. Two voices were singing out in harmonic laughter and rolling around on the ground a bit longer than he thought appropriate. From their angle, it was hard to see the face of Sky's prey, but Bo knew that Kyra McCall was wearing the red ski jacket. *This is over*, he thought and jumped from his chair. "Stop the camera! Stop the camera!"

"Hey," the director said, "I'm in charge here."

Bo turned to him and growled, "But that's my client and I'm in charge of her." He got into the man's face. "Unless you want to spend the rest of your career directing toilet paper commercials, you will not put that last bit in this video. Now I suggest that you move on to the next scene, which, I believe features Skylar by herself."

The director backed into his own space, not the least bit intimidated. "Just who do you think you are?" he asked, with controlled irritation. "No, don't answer, because you are not what you think you are Mr. Bowers. And unless you've suddenly become an executive with Eagle Eye Music, I don't have to answer to you. Now... get...off...my...set!"

Bo's fingers curled into stone fists of rage. It took all of his willpower to resist swinging one of those fists at the man who had dared to command him. But getting arrested was not on his list of things to do today. Bo Bowers stomped away, his attitude taken down a notch. But he was about as mad as he'd ever been. A couple of whistles and a few claps sounded clandestinely from the winterized musicians. Bo stopped, but didn't look their way.

Skylar looked up from her seat in the snow and addressed the cheering members. "That's enough guys," she said in a hushed voice. "We all feel that way, but that's only gonna make it worse. He won't forget."

"Okay," the director said, "now that that's over, let's take a fifteen minute break."

Sky momentarily dropped her head and ran a hand through her dark, disheveled and slightly damp locks. A headache was charging her like a bull elephant. *He ruins everything*, she thought. *I'm certainly not having the fun career I'd imagined. About the only time I'm happy is when I'm on stage with only the audience and the music. The only other time I'm happy lately is...*

"Could you use a hand?"

Sky looked up and the corners of mouth twitched, finally lifting to an inevitable smile. She reached up to grab Kyra's hand and was pulled to her feet.

"Guess we got carried away," the blonde said.

"No, he got carried away. He should be put away. Sorry Bill," Sky said as the director approached them.

"Don't worry about it Skylar. Everyone in the business knows you must have your reasons for keeping him around. Are you going to be ready to continue after the break?"

She sucked in a breath. "Yeah"

Kyra shed her coat, revealing her white, sleeveless top. "Guess I'm done here," she said. "Are we still on for dinner tonight?" They had planned on visiting a local restaurant that catered to a celebrity's privacy with a special dining room.

"You're not too disgusted to keep hanging around me yet, huh?"

Kyra shook her head resolutely. "Never happen."

\* \* \*

Sky had had the week off from touring, but not much relaxing was on her schedule. After two days of filming the Christmas video in Northern California, she had flown back to LA to do a daytime and a late night talk show...in the same day.

A dark limo pulled up to the stage door and Sky exited the vehicle, carrying a garment bag. She was followed by her entourage...of one. Sky was not singing on this appearance so the rest of the band members were enjoying the time off. Kyra made a joke and cracked her friend up as they walked into the huge studio. They were met immediately by an assistant and led to the star's dressing room where Sky changed into her outfit. Kyra, well accustomed with dressing rooms by

now, laid out the singer's makeup in front of the larger mirror. Sky liked to apply her own make-up as often as possible and that included wearing as little as possible. She knew how she looked best on camera. While she did that, Kyra picked up a hairbrush, quickly and proficiently leaving her friend's long strands ordered and shiny.

With that done, the two went down the hall to a waiting room and chatted with the show's other two guests, a daytime drama star and an up and coming sitcom star. As the small group talked, the television in the background displayed the show's host doing her monologue and trademark dancing.

Sky was the last guest. Now alone in the room, Kyra watched the interview on the television. Sky was always very articulate and personable. She had a great sense of humor and matched wits with the funny host. Kyra laughed out loud at one of their exchanges, but was then stunned when Sky mentioned her by name during a related story. She hadn't heard the door to the room swing open, but she jumped from her seat when the same door slammed shut.

\* \* \*

Sky was scooping food from a white box with a pair of sticks. She was also autographing photos of herself for members of her fan club. And reading e-mails from the laptop on the table in front of her. If her toes had been a little more nimble, she probably would have been writing the music for the new lyrics Kyra had recently given her. Skylar was in her office at the music studio and only had an hour to toil over work and lunch. On the screen she read fifteen notes of a personal nature from family and friends, very pleased with everything included. She dumped more than two dozen junk mails while she munched, but her jaw halted mid-chew as she highlighted the final mail. It had only been sent a few hours before. There was something odd about it, and an intuition made her slip it into a folder for later inspection. Sky finally sat back and rubbed her stinging eyes as the underwater screen saver popped up.

The door to her office suddenly swung open. "Oh Cash," Bowers chuckled, "it does my wallet good to see you working so hard."

"Yeah well, none of this is going to put a dime in your pocket Bobo, so back out and go pester someone else."

He propped his black clad behind on the edge of her cluttered desk and bragged, "You know you're my one and only." He picked up a geode paperweight and tossed it into the air, whistling some unknown tune. Sky tried to block him out as she continued her lunch. "Tell me Cash," Bo said when his song was finished, "why did you take the little songbird to the taping this morning?"

Sky didn't flinch as her hand slid across the color 8x10. "And how did you know she was there?" she asked calmly.

Bo's dark eyes bored into the top of her head as he hesitated, hoping she would squirm. "I got there halfway through your interview," he explained, "went in to watch you and to my surprise,

there she was, staring at you all dreamy eyed."

Again, Skylar didn't give him the reaction he wanted. "If you must know, and you always do, I am trying to mentor her songwriting career. I am taking her places so she can make contacts. It's that simple."

He angled a doubting brow. "Song writing? Right." He was quiet for the moment as he continued to toss around the sparkling rock.

Skylar remembered how Kyra was acting when they had left the studio. Her friend had been unusually quiet and timid, although she had claimed to be fine. Sky looked up at the irritating man through ruffed bangs. "What did you say to her?" she asked rigidly.

Bo noisily plopped the geode down on her desk. He reached up and brushed a knuckle across his prickly whiskers. "I didn't have to say anything. Just one of my famous looks had her scared shitless."

Skylar jumped to her feet, blue fury in her eyes. "You leave her alone!" she demanded.

Bo snickered. "You are awfully protective of her, aren't you?"

"Your business is with me," she spat, leaning across her desk less than a foot from his smirking face. "You may control me, but I don't want you scaring, intimidating or even talking to her or any of my other band members. They are my friends and they don't need to deal with your bullshit. Do you understand?"

Bowers slipped off the desk and matched her wrathful posture. "I understand that you'd better start remembering the terms of our private deal...especially when it comes to sexy, blonde...songwriters. Believe me, I see the appeal, but you'd better not."

\* \* \*

Skylar Ramsey broke out into a big, joyful smile as she posed in front of her band. She was doing a photo shoot for a very popular music magazine; it was going to be the cover story. She had requested that Sky High be in a few of the photos and had asked that they be credited individually in the article because she was very proud of them and wanted them to share her success. In some of the photos they recreated their stage positions and in others they were grouped behind her, some standing and some sitting.

"Very good," the photographer said as he stopped snapping to switch cameras. Having seen Skylar's stage show, he remembered the great dance routine. "Now if I could have the three lovely front ladies over here." He gestured to the rest of the band. "Not that the rest of you aren't just as lovely." They all had a good laugh when Grant did his best vogue poses.

Sky changed into her favorite painted jeans and then Kyra and Gable joined her in front of a blue, sky blue to be exact, background. Recreating the dance he remembered, the photographer

positioned the tall star in the center of the trio. Her back was to the camera and she was looking over her right shoulder, in her back pockets were her trademark scarves. At first all three women adopted stoic expressions and had their arms crossed in front of them. The next series had the blonde and the redhead pulling on the scarves. For the final few photos, he instructed them to do what they wanted.

Sky was more at ease and having fun than she had in a long time at one of these publicity functions. She knew it was because Bo wasn't there trying to dictate her every move. In fact, he was out of town on personal business, so there was no chance of him showing up and destroying everyone's excitement. Sky, still standing in the middle, but now facing forward, threw her arms around her friend's shoulders and said something to make them laugh. The man kept snapping away as Sky's arm, unconsciously snaked down around Kyra's neck, pulling her body closer with Sky's cheek ending up perched on the blonde head.

Continued...

**Colleen's Scrolls  
Main Page**

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**~ Two Part Harmony ~**  
by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

**Chapter 5**

The group pulled into Atlanta on Friday morning for a single evening concert. The roadies had gotten there the day before, while the performers had made a detour for Sky to make a short

personal appearance. The stage, lighting and sound gear was already in, so Bo insisted they do the sound check before going to the hotel. There was a bad summer storm raging outside, rattling more than just the roof of the arena. Sky and the ladies were standing off stage chatting while the band was playing. There would be no sightseeing today, so Sky asked Kyra and Gable to stop by her room later in the afternoon for a few rounds of Scrabble. They accepted just as the sound guy called for the vocals.

"Cash, get over here and sign some photographs," Bo suddenly said, holding out a stack of glossies.

"Can't it wait until later, Bobo? I'm a little busy thanks to you."

"No it can't; the guy from the TV station that's sponsoring this appearance is out in the lobby waiting for these. Send the babes up to do their part; you'll be done a few."

Sky quickly snatched the stack from his hand. "All right," she huffed. "And don't call them that." She didn't mind signing the pictures; she just begrudged his demanding tone.

Bo turned and snapped his fingers at Kyra and Gable. "Well, what are you waiting for, the sun to shine?"

Gable held her tongue as she was often forced to do around the despicable man. Kyra merely looked away and both women climbed the side stairs onto the stage. The redhead stopped to speak to her husband as Kyra stepped behind the microphone. The soft moccasins, she was wearing, slipped a bit and she instinctively grabbed for the stand to steady herself. Suddenly, a zap of energy surged into Kyra's body, knocking her to the ground. Everyone heard the sizzle and the thump and knew immediately what had happened. But it was Skylar who reacted first. "Kyra!" she bellowed as an icy phantom hand gripped her heart. The papers scattered at her feet, and in a mighty show of strength she leapt onto the high stage and ran to her friend's lifeless body.

"Cut the power!" Bo screamed to an arena employee then turned to his client. "Get the hell way from there Cash before you die too!"

Skylar dragged Kyra a few feet across the stage then dropped to her knees. She listened for a breath and felt for a pulse, finding silence and stillness. "You are not going to die!" she choked out as she thumped Kyra's chest.

Five compressions and a breath of life.

Five compressions and a breath of life.

Bo tried to pull his star from her desperate mission, but she threw him off and continued. "Come on honey, wake up," she implored as she continued pressing against the unbeating heart. Tears began streaming down her face and falling onto Kyra's ashen skin. "Please come back to me," she whispered before their lips touched again.

Bo paced behind them, running his hands through his hair, grumbling and sneering about bad publicity. Later, everyone would swear that plumes of fire flew from his mouth and smoke from his ears.

Skylar, however, was unstoppable in her vigilance. And it worked as a pair of confused and terrified green eyes blinked open. A cheer and a round of applause added to Kyra's uncertainty. "What..hap...happened?" her voice sputtered as she sucked in more air.

"Sshh, just be still," Skylar told her soothingly. "Everything's okay now. You're gonna be okay. Can I get a blanket or something to keep her warm?" she asked as she cuddled her frail friend.

Someone handed Gable a heavy blanket and she draped it over Kyra. "The paramedics should be here any minute," she told them.

"Thanks," Skylar said as she tucked the cover around the shoulders that were beginning to tremble. A chilly hand reached out from under the cover and latched onto hers.

"I'm scared," Kyra whispered.

"No, no; you don't need to be." Sky brushed her free hand over Kyra's face. "You're gonna be just fine," she said. "They're just going to take you to the hospital to check you out."

Two paramedics, a man and a woman hustled into the open room and onto the stage, hauling a stretcher between them. Kyra caught their approach from the corner of her eye. "I don't want to go alone," she said, those emerald orbs pleading.

"You won't," Sky assured as she stepped out of the way. The medics quickly and efficiently began evaluating Kyra's vital signs and overall condition. Of course, the singer stayed within her frightened friend's line of sight. She was determined to keep a positive expression on her face although she was almost as terrified as Kyra.

Jack had cleared the rest of the band members off the stage, everyone giving the dangerous microphone a wide berth. The arena manager had electricians ready to investigate the problem once the injured woman was transported to the hospital.

Skylar gave her friend a wink as the blonde was lifted onto the rolling stretcher. "I'm following them to the hospital," she stated.

Bo grabbed her arm. "You are not going anywhere," he spat. "The press would have a feeding frenzy if you were spotted there. I won't let you put yourself in danger."

Sky's jaw worked in annoyance at the situation and his obnoxious tone. "You mean put my career in danger. Because you don't give a damn about me." She pulled roughly from his grasp. "I'm going back to the hotel then. Gable," she called to her other backup singer, "will you go with Kyra to the hospital?"

"Of course."

"Explain why I couldn't be there with her. You have my cell number; call me as soon as you know what's happening."

The redhead nodded and ran after the departing paramedics.

\* \* \*

Once back in her plush hotel room, Skylar paced its length, glancing out the balcony window at every turn, but seeing nothing except gray clouds and gloom. She had downed a pot of coffee as first one hour, and then another slipped away. All she could do was think, dwell on the frightening day. Her best friend had nearly died. Every time the words echoed in Sky's head her stomach cramped, but the cramp inside her chest was worse. She could not forget the sickening sounds of the electric charge and the resounding thump as Kyra's diminutive body hit the hard stage floor. There was something else too. A smell. *Oh God!* Skylar grabbed the back of the sofa as her knees nearly buckled and her stomach full of coffee almost reappeared. She remembered now. The smell was of burnt hair. She had been too frantic at the time to notice, but suddenly began worrying about other burns her friend might have suffered. A pounding began under her temples as she once again checked her phone. It was charged, but no calls. There was a knock on the door and Sky ran to open it, anticipating good news. But the hopeful smile dropped to a sneer. "What are you doing here?" she asked.

He barged passed her, not requiring, or expecting an invitation. "Oh Cash, what a ray of sunshine in the storm you are." Bo helped himself to a hefty drink at the mini bar.

Skylar was back at the window, cell phone in hand, waiting. "Cancel tonight's show." She decided to demand something for once. "Reschedule it at the end of the tour."

Bo nearly choked on his scotch. The ice in his glass plopped around and splashed drops of the amber liquid on his chin and white shirt. He didn't know what made him angrier. "The hell I will," he yelled. "That's bad publicity."

Skylar stood her ground. "Kyra will be in no condition to go on tonight."

He stomped across the carpeted floor to her side. "But you will."

She gave him a steady look. "No, I won't."

Just then his phone rang. He answered it and had a very minimal conversation; one which did nothing to improve his mood. "Well, looks like you get your way. That was the arena manager; there's damage to the roof. It leaked water from the storm and McCall stepped in it as she grabbed the mic. They're canceling the performance." Sky made no particular acknowledgment and silently resumed her vigil. Bo crossed his arms over his chest and studied her concerned profile. "I know what's going on here Cash and it better stop, right now."

"And just what are you talking about?" she asked without looking to him.

"I heard what you called her."

The memory flashed across Sky's brain. "*Come on honey, wake up.*" She huffed at her verbal slip. "It's just a word, Bobo; don't get your shorts in a twist. It was a tense moment," she explained. "Kyra and I are just friends. I remember your rules."

"That better be all you are," he croaked as he slowly leaned toward her ear. "Because you know what happens if I or anyone else ever catches you indulging your little lezzy ways. I'll tell the world that mama killed papa."

Skylar turned with an outraged twist of her head. She shot furious blue daggers at him, despising her evil puppet master. Bo was, of course, unfazed by her glare. He merely chuckled vigorously, stroked his goatee and sauntered to the door. Sky seethed until her phone rang. She grabbed the tiny, silver instrument and flipped it open. "Hello. Gable?"

\* \* \*

Twenty minutes later Sky answered the door to her hotel room. Gable was standing there with her arm around Kyra. The blonde was dressed in a pair of maroon scrubs and carried her regular clothes in a bundle under her left arm. She had a calm expression on her face, but to Sky's eyes she still looked timid and fragile. "Hey, come on in," she said, taking the clothes from Kyra and setting them aside. The injured woman was a little shaky on her feet and Sky moved to help support her as they walked across the room. Gable stepped away and let Skylar settle Kyra into the corner of the couch. The redhead sensed that they needed some private time and excused herself. Sky took a seat next to Kyra and rubbed her arm. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

Kyra managed a meager smile and answered, "Okay." When she saw Sky's doubtful stare, her pale cheeks momentarily colored and she confessed. "Well, I'm a little weak, I guess. And I'm kinda cold."

Skylar couldn't have that. She jumped to her feet and ran into the bedroom. She returned with a blanket and wrapped it around the shivering body. "There you go; how's that?"

Kyra snuggled into the soft, velour cover. "Better," she said with a smile. "Thank you."

"So, what did the doctor say?"

"I'm fine; no permanent damage done. She said just to take it easy for about forty eight hours."

Skylar became solemn and said a silent prayer of thanks. "I'm really glad that you're okay," she said, before pausing to study the lovely eyes. The deep sea of green calmly whispered Kyra's intelligence, her kindness, her incredibly artistic soul and about a hundred other things that made Kyra McCall the special person she was. Sky knew there was a tough spirit inside the small woman, but she also saw something vulnerable. Like bringing a kitten in from a storm, Sky

wanted to wrap this woman in a warm embrace and protect her forever. "I don't know what I would have..." The words stuck in the singer's throat.

Kyra reached out and clasped her friend's hand. "Well, I was told that I have you to thank for saving my life."

Sky affectionately squeezed the soft hand. "I'm just glad I knew what to do. Are you hungry?" she asked with a quick change of subject, not feeling anything like a hero.

It was well after lunch, but Kyra answered no. "I'm kinda thirsty though."

"I can fix that," Sky said. "I've got tea, hot or cold, juice, soda or water."

Kyra gave it some thought. Even though she was chilled her mouth was dry. "Umm, orange juice I think."

Skylar returned with the juice for her friend and water for herself. "Is there anything else I can get for you?"

Kyra tipped her blonde head. "Would you mind getting my phone from my room? It's in my backpack on the bed."

"Sure, I can do that. You know the concert is cancelled," Sky said casually. "I'm gonna send the band on ahead to Florida in the morning and I'm gonna stay here with you until you feel like traveling."

"You don't have to stay with me."

Sky gazed at her sincerely. "I really don't want you to be alone Kyra. In fact I'd like you stay here in my room. No sense in us both being lonely."

The blonde couldn't keep the grin from her face. "Are you sure?"

"Absolutely. Now, I'll go get your phone, but as long as I'm there would you like me to pack up the rest of your things? I won't be nosy, I promise."

That made Kyra laugh. She was starting to feel better and settled the blanket around her waist. She knew it was the company that was adding to her healing. "I trust you, but you don't have to go to the trouble."

Sky handed her the TV remote. "It's no trouble. Find us something to watch and I'll be right back."

\* \* \*

After Kyra had a nap, the two spent the rest of the day talking and watching movies. Around seven, Sky ordered a light meal from room service and later, two big bowls of chocolate ice cream. Kyra got a phone call at a little after eight thirty and slipped into the bathroom to carry on the conversation. During the fifteen minute chat, Skylar made a call of her own to the hotel concierge with a question.

Kyra stepped from the bedroom rubbing her neck.

"A little stiff, huh?" Sky asked.

"Yeah." Kyra went back to the couch and took a seat. "I wonder if the hotel has a heat pack I could use."

Skylar sidled up behind the blonde and gently laid her hands on the sore neck. "Let me have a go at this." Her long fingers pressed easily, but firmly into the painful muscles, loosening the stubborn knots. She continued her soothing ministrations, realizing it was appreciated when a couple of soft, almost melodious sounds floated from her patient's lips.

"Oh, that's wonderful," Kyra moaned.

"Good. But I know something that would feel even better." Sky kept up her motions as she spoke. "I called downstairs, and even though it's after hours, they're going to let us in the gym to use the hot tub; that'll relax everything."

But suddenly Kyra was tense again. "I don't think I want to do that." She stood and headed for the bedroom. "I'll just take a hot shower, but you go ahead and enjoy it."

Sky didn't get a chance to say anything before the door shut. The abrupt departure left her wide eyed and curious.

Kyra stepped from the bedroom a littler later, dressed in a pair of cotton pajama pants and a short sleeved t-shirt. Her hair was dry and her skin glowed. She started at a noise out on the balcony. "Sky, is that you?"

The tall singer appeared in the doorway. "Yeah, it's me. I didn't mean to scare you."

"I thought you were going downstairs."

"I decided not to tonight. Come on out here, it's a beautiful night."

It was surprisingly dark out because the back of the hotel faced away from the city. The sky had cleared from the earlier storms and a few hundred stars winked at them from their high perch. Skylar had lit a scented candle and it was really soothing and pretty. Kyra took a seat beside her friend and accepted the bottle of water she was handed. They sat in pleasant silence for a while, breathing in the fresh night air and vanilla. The shower had helped Kyra's muscles, but she knew the hot tub would have felt really nice. She looked over and studied the star's profile. *It was so*

*sweet of her to arrange that for me...for us. She sighed, louder than she intended. I'm such a coward.*

"Is something wrong?" Sky asked.

"No. I'm just...being silly, I guess."

Sky smiled ironically. "I think we're all guilty of that at one time or another." The companionable silence returned as they considered the starry sky above. Skylar had a lot on her mind. She wondered how Kyra felt, emotionally, after her brush with death. But she wouldn't ask; the experience was too fresh. Sky also seriously considered why she had called her friend 'honey' when she was performing the CPR. Like she told Bo, it's just a word.

But when your heart instead of your brain is doing the talking, it becomes more than just a word. Sometimes a lot more. That was the idea that both excited and terrified her. It would take some further consideration...later. There was one other thing she currently pondered. "Kyra, can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"We're friends right?"

"The best." Kyra saw the beautiful smile in the dim candlelight.

The smile remained for a few seconds then a more concerned expression formed. "Why are you afraid to go in the water?" Sky asked gently.

Kyra was only slightly surprised by the question. She knew Sky was smart enough to put together the evidence she had unintentionally presented since the day of Sky's party.

The hesitation was blaring and Sky feared she had made a mistake. "I'm sorry; it's none of my business."

"No; it's okay Sky. That's actually what I was feeling silly about. I want to tell you." Sky turned her chair and leaned forward, resting her arms on her knees. Kyra took a deep breath. "I'm not afraid of the water; in fact I used to love the water. It's what you have to wear in the water that I have a problem with. When I was fifteen, my family and I were returning from vacation when our car was hit head on." Every time she thought about that moment, the screeching of tires, the crunching of the twisting metal and her mother's scream...it was terrifying all over again. "My dad was killed instantly. My mom died three days later."

Skylar took Kyra's hand. "I'm so sorry that you had to suffer through that."

Kyra thanked her with a nod and continued her story. "My right leg was severely broken. At the hospital, there were whispers that I would probably never walk again. But I got lucky; a brilliantly skilled surgeon operated on me that night. And as you see, I can walk without a

limp...and even dance." She flashed a small half grin at how much fun that had turned out to be. But the grin faded fast. "His hands were skilled," she said as a shadow of dread washed over her moonlit face, "but his judgment was very poor. He let an inexperienced assistant close the wounds." Kyra turned away as she explained. "I have some very ugly scars from my hip to mid-calf. Insurance wouldn't cover elective plastic surgery...I doubt that would do much good anyway. Plus I have more important financial responsibilities."

Sky turned her friend's head and met her gaze with great sympathy. "I won't say I understand that I know how you feel, but I do understand your reasons. I won't ask you to go swimming in public again."

A tiny, relived smile lightened Kyra's face. "Thanks."

Sky returned the grin and decided to ask for something she hoped would bring her friend pleasant thoughts. "Tell me about your parents."

Kyra actually loved to remember her mom and dad and she developed a lovely expression. "My mom was a first grade teacher. She had a great sense of humor and she was always smiling and making us laugh. Daddy two was a bank executive..."

"Daddy two?" Sky questioned.

"Yeah. My natural father died in a freak construction accident when I was four. Mom met Daddy two when I was six and married him a year later. He was a great father and he adopted us right after they were married."

"Sounds like you had a terrific childhood."

"I did. After they...died, I went to live with my grandparents. They were great too...are great."

"Kyra, you said he adopted us; did you have siblings?"

Kyra nodded. "I still do, a sister, Jillian. She suffered severe head injuries in the accident and has lasting brain damage. She's three years younger than me, but she pretty much has the capacity of a child. My grandparents tried to care for her at home, but it just didn't work out. Jilly is in an institution, back home in San Diego."

A pair of blue eyes fell shut and a dark head fell forward in compassion. The feelings of empathy radiated from Sky's heart. *If only I could tell you.* "All the calls you get, about her?"

Kyra gestured an affirmation. "I knew it would be hard on her, not being able to see me that often. She needs to talk to me, sometimes three times a day. She has fits of anger if she can't at least hear my voice when she wants to. But then days can go by and she doesn't even remember she has a sister. She loves music too. I recorded a lot of songs for her and they tell me that she listens to them for hours. The facility she's in is okay, but they don't have enough employees to give the residents a lot of personal attention. They see to it that she has three meals, stays clean

and can't hurt herself, but that's about it. We were using the life insurance to pay for her care, but when that ran out it was up to me. I couldn't make enough at any job in San Diego. But now I feel guilty because I have to be away from her so much. It's so hard."

"You love her very much," Sky choked out. "You are doing the very best you can. That's a difficult situation. But I can understand the guilt."

\* \* \*

The next day Kyra was feeling mostly back to normal and she knew she would be able to travel to the next city as scheduled. They were taking an early flight the next morning. But today they were going to rest and enjoy the time off. They had another light meal for breakfast and after a few mind grueling games of Trivial Pursuit, by mid-afternoon they were both starving. Sky ordered a decadent seafood lunch from room service and a surprise for Kyra for after.

The blonde nibbled on a cold shrimp. "This is really great," she said, "but do you ever miss a home cooked meal?"

"All the time. I even miss cooking; it really relaxes me."

"I know what you mean. My grandmother taught me to bake. I can make a perfect pie crust...if I do say so myself," she chuckled.

The blue eyes lit up. "Please tell me you make apple pie," Sky said before she scooped out a forkful of lobster.

"One of my specialties. I have a secret ingredient and it comes out perfectly sweet with just the right touch of tartness."

"Stop! You're making my mouth water." Sky raised her napkin and had a great idea. "Let's make a pact. When we get time off again, you come home with me and I'll cook you my best meal if you make that pie for dessert."

Kyra's face blossomed with excitement in anticipation of that event. "Deal!" she said. They shook hands to seal the promise. Another topic soon came to Kyra. "If you don't mind my asking, how did you get Mr. Bowers to let you stay here without him? I mean he's usually tracking you like a bloodhound."

Sky released a frustrating huff of air. "I know. But I told him that you were my responsibility and I wasn't going to let you stay here alone. And I convinced him that he needed to do his job and organize the next venue. He still didn't like it, but I also reminded him that he wouldn't want the bad publicity if we had to cancel two concerts in a row. Good publicity equals tickets and more offers. In the end, money always makes his decisions."

"It's your career; why do you put up with that?"

Skylar studied her empty plate. Kyra deserved the truth...about a lot of things, but it was not the time, nor the place to dredge up the complicated tale. "He...he has a contract. Bo's a pain in the ass, but unless he does something to violate the terms, I'm stuck." That was her standard answer to that question, which she heard often. Sky checked her watch. "How about some peaches and cream?" she asked. The blonde head bobbed eagerly. "Then we have a reservation at 4:00."

"What for?"

"Well, I rearranged our private hot tub time for this afternoon." A hand shot up to stop the objection. "We'll go down there together. You can change in private and enjoy the water by yourself, and I'll be in the gym working out. No one will bother you, I promise."

"You did that for me?" Kyra asked with a little emotional squeak.

Sky shrugged a timid shoulder. "You deserve a little VIP treatment."

\* \* \*

Kyra was thoroughly enjoying her time in the hot tub; to her it was a true luxury. She tried to block everything out as the warm, bubbling water slowly reduced her tight muscles to jelly. She was successful in making her mind blank...for all of about sixty seconds. Then the most beautiful and serene image of colors and light floated into her brain and gradually coalesced into the most beautiful and unique person in her world. *Is there any woman on Earth as sweet as Skylar Ramsey? Kyra thought. She's the best friend I have ever had...will ever have. But could she be more?* Kyra shyly grinned at the delightful thought. *Maybe I just need to take a chance.*

\* \* \*

They spent the early evening packing for their flight then they watched a movie and munched on half a dozen different kinds of snacks. After the adventure flick was over, Kyra turned on a news magazine program and Skylar went to take a shower. While Sky was in the bathroom, Kyra changed into her sleeping clothes; both intended to be asleep by 10:00. Kyra was tidying up after their snack fest when Sky emerged from the bedroom dressed in a robe and brushing her long, slightly damp hair. She flopped down onto the sofa, grumbling at the tangled follicles.

Kyra chuckled and reached for the hand carved brush. "Here let me help you with that." She slipped in behind the tall woman and worked her way down the hair, releasing the long, snarled strands. Kyra continued the rhythmic strokes long after the hair was straight and shiny. After every sweep, she ran her fingers down the long length of dark brown silk, playing with the softness. *Such a lovely play yard*, she thought. Kyra stopped to give a little scratch and massage of the scalp beneath the tresses.

"Ohhh, that feels good," Sky hummed. "Thank you."

"You're welcome. This is a beautiful brush," Kyra remarked.

Sky glanced back for only a second, but the melancholy was unmistakable. "My mom gave it to me and her mom had given it to her."

"It's a wonderful heirloom. Maybe you'll pass it on to a daughter or granddaughter someday." Kyra resumed her smooth strokes.

"Maybe," Sky said. "She used to brush my hair and tell me stories. It was a nightly ritual for us."

"It's nice to have those fond memories, isn't it?"

"Mmmm."

They both indulged in more memories as the silence ensued. Kyra was brought back to reality with a thought. "You have gorgeous hair," she said as she finally finished her task.

"Thanks."

Kyra moved to a seat beside the singer and placed the cherished brush on the table. She playfully bumped shoulders with her friend.

"I don't really like it, my hair that is," Sky said. "I would cut it really short if I could."

"Why can't you?"

Sky chuckled. "Bobo would shit a brick if I did that. He says it would make me look too... It's just not worth the trouble it would cause."

"Well, I think you're beautiful...either way."

Skylar turned, putting them face to face with mere inches between them. "You do?"

"Oh yeah," Kyra whispered intently. The pull of those incredible indigo eyes was so strong, like a tide to the shore. She saw the desire. She saw the wisdom. Kyra took her chance and let it happen. Their lips gently met once, twice and a third time.

Like a flint to a log in hands of skill, the simple kiss easily turned to a small blaze, providing a long missed warmth to two isolated souls. The kisses remained slow and extremely tender, but an unreleased passion lurked just beneath the surface in each of them. The desire leisurely heightened as the seconds, or maybe days slipped away. A single thought in two minds. A memory in the making. Skylar's hand drifted up to caress Kyra's face, her thumb affectionately caressing the smooth cheek. One tongue shyly grazed another, tasting of honey and mint. The exciting sensation suddenly pulled Kyra from the hungry haze. Her eyes opened and she blanched; her courage and her body took a major move back. "I'm sorry," she choked. "I shouldn't..." Two fingers landed on her lips.

"No; don't be sorry. I'm not. Actually, I've wanted to kiss you like that for a long time.

Kyra's eyes brightened. "You have?"

Skylar couldn't help but smile. But in the next breath her heart fell to her feet. She looked away from the expectant face and found a spot in mid-air to lose herself in. Her truth was heavy and painful. She sucked in a silent breath. "Kyra, you are a very beautiful and desirable woman. And if things were different I would be very happy and honored to be with you." She finally gained the courage to look into the now confused and somewhat sorrowful eyes. "Because of certain circumstances in my life right now, I can't have a romantic relationship with you...or anyone"

Kyra suddenly became concerned. "Are you...sick?"

"No; nothing like that. There are just reasons, that I can't discuss why I have to remain alone. I wish... God I wish things were different."

"I understand," Kyra whispered heavily. Although she didn't really. But she forced up a tepid smile, allowing Sky to do the same.

Skylar took her hand and kissed the back of it, lamenting the final time that her lips would touch any part of the woman she truly desired with her body and her heart. "I don't want this to affect our working relationship," she said, "or more importantly, our friendship. I really do care about you Kyra, and our friendship has become very important to me. I don't know what I would do if I lost that." *Or you.*

"It's very important to me too," Kyra assured. "And nothing will ever change that."

\* \* \*

In light of their confessed mutual attraction, Skylar slept on the sofa, where as they had shared the huge king sized bed the night before. Actually, Skylar didn't get much sleep. She spat a few silent curses, cried a few tears and said a couple of prayers before drifting into an uneasy slumber.

Continued...

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [coleen30@webtv.net](mailto:coleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### Chapter 6

It had been three weeks since the kiss in the hotel room. The first few days after had been slightly strained, but that soon dissipated and they returned to their fun, carefree friendship. The only way Kyra had made that happen was to pretend that it had never occurred. To pretend that she didn't touch those incredibly soft lips, didn't breathe in the delightful scent of the singer's hair, didn't feel the silken skin beneath her fingertips. Didn't detect the increased beat of an amorous heart. No, those things never truly left her memory; she just boxed them up, wrapped them in pretty paper and stored them in a lonely corner of her mind. The hope for love she'd had in those fleeting few minutes was the greatest she'd ever known. Her physical attraction to the tall, sexy singer was intense, but that instant connection that she had felt upon meeting Skylar had grown into love over the course of their friendship. And in that moment, she had been sure those feelings were returned. Of course Kyra would never let Skylar know of her broken heart. Or anyone else for that matter.

Her pain was solitary.

But her joy at still having Skylar as her best friend would carry her past the ache and lead her into a peaceful existence once again.

She hoped.

Skylar, Kyra had noticed with mild disappointment, had seemed to return to her normal self much quicker and easier. And that made her begin to doubt her judgment. Now she wondered if Skylar's feelings for her weren't of the passionate sort, despite the brunette's words on that fateful night. Perhaps friendship was all that Skylar truly wanted. But Kyra would never forget what she had heard from those lips, and that continued to give her the tiniest flicker of optimism for a future life with Skylar Ramsey.

*"Because of certain circumstances in my life right now, I can't have a romantic relationship with you...or anyone. I wish things were different."*

\* \* \*

Bo burst into Skylar's dressing room and slammed the door behind him. She jumped, but just looked at him through the mirror. Before she could say anything, he dropped an open magazine

on the table in front of her.

"What in the hell is this?" he demanded.

A pair of tired blue eyes glanced at the colorful page. Skylar instantly knew the reason for his rage. A tiny picture of three singers, a blonde, a redhead and a brunette was located in one corner. Sky zeroed in on her printed expression, one which would instantly be described as adoring. She remembered the moment at the photo shoot with her arm around her best friend's shoulder and even resting her cheek on the flaxen hair...but her heart's true emotion had obviously, though unintentionally, slipped from behind her well practiced mask. She hustled for a plausible explanation. "We were goofing around, that's all. He asked for the three of us to pose together; it was not my idea. He was taking so many photographs; I didn't think they would choose this one."

"That's right Cash, you didn't think." Bowers started pacing the short distance of the small room. That was his own form of a nervous tick. He started rapping a knuckle along the pale green, plaster wall and shrieking. "I thought I warned you about that lusting. I guess you need a refresher. And I need to do some major damage control." He stopped short and aimed a rigid, exasperated finger in her direction. "And you will do whatever you have to do to discount that trash."

Skylar sucked in a painful breath, expanding her tense chest. "Yes," she spoke sullenly, her eyes far away from his. "I will do whatever you think is necessary." In a resurgence of audacity, she spun in her seat, raised her gaze and pinned him with an icy glower. "But don't ever expect me to give up my friendship with Kyra or anyone else. That is one concession I will not make."

\* \* \*

The tour continued up the east coast and once arriving in New York, Skylar had more TV appearances to make and a music award show to attend. Kyra, once again, had joined her at an extremely early hour at the taping of the morning news show. Loaded down with tea and an unusual indulgence of sweet pastries, Kyra made the acquaintance of several well respected journalists and other scheduled guests. After grabbing an early lunch together, Sky and Kyra parted ways, with the superstar preparing for the night's red carpet event.

\* \* \*

Kyra, Gable and three other of the band's members gathered around the blonde's hotel television that night with popcorn and beers to watch the celebrity studded occasion. One by one the stars were interviewed along the length of the ruby carpet, the legends, the groups and those who need only be introduced by a single name. Skylar was quickly reaching that celebrated status.

Her pristine, white limo rolled to a stop at the curb and she stepped out, looking dazzling in a form fitting dress of silver and blue. The jewels around her neck and at her ears danced with a glimmering beat as the camera flashes exploded from all angles. She graciously posed and waved to the fans crowded behind barriers and muscles, shouting her name. Skylar got about

four steps when the video camera had her beauty in its close up lens.

"She looks fantastic," Jack remarked. He threw in an appreciative whistle just for good measure.

Gable tipped her bottle toward the big screen. "I'd kill to look like that in that dress," she said. "What do you think Kyra?"

"She looks very nice," the blonde said casually. Although Kyra appeared calm and almost uninterested, there was an intense fluttering in her belly...and lower.

Toothy reporter, Sherry Smart was just about to ask her questions when a man suddenly appeared by Skylar's side and slipped a possessive hand around her waist. Sherry gave him the once over in person as did Gable and Kyra from their seats in the hotel room. About two inches taller than Sky, the young man wore a dark suit with a tie the same color as Sky's dress. His clean shaven face and neatly trimmed, dark blonde hair completed his male model appearance.

"Wow, who's the hunk!?" Gable wondered aloud.

"I'll be sure to let Josh know that you asked," Jack teased, "and so enthusiastically."

"He knows I have a healthy appreciation of the male form," she returned. "But he's also well aware that his form is the only one I want in bed next to me and wrapped around me."

"Okay, TMI," Grant shouted.

Gable threw a handful of popcorn at his shaggy head. They all had a laugh. "Did Sky say anything to you about her date Kyra?" Gable asked as she grabbed another handful of kernels.

Kyra was now studying the guy on the screen, more intently than she should. Her teeth clenched in a bout of suspicion. "No, Sky's never mentioned him," she said. "He's probably just a friend."

Sherry chatted with Sky about the awards and her participation in the ceremony. "And before I let you go," she said, "I have to ask you, who is this gorgeous guy?"

Skylar tensed, but smiled; she knew the question was coming. "This is Adam Barnes. We went to high school together and he's only recently come back into my life."

Barnes grinned as the microphone came his way. "And this time I hope to stay," he said before leaning down and planting a passionate kiss on her glossed lips.

"You heard it here first," Sherry told the camera and the world.

"Oh, yeah," Grant said, "he's a very good friend." The small group in the hotel room cheered on their boss's activities.

Well, four of the five celebrated. Kyra had flopped back in her seat, staring disbelievingly at the

TV. Her heart constricted. She felt jealous certainly, even though she had no hold on Skylar and Skylar had definitely made no commitment to her.

But there it was.

Something else hurt Kyra even more. She felt betrayed and lied to by a friend.

By the time the awards show was over, Skylar had been proven the best in two categories, the Sky High members watching her on TV, had finished two and a half six packs and Kyra was one depressed woman.

\* \* \*

The next morning, the group had decided to have a celebration breakfast in one of the hotel's private dining rooms. Upon Sky's appearance, eight friends gave a standing ovation and offered words of congratulations. Skylar humbly took her bow and everyone bellied up to the breakfast bar. Kyra lagged far behind, pushing her dark glasses up on her nose and trying not to stare at the enormous amount of food on the buffet table. She finally placed a single piece of toast and a tiny scoop full of fresh fruit onto her plate. She ended up eating only half of the crunchy bread and two strawberries. Behind her glasses, Kyra caught Skylar glancing at her, trying to get her attention, but the pained backup singer just couldn't respond.

Skylar finished her breakfast and got up for another cup of coffee. The door to the room opened and the young man from the night before entered with an arm full of roses. Sky was indeed surprised. "Adam, what are you doing here?" she asked gruffly.

He held out the bouquet. "Roses for my girl."

Skylar sighed and reluctantly took the beautiful, red blooms. She glanced shyly at her friends, her eyes zeroing in on Kyra, who was standing by a door on the other side of the room. The seated people behind her allowed them privacy, but stealthily peeked at the twosome. "Thank you Adam," Sky said in a hushed voice. "I told you I couldn't spend any time with you today."

He smiled sadly. "I know. I just wanted to tell you again how proud of you I am. And that I'll miss you." He then ambushed her, pulling her into a hard, tonsil hunting kiss.

By the time Sky was able to step back and take a breath, all she could think to do was find Kyra. She looked back to see the empty space and the door slowly falling closed. "I have to go now Adam. I'll talk to you later." Skylar ran across the room and out the door where she saw the elevator doors come together. "Kyra!" She dashed for the stairs and up two flights to Kyra's room. She paid no attention to the other guests she passed in the halls and she hoped they would do the same. Sky stubbornly knocked on the door a dozen times before it opened. The disheveled blonde asked grumpily, "Did you want something?"

"May I come in?"

Kyra took a breath and stepped aside sullenly. "Sure."

"What's with the glasses?" Skylar asked lightly.

"My eyes are sore this morning," Kyra said simply as she kept her arms crossed in front of her. The posture spoke loudly what her words would not.

Sky walked in and saw the remnants of last night's party, but didn't mention it. Instead she asked, "Why were you avoiding me all morning?"

"I just figured with your new boyfriend you wouldn't need my company."

Sky angrily tossed aside the flowers she still had clutched in her hand. "Kyra..."

The blonde head pounded. She didn't really want to have this conversation. She wasn't sure she wanted to know the answer. She wasn't at all sure what her head or her heart wanted. But...  
"Why did you lie to me?!" she shouted.

The question smacked Sky in the chest and nearly stole her voice. "I have never lied to you," she choked out.

"You let me think you were gay and now you have that pretty boy all over you."

"I never lied," Sky repeated.

"Fine." Kyra walked away, cleaning up the discarded beer bottles. The clanking glass suddenly echoed in her aching head. She dared not lean over to drop them in the trash can so silently she placed all of them on the rumpled bed. Kyra turned away as the air current sent remnants of the stale alcohol under her nose. She clutched at her stomach, but held the contents in check.

Sky examined her wobbly friend, not amused by her obvious state. "You're hung over, aren't you?" she accused, quickly counting the empties. "Did you drink all of these?"

"No, I did not," Kyra answered indignantly. "**We** were celebrating your victory last night. And what business is it of yours if I did?"

"I am your friend, that's what?"

Kyra seemed defeated and said simply, "Friends don't lie."

Skylar took the woman by the arm, very careful not to hurt her, and shouted. "Dammit Kyra, I am gay!" She took a slow breath and gentled her expression, and the timber of her voice. "I have never and will never sleep with a man. Adam is not my boyfriend. I did go to high school with him and we did date for a few months. I was exploring back then."

Kyra shrugged off the explanation. "Okay, so he's an old boyfriend."

"Will you listen to me! Bo tracked him down and brought us back together. It's all a cover. A lie. Bo doesn't want the public to think or even suspect that I'm a lesbian. He thinks it would hurt my popularity, and in his thinking, my income."

Kyra begrudgingly accepted the answer. "But that's ridiculous."

"That's Bo."

"Why would your fans think that anyway?"

Skylar picked up a magazine from the desk and flipped through to the cover story. "That's why."

Kyra saw the picture with Sky's arm around her. "We were goofing around."

"Yes, we were. But look at my face. Look at the expression on my face."

Kyra lifted the dark glasses and studied the small photo again. She secretly loved the image, but never **saw** Sky's expression until now.

"I was thinking about you at that moment," Skylar murmured.

Kyra peeked at her with red rimmed eyes. "Really?"

Skylar couldn't help but smile. "Yes. Kyra, everything I told you the night we kissed was the absolute truth. Do you believe me?"

Kyra placed the magazine on the table beside her, the feeling of betrayal finally floating away. "I believe you." Sky took a step forward and gently, but firmly hugged her friend. Kyra wrapped desperate arms around Sky, whispering into her ear, "Why was it so important that I believe you?"

Sky removed the glasses and set them aside. "Why? Kyra, you are my best friend. I...care very much about you and couldn't stand the thought that you were hurting because of me."

Kyra nodded and slowly worked her way into a small smile. "Thank you." She took a seat at the table and rubbed her temples.

"So how many of those beers did you have anyway?" Sky asked.

"Four," she admitted with a blush. The blond head flopped onto the table. "I don't drink very often," she mumbled. "I'm such a light weight."

Skylar rubbed the tense neck. "Please don't over indulge again just because you're mad at me." She kissed the mussed head. "I'm not worth it."

Kyra sat up and looked back at her. "I won't." *But you are worth it.* A few other thoughts passed through her mind as the massage continued. "Sky?"

"Yeah."

"Those circumstances that you said were keeping us from having a closer relationship; do you think they will always exist? Is there any chance at all that we can be together in the future?"

Sky took a seat next to Kyra and took her hand. "I promised never to lie to you. The truth is, I don't know. But I'd rather you didn't wait. I mean, if you find someone who can give you everything you want, someone who can make you happy, please be with them and have a good life. More than anything, I want you to be happy."

"I'll try."

\* \* \*

With the small misunderstanding over, the harmony had quickly returned to the friendship. But there was a bit of chaos happening in another part of Skylar's life. The suspicious e-mail she had received earlier turned out to be the first in a series, and it was soon obvious that they were being sent by a stalker. At first they had been rather innocuous notes of appreciation and admiration. Then gifts had begun arriving. Skylar had kept, but packed up the colognes, stuffed animals, candy kisses, handwritten notes and suggestive drawings for possible future evidence. The one present that had disturbed her the most was the underwear that had come buried under a bed of black rose petals. But when Sky had not responded to any of the propositions, the stalker slowly became more agitated and lately the words carried thinly masked intimidations. Bo had, of course, kept the matter under wraps, telling her he knew when it would be the right time, if any, to inform the authorities. He was sure that whoever it was would just give up. Skylar was instructed to tell no one...but the one someone she had to inform was her best friend.

\* \* \*

Bo continued to make demands on Skylar's time, but when she had a rare free weekend she knew exactly what she wanted to do.

The small, private plane coasted to a stop at a San Diego airport; on board, just the crew and two passengers. Just a few hours earlier, Skylar had knocked on Kyra's hotel room door. Once inside and having a late afternoon snack, Skylar asked her friend a question. "Do you know what I would like to do tomorrow?"

"Not a clue."

"I'd like to see San Diego."

A great grin popped onto Kyra's face. "Well, I just happen to know a good tour guide."

Sky placed her hand on the blonde's arm in a gesture symbolizing the level of intimacy their relationship had achieved. Sky wouldn't let it go any further though. She put her personal restraints in place every time they were alone together and it was getting harder at each turn. But she continued her vow; nothing from inside or outside would tear them apart. "I would also like to meet your sister...if you think that would be okay."

Kyra's heart beat a little faster at this sweet woman's request. She just fell a little more in love. "I think Jilly will be very happy to meet you. Especially if you bring her some new music."

\* \* \*

The rising sun was creating a brilliant start to what Kyra and Skylar knew would be a great day. They had woken up after a fairly good few hours sleep in the plane's private rooms. Coffee and tea held them over until they reached Kyra's favorite place to have breakfast.

"Grandma, Grandpa this is my friend Skylar Ramsey." That favorite place was in the country kitchen of Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell.

"It's very nice to meet you Sir, Ma'am. Thank you for the invitation to breakfast and the use of a bedroom while I'm visiting your city."

"Oh we hate formality," said the sixty-five year old woman. "We're just Mary and Barton."

The foursome chatted over the meal of omelets and ham, mostly about the couple's favorite subject, their granddaughter. Fortunately, that also happened to be Skylar's favorite too. These people were much more impressed with Kyra's talent and accomplishments than having a big star at their table...as it should be.

After the delightful morning feast, Skylar was led to the Maxwell's guest room. Even though she had stayed in the most luxurious hotel suites, the bright and inviting space was a welcomed change and she wished she could have more than one night in the beautiful home. Maybe it wasn't just the home, maybe it was the people and the love that filled it; something that Skylar missed most of all. And it was most appropriate that the woman she loved had offered her this temporary, but wonderful substitute. Yes, Skylar finally admitted it to herself, she loved Kyra McCall. Was in love with Kyra McCall. But still it was forbidden, so those deepest of feelings remained unspoken.

Borrowing her grandfather's car, Kyra drove them to the seaside institution. Sky had donned a simple disguise to conceal her identity. The designer glasses hugged her head and a ponytail was pulled through the back of a black and yellow baseball cap. Pretty typical, but Sky suspected it would do the trick well enough.

Arriving at the facility, Sky took in the gated, barren grounds. No particular care had been taken to beautify the area with flowers or other greenery. Even the grass was shaggy and brownish. There were no benches for the residents to sit and enjoy when the weather was nice. It was a pretty gloomy sight on a pretty, sunny day.

Entering the front door, Kyra led Sky down the dingy, white walled hallway. Everything looked clean, just not cheerful, and nothing of interest lined the long, boring corridors. Kyra stopped to talk with an older nurse before stepping up to a room at the end of the hall.

A woman, wearing an orange and white sundress, was sitting in a chair in the corner. Her yellow pigtails made her look much younger than her already young twenty-two years. She was intently watching a nineteen inch television and rocking with the beat of the music coming from the small speakers. The country crooner finished his tune and only then did Kyra step inside.

The young lady finally turned from the screen. "Kyra!"

"Jilly!"

The sisters ran to one another and hugged. They chatted in a low tone for several minutes while Skylar watched a tiny water spot on the ceiling. She wanted them to have their private time. When the spot became boring, Sky non-chalantly scanned the 12x12 room. The neatly made, twin, wooden bed was covered with a handmade quilt. *From the grandmother I bet.* Skylar remembered seeing several of the beautiful coverlets back at the Maxwell home. A few framed photos of Kyra, the grandparents and another couple who had to be Kyra and Jillian's parents sat on the nightstand beside the bed. There was a CD player on the dresser next to the television and a stack of music on the floor.

Kyra took her sister by the arm and walked her the few feet to the door. "Jilly, this is my very good friend Skylar. She's a singer too. I work for her."

The green eyed woman stared with awe as Skylar spoke. "Hello Jilly."

"Wow, you're really pretty, can you sing for me now?"

"Yeah, she'll switch subjects fast enough to make your head spin." Kyra grinned and winked. "But we both appreciate beauty when we see it."

Skylar recognized the family resemblance beyond the same basic eye and hair color. Jillian was only an inch shorter, but about fifteen pounds heavier. "Well, if I can come in, maybe Kyra and I both will sing you a song."

Jilly jumped up and down a few times then ran back to her chair and began rocking excitedly at the prospect of her own private concert. Sky and Kyra harmonized half a dozen songs before taking a break. Jilly threw a tiny tantrum when the music stopped, but her sister used a few well chosen words and an unyielding tone to bring her back under control.

Jillian pouted, quietly rocking in her chair, her attention returned to the small television. Kyra guided Skylar aside and apologized for her sister's behavior. "I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry for Kyra. I know it's not her fault; she can't help herself."

There was a knock on the door and Kyra answered it since Jillian was absorbed in the show she was watching. A hospital employee informed her that lunch was being served in the cafeteria. "Come on Jilly," Kyra said, "it's time for you to eat."

The younger blonde suddenly jumped up with a smile on her face, her irritation all forgotten. She skipped to her new friend's side. "You have to eat with me Blue. I'll share my cheesy with you."

Kyra gently corrected her. "Honey, her name is Skylar, not blue. And you have to ask if she would like to have lunch with you."

A pair of spring green eyes turned deer like. "Will you?" she asked simply.

Skylar caught sight of a darker set of greens and she smiled at both sisters. "Of course I will eat lunch with you."

They spent more than thirty minutes in the sterile, stark white area, eating some passably good, but bland food. Sky, of course had to have a heaping helping of Jillian's favorite macaroni and cheese. The young resident jabbered away about her morning as she stuffed bites of pasta into her mouth. Kyra was able to pick over her small serving of food as her sister's attention was exclusively attuned to the big star. Although Jillian had no idea of the dark haired woman's fame, she just liked having someone new to talk to, someone who would sing for her.

They returned to her room and after a request that bordered on a demand, Sky and Kyra sang three more songs. The session ended to rousing applause by a single pair of hands. It was then time to go and Kyra had an idea to prevent another outburst by sending Sky away first and staying behind to distract Jillian. But before she left, Skylar had a present for new friend.

Jillian took the thin, familiar shaped package and excitedly tore away the bright colored paper. "Oh wow!" she exclaimed. "More music!" The plastic jewel case held a CD personally mixed by Skylar, containing songs sung by herself and Kyra.

"Jillian," Kyra said, "Don't you have something to say to Skylar?"

The young woman looked momentarily bewildered, but soon remembered her manners. "Thank you Sky."

"I'll come back to visit you as soon as I can.," Sky said. Jillian merely nodded as she plopped down on the ground in front of her player. Skylar grinned at the woman's enthusiasm as she cranked up the sound and clapped slightly uncoordinated to the beat. She slipped out the door, leaving Kyra to say good-bye to her sister. The blonde singer said a few words that were unintentionally ignored. She kissed the top of Jillian's head and joined Skylar in the hall, pulling the door shut behind her. Kyra looked back through the small window and sighed. A tiny tear slid from the corner of her eye and a hand softly landed on her shoulder.

"Come here," Skylar whispered before wrapping her arms around her distraught friend.

"This happens every time I come here," Kyra said and sniffled away her sadness. She took comfort in the hug and the continued touches as they began walking toward the exit. "I just hate leaving her in this place. They take good, basic care of her, but she needs more. There are no programs for mental stimulation, no entertainment, no field trips; they just don't have the budget."

"You're doing the best you can hon; I wish you wouldn't feel guilty." Kyra nodded as they stepped into the fresh air. "But I understand," Skylar continued. "She's your family and your responsibility. You want to protect her, because you love her."

\* \* \*

Skylar Ramsey was playing one state fair in the mid-west. Bo wouldn't schedule any more than that because he thought the grandstands were too small to be worth their time. But Sky had insisted on at least one, but she never told him the real reason. This stop also included a mid-morning meet and greet with a dozen lucky fans. Over 5000 people had entered for the once in a lifetime chance to spend time with their favorite singer.

The other members of Sky High were out on the fair grounds enjoying the rides, games and knowing them, Sky was almost afraid to think what else. The group of twelve, that Skylar was meeting, consisted of seven women and five men. They all got a personalized autograph, a professional photo with the star and a short time to chat. They were also allowed to take their own pictures. She also sang two songs, accompanying herself on guitar. The smile never left the faces of the happy fans, but as all good things come to and end, so did their time with Skylar. She said goodbye to each one with a hug, telling them how nice it was to meet them. Each one of them left feeling important.

It was well past noon and Sky's empty stomach was loudly protesting. She approached her manager with an idea.

About fifteen minutes later, Kyra headed for the RV with a multicolored, stuffed monkey under her arm. She stepped inside, relishing the cool air, glad to be out of the ninety two degree temperature.

Skylar was looking at some CDs and turned when she heard the door close. "Hey."

"Hi."

"Who's your new friend?" Sky asked absently.

Kyra waved the colorful animal at the tall woman and grinned. "I thought I'd call him Ramsey."

"Oh, I'm flattered. Just as long as you don't think he looks anything like me." Kyra laughed and assured that she didn't. Sky dropped the stack of music...a little harder than she meant too. She winced at the sound. "Sorry."

"Something wrong?"

Sky petulantly slapped her arms together in front of her. "I want some good old fair food," she groaned. "But Bo won't let me go out." Skylar stopped short of scuffing the toe of her cowboy boot along the floor.

Kyra grinned again and addressed the monkey. "Do you see what I see Ramsey? Isn't that the cutest little pout? I hope she doesn't trip over that lip."

The tall singer tried to hold in her giggles, but she nearly busted a gut. "Okay, okay."

They both had a seat on the sofa and Kyra perched her prize on the arm. "You know, I hate to say this...I mean I really hate to say this...but I agree with Bo on this one. Even with a disguise, the people out there know you're around here. I think it's dangerous. Remember what happened in Seattle?"

Skylar blew out a huff of air. "Yeah, you're right. To tell you the truth, I don't think I have the energy to walk all around the grounds anyway."

"You have been looking a little pale lately."

"I'll pop a few more vitamins. Right now I'm hungry."

Kyra let a little notion quickly germinate into a grand idea. "Do you trust me?" she asked.

"Of course I trust you."

"Good. Then hold on to your taste buds and give me about fifteen minutes."

A quarter of an hour later, Sky heard a golf cart stop by her front door. She got up to see who it was and her nose began to twitch. She almost couldn't believe her olfactory sense, but it was the unmistakable bouquet of something deep fried. When she opened the door, there stood her best friend with an armload of white Styrofoam boxes. "Oh, you didn't," Sky said. "But please tell me you did."

Kyra's smile was wide and pretty. "I did."

For the next while they feasted on corndogs, ribeye sandwiches, curly fries, deep fried strawberries and chocolate covered cheesecake on a stick.

With happy stomachs, they both had a little nap, side by side on the sofa, watched over by the multihued primate.

Continued...

## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### Chapter 7

The ruse of Skylar's 'boyfriend' had worked perfectly. Bo had sent them out to a number of public events and locations, where they performed according to his instructions. The press loved the beautiful couple, especially photos of them arm in arm or lips to lips. Skylar hated every minute of her time with Barnes, mostly because she was being forced into it. Adam was a nice enough man, but changed from the boy she had known in high school. The simple fact that he had accepted money to date her was telling of his current set of morals.

\* \* \*

The buses rolled into the Midwest for more sold out concerts. Bo continued to schedule interviews, photo shoots and personal appearances. It got to the point where Sky was only getting three or four hours of sleep a night and it was beginning to show in her appearance. Extra makeup was needed to cover her pallor and the dark circles present under her eyes upon waking. Those eyes, normally sparkling and lively, were now lackluster with a misery she could no longer mask. Each morning she loaded herself up with a dozen vitamins followed by a gallon of caffeine. A variety of fast, unhealthy foods had also made antacids a daily addition. Her friends were getting very worried. But Skylar continued to insist that she would be fine. She had no choice.

Also worrying on her mind were the increasingly threatening letters. Sky was receiving ten to fifteen a week and the stalker was starting to mention more personal facts surrounding her

everyday life and those of the people around her. The proper authorities had finally been notified, but little progress was being made to track down the offender. Bo hired a bodyguard, but Skylar insisted on hiring her own protection to keep stealthy watch when she was not in the public eye. Someone who would be extremely discreet and would follow only her instructions.

Six foot, four inch, sandy haired, Shawn Fox was hired by Bowers to shadow Skylar Ramsey from dawn to whenever she finished her business day. Sky's personal choice, Jodi Myers, wasn't overly endowed with height or muscle, but definitely with intellect and courage. A fifteen year army veteran, Jodi had a keen sense of awareness and a near photographic memory. Sky hardly ever saw her, but knew she was always there if she would be needed.

\* \* \*

The singer had returned to LA to participate in a special, one time only, charity concert, where Sky shared the bill with five other popular stars. Sky and her band were currently on stage practicing the five songs they were asked to perform. After two hours of demanding rehearsal, Sky was sitting on a chair with the microphone dangling from her listless hand. She had just attempted a ballad, but could only make it halfway through before her voice cracked and finally failed.

Kyra approached her friend and pulled the shirt back up on her drooped shoulder. The garment sagged on the body that had unhealthily shed at least fifteen pounds over the grueling weeks. The blonde singer ran a hand through her friend's dark, dull hair. "Sky," Kyra said worriedly, "you need to get some rest."

"I plan to," Sky spoke hoarsely, "as soon as we're done here."

Bo suddenly charged into the concert hall and slithered down the aisle like a serpent on the scent of a hefty rodent. "Change in plans Cash," he said, gaining her attention with an obnoxious clap of the hands. "I just arranged a last minute interview, but you have to go across town right now. Let's go!"

"You don't have to do this," Kyra whispered to the star. "Let me take you home."

Bo leaned on the stage and anxiously tapped a pen on the hard surface. "Now," he called out, "they're waiting! And put a smile on that stone face."

Sky took a deep breath, but the necessary muscles were almost too tired. "I might as well get this done," she slurred. "It won't take long." Mustering up all the energy she could, Sky slowly pushed herself from the chair. She took two steps and dropped back down, her shaky legs folding beneath her like a newborn fawn. Her face registered no surprise or pain, just a blank stare. Her head was spinning like a Kansas tornado and the chunk of rock in her belly was rolling to a furious beat.

"Sky!" Kyra knelt beside her sick friend and then helped Shawn lift the singer back into the chair. "Get some water," the blonde ordered.

Sky's expression remained unchanged as she insisted in a monotone voice that she was fine. But her words wouldn't have convinced a three year old. Her arm trembled as she took hold of a bottle of water and slowly sipped.

Bo ran for the stairs and over to his client. "Everybody except Shawn outta here. You'd better be more careful Ramsey," he barked, "you can't dance across this stage with a broken leg. Now drink that down and let's go."

Kyra whirled on him like a mini cyclone. Her face was ruddy with anger and frustration. "She's not going anywhere," she yelled, "but to a hospital! Back off and leave her alone."

"I'll do what ever I want, you little shit." He pushed past Kyra, but she grabbed his stout arm and got between him and the sick woman again.

"Just look at her!" Kyra shouted. "You are killing her! And I'm putting a stop to it right now."

They continued to exchange enraged words as Sky listened. She feared for the woman she secretly loved, but just could not find the physical strength to defend her. Her mind screamed for him to stop and she suddenly flashed back to the incident that had shattered her innocent childhood. She hadn't been able to scream then either. Maybe it would have been different if she had...maybe not. But she wasn't going to let Kyra suffer in her defense.

"You're out of here, McCall," Bo demanded. "You've been nothing but a pain in the ass from day one." Kyra finally just ignored him, looking back to her friend, and that angered him even more. Bo was always charged by a good fight. "Don't turn away from me!" he shouted.

From the corner of her eye, Kyra saw his fingers curl into a fist. She met his gaze and challenged him. Probably a foolish move, she thought in a distant part of her brain. But she said it anyway. "Go on and hit me Bo. I've got a lot of witnesses here, and a perfect lawsuit." He looked to see the other members of Sky High standing off stage, but watching the drama with testifying eyes. "How's that for publicity," she added with another bit of audacity. Her love for Skylar had bolstered many aspects of her personality, and that intense emotion had also manifested a new resolve. Be she lover or just best friend, Kyra was willing to put her life on the line for Skylar Ramsey.

And by the expression on Bo Bowers face, that may just be the case. His obsidian eyes glistened, not with tears, but with molten hatred. The veins at his temples throbbed with an even, but rapid beat. "You bitch!" His voice reached the cheap seats without the aid of electronic enhancement. But before another insulting word was fired from his throat a small, but stern voice rose up.

"Get away from her!" Sky stood shakily and abruptly inhaled more oxygen. "I'm leaving with Kyra," she said determinately. "That's it."

Kyra draped a listless arm over her shoulder. "Shawn, can you help me get her to the car?"

The top of Bo's head was about to explode. *But the twit is right; I can't do anything here.* "All right Cash," he said with an unusual calmness, "you can have your way...this time. You take the rest of the day off, but tomorrow..."

The rest of his useless words faded into the wind as the trio entered the parking lot. With Skylar slumped in the seat next to her, Kyra pulled away, figuring out the best way to get to the nearest hospital.

"Let's go to my house," Sky mumbled.

Kyra took a right turn. "I think you need to see a doctor."

"I know. My doctor will see me there."

"Well, if you're sure." Kyra headed for the onramp and in twenty minutes they were pulling up to the front gate of Sky's home. The singer slowly rattled off the six digit code for the locked entry. They quickly drove past Jodi's car and up to the front door. Sky knew she couldn't climb the stairs, so Kyra helped her into the first floor guest room and immediately placed a call to the doctor. The blonde then removed Sky's shoes and retrieved a pair of soft cotton sleep pants and a t-shirt. "Can you change by yourself?" she asked timidly.

"I'll try." With some difficulty Sky managed to shrug out of her close fitting jeans, but faltered trying to slip her long leg into the mint green pajamas. "I...um...need a little help," she muttered.

Kyra turned back with a gentle smile. "You got it." The two legged garment went on with no problem and she began to unbutton the simple shirt Sky was wearing. With just a slight hesitation Kyra climbed onto the bed behind her friend and peeled off the pale yellow and blue cloth. Kyra had had fantasies about that...but of course her best dreams could not be fulfilled. As impossible as it seemed, Kyra heard her sick friend intone a slightly erotic sound as she unhooked the lacy bra. They both still fought the constant, strong, physical attraction they had for one another. The close friendship nearly satisfied their emotional needs, but that desire to lie together skin to skin and share their bodies was unquenchable. Sky finally pulled the straps away and let it fall to the floor. With a final grunt of exertion, she wrangled her arms into the shirt Kyra was holding over her head.

Kyra got back to her feet and softly tapped Skylar on the leg. "How about something to drink? Maybe it'll help you stay awake until your doctor gets here."

Skylar was still drained, but she did feel a little better now that she was in comfortable clothes, in her own house, with her best friend by her side, and knowing that no one was going to make demands on her. "Yeah, that sounds good," she said, mustering a half grin. "There's some orange juice in the refrigerator. And help yourself to anything you find in the kitchen."

\* \* \*

An hour later, the doctor had come and gone, pronouncing that Sky was suffering with nothing

more critical than exhaustion, although that was serious enough. She was going to spend a few days in bed and she began to very seriously ponder his other recommendation. Kyra took control of the situation, informing the bodyguards and the other band members of the prognosis and the plan. Dr. Rudy insisted on talking to Mr. Bo Bowers himself, assuring Sky that he could handle the outrageous manager. Kyra also vowed, after a mild protest from her patient, to stay and take care of Skylar for as long as necessary.

Kyra pulled the curtains across the bedroom window, shutting out the midday sun. "Now get under those covers," she instructed, "and close your eyes. I'll be right here when you wake up."

Skylar fell asleep before Kyra shut the door to the room.

\* \* \*

Six hours later, Kyra eased the door back open and stepped into the dimly lit room. Skylar was curled on her side, in the exact same position as Kyra had last seen. She sat down in the chair beside the bed and closely examined the very beautiful face. She certainly didn't want to disturb her ailing companion, but she also realized that Sky needed a warm, nutritious meal to help her recuperate. Still she was reluctant to wake the sleeping woman. She didn't have to agonize for long as the pair of cobalt eyes flickered sluggishly and finally opened.

"You're still here," Skylar slurred.

Kyra smiled and brushed away a few locks of dark brown hair. "I promised," she said. "I'll be here as long as you need me."

Skylar stared with remarkable focus. She finally spoke with a clear and intense manner. "I always need you." But her fight soon dwindled and the heavy lids drooped shut once again. She rearranged her sore body on the mattress, so Kyra knew she wasn't asleep just yet.

"I didn't mean to disturb you," the blonde said.

"You didn't. I was having a dream about you." A smile draped across Sky's relaxed, but still pale face.

*Hmmm, Kyra thought, I'm not sure if I want to know the details. But I can imagine.* She easily changed the subject. "I've prepared some food; do you think you can sit up and eat?" The dark head bobbed. Kyra opened the curtains to let in the waning sunlight and returned to find Sky attempting to stand. "Whoa, let me help you."

"I just need to go to the bathroom," Sky explained. With a little help, she made it there and back safely.

Kyra turned on some soft, soothing music and went to retrieve their food. She returned shortly and they shared a healthy and tasty meal of some vegetable soup and a loaf of crusty bread. A fresh fruit salad finished the meal off nicely. They talked for a bit longer until Skylar's yawns

became infectious.

\* \* \*

After a full night's sleep, Skylar awoke feeling light and cheerful in spirit, but stiff and aching in body. She slipped into a robe and shuffled her way into the bathroom, then on to the kitchen where she found Kyra standing at her stove. "Good morning."

Only slightly startled, the cook turned to greet her. "Good morning. Wow, you look better already. Have a seat." Kyra delivered a tall glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee; half caffeine she explained, to wean the singer from too much of the dangerous stuff.

Skylar had a suspicious grin on her face as she sipped her juice. Kyra didn't pay it much attention and went back to the stove to flip her pancakes. She plated them up and set the stack of five in front of Skylar. The star was still grinning.

"Okay, what's up?" Kyra asked.

Skylar pushed up from the table and moved into Kyra's personal space. Kyra eyed her warily, but not unhappily as their bodies touched. The blue eyes twinkled. "You have the cutest smudge of pancake batter right here." Sky pointed to her cheek, wiped the yellow goo with her thumb and licked it away. "Mmm, very sweet."

Kyra held her eyes and very much wanted a sample from the same utensil. *But friends don't do things like that.*

*Do they?*

Sky gave a ghost of a wink and sat back down.

*I didn't think so.*

Nearly a dozen pancakes and an equal amount of bacon disappeared with ease as they talked. "You still look tired," Kyra commented casually.

Skylar sighed. "I am. This is the first time I've ever said this, but staying in bed all day sounds really good."

*Sounds good to me too,* Kyra thought with a mental leer. *I have got to stop thinking like that. It just isn't gonna happen for us.* "Then I'm gonna stay and help you," she said out loud. "If you don't mind that is."

"Of course I don't mind. I just don't want to burden you."

Kyra slowly reached across the table and put her hand over Skylar's. "Helping you could never be a burden. It's what best friends do."

Sky sipped her flavorful brew as a daunting flash of an image drifted across her mind. Her memory was a bit fuzzy, but her guilt filled in the blanks. "I'm so sorry for the things he called you yesterday."

The little singer shook her head determinately. "Doesn't bother me a bit; I just consider the source. But I hate what he does to you Sky. I'm afraid for you." The desperation in her tone made Sky's heart clench.

Skylar looked away momentarily, unable to deal with the pain in her friend's eyes. "I know you don't understand why I keep him around, but he won't do this to me again. I promise you that. To tell you the truth it scared me, the way I felt on that stage yesterday." She returned to the green eyes, hoping her next words would sooth. "But I'm taking some of the power back."

\* \* \*

Skylar slept on and off for most of the day while Kyra cleaned, watched TV and worked on some songs. She had been suddenly inspired with lyrics about the bonds of true friendship. Kyra also had a good phone conversation with her sister and checked in with her grandparents. She prepared two more meals, really starting to feel at home in the bright and well organized kitchen. The large room was very modern with its stainless steel appliances and high polished, black granite countertops. It had every machine of convenience, small to large, making it a joy to work in. That evening, Kyra chopped, sliced and stirred as the chicken casserole easily came together under her skillful hands.

They enjoyed the most recent meal together, Kyra especially. Although she regretted the reason for her being in Sky's home, she loved taking care of her, spending the quality time, talking and laughing with her best friend. But Kyra knew the arrangement was temporary. In just a few days Sky would be able to once again care for herself and Kyra would return to her lonely hotel room.

After dinner, Skylar managed the flight of stairs to her master bedroom, where she luxuriated in a nice long bath. She then dressed in warm, if not alluring pajamas and studied her reflection in the mirror. The eyes that looked back wore the colorful shades of a dozen emotions. There was sadness, envy, anger, guilt, a touch of fear and a few more she couldn't even put into words. It wasn't just the physical strains that had driven her to such a low point. She had been dealing with...or maybe not dealing with all of those conflicting feelings for too long. And things weren't going to get any easier anytime soon, she realized. But she had learned a painful lesson. Skylar knew she needed help. If she couldn't relieve all the stress then she was going to have to find a way to manage it. A therapist was the answer; one that Bo wouldn't know about. Skylar would have to tell the complete truth if she was going to get the help she needed. The time was also coming when she was going to be totally honest with Kyra about her past and Bo's hold over her. She only hoped it would ease their complicated relationship.

Skylar dried her long hair; a task that left her drained of her slowly replenishing energy. She padded slowly into the bedroom wondering what to do, not really wanting to go to sleep so early. On the nightstand there was a book that was she only half finished reading. A bored sneer curled

the right side of her mouth. The stack of CDs in the chair held no appeal either. *Well, what am I...*

Knock, knock. "Do you mind some company?"

Sky turned back to the door, a full smile brightening her face. *Just what the doctor ordered.*

"I'm not sleepy," Kyra said coyly, "And I didn't really want to be alone."

"Me neither." Skylar held out her hand. "Come on in. I think we can find something to do."

\* \* \*

They watched a movie that night while perched on Skylar's large, comfortable bed. The laughs felt good. Being together felt even better. Protected under the roof of Skylar's house, hidden from watchful eyes, they were allowed to indulge in the innocent flirting, the affectionate teasing, the intimate conversations and the pure joy of their special friendship. With that shadow lifted, albeit temporarily, something had been changing during the hours they had been spending together. There was a surprising moment during a slow point of the movie when their eyes connected. And it happened. Without words, without moving and without touching, they moved even closer. Their hearts and their souls transported to a deeper level, a more intense bond. And it felt wonderful.

But still they kept a certain distance between their bodies. It was better that way.

With just fifteen minutes left of the funny flick, Kyra looked over to find Skylar slumped back into her fluffy pillows, eyes closed and already playing in her happy nighttime visions. At least Kyra hoped she was having good dreams. "I hope all of your dreams come true," she whispered as she reached out to play with a few locks of dark hair. Kyra fought the powerful urge to snuggle up to the body that she not only wanted to hold for the rest of the night, but the rest of her life. *"I love you Skylar."* The feeling was best left silent even though it was fiercely felt. Kyra turned off the television and pulled the blanket up to her friend's shoulders. She left only after placing a kiss upon a soft cheek

\* \* \*

The next afternoon, Kyra overheard a rather fiery phone conversation. She didn't detect the topic or any specific words, but the identity of the person on the other end of the line was all too obvious. Half an hour later, Skylar finally emerged from her bedroom. She was wearing a thin robe, the fine form of her bare legs and feet displayed brilliantly beneath the short, white garment. "I feel like doing some laps," she told Kyra.

"Are you sure you're up to something that strenuous?"

Sky smiled. "My doctor said as soon as I had the strength I could start some exercises. Need to rebuild my stamina...slowly," she added to stave off any further worries.

Kyra nodded and said, "Have a good time. That water should feel good." It was nearly October, but the temperature controlled pool was almost always perfect.

Skylar patted her on the shoulder and headed for the back of the house. She suddenly stopped and walked slowly back to where her friend sat drinking tea. "Umm, I have an idea," she started, "how about you borrow a suit and enjoy the water too. No one else is around. You can keep a big towel by the edge and cover up if you feel... I'll stick to doing my laps; I won't even pay any attention to you... I mean..."

"I know what you mean Sky." Kyra got up and chastely hugged the tall singer. "Thank you. I would enjoy some time in the pool."

A satisfied grin. "Good."

Kyra chose a sedate tangerine and yellow, one piece suit. Wearing a nearly matching beach towel, she walked out to the placid pool, shed the covering and quickly slid into the beautifully, temperate water. The lovely liquid felt so good on skin long denied the pleasure of the touch. Baths and even her short time in the hot tub could not compare to the freedom of the open water around her as Kyra dropped completely under. She savored the sensation for as long as she dared then made a grand re-appearance, the water splashing all around her. A triumphant yell signaled her childlike glee and the good family memories the experience released. And who did she have to thank?

True to her word, Skylar looked away and entered the pool at the other end. She began her rhythmic laps much to Kyra's enjoyment. The blonde didn't really feel the need to swim; just resting against the underwater steps was delightful. Just a few minutes later, Skylar glided over and joined her friend on the platform.

"Damn," she complained, "I could only do twelve laps. I could always do fifty or more." She grabbed her towel and scrubbed her face.

"You will again," Kyra assured. "You just have to be sure and take time for yourself each day to swim, go to the gym or whatever you can."

Skylar nodded and just floated for a few quiet minutes. She made abstract patterns in the water with a lazy finger. Beside her, Kyra had her eyes closed, her head resting on the smooth ledge of the pool. It was a warm day, but the glaring sun was currently hiding behind a sky full of clouds.

"Want to know what I'm going to do?" Sky suddenly asked.

The blonde looked up. "Sure."

"I'm taking a month off."

"Really? That's great Sky; you certainly deserve it. That should give you plenty of time to

recuperate." A moment's pause. "You were arguing with Bo on the phone about it." There was no need to make it a question.

"But I won."

"What are your plans?"

"I'm going home to Colorado for two weeks." Kyra nodded interestedly. "Then I thought about going to Hawaii. I know someone who will let me use their place. It's on the ocean, on a very private stretch of beach."

Kyra grinned. "That sounds wonderful; resting in paradise. You will take Jodi along won't you?"

"She'll be around."

Kyra's expression suddenly became gloomy. "I don't know what worries me more," she said, "the way Bo treats you or this outrageous stalker." A wet hand grasped hers and squeezed comfortingly.

"Hey, I don't want you to worry about me. I told you I'm reassessing Bo's control. And the letters are probably from some harmless person who has nothing better to do." Privately, Sky was certainly more concerned, but didn't want her friend to be afraid. She had yet to release Kyra's hand, but the backup singer was not complaining at all. "I guess you'll take the time to visit your family."

Kyra gave it a little thought. "Well yeah, a week or two. But...I think maybe then I'll go on a little vacation of my own. I have no idea where," she chuckled, "but someplace nice."

Skylar had had an idea of her own since she had decided on going to the islands. It was a brilliant idea, and a risky idea on so many levels, but something she really wanted. "How would you like to see paradise with me?" she asked cheerfully, but warily.

Kyra was dumbstruck for a moment, her jaw dropping open and her grassy green eyes peering at Sky in comical amazement. When she found her tongue again, she asked, also in wonderment, "You would want to spend your precious time with me?"

*Oh Kyra, my beautiful friend, that and so much more.* A composed, but joyous smile lit up Sky's face and her indigo eyes. "I wouldn't want to share it with anyone else."

Water sloshed upon the pool deck as Kyra moved closer and merged their water soaked bodies in a ferocious hug. "I would like to visit Hawaii...but even more, I would love to spend the time with you."

Continued...

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# ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

## Chapter 8

Once the official announcement that Skylar Ramsey was suffering from exhaustion had been made, the entertainment media scrambled to get the news out to the public. The month's tour dates were rescheduled and the speculation as to the super star's whereabouts ran rampant. Some reports had her resting at an exclusive Italian resort and others claimed a spa in Switzerland. One rag magazine dared to suggest that the illness was a ruse and that Skylar was secretly marrying her new beau, even though they hadn't even been seen together recently. Sky had managed to stall that little charade.

Two weeks later, Skylar Ramsey finally slipped out of the top spot on the entertainment news shows and websites.

\* \* \*

Seven days later, Kyra McCall stepped off of a private jet on a sunny, Friday afternoon. As soon as she left the terminal, the scent of the abundant tropical flora wafted to her on a delightfully refreshing breeze. A uniformed driver approached Kyra and announced his services upon Skylar Ramsey's request. Gathering her modest luggage, he escorted her to a limo and whisked her through the streets and neighborhoods of this modern Eden. After cruising down a long stretch of road, passing no other cars, the limo pulled into a drive bordered on both sides by tall, green, lush vegetation.

The chauffeur rounded the long vehicle and opened her door. "Miss, if you would follow the path around the cottage," he instructed, "I'll bring your bags."

Kyra's sandaled feet trekked up the blue stone walkway, encountering more blossoming, aromatic foliage. There was colorful and unique looking Bird of Paradise, large leafed Anthurium and brilliant Red Ginger. She stopped to gently sniff one particularly lovely bloom, just knowing she was going to love her time here. The trail eventually led onto a covered patio adorned with stylish furniture, a sunken fire pit and a table already set for two. After the long flight, the tall pitcher which held some unnamed, but thirst quenching beverage the color of a setting sun piqued her interest. But only one thing stole the breath from her lungs. Forty yards away, across a span of pristine golden sand, the sapphire ocean rolled languidly upon the waiting shore, crooning its own tranquil song. Kyra's mouth fell open in awe. "Wow. Beautiful."

"It certainly is," Sky agreed. *But not compared to you.*

Kyra was not at all startled by the familiar voice, its speaking tone as silky as its singing. She didn't turn for the moment, her eyes still taking in nature's splendorous touch.

Skylar contemplated her thoughts as she let her friend continue to take in the scene. And she maintained her private appreciation. Kyra's profile was rendered with a gently rounded nose above a set of lips, naturally luscious when speaking, singing or silent. A touch of pink blush highlighted a softly sculpted cheekbone. Propelled by the swift ocean breeze, her shoulder length, wheat colored locks billowed behind her like a beautiful ornamental fan. She was dressed in an appropriately lively, floral print shirt and a pair of pale green Capri pants.

Only a matter of seconds had passed, but Kyra suddenly longed for a change of scenery. A half turn of her head and her solemn expression of awe slowly morphed into one of expectant elation and more than a touch of relief. The short time apart had produced a haunting ache from the vacant spot in her life... in her heart. But just one glance at that smile and Kyra's chest swelled with pride in their friendship and love for the woman of her dreams. Not to be ignored, Kyra's hormones danced a silent hula as she made a quick assessment of the tall form. Skylar Ramsey was leaning against the door frame, her arms casually crossed in front of her and one ankle over the other. *Wow. God's splendorous touch.* A pair of white shorts highlighted exquisite, tanned skin down to the tips of ten perfect toes. A sleeveless, button down shirt in a pretty shade of lilac showed off more tanned skin covering muscles that once again looked toned and strong. Her long, dark hair hung loose down her back. The last stop on the anatomical tour was a bronzed face, relaxed and happy.

They held one another's eyes for a virtual eternity, proving the mutual and undying love that couldn't, for reasons beyond control, be realized. Kyra finally moved forward. "You look great," she said, tossing her arms around Skylar's neck.

"I feel great...now." She whispered the last word, but was positive that it was heard anyway. Sky took a step back and reached for something inside the door. She draped an orchid lei of white and green over the blonde head and kissed both cheeks. "Must observe the island customs," she said with a sly grin. "You're lookin' pretty good yourself, my friend. How about a short tour before lunch?"

A nice sized kitchen, a cozy seating area, two bedrooms and adjoining bathrooms made up the small, but dashing tropical cottage. They ended in a room painted in oceanic hues; Kyra's bedroom for the duration of her stay. Her luggage had already been deposited onto the whitewashed bench at the foot of the queen sized bed. But there was plenty of time for unpacking later. "It's all just so...beautiful," Kyra said a touch breathlessly. She pulled a colorful bloom from her necklace and placed it in Sky's dark hair. "I think you mentioned lunch."

Over a meal of grilled pork and potatoes they each filled the other in on the events of the previous weeks. Over an hour slipped away as they talked, their harmonic conversation supported by the constant breaking of ivory waves upon the ancient sands.

Sky sat back and sipped from her glass. "I thought you should take the rest of the day to rest up from the plane trip," she said, then grinned, slightly mischievously. "But I have plenty of things planned for the rest of the week. I want you to tell me if there is something specific you would like to see or do...cliff diving, volcano exploring, Elvis Presley movie landmarks."

Kyra laughed. "I think I'll pass on the former two, but as for the latter, my grandmother would love some photographs. She is a major fan and Blue Hawaii is a particular favorite.

Sky nodded amiably. "I'll see what we can do."

\* \* \*

The next morning, after some delicious macadamia nut pancakes, Skylar and Kyra took a rented jeep around the island. They stopped for some of those Presley photos and a few souvenirs. Some genuine keepsakes and a couple of slightly tacky, but somehow endearing ones followed Kyra home.

And that's where she was when she was by Skylar's side.

The day of sightseeing came to a close with a helicopter ride over the tropical countryside, laden with stunning waterfalls, rocky cliffs, verdant forests and astounding volcanoes. Flying into a breathtaking sunset, displaying a dozen shades of orange, was a magnificent experience, but sharing it hand in hand was an unforgettable memory.

That night, in their respective rooms, Sky and Kyra dreamed of twilight times and sunny smiles.

\* \* \*

Sky went for a peaceful mid-morning swim in the ocean as Kyra sat on the beach, constructing a multi-tiered house of taupe colored grains and salty water. The tall, dripping figure soon dropped to her knees beside the growing palace. "Is architecture a new hobby I don't know about?" Sky asked. Her suit of iridescent blues perfectly outlined her perfect curves, much to her companion's pleasure.

Kyra winked an emerald orb. "I still have a few mysteries to be discovered, but no this is just a

little reversion to childhood."

Sky scooped up a handful of soggy sand. "Can I play too?" she asked with a childlike pitch.

The answer was a small grin and for the next half an hour they pleasantly toiled away on the McCall, Ramsey estate. Sky checked the time on Kyra's watch as the blonde placed a spire of seashells atop a round turret. The blonde stood and snapped a few photos of their grand creation.

Sky bound to her feet, brushed the sand from her legs and announced, "We have an appointment about a mile down the beach and if we start walking now, we'll just make it."

Kyra's interest was certainly roused, but Sky enhanced the mystery with silence. The journey down the beach included encounters with living sea creatures visiting the land and abandoned homes of other organisms, some of which were packed into Kyra's ever present backpack. Nearing their destination, they rounded a slight curve in the landscape and climbed over a natural blockade of shoulder high boulders. Once on the other side, Kyra saw eight other people, including two children, who seemed to be gathered for something. Two colorful tents provided a backdrop for this staging area.

"What are we doing here?" the intrigued young woman asked.

Skylar looked in those cheery eyes and answered, "We are going snorkeling."

Kyra's shocked gaze immediately darted to the people surrounding them. "Umm...snorkeling? But that means..."

"Uh, uh...do you trust me?" Sky asked.

The blonde relaxed a little. "Of course."

Sky gave Kyra an affectionate tap on the nose. "I'll be right back." She trotted a few yards and disappeared into one of the tents.

The petite singer gave another glance at the small group of strangers, all donned in bathing suits and swim trunks. Her gaze shifted to the expanse of bustling ocean. *Just get over it*, she scolded herself. *A lot of people have scars. You're going underwater, not under the spotlight.*

"All right, here we go." Kyra turned around at the sound of the voice and found a grinning face. "Our apparel for this little adventure," Sky said, indicating her outstretched arms. Slung over each limb was a neoprene wetsuit. The larger one was in black with red stripes along each side and the smaller one in navy and pink. Both suits would reach to the ankles, satisfactorily concealing Kyra's shame.

The blonde head shook. *Why was I worried?* "Thank you." She stepped forward and kissed the star's cheek.

"Come on, we can change in the tent over there."

\* \* \*

The glassy surface of the blue, green liquid allowed the bright rays of summer to shine on the watery kingdom below. Two heads, one dark and one light peeked into another world, where humans can only visit. But the trip was worth it as amazing creatures of all sizes, in groups and alone swam peacefully by. The display of vivid colors and shapes beneath the waves especially fascinated Kyra. She pointed, wide eyed and excited at first one thing and then another, afraid she might miss something spectacular. She had borrowed an underwater camera, and although she was no expert, had thought she got some good shots, capturing forever, memories of this new experience.

A duo of playful dolphins had approached them about an hour in and engaged them in an aquatic game of tag. The four sleek swimmers, all air breathers, frolicked above and below the temperate liquid as laughter and dolphin sounds filled the sun warmed air. Skylar stopped to watch the lively scene and climbed onto the rocks at the edge of the calm cove they had found. Delightful warmth flooded her entire being as she saw the expression of sheer joy covering her best friend's face. Knowing she had made that happen, gave Skylar one of the biggest emotional highs of her life. It was more than singing in front of thousands, winning major awards or meeting her musical idols.

It was love, pure and simple.

The underwater world of fish and mammals had entertained Skylar and Kyra for over an hour and a half, long after the others had tired and returned to shore. Only when the dolphins swam off for deeper waters, and probably lunch, did Kyra join her companion up on the stony ledge.

"Wow!" the breathless blonde said. "That was incredible. It was so much fun. Did you see that dolphin jump over my head?" Sky chuckled. Kyra chattered on for many more minutes about the exciting experience and how she was feeling. She noticed that Sky was being awfully quiet. The tall singer was wearing a lazy smile and watching the gentle waves splashing over her feet...but she had yet to say a word. "Hey, are you okay?" Kyra asked, slightly concerned.

It was another few seconds before Skylar chose the right words. "I'm fine...nearly perfect." She tossed her arm loosely over Kyra's shoulder. "As much as I hate to leave here, we'd better get back; it's almost three." She climbed to her feet and gave Kyra a hand up, not relinquishing the petite appendage as they walked back to the beach.

"Sky?"

"Yes."

"Thank you."

The singer didn't question why. She affectionately squeezed the hand tucked into hers and kept

walking.

\* \* \*

Pleasantly tired and hungry after the hike back to the cottage, Sky grilled some hamburgers for their late lunch. Afterward, the two had a nap in the double wide hammock at the far side of the house.

About an hour later, a noisy bird woke Sky from a nice dream. But upon feeling the warm, diminutive body beside her, Sky knew she wanted to live that dream. In the dream she was free to love Kyra McCall in every way. She was able to tell the world that she was going to spend the rest of her life with this woman. She was sharing everything with the only person who would ever own her heart.

But sometimes dreams can't come true.

"Hi."

Sky turned to see her friend awake. "Hi. Have a nice nap?"

"Lovely."

"Good." Skylar stretched her long frame, jiggling her companion. "How about watching a movie?" she asked. "All that swimming this morning kinda did me in."

Kyra popped up...as quickly as you can in a hammock anyway and not end up on the ground. "Are you okay?" she sputtered anxiously. "You're not getting sick again are you? Maybe you should see another doctor."

"Hold it, hold it." Sky hushed her worried friend with a caress of her cheek. "I'm not sick. I just meant that my muscles are a little sore, that's all."

"Oh...good." Kyra smiled a little shyly, embarrassed by her outburst. But concern outweighed everything else. "I hate to see you sick."

Sky nodded. "Thank you for caring."

"I do," Kyra said, emotionally. As their eyes met and held, the moment was about to go past the point of friendship. And as much as Kyra wanted that, she restrained herself, respecting the limitations Sky had placed on their relationship. She carefully rolled off the hammock and suggested, "Why don't you go take a hot shower to loosen those muscles..." she wasn't about to suggest a massage, "and then a movie sounds great."

\* \* \*

The next two days were spent cruising on a private yacht to less touristy, but none the less

exquisite spots around the islands. They had more fun and more laughs. And made many more memories. On one of those days they made good on a previous deal. Skylar prepared her best recipe and Kyra lovingly baked that perfect pie. The boat was anchored well out on the calm sea; the nearest land was a mere shadow in the distance. Dusk was slowly descending on the day and Skylar took a moment to appreciate the view as she was on deck setting the table for dinner. Taking a step back and blowing out the match between her fingers, Sky saw what she had done. China, silver, crystal and an open bottle of champagne. It was very romantic. "Uh oh." She hadn't intentionally made it that way. It just seemed so natural to make it elegant, including adding the lovely flowers and tall candles. *Kyra deserves things like this*, she thought. *God knows I want to be the one to give them to her*. She blew out an exasperated breath. *But I can't*. Then a small, sexy smile shaped her reddened lips. *At least we can enjoy this...for tonight*. Skylar looked down at her beach bum attire. "Well, this won't do for a setting like this." She headed back to the master suite to change.

Kyra wiped her hands on a nearby towel then set her pie aside. It would go in the oven just as soon as the main course came out. She noticed a dusting of flour and something sticky on her shirt. "I can't set down to our nice dinner with a mess like this."

About fifteen minutes later, Kyra stepped back onto the deck. Soft lights along the rail lit her way her down the port side as she proceeded to the dining area. A nice selection of piano music was playing from cleverly disguised speakers, and the scrumptious scent of Skylar's meal vied for attention with the ocean breeze. She heard Sky walking around on the deck. Kyra rounded a corner, intending to greet her friend...but the words stuck in her throat. There, a few feet before her was a goddess. Skylar was turned away, arranging something on the table and Kyra took the offered time to gaze at her. The tall beauty was wearing a ruby colored short skirt and a shape hugging sleeveless sweater. The lovely ensemble spotlighted her many curves and Kyra was definitely welcoming the show. It was just a shame that she had to do it in secret.

Sky turned and had a little brain drain of her own. The petite blonde took her breath away. A pair of flowing slacks was topped by a silk shirt in the same buttery shade. It almost appeared as if the clothing was an extension of her beautiful, blonde hair, which was held back on one side by an ornate comb. This is exactly how Sky had always envisioned her angel, all soft, sweet and gentle. She finally spoke a demurred greeting. "Hi."

"Hi."

"I...ah put your pie in the oven and set the timer like you said."

"Oh...thanks."

"Well," Sky said, stepping aside. "Everything's ready; have a seat." Kyra suddenly found her footing and moved toward the table. "You lo...look nice...by the way," the tall singer stuttered. *Gorgeous. Stunning. Magnificent.*

"You look ...nice too," Kyra said. *Breathtaking. Dazzling. Incredible.*

Sky poured champagne for both of them as Kyra buttered a fresh baked roll, suddenly avoiding her friend's eyes. For the first time since they met, the women felt awkwardness between them. They both knew the feeling was born from their mutual attraction. And unsatisfied desire. And it had never been more evident then when their eyes had just met. Both were looking particularly gorgeous on this night and both felt close to a breaking point.

The conversation was hushed and slow, but the tension eased some as the delicious food disappeared. Culinary compliments passed back and forth between them all the way through the dessert.

Sometime later, Sky walked Kyra to her room.

"So, just one more day," Kyra observed, sadly as they stood outside her door.

"I'll try to make sure that your last day here is as good as your first."

"Surely you know by now, that every minute I spend with you is better than the last."

Sky dove into the green depths, wanting nothing more than to hide there and create a perfect world for the two of them. If she had no other obligations, she would sail away and find some private island where no one knew of Skylar Ramsey or cared to. But all she could offer was inadequate words. "For me too," she whispered. "I'll see you in the morning. Goodnight Kyra." She walked just a few feet and stopped, knowing Kyra was still there watching her...wanting her. No further worries plagued Sky's thoughts at that moment. It would be so easy to throw open that door, take Kyra in her arms and make love to her all night long. It would be so easy.

There was only one thing to do. Turning around, Sky moved back to her friend and took one more look into her eyes. Leaning forward, Sky's lips landed and placed a chaste, but affectionate kiss on Kyra's suddenly flushed cheek. "Sweet dreams."

\* \* \*

On the last full day they lazed around the cottage until four o'clock. But Skylar had planned one final surprise. They were to attend a private luau, hosted by a club owner and friend of hers.

After a shower, Kyra emerged from the bathroom, tying her robe. She grabbed a brush as there was a knock on her door. She opened it while clearing the tangles from her hair.

Sky entered with a sack in one hand and the other hand behind her back. "I heard the water shut off and I wanted to catch you before you got dressed," she said. "I have something I hope you will wear tonight."

"Sky, you didn't have to get me anything." Secretly, Kyra loved to get presents. She happily accepted the colorful bag and pulled out two pieces of shimmering cloth. Two small pieces. She eyed the red and yellow bikini and then her grinning friend. "Okay, I've learned my lesson; where's the rest of it?"

Skylar's face exploded with excitement as the hand behind her back revealed a long, floral print sarong. "May I demonstrate?" After the affirmative reply, Skylar positioned the long wrap around the curvaceous hips and tied it in place. Of course, Kyra's robe sort of ruined the effect, but Sky's imagination would carry her through until she saw the real thing. "Tie it to the left and I think you'll be comfortable," she softly suggested.

Kyra smiled. "It's wonderful. Thank you."

\* \* \*

When Kyra stepped onto the patio and was instantly bathed in golden sunlight, Skylar audibly gasped at her unequalled beauty. The blonde hair was pulled back on one side and a blossom of red was tucked ideally behind one ear. The bikini top modestly, but attractively displayed her feminine swells. The wrap was cut to reveal her left leg when she walked and Sky took full advantage of the view as her lovely companion approached. Kyra was not used to having so much skin exposed, but quickly warmed to the idea when she saw the interested blue eyes. Skylar wore an outfit exactly the same as Kyra's, but with a top of deep sapphire and an aquatic print skirt.

\* \* \*

The party was exhilarating. There were lovely women dancers performing traditional hulas and buff, copper skin males tossing flaming sticks around like they were mere matches. The party was familiar. Lively and bold music was pounded and strummed by talented musicians using local and popular instruments. The vocals were soft and lyrical, compelling every ear in attendance to tune in. The party was scrumptious. The table in front of them was piled high with foods such as pork, chicken, seafood, sweet potatoes, rice, mixed greens, tons of tropical fruits and a delicious coconut pudding. They ate gloriously.

There were about thirty people sitting around two long tables, mostly couples enjoying the romance of the evening. If there was only one thing that plagued the blonde, it was that. There were so many times when she just wanted to take Sky's hand, stare into the incredible eyes...say I love you. But for reasons she still didn't understand, that wasn't allowed. So she savored the moments of intimacy that were acceptable. They were seated so close that their arms and shoulders brushed quite often, sending warm tingles across the rest of Kyra's body. They giggled and whispered secrets and jokes. They sang and shared. They danced. And their attempted hulas told top secret tales of desire.

Late into the party, Kyra gradually sipped her Pina Colada and had started feeding her friend chunks of juicy pineapple, while Sky strummed on a borrowed ukulele. But they were intoxicated only by each other.

\* \* \*

They arrived back at the cottage five hours after the party had begun. Sky grabbed a blanket and

they took a walk along the beach just as the sun was flexing its artistic muscles, splashing the atmospheric canvas with strokes of hot color. There were no words, just the companionable silence and the whoosh of surf at their feet. Skylar led Kyra to a secluded cove below the house and they had a seat on the blanket and watched as the final edge of the sun slid below the horizon, leaving behind a perfect twilight. The tall singer turned to watch Kyra's profile. The blonde turned from one beautiful sky to another. Their eyes locked and wouldn't let go. There was just something about the silent moment. It was free. It was sensuous. It was precious. All resistance suddenly faded. Without one more second slipping away, never to be recovered, their lips met. The kiss, while certainly more than platonic, remained gentle and easy. There was not a touch of reluctance, but an odd shyness as a hand cupped a cheek and another wrapped around an arm. The passion was slow to escalate as Kyra tasted pineapple on the tongue that coyly slipped between her inviting lips. Skylar sampled a hint of rum in return. The darkness draped over them as they delighted in the sweet flesh. Warm, wet and wonderful. Give and take. Share and indulge. But the pull of desire soon had Kyra supine with a length of beautiful body gently pressing against her. The kisses deepened. Two heartbeats pounded louder than the surf tickling twenty toes as Sky worked her fingers under the wrap of colored cloth and trailed down Kyra's smooth left thigh. Sky leisurely moved her lips along a jaw line and Kyra sucked in a lungful of fresh night air, followed by a lungful of pure, fresh Skylar. She praised the heavens as Skylar continued to do things to her that had previously filled only fantasies. Kyra slid her hands along the bare back, stopping here to memorize supple muscles and there to stroke silky skin. Fingers tangled in knotted ties and deftly worked them free. Soon a pair of sarongs was tossed aside. The feel of absolute skin was fanning the lustful flames. Only the most private of places were still hidden by fabric, tantalizing as it may be.

The moon was peeking down now, providing the only illumination for needy eyes. Skylar slowed her amorous advances and stared into the green orbs made deeper by the night. With a single soft kiss, she made a heartfelt request. "Let me see all of you. Let me feel all of you."

Kyra couldn't reject her, didn't want to. But she was putting every single ounce of her faith in Skylar Ramsey. No one but doctors and family had ever seen her secret; she had never trusted that much. But now she had to, her heart would not deny the chance. "Yes," she answered. "Be the first to know me...to love me."

Skylar treasured the precious opportunity and gave her another tender kiss. Her eyes spoke the words of love she could not say with her voice. "I will keep this in my heart," she whispered, "and cherish your faith always." She gently removed the bathing suit she had presented earlier. Sky hadn't exactly anticipated that the evening would have ended this way. But there in the sand, in the arms of the woman she loved, she would not stop. As long as she knew Kyra wanted to share this most intimate of acts, Sky would spend the night loving her.

And deal with tomorrow when it came.

"Wonderful. I could stay here like this for the rest of my life." Skylar lowered her mouth to a dark pink nipple, tasting the salty skin and playing with the pebbling texture. It grew against her tongue and Skylar poured on more attention, humming in delight. Her long fingers strummed the other one rhythmically, pushing Kyra along the heights of passion. The gasps of pleasure and

whimpered words inspired Sky to compose an entire aria. The second verse was played an octave lower with a series of kisses, licks and playful nips across the taut expanse of bared belly. The day's sun had substantially warmed the skin that was usually protected. Careful of any possible burns, she gentled her attention, but not the time spent. There was no time limit. Time was irrelevant. Sky would have been deliriously happy to live in the moment forever. But with each new moment came even more exciting discoveries. Like the tiny birthmark at the top right corner of the triangle of blonde curls. She kissed it reverently as she easily nudged her lover's legs apart. She shifted to settle between the slightly trembling limbs and lipped the inner thighs that were already covered in a thin coat of sweetness. One hand returned to tease Kyra's breast as Sky's tongue danced in the pool of flesh, continuing the song of love.

Kyra clutched at the blanket and the loose sand beneath it as the euphoria enveloped her. "Oh, Skylar...I dreamed...so long...please..." A rustle of movement and air, and Kyra felt the hot breath on her breast again. A long leg overlapped hers and Sky moved against her with an age old rhythm. Long fingers sank into the scorching velvet, touching a soul as well as the flesh. The air escaped Kyra's lungs. She couldn't open her eyes; she could barely breathe. All she could do was float on the sensational sensations.

The feel of lips, nibbling, sucking and kissing...everywhere.

The hands, reaching, rubbing and caressing...inside and out.

The power of a commanding presence, filling her world with security and anticipation.

The muscles flexing against her belly.

The tenderness of a soul giving and sharing completely.

The skin, soft and sexy, igniting flames with a touch.

The...love.

More floating. Weightless. Carefree.

Descending.

Down.

Landing.

"Sky, I I..." The final word was devoured by the ravenous, raven haired lover. Their lips met again and again as the cooling wind brushed over their humid bodies, raising goose bumps. Kyra looked deep into the indigo eyes, seeing nothing but love and raising her hopes. "Can I tell you how utterly happy I am right now. Not just because you made magnificent love to me, but because now I get to love you." She ducked her face with a sudden shyness. "I only hope I can please you, make you feel this amazing."

Skylar lifted the adorable chin and gave her another reassuring kiss. "You are wonderful," she stated proudly, "and whatever you do will be wonderful. Just lying beside you is perfection."

Kyra grinned with a renewed courage. "Well, let's see if I can improve on perfection."

\* \* \*

Sometime later, as Sky's breathing calmed and the spots finally stopped swirling behind her closed lids, she chuckled sexily and informed her partner that perfection had definitely achieved a new meaning. They snuggled tightly and pulled the ends of the wide blanket around them, warding off the chilled night. There were no thoughts of returning to the house from either drowsy woman. They were very content and secure right where they were. Sleep was quickly over taking the duo, but Sky managed to murmur a final thought. "I always knew we made beautiful music together."

Kyra smiled lazily, in total agreement.

Continued...

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### **Chapter 9**

Sometime during the night, Skylar awoke and pulled on her bathing suit. She turned to her deeply slumbering companion and smiled fondly. Sky shuffled the few yards to the patio and

returned with another blanket and a pillow. She lifted the blonde head and slid the pillow into place, kissing the forehead as she gently replaced it. Still refusing to think about the future and concentrating on the moment, Skylar returned to the place beside her friend and covered them both. With a sigh, she fell back to sleep.

\* \* \*

The next time Skylar opened her eyes, the sky was no longer inky black. The dark gray surrounding her, accurately matched her new mood. She should have been deliriously happy; she had everything she truly wanted.

But not really.

The aching truth crashed down around her. The tears from her drowning soul ran down her cheeks in torrents. Sitting up, she pulled her knees to her chest and buried her face with the shame of what she'd done.

Something roused Kyra from sleep. A muffled noise sounded behind her. It wasn't a bird or any other kind of wild animal. Wrapping the blanket under her arms to cover her nude body, Kyra sat up and realized the source of the sound. She cupped the back of the distressed, dark head. "Skylar?" The star looked up, not bothering to hide her sadness. "Why are you crying?" Kyra asked. "Do you regret...?"

Sky reached out to stop the question. "No. I will never regret making love with you. That was the most beautiful experience of my life." She looked away, feeling like a coward. "I'm crying because... it can't happen again." Returning to the eyes that deserved her attention, Sky continued. "The circumstances preventing me from having a permanent relationship still exist."

"Oh."

The single word stabbed at Sky's heart like a rusty dagger.

"Bo and your career." Kyra didn't want to sound bitter. She wasn't, but the disappointment ran fathoms deep with the stings from a thousand hives.

"Yes, but it's much more than that," Sky said. "If it was only that simple, I would kick him out on his ass and run my own career...my own life."

Kyra pulled in an uneven breath. "Well...I..."

"Don't say you understand because you can't!" Sky immediately regretted the tone of her voice. "You couldn't because I've never told you why. I'm sorry; I'm not angry at you. I never could be."

I'm angry with myself for hurting you, leading you to think... But last night, I couldn't resist you any longer. I just had to know the reality of you...of us."

"I don't regret anything either," Kyra said. "Last night was beautiful for me too. As disappointing as it is, I respect your reasons, whatever they are."

Skylar's face suddenly transformed. The tension melted away, defeated by her intense emotions for the blonde singer. "I want you to know what they are," she said honestly. "I want to finally tell you everything. I need you to know the whole truth. You deserve nothing less."

Kyra nodded. "Okay. I'm listening."

Sitting on a secluded, Hawaiian beach with daylight rising all around her, Skylar Ramsey began her sad story.

"My dad was a gambler and he drank; the betting was his real problem though. He and my mom used to fight about it all the time. She had to work two jobs to make up for what he lost, and that was a lot. I don't think he ever wanted a kid. He hardly ever showed me any attention. He never hugged me or said he loved me. He never gave me a compliment. Nothing I ever did was good enough for him. If I got B's they should have been A's. If I came in second, it should have been first." Skylar smiled. "My mom was great though. She tried hard to give me enough love for two parents, and was always supportive and encouraging." Skylar paused, picked a handful of sand and let it sift through her fingers. "Something changed when I was thirteen. He could hardly look at me anymore and when he did all he would do was yell, calling me names, terrorizing me. I never knew what I did or what happened to make him hate me...and he did. He told me all the time...when my mom wasn't around. I never said anything to her because he threatened to hurt her if I did. This went on for about four months. Then one hot, summer night, my mom was working late and I had to fix dinner for him. I guess he didn't like what I made," she chuckled morosely. "He was livid. He started screaming and hitting me. I was terrified. When he grabbed a knife, I knew he was going to kill me. I huddled on the floor in the corner of the kitchen, hiding my face. The harder I cried, the madder he got." Sky hesitated again, her eyes glassy and distant. And full of pain. Kyra put an encouraging hand on her arm. The skin was chilly and the muscles shivering. She placed the blanket around her friend's shoulders and covered herself with her sarong. Skylar managed a glance and continued with the worst part of the story. "Suddenly he just stopped...and I heard him hit the floor. I thought he had just slipped and fell, but I was too scared to look. I didn't move for what seemed like hours, but then I finally took a chance. I slowly peeked over my arm and he was on the floor next to me, not moving. There was blood under his head. His bloodshot eyes were still open and they were staring right at me with a chilling glare. I wasn't sure what to do until I looked up and my mom was standing there. She didn't say a word, didn't move. But she was holding this heavy, black skillet in her hand. She had come home early, saw what he was doing...and stopped him from hurting me." Again Kyra gave a comforting squeeze and scooted closer. Skylar took a deep breath, her chest tight. "I asked her

over and over again to come and help me, but she still didn't move...didn't even flinch. Finally, I scooted away from him and ran next door. The police and an ambulance came and took me to the hospital. I wasn't seriously hurt, just bruises and minor cuts...but it hurt. My aunt and uncle came and took me home with them. I asked about my mother for a week before Aunt Beth finally told me what was happening. My mom was in catatonic state, conscious, but not responsive. She's still that way today. She was a very religious woman and the doctor said the guilt of letting him hurt me and then taking a human life, no matter how retched it was, was too much for her to handle." Sky turned, her expression one of sadness, but she was no longer reliving that horror. "She's in a facility in Colorado." The irony showed in the green eyes. "When you told me about your sister that night, I wanted so much to tell you that I completely understood how that felt. I wanted to share that with you. But I was afraid."

Kyra remembered the empathy that had glowed in the deep blue eyes when they had gone to visit Jillian. Now that time meant so much more. Kyra swallowed a bit of bile that had crept into her throat. She was being flooded with so much emotion, anger at the being who had fathered Skylar and pain for the terrified child inside her lover. A hand went to her stomach to quell the cramping. "That's horrible," she whispered. "I'm so sorry that happened to you."

Skylar took her hand and rubbed the back with her thumb. "I guess you're wondering what that has to do with us having a relationship." Kyra's expression was one of confusion; she had almost forgotten why Sky had shared her secret. "Bo is blackmailing me," Sky confessed. "I don't know how he found out about my mother, but he did. He is running my career and he gets a bigger paycheck than any other manager in the business. That's why he calls me Cash; as a constant reminder. As if I could ever forget. He threatens to tell the world about my past and exactly where she is if I don't follow his orders. He would also tell the press where my aunt and uncle live; they'd never be left alone. If it was just about me I wouldn't care. But you know the press, they would hound the institution and the people there don't deserve that. They need peace. My mom sacrificed everything to protect me. Now I have to make sacrifices to protect her."

Kyra leaned forward, tenderly kissed Sky's lips then put their foreheads together. "I understand everything now."

"You should hate me," Sky said. "When I invited you here, I knew there was a good chance that we would make love...and that I would have to hurt you. I'm so sorry."

Kyra pulled back and smiled sadly. "Don't be. When I accepted the invitation, I hoped that we would make love, despite everything you've said. It's what I wanted." They were quiet for awhile, drowning in heartache, but not regret.

"Where does that leave us now?" Sky finally asked.

"You are my best friend," Kyra assured, "and you'll always be my best friend."

Skylar hugged the forgiving woman. "Thank you for being the wonderful person you are."

They separated, but remained close. "I know you want to be with me," Kyra said, "and now I know exactly why you can't. Last night will always be a very special memory for both of us. But we both accept that it won't happen again." She paused, and then decided to speak her own truth. "Skylar, I l..."

"No, please don't. My heart is already broken. If I hear you say those words, it will crumble." Sky paused. "But...me too."

Kyra nodded a sad understanding.

They sat side by side, Kyra's head on Skylar's shoulder, watching the sun rise, knowing it would probably be the last one they would see together.

\* \* \*

Their trip home was spent in shattered, heartrending silence.

When they returned to work, none of the other Sky High members was the wiser about what had transpired between Sky and Kyra. They always had a friendly smile for each other and still spent time together as they always had. Only one small change had happened in their relationship. The physical touches had to be kept at a minimum now that they had touched in all those other exotic places. At first, having made love once had taken the edge off their lusting. But eventually, in the dark of night, when each was all alone in bed, all they wanted in the world was to feel the silk and curves, flesh and breath. They only hoped the bodily ache would reduce to a dull throb in time and just let their emotional connection sustain them.

\* \* \*

But as the weeks passed, that didn't seem to be the case.

\* \* \*

Bo gave them a particularly suspicious glare whenever he saw them together. Or perhaps it was just Sky's...over estimation. It certainly wasn't guilt. She did not feel guilty for the act they had shared. The only remorse that still plagued Skylar's conscience was the loss and longing in her friend's eyes...and in her own soul.

\* \* \*

They were heading into the studio at the end of November to record new songs for her third CD. This one was supposed to include the duet of Sky and Kyra's first collaboration. Sky called her friend the night before the first session to ask if she still wanted to sing with her, given the nature of the song. Kyra had been looking forward to this chance for months and assured Sky that she would be a professional and perform respectfully.

Once settled in at the recording studio the next morning, Sky grabbed the music sheets for 'Touch of ...His Love'. A quick scan of the words, the new words, and she ran to find Bo. "What the hell is this?" she asked, shaking the papers in his face.

"Cash, I thought you graduated with a degree in music," he answered smugly.

"The changes in this song have your stink all over them."

"Those changes have my particular talents all over them," he countered.

"Why?" she asked severely. "As if I didn't know."

"Then why waste my breath?"

"Because your ignorance enlightens me."

He grinned wickedly. "As a duet, the way she wrote it, it sounded like you two were singing a love song to each other. You and I both know that's a no no. I changed every **your** to **his** and now it works."

Sky's jaw tensed and she spoke through gritted teeth. "Kyra wrote this song the way she envisioned it. You cannot change her words without her permission."

Bo gave her a condescending pat on the shoulder. "You explain it to her Cash. I'm sure she'll do whatever you say. It's either a duet with the new words or a solo with the original. It's your choice." He swaggered down the hallway, stroking his ego and his whiskers. A wadded up paper ball bounced off his hard head.

When Kyra arrived, Skylar took her into a private room. She explained the situation and apologized profusely.

"Sky," Kyra said, "singing with you is the greater joy. Besides, if we used the original words, I would be singing to you."

A familiar tickle flittered over Sky's body. The memory of fingertips on her skin, down her spine

and licks... A tiny twitch stretched the corners of her mouth. "I guess you're right."

\* \* \*

A small plane, Skylar's newly purchased private jet, landed at a little airport outside of Denver. In less than an hour, a rented SUV reached the locked gate of Silver Lake Institute. The private center was nestled deep in an evergreen forest where the clean scent of pine and earth made breathing a pleasure instead of a necessity. Skylar entered a code and when the tall, iron gates parted, she guided the sturdy car up the long winding drive and into the parking lot. Kyra marveled at the beautiful surroundings. Everywhere she looked it was green. A deep and mysterious verdant, dusted with flakes of frosty ivory. The duo got out of the car and pulled their jackets a little tighter against the wind that had suddenly whipped up. Boots headed toward the front door, crunching the three inches of newly fallen snow.

"I love that sound," Sky said happily as she did a little dance in the white stuff.

"And I love that smile."

*And I love you.* Sky looked around, pushing that thought aside. "For the longest time it made me so sad to come up here."

"But not now?" Kyra questioned.

"No. I mean I would give anything, pay anything, do anything to see her well and happy again. But I know that this is the very best life she can have...right now. Most of the residents here are suffering with some psychological or neurological disorder. Some have Alzheimer's or dementia; some only come here temporarily for a peaceful rest." Sky took a gloved hand in hers and resumed their trek to the door.

"Is there any hope at all that your mother will ever...come out of her current state?" Kyra asked.

"I'll never give up hope. Someday, something will reach her."

Kyra studied the cluster of two story buildings, which were connected by glass enclosed walkways. She would never have known this was a health facility. It looked more like a mountain lodge with its stone veneer and etched glass double doors.

They entered into a lovely lobby filled with rich colors and comfortable seating. Kyra marveled at the setting as she followed her friend down carpeted hallways with cheerfully painted walls,

lined with nature themed artwork. It was incredible, especially with what she had to compare it to. Some would say it was unnecessarily lavish. And true, most of that was for the visitors and family. But when it was your loved one in need of such comprehensive care, all you tended to see was the quality of that care.

When Skylar walked into her mother's room, another lady was there reading aloud from a classic novel. The woman, who was around the same age as Skylar's mom, looked up from the page and smiled. She set the book aside and patted her patient on the leg. "Gina, your daughter has come to see you," she said brightly. "And it looks like she's brought a friend. Let's turn you around so you can have a good visit." She turned the wheelchair away from the window and told Gina she would be back later. "It's nice to see you again Skylar," the caregiver said. "Your mother is doing fine. In fact, we were watching television a few days ago and your name was mentioned. I watched her for any reaction and I swear her finger twitched."

Skylar smiled. "Thanks Rebecca. I know I always say this, but I'm very glad she has you." The nice woman left them to their visit. Sky hugged her mom and then introduced her best friend.

Kyra definitely recognized the family resemblance. Gina's medium length hair, while showing definite signs of gray, was the same dark shade as her daughter's. Her expression was placid and the deep hued eyes were lost in a personal place of peace that every outsider could only imagine. The large room surrounding them was tranquilly painted in sage and tan. A soft pile under foot undoubtedly helped keep the room warm in Colorado winters. A pair of brown curtains was pulled back to reveal a large window and the scene beyond. Her first floor room overlooked what would be a colorful garden in the spring and summer. Located throughout the plot of land were poles of varying heights and perched atop them were bird houses and feeders of different designs. In the trees beyond, Kyra could see more feeders and a few birds flitting about in the branches.

Skylar was having a little chat with her mother, hoping that something was being heard. She was holding her hand and rubbing her arm, happy to still feel the toned muscles. Sky stopped talking and caught her friend's gaze.

"Your mother is beautiful," Kyra said.

Skylar studied her mom, who sat tall despite her infirmity. "Yes she is."

"And this place is...exceptional. You're so lucky to have found it."

"I know. It's very exclusive, but I wish it didn't have to be. Each resident here has their own personal...caregiver, only they call them pals. Each pal has medical and psychological training. Based on the resident's condition and their past history, each pal creates a plan for their charge, including diet, physical therapy and mental enrichments. It's really incredible, the attention they

are able to provide here; it's not just a job, they really care."

When Rebecca returned to take Gina for lunch, Skylar led Kyra to a rooftop balcony. The sun was out now, helping to warm the early December air, but still Kyra had a little shiver. Skylar wrapped long arms around her from behind. She was thankful for the two heavy layers between them, not for keeping out the cold, but from keeping out the heat from their touch. They quietly savored the rare, but welcomed intimate moment as they took in the view. There in the distance were the majestic Rockies. The snow covered mountain range, so old and so bold was a wondrous gift from God's hand.

Kyra sighed. It was one of regret, but not in the scenery. "Jilly could thrive here," she spoke softly. "It would calm her restlessness. I think she's so obsessed with music only because there's nothing else for her to do."

"I bet she would," Sky agreed. She moved closer to the ear hidden behind soft, golden tresses. "You know...maybe we could bring her up here...and I could take care of the bill."

*Oh God, please help me, Kyra thought. I just fell even more in love with this woman. And even though I'm in her arms, she's so far away.* Kyra gently disengaged from the embrace and turned. She cupped the face with her gloved hand. "As much as I want that, she's not your responsibility Skylar. I can't accept your generosity. But I ... appreciate how much you care."

Sky nodded in mute acceptance. She hadn't really believed that Kyra would agree to the offer. But she had to ask. *Maybe she'll change her mind someday.*

\* \* \*

Skylar knew that her friend was missing her family, so she talked Kyra into taking the trip home on the new jet. She stayed behind to spend more time with her mother. Late in the afternoon it began to snow again. The tiny, white shapes fell from the darkening sky in an almost lyrical manner. She sat beside her mother, both staring out the window, one seeing the winter weather and one seeing through her veil of protection. But just what she saw nobody knew.

Sky reached over and took her mother's hand. "I'm in love Mama. For the first time in my life I know what love feels like. Every time I look at Kyra my breath catches in my chest, and it may be cliché, but my heart skips a beat. Half the time I feel crazy and out of control and the rest of the time I'm floating so high I can't see anything but her face in the clouds. I've never felt so complete." She looked to her mother's profile. "But I've never been so miserable." She paused and inhaled an angered and painful breath. "That monster I hired has turned what should have been the most wonderful and exciting time

of my life into a slice of hell." Just in case Gina could understand what she was saying, Sky didn't dare mention his blackmail threats; her mother didn't need any more guilt. "This is my future," Sky continued. "No, it's our future; I'm not the only one enduring this pain. Kyra suffers too. And that just about kills my soul. I want her to be my future. I've dreamed about it you know, raising a family together and growing old in each other's arms. Those dreams are so incredibly beautiful." She paused again as more snow and tears fell to earth. "I can't imagine my life without her. I know we'll always be friends, but that will never be enough. I'll love her for the rest of my life" Sky tried to picture herself in a parent's shoes...a mother's shoes. She remembered things her mother had said to her when they had their before bedtime talks.

Gina sat behind her ten year old girl, brushing her long dark hair, making it soft and shiny.

"Mama," young Skylar said, "will I have a daughter when I grow up?"

"Well, I don't know for sure; you might have a son." Her daughter scoffed at the idea and Gina laughed. "But I hope you do have a child. And I hope you find someone who will love you, respect you and share everything with you." She put the brush down and turned her daughter's face toward her. "Sweetheart, there has been no greater joy in my life than being your mother. You are going to be a beautiful and exceptional woman. You're already an exceptional young lady. And I want you to have everything you desire, everything that will make you happy. I am so proud of you." Gina pulled the child to her for a fierce hug. "I love you Skylar."

*You saved my life so I could grow up, Sky realized. To become an adult and be successful at something I love. To fall in love and not be alone. To be happy. "I'm sorry Mama for not honoring your sacrifice. Just being alive is not enough, is it? I'm letting him do this to me. And I have to stop that." Skylar hugged the silent woman. "Thank you Mama. I love you."*

Continued...

**Colleen's Scrolls  
Main Page**

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [coleen30@webtv.net](mailto:coleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### **Chapter 10**

Sixteen skis rushed down the powdery slope toward an imaginary finish line, designated by the bundled form of Kyra McCall, who was standing well off to the side of the raceway. She had skied earlier in the day, but declined to race; she didn't want to risk another broken leg. The other skiers had decided, by a unanimous vote, to make the last run of the day a winner take all race. The prize was four hundred dollars, a fifty dollar entry fee from each participant, and of course, bragging rights. The five men and three women exchanged leads as they drew closer to the finish. Seven of those, the most competitive, but not necessarily the best strategists, were too busy racing each other, allowing the smallest one of the bunch to scoot passed, and by a quarter of a ski length, win the exciting competition. Gable Roberts accepted the congratulations and the money, not to mention a kiss from her husband, with a big grin.

\* \* \*

It was a week before the holiday, but Sky and her band were celebrating Christmas together at the star's Colorado mountain cabin before everybody went wherever they called home. After a day of snowmobile riding and skiing, the group was enjoying a home cooked meal. Home cooked by the three chefs Sky had hired for the afternoon. Once adequately stuffed on turkey, roast beef, three kinds of potatoes, five different vegetable dishes and fresh baked rolls, the group headed into the main room. The gentlemen refrained from popping top pants buttons as they relaxed on chairs, sofas and the raised hearth. Skylar expertly tossed a pile of wood and paper into the massive stone fireplace and from a tiny flame soon grew a roaring, but cozy fire. Kyra had happened to take a seat directly across from the fireplace and her eyes were glued to the magnificent set of glutes, so well displayed in the pair of tight, navy ski pants. Sky stood and turned, her gaze landing directly onto Kyra's face. The undisguised lust in the green eyes quickly softened to one of complete adoration. But it only appeared for a second before it was replaced by a heartbreaking distance. Kyra tried to cover the exchange by hiding behind her mug of hot chocolate and taking a long sip. Luckily, everyone else was too busy talking and joking to notice the mirrored expressions.

Almost everyone.

Gable had full sight of both of her friends and had just confirmed what she had suspected for some time. Happy for the two, but naturally curious as to why the sadness, Gable would keep

quiet unless her friends confided in her.

Skylar left the room and Kyra jumped into the current conversation.

\* \* \*

After half an hour of Christmas songs, it was time for the secret Santa gift exchange. They had all decided to give their chosen two gifts, a serious present and a gag gift. Sky was also presenting each band member with a present, some that she had been gathering throughout the year. She loved taking the time to find just the right thing for each friend.

When the last gift had been opened, items of leather, gold, silver, jewels, crystal...rubber, lead, paper and plastic had been received. And as a final gift, Sky had arranged for everyone to spend the night in the most luxurious suits at a nearby resort.

At seven o'clock, a stretch limo had arrived to chauffeur the group in style. There was a round of hugs, holiday greetings and good byes, before Sky asked, "Kyra could you hang around for a while? I finished that music and I'd like to play it for you, to see what you think."

The question caught Kyra by surprise, especially since they hadn't been working on any songs for weeks. But obviously Sky wanted to talk about something in private. "Yeah," she said, "I can do that."

"Good." Sky put her coat on. "Help yourself to some more hot chocolate and I'll be back in a few minutes."

The catering staff had also departed so it would just be the two of them all alone in the cozy little house. The blonde refreshed her sweet drink and sipped from her mug as she stood at the fireplace, staring into the flames. She lost herself in the mesmerizing, swaying spires of orange and blue. She didn't hear the door close behind her, or the coat being tossed onto a chair, or the footsteps that crossed the dark hardwood floor. Kyra set her cup on the mantel and suddenly gasped. It was an exclamation of passion as lips began covering her neck with incredibly slow, soft, tender and mind shattering kisses. *This shouldn't be happening*, she thought. *But how can I stop it. Oh God!* Hot breath in her ear was driving her crazy, but damned if she wasn't loving the trip. It went on like that for hours...no...no it could have only been minutes...couldn't it? The fire was still burning strong in the fireplace in front of her. Yes, it was only minutes. Lovely minutes. Stupendous minutes. Suddenly, in a single move, the lips were gone, Kyra was spun around and the lips were back, pressed against hers, smothering her in deep desire. Strong arms pulled her close and she pulled her assailant even closer, clawing at the thick sweater beneath her hands. "Sky...what...are you doing?" she panted.

"I'm getting what I want...what you want."

"But we can't...your mother."

Sky finally stopped her sensual assault and met the hazy jade eyes. "I'll protect my mother. I

promise you that. But Bo's not going to keep us apart any longer. He won't control my happiness." Sky took Kyra's face in her hands. There was no disguising the emotions this time. "You are the only thing that can make me truly happy. I need to be with you completely. Do you still want to be with me?" Sky asked with just a touch of trepidation.

Kyra's face softened and she smiled sweetly. "Of course I want to be with you. I want that so much it hurts."

Sky really knew the answer, but the confirmation was heavenly. "I love you Kyra McCall. And we will make a life together. He won't interfere with my private life anymore. He can run my career, but everything that happens under our roof he will...not...touch." She leaned forward, resting her forehead against Kyra's. "I know it's not fair to ask you to keep our relationship a secret..."

"No sacrifice is too great to be with you," Kyra assured.

There was a quick, brilliant grin then another series of dazzling kisses. The urgency finally slowed and so did the touches. But they didn't stop. Couldn't stop. Wouldn't stop. But Skylar did need one more thing to be complete. She looked deeply into Kyra's eyes and made an appeal. "Say it please."

Kyra grinned and sighed as it bubbled from her heart and from her soul. She stated loudly and clearly, "I love you Skylar Ramsey."

The dark head dropped back in joyous rapture as she soaked it all in. Inside her chest, the damaged heart was mending; the cracks were sealing with the sounds of the sweet voice and the even sweeter words. "Again please," she requested.

Kyra giggled. "I love you. I love you. I love you."

That was it. Not only was Sky's heart well and happy, it quickly swelled to accommodate the added feelings that had just taken up residence. Even with the precautions they would have to take to guard against Bo, Skylar felt free. She gathered the smaller body to hers, lifting the blonde off her feet and spinning her in a circle of fun. "Thank you," she whispered.

"For what?"

"Staying with me, believing in me."

"I have always believed in you. And I believe in us. And I will stay with you for the rest of my life." They kissed some more as the dance continued. "Wow," Kyra said when the ride was over. "I've been tied up in knots for so long, I almost can't believe this."

"Oh, I can help with that. I'll be right back." Sky ran to the bedroom and soon came stumbling back. In her arms was a pile of blankets and pillows stacked higher than her head. "Give me a beacon," she said, her voice muffled by the heavy covers. "Say something so I know I'm heading in the right direction."

"You goof," Kyra laughed. "Please don't hurt yourself. I have serious plans for every inch of that body and I'd like it to be unbruised."

Skylar's mouth went dry and a silly grin shaped her lips. She dropped the bundle to the floor and held her arms out like a sexy, stalking Frankenstein. "Come're lady," she said, trying to step over the tall pile of stuff. Her foot got tangled and...you guessed it...she fell flat on her face.

"Oh my God!" Kyra yelled. "Are you hurt sweetie?" The singer had fallen onto a thick rug and had caught herself with her hands, but from Kyra's point of view it looked different. The blonde dropped to her knees and asked again. "Are you hurt?"

Sky rolled over and smiled. "No, but if I was, would you kiss it and make it better?"

Kyra leaned over the upside down face. "I'll kiss everything and make it perfect." Their lips tangled in a delightful and sultry indulgence. Both wanted more. But neither wanted to stop the excellent kisses.

Sky finally pulled away, rolled to her feet and continued her previous task. She laid out the blankets and thick comforter on top of the soft rug, topping it off with a red silk sheet. Adding on half a dozen pillows and their nest was complete. Sky hurried back to the kitchen for one more thing. She retrieved two beautifully etched crystal flutes and a bottle of chilled champagne. Into the bottom of each glass she dropped two strawberries then poured in the golden bubbles. Sky didn't indulge very often, only on special occasions. And this was absolutely the most special occasion in Sky's life to date.

Kyra lowered herself onto the soft blanket, drew her knees up and wrapped both arms around them as she waited for her lover's return. There was so much going on inside her and even though it was all wonderful, it left her with a touch of unease. She loved this woman so much. She loved her before. And she knew that Skylar had loved her in return. But it was a painful and longing love that had no future. Now she could let it seep into every pore of her body and every layer of her soul. They had so many things to talk about, plans to make and dreams to anticipate. But their relationship had a catch. And as hard as she tried to set that aside for the moment, it still lingered in the background. She was serious when she told Sky she was willing to make any sacrifice. But suddenly she felt a shiver of fear. What if she made a mistake and tipped Bo to their relationship. Sky would be hurt. Sky's mother might be hurt. They would have to walk a fine line, hiding their feelings for one another from the world, while always reminding each other of that love.

The fire popped and Kyra jumped. But she was glad for the break from the much too serious thoughts. *I finally got what I want. Everything will work out. I'll make sure of it.*

Sky sauntered into the room like the proud woman she was. She handed a glass to her lover and settled down beside her. "Why the sad face just now?" she asked.

"Oh honey, it wasn't sadness." Kyra leaned in and gave her a single, soft kiss. "I was just

thinking."

"About?"

"All that's happened to get to this point, all that might happen and all that we will make happen."

"Wow; all that. And what is your conclusion?" Sky asked.

"There is no conclusion. Our story is just beginning."

"I agree." Skylar smiled and gently touched their glasses together. "To a life of adventure, excitement, joy and love."

Skylar placed her arm around the blonde's shoulder and snuggled back against the leather sofa. They slowly sipped the rest of the champagne and talked as the room around them began to glow with the light of the fire. Outside, specks of white dropped from the night sky, silently settling onto tree branches, window ledges and rooftops. A timeless mountaintop stood as a shadowy sentry, while inside the warm and comfortable cabin, Sky took a berry from her now empty glass and temptingly rubbed it over her lover's lips. The combination tart and tangy juice dribbled down the side of Kyra's mouth, but she made no attempt to remove it. A deep blue eye spotted the droplets and the mouth below zoomed in and efficiently eliminated the errant liquid. Skylar was immediately drawn back to the kisses, where the added sweetness of the lips created an extremely sumptuous cocktail.

Kyra straddled Skylar's legs and they finished the strawberries, feeding each other the juicy flesh. Two sets of reddened lips danced to a silent symphony as the kisses drifted across a jaw line and onto a sinewy neck. Kyra buried both hands in the dark locks. "I absolutely love your new haircut," she whispered into the ear she was nipping.

Everyone had been shocked, earlier in the day, when Skylar had first removed her ski cap. The usually long straight strands that had fallen most of the way down her back were now softly feathered, their length just brushing her shoulders. Kyra had loved the way the lengthy tresses had trailed over her bare skin when they had made love in Hawaii, but she was finding this new length so much fun to play with.

"I told you I was taking some of the power back." In another demonstration of her determination, Skylar grabbed the hem of the rust colored turtle neck shirt that adorned Kyra's upper half. "I want to see you now...all of you." She pulled the shirt off and tossed it aside. She grinned when she saw what was draped around her lover's neck. The K winked at her as the flames bounced off the green gems, and Sky took just a moment to touch the present she had given months earlier. A tempted finger dipped down into the appealing cleavage and then along a lacy edge. She glanced up at the expression of steamy lust which was tempered only by a beautiful devotion. The bra soon followed the way of the shirt. Skylar teasingly ran all of her long fingers over every inch of the peach toned skin that was glowing under the fire's light. Kyra couldn't keep quiet as each touch added a new layer of arousal. In a frenzied turnabout, she added her lover's sweater to the growing pile of discarded clothing and pulled the naked torso tight against her own. But then

things slowed once again as they were kissing, tenderly and pleasantly. Their breasts touched, nipples drawing impossibly tighter, bringing on a lovely little bit of pain with the luxurious pleasure. Skylar's left hand moved to her partner's right breast and thumbed the plump bud, setting off more gasps of delight. Wanting her lover to feel the same intensity, the blonde echoed the action with the digits of her left hand.

When it was no longer enough and Skylar wanted even more intimacy, she said, "Please stand up." When Kyra was on her feet, Sky peeled away the heavy corduroys. Once the beautiful legs were bared, Skylar remembered back to the tropical beach. Knowing the embarrassment Kyra felt about her scars, Skylar had been very careful with her attentions. She hadn't totally ignored the areas; she didn't linger there either. This time would be different. She ran a hand up the warm skin of Kyra's left leg and followed with her lips. The tremors of desire rippled under her touch and Sky savored the reactions, only wanting to bring her lover pleasure, now and forever. Sky moved her fingers to the right ankle. There she detected a tremble of apprehension. "It's all right," she said softly and looked up into the misty, green eyes. "I love you Kyra; all of you." The slight nod and faint smile gave Sky the permission to continue. Slowly and lovingly, she caressed the outside of the formerly damaged limb, adding a kiss here and there. Skylar treated the tough, angry patches of skin as exactly what they were, just another part of Kyra...not the worst part.

Kyra slowly descended into the new sensations, finally relaxing enough to let Skylar's hands wipe away her longtime disgrace. She knew she still wouldn't bare her leg in public, but she would no longer worry about how she looked in her lover's eyes.

Sky looked up at the fabulous body, taking the time to absorb every detail from the perfectly curved hips to the pair of breasts standing high on Kyra's chest. It was almost as if she was seeing it for the first time. It had been dark that first night and she had been too busy devouring to actually savor the delights. "You are so incredibly beautiful," she said with wispy, awed words. "I should have told you that before. But I don't remember many words being said. We were a little busy." Skylar's lips drifted on to other deserving parts, coming to rest on a neatly trimmed nest of flaxen curls. She inhaled deeply, taking in the honey and spice. The stimulating scent and surrounding heat drove her own level of arousal up a few degrees. She placed one kiss, then another.

"Wait, please."

Skylar pulled away and looked up, slightly alarmed. But the flaming emerald eyes quickly put an end to her concern. A hand ruffled her dark hair.

"I need to see you too," Kyra said. The vibrations from her husky speech sent a shiver down Sky's spine.

"Your voice is so sexy," Sky said as she gracefully climbed to her feet. "Everything about you drives me crazy." She stole a single kiss, wrapping an arm around Kyra's waist and turning them both around. Skylar took three steps back, grinned and winked. On anyone else that particular gesture would have appeared conceited. But Kyra saw it as pure playfulness, a trait she adored in

her new lover. Sky had every right to be proud of her shapely body, but she'd be the first to claim that she wasn't beautiful or sexy. Kyra would be the first to disagree. Sky wiggled out of the tight pants and kicked them aside, leaving her standing there in a navy blue thong, backlit by the luminous fire. The tall crooner did a sharp 180 and looked back over her shoulder to catch her partner's lusty reaction. And a good one it was, like a dieter eyeing a cruise ship buffet. Kyra studied the taunt backside that she had been ogling earlier, and her fingers twitched, remembering how the feminine muscles had felt in her hands. As Sky slowly twirled, something else caught the blonde's attention. A colorful patch of skin, no more than an inch and a half square, on the upper part of Sky's left hip. As if the meager body art was magnetic and her fingers metal, Kyra's hand led the rest of her forward until the digits connected with the vibrant picture. Sky was fascinated with her lover's fascination as Kyra's fingertips traced the thin lines and ink. The smoky green gaze rose and locked with the matching blue one. Kyra gave her a little smile.

"I guess you like my tattoo," Sky said.

Kyra examined the artwork again, giving her dark haired lover a quick bob of her head and another impish grin. "I...tawt I taw a...puddy tat."

Sky bumped her hip in the blonde's direction. "You did. You did."

Again, Kyra touched the tiny Tweety sliding down a rainbow. "And what a pwetty tat it is."

They came together again, skin craving skin, lips seeking out their counterparts. They kissed madly and deeply, one tugging the other to their knees and then on the blanketed floor. There was no more patience for slow and gentle. The passion had simmered too long and was now a boiling, frenzied need to get re-acquainted with the body they had touched only once, but had left indelible fingerprints inside and out.

When Kyra gained the upper hand she forced herself to slow things down once again. A tiny sliver of her brain feared that this may be another one time event and she was determined to make it last as long as possible. She guided Sky onto her belly, putting her graceful back and superior posterior on magnificent display. Kyra pulled the final piece of material down the long legs and absently flung them aside, hoping she missed the roaring flames. Everything was suddenly quiet and still. Skylar felt the eyes on her, but nothing else was happening. She decided she could be patient...for awhile. She smiled, anticipating whatever her sassy little lover might be formulating in her clever mind. Sky crossed her arms on the floor in front of her and propped her chin on top. Kyra knelt beside the long, lovely form, taking in every luscious inch with her eyes. Her hands, though itching to touch, were perched calmly on her thighs. She was indulging in a lesson of visual exploration. A slow exploration. They had all the time in the world. Kyra angled her head, first one way then another, studying the muscles, the lines, the skin and the cutest set of dimples. And still her hands made no move, they twitched, but didn't move. She did begin to utter her appreciation with low whistles, whimpers and mumbled compliments.

Sky didn't want to rush her lover's perusal, but the tension was making her vibrate, and not in a good way. "Is my ass blushing?" she asked. "It sure is getting warm." She wiggled the firm

globes. Not that she needed to get Kyra's attention; she knew that was absolute.

The blonde slowly slipped her body on top of Sky's and whispered in her ear. "Maybe I should turn up the heat." She moved away and began by skimming her fingertips down the singer's spine, leaving a trail of goose bumps. She circled Sky's behind with a single digit as she planted wet kisses along the previous path, both actions causing the supine woman's breath to hitch again and again. When Kyra's lips met the dimples and her tongue joined in, Sky had a few choice words. The loving torment continued for a long time, driving both ladies wild with a craving neither had ever known before. Kyra turned her target over and attacked her lips. "I...love you...so much," she said between the intense kisses. A long arm reached down and palmed her rear, rubbing as much of their bodies together as possible. As Kyra indulged in the delicacy of the luscious pair of breasts, her hand traveled between the parted, long legs and instantly became covered in the thick passion pooled there. Kyra maintained her steady movements until Sky's wildly beating heart lifted her to a plateau of excitement which she had never imagined. Although it had been a beautiful and unforgettable experience, she had unconsciously held herself back on that beach in Hawaii. She denied herself the truest pleasure because she knew she was going to have to break Kyra's heart the next morning. And her own.

But on this night there were no such restrictions and she had just experienced the love of her life.

Kyra languidly kissed Sky back to Earth and a slight chill fell over her damp skin. But that only spurred the singer to immediately make love to the woman of her dreams. Sky flipped their positions and covered Kyra with most of her body. Hands and lips reached into every pore and crevice, fast and furiously filling the blonde with feelings she was incapable of measuring, but she knew with absolute certainty that they could never be rivaled. Sky slowly began her pleasurable descent, planting kisses down the middle of the panting chest and onto the quivering belly, where she painted intricate designs around the tiny indentation. Kyra was moaning loudly by the time Sky decided to move on to other areas. The sexy sounds surrounded Sky's body, echoing off her bones and settling into her soul, inspiring her creativeness. One hand snaked back up the wiggling torso and palmed the nice round breast. The fingers of her other hand played alongside the oral exploration, reaching into the dark, but delicious hollow of flesh. A twist, a stroke...a tickle.

"Oh, damn yes!" Kyra yelled. "Don't you dare stop."

Sky smiled, grateful for her skilled tongue. "Wasn't on my list of things to do anytime soon," she murmured. Skylar plunged right back into the yummy mission, hoping to prolong the end, but ultimately granting the whispered plea. Every caress tightened the coiling muscles and with a thoughtful, well timed stroke, Kyra's back arched off the floor and she screeched her release. She was on such a sky high and the air was so thin she almost couldn't breathe. The laps continued at the pulsing flesh even as Kyra's taut body came down from the sexual peak. Her scent was intoxicating and Sky inhaled harder, taking it deeper into her lungs. The taste was delectable as it settled onto the buds of her tongue, salty and sweet with just a pinch of spice. Sky lingered, her actions moving at a much more leisurely pace. She was playing. She was losing herself. Sky felt as though she had melted into the body below her, as if they had become one. She loved it. Kyra loved it too, but she didn't have the energy to continue. But she'd also never been so happily

tired. A hand landed on the dark head and began a massage, finally sobering the singer. Sky placed a reluctant, but final kiss, moved back up and engulfed the suddenly limp woman into her adoring arms.

That embrace was home and Kyra hoped that those arms were going to hold and protect her for the rest of her life. When her breath evened out, Kyra opened a single eye. Seeing the beauty beside her, she smiled. "That...was...incredible."

"I totally agree," Sky said with a satisfied exhaustion. "And the great part is we get to do it over and over and over again."

Sometimes dreams can come true. And Sky was now determined to make theirs happen.

\* \* \*

Skylar opened her eyes and immediately flashed back to another morning after, on a tropical island. It was quiet. It was gray. Her lover was still slumbering beside her. This time though, there were no tears to shed. No words of rejection to be spoken. No heartbreaking stories to tell. There was only love and joy to cherish. She kissed a bare shoulder then pulled the blanket up over the chilled area. Watching the small, blonde woman sleep was a delight Sky had never spared any previous lover. There weren't many. Of three previous relationships, two lasted only a few weeks and one managed a five month duration; all happened in college. But not a single one had evoked even a trace of the soul searing intensity that she felt for Kyra. Sky had loved one other, but realized now that she had never fallen in love. Had never before reached that realm of mystical bliss where you sometimes forget your own name, but where everything in your world suddenly seems so much better simply because you have a hand to hold, a shoulder to cry on and a proud smile to cheer you on. Sky knew this was just the beginning of the greatest journey of her life and when her earthly excursion was over, a pair of beautiful green eyes would be the last or the first thing to sooth her passing.

Those jade eyes blinked open. "I love you. Good morning," Kyra slurred with a smile.

"Best morning of my life. I love you too." Sky returned it in such a sincere manner that no one in the world would ever dispute.

Suddenly wide awake and cheerful, Kyra climbed on top of her new lover, settling between the long legs that parted to accept her. "You are such a romantic Ms. Ramsey," she said. "The first time you make love to me is on a moonlit beach, on an exotic island. The next time is in front of a roaring fire in a cabin on a snowy hillside. I can't wait to see what's next."

"I have endless ideas," Sky said. "And fortunately, the means to make them happen. But right now I've only got one idea."

A new onslaught of hungry kisses followed. But they weren't the only famished things. "Sky, honey, I'm hungry."

"Mmmm, me too."

"I'm serious baby. We need some food and definitely some water."

Sky had her mouth full of a plump breast. "We'll live off love," she mumbled.

Kyra chuckled deep in her throat. A very sexy sound. "I know we have about six months of sexual frustration to make up for, but I don't think we can do it all at once."

Skylar snaked her hands far under the blanket and grabbed the perfect rear end. She wiggled and thrust her hips. "Are you sure?" she asked.

Kyra let the hot breath on her chest, the tingling skin against her stomach and the renewing dampness on her thighs banish the hunger and capture her imagination. It suddenly ran wild with things that she had yet to do to the sumptuous body beneath her. "Well, it won't hurt to try."

\* \* \*

The next time Skylar managed to pry open an eyelid, the blue orb beneath caught sight of the sun's rays peeking through the split in the curtains. The eyeball moved to the clock on the wall. It was well passed one and the hunger...for food was gnawing at her hollow belly. She looked at her snoozing lover and the inevitable smile, albeit a lazy one, curled her lips. She kissed the temple with those lips then pulled the blanket over the exposed skin. She tossed the cover off her body and extricated herself from their comfy nest. Standing into the chilly air, Sky stretched her suddenly stiff muscles. *After we eat, we've definitely got to move this to the bedroom.* She trotted to the bathroom then to her bedroom to slip into some sweats. Her final stop was the kitchen. After rattling around in there for about fifteen minutes, Sky carefully walked back into the living room carrying a loaded tray. Setting the tray on the leather sofa, Sky snuggled in behind her lover, placing more kisses along the recesses of the sleeping woman's neck. *This is my second favorite place to bury my nose.* Sky silently giggled at the wicked thought. "Sweetheart," she whispered. "You should wake up now." The blonde mumbled something unintelligible into her pillow so Sky tried again. "It's afternoon Kyra; we slept all morning." She laughed. "Well, we didn't **sleep** all morning." She waited a moment, but still no response. "I have food." A perky nose twitched...but that was it. *Okay, time for a different approach.* Skylar dipped her finger in the bowl of raspberry preserves. "I have something for you to munch on," she said softly as she painted the sleeping lips. That did it. The green eyes blinked as a tongue lapped up every drop of the gooey sweetness.

"Mmmm...goood." Kyra said that only after she'd also cleaned every speck of red from Sky's finger. "What else ya got?" she slurred sexily.

"Bagels, cream cheese, bacon and your favorite tea."

"Well, that all sounds good, but that's not what I meant," Kyra said as her hand crept onto Skylar's thigh.

Skylar flashed her lover a cocky half grin. "I know what you meant," she said as she slipped a piece of crispy bacon into Kyra's mouth. "But you were the one who was clamoring for food earlier." Sky kissed the sweet and salty lips. "I have a plan," she said between kisses. "We'll eat all the food on this tray, then we'll take a shower...then we'll make love."

"Or we could eat all the food and make love in the shower. It'll be one step closer."

And that's exactly what they did.

\* \* \*

They emerged from the bathroom about an hour later dressed in thick, comfy robes. They saw no need to put on clothes since they didn't plan to step foot outside the house and the clothes probably...well definitely wouldn't be on for any length of time anyway. Sky slipped a CD into the stereo and instantly the sensuous music was floating across the room. She turned and studied her lover, who was snuggled in the corner of the sofa sipping a cup of tea. Kyra turned and watched as the tall, sexy woman sauntered slowly across the floor with the grace of an angel. When Sky reached her destination, she silently held out a hand and pulled the smaller woman into her arms. The bodies melded together and they moved languidly in a small circle. Holding one another in a perfect moment of solitude, the rest of the world faded to a pinpoint of chaos far outside the door. And inside the safe haven, two hearts savored true love for the first time. Two lives suddenly felt a purpose. One merged soul knew permanence.

Soon after the dance, Sky took Kyra by the hand and led her into the bedroom. Climbing into the huge, king sized bed, the couple found a movie they both agreed on and settled in for a rest. However, they didn't choose wisely. It took thirty five minutes for the first significant kiss to appear on the large screen television. Even though it was between a man and a woman, Sky and Kyra both found the image sexy...or maybe it was just the memories it evoked. Eyes still on the screen, Sky slowly eased her hand across the tiny space between them. Halfway there, an obstacle impeded her progress. Green eyes met blue. "Well," Kyra said, "great minds." They laughed until their lips met. They kissed delightfully for a long time before moving on to other things.

\* \* \*

Sky finally changed into some clothes to prepare their dinner. The kitchen in the mountain cabin was expertly equipped and she grilled a couple of steaks while Kyra whipped up some scalloped potatoes. They shared chopping duties and masterfully created a perfect vegetable salad. All the while they harmonized on some favorite old songs. After they ate, Kyra patted her lover on the butt and sent her in to build a fire for more evening romance.

With the dishwasher running, the blonde prepared a batch of hot chocolate. Kyra retrieved two big mugs from the cabinet and filled them with the creamy, sweet mixture. Dropping in a couple of marshmallows, she carried the full cups into the next room.

Skylar was standing at the huge picture window. A light snow was falling from an inky evening

sky. As the frozen flakes drifted onto the cold glass, a few managed to keep their unique form. The star had but a second, or two if she was lucky, to admire the intricate and beautiful patterns.

"What are you doing?" Kyra asked softly.

Sky accepted the hot beverage and draped an arm around her partner's shoulder. "Just enjoying the peace," she answered. "I could really live here for the rest of my life."

Kyra thought she was jesting and gave her fleece covered belly a little tickle. "What about your career?" she asked with a tiny chuckle.

Sky sighed and sipped her chocolate, letting the warmth settle into her full stomach. *What about my career?* "I like doing the shows and singing for the fans. But inside, I only **need** to make music for me. Know what I'm saying?"

"Sure. Your soul needs the music, but not the fame."

Skylar looked at the pretty face and smiled. "Yeah." She kissed the golden temple. "I seem to recall you saying just about the same thing the day we met."

"We are a perfect match," the blonde said. That earned Kyra a kiss on the lips. "I love you."

"And I love you."

With a little nudge, Sky moved them to the sofa where they settled into the corner and slowly finished their drinks. The topic of conversation had yet to leave Sky's thoughts. "Maybe I would feel better about it if I didn't have the constant dark cloud over my head. I have to find a way to neutralize his threat." She hugged Kyra closer. "But right now he doesn't exist. There are only two things that make me truly happy, you and music. And you will always come first."

\* \* \*

"Can we talk about what's going to happen when we get back to Los Angeles?" They were in bed for the night, Krya's head cuddled against Sky's shoulder. Both happily tired.

"Honey," Sky said, "I promise you I'm not going to go back on my word. I love you and we are going to be together."

"But exactly how can we be together with Bo around?" Kyra didn't want to interrupt the wonderful time they'd been having, but as each moment passed they were closer to returning to the real world and their only real problem. Some questions needed definite answers.

"We will have to be cautious. But we will find time to be together. I'll play his game for now, but I won't let him win." Sky thought it a minute. She agreed they needed some plans. And she needed to reassure her lover.

Kyra was doing some thinking of her own. "When we finish the re-scheduled tour dates next month, I know we won't be able to share a room."

"No, not with Bo in the same hotel. But after we finish that, there won't be any more touring for at least six or seven months...maybe more."

"And when we are home?"

More thinking. "Do you have an apartment in L.A.?" Sky asked.

"No. We weren't there that often so I just got hotel rooms."

"You'll need an apartment now. Unless you want to go back to San Diego."

Kyra playfully slapped her arm. "Of course not, you goof!"

"Well, I expect you won't be spending much time at the apartment anyway." Kyra threw her a questioning stare. "It will be much safer for us to be together at my house," Sky explained. "And I'm not talking just about sleeping together. I want to be quiet with you. I want to work on music with you and laugh with you. I want to be alive with you."

Kyra reached up and kissed her lover decisively. "I believe you," she said as she looked upon the face of unequaled beauty. Beyond that, she saw a splendid soul of vivid colors and exquisite notes who inspired the world with her talent and her friends with her kindness. "I love you ya know."

Sky ran a finger down the peach skinned cheek. "I know. You're the only reason I need to wake up every day. And definitely the best reason to go to bed at night. I love you too." They kissed as Sky reached over and turned out the light. A hand landed on her breast, squeezing a gasp from her busy mouth. She arched into the touch. "You do that so well," she complimented between kisses. Sky pulled her lover closer, enjoying the soft and supple lips beneath hers. The caresses continued and Sky slid her hand lower, to a place still wondrous to her. "We've been making love most of the day...has the frustration dissipated?" she asked.

Kyra considered it. "Hmm...yep, I think the frustration is just about gone. But if you keep touching me like that we'll never leave this bed. The desire is stronger than ever."

"Well, that's a good thing. Think we can make it last another sixty or seventy years?"

Continued...

# ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

## Chapter 11

On their second full day together, Skylar and Kyra ventured into a little nearby town for lunch and some shopping. Wearing her simple disguise, Sky felt comfortable in taking her lover's hand as they strolled from shop to shop. The weather was brisk, but not unbearable, perfect for enjoying the Christmas decorations in the shop windows and those lining the streets and town square.

Kyra purchased a few things for her grandparents and some clothes for her sister. Sky saw some items she would like to get Kyra, even though she already had three presents tucked away back at the cabin. The blonde had already purchased her present for Sky as well, but now that they were a couple she wanted to give her more things...and some very intimate things suddenly came to mind.

As they were indulging in a nice, hot midday meal, Kyra's phone rang. She grabbed for it expecting to see the familiar number displayed on the screen. But a pair of golden brows drew together in curiosity at the unknown sequence. She answered it anyway and was shocked at the voice on the other end. "Hello...Gable?"

Sky also flashed a mildly surprised expression.

"Yes, it's me. Are you all right Kyra?"

"Of course; why wouldn't I be?"

"Well, Josh and I extended our stay here at the inn, and when you never checked in...I was just

getting concerned."

"No, I'm fine. Sky and I just started...working on some things..." Sky had picked up on the topic of the conversation. She comically wiggled her eyebrows at the idea of the exact things they had worked on. Kyra slapped at her lover's hand. "...and it just got so late. I actually just ended up sleeping in front of the fire." It was a version of the truth, so she didn't feel so bad about lying. But lying was about to become a regular part of her life. "Sky wanted to show me this little town...that's a where we are now."

Gable was quiet for a noticeable few seconds. "Well...that sounds fun," she finally said. Kyra thought she detected a trace of amusement in her voice. "I guess I'll talk to you after the holidays. Merry Christmas Kyra."

"Merry Christmas to you and Josh." Kyra slipped the phone back into her coat pocket. Her distracted eyes watched the croutons floating around in her soup.

"This is gonna be hard for you isn't it?" Sky asked.

Kyra met the concerned denim eyes. "What do you mean?"

Skylar took Kyra's hand. "Lying about us," she answered sadly.

Kyra affectionately squeezed the hand and smiled. "Hard? No. I'm just afraid that I'll say the wrong thing and get you in trouble."

"Don't worry about that. You did fine with Gable."

"I don't want to be the one to hurt you or your career. Or more importantly, your mother."

"First of all, you could never hurt me. And if my career fell apart tomorrow, I wouldn't care...as long as you were by my side. As for my mother, I have been thinking and I've come up with a plan. I'm going to hire some private detectives to watch the institution and if they see any signs of reporters hanging around, I'm authorizing them to get her out of there. She'll be fine." Sky raised the hand to her lips and tenderly kissed it. "Now, let's go home and take a nap. I've arranged a little outdoor activity for this evening."

Kyra knew better than to question one of Sky's surprises. The blonde's curiosity and her patience were getting a good workout though. *A nap huh?*

\* \* \*

White, fluffy powder flew up around four big, shaggy feet. A snort of hot breath floated in the cold air. A set of leather straps snapped and the horse moved up to a trot. Following behind the graceful, black animal was a sleigh with three passengers...a driver and pair of lovers. A dusky purple sky enveloped the vehicle as it sailed along the trail that skirted a dark forest, as romantic as it was haunting.

Sky tucked the blanket tighter around her lover's legs then reached for the thermos beside her. Handing Kyra a mug of hot chocolate, Sky also snuck a kiss. They clasped gloved hands as the sleigh skimmed the heavy snow on their hour long journey.

"This is beautiful," Kyra said as she surveyed the night and its thousand stars.

"So are you," Sky whispered. "I love you." Another chocolaty kiss followed.

The silence of the couple matched that of the night as two miles disappeared behind them. The canopy of twinkling lights played a lazy lullaby, but sleep was far from either mind. As much as they knew about each other, this was the time to make detailed discoveries as new lovers do.

"Tell me about your aunt and uncle," Kyra said.

"Aunt Beth is my mom's older sister. She and Uncle Rick have owned the same book store for over twenty years. I spent a lot of time there when I lived with them; when I wasn't practicing music of course."

"Did they have any other children?"

"Yeah, I have two cousins. Amanda was in her second year of college when I moved in. Jesse was seventeen when I was thirteen and he didn't exactly want to hang around his little girl cousin. I mean he was nice to me; we just didn't spend a lot of time together. One thing we did do in the summer was play basketball in the driveway. Amanda is a lawyer now and she and her husband have a three year old son. Jesse owns his own construction company. My mom also has a younger brother, but I haven't seen Uncle Joseph in almost fifteen years. He's in the Peace Corps and I'm not even sure what country he's in now. Grammy Helena lives in a little village in Italy. She teaches violin."

Kyra smiled. "Musical talent runs in the family."

"Absolutely. She's great. I try to call her at least once a month."

"They sound like nice people," Kyra said. "I don't want to bring up bad memories, but what about...um...your dad's family."

"His parents have passed on and he was an only child. I had my last name legally changed when I was fifteen. I didn't want to be an Anderson anymore. Ramsey is my mother's maiden name." Skylar's voice was vacant, void of any emotion as she answered the question. Kyra snuggled closer and placed a soft kiss on Skylar's chilled cheek.

The loud plop of the horse's hooves moving through the snow created a nice beat under the quiet for another half mile. "I got a call from Jesse a few weeks ago," Skylar continued, "he's getting married on February fourth. He asked me to sing at the ceremony."

"That's nice. But that's kind of short notice for a wedding, isn't it?"

"Yeah well, the original date was in the summer, but when his fiancé found out she was pregnant, they moved it up."

"Ooops," Kyra chuckled. "You are going, aren't you?"

"Oh yeah. I'd like you to come with me...meet my family."

"I think that sounds wonderful."

\* \* \*

Skylar turned on the jets and sank into the pleasantly warm water right next to her lover. After the sleigh ride, they returned home for a soak in the hot tub before turning in for the night. "I was thinking about Christmas," she said as the water bubbled up around her chin. "I know you'll want to be with your family on the twenty fifth."

"Well, you are my family, but yes, I need to see my grandparents and Jilly."

"And I need to go up and see my mom," Sky said. "But it is our first Christmas together, so I thought that we could celebrate on Christmas Eve, and then you could take the plane to San Diego first thing the next morning. I can drive up to Silver Lake."

"Sounds like a good plan. But I will need to borrow your plane for a quick trip back to LA tomorrow. I need to get more clothes and pick up some presents."

"You can use it anytime, honey." Sky maneuvered Kyra onto her lap and began kissing her cheeks, moving slowly toward the set of wet lips. "Speaking of presents."

\* \* \*

As the New Year rolled in, the band was about to head back on the road to the cold Midwest. Sky and Bo had a meeting on the morning of the second. He immediately roared over the haircut, but his scathing words simply went in one ear and out the other. She had much more important things to fill her thoughts.

A few days later, Bo found Sky humming to herself. That wasn't really unusual for a professional singer, but he detected something else behind the joyous notes. "Why are looking so pleased lately?" he asked

"Why shouldn't I? I'm happy."

He arched a suspicious, sinister brow. "Why?"

She chuckled. "Well Bo, it's called enjoying your life. I have a successful career and the world

loves me."

"You had that before, but something has changed. First you cut your hair after I said you couldn't, now...I don't know what it is, but I don't like it."

Sky gave him a serious and somewhat defiant stare "I know you like to lord your power over me, but my leash was feeling a little too short lately, so I decided to let it out some. See Bobo, I know you too well; you like your money train far too much to risk it for such inconsequential reasons."

He didn't have time to react before she left the room. But she was right; he wasn't going to jeopardize the cash flow.

\* \* \*

As expected, Skylar and Kyra couldn't find a lot of intimate time together. While they were traveling, Sky thought it was too big of a risk because of the bus driver. The older man was very stoic and never socialized with the band members, but he did seem to have developed a friendship with Bo, at least as much as anyone could. And she certainly wouldn't have put it passed Bo to pay the man to spy on her. She and Kyra did go about their regular routine while moving from one place to another. They played games, had meals and watched movies. They even managed to sneak some kisses. But making love had been a memory since New Year's Eve. They had developed a discrete signal that meant 'I love you' and even became bold enough to use it while performing on stage. But by the time January twenty first appeared on the daily paper, Skylar had had enough.

After the day's sound check, the tall singer had whispered to Kyra to meet her in the RV. The bus driver and the other band members were at the hotel, which was right across the street from the arena where the RV was parked. Sky knew that Bo was having some conference calls in his room and expected him to be busy for quite a while.

About two hours later, they were laying in Sky's bed just chatting and enjoying being in each other's arms. Kyra was absently running her foot along her lover's long leg. Sky was lazily trailing her fingertips over the arm that was draped across her belly.

"Are you excited about doing the half time show at the Super Bowl?" Kyra asked.

"Yeah. I just wish you guys were going to be there to back me up." Bo had arranged for another band to play with Sky at the show, but gave no reason.

"We'll be there in spirit," Kyra assured. "Let's just make sure there are no wardrobe malfunctions." Sky snorted at the humor then yelped when Kyra pinched one of those possible exposures.

"Did you hear that?" Kyra suddenly asked.

Sky looked around the small room. "Nothing in here, but us naked jay birds."

The plink sounded again and that time she heard it. Sky rolled over toward the window and peeked between the blinds. Her other backup singer was outside looking rather agitated. When the redhead saw the blue eyes, she pointed toward the door. Sky ducked back and got off the bed, grabbing for a robe. "It's Gable," she said, slightly alarmed. "Stay here; I'll see what's wrong." Sky gave Kyra a kiss and a reassuring look before leaving the room and pulling the door securely behind her. A gust of cold wind smacked her in the face when she opened the vehicle door. She ushered the woman inside and asked, "What's up?"

"Bo is looking for you. He's searching the hotel floor by floor."

"Damn; I can't get a minute of privacy."

"Better tell Kyra to be careful getting back to her room. He knows she's missing too."

Sky was very careful with her reaction. "Why would you think she's here?"

Gable smiled knowingly. "You two are in love. I think that's great. I'm happy for you. And it's your business why you need to keep it a secret. You don't have to worry, I'm sure I'm the only one who has noticed. And I won't tell anyone."

Sky sighed and looked away for just a second. She then chuckled nervously, worried and in a way relieved at the same time. "Thanks Gable. For the warning and for being such a good friend."

Sky came in to the hotel lobby, protesting the cold, just as Bo walked out of the elevator. She told him that she had been on the bus listening to some music. He also demanded to know why her bodyguard didn't know where she was. Sky talked her way out of the situation, but Bo wasn't pleased. But then he rarely was...unless he was cashing a paycheck. About half an hour later, Bo saw Kyra in the hotel's bar. Of course he asked where she had been because she hadn't answered her door. She told him she had taken some medicine and had fallen into a deep sleep. A simple lie was always the best. Kyra left the bar with a relieved and satisfied grin on her face. Bo ordered a drink as a dastardly smile formed within the circle of the raven hued whiskers on his face. What Kyra didn't know or suspect was that he had charmed and paid a housekeeper to let him into her room at the time she claimed to be there asleep. He still didn't know where she had been, but catching her in that lie delighted and angered his slimy soul.

Even though Sky and Kyra thought they had fooled Bo, they decided not to chance another encounter. It was only two more weeks until the touring was over and they would have plenty of time to be together then.

\* \* \*

At the beginning of February, Kyra found a nice apartment. The superstar snuck into the building, wearing a long blond wig, heavy jacket and dark glasses. She wanted to personally check the place out and make sure it was appropriate for her lover. Once it was deemed so, they

took the time to properly christen the bedroom, knowing Skylar shouldn't chance a return visit.

Their lives were sailing along fairly smoothly, with only the occasional rough wave to ride out. Although with secret codes, disguises and clandestine meetings, it sometimes felt like they were living a spy novel. But it was no game. It was their life. And such as it was, it was worth all the trouble to be together, to be in love. Any other possibility would be unbearable.

\* \* \*

Cousin Jesse's wedding was a small, but elegant affair, with only about thirty family members and friends in attendance. Skylar sang a beautiful song at the ceremony and another at the reception for the newly wedded couple's first dance.

Late into the party, Skylar and Kyra finally got to spend a little time alone. They took their cups of coffee and tea to a table in a corner. They had stayed together most of the day and that was fine in appearance since Kyra didn't know anyone else, but anything more than a casual touch was still forbidden. The bodyguard, Jodi sat a discreet distance away, her eyes scanning the crowd. They certainly didn't expect any trouble from Sky's family or friends; mostly she watched the doors for any uninvited guests.

Kyra glanced at the gold watch on her wrist then back at her lover. "You know, I haven't been able to stare into your eyes for almost six hours. I'm feeling very deprived. I guess I still can't do that now without drawing suspicion huh?"

"Well, why don't you ask me something; something that you still want to know about me and while I'm answering you can stare until your hearts content."

"Good idea," Kyra said with a grin. "Let me think. Okay. How did you first become interested in music?"

"Actually it started with my family problems. When I came to live with my aunt and uncle I was an emotional wreck...obviously. I started seeing a therapist and she suggested that I needed a creative hobby; something to keep me occupied and as a way to help me work through my emotions. Aunt Beth's best friend was a piano teacher and she just happened to live right next door. I started lessons and the rest is history." Sky started to think of something else and a soft smile drifted across her mouth.

"What is it?"

Sky shrugged. "Oh, I just remembered that Miss Harper happened to be gay." The blonde brows shot up and over the equally blonde head. "Kyra, she was in her thirties and I was fourteen!"

Kyra giggled. "She broadened your horizons though."

"I guess you could say that. I hadn't paid any particular attention to either boys or girls before then. But there was just something about seeing her with her girlfriend that sparked something in

me. I started silently exploring my budding sexuality. For a while I just watched both boys and girls, thinking about things. I had just about reached the conclusion that I was attracted to the feminine form and I confessed it to Miss Harper. She gave me lots of good advice. About a year later I dated a couple of boys...just to fit in, but that sealed the deal. I could just never seem to make that kind of an emotional attachment that I needed. That's when I completely accepted my sexual orientation."

"And your first kiss?"

"My first kiss was with Ben Farrell." Sky paused then grinned impishly. "My first exciting kiss was with Shelly Alden."

Kyra sipped her tea as she watched the couples dancing. Another wistful wish made its way across her heart. As if reading her thoughts, Skylar rose to her feet then bent to whisper in her companion's ear. "Come with me." She was quite familiar with the reception hall, having grown up in the area and attending many events there. Leading them to a small room down the hall, Sky locked the door and wrapped her arms around her small lover. She started moving them in a lazy circle.

Kyra beamed a smile at her and asked, "How did you know what I was thinking?"

"All I need is a touch of your love," Skylar sang. "The mystical and magical touch of your love." Kyra joined in as they harmonized. "When your soul touches mine you make my world shine. Skin on skin let the passion begin. It's velvet and satin and fire and ice. Just one touch is worth any price." A sweet kiss smothered the rest of the words, but the melody played on in their hearts.

Fifteen minutes later, the couple returned to the party. Before Sky could reach her seat a young girl ran over to her. The auburn haired teen smiled excitedly. "I'm sorry to bother you Miss Ramsey, but I love your music and I just had to meet you. My Mom told me that she started teaching you piano when you were my age."

"Well, yes she did. And your name is?"

A blush graced her fair skinned cheeks. "I'm sorry. I'm..."

"Ashley?"

"Over here Mom." The girl turned back to her idol. "I'm Ashley Harper."

"It's very nice to meet you Ashley. Can you play piano?"

"Yeah, Mom taught me a few years ago." A pair of hands landed on her shoulders and Ashley quickly glanced back at her parent. "But I can't sing like you can Ms. Ramsey."

"Please call me Skylar." Sky looked at her former piano teacher. "Jackie, it's so good to see you

again." She gave her friend a hug.

"I'm very proud of you Skylar. How are you, besides the obvious?"

"Oh, I'm wonderful."

Kyra waited patiently, watching the reunion and the adoration in the teen's eyes. Her own eyes told another story as they landed on the super star's face.

The teacher turned to her daughter. "Honey, why don't you get some cake? Skylar and I are gonna talk for a little while."

"Adult stuff huh?"

"You got it."

"Ashley?" Sky said. "Come back and see me later."

The girl grinned. "I will."

Skylar took a step back to Kyra's side. "Jackie, I'd like you to meet my partner Kyra McCall."

Jackie took the blonde's offered hand. "It's nice to meet you Miss McCall."

"And you as well. Please call me Kyra. Actually, Sky was telling me about you earlier."

"I bet she didn't tell you about the day she brought bubble gum to her lesson and was trying to blow bubbles to the beat of her songs."

"She most certainly did not. I just bet you have a few more stories that I would just love to hear. Shall we have a seat?"

"Of course. So, how long have you been together?"

Skylar looked deeply into the emerald eyes. "As a couple, about two months, but we've known each other almost a year." She turned back to her former teacher. "Jackie, I need to ask you not to say..."

The teacher raised a hand. "I understand. And you have my word. I kind of suspected your need for secrecy. That's why I sent Ashley off on an errand. She's very trustworthy, but in her exuberance in telling her friends about meeting you, she might have accidentally let something slip."

"Thank you. I want you to know, Jackie that I'm not ashamed of being a lesbian or of being with Kyra. She's the best thing that's ever happened to me."

"I believe you. And like I said before I'm proud of you as a former student, a friend and family."

"So, are you a single parent?" Sky asked.

"Oh no. It's just the hazards of being married to a doctor. Lily is working at the hospital today. She's an orthopedic surgeon; the best in her field," she added with pride.

They chatted for another half an hour before Skylar's aunt told them that the family, minus the newlyweds of course, was heading back to the house. That meant Jackie and her family were also invited, but she had promised her daughter a trip to the mall.

"I wanted to give Ashley an autographed CD..." Skylar scanned the room for the red headed girl, "but I think she's a little preoccupied."

Jackie followed the singer's line of sight and found her daughter standing with a blonde haired boy. "Oh lord, not again. That could be boyfriend number three."

Kyra assumed the girl had probably started dating at thirteen. "That's not bad for a year."

"This year." Jackie said, then laughed at the double set of bugged out eyes. "She's not allowed to go out on a date until she turns fifteen, but she calls them boyfriends anyway. And they call her on her cell all the time."

Kyra looked at her partner. "Do you think boys are any easier to bring up?"

\* \* \*

Sky and Kyra were visiting Silver Lake Institution again. Sky was keeping a Christmas promise. On the holiday eve, after the couple had exchanged presents, they had had a serious discussion.

*Sky smiled at her lover. "You are my family now, ya know."*

*"And you are mine," Kyra agreed.*

*"Does that mean that the rest of your family is mine also?"*

*"Of course. My grandparents loved you. My grandmother told me that she is so relieved that I work for such a lovely person and not some show business degenerate."*

*Skylar chuckled. "Glad to have her seal of approval," she said. "So that means Jilly is my sister too."*

*Kyra was suspicious. "Yesss."*

*Sky took Kyra's hand. "Then let's move her to Silver Lake, where we both know she belongs."*

*Kyra didn't speak a word as she moved forward and kissed the beautiful singer. Fighting off the tears, she cupped Sky's cheek. "Do you know how much I love you?"*

*"A lot I think. So, does that mean yes?"*

*"Yes."*

Jilly McCall was at first a little fearful boarding Sky's jet. But once they brought out the guitars, she sat mesmerized for the rest of the trip. Once in Colorado and on the Silver Lake grounds, the young woman wanted to play in the snow. It was as if she was seeing the wet white stuff for the first time. And for the first time in a long time, she was interested in something besides music. Kyra cried again, watching her sister and her lover exchanging tossed snowballs.

Sky was able to arrange for Jilly to have the room right next to Sky's mother. They were introduced briefly and then Kyra spent the afternoon getting her sister settled in and helping Jilly's new pal arrange her program.

Sky and Kyra left to get some dinner and to see if Jilly would be all right alone. They actually planned to stay in the area for a couple of days just in case Kyra was needed. When they returned to Silver Lake, the next afternoon, Kyra stopped to talk to her sister's new pal while Sky went on to see her mother. After a short conversation, Kyra went to rejoin her partner. Turning the corner, she saw Sky standing in the hallway, not moving and intently staring into her mother's room. The blonde picked up the pace and stopped at the tall singer's side. "What's wrong Sky?" She ran a hand down her arm, but still didn't get a response. Finally she followed the line of Sky's sight and instantly matched her mute pose.

Gina Anderson was sitting by the window, her usual spot. Jilly was sitting in front of the older woman with her back to her. The young woman was jabbering on about something and playing with a small, stuffed rabbit. But it was something else, something astonishing that had the couple so enthralled. Skylar's mother was brushing the girl's long hair. Gina's stare was still blank, she spoke not a word and her arm movements were very shaky, but she was trying. It was a precious scene. Tears were streaming down Sky's face. It was first time in fourteen years that she had seen any animation from her beloved mother.

"She thinks it's...me." Skylar was barely able to get the emotional words past her tight throat. She felt the body next to her snuggle closer and Sky wrapped her arm around Kyra. "Let's give them some time," Sky said. She led Kyra to a nearby visitor's area. They had a seat by the fire and turned to face one another, but kept holding hands. Sky finally smiled.

Kyra matched it. "It's wonderful sweetheart."

"I can't even begin to tell you how much. I had hope...but it's been so long." Sky chuckled. "I can't stop shaking."

Kyra lifted both of her lover's hands to her mouth and kissed the trembling knuckles. "I know."

"She may never do it again," Sky realized. "But it may also be a first step."

"I'm so happy for you Sky...and for her."

"It was your sister that reached her."

Kyra thought about that. "Does it bother you that it wasn't you?" she asked.

The dark head shook. "No. Like I said before, I would have done anything or paid any price to get that kind of response from her. Believe me, I am very happy. Maybe being around my mom will be positive for your sister too."

"It already has been," Kyra said wistfully. "I heard what Jilly was saying. She was telling a story that Mama used to tell us. I've never heard her talk about anything from the past before." Kyra reached over and hugged her lover. "Thank you for bringing her here. I love you."

\* \* \*

Kyra was reclining on their bed in Sky's canyon home. They weren't officially living together, but they spent the night together as often as possible. A chocolate sundae was on the nightstand beside her and the TV was on, but the sound was low. It was late evening and she was dressed for bed after having had dinner alone. Sky had been away all day doing some charity work and running personal errands. In Kyra's hands was the current issue of a popular weekly magazine, the issue proclaiming the sexiest people in show business. There on the cover was her beautiful and of course sexy lover. Sky was surrounded by three other people, two men and another woman, but their varying degrees of appeal paled in comparison to the tall, curvy singer. Kyra thumbed through the entire issue before returning to read, for the third time, the one page article accompanying the full page photo of Sky dressed in black leather pants and a screaming red top. She knew very well the skin and muscle beneath the clothes and the cute tattoo that the rest of the world was not aware of. She also knew the feel of those hands on... Kyra tossed the magazine aside and quickly reached for the dish of cold ice cream. She scooped several spoonfuls into her mouth and set the dish in her lap. Once her body heat had substantially cooled, she put the dish back on the table and safely returned to the magazine. Kyra zeroed in on the deep indigo eyes peering out from under the brim of a cowboy hat. In reality, in print or in her dreams, those eyes reached inside and spoke to Kyra loud and clear with silent words of passion, dedication and trust. Kyra's own, tired eyes soon slipped shut. Two thoughts drifted over her slumbering brain. *I finally got what I wanted. I finally got what I wanted. And I'll do whatever I have to to keep it.*

A pair of bare feet quietly crept across the carpet. The talented bandit, intent in their nocturnal task, stopped to study the blonde in the bed. With a head to toe appraisal, they knew they had chosen well. Skylar planned to procure a little love from her partner in crime. She slowly climbed onto the mattress, stopping when a flash of color caught her eye. She looked down at her own face and mutely scoffed at the decree. Pushing the magazine aside, Sky continued her momentum, molding herself alongside of her bedmate. Kyra merely twitched, until a skillful pair of lips began a tour around her neck.

"Ummm," Kyra mumbled. "I didn't need a magazine to tell me that I'm sleeping with the sexiest woman on earth."

Sky chuckled deep in her throat as she ran her hand under Kyra's top. "I believe it just said one of sexiest in show business."

Kyra cupped the back of the dark head and initiated more enthusiastic kisses. "My own personal poll," she said between touches. "Very exclusive list of voters. Trust me, they are never wrong."

"Well, one sexy woman deserves another." A blue eyeball noticed something on the nightstand. "But first I need ice cream." Sky jumped off the bed and headed for the bedroom door.

Kyra dramatically flung her arms to the side. "It's happened already." She sighed with a flare. "The passion is gone. You'd rather have ice cream than me."

Sky turned back and grinned. "Oh, I intend to have both...at the same time."

\* \* \*

A police detective walked out of Skylar's office carrying a clear plastic evidence bag. Inside was the stalker's latest delivery, a rag doll with one of Skylar's trademark black scarves tied around the neck. A picture of Sky, the one naming her one of the sexiest stars, was glued to the doll's face. There was also a hint of a perfume on the figure. A Xerox copy of a handwritten note was attached. It stated. 'Nobody will ever take you away from me'.

Bo told the detective that the scarves were specially made and that several had been missing from a recent shipment. He also reported some other things he thought suspicious.

The latest incident was very disturbing to Sky. She was actually glad that her relationship was a secret for once. Kyra would be protected.

The next morning, a local L.A. reporter scored a major career high as he broke the Skylar Ramsey stalker story. But of course he kept his source confidential. The story spread like wildfire across the national networks. Everyone remotely involved in Skylar's life was offered big bucks for interviews. All of her loyal friends declined, choosing to protect her privacy. Even Bo turned down the dollar signs. He did release a statement, asking the press to consider Skylar's safety when reporting their stories.

Continued...

# ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

## Chapter 12

Valentine's Day started with breakfast in bed. Although they nearly argued over which one was going to cook. But their heated words soon broke into laughter and declarations of love, ending in a delightful compromise, the first of many in their relationship, they vowed. Each woman cooked the other's favorite morning foods and they climbed back into bed and fed each other. And they promised that was the way they would handle everything in their life...together.

After breakfast, they made love until late morning. One shower later they headed to the airport for a flight to Colorado, where they were going to have a wonderful, romantic dinner at Sky's favorite restaurant.

\* \* \*

They touched down in the shadow of the mountains, but they had a couple of hours before the reservation, so with a suggestion from her lover, Sky drove them to an outdoor skating rink for some chilly fun.

With a deep blue, knit cap covering her head and dark glasses to keep out the bright sun, Sky didn't expect anyone to recognize her as she glided across the frozen lake. And for almost forty minutes she was right. But as she and Kyra were heading over to grab a bench for a little rest, Sky heard a timid voice behind her.

"Miss Ramsey?"

Sky turned and looked down to see an adorable little blonde headed girl staring back at her with

a combination of awe and shyness. The small girl held out a pen and a piece of paper. "My daddy said not to bother you too long, but could I have your autograph?"

Sky smiled and took a seat on the bench. She took the items and asked, "What's your name sweetie?"

The girl grinned. "Samantha."

"You are a very pretty girl Samantha," Sky said as she jotted down a message and her name. "Have you had fun skating today?" she asked.

"Yes. My daddy brought me here for Valentine's Day."

"That's great." Sky handed back the pen and paper. "Here you go. Have a good day with your dad." The youngster zipped back across the ice and excitedly showed her father her prize.

Kyra bent over and unlaced her skates, replacing them with her snow boots. As she pulled on the second one, she noticed that her partner had not moved to remove her skates. She looked to find Sky still watching the father and daughter. Kyra looked that way and saw the man hug his child and then tickle her into a fit of giggles. She turned her head and studied Sky's pensive profile. "Is it hard," she asked, "watching something like that?"

Sky sucked in a bit of frosty air. "No. I guess I just miss having good memories."

"I'm very lucky," Kyra said wistfully, "I have happy memories of two good fathers."

Sky looked at her and smiled. "And I'm so glad that you do."

\* \* \*

Vineyard Valley was an authentic Italian restaurant full of Tuscan charm and warm ambiance. The couple was seated in a booth in a back corner shrouded by a screen of artwork, providing them plenty of privacy to talk and maybe even hold hands. All through the rich and scrumptious meal and over goblets of a fine vintage wine, the set of blue eyes and the set of green eyes rarely drifted apart.

"You look so incredibly beautiful tonight," Kyra said. "I love you in that color." Skylar was wearing a silk blouse in a deep plum color. That along with a pair of gray, wool slacks made for a vivid ensemble for the wintry month.

"And you are so sexy in that sweater, I am having a very hard time keeping my hands to myself," Sky said, adding a sly wink.

When there was a lull in the conversation, Kyra's thoughts drifted off into a very definite direction... a serious one that painted her face with emotional shades of blue.

Skylar allowed her partner a few quiet moments, but finally asked, "Is something bothering you honey? You suddenly got very somber."

"Hmm. Oh, no nothing's wrong. I saw that family over there and...I was just wondering something, but I wasn't sure how to ask you."

"You can ask me anything."

"Do you...have you ever thought about...having children, being a parent?"

Sky was momentarily surprised by the question; it certainly wasn't something she expected to hear. A brief grin graced her lips before she answered. "Well, to be honest I had never given it much thought before...probably because I'm so young and never had a partner. But lately...yeah I've had a few stirrings." Kyra smiled at the declaration, obviously of the same mind on the topic. "Since we are on the subject, I need to tell you that it's very important to me that...if one of us was to give birth to a child, I would want to know the father and make sure he had a very important role in the child's life."

"I absolutely agree," Kyra said. "And if we decided to adopt, I'd still want to find a way to have a father figure for the child. That's very important to me too. But I guess we won't have to worry about that anytime soon. I don't think we could hide a pregnancy or a child very well." Her voice was tinged with resolved sadness even though her expression was light.

Sky reached over and took hold of her lover's hand. "I promise you he won't control our lives forever. We will make all of our dreams come true."

Kyra squeezed her hand. "I know we will."

As the chocolate dessert arrived, Kyra reached into her purse on the bench beside her and palmed a small box wrapped in red paper tied with a golden ribbon. After the waiter left she slid the package across the table. "Happy Valentine's Day."

Sky smiled. It had taken Kyra a little while, but she soon realized that this was a new smile. And it was exclusively for her. It was endearingly relaxed and just the tiniest bit crooked. And full of more joy and love than Kyra had ever seen in another human being. It was sexy as hell. And being on the receiving end of that grin was like being in the spotlight, bringing her all the fame she would ever need.

Skylar peeled away the bright paper and pulled the top off the box. Nestled on a pillow of black velvet was a single heart shaped, ruby stud earring. The indigo eyes snapped to her lover's beaming face. "It's beautiful," she whispered heavily.

Kyra placed her palm over her chest. "I only have one heart to give and you own it...now and forever."

Skylar removed the first earring on her left ear and replaced it with the new red one. "I'll cherish it always."

\* \* \*

They spent the next morning at Silver Lake, visiting with their relatives. Jillian was so excited to show her sister the clay sculpture she had been working on. Art was one of the new activities that her pal had initiated and Jillian finally had something constructive to fill her days, besides just music. Although music was also a part of her program. Only it was used in a way for her to benefit positively from. She had also formed a bond with Sky's mother, visiting her a few times a day, telling her stories and getting her hair brushed. The awkward, but gentle grooming still seemed to be the only activity that Gina Anderson would perform. But Sky was still encouraged that it was the first step to getting her mother back. She sat with her mom for a long time, telling her all about Kyra and their relationship.

It was a good day.

\* \* \*

It was a boring day.

Skylar rambled around her big house all morning, the day after returning from Colorado. Being there alone was becoming increasingly depressing. She longed to see Kyra's clothes hanging in the large master bedroom closet right next to hers. She wanted a second toothbrush in the bathroom cabinet and another pair of slippers beside her bed. She wanted Kyra to share everything with her. But no matter how much Skylar wanted it, she knew it was impossible. For now.

The tall singer grabbed a sandwich and a Coke, and went into her office. She picked up the phone and dialed her lover's apartment. The call went unanswered after a dozen rings. *Maybe she's running errands.* Sky chewed on her turkey sandwich as she flipped on her laptop. She had promised Kyra that she would make their dreams come true. And that was going to take a lot of work. Sky reached up and rubbed the ruby that was perched on her earlobe. Starting right away would make that happen one day sooner. Skylar let the cold drink slide down her throat as she tapped a few keys. She already had a private investigator checking into Bo's life, hoping she could find something to counter his blackmail. But if that didn't pan out, Sky wanted a backup plan.

About an hour later, someone was at the front door buzzing to be granted entry to the Ramsey estate. Sky smiled, anticipating her beautiful partner as she activated the camera controls. "Damn!" Sky shouted, "What does he want?" She practically stomped across the house to answer the door. "Make it fast Bobo, I'm busy."

He followed her inside, dropping into the closest chair. "Aw Ramsey, when are you gonna start being nice to me? Didn't you get my Valentine's flowers?"

Skylar chuckled dryly. "Let me guess, a dozen black roses."

"You wound me Ramsey."

"Don't tempt me," Sky mumbled, picking up the ringing phone. "Hello." The first thing she heard was a panicked sobbing.

"I didn't...do it Sky. I swear...I would never hurt you."

"Kyra, what's wrong? Where are you? Are you hurt?"

"I've...I've been...a...arrested," she explained with a terrified stutter.

"What? Why?" No immediate answer came, but Sky heard that her lover was on the verge of hyperventilating. "Listen Kyra, try and calm down. Take some slow deep breaths. That's it. Whatever it is, we know it's a mistake. Can you tell me now?"

Kyra took a final calming breath and explained. "They accused me of being your stalker."

"That's ridiculous!" Sky's thoughts suddenly took off in a dozen different directions. "I'm gonna call a lawyer for you and I'll be there soon. Are you okay?"

"Not until I see you, I won't be." Kyra kept her voice hushed from the prying ears of the police officer standing behind her.

"I'll be there soon. You know." *I love you*, Sky finished silently.

That was the only thing that gave Kyra any amount of courage to face the situation. "Yeah, I know."

Sky ran to her office to find her attorney's phone number, ignoring her uninvited guest. After she made the arrangements she looked up to see him standing in the doorway. "Did you know about this?"

"About what?" he asked innocently.

Sky gritted her teeth. "Kyra being arrested," she said with restraint. "The police are saying she's the one who's been threatening me."

He shrugged. "Makes sense to me. But yes, a detective has asked me some questions in recent weeks. I answered honestly."

Sky pushed past him and ran through the house. "You are just as crazy as the police are," she said as he followed. "Kyra wouldn't threaten or hurt me." Sky moved toward her car and Bo jumped in her way.

"Where are you going?" he asked urgently.

Sky was on the move again. "To help my friend," she answered as the car door slammed.

Bo was suddenly hanging onto the window frame. "You can't do that! She's already tried to hurt you. How will that look in the press?"

Skylar gave him a deadly glare. "You know I don't give a damn about that. Now let go of my car before I drag you out onto the street."

He pulled back and she sped away with a screech of tires.

\* \* \*

Skylar finally dragged herself away from the police station as dark was falling. She had only been allowed to see Kyra for a short time, and spent the rest of the hours talking to the lawyer she had hired to defend her lover. Sky was devastated at how frightened Kyra looked when she walked into that tiny, drab room. With a guard's watchful eyes glued to them, she wasn't allowed to offer the blonde any physical comfort. They did use their secret I love you signal several times during their talk and that gave both of them hope to endure the stressful circumstances.

The evidence against Kyra was rather small, but pretty obvious and the detective expected to find more. The police had arrived at Kyra's apartment with a search warrant and found a box hidden in the back of her closet. Inside the box were several things that appeared to be used by the person who had been stalking Skylar. Tests were still being conducted on the items, but it was enough to have had Kyra arrested.

Skylar trekked to her kitchen for a much need shot of caffeine, in the form of cocoa. With mug in hand, she passed by the patio doors and did a double take. She didn't want another confrontation, but at this point it was inevitable. "What are you doing back here?" she asked as she left the paned door open behind her.

It was a chilly night, but Bo had made himself a fire in the built in pit in the stone patio. He was slow in answering as he continued to warm his hands near the flames. "I've got a better question; why are you defending her?"

"Because she's innocent. Now go home. I need to be alone."

"Poor thing." He got to his feet, but didn't move away from the fire. "How often do you get what you want Cash?"

Sky took a drink of her hot chocolate, letting it slide slowly down her throat, hitting her empty stomach like a liquid stone. "Go home to your nice, soft, warm bed while my...friend spends the night in a cold jail cell." She set her empty cup on a table and turned away from him, wanting nothing more then some medicine for her sudden headache and solitude.

But Bo was persistent. "I've seen the list of evidence they found in her apartment."

"Then someone put it there," she suggested. "Maybe you." She was trying to make him mad enough to leave, but he rambled on.

"Me? I didn't even know she had a damn apartment. I've only got a cell phone number for her. Listen to me; she had one of the missing scarves, half a bag of the same candy you received, drawings, perfume and...I can't even remember it all, but it was all there."

"Okay, Kyra wouldn't use perfume," Sky pointed out, "she's allergic."

"Well...maybe...maybe she used a mask," Bo deduced. "She used gloves."

The dark head shook back and forth, vigorously. "Why?" Sky asked simply.

"Why what?"

"Why would she be doing this to me? What is her motive?"

"Her motive? She's crazy! She belongs in that swanky nuthouse right next to your mom and her sister." In a flash of color and muscle, bone hit bone and Bo found his butt on the concrete. Rubbing his sore jaw, he nearly laughed. No one had ever landed a sucker punch on him before. Some part of him even respected her for it...for about two seconds. The door closed on him and the curtain was angrily drawn.

\* \* \*

Early the next morning, Skylar stepped onto the front porch of her house, anxiously waiting for her lover to arrive. The lawyer had called with the news that bail had been paid and Kyra was being released. Skylar told him to bring Kyra to her as soon as possible.

It had been a long and restless night. Sleep had not come easily and when it did, her mind conjured up horrible images of the small blonde surrounded by dozens of incarcerated criminals taunting and poking at her trembling body. Or worse, visions of Kyra crouched in a corner of a small, cold cell sobbing and crying out for her lover's help. Skylar was determined to keep those nightmares from becoming a reality. She had so many other, beautiful dreams to fulfill.

Kyra punched in the code, releasing the security gate. The tired blonde slipped inside, and as the barrier closed behind her she caught sight of her love. With a sudden, renewed burst of strength, Kyra broke into a jog up the slightly inclined drive. Sky moved a few steps closer, knowing her arms would soon be embracing the woman she loved more than life itself. Their eyes held as the distance between them shrank away. Just a few yards to go when a loud noise rang out, echoing off the surrounding hillside. Sky had instinctively ducked from any danger, but when the quiet returned, she turned back to the drive. Her face immediately paled with shock. "Kyra!" she yelled in terror. The little singer was on the ground, not moving. Sky ran to her side, her fear ratcheting with every step. Kyra's green eyes were frozen open with pain and horror, but shifted when her lover's face came into hazy view. No other part of her body moved. The upper right side of Kyra's blouse was already soaked in blood. Sky stripped off her sweatshirt, leaving her in a short sleeved t-shirt, but the chilled wind didn't faze her as she dropped to her knees, pushing

the heavy garment against Kyra's wound. With her free hand, she fumbled in her front jeans pocket for her cell, all the while talking to her fallen lover, promising that she was going to be okay. With the 911 call completed, Sky returned all of her attentions to her wounded mate. "The paramedics are coming," she said, her own chest feeling heavy and every breath coming in a painful wave. "You'll be at the hospital in just a few minutes and they'll fix you right up." Sky knew it was bad; she could feel the blood on her hands. But she wouldn't bow to the terror that was racing her heart, or let it show on her face. At the moment, words were the only thing she could offer Kyra, and if those words or just the sound of her voice was offering a lifeline, she wasn't about to let go.

Doubt hazed the fading eyes. Kyra's lips moved, but only a ragged breath escaped. She feared this might be the last time she would see the beautiful face that had made her feel so alive and complete. At least she had known what true love was and if ever asked to describe it, was sure she would never have been able to come up with powerful enough words. But she was determined to utter, one last time, the only words that really mattered. Trying again, she finally mouthed, "I love you."

Sky smiled, holding off the tears. "I know baby. I love you too. And I will for the rest of my life." She caressed Kyra's face. "And you are going to be right by my side to hear it until we're old and gray."

The corner of Kyra's mouth lifted the tiniest bit at the wonderful possibility. *Forever. Goodbye Skylar.* The green eyes fluttered as Kyra continued the fight. But with one last glimpse, the lids closed and didn't open again.

"Kyra! Kyra, stay with me!" Sky pleaded. Even in her panic, all of her senses were alert. What she saw was terrifying. Her future was leaching out right in front of her eyes. The image was at once moving in slow motion and high speed, and indelibly etching itself upon the folds of her brain, sure to bring more hellish visions in her sleep. Kyra's blood was quickly coating her fingers as it soaked through to her hands. Sky pressed harder, knowing she was causing more pain, but the desperation allowed it...just this once. Skylar sucked in a breath and smelled...earth...wet earth. It had rained the night before. With another sniff, Skylar could tell it was on the wind again. She licked her lips and tasted it, the sweetness of last kiss she had shared with her beautiful Kyra. But she willed it not to be the final kiss. One breath. Another quick breath. Sky heard the hard, raspy gasps...and something else. Boots scraped across the cement behind her. She looked up, but not back just yet. A shiver went down her spine. She just knew whoever was back there had shot her lover...and was most likely her stalker. She took a deep breath, determined to meet her fate face to face. A turn of her head.

"Oh god Bo." Sky blew out a momentarily relieved breath. "I don't know what you're doing here, but go down and open the gate; the ambulance should be..." Something drew her eyes from his unusually placid face, down his black clad torso where they stopped. A gun was clutched in his right hand. Stormy blue eyes popped back to his face. "You shot her? You bastard!" She wanted to jump up and strangle him, but didn't dare release the pressure holding in the blood.

"I had to," he confessed, "She was coming to attack you! What the hell are you doing trying to

help her? Let her die."

"I told you she is innocent." Sky looked back to her lover's face. "I'll see that you pay for this Bo. And if she di...dies, I'll kill you myself. Spending the rest of my life in jail would be better than spending it..." *Alone.*

"Oh, I won't be going to jail Cash. I have a license to carry this gun. And I was protecting you from a deranged stalker."

Sky heard the sirens coming down the street. "Just shut up and get the damn gate." She wouldn't bother bantering with him anymore. All that she cared about now was Kyra. Bowers pocketed the weapon and jogged down the drive to the waiting ambulance.

Sky's arm was starting to cramp, but she was afraid to switch until the paramedics arrived. With her other hand she took hold of her lover's limp hand. When she touched the piece of metal wrapped around the little finger, the tears that had been frozen in fear broke free and poured from her eyes in painful torrents. She slipped the jewelry from the digit and into her pocket, having every intention to replace it later. Sky had presented the symbol of her love only three days earlier.

*After returning from the romantic Valentine's dinner, Sky started a fire in the fireplace at her Colorado cabin. Kyra had stepped into the bedroom to change and when the tall singer turned around and caught sight of her lover standing in the doorway, she nearly swallowed her tongue. The little blonde was wearing a very sheer, very short negligee in a sizzling shade of burgundy. On her face she was wearing a very stimulating expression. Her beautiful, but usually cool, calm eyes were aflame with desire. And the smile on her face was sweet and sexy, and dripping with promises. They had begun their romantic relationship in that room and they were about to relive the moment. Kyra walked across the room and into Sky's arms. Their lips met in a string of slow, but intense kisses.*

"Oh god," Kyra moaned. "I want you so much. I want you all the time. And I want to be sure that you know that."

"I do baby, I do. And I want you just as much." Sky took her by the hand and led them to the couch. After they settled in, Sky gave her another gentle kiss. "I do want to be with you sweetheart...but it's not just about sex. Although that is incredible." They both grinned.

"I agree."

*"I love sitting quietly with you, playing with you, seeing you smile and hearing your thoughts and dreams. I love how you pour your soul into the lyrics you write. I adore your gentle spirit. I love everything about you." Sky reached behind the sofa cushion and pulled out a dark velvet box, but she kept it hidden as she finished her thoughts. "I want to make a life with you Kyra. I know we have to live under unusual circumstances right now, but I promise that it won't be that way forever. Once we are free, I want to marry you." Kyra started to cry, enormously happy tears. "Legalities don't matter," Sky continued, " it's up to our hearts." Skylar opened the box to reveal a tiny ring. The circle was a woven design of two single strands, one rose gold and the other*

*white, which came together, creating a whole entity. "Will you wear this as my promise of the time when we can make a public commitment?"*

*Kyra's elation spread across her face as she answered, "Yes, I will."*

*Skylar felt a warm trail down her cheek as she joined her partner, shedding tears of joy. She slowly slipped the promise onto Kyra's left pinky finger. The style and placement would make it appear to be an ordinary piece of jewelry. "I'm sorry that it's not a proper..."*

*"Please stop apologizing," Kyra said. "I love you. This ring is perfect because you chose it for me. The rest doesn't matter." She leaned over and kissed the wet lips. "I will wear it with silent, but intense pride." She stared down at the polished gold. "And I'll never take it off."*

"I'm sorry baby," Sky said to her unconscious partner. "You'll wear it again. I promise."

The ambulance roared into the courtyard and two paramedics jumped out, grabbed their equipment and dashed to the fallen woman's side. It took just three minutes to determine Kyra's condition, strap her to a gurney and take off for the hospital.

Sky had very reluctantly stepped aside when told it was okay. She had been so afraid to let go. But she would never really let go. Sky knew she wouldn't be allowed to ride in the ambulance so she hadn't even asked. She just stood there staring at the bloodstained concrete.

A police car had pulled in behind the ambulance, but the officer respectfully waited until the victim was transported. "Miss, can you tell me what happened here?"

Sky remained silent for a few seconds longer. "Yeah, I can tell you exactly what happened," she finally said. Without turning her head she pointed to her left. "That bastard shot her."

Bo was very careful not to make any move that could be considered threatening as the officer watched him. "Is that true Sir?"

Bo answered truthfully, confident in his innocence. "Yes."

A hand settled on a gun. "Do you have the weapon on you?" the officer asked.

"It's in my pocket."

A pair of handcuffs appeared. "Put your hands behind your head and don't move." Bo patiently followed the instructions as another officer moved behind him and placed the restraints around his wrists.

Calmly, the manager explained, "My name is Bo Bowers and this is my client Skylar Ramsey. I have a permit for the gun in my pocket. The woman, Kyra McCall was arrested yesterday for stalking Miss Ramsey. She was released on bail this morning and came here to attack my client. I was just protecting her."

The officer looked for confirmation from Skylar. "She was arrested yesterday, but I believe she is innocent. I arranged an attorney for her, I paid her bail and I told her to come here to my house when she was released. He is trespassing on my property."

"All right, we'll straighten all this out at the station."

"Officer," Sky said, "I want to go to the hospital with my friend. She has no other family nearby."

"Okay. But you will have to make a formal statement later."

Sky stepped away from the small group and made a call. "Gable, I...I need your help." Her voice was weak and shaky.

"Sky, what's wrong?"

"It's Kyra...she was shot...at my house."

"Oh my god! What? How? Never mind, I'll be right there."

Gable pulled into the drive about fifteen minutes later. Sky jumped into the car and explained what had happened as they sped off to the hospital.

"I can't believe that son of a bitch," Gable seethed. "We all know Kyra; she wouldn't hurt anyone and definitely not you."

"Of course not. Gable, when we get to the hospital can you tell them that you are her cousin? Otherwise they won't tell us anything. I don't want to call her grandparents until I know something definite."

"Sure Sky; I'll do anything for you, both of you."

\* \* \*

Once at the hospital they explained the situation and warned the staff that the press would probably be arriving soon; a leak was inevitable. After Sky scrubbed the blood from her hands, they were led to a private waiting area. The only information they were given was that Kyra was in surgery. So began the wait.

They talked as they waited.

She paced and cried on her friend's shoulder, as they waited.

Sky had so much coffee until she was drowning in it, as they waited.

Skylar finally dropped onto the sofa next to Gable and put her head against the soft back. She

hurt inside and out. Stiff from the tension, and with a throb in her head and an ache in her gut that she was sure would never go away, Skylar had never felt as horrible as she did now. Not even on the day that her father had attacked her. Although, she had realized with the help of a therapist, while she recalled the events of that night, it was more through the eyes of a viewer not an active participant. A coping mechanism.

The redhead searched her brain to try and find something to say to help her friend feel better. But there were no words that could do that. She looked over at the distraught singer and noticed the discoloration of her knuckles. "What happened to your hand?" she asked, hoping for a slight distraction.

Skylar automatically cradled the sore appendage. "Bo came to my house last night and tried to convince me that Kyra was guilty. He said something that really set me off and I socked him."

Gable snickered. "I hope it was a good one."

Sky gave a hint of a smile for the first time in hours. "It was; I knocked him on his ass." She paused as her expression once again turned to stone. "But now I want to kill him." Sky scrubbed her face and blew out an aggravated breath. "How can my life have absolutely fallen apart in the span of twenty-four hours?"

Finally the wait was over. A tall, forty-something woman wearing rumped, green scrubs opened the door and approached the pair. Sky tried hard, but couldn't read the surgeon's expression. "Are you the family of Kyra McCall?" the doctor asked.

"Yes," Gable answered to continue their cover story. "How is my cousin?"

"I'm Doctor Elise Pierce and I performed the surgery today. Let's sit down and I'll explain. She is in the ICU and her vitals signs are stabilizing."

Sky's knees nearly buckled with unbelievable relief. Gable wrapped an arm around the taller woman's waist and guided her to a seat. Skylar's hands were still a little shaky. Despite the good news, she knew it was a bad injury and she was still very concerned about her lover's recovery...not to mention her legal problems.

"The bullet entered here," Pierce explained, using her own body as a model. "It went through the collar bone, fracturing it. The bullet fragmented. One piece nicked an artery; that's why there was so much blood loss. She's had a transfusion and her levels are back to near normal. Another piece of metal nicked her lung and that's what was causing her labored breathing, but that's also been repaired and I don't anticipate any future problems."

Sky was taking everything in, but each mention of an injury was taking a tiny chunk out of her soul. The guilt was there. But she wasn't going to let it consume her. Her every breath, every thought and every action had to revolve around her soulmate, supporting her in every way and showing Kyra her unending and unconditional love.

Doctor Pierce finished the details of Kyra's surgery. "The final fragment did damage to the shoulder joint, which will require some physical therapy later on. But with no unforeseen complications, I expect a good recovery." She finished with a compassionate smile, while something puzzled at her brain. The redhead was the relative, but the larger woman was definitely showing the more emotional reaction. The answer didn't really matter; she was just glad that her patient appeared to have some fierce supporters. "I'll send word as soon as you can see her."

"Thank you Doctor Pierce," Gable said, offering her hand. "We appreciate everything you've done."

The brunette surgeon nodded. "If you have any questions just have a nurse page me."

Once alone, Gable turned and hugged her friend. "She's gonna be fine and you two are going to have a long, happy life together."

"I, uh... I should call her grandparents," Sky said, reassured, but still traumatized. There was so much to do. But only one thing to do first. She looked her friend in the eye, noticing that the shade of green was so much different than her lover's. "Thank you Gable. It means so much that you were here for me."

"And I will continue to be here for whatever you or Kyra need. We both know she's innocent of those ridiculous charges; there has to be proof somewhere."

Skylar agreed silently and reached for her phone. Gable stepped out to get Sky some nourishment, knowing it would be the last thing on the singer's mind.

\* \* \*

Gable returned to the private room about an hour later. Skylar was reclining on the sofa with an arm thrown over her eyes. The redhead quietly stepped over to a side table and deposited three Styrofoam containers, several cans of soda and two cartons of milk.

"I'm not asleep," Sky mumbled, "just resting."

"That's good. But I bet you are going to say that you don't feel like eating. But you should."

"Yeah I know." The tall woman hauled herself from the sofa and over to the table, where she reluctantly bit into a reasonably warm French fry. After the first few bites of the accompanying hamburger, she began to feel the tiniest bit better. Her short pity party needed to end and she needed to shift her efforts in another direction. "Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell will be arriving at the airport in a few hours; could you go and meet them? I don't want to bring down a press frenzy on them."

"Of course I can do that. And speaking of, the bees are starting to buzz at the doors."

"Damn. I don't want these people harassed."

"The staff here knows how to handle it. It's certainly not the first time a celebrity has been admitted here."

"I know, but..."

"No Skylar, don't take on that burden. You've got more than enough to handle."

Skylar looked out the window at the news vans and trucks filling the parking lot. She was thankful for the tinted glass, hiding her celebrated image. She reluctantly agreed. "I guess you're right."

A nurse stuck her head in the room. "Miss McCall can have one visitor now."

Gable turned to Sky, her back to the nurse. "Why don't you go in and see Kyra and I'll go get Grandma and Grandpa." She gave her friend a little smile and a wink.

\* \* \*

The room was scary. Monitors beeped and hummed. Bags of life sustaining fluids hung over the bed. Tubes. Needles. Wires everywhere. And in the middle of it all was the small blonde, made even tinier with her pale skin and thin hair, obviously haven been cleaned of the red stuff. She was swathed in bandages and blankets, but all Skylar wanted to do was to wrap her partner in love and protect her from what had become her cruel world.

Sky cautiously walked to the bedside and eased onto the stool that was there for short term visitors. She leaned close and whispered her words, even though they were alone for the moment. "Hey baby; I'm here." Sky took Kyra's left hand, careful of the attached IV. She desperately longed to replace the ring that belonged there. "I think they want you to wake up now," she said. "But I just want you to do whatever you need to do to get better. And I'm going to be right here to help you." She paused and simply watched Kyra breathe.

Suddenly the breath hitched.

Blue eyes flicked to the many monitors, but no alarms sounded. Sky looked back to the weary face and saw a twitch. "Kyra? Sweetie, can you here me?" A moan was the first answer. "That's it baby. Let me see those beautiful eyes."

A few more seconds. A few more grimaces. "Sssky?" The simple word was slurred and rough.

"That's me."

"Where?"

"You're at the hospital."

The information took a little while to sink in. A hand caressed her face. The warm touch was

achingly and soothingly familiar. "I'm not dead?" Kyra asked.

"Absolutely not. I promised you, didn't I?"

The pain laced, green eyes finally blinked open. The orbs rotated and she weakly clutched the fingers under her hand. "I love you."

Sky smiled, even though her eyes glistened with mixed emotions. "Oh I know it," she said happily. "And I love you...more than anything in the world."

Kyra's jaw trembled. A pain raced through her upper body, but the one in her heart rivaled it. "I'm sorry about..."

"Shhhh. We'll talk about that much later," Sky assured, "once you're feeling better. And we'll get everything straightened out. I wish I could be here twenty four seven, but I think they'll be in here to evict me soon. But I'll be back just as soon as they let me."

Kyra was just about drift off to sleep again, hopeful that her nightmares would turn to sweet dreams of her lover and a better future. "I'll be waiting."

\* \* \*

The next few days were stressful and busy. Sky talked Kyra's grandparents into staying at her house, and she had arranged a car and driver to take them back and forth to the hospital. Among the three of them, they tried to make sure Kyra was never alone. Gable also visited several times with flowers and well wishes from the other band members. They had all pledged their support of their wrongly accused co-worker. When she wasn't at the hospital, Sky was using all of her resources and energies to prove Kyra's innocence. She hired two private detectives and brought on an entire team of lawyers.

Bo had been cleared in the shooting, just as he promised. He smooth talked his way around the situation and in the end the police believed his claim of protecting his client. Sky had raged upon hearing this and had argued with the officers in charge until her voice was raw. But the letter of the law had been upheld. Personality, or lack thereof, didn't seem to matter. Although there had been a question that if Kyra had meant to hurt Skylar, then why didn't she have a weapon. When Bo had been told of the items Kyra had on her when she arrived at Sky's house, he was quick to point out one in particular. A black scarf.

"There," Bo said, "one of the scarves she stole. Obviously she intended to strangle Sky with it, just like the doll she sent."

Skylar was in the room at the time, but quietly held her tongue until he finished his accusations. "Excuse me detective," she addressed the officer in charge of the case, "does that scarf have my signature in silver ink on the bottom." He checked his fact sheet and answered affirmative. "I gave that to Kyra last year," Sky continued, "right after I hired her. The scarves that were stolen did not have my signature yet."

"That doesn't mean a thing," Bo pointed out, "she still could have used it to kill you."

"Let's see, it's winter and she had a scarf in her pocket. Wow. And don't forget her shoelaces Bobo," she said sarcastically. "Maybe she was going to use those too."

"Why the hell, do you keep defending her?!"

"Because she's my friend! But you wouldn't know anything about that!"

"All right; that's enough!" the detective shouted. "I'll question Miss McCall about it this afternoon." He told Skylar not to talk to Kyra before then.

Sky found out when he was going to be at the hospital and arrived shortly after. He had to wait until Kyra returned from some tests before he could see her, so Sky followed him to her room. But he made her stand behind him. Detective Burns asked Kyra some other questions and then about the scarf.

Groggily she explained, "It was a gift. Sky gave it to me just after I started to work for her... last spring."

Sky smiled from her place by the door.

"And why did you bring it with you to Miss Ramsey's house?"

"I didn't even know it was in the pocket of my jacket."

Burns nodded and said goodbye. A few seconds later, he met Skylar in the hall.

"Well," she said, "does that clear her?"

"Since you had refused to apply for a restraining order against her and admitted that you invited her to your house, I doubt that we'll press any further charges. But the original stalking charges still stand."

"As I said before, she was framed. And I will prove it. But thank you."

\* \* \*

Unfortunately, Sky had little time to play host to Mr. and Mrs. Maxwell. She knew they didn't mind; they were only concerned for their granddaughter, but it still bothered her. Three days into their stay, Mrs. Maxwell came into the kitchen for a cup of tea. It was a little after nine at night and she stopped at the large double doors at the back of the house to peer into the winter sky at the crisp crescent moon. Mary took a few sips of the warm beverage before heading back to her room. She heard some notes of music coming from the sun room, and although she didn't want to intrude on Skylar's privacy, she wanted to have a talk with her granddaughter's friend. Stopping in the doorway, the grandmother waited just a moment before making her presence known.

Skylar was seated in a chair, leaning forward with her arms resting on her bent legs and her head lowered. At the end of the long, frustrating day, tears of sorrow and anxiety poured from her burning eyes. From the moment Kyra had opened her eyes in that hospital room, Sky had denied herself those tears. She had to be strong to help her lover recover from her wounds. She had to be relentless in her quest to clear Kyra of the ludicrous criminal charges. She had to be tough in the face of the press and wear her compassionate, but somewhat distant mask. She was prevented from sharing her powerful grief with anyone. Their secret had to be protected. Her mother had to be protected. And now her soulmate had to be protected. And Skylar felt like she was the only one on Earth who could do all those things successfully.

Sky was wearing a pair of faded, almost white jeans and a coffee stained sweatshirt; a pleasant appearance was the very last thing on her mind. A CD player was on the ground at her bare feet, her duet with Kyra on permanent repeat. The brunette looked up when she heard the knock on the door. She lowered the volume of the music and jumped to her feet, not even bothering to hide her tears. "Mrs. Maxwell, can I help you with something?" The older woman gave her an odd, questioning look. Skylar finally realized her poorly chosen words and she gave a little chastised smile. "Mary."

"I think I should ask you that question?" the older woman said as Sky gestured for her to take the seat next to her. Mary listened a few seconds longer and said, "The two of you sound very good together."

"I love listening to her. Kyra is extremely talented."

"Yes, she is. And I'm glad she found you," Mary said with a smile.

"Even though I nearly got her k..."

"Dear, you did not pull the trigger on that gun."

Skylar started to disagree, but she was so tired that the protest died on her tongue. She just released a long breath and reluctantly accepted that one truth. "I haven't even been able to think about making music since I saw her..."

Mary took a sip of tea and stated, "You love her."

Skylar paused and looked the woman straight in the eye. "She's my best friend; yes I love her."

The gray head tipped to one side. "But...it's...more."

"I...don't..."

"It's alright Skylar. We understand. I've seen it in your eyes since we got here. And it's written in these tears." Mary reached up, presumptuously and wiped away the salty evidence. "As one who has loved the same person for well over forty years, I recognize the signs. And I hear it in Kyra's

voice every time she talks about you."

Skylar wasn't about to lie to the sweet woman. "I do love Kyra. I am in love with her. And I want to spend the rest of my life with her."

Mary smiled. "I am very happy for both of you."

"Kyra hasn't told you because, for reasons I can't talk about right now, we have to keep our relationship secret. I am doing everything I can to change that and give her the wonderful life she deserves."

"I believe you. And I will keep your admission in confidence." A bit more of the tea disappeared before Mary asked, "Are your grandmothers alive dear?" Mary asked.

"One yes. But she lives out of the country and I don't get to see her much."

"Could I apply for a surrogate role?"

Sky smiled. "I'd like that."

Mary set her cup aside, stood and held out her arms. "I believe you could use a grandmother's hug." Skylar stepped into those welcoming arms and soaked in the long missed maternal love. "Welcome to the family," Mary said. "Now, I'm going to exercise my grandmother's rights and tell you to go to bed and get some rest. I know someone who'll be waiting for an early morning visit."

"Yes...grams."

Continued...

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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [coleen30@webtv.net](mailto:coleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### Chapter 13

Whenever Sky was visiting her injured lover she was always smiling, positive and happy. But the minute she left that hospital room Skylar became an unrelenting bloodhound on the trail of the real stalker, the person who had framed her partner...the one responsible for plunging two lives into a pit of dark nightmares. Every time she poked her head out of a door, flashes erupted as did the voices with questions. Some questions she didn't know the answer to, but most were just none of their damn business. Sky had released one simple statement about the incident and her absolute faith in her backup singer. But that was not enough. When the paparazzi sharks smelled blood, even the most innocent were put in danger.

\* \* \*

Just eight days after the shooting, Skylar was supposed to attend the most prestigious award ceremony in the music world, to present and possibly receive three awards. After arriving to the show alone, an act that made Bo furious, the singing star went to the press room with a golden trophy in each hand. But her mind was about ten miles away in a hospital room. She started out by asking, practically begging a favor from the group of reporters. Most of the men and women in attendance were the more esteemed ones in the business and most everyone respected her wishes and didn't ask anything about the incident with Kyra. The two questions that were shouted out were easily ignored. And she was asked only three others before being ushered away. Backstage, Sky received words of sympathy and encouragement from the other singers and entertainers, some she was well acquainted with and others she was just meeting for the first time.

Definitely not in the mood for a flashy, noisy party, Skylar had the limo take her right home. But as tired as she was, Sky did a quick change of clothes, jumped into her SUV and headed off to the hospital. Making one brief stop along the way, she arrived a few minutes after nine. The area Kyra was in allowed for twenty four hour visitation. And even if Kyra was already asleep, Skylar would be content to just sit and watch her beautiful blonde. She softly padded into the room, tucking a white sack behind her back. The room was once again alive with dozens of flowers of every color of the rainbow. Tucked in among the bright blooms were stuffed animals, balloons and other small gifts. Sky had arranged for a fresh bouquet of Kyra's favorite flowers to be delivered each morning. Those particular ones were always placed closest to recovering woman. Kyra kept all those and others from close friends. The many others that had come from Sky's fans and other colleagues were admired and then generously distributed to other patients in the hospital.

Sky closed the door so they could have some privacy. The television in the corner was still on, playing an annoying commercial. The small woman in the bed had her eyes closed, but there was

a less than placid expression over her face. Sky became immediately concerned and dropped into the chair that her backside had become intimately acquainted with in the last eight days. Skylar picked up the trembling left hand, giving it a gentle squeeze and a kiss. The blonde whimpered and Sky caressed the tense face. Kyra was dreaming. "I'm here baby," Sky whispered.

The light colored lashes flickered with instant recognition. The green orbs soon made a weary appearance. A small smile emerged. "Hi."

"Hi."

"I just saw you on TV, winning an award."

"Well, that was a while ago. Now I'm where I want to be."

"Did you bring me a prize to brighten up my room?" Kyra asked as her hazy mind finally perked up.

Skylar grinned. "Sorry, I left them at home."

"Them? How many did you win?"

She shrugged. "Two."

"Congratulations honey."

Sky leaned over and planted an easy kiss on the pale lips. "Thanks."

Kyra took a sniff. "You did bring me something else though; didn't you?"

A hand reached for the sack. "If you're talking about this delicious strawberry milkshake, then yes."

For the next few minutes Kyra sipped on her sweet and fruity drink while Sky sucked down a thick one of pure chocolate. A calm quiet ensued as their bellies filled with yummy comfort. But a single thought was churning in the blonde's head.

"I want to go home."

It was spoken so softly that Skylar almost didn't hear. "What was that?"

The drooped blonde head lifted and displayed two jade pools of tears. Skylar immediately matched her tear for tear. She had actually gotten a lecture from her lover two days earlier about allowing herself to display her emotions. Kyra could see how hard Sky was trying to hide her sorrow and how her voice would tremble. Kyra had said, "You are my pillar of strength through the tears and the anger. You were wounded too, sweetheart. Hiding those things from me will only delay your healing." Sky had promised to allow herself to feel.

"What's wrong sweetheart; are you in pain?"

Kyra gently moved into a more comfortable position. "It's not that. Please take me home."

"Honey..."

"Sky, I've been having nightmares about going to jail and losing you forever."

The tall woman pulled her into a gentle hug. "Oh baby, that will never happen."

"I know they're only dreams, but I would just feel safer if I could be with you...at your house...if you...I mean...would you..."

Sky pulled the delicate hand to her lips, kissing it once again. "Kyra, honey there is nothing more I want than to have you home with me. I'm only worried about your health."

"Well, maybe you could give me an advance on my salary and I could pay for a private nurse."

"Honey, I would gladly pay for a dozen nurses and everything else you would need. That's not a problem. I just want to be sure nothing hinders your recuperation."

"I just know that I will feel better...at home. Unless... Bo would find out, wouldn't he?" She had been told that he was the one who shot her, and that he was not facing charges. Of course it angered her, but she knew there was nothing she could do about it.

"Bo can go to Hell," Sky proclaimed as she stood and forcefully shoved her empty cup in the trash.

"He was trying to protect you," the blonde said, though unconvincingly.

"Bullshit!" Kyra recoiled just a bit at the strength of the singer's word. "Sorry," Sky said. "I'm not taking this out on you." Skylar sat back down, blew out a breath, needing to tell her lover some truths. "Kyra, he took advantage of the situation to get you out of my life."

Kyra was shocked by this new revelation. "You...you think he wanted to kill me?"

Sky stared into the frightened eyes. "I can't...say for certain that he wanted you dead; I don't know how good a shot he is. For a long time now, Bo has suspected that I had feelings for you." Again Kyra reacted. "I don't think he suspects we're a couple, just that I have feelings for you. And I'm sure he thought that was an opportunity to...well, like I said, get you out of my life. If nothing else, I'm sure he thought he'd scare you off."

Kyra nodded slowly. "Then I don't want to cause any more trouble."

"You have never and will never cause me trouble," Sky assured. Kyra looked away. "Oh no."

Sky turned the forlorn face back in her direction. "I got you and we are not going to backtrack. I love you."

Kyra finally smiled. "I know."

"Good." She sealed the knowledge with a kiss. "Bo is no longer allowed in my house," Sky said. "I have changed the code to the gate. Jodi will be there and will not even let him onto the property. He can phone me, fax me or e-mail me, but we will only conduct face to face business away from the house. You'd be safe there. I'm just concerned about your health."

The tears dried upon the star's face and a loving smile lifted the corners of her lips. Love is what it was all about. The love Skylar wanted to give. And she found the perfect recipient in this demure, talented and beautiful woman. The love she needed to receive in order to revive her lonely spirit. Together Sky and Kyra shared a love that would only deepen over the many years they had ahead of them. Together or apart they had an unbreakable bond. "I'll talk to your doctor in the morning."

\* \* \*

The next morning, Sky was in her office at the studio, phoning agencies to arrange for a private nurse to look after Kyra. The doctor had agreed to discharge her under certain conditions, a nurse being the most important. Discretion and security were a major consideration so Sky was choosing very carefully. "Yes, I would appreciate that clause in the contract," Sky said to the other person on the phone. "

Bo suddenly threw the door open. "Morning Cash."

Startled by his appearance, Sky quickly covered her conversation. "Yes, just proceed as we discussed and I'll get back to you soon."

"Who were you talking to?"

"Personal business, which means it is none of yours."

Bo lowered himself onto the small sofa and precisely settled one leg over the other. "I don't appreciate the little hissy you're throwing and keeping me out of your house."

Sky pounded on her laptop, easily ignoring his comment. "Why are you here?" she huffed.

"We are flying to Paris tomorrow."

Sky stopped and met his dark eyes. "Why?"

"I've been working on a deal with a perfume company to create a fragrance named after you."

The pair of indigo eyes rolled skyward. *Oh please.* "Well, that's nice...I guess. But I'm not going anywhere; I have too many things to do here."

"You'll do what I say," he reminded her calmly. "This is a multimillion dollar deal and you won't mess it up for me."

"Then I guess you'll have to go by yourself. You're a smooth talker Bobo; you can come up with a good story to cover my absence. You make the deals anyway. You can fax me the contract. You'll get what you want." *And so will I.*

It took more convincing, but she finally conned him into it. And patted herself on the back when he left. With Bo out of the country, it would be the perfect opportunity to bring Kyra home. Skylar was immediately back on the phone and by the end of the day, she had everything ordered that was needed to see to Kyra's care. A specific type of bed, a wheelchair and several other specialty items were going to be delivered first thing the next day. She was determined to make everything as comfortable as possible for her lover's homecoming.

\* \* \*

A non-descript van pulled onto Skylar's property at about ten thirty Tuesday morning. They had managed to hide from the paparazzi as they left the hospital and for the first time in days there didn't seem to be any outside her gates either. But Sky suspected at least one or two were probably hiding in the bushes with those telephoto lenses pointed toward the house. Leaving those matters to the bodyguard, she had more important things to worry about. Skylar jumped out of the vehicle first, followed by the nurse, Tori James, and leaving the two attendants to expertly move Kyra into the house.

Mary and Barton greeted their granddaughter just inside the door. But the trip had taken its toll on the injured woman and they noticed her green eyes glazed with pain, even though she bravely smiled. As much as Mary wanted to be with her granddaughter, she waited until Kyra was settled into her room.

Skylar came out of her lover's room about twenty minutes later. "Tori gave her something for the pain," she explained. "I sat with her until she fell asleep."

Mary rubbed Sky's back. "I'm sure that's what's best for her right now."

Sky just nodded and shuffled into the kitchen. Bart said he had some things to do, but Mary followed the singer. Skylar had removed some potatoes from a bin in the pantry and was sitting at the table peeling them. But the spuds suddenly started to disintegrate under the force of her strokes.

Mary started boiling water for tea. She walked over and removed the peeler and the mangled vegetable from the frustrated hands. "I'll do that dear."

Skylar scrubbed her face. "I hope bringing her home was the right thing to do," she muttered.

"Honey, I know you hate to see her in pain; so do I. That was happening at the hospital too. We

all know she will be in pain for a while to come. But you are her best medicine. She's not hurting because of you, but it would be so much harder for her to get through this without you."

\* \* \*

A couple of hours later, Sky was sitting by her sleeping lover's bedside reading a book. The story would have been riveting at any other time, but now it was just something to pass the minutes.

"Hi."

Sky shoved the book aside, not even bothering to mark the page. She smiled brightly. "Hey. Did you have a good nap?"

Kyra smiled back. "Yeah. I told you I'd have good dreams here."

Sky brushed away some golden strands from her face. "I'm glad. Are you hungry; I made us some soup for lunch."

"I could eat a bite or two."

"Good." Sky moved to the window and opened the curtains, letting in the cheery sunshine. "I'll go..."

"No wait."

"What; are you in pain? I'll get Tori."

"No, I'm okay right now. I just want you to sit with me for a few more minutes."

"Okay." Sky started to sit back in the chair.

"No." Kyra patted the bed beside her. "Sit here."

Sky cautiously sat on the mattress and took her lover's left hand. Kissing the back of it, there was something noticeably absent. She pulled something from the pocket of her pants and held the precious circle of metal between her thumb and forefinger. "I have something here that belongs to you. I knew they wouldn't let you wear it in the hospital so I kept it. But now..." she slipped it onto Kyra's pinkie finger, "it's going back home too."

Kyra studied the shining promise and for the moment she forgot all about her physical discomfort and her legal troubles. There was only love.

Sky kissed the ring and then Kyra's lips. "I'm gonna get our lunch," she said. "And I'm going to have to share you. Your grandmother is impatiently waiting to visit."

\* \* \*

The nurse didn't really have a lot to do and was able to spend most of her time in her own room, where Sky provided plenty of entertainment choices. She was mostly responsible for helping her patient get in and out of bed, bathing her and administering Kyra's medications. But she was also prepared for any emergencies that might happen.

\* \* \*

Skylar had an early morning meeting with the private detective and the lawyers she hired to defend Kyra. They had nothing new to report. But Sky wasn't going to accept defeat.

"I don't believe this! She is innocent, which means there has to be some proof...something...somewhere." The three men didn't know what else to say. "Okay." Sky calmly had a seat behind her desk. "Is there anyone else that any of you can think of that we could bring onto this team that could help?"

A trio of silent tongues met her question. Skylar looked each one in the eye, very disappointed and very frustrated. She tapped a pencil against the tabletop and chewed on the inside of her cheek.

"I could bring in another detective I know," said John Walters. "But I really don't think..."

"Maybe that's the problem," she muttered under her breath. Skylar stared at the mass of under-achieving testosterone sitting before her. "Is your colleague female?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Call her, but don't share with her any of the details of Kyra's case yet. I want a fresh pair of eyes." He nodded. "Now let's go over this one more time." She addressed the lawyer. "Since her fingerprints weren't on any of the evidence, is it circumstantial?"

"Yes. All the evidence is. That's why I think we can win without anything more."

"I want a certainty. Read me that list of things found in her apartment again."

"One black, silk scarf, one magazine with photos and letters cut out, half a bag of candy and suggestive drawings. There was the partial thumb print."

"Which they could not match to Kyra or anyone in their entire database," Sky remembered.

"So that doesn't help us unless we can come up with a new suspect," Walters said.

Sky thought out loud. "Either the real stalker frames Kyra because he thought the police were going to find him. Or someone else frames her...why?"

"Because they had a grudge against her for some reason," the P.I. suggested.

"And it's obviously not a coincidence that everything they found in that box was recently all over

the news," Sky added.

"Maybe they don't really care if she is convicted; maybe someone just wanted to embarrass her."

"Probably. Any ideas about who that might be Skylar?"

She took a deep breath. "I did have one thought. I'm almost positive it isn't him, but I think everything should be investigated. My drummer, Michael Fisher had a crush on her a few months ago, but she wasn't interested in him."

"I'll check it out," the P.I. said.

"Do it discreetly please," she told the investigator. "I don't want to lose a good musician if I don't have to." Skylar looked out the window. "Something else still isn't right. I don't know what it is, but there is something here."

"Maybe you are just grabbing at straws," one of the lawyers said. Sky threw him a glare. "Hey, I believe she's innocent," he added, "but I'm not sure we can prove it."

\* \* \*

Sky returned home late in the afternoon. Kyra was having her first physical therapy session the next day. Sky knew that it was going to be a painful and exhausting morning so she was planning a quiet evening for just the two of them. She had arranged for Mary and Bart to enjoy dinner and a play, and she was having a romantic meal catered in for herself and Kyra. She had also obtained a copy of a brand new movie that she knew Kyra had been anticipating. And since she couldn't easily leave the house it would be a nice surprise.

Sky walked into the house and heard familiar voices coming from the dining room. There she found a heated game of Scrabble in progress. She was surprised, but happily so, to see her lover out of her bedroom. Still weak from the serious injuries inflicted on her body, Kyra was in a wheelchair. Her right arm was well secured to her body to prevent any further damage and she was wearing a large, soft, and comfortable looking shirt. And looking beautiful. "Hey, hey," Sky said. "Who's winning?" She kissed Kyra on top of the head, enjoying her freshly shampooed hair.

"I rarely win against my brilliant granddaughter," Bart said with a chuckle. "But I keep trying." Sky smiled as the blonde laid out a thirty eight point word. Grandpa jotted down the new score. "Kyra could have been a doctor or a scientist...if she could have gone to college," he said, annoyed at himself.

"Grandpa, I wasn't interested in medicine or science. Music makes me happy. And it led me to Skylar." She smiled at her lover. "And that is worth everything to me."

He gave them their moment of adoration before he said, "You are very good at what you do. And I'm damn proud of you songbird. And I know your parents are too."

\* \* \*

Later that night, after a fine meal, they were on Kyra's bed watching the comedy. Sky had been sleeping in her own room so she wouldn't irritate Kyra's injuries, but the little singer had persuaded her lover to cuddle close for two hours...and longer if she had her way.

Sky hit the remote as the credits began to roll. "Did you like it?"

"Oh it was great." Kyra reached over and kissed Sky's cheek. "Thank you for getting it."

"You're welcome." She set aside the popcorn bowl. "Are you sleepy?"

"Not a bit; I had a lot of extra sleep today."

"Need any medicine?"

"No; I'm feeling good." Sky started to leave the bed. "Stay. I don't want to sleep alone anymore."

"Baby, I've been lonely too. But are you sure? The last thing I want to do is hurt you."

"I'm positive," Kyra said.

"Let me go change." Sky gave her a lovely kiss. "I'll be right back." She returned shortly to find the lights dimmed and her beautiful lover waiting at the far side of the bed. Sky climbed under the covers and turned on her side.

"This is where you belong," Kyra whispered.

Sky smiled her agreement.

\* \* \*

After a week it was decided that the private nurse was no longer needed. Kyra was stronger and able to get around her under her own power, although she did tire easily. As long as her Sky and her grandmother were around to help, Kyra could care for herself now.

After the physical therapy sessions, Kyra was always in a lot of pain. That's why she always scheduled them early in the morning while Skylar was out for the day. After the grueling hour, Kyra would load up on pain medication, spend some time under the warm jets of the Jacuzzi, and then sleep for a couple of hours.

One day, in early March she refused to schedule a session. It was a very important day, she had a lot of things to do, including a doctor's appointment, and Kyra wanted to be alert and involved for every one.

Continued...

Colleen's Scrolls  
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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

This story depicts a loving relationship between two consenting, adult women and contains scenes of intimacy, but nothing too explicit. If you are under 18 years of age or if this type of story is illegal in the state or country in which you live, please do not read it. If depictions of this nature disturb you, you may wish to read something else.

There are a few bad words and some violence.

Feedback will be welcomed at [colleen30@webtv.net](mailto:colleen30@webtv.net)

I have also created a group for discussions of this, past and future stories. Join us at [http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens\\_corner](http://groups.yahoo.com/group/colleens_corner)

### Chapter 14

Skylar arrived home late in the afternoon on Monday the sixth. It was her twenty seventh birthday. But she wasn't in a particularly celebratory mood. It was just another day...another exasperating day in which she had failed to help her lover. Gable had visited her in the morning, delivering greetings and a present from the band. She graciously accepted that and other gifts and calls from more friends and business acquaintances throughout the day. But a happy smile was becoming more and more difficult to manufacture, so Skylar had ducked past the daily gathering of reporters and had headed home to be with the only one who could make her happy. Although Skylar knew that her partner was aware of the date of her birth, she certainly didn't expect the still recovering woman to remember. And that was fine; she had almost forgotten herself.

Sky walked into a quiet house. It was a cloudy day and they had been keeping the curtains closed over most of the windows to keep out invading eyes, so it was fairly dark. The kitchen was empty, with no signs of any recent activity. Mary had been preparing them some delicious meals even though Sky had offered to hire a cook. But the grandmother had just scoffed and grabbed a skillet. But the seasoned chef seemed to be currently absent, along with her husband.

A trace of panic began stir in the star's stomach, then the music started. Sky followed the gentle and pleasing strains to the back of the large house. A soft, flickering glow welcomed her presence and she slowly stepped into the open and airy sunroom.

"Happy Birthday beautiful."

Sky turned and smiled as her luscious partner approached with an easy pace. She was dressed in a pair of black jeans and a tailored, silky shirt in a silvery shade. The only thing that, in any way subtracted from her lovely appearance was the sling she was required to wear to support her injured shoulder. But even that appeared to be of a much simpler construction, hopefully signifying some good news. "Look who's talking about beauty," Sky said as Kyra settled into her arms. "You look incredible." She leaned down and planted several soft kisses on her lover's lips. Not relinquishing her hold on the little blonde, Sky looked over her shoulder at the candlelit table. Two covered plates held a sizzling lobster meal, delivered from their favorite restaurant. "You shouldn't have gone to this much trouble," she said.

"Of course I should have," Kyra countered. "Your birthday is one of the most important days of the year." She took her lover's hand and led her over to the feast.

"Thank you sweetheart." Sky popped the cork on the champagne and poured. Kyra accepted only half a glass because of her pain medication, but toasted her lover's special day.

Kyra explained that she had sent her grandparents on a three day trip to Las Vegas, something they both had always wanted. Sky and Kyra kept the conversation light and easy, having had too many painful and serious discussions in the past days. Although at one point Sky did ask about Kyra's doctor's appointment. "I noticed the different sling," she said. "Does that mean you're healing well?"

"Can I explain that later?" Kyra asked.

"Well...sure," Sky said.

"Good," Kyra smiled. "Wait here; I'll be right back." She dashed out to the kitchen and returned a few minutes later pushing a silver cart. On top was a triple layer chocolate cake with some surprise flavors inside. "Happy Birthday to you," she sang brightly. When the short song ended, Sky extinguished the reduced number of candles with a single breath. There was only one wish in her heart. All Skylar wanted was to have a long, peaceful life with her beloved Kyra.

Once two pieces of the sweet confection had vanished, Kyra presented a colorfully wrapped box to the birthday girl. Sky removed the paper and lifted the lid. A gentle smile, full of love washed over her face as she removed the familiar looking circle of metal.

Kyra held up her hand, proudly displaying its twin. "I know you can't wear it on your finger," she said, "but I thought you could wear it around your neck...at least most of the time."

"Thank you sweetheart." Sky stood and slipped the long chain over her head. The beautiful ring

of promise nestled comfortably between her breasts. "I love it. Almost as much as I love you."

Kyra got up and kissed her. "I love you too. And I have one more present. Close your eyes." Sky did as she was told and listened as the footsteps left the room. Soon the steps were headed back and Sky knew exactly when her partner was standing right in front of her.

"Open your eyes," Kyra instructed.

The deep blue orbs appeared and her jaw immediately fell open with surprise and appreciation at the enormous amount of cuteness. There were two sets of eyes staring back with glee, one her favorite spring green and the new ones a liquid brown. Kyra had the puppy snuggled right next to her face. "Oh Kyra," Skylar gushed, "she's so cute."

Kyra handed over the two and a half month old chocolate lab pup and giggled as her lover was smothered with doggie kisses. "I guess you like her."

"Of course; I love her." She held the squirming dog slightly away from her face. "It's impossible to look at that face and not fall in love at first sight." She caught the set of greens watching her. "I felt the same way when I saw you." Sky tucked the puppy under her arm and leaned toward her lover. Just before their lips met, she asked, "Do you mind?"

"What's a little puppy drool between friends?" The kisses lasted a few fantastic minutes until the baby decided she had been ignored long enough. The whimpers and tiny barks brought an end to the loving activities. "Well, Mom," Kyra teased, kissing the round, brown head and smiling, "there goes the love life."

Sky sat on the floor and played with the pup for the next hour as Kyra watched, knowing she had made the right choice in presents. She slipped from the room at one point to take her evening pain medicine. No amount of pills ever completely vanquished the pain. But she was beginning to learn to live with it. She had no other choice. And she wasn't going to give in to it. She would not put another burden on Skylar.

Walking back into the silent room, Kyra spied the pooped pup, asleep next to her partner. The tall singer seemed to be lost in thought, her eyes focused on a point in mid-air. She didn't immediately react to Kyra's presence...until the vision walked into her line of sight. She grinned. "There you are."

"Here I am. Do you think she's out for the night?" the blonde asked.

Sky gave the brown head another little scratch. "Oh yeah. We should probably move her to bed." Blue eyes looked up. "She does have one, doesn't she?"

"Brand new and waiting. Any idea yet what you're going to name her?"

Sky gently scooped up the snoozing puppy and got to her feet. "I need to watch her for a few days, see what her personality is like. But it won't be anything to do with chocolate; I'd like to be

a little more original than that." She kissed the puppy's head once again. "But it will be something special."

The three crossed the house to the mud room, where absorbent pads covered the floor and a small, soft bed sat in the corner. A few toys, already showing chew marks, were scattered about as well. The unnamed animal stirred as she was placed in her bed, but soon settled back to sleep after a few more loving strokes. Sky softly tiptoed from the small room and closed the gate behind her. She watched just a few more seconds before stepping away with Kyra cuddled into her side. The blonde assured the new mom that she followed the recommendations of the breeder to provide comfort for the suddenly lonely pooch.

The couple leisurely made their way back to the sunroom where Sky had another bite or two of her cake. She fed the same to her lover then turned the music back on. Sky turned and smiled sexily at Kyra. Silently she took her lovely partner into her arms and began moving. They weren't really dancing, just holding one another, reveling in the warmth of their love.

When the music ended, Kyra began a series of kisses, destined to set her lover ablaze. And that is exactly what she intended. Kyra began undoing buttons as the sizzling blitz continued. Only when a hand curled around her waist and caressed the smooth skin on her back, did Sky realize what was happening. She opened her reddened lips to speak. But Kyra beat her to it. "Please don't ask me if I'm sure. I've missed this so much, touching you...you touching me. We need to make love now. I want you."

"And I've missed it just as much," Sky assured. "There is nothing I want more right now than to make love to you." She lightly ran her hand along Kyra's right arm, silently expressing her concern.

Kyra nodded. "We will have to accommodate my slight immobility." She smiled. "But I happen to know that you are very creative at this."

Sky took the compliment very well. "I'll have to come up with something extra special for an extra special night."

Turning out the lights, they slowly made their way up to the bedroom. They undressed each other with thoughtfulness and gentleness. Sky slipped the loose shirt from her companion's body, but never removed her gaze from the jade eyes. She trailed her fingertips across her lover's belly to the slightly ticklish ribs, then up over the lovely pair of breasts. The blonde's skin was pale from lack of sun, but the feel of satin greeted her tender touch.

"I have more scars," Kyra announced, with a sad tone.

"Sweetheart, you know whenever I look at you I only see beautiful perfection." A shade of embarrassment still lingered and Kyra shied away. Sky quickly reclaimed her attention. "Don't worry about what you see in the mirror. Believe what you see in my eyes."

Those sparkling eyes penetrated her soul, filling it to overflowing with love. Kyra finally smiled.

She reached up, cradled Sky's cheek and stared deeply into those eyes for a long time before guiding their lips together. They teased and tasted as they climbed into bed. The kisses slowly deepened and Sky carefully lowered her weight onto her lover. Gently, they rediscovered the physical passion that had been missing in the previous, difficult weeks. The passion in their hearts had never diminished. And never would.

Kyra drifted to sleep soon after the last kiss, wrapped safely in the arms of her savior.

\* \* \*

The next morning, Kyra awoke to find herself alone. That was unusual unless Sky told her the night before that she would have to leave early. She didn't hear the shower running or music coming from downstairs. But somehow she knew that her lover was nearby. That always made her feel special. Kyra lay there in the silence, reflecting on her life. She suddenly remembered an old classic. It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. Facing years in prison was almost the scariest thing she could ever imagine.

Losing Skylar was absolutely the scariest thing. But she didn't want to even imagine that.

Pain. She experimentally shifted, but moved the injured joint as little as possible. It was pretty stiff, but surprisingly, after the previous night's activities, the discomfort was minimal. Unfortunately, she knew that would change later, after her morning therapy.

Kyra caught sight of a slip of paper on the pillow beside her. The note, written with her lover's precise hand, read, "Good morning gorgeous. I woke up early and watched you sleep for a long time until the whimpers from our new little baby drew me downstairs. We'll be waiting for you. Love, Skylar. P.S. Looking forward to slipping into the shower with you."

Wrapping her nude body in a warm robe, Kyra made her way to the kitchen. A fresh pot of coffee was the only sign that Sky was around. A laugh outside the window got her attention. She walked over to the back door and smiled at the sight of Skylar, in her robe, on the ground playing tug of war with the puppy. The cocoa colored animal tugged on the piece of knotted rope that the big brunette had in her hand. When she finally got bored with the rope, the dog dove into the pile of toys on the ground beside Sky. The singer laughed so heartily she tumbled onto the ground and then puppy pounced on her. The tiny tail wagged so hard it threatened to send the pup air born.

Kyra couldn't tell which one was having more fun. "Have I lost you to another girl?" she asked with a smile.

Skylar flashed a grin and a wink of sapphire. "No other girl, human or otherwise could steal my affections for you." Sky smoothly rose to her feet, depositing her pet back among the scattered toys. She walked a few feet and kissed the chilly lips. "You will, however have to share my attention." On cue the baby canine bounced over to the couple and barked twice.

"I'll get this one," Kyra said. She lifted the light weight dog, cuddling her between them. "Did

you have a good playtime with Mommy?" she asked and listened for an answer. "She said yes. What was that?" Kyra listened again. She nodded. "You're right; me too." Kyra looked back at her giggling lover. "We're hungry. So get your lovely butt in the kitchen and make us breakfast." She put the dog back on the ground and put her good arm around the tall woman's waist, guiding her toward the house.

Skylar suddenly stopped. "The dog said I have a lovely butt."

"No, that was me." Kyra squeezed the mentioned body part and they both giggled.

The pup pranced in behind them and was soon chowing down on a yummy bowl of kibble. A while later, the humans were munching on bowls of warm cereal, doused in honey, nuts and fresh fruit.

\* \* \*

Sky was spending the entire day at home. After breakfast she helped Kyra with her physical therapy, and after that she had helped her clean up and shared some time in the soothing Jacuzzi. While soaking, Sky had asked about the doctor's report Kyra had evaded the night before.

"Dr. Callaway, the orthopedist, says things are healing all right, but he also thinks I'll need more surgery before I can regain full range of motion in my shoulder."

"By the sound of your voice that's something you don't want."

"Of course I want to be back to normal," Kyra protested, and then paused. "But no, I don't necessarily want to have another operation."

Skylar picked up a delicate foot and began a calming massage. "Why don't you get a second opinion," she suggested. "Maybe there's some other type of therapy that would help. He might not know everything."

Kyra huffed. "Probably wouldn't do any good." The massage felt wonderful, but the current subject was beginning to depress her.

Skylar switched to the other foot. She was failing in her duty to keep her partner happy, at least that's how she felt. Sky began formulating a plan to search for the best orthopedic surgeon in the country...or the world if necessary. The proverbial light bulb suddenly went off in her head. *I know I've recently heard about an orthopedic sur...* A big smile. "Remember when we met my piano teacher at my cousin's wedding last month?" Sky casually asked.

"Of course."

"Well, if you also remember, her partner is an orthopedic surgeon." That brought a lighter expression to the blonde's face. "I'll call Jackie this afternoon," Sky said as she moved her hand up Kyra's leg.

\* \* \*

Later that evening, the couple lay in bed, facing one another. Neither one was particularly sleepy; they were just having a nice quiet chat. The newest member of the family was sound asleep in the corner, snug in her warm bed. Skylar took a peek at her baby and grinned. The pup was practically on her back, her pink, pudgy belly on display. She was twitching in puppy dreams. Sky looked back to her companion and asked, "Why did you decide to get me a dog?"

"When we went to that luau in Hawaii, you were playing with that big dog."

"Rascal," Sky added. "He belonged to the couple who hosted the party."

The blonde nodded. "You had a lot of fun; I could tell. You needed something fun now. You've been so stressed lately." Kyra paused, almost uncertain about finishing her thoughts. But it was the truth. "She can keep you company when I'm in prison."

"Stop that!"

Kyra touched the distraught lips. "Shhh, you'll wake the dog."

"Then stop talking like that," Sky said in a more hushed tone. "You are not going to prison."

"Okay, okay; I'll try to remember that." There was more truth to be told. And it would be just as painful later, so she decided to forge ahead. "Well, then she can keep me company while you're away."

"Away?"

"Doing interviews, talk shows...on tour."

Sky took a moment to absorb what her lover was trying not to say. "But you'll be with me on tour." She sounded positive.

Kyra shook her head, sadly. "I don't think so honey. Even if I'm cleared...I can't work for you anymore." The star pulled back, looking like she was going to cry. "No, no," Kyra reassured, "don't do that now. I love you and I love working with **you**. But after what he did to me, I don't think I can face Bo everyday. Can you understand that?"

A tear did escape, but Sky nodded. "Yeah, I understand," she said, her voice slightly trembling. "It just feels like I'm taking one more thing away from you."

"But you're not."

"You get a thrill from being on stage," Sky said. "I know you do. And we have so much fun."

"It was exhilarating, being in front of the crowds. You gave me that experience and it's something I can never forget. Thank you for that. But we will still have fun together. We'll still write together. And we will still sing together, even if it just happens here...in our haven."

Sky finally managed a little smile. "You're right; we will." She reached over and softly kissed Kyra. "I love you." Sky reached back and turned off the light. In the dark, she vowed, "I'm doing everything I can to stop him and get him out of our lives."

"I know you are. But you have to be very careful Sky. I'm afraid of what he might do to you if you push him too far."

\* \* \*

Sky sat in her office at home, studying the list of evidence found at Kyra's apartment. The paper was wrinkled. There was a discoloration in one corner, probably due to a stray tear. She looked it over four times. But she had read it before at least thirty times. But she would read it a thousand if it would help her lover. Something poked at her brain about the list of items. There was a clue there, she just knew it. And even though Sky had it memorized, she read it one more time.

Finally, there it was...or wasn't.

*There's no perfume listed here, she thought. Bo said there was perfume in the box of stuff found at Kyra's. I remember because I told him she was allergic to it. It's possible he was mistaken; he knew that perfume was used on the stalker's last delivery.*

But there was something else too. Something that had nothing to do with the evidence. It was something...someone had said. Something that...

*"She's crazy! She belongs in that swanky nuthouse, right next to your mother and her sister."*

"That bastard!" She was suddenly thankful she had closed the door. "The only way he could have known Kyra had a sister and that we took her to Silver Lake... That son of a bitch had us followed. He knows we're lovers. He framed Kyra and then shot her to get her out of my life." Sky's heart was racing. In seconds she was nearly hyperventilating. She had to calm down and think clearly. But she needed to hit something. Wisely, Sky chose a soft pillow, picturing his slimy face among the stripes. Kicking the stuffed accessory for good measure, Sky walked to the window and stared off across the California canyon. She crossed her arms in front of her and continued her musings. "And since that hasn't happened, he might just be planning another way. If Kyra is found innocent, I'm sure he'll plan something else to get rid of her. Okay, I have to be careful not to tip him off before I can find the proof. Maybe I shouldn't even tell the lawyers or the private investigators...until I can think of a plan anyway." She was anxious about the possible evidence she may have discovered, but she had decided not to tell Kyra, until she was certain it could clear her.

That night, Sky, Kyra, Mary and Barton had a nice family meal together. It would be their last for a while. Kyra's grandparents had decided to return home until the trial started. Their

granddaughter was healing well and they were certain they were leaving her in good hands.

"My plane will take you back to San Diego anytime you're ready. But may I suggest a side trip up to Silver Lake to visit Jilly."

"Oh, you have to Grandma," Kyra said, excitedly. "Wait until you see the change in her."

"Yes, I can tell a difference just talking to her on the phone," Mary said. "Thank you Skylar. We will accept your generous offer."

After the older couple had slipped off to bed, Sky and Kyra went into the sunroom to play with the puppy. "Have you decided on a name for her yet?" Kyra asked as the brown baby mischievously chewed on her fingers.

"Yes I have. What do you think of Makana?"

"Makana?" Kyra grinned. "That wouldn't be Hawaiian by any chance?"

Sky chuckled. "Why yes, yes it is. It means gift. And that's what she is. After what you told me the other night I thought it was appropriate."

"Very."

Skylar leaned over and nibbled her lover's lips. "I have some very fond memories of Hawaii and the night of the luau in particular."

\* \* \*

By the next morning, after a sleepless night and lot of thinking, Sky figured that her best bet was to secretly obtain Bo's thumb print and get it to the police. Then they would have probable cause to further investigate him.

For the next week, Sky tried to make face to face appointments with her manager, but he always had convenient, but sensible excuses. She wasn't going to second guess his actions. It didn't necessarily mean he was aware of her suspicions. But Sky decided to be extra cautious.

It was mid week when Bo called Skylar and requested a meeting at her studio office. Sky laid out several objects around the room, hoping to entice her manager to touch at least one.

A little after two o'clock Bo strode into the room...without knocking of course. He addressed her with one simple word as he eased into the burgundy leather chair opposite her desk. "Cash."

Her blues eyes stealthily scanned his hands as she pretended to work at her computer. "What's with the gloves?" she asked casually.

He flexed a leather covered fist, flaunting the black cover. "They go with my brand new sports

car," he boasted and flashed her a sly wink. "Thanks." He removed the left glove, but kept it clutched tightly in his hand as they discussed business. Sky kept a surreptitious, blue eyeball on his digits as he sat in front of her rattling on. *Touch the damn leather chair!* The thought shouted inside her head again and again. But his bare hand always came to rest on his leg. She offered him a drink. He cracked the lid on the bottle of water with his uncovered hand then slipped the white lid into his jacket pocket. Over the next fifteen minutes he downed the liquid and tossed the empty bottle in the trash, never having touched it with bare skin. His guilt was still safe.

As soon as he left, Skylar slammed her hand on the desk. She was getting so desperate that she momentarily considered breaking into his house... or his new car. But Sky soon remembered him telling her about a high tech security system he had installed. And with a brand new, expensive car, he was sure to have done the same.

Kyra's first court appearance was approaching fast. Sky debated if she should at least tell the lawyer, to see if he could do anything with her suspicions. But Sky had one more idea to try and get the fingerprint. If that didn't work, the lawyers would still have adequate time to use the information to plan a defense.

She was also preparing for the arrival of her friend from back home. Jackie Harper, her first piano teacher was coming to L.A. with her family. Specifically, Jackie's partner, the orthopedic surgeon was coming to examine Kyra and advise her on further treatments of her injury. Two of the guest bedrooms had been spruced up under Kyra's direction. Sky had several things planned to entertain their teenaged daughter, Ashley during the week long stay.

And the quest for the fingerprint continued.

And the story is to be continued, next time.

**Colleen's Scrolls**  
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## ~ Two Part Harmony ~

by Colleen

This is an alternate uber story. The physical descriptions of the two lead characters may remind you of two others we all know and love, but all characters in the story are from my own imagination. This story is an original work and is copyrighted by the author. It cannot be sold or used for profit in any way. Copyright 2007.

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There are a few bad words and some violence.

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## Chapter 15

Skylar woke up on Saturday morning in great spirits, even though she hadn't gotten a lot of sleep the night before. She couldn't wipe the smile from her face. And there were several good reasons for that. First and foremost was why she was somewhat sleep deprived. She had been a voracious lover, taking Kyra to a sexual peak over and over, resting momentarily then starting again. And Kyra happily gave as good as she got, finally feeling free for the first time in weeks. That was due to reason number two.

On Friday morning, Sky had finally gotten Bo's elusive fingerprint. It was a brilliant maneuver, if she did think so herself. Sky had grabbed Bo by the greed.

*The scowling manager walked into Sky's office at the studio. "What do you want Cash?" he asked gruffly.*

*Sky quickly spied his **bare** hands. 'Finally', she thought. "Here," she said plainly as she thrust the rectangular sheet of paper in his direction.*

*It looked like a check, but he was slightly suspicious. "What is it?"*

*Her dark brows rose high on her head. "What is it?" she repeated. "Don't you want your pay?"*

*"It's not the first of the month yet."*

*"I'm going to be away visiting my family then." Skylar started to pull back the check. "If you want to wait an extra week that's fine with me."*

*"No, no!" Bo frantically grabbed the check and Sky held on a little too tightly causing the paper to tear in two.*

*"Good going Bobo. Give it here," she said of the half he still clutched between his greedy fingers. He handed it over without hesitation and she tossed both pieces into the small trash can behind her desk. "I've said it a hundred times Bobo, but you are a real piece of work."*

*"Cut the commentary and just write me a new check."*

*Sky sat down and slowly scribbled out the document, thinking as she did. "It can't have been that easy. His thumb print is on that paper in the trash, but..." She glanced up to find him practically*

*salivating over his added wealth, and obviously not considering the evidence he left behind. "When it comes to money, maybe it is."*

With that paper and the print now safely in the hands of the police, Sky had every reason to smile.

\* \* \*

They had guests arriving later in the afternoon. Sky's music mentor, Jackie Harper, her partner Dr. Lily Battman and their daughter Ashley were visiting L.A. for the first time. The doctor was going to examine and evaluate Kyra's injury and her recovery options.

After breakfast, Kyra had gone into the sunroom to call her grandparents, but had decided not to tell them the news until the police officially dropped the charges against her. She also phoned her sister, but much to her surprise, Jilly was unavailable because she was on a field trip to a museum. The change in her sister's personality was remarkable; her fits of anger almost non-existent since moving to Silver Lake. With her pal's help, the young woman had been dealing with disappointments in a much calmer manner. Kyra smiled, silently thanking her lover again.

After the phone calls, she grabbed the book she was in the middle of reading and settled back into her comfortable chair. But only a few pages were turned before the jade eyes slipped shut.

Thirty minutes later, Sky walked into the room, ready to ask her lover if she wanted to play a trivia game. The sight of the snoozing blonde expanded her ever present happy face. Skylar slipped a throw over her legs and kissed her head before leaving Kyra to her nap. The singer wasn't quite sure what to do next though. The two females in her life were both sleeping and it was too early to start cooking for the dinner party. Sky finally grabbed the book Kyra had been reading, walked to the kitchen to get a couple of cookies, and went into the den to her favorite chair.

Just twenty minutes had passed when the doorbell rang, an odd occurrence since nobody could get passed the locked gate, except her most trusted acquaintances. But then she remembered that Kyra had ordered flowers for their dinner table and their guest's bedrooms. She figured Jodi would have allowed their entry through the gate. Sky opened the door, instantly restraining her surprise and trepidation. "Bo, what are you doing here? How did you get in the gate?" She glanced passed his shoulder. "Where is Jodi?"

He crooked a slimy smile at her. "Do you honestly think I was going to let one little woman stop me from getting something I want?"

"Where is she?" Sky demanded.

He nodded back over his shoulder without taking his eyes off his client. "She's taking a little nap; she'll be fine. Aren't you going to let me in?"

*Taking a nap. What exactly does that mean?* He didn't seem particularly angry, but she was

desperate to keep him away from Kyra. "Why don't we go somewhere else and talk?" she suggested as casually as possible.

Bo held her gaze, his usual intimidating demeanor as strong as ever. "We can...talk just fine right here." He took a single stride forward and slowly reached behind him. "In fact..." With a move of his arm, Sky was suddenly staring at the same gun that had put a bullet into Kyra's body. "I insist," he said. Bo flicked the black barrel, telling her to move further back inside the house.

Skylar took a few steps back, not taking her eyes off him. She laughed nervously. "What's that for?"

"You can drop the act Cash. I have an acquaintance at the police department and he tipped me off about your little fingerprint gathering. So you think you know it all, right?"

*Might as well be truthful now, she thought. Maybe I can push him into taking me somewhere...anywhere, but here.* "Obviously, I do," she said, "or you wouldn't be threatening me with that gun. Why don't you just take off Bo? You've got plenty of my money to help you get lost." *Just leave before Kyra wakes up. Please God, I don't care about myself, just protect Kyra.*

His dark eyes suddenly flashed. "But that's the problem; I don't have nearly as much money as I want." He leveled the weapon at her head. "You've ruined everything for me Ramsey. So now I have to ruin everything for you."

"Look Bo, you just framed Kyra; you've already been cleared in the shooting. If you just go away and leave us alone, we won't press charges."

He chuckled heartily. "It won't be that simple Ramsey. So you think you have it all figured out huh? But you're not that smart. You see I was also your stalker." He noted the shocked expression. "Oh I don't give a damn about you," he assured, "other than your money that is. Framing that little blonde bitch was just the last part of the plan." Feeling confident with his show of power, Bo worked his way over to a chair and had a seat. "When you first hired her," he continued, "I saw the spark in your eye. I figured you wouldn't be able to...if you were a man I'd say keep it in your pants. But maybe in this case I should say you weren't able to keep it in the nightstand drawer." He smiled at his own perceived wit. "I needed an ace up my sleeve to get rid of her. It got you some sympathetic publicity too."

"You really are a slimy bastard. Just what are you getting at?"

He tipped his dark head in thought. "I was wrong; framing her was not the last part of the plan. Shooting her was." Bo chuckled. "That was so sweet. I'm sure you remember the way she dropped like a stone. Thud." He paused, watching the rage flash across her features, her jaw flexing and her eyes narrowing. *It is so easy to push your buttons Ramsey, Bo thought. And so damn much fun doing it.* "If she didn't die, I thought at least it would have scared her off. I know you want to see me pay for that. That's why you won't just let me walk away."

"You're damn right we're not gonna let you walk away."

Bo jumped up and two dark heads turned as the duo suddenly became a trio. Despite the gun now aimed at him, Bo laughed. "I was wondering when you would show your...pretty little head, Ms. McCall."

Kyra had been awakened by the door bell. After hearing just a few words she slipped quietly into Sky's office and got the gun kept in the desk drawer. Holding it with confidence...she hoped he wouldn't remember that she was right handed...Kyra had joined them, determined to protect her lover.

She moved slowly to Skylar's side, never taking her eyes off the bastard in black. "You've nearly ruined Sky's world, you monster. She can't live or love without worrying about what you might do. Skylar Ramsey is the strongest person I've ever known, but you are destroying her. She deserves to be free. I won't let you hurt her anymore."

"Wow, I feel a tear coming on," Bo sobbed. "Whoops, I was wrong. Those are awfully powerful words from such a puny little nuisance."

"A nuisance with a big enough gun to put a hole through you." A hand landed on Kyra's shoulder, but didn't disrupt her concentration.

"Don't waste your breath on him, Kyra. He doesn't have a heart...or a soul." Sky leaned close, her voice just above a whisper. "You can't kill him."

"I will if I have to."

"Don't do it sweetheart. I don't want that on your conscience. He's not worth it. I'll make sure he goes to prison for the crimes he's committed."

"But he's got a gun," Kyra whispered. She didn't take her eyes off her enemy for a split second. "I can't let him hurt you. Don't ask me to just give up."

"I hope you're saying your goodbyes ladies. Your time together is almost up. How did you put it Cash, lording my power. Wonder what I could make you do now."

"Shut up Bo! I know you think she won't pull that trigger, but you heard her conviction. Do you really want to die, because she will..."

Suddenly, a few squeaky barks broke the tension.

"What the hell!" Bo turned his whole body as the little brown puppy bound into the room, sliding across the smooth floor as she spied her playmates. From the corner of his eye, Bo saw the next movement. Whipping his gun back around, he pulled the trigger. Sky reached for the gun in her lover's hand as she felt a searing pain across her hip. She fell to the ground. Kyra panicked and squeezed the trigger of her gun. Bo's knees buckled as the pain exploded and he fell forward. He

lost his grip on the gun and it went gliding across the floor. It had all happened nearly simultaneously. A bit shocked that she had actually put a bullet into someone's flesh, Kyra momentarily blanked out. But the voice she knew drew her back.

"Kyra? Kyra?" The glassy green eyes finally found Skylar's. "Kyra, go kick his gun further away...but don't touch it."

With robotic movements, Kyra walked over and sent the weapon sailing under a chair. After it was done she retraced her steps. Only when she saw the red stain on her lover's pant leg did she finally show some emotion. "Oh my god; you're hurt! I've got to call an ambulance...where's the damn phone?" She scrambled around, flipping sofa cushions.

"Kyra? Kyra, slow down; it's okay." Sky grabbed her hand. "Honey, it's just a scrape. I'm okay."

Saucer sized green eyes scanned Skylar's face. "Are you sure?"

"I promise."

"She shot me in the ass!" Bo grumbled from his prone position on the floor a few feet away.

"Yeah?" Sky scoffed, "I hope there's not too much brain damage. But you'll have a nice scar to show all your new boyfriends in prison."

"I ain't going to prison bitch!"

Kyra scooped up the dog to calm her down after Sky took the phone and punched 911. "Now don't be bitter, Bobo. You know what they say, do the crime..."

"Shut up Cash! Just call that damn ambulance; I need some drugs. This hurts like a son of a bitch."

Kyra stood beside the fallen singer, almost in a daze as the dog licked her face. A hand caressed her leg, finally getting her attention. She looked down into the dark blue eyes and dropped to her knees. "Are you really all right?"

One of those beautiful eyes winked. "I'll be fine." Skylar cupped her partner's wet cheek.

"Everything will be okay now." Kyra smiled and leaned in to kiss her.

"Oh please," Bo spat, "This pain in the butt's bad enough; don't make me throw up."

"Ignore him," Sky said. "He will never hurt us again."

The blonde head nodded. Her eyes drifted down to the red spreading over Sky's leg. "I'm going to get you a towel." Kyra's voice was still sullen and weak.

Skylar was very worried about her lover, but she had faith in Kyra's strength to overcome this

final chapter of terror. The dark haired singer grimaced. Although she didn't think her injury was serious, it was painful. But she didn't want Kyra to know that. Sky kept a watchful eye on her wounded enemy and clutched the gun tight in her hand, just in case Bo tried to make a threatening move. So far all he had done was moan and complain. "Well Bobo, looks like you got taken down by one...brave woman."

"Don't boast Ramsey. I thought you weren't egotistical."

"I'm not talking about me. Kyra is the hero here."

"I'll have a good laugh at that when the pain stops. Your little whore got lucky." Bo looked her way and smirked. "And thanks for pointing that out Cash. At least I can spend my time plotting my revenge."

*Like hell you will. Kyra's been through enough.* Sky was just about to raise her gun when Kyra rushed back into the room. She handed her lover a towel, which Sky applied to her wounded hip. "I put Makana in the laundry room so she doesn't get in the way," Kyra explained.

"Good idea Hon." Sky said, without taking her eyes off Bo.

The sirens came closer, finally winding down at the front door. Detective Burns came into the house first, with his weapon at the ready. After a quick assessment of the scene, he allowed the paramedics to enter and begin treating the victims. Burns had his officers collecting evidence as Skylar and Kyra explained what had gone down. Bo was quickly tended to and handcuffed to the gurney, and he was soon being escorted to the hospital by a police officer. A second ambulance arrived and Skylar was temporarily patched up and off to the hospital as well. Jodi had stumbled into the house, cursing Bo for attacking her with a stun gun and tying her up. Another charge to be leveled against him. The bodyguard was urged to go to the ER and since she was sharing the ambulance with Sky, there was no room for Kyra. Sky once again called upon Gable for help, which the backup singer was glad to provide.

\* \* \*

Skylar was treated and released from the hospital hours later. She insisted on leaving as soon as possible, knowing that the swarm of reporters would descend as soon as the first whisper of her injury was released. Stitched up, on crutches and with a pocketful of pain pills, Skylar Ramsey was secretly escorted to Gable's car and whisked away.

\* \* \*

From the emergency room, Skylar had arranged for her arriving guests to be picked up from the airport and escorted to Gable's house, since hers was now a crime scene. Although the police said they would probably release her house the next day.

Makana had also been transferred to the Roberts house and was currently playing with the teenager, Ashley and Gable's husband Josh. The big man was on the floor and the little dog was

trying her best to scale her new mountainous playmate. The walking wounded entered the familiar house, relieved to hear the sound of laughter after the traumatic day.

Jackie Harper immediately jumped to her feet and gingerly hugged her friend. "Are you okay?" she asked quietly.

Skylar locked eyes with Kyra. "We're getting there."

"Finally," the backup singer whispered.

They shared a smile and Skylar returned her attention to her old friend. "I'm so sorry that your visit had to begin with such turmoil."

"Don't you worry about that," Jackie assured, "we just want you both to be healthy and happy."

"And speaking of healthy..." Jackie's partner Dr. Lily Battman joined the group, wearing her professional, but compassionate face. "If you don't mind my asking, what did the doctor say about your injury?"

Sky tried to hide her obvious discomfort as she shifted her stance. "The damage was mostly muscular, but the bullet did slightly graze the bone."

"You need to be off that leg and apply a cold pack."

"I already set up the guest room for you two," Josh said.

Skylar was aware of the rather small size of Gable and Josh's house. "But what about about...?"

"Don't worry about us," Jackie assured. "Your friends have provided some lovely accommodations in the lower level."

"The basement?" Sky interjected.

"Which we have recently finished, including a new guest suite," Gable informed her boss. "You two have a good rest. We will continue to entertain your guests. And I'll let you know when dinner is ready."

Gable helped them settle into their room. "Is there anything else you need right now?" she asked.

Skylar eased herself onto the soft bed with just a slight hiss of pain. "Yeah," she answered, "you can tell me why you didn't mention remodeling your basement. I'm interested in things like that."

Gable laughed. "I know you are boss." She turned decidedly more somber. "But you haven't exactly been in a place for idle chit chat lately."

Skylar nodded somberly. "I guess not. Sorry about that."

"Hey, don't be sorry. Your friends understand how hard this has been. I understand even more because I know how personal it is for both of you."

Kyra reached out and took Gable's hand. "You have been such a good friend," she said. "We can never thank you enough."

The little red head smiled reassuringly. "You just did. Now get some rest."

"We will. But first, about that basement." Sky was trying to get some semblance of normalcy back into her life. And getting back in touch with her friends was the first step.

Gable laughed again. "Okay, you dragged it out of me. Josh and I have decided to start a family."

"That's wonderful," Kyra said happily.

"A baby to spoil," Sky added with a smile.

"Well, I'm not pregnant yet, at least I don't think so. Anyway, I didn't want Josh to lose his den. So with this room becoming a nursery we decided to move the guest room downstairs. Now, if you don't mind my saying, you both look like you are about ready to collapse. So I'll see you later."

Both women were flat on their backs in no time, their last bit of physical energy drained. But two brains were still busy. Neither said anything for a long time as they stared at the ceiling in the dim room. Finally, Skylar reached over and linked their fingers together. "It's gonna be okay now baby. I promise."

Kyra turned to look at her lover. "I know. I always knew you'd make it right...even when I was the most scared."

The last thing Skylar wanted to do was remind Kyra that she was the one who had ended the stand off...that she was the one who had shot Bo. So she quietly accepted her lover's praise. And with a kiss, they both drifted off to a calm sleep. Although new nightmares were soon to take hold.

\* \* \*

Two nights later, back in her own bed, Skylar moaned as the terrifying visions played out in her mind. The blue eyes trembled violently behind closed lids. In the dream, she stood directly between the two of them as she struggled helplessly to plead with Kyra and Bo to put down their deadly weapons. Her mouth screamed out the words, but her voice was silent. It continued on as Bo and Kyra shouted insults and obscenities, the rage and hatred finally reaching a zenith when both simultaneously pulled the triggers on their guns. The bullets left the barrels in super slow motion. Skylar looked back and forth in horror as the lead projectiles traveled the straight line, passing harmlessly through her body and then returning to normal speed as they slammed

directly into two hearts. Bo completely faded from the scene, but Skylar felt her lover's pain in her own heart and she was brought to her knees as she once again watched Kyra's body become covered in blood. Her lover had just taken a life and lost her own at the same instant. The blonde took her last breath before Skylar was wrenched awake to face the eerie darkness of her bedroom.

Kyra stood frozen in place, pointing her gun at Bo's head. Not a sound reached her ears, even though she could see his mouth screaming at her. His face was red with rage as he was about to shoot Skylar. His finger moved and she squeezed the trigger. She kept firing, long after he stopped moving. From the corner of her eye, Kyra saw Skylar move away, a look of disgust on her face. Kyra finally dropped the gun and watched in fear as Skylar finally turned and walked away... forever.

"Skylar, no! Skylar please come back! I'm sorry I killed him. Please don't leave me!" Kyra screamed aloud, still held tightly in the clutches of the nightmare.

Skylar gathered her lover close, whispering soothing words in her ear, finally calming her after many long minutes. They slept soundly the rest of the night, wrapped in each others love. But the next morning, Kyra rebuffed her partner's concern, claiming not to even remember the dream. Skylar didn't push the issue. All she did was to reassure Kyra of her love and of her commitment to their future together. But she also knew there was more to Kyra's troubles.

\* \* \*

Skylar turned off the light and left her music room. *I guess Kyra isn't really interested in making music after all*, she thought to herself. After breakfast, they had made a date to do some songwriting. Something normal. Something fun. But Sky had sat at her piano, waiting for over an hour. A few impromptu melodies drifted from her fingers, but something was missing. Her heart just wasn't in it. So she went in search of her heart.

The pool had just been cleaned in preparation for the warming weather. The blue water shimmered under the soft touch of the spring breeze. The mesmerizing movement held the gaze of a pair of jade colored eyes with its hypnotic effect. The little brown dog was sleeping in Kyra's lap as she sat looking outside. The protective pup had sensed the difference in her light haired friend and had stayed close. The two legged one sighed heavily, voicing the troubles weighing on her mind. Her hand stroked the soft head, drawing some amount of comfort.

Skylar leaned against the door frame between the kitchen and the sun room, studying her lover's pensive posture. She knew exactly what was on Kyra's mind. The dreams that had been plaguing the blonde's sleep had told Skylar everything she needed to know. The tall singer softly walked across the room, stopping behind her beloved. Sky placed a gentle kiss on the golden head, but spoke not a word. She eased the tired muscles with a light massage, careful of the tender injury. Sky then leaned down next to a pink ear and whispered the only words necessary for the moment. "I love you."

Kyra managed a smile as she looked up. Their lips met once and once again. Skylar moved into

the seat next to Kyra, but still didn't approach the subject on both of their minds. She had decided to wait until Kyra was ready to talk about it. And she knew the time was getting close. Skylar patted the snoozing pup and began humming. It was actually a lullaby. Kyra absently joined in the soothing melody. But she suddenly stopped.

"Oh, no; we were supposed to work on some songs, weren't we?" she asked, her voice heavy with guilt.

Skylar moved her hand to stroke Kyra's arm. "Don't worry about it honey. We've got all the time in the world."

They sat again in silence staring at the calm picture outside the door.

A strangled whisper finally left Kyra's lips. "I nearly killed someone."

"But you didn't"

"I wanted too," Kyra's shamed voice admitted.

"But you didn't," Skylar repeated.

"But I would have...for you."

"I know. I know. But now you understand why I didn't want you to do it. It's already troubling you this much. I didn't want your soul to suffer...like my Mom's has." She could still see her lover's doubt. "Honey, you wanted to stop him and in that moment that was the only way to do it."

"But I remember the red hot anger and hatred that pulsed through me as I watched him point that gun at you. I wanted him dead. Am I a bad person?"

"No, of course not. After everything he has done, as much as we want him to pay...do you want to see him dead now."

Kyra glanced away, not sure if she felt good or guilty for what she was about to say. "No."

Skylar guided the hidden eyes back in her direction. "Neither do I," she confessed. *Although there were times when I did.* "But I would if he ever tried to hurt you again. Would that make me a bad person?"

The blonde head shook adamantly. "No. You'd just be..."

"...protecting you." Skylar gave Kyra her special smile. "Sweetheart, what you did took a great amount of courage, not cowardice." She paused as a thought struck her. "You are so much like my mother. You both are so kind and gentle spirited. But you love and protect so fiercely. I love who you are and I don't ever want you to change the things that make you so special. But I also

want you to know the **nothing** will ever change my love for you."

\* \* \*

Later that evening, Kyra and Skylar had a long telephone conversation with Kyra's grandparents, promising to visit soon. They also had a good talk with Jillian, hearing all about her latest adventure. The genuine smile that Kyra exhibited while speaking with her family, warmed Sky's heart, like the sun after a storm. Skylar called her Aunt and Uncle, wanting them to know that she loved them and how much she appreciated their presence in her life. Of course it led her to think about her beloved mother.

Family.

Skylar was proud of all her family, as small a group as they were. But joining with Kyra had had the added benefit of extending their band of relatives. They both knew they were very blessed. Family meant everything to Skylar. And she dreamed of the day when she and Kyra would add to their family with children.

Continued...

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by Colleen

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## Chapter 16

Almost two weeks had gone by since the confrontation with Bo. Life was settling down into something nearly normal. Their guests, Jackie, her partner Lily and their daughter Ashley were still visiting, but due to her limited mobility, Skylar feared she was not being as good a host as she had wanted. She offered free passes, tickets and transportation, but was often unable to join her friends as they toured L.A.'s best attractions.

Dr. Lily Battman had examined Kyra and ordered a series of new x-rays. After studying the results, she did recommend surgery after all, but a minimally invasive arthroscopic procedure, with a much easier healing period. And with a new therapy plan, she assured Kyra of a much better chance to regain normal use of her injured limb. This new information made Kyra very happy.

\* \* \*

With Jackie and her family at Disneyland for the weekend, Skylar and Kyra were enjoying a beautiful, warm day alone. They were relaxing outside on the patio, overlooking the calm California hills, although Sky still claimed they couldn't compare to her cherished Rockies. Makana played around in the yard as they watched and laughed. While they always tried to push it to the back of their minds, the ordeal with Bo was far from over. There was still to be a trial, where their names and images were sure to be plastered on TV and computer screen across the world.

In the middle of making plans for dinner, a call came in. Sky picked up her cell. "Hello." Within seconds her face tightened in anger, frustration...fear. Kyra couldn't really tell. The singer spoke very few words, the caller carrying the bulk of the conversation. Sky finally closed both eyes and shook her head broodingly. "I'll think about it," she finally mumbled. Tossing the phone aside, Sky flopped back into her chair.

"Who was that Honey?" Kyra asked.

Skylar blew out a slightly painful breath and slowly removed her sunglasses. "My lawyer," she answered, then looked her lover in the eye. "There won't be a trial for Bo."

"Why?" Kyra asked, alarmed.

"He plea bargained. He pleaded guilty to the lesser charges and they dropped the attempted murder."

"But how can they do that!? After what he did to you, he needs to be in prison!" Hearing her human's raised voice, Makana came trotting over. Kyra scooped her up, a task that getting harder by the day, cuddling her close, hoping to calm them both down.

Skylar reached over and rubbed the pup's head. "Sweetheart," she said to Kyra, "he hurt both of us and we do deserve justice. And we will get some at least. He is going to prison for five years...but he could be out on parole in two and a half."

"Five years! A measly five years after what he did to you."

Sky smiled inwardly at how her unselfish partner always removed herself from the situation. "Honey, please calm down. Let's not devote any more unpleasant energy to him. If he tries anything in the future, we will deal with it then." Her face then slid into a loving grin and her hand drifted up to caress Kyra's cheek.

The grin was infectious. "I guess you're right." Kyra inhaled a deep, calming breath. "It's over then." The smile suddenly faded from the brunette's face and her gaze dropped away. "What is it?" Kyra asked.

"He wants to see me."

"Who...you mean Bo?"

"Yeah."

"That's ridiculous. He just wants to torment you. Wait, that's what you meant when you said you'd think about it."

Sky nodded, but she couldn't meet the questioning green eyes.

Kyra could see that the possibility was weighing heavily on her lover's mind. And yelling at her certainly wasn't going to help either one of them. "Why would you want put yourself through that again Honey?" she asked quietly.

"He might want to tell me something about my career. Who knows what he may have done."

"And you think whatever he wants to say to you would be the truth."

"I don't know." Sky raised her eyes. "But at least I could...investigate."

Kyra linked their fingers. "Whatever you want Sky. I'm here for you all the way."

\* \* \*

Skylar walked into the small room at the county jail. She had left her cane behind and did her best to hide the reaming limp. Her facial expression stayed neutral as her eyes met his and she eased herself into the hard chair. Bo's eyes dropped to the scarred table top and Sky spared a quick glance around the depressing room. A solitary armed officer stood in the corner, seemingly minding his own business. But Sky knew he would react in an instant if Bo made any threatening moves. Even though she didn't expect that, Bo was more into mental torture, unless he was desperate. It still gave her a sense of safety.

With just a table's width between them, Skylar imagined that she could almost hear his heart beating. Was it beating faster in fear of where he would be spending the next years of his life?

Was it perfectly normal because he still believed, after everything, that he was innocent? She momentarily pushed aside the anger she felt toward him and studied his body language. His shoulders were slumped. Defeated? There was no smirk beneath his whiskers. Frustrated? His usual air of over confidence was certainly missing.

That gave her another bit of satisfaction.

Or maybe he was just a fantastic actor.

Their gazes met yet again. She was the first to speak. "Why? What I want to know is why you did all this? Was it just greed?"

"Plain and simple," he answered. They stared each other down for several more tense seconds before Bo sat back in his chair. "Let me tell you a story...my autobiography. When I was six months old, I was given up for adoption. Apparently, my father couldn't handle things after my mother died. Now I'm not going to tell you horror stories about moving from foster home to foster home, where I was neglected and abused. On the contrary I was adopted right away. I was the fifth, and thankfully the last of their children. They were a nice and attentive middle class family. But certainly not able to easily support five kids. Everything I ever had was used, second hand or handed down. Even birthday and Christmas presents came from thrift stores or garage sales. All of my clothes and toys were handed down...patched up pants, scratched up trucks...my oldest sister's pink bicycle. I got beaten up on the school playground for that one. When I turned eighteen, I had to work three jobs just so I could go to college part time. Just about then I swore that nothing used or old would ever come into my hands again. I decided that the only one I could count on was me, and I was going to have nothing, but the newest, biggest and best of everything."

"What a sad, sad story Mr. Bowers. I almost shed a tear...whoops I was wrong...must be the pain in my hip."

"Oh, I'm not finished yet," he said with a twitch. "I dated this girl whose father was a lawyer. He offered to try and find my biological father, and even though he had given me away, I wanted to know about him. I wanted to find out if I had any...other brothers or sisters somewhere. It turned out my father was dead, but I did have one older brother. But wouldn't you know, by then he was dead too. A little more digging and I discovered where he had lived. It was a nice little neighborhood...in Colorado." Sky trembled internally at the mention of her home state. And Bo knew it. He continued. "I talked to some of the neighbors to see if they could at least tell me about him. I found this gabby old lady on the corner, and over tea and cookies she told me how he had been married and had one daughter, apparently a very talented little girl. Unfortunately, he was murdered in a nasty...domestic...dispute." He pinned her cobalt eyes with his nearly black gaze. "You see, I was born with the last name of Anderson. I think you know the rest of the story."

Skylar's right hand unconsciously curled into a fist. For a second she feared the guard may have to restrain her from leaping over the table and punching his ugly face. But then it relaxed as the full meaning hit her in the gut, making her nearly sick. Her expression never wavered as she

struggled to push away the intense feeling. She took in a staggered breath. "You're even more pathetic than I thought."

He shrugged. "I knew being long lost Uncle Bo wasn't going to get me anything."

"It could have gotten you another family."

Bo leaned forward, resting his cuffed hands on the table between them. "Look where having a family got my brother."

Skylar decided not to waste her breath on the truth about her...father...Bo's brother. She just wanted to leave and go home to the one person in her world who could once and for all sooth her pains. Sky stood, but didn't say a thing. She wasn't sure what words would matter. She just adopted a miserable expression.

Bo studied her for a few heartbeats and then he took a breath and repeated. "The newest, biggest and best."

There was almost a sad undertone in his voice this time. She sure didn't know what to make of that. If she had even truly heard it. Maybe it was wishful thinking. Once again, Skylar looked around the small sterile room that would be about the size of Bo's future home. She spared another glance at the big, armed guard standing in the corner before returning to the prisoner's eyes. "And look where it got you." She flicked the heavy chain between his bound wrists. "Have a nice prison life...Uncle Bo."

\* \* \*

After leaving the jail, Skylar took a long drive up the coast. She had called and left a message for Kyra, glad that her partner hadn't answered the phone. Skylar wasn't ready to talk about her visit with Bo just yet. The rock in her stomach grew into a boulder, the more she thought about her newly discovered relationship with Bo Bowers. She had left the building telling herself it didn't matter; she hated him before she walked in there and heard his story, and she still hated him.

But somehow it was different.

Bloodlines.

Two men, two brothers, raised apart. But both became fiends. And Skylar had been the chosen victim of each monster.

Skylar pulled her car into a lot and into a space facing the western horizon. Pulling off her sunglasses, she leaned against the steering wheel, staring out over the water. It was mid-afternoon and the sun was high, beaming onto the ocean water like a beacon from the heavens. It was the perfect place to do some soul searching.

"What is it about me?" she asked out loud. "My father. My uncle. How could these people I'm supposed to love, who are supposed to love me, do the things they did?" A sail boat, off in the

distance, caught her attention as she pondered more thoughts. "My flesh and blood. My blood." She spoke the word once more, but as a haunted whisper. My blood." Skylar looked up and caught her reflection in the rear view mirror. A look of terror suddenly transformed her gaze. "What if it runs in the family?" she asked shakily. "What if I turn on someone I love?" Her heart started pounding against her ribs. An ache throbbled behind her temples, almost obscuring her vision. Her lungs nearly stopped taking in air as the panic and terror flooded her brain.

Kyra.

Kyra would undoubtedly become her...victim...if the disease that may lay dormant within her was to come alive. Skylar knew she couldn't let that happen. "No!" she told herself. "Stop it. No, I would never do that. I'm not like them." Skylar sat back and concentrated on slowing her erratic breathing and easing her heartbeat. After several minutes, she met her eyes again and spoke fiercely. "I am like my mother."

Determined to hold to that idea, Skylar got out of the car and removed her sandals. She trotted down the small dune, between the swaying grasses, and onto the beach. Her pace increased to a run across the warm sand until the strong surf slowed her progression. But she finally met the soothing ocean waters, walking out until it was hip deep. She scooped up the cool liquid and splashed her face, letting the waves wash away her guilt, her confusion, her fear and even her hate...for good.

Skylar finally moved back to the sand and sat down, letting the sun dry her clothes and skin. Down the beach, some children were playing and she watched their carefree actions with a smile. For a long moment her mind pictured Kyra, wearing a beautiful bathing suit, mindless of her scars, playing and laughing with other children...theirs. Skylar reached up and rubbed the ruby stone attached to her left ear. "Love. Devotion. Commitment. This is what I am." Only the sea air and the surf heard her pledge, but it was firmly implanted in her heart.

Skylar stood and started the journey home.

\* \* \*

She walked into the house and dropped her keys onto the side table. She raised a determined smile across her face as Kyra stepped into the room. Just one look and the small singer ran into her lover's arms. "I was so worried about you; are you okay?"

Sky continued the hug. "Didn't you get my message?"

Kyra pulled back, but not away. "Yes, but you didn't say much. Was there trouble with Bo; did he say something to upset you?" She paused as they started to walk toward the sofa. "Of course he did, look who we're talking about." She felt Skylar tense, but decided to let her lover talk in her own time.

"Oh, he had something to say alright." Sky said, as she sat Kyra down and pulled a chair up so she could face her partner. "He told me a story about his life."

Skylar recounted the dreadful tale as Kyra listened. Her reactions ranged from disgust to shock to finally pity for such a misguided human being. She took Sky's hand when the story was done. "I know this may be a silly question," she said, "but how do you feel about this; do you even believe him?"

"That's why I took the drive. And after a lot of thinking, I decided I don't care about it anymore. Like I told you before, I won't waste anymore time and energy on him...no matter who he is."

Kyra took a deep, relieved breath. "It's over then."

Skylar smiled. "Only the bad stuff." She leaned over and kissed her lover passionately. "The best has just begun."

## Epilogue

It was a gorgeous, early summer day in Colorado. Skylar's cabin and the surrounding grounds were bustling with activity. Tents had been erected for eating and dancing. Flowers covered nearly every flat surface and wall. It couldn't have been more beautiful. Skylar pushed the wheelchair down the aisle between two sections of seats. She positioned the chair in the honored, front row position and set the brake. Pulling another chair around, Skylar sat down and took a limp hand into hers. "I'm not sure if you understand what's going to happen here today Mom," she said gently. "I think you will...in some way. This day would never have happened without you, so I had to make sure you were a part of it. In just a little while, I'm going to marry the woman I love. Kyra has made me happier than I ever thought I could be, and I'm going to have a long and fulfilling life with her." Sky smiled. "In a few years you might even be a grandmother." There was no reaction from the silent woman. Skylar leaned forward and kissed her mother's cheek. "I love you Mom." Someone called Skylar away. "I'll be back in a minute," she told her. Skylar walked across the yard, never seeing the single tear that rolled down her mother's cheek. It was definitely a voiceless shout of happiness and pride.

The ceremony soon began, and as the music started, the small gathering of family and friends rose to their feet. Neither lady had a father to walk them down the traditional aisle, so Skylar and Kyra agreed to walk in from each side and meet at the altar. Both women wore an off white, silk ensemble of simple elegance, Kyra's in the form of a long, closely fitted dress and Skylar's a flowing pantsuit. Makana watched her mommies, sitting quietly on the end of her leash, thanks to her recent obedience training. Her head was often patted by the young woman holding her lead. Jillian was very excited to be given the responsibility and had promised to do a good job for her sister.

Skylar and Kyra arrived before the minister and came to stand in front of a small table with three empty vases, and under an arch of a variety of colored roses. Each woman carried a bouquet of roses of corresponding colors. Sky and Kyra handed each other a single red rose, an 'I Love You', which they placed in their respective containers. The audience looked on as the minister read a combination of traditional and original vows, and as Skylar and Kyra pronounced their intentions, the roses they carried came into play.

Skylar removed a lavender colored flower from her bunch. "I give this to you because I fell in love with you at first sight. And when I heard you sing, you took hold of my heart and I knew you would be there forever." She placed the flower in Kyra's crystal vase.

Kyra selected the yellow and red one from her hand. "This is for my best friend. Your friendship has helped me step out from under some insecurities and you have shown me life."

A deep burgundy bloom found its way into the blonde's glass vessel. Skylar said simply, but wonderfully, "This represents, but cannot match your incredible beauty."

"Thank you for the wondrous journey we are about to begin," Kyra said of the dark pink rose she next presented.

Skylar kissed the soft, pale pink petal, before placing it in her lover's vase. "Your gentleness and compassion continue to remind me of the best of humanity when the rest of the world gets a little crazy."

"To our perfect happiness." Kyra tucked a pink and white rose into the small cluster beside Skylar.

They each had only two flowers left. "Since we both chose an orange one," Skylar said, "and we both know what it signifies, I think it will be our little secret for now."

Skylar winked.

Kyra blushed.

The audience giggled.

Kyra placed her final flower, of snow white into the center vase. Instantly, it was joined by a fiery red one. Sklyar said, "The red..."

"And the white," Kyra added.

They spoke the last part together. "Come together in unity... forever."

Beneath the rainbow of roses, Kyra and Skylar sang to each other and then they were pronounced married. A kiss signified their beginning as a committed and loving couple.

They spent the rest of the day surrounded by family, smiling, laughing and wondering what the future would bring.

**Five years later**

Skylar sat on a small stool in the bathroom of her house, her fairly new house.

After the wedding, Skylar had taken almost a year off from the business. Partly to spend time with her new wife and partly to let the situation with Bo slip into the background. She had decided not to make a grand coming out statement to the world, but she definitely did not hide her relationship with Kyra either. When people found out, it just happened and they were left to their own reactions.

When Skylar did return to the recording studio and to touring, she was met with as much enthusiasm as ever. More awards and accolades came her way, but so did the exhaustion and frustration over the time away from her family. She soon came to realize that her career was not going to keep her from the most important things in her life. So just a few years after her first appearance in the music world, Skylar Ramsey went into semi-retirement. On her property in Colorado, she built a much larger house with an attached recording studio. There she continued to make music with Kyra, but she also worked with new talent, under her own music label. As with everything else, Skylar made a huge success of this new venture.

Skylar contemplated some new song lyrics, sitting on that stool, waiting for the allotted time to elapse.

"Look at this Mama," a small voice said from beneath a mound of bubbles.

Skylar glanced that way and laughed at her three and a half year old son. "It's Cody the snowman," she said, still smiling. "You've got five more minutes to play pal," she informed the soapy, young man.

He took full advantage of the time until his mom drained the tub and rinsed him off with the removable shower head hanging on the wall, in his own personal bathroom. It had made him feel very important to know that it belonged to him and him alone...for the time being anyway. Skylar wrapped a big, thick towel around his slight body and lifted him from the tub and onto the spongy bathmat, where she gently dried his skin. Putting on his robe and slippers, Cody stepped up on the little stool in front of the sink, where he, just a bit awkwardly, brushed his teeth. Skylar watched with a smile. She was very proud of her son and how far he had come since his traumatic birth and the troubled first few months of his life. But Cody was doing great now, and Skylar was determined that he would continue to have a happy, safe and healthy life. When the little boy was finished, he quickly shuffled, he knew he wasn't allowed to run indoors, to his very own bedroom and over to his dresser. His room was decorated with cowboys, horses and western teddy bears. He waited patiently until his mom pulled out a pair of heavy pajamas from the top drawer. Coincidentally, they were covered with images of rocking horses. Once dressed, she helped him climb into his small bed. "More story?" he asked hopefully.

Skylar smiled. She couldn't resist his big brown eyes. "A short one," she said. "Since you already conned me into letting you stay up half an hour passed your bedtime. And you need your sleep, because your friend Morgan is coming to visit tomorrow." Morgan Roberts was the four year old daughter of Gable and Josh Roberts. They now lived in a nearby town and visited often. The children had become fast friends.

"Is she gonna stay all day?" Cody asked excitedly.

"You bet," Sky said. Ruffling his blonde hair, Sky picked up the thick book of adventure tales and sat next to him on the bed. Cody followed along, listening to her melodic voice with rapt attention. Skylar herself got involved in the story, not noticing her sleeping son until she spoke the words, "The end." She put the book back on the shelf, where it was surrounded by more books and toys. After flipping on the nightlight, Skylar tucked the blanket around his shoulders, kissed his head and whispered, "Sweet dreams son." On her way out the door, Sky stopped to praise Makana. The big lab, always gentle with her small playmate, had taken it on herself to be night guardian as she slept in her bed, in the corner of Cody's room.

Skylar loved being a mother and everything it entailed, even cleaning up the bathroom after bath time. Although she was sure that particular elation would wear off in time.

After that enjoyable task was complete, she checked on her son one last time, again thinking, *I love being a mom*. Walking back down the hall, she stopped at the window and glanced at the original cabin out in back. The light in the small house went off and Sky nodded and smiled. "Night Mom," she said, even though the house's lone occupant wouldn't hear her.

Seeing her mother and her son settled in for the night, Skylar went in search of her wife. Bypassing the master bedroom, she stopped at the room just beyond. The door was slightly ajar and she stood there soaking in the love as she watched the scene inside. Kyra was in a chair by the window, rocking back and forth, speaking to the bundle in her arms. Skylar couldn't hear the words, but it didn't matter what was being said; the look on Kyra's face spoke volumes. Skylar stepped inside and her wife beamed a smile in her direction. Noticing the wiggling babe in her arms, Skylar observed, "Do we have a little night owl on our hands tonight?"

Cooper Ramsey turned his head to see his other mommy. But the chunky six-month old didn't relinquish the nipple that was firmly planted in his mouth. "I think we do," Kyra said, kissing her son's sparsely haired head. "Is Cody asleep?" she asked of her other son.

"Yep, one short story and he was out." Skylar cupped the baby's dark head as he continued eating.

Only after he had sucked down all of the formula, did the baby spit out the rubber nipple. Kyra sat the bottle aside and lifted him to her shoulder. "He's been kinda restless for the last few days," she said as she rubbed his back. "Do you think he's getting sick?" The worry in her voice was genuine.

Sky sat down beside the pair, feeling the baby's forehead. "I don't think he has a fever," she said. "And he hasn't really been cranky."

"Yeah," Kyra agreed. "He just hasn't slept much. He's probably just about to get a tooth coming in. Is his teething ring in the freezer?" Kyra didn't get an answer and she turned to find her wife just grinning at her. "What?"

"You are just an incredible mother. And I love you so much." Sky leaned over and kissed her soundly. The kiss only came to an end when she was smacked in the head by a small fist. "Now listen here little man," Sky said, kissing the hand that had hit her. "I get first dibs on your mommy."

His reply was a loud burp and a gummy grin.

Both women laughed and Skylar took her son into her arms, giving him a big hug. "I think our little Cooper here wants to be in the spotlight."

Kyra agreed. "A star in the making." They were only half joking. They intended to support their children in whatever they chose to pursue, but at the same time they would never push them into anything.

Skylar gently bounced the baby in her arms as she walked around the room and sang to him. After a few minutes, his dark eyes finally began to droop. After a few more minutes she settled him into his crib and placed the blanket around him. Kyra came to her side and they finished the last chorus of the song together. He snuggled in and finally fell asleep, soon to be dreaming about bottles and doggie kisses.

Skylar wrapped her arm around Kyra as they watched their baby sleep. "This is about as perfect as it gets," she whispered.

"Yeah," Kyra agreed, "but I have a feeling that it's only gonna get better."

**The End.**

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