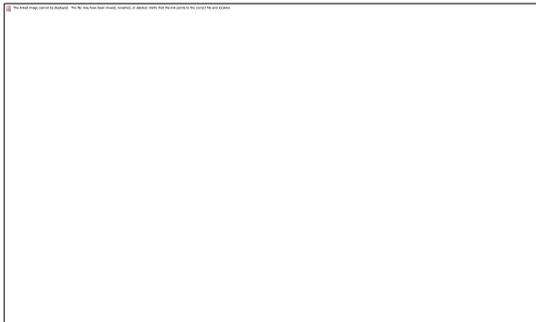


~ Blue Calm ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, we all know who they resemble.

Sex, bad language, violence and the baby warning: YES! Of course, hardly and if you are wearing diapers and this doesn't count if you're a strange adult with weird fetishes then go the Hell away!

Blue Calm
By [Larisa](#)

A slight misty rain fell from the downcast sky making the normal high spirits of Tucker Danes plummet, this was her first time in Hawaii and she had pictured in her mind a totally different type of weather. She looked up with bored green eyes at her fiancé Steve and shrugged her shoulders.

"You didn't hear a word I said did you, we have fifteen minutes before we have to be in the restaurant." He held out a hand to her and shook his head when she ignored it and stood up. "This is a very important dinner for me and our future, if I can convince Mr. Batson that I'm the one for the partnership, we'll never have to worry about money."

"I don't care about money, I never have. I thought this was to be a vacation for us, not a hob knob with the upper crust." She pushed past his six foot three body, went into the bedroom and grabbed her shoes. "I hate this shit and I hate having to pretend that I'm a lowly female."

"You only have to act that way around my co-workers and boss, as soon as dinners done, we'll leave."

Her green eyes narrowed and a small growl rumbled in her throat. "Why don't you go and I'll stay here?"

Steve crossed his arms over his chest and glared down at her. "No, now get dressed before Mr. Batson thinks that I am not serious about working in the upper levels. I am not about to throw away four years of law school over this." He stomped from the room to the living room where he left his suit jacket, he knew that it was stupid to wear a three-piece suit in Hawaii but he wanted to make a good impression on his boss. Tucker on the other hand was being her normal difficult self; he had gone as far as picking out her dress for her. He knew that she would turn every head in the fine restaurant; the dress was pale blue and skintight. The low cut front and backless number would show off her athletic body and make him the envy of every man in the vicinity. He looked over his shoulder and gave her a leer, her blonde shoulder length hair was slicked back over her ears and her green eyes flashed with irritation.

"That look is so unbecoming of you Steve, reminds me of the low life smucks you work with." She headed to the door and yanked it open so that it banged against the wall. "Are you coming or are you going to stand there?"

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The restaurant was packed with tourists dressed in tacky Hawaiian shirts, Bermuda shorts and loafers. The locals had gotten used to the strangely dressed people and no longer noticed them until they received a shitty tip from one of them. The waiters bustled around the tables delivering wimpy colorful drinks with little umbrellas and chopped fruit floating amongst the syrupy concoctions. Tucker rolled her eyes when Steve pushed one sucky drink towards her and wiggled his fingers for her to drink, even though she told him time and again that she didn't drink. She pushed the drink away and took the glass of water in its stead, after a long sip, she looked around the dark area and became lost in the atmosphere. The scent of flowers was so thick that she could barely smell the food that was placed in front of her, ignoring it, she watched two female waiters. She hid a grin behind her hand when a tall black woman with cornrows flipped an extremely over weight man off behind his back when he complained about the small portion of food on his plate. From what Tucker could see, it was enough food to feed a small nation. Her cohort grabbed a tray from an empty table poured what looked to be hot sauce over the food and dropped it on the table for the man. She grabbed the other woman's hand and hurried them towards the back. Tucker then looked to her own plate of food and knew there was no way she was going to eat, she pushed the plate away and continued to scan the restaurant for other activities to draw her away from the boring business meeting that Steve was involved in. Her eyes stopped at the bar area, she placed an elbow on the table and rested her chin in the palm of her hand. Her attention was trained on the bartender; bottles flew in the air, liquor sloshed into numerous glasses and then the glasses were sent down the bar at top speed. What amazed her even more was the way the waiters grabbed certain drinks as they slid past them.

She felt like she was in the movie *Cocktail* and watching a female *Tom Cruise* mix drinks and flirt with the women. Her eyes widened when she saw the tall dark bartender turn to a young woman and whisper in her ear. The dark blush that ran up the young woman's face could only mean one thing and Tucker felt disgust in the pit of her stomach but was fascinated all the same. Running a hand across her forehead, she looked over to her fiancé and groaned. She knew that he had forgotten all about her and if she got up right now, he wouldn't notice for hours. Collecting her sunglasses, she stood up from the table, gave him one last glance and walked away.

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"I can't believe you did that, if that fat bastard dies and I don't get a tip outta him!"

Green eyes rolled and then a low rumbling laugh burst forth from the other waiter's lips. "Don't worry Ripples; I snagged his wallet outta his pocket." She waved it in front of her friends wide brown eyes and grinned.

"Come on Furball gimme half!" She grabbed the wallet, pulled out the money and split it between them. "Damn nasty ass bastard carries three hundred bucks around in his wallet." She then grabbed Furball by one of her blonde cornrow braids and dragged her from the backroom and towards the bar where their roommate was mixing drinks. Sneaking behind the bar, they stepped behind her and shoved bills in her back pockets before grabbing two cokes from a cooler. Blue eyes pinned them where they stood with innocent looks on their faces, she pointed to the lost and found box under the bar and went back to grabbing wine glasses from above her head. "Ooohhh baby come ta mama!" She growled in a deep voice when she saw a small blonde walk out of the restaurant at a fast gait. "Just my luck, she's leaving and I'm stuck here for another hour."

"Ohh please, we all know that the great Duncan wouldn't do anything anyway." Furball said close to her friend's ear and gasped when her foot was stomped on.

"Shut-up I can dream can't I, anyway ya know I don't do tourists." She wiggled a dark brow and tossed her long braids over her shoulders. "Unless they got money and wanna spend it on me."

Ripples leaned against her back and looked over her shoulder towards the table where Steve was sitting with Mr. Batson and his very young female friend. "We got two marks and a beach bimbo Barbie, what are they drinking?" Blue eyes squinted and then her long dark braids swung across her wide shoulders when she shook her head in disgust.

"Pussy drinks, what ever happened to having a Jack Daniels on the rocks?" She mixed three of what the table was having and handed them to her roommates. "Be careful you two, we need this sucky ass job."

"Don't worry Dunk; I got stick 'em on my fingers." Furball showed her by placing her hands on Duncan's chest and grinning when the material of her white button down shirt stuck to her palms. "I shoulda thought of this before! Sexy black lacy bra!"

"I'm gonna cut your paws off in two seconds!" Dunk slapped at the hands on her chest and then kicked a snickering Ripples in her ass. "Get outta here before I...boss coming hide!" She kicked the door open under the bar and covered her roommates escape. She sighed when their boss walked past without noticing anything and headed towards the back of the restaurant. "Suck ass bastard, I hope you ugly Hawaiian lai strangles you." She slid two drinks down the bar and then started wiping up spilled liquor and other debris.

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Tucker closed the door to their bungalow behind her and kicked off her shoes with irritation, reaching behind; she unzipped her dress and let it slip to the floor in a pile. Using one foot, she kicked it up and watched it land on the couch. "We could have stayed in Texas if you wanted to spend time with your boss!" Going into the bedroom, she pulled on a pair of shorts and tank top before grabbing her laptop case and a beach towel. "You can sit inside all day but I'm going home with a deep dark tan and you can stay looking like something out of *Dracula 2000*." Closing the door behind her, she walked towards the beach of the North Shore. She passed numerous people who were sitting beside boogie and surfboards, she had read somewhere about the Pipe Master competition they had there every year. Not being one for that kind of sport, she didn't pay attention to the people riding the waves. Her main concern was getting her book finished before they had to go back home. This was the perfect opportunity for her, the calming sounds of the ocean let her concentrate and Steve wasn't around to bother her. She often sat and wondered where he mind had gone to when she agreed to marry him, they had dated for two years, broke up for six months, got back together and all of a sudden she was engaged. She rubbed her eyes beneath her glasses, dropped her case to the soft sand and spread out her towel. Placing her case at the top, she sat down and then leaned back against it. She had plenty of sunlight left to work; she just wanted to relax first and watch the waves.

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A 1965 Corvaair cruised to a stop in the parking lot along the North shore; Duncan slid her sunglasses up on her head and looked to her roommates with a wide grin. They had changed their clothes before leaving work and were now ready to ride the waves before it got dark. Getting out through the window, Duncan started un-strapping their surfboards from the roof rack. "Are ya guys gonna help me or stand there with your tongues dragging in the sand?" She spun her neon blue board sideways and hit Furball in the back of her head. "Hello! Some help here!"

"Huhh...did you see that one in the G-string?" Ripples wiped the drool from her chin and cast a quick glance from Duncan back to the pulse-altering woman. "I could go for something like that!"

Furball gave her a nudge and wiggled her brows. "I could go for something that sorta breathes." She ducked the surfboard coming towards her head and shot a narrow eyed look to Duncan. "All right already geez, ya would think that the oceans gonna dry up or somethin." Carrying their boards down to the waters edge, they scanned the horizon and grinned at each other. The waves were coming in high and heavy from the north and rolling beautifully right up to the beach. Surfers could be seen paddling in the distance trying to catch the wave at the right time to be able

to crest and ride it in.

"Looks really good out there guys, let's go show the boys how bad they suck." Duncan dropped her backpack down and stuffed her sunglasses in the front pouch before strapping the Velcro strap around her left ankle that tethered her to her surfboard. Running out into the water, she pushed her board out until it was deep enough for her to climb on and paddle out to wait with the other surfers. She glanced over her shoulder to see Furball and Ripples not far behind. Surfing is what she lived for, it gave her a freedom like nothing else could and let her conquer nature for a few minutes. The adrenaline rush that she got while coming down off a wave was like nothing she had ever experienced anywhere else. Even sex paled to riding the pipeline and she always enjoyed sex, then again, it had been a while since she competed in that ring. Seeing a group of six locals waiting to her right, she waved when she recognized them. Paddling closer, she stopped and gave them a wicked grin. "So boys, eat any sand today...yet?" One of the natives flipped her off and grinned at her.

"You suck Dunk and no, none of us have been wiped yet." He splashed water at her. "We were waiting for you and your two idiots to do it first."

Duncan gave him a lecherous grin and leaned over her board. "I'm known for my expertise in sucking, just ask your sister." She busted up laughing at his dropped jaw and the way the other guys were making it worse by their snide remarks. "Last one ta hit shore buys the beer tonight!" She turned her board and started paddling beside her roommates, when she felt the swell of the wave come up under her; she popped up to her feet and angled left. Trimming her board, she was about to travel into the tube when one of the locals dropped in on her. She tried to recover but lost her balance and went off her board in an ungraceful dive. Furball saw what had happened and decided it was revenge time, with Ripples behind her; they cut back and pursued the local. It was dangerous to be cut off or snaked while riding a wave and more surfers were injured when someone's board hit them. Two yells came and scared the Hell out of him causing him to hit the soup of the wave with a loud scream. Furball and Ripples stalled their boards and looked for Duncan.

"Ohhh shit, where is she?" Ripples cast a worried glance around them searching for their roommate, Duncan maybe the best surfer on the beach but the reef had claimed its share of surfers.

"Found her!" Furball yelled over the noise of the waves and pointed to where Duncan was smashing the young guys face down into his board. "Would ya say she's pissed?"

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"What the fuck is wrong with you?" She slammed his forehead into his board and jerked his head up to repeat it. "You know better than that you stupid asshole!"

"I'm sorry Dunk, the guys dared me." He whimpered from the pain in his lower back where her knees were pressing. "I won't ever do that again...I promise."

"Get your ass on the beach and if I see you out here anymore today, I'll bury your ass in the reef!" She slipped off his back and pulled her board to her by its leash, climbing on, she paddled out and duck dived her board under the incoming wave. "Stupid God damn men, no wonder so many of them get killed out here." She stayed clear of the pack and waited for the next wave to come.

"Hey ya all right Dunk?" Ripples asked as she stopped beside her friend and looked her over.

"Yeah and I beached his ass for the rest of the day, stupid fucker did that on a dare!"

Furball looked over to where the locals were laughing and pointing fingers at them. "That's OK; there are other days and other ways to get them." She cast a wide grin to a smirking Ripples and hummed the theme song from *Jaws*. "Let the games begin!" She turned her board with the others and paddled until the wave caught them.

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Tucker watched the surfers and noticed one of them being tossed from their board; she squinted and used her hand to block the glare from the sun. She watched the area and didn't see the person come up, she shot to her feet and jogged down to where the surf was coming in. Walking out further, she became worried until she saw a lone board skimming across the water and then the person attacking another surfer. "Guess no one was hurt, and why am I worried anyways?" She shook her head and went back to her towel with a pensive look on her face. On her way, she kept glancing over her shoulder. "You're an idiot Tucker, what would you have done anyway, it's not like you could have gotten out there to help." She dropped back down onto her towel and continued to watch, at one point, she felt her heart seize in her chest. Three female surfers rode side-by-side right into the white water and then they dropped down onto their boards to paddle back out. Recognizing them as the bartender and waiters from the restaurant, she grinned and shook her head. "So that's what you do when you're not terrorizing patrons, I hope you got to Steve and the blowhard he has for a boss." She felt her hackles rise when she heard Steve's voice coming from behind her, groaning, she looked over her shoulder at him and held back her snorting when he stumbled in the sand.

"What are you doing down here and why didn't you say you were leaving the restaurant?"

She looked at her watch and arched an eyebrow at him. "It took you three hours to notice that I wasn't there, that's a new all time record for you."

He gave her a sheepish look and looked down at his sand covered loafers. "I was enthralled by what Mr. Batson was talking about...sorry."

Yeah likely story. She thought to herself and looked out to the ocean. "So do you have the promotion?"

"I don't know yet, I have to meet with him tomorrow afternoon to discuss it more." He followed her eyes and watched the surfers for a while before commenting. "What a bunch of losers, I

heard that most of the people here don't work and all they do is surf." He looked back down to see a Tucker's aggravated look. "Why are you down here, you're going to get a sunburn and then your skin will look like rawhide."

"Why did we come all this way, was it so I could sit in the bungalow and watch TV?" She stood up and stepped into his personal space. "And when did you become so high and mighty, what the people do here is not your concern."

He crossed his arms over his chest and looked down his nose at her. "It is when they steal my wallet!"

"What do you mean steal your wallet?" She faked a concerned look; she knew him all too well and hated the fact that he flashed all his credit cards when he opened his wallet.

"I went to pay for the bill and my wallet was gone, I know I had it earlier because I showed Mr. Batson my member card for the country club."

"I bet that impressed him." She mumbled and then shook her head at him. "Stop flashing your damn cards and you won't be a mark, besides, all you had were cashiers checks and you can report your cards."

"I don't flash them and I got my wallet back from the bartender, minus all the cash I had in there." He ran a hand across his face and mumbled. "I cashed the checks in earlier."

"Ohh just great, so how much did they get?"

"Around six or seven hundred dollars."

"I can't believe you Steven! How irresponsible can you be, no one walks around with that kind of money...anywhere!" She picked up her towel and laptop bag. "I'm going back to the bungalow; I have a headache that could kill all of Texas." The entire way back, she mumbled and cursed under her breath. She was a breath away from calling reservations and getting a plane ticket back home. She would rather be miserable in Texas than have to put up with Steve's immature behavior. "Tomorrow he can do what ever the Hell he wants; I'm going shopping and taking myself out for lunch." She stomped up to the bungalow and slammed the door behind her, going out the sliding glass door onto the covered porch she placed her laptop bag on the table. Going back inside, she went to her overnight bag, pulled out her container of birth control pills, and took out one. She knew if she didn't take it now, she would forget later, there was no way she was going to get pregnant and didn't care that they used other protection. It wasn't that she didn't want kids, she just wanted to wait a few years before they traveled down that road. Tossing the pills back into her bag, she went to the refrigerator and grabbed a bottle of water. "Maybe I can get something done on my novel, I know he'll come back here and whine for hours about his money." Feeling her fake headache become real, she dropped down onto the couch and closed her eyes. "I must be cursed or something," She rubbed her eyes and moaned. "I hope who ever stole his wallet spends it on useless shit and has a good time." Minutes later, she drifted off to a deep sleep and dreamed of surfing.

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Duncan looked at both her friends and shook her head, she couldn't believe them. "You guys are gonna get caught one day and go straight to jail." She counted the bills out on the kitchen table and snorted.

"We may go ta jail but there's no way in Hell that we'll ever go straight." Ripples tossed more bills on the table and grinned at Duncan's shocked expression. "That should pay up our bills for the next four months."

"Make that five," Furball tossed another hundred on the table and skipped into the living room singing the theme song from the Charlie Tuna commercials.

"No more for a while guys, we have to wait for some new tourists to hit." She rubber banded the bills and dropped it into a wooden container that they kept hidden in the wall. "How ya coming on my new board?"

Ripples dropped down into a chair and polished her nails on her shirt. "All glassed and ready ta go and I put a longer leash on it for ya." She gave her a huge toothy grin and grabbed her hand. "Let me show ya what design I put on it, you'll love it!" They went out into the shed that they used for making surfboards, Ripples stopped Duncan from entering until she had her new board standing up. "OK, ya ready for this?"

Duncan busted out laughing and ran her fingers over the picture of *Sebastian* from the *Little Mermaid*. "This is great Ripples, thanks." She pulled her friend into a hug and went back to checking out her new board.

"I knew ya would like it, it was Furball's idea."

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Steve walked into the bungalow and saw Tucker asleep on the couch; he went into the bathroom for a quick shower and came out with a towel wrapped around his hips. A sick grin came across his features and held; he pulled a rubber from his shaving kit and inspected the wrapper. He looked through the small tear in the center of the wrapper; the expression on his face became sinister. He knew that if he got her pregnant that she would never leave him, she was too old fashioned for that sort of thing. Pulling the condom on until there was no reservoir at the tip, he dropped his towel and straddled her sleeping form. He forced her legs apart, pushed her shorts to the side and nipped her neck hard enough to wake her.

"Steve what are you...son of a..." Her scream of pain echoed through the bungalow and turned into deep grunts with each one of his thrusts, after he climaxed, he pulled out of her and grinned.

"I just couldn't help myself, seeing you laying here brought out the....,"

She pushed him away and crawled onto the floor. "Rapist in you!" Grabbing her stomach in pain, she glared up at him and bared her teeth. "If you ever do that again, I'll cut your dick off and shove it up your ass!" She got up and staggered to the bathroom with a low whimper. She turned on the shower and made sure that the water was hot enough to destroy the emboli virus. "I don't know what the Hell is wrong with him or me for not leaving his sorry ass sooner." She stripped out of her clothes, stepped slowly under the hot spray, and let out a gasp. "Good thing I took that damn pill because I don't know if he used anything." She pressed a hand between her legs, looked down and saw a small amount of blood on her palm. Her temper soared to beyond boiling point; she got out of the shower and stormed into the living room. Walking up to him, she hauled back and punched him square in the face. "You asshole!" She slapped him across the side of his face and held her bloody hand out to him. "Look what you did!" He pulled a bloody hand from his face and looked at her with a shocked expression.

"I'm so sorry Tucker...please believe me sweetheart." He reached out for her and groaned when she turned and went back into the bathroom. "Damn it, why did I do that to her?" He asked himself and got up to look at his rapidly swelling nose. "You broke my nose!" He yelled and then spun around when he heard a loud thud hit the floor.

"Good you son of a bitch," She shoved him out of her way and dragged her large suitcase into the bedroom. "It's over Steven, you went too far this time and I will never forgive you!" She threw his engagement ring at him and started packing her clothes.

"Wait Tucker, I'm really sorry and I'll never do that again...I promise!" He grabbed her by her arm and spun her to face him. "Please Tucker, you can't leave me!"

She looked down at her arm where her skin was turning a bright red and then up into his eyes. "Let go of me before I drop you, no one and I mean no one has ever done that to me and I'll not let it happen again no matter what you say!" She yanked her arm from his grasp and closed up her suitcase. "One wrong move and I'll tell everyone at the law firm what you did to me." She growled in a deep voice.

"You wouldn't...please Tucker...I love you." He pleaded and dropped to his knees in front of her.

"Fuck you and get out of my way, I'm flying back and don't come after me or else." She walked around him and went out the door after collecting the rest of her possessions. She stopped at the door and gave him a parting sentence. "I don't love you Steven, never have and I have no idea why I agreed to marry you." She slammed out of the bungalow and headed towards the Tracker that they had rented when they came to the island. "I must be the stupidest person on the planet." She took a deep breath and felt a huge weight lift off her shoulders. A small smile came to her face from the relief, she knew right then that she had made the right decision. Jumping into the Tracker, she pulled away with a squeal of tires and headed towards the airport.

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Duncan stepped into her mom's small kitchen and went directly to the refrigerator, searching, she

pulled out a container and gave out a victory cry. "YES, chicken salad all for me!"

"I should have known you'd find that," Her mom, Carol said as she pulled out a loaf of bread and lay in on the counter. "I know better than to think that's the only reason you're here." Duncan looked down from her six foot height to her much smaller mom and grinned. "I thought I'd come by and see if I could give you some more grey hair."

Carol ran a hand across her grey streaked auburn hair and snorted. "Believe me Duncan, between you, the doctors at the hospital and the tourists in the guest houses. By the end of the week, I'll have to buy a case of hair dye. Where's Jackie and Lynn?"

Duncan gave her a funny look and then rolled her eyes, her mom liked to throw her by using Furball and Ripples real names. "They took the metal detectors out on the beach, you know how they are."

"Yep, scavengers, pick pockets and the biggest children besides you on the island." She handed Duncan a paper towel and pointed to a kitchen chair. "Do you have some time to fix a few things in the guest houses?"

"Sure, what did the idiots break this time?"

"I have a bathroom faucet in one, the cartridge gave out on the hot water, a light fixture that's shorted out in another and the worst one is," She waited for dramatic effect and grinned when Duncan rolled her eyes and waved her hand. "The wall in the bedroom needs new sheetrock and the bathroom needs a new toilet."

"What were they doing in there slam dancing?"

"I wish. I had to have them hauled off by the cops. The two guys were beating the Hell outta each other over a woman. Reminds me of you when you were younger."

"Ahhh ma, I wasn't that bad and I didn't start the fight over the Admirals daughter...I finished it."

Hazel eyes twinkled at the memory of her daughter being brought home by MP's; she was thankful that her husband was out at sea and couldn't get involved in the mess. "I know you didn't, but I warned you about her and her conniving ways. She had more notches on her headboard than most hookers. She was known by the entire Navy Fleet and then some."

"I'm glad I finally listened before we actually did anything," She shivered and looked down at the other sandwich her mom placed in front of her. "She was really skanky and I still don't know why I was interested."

"I'm just glad your taste has improved over the years, so is there any women pounding on your door?"

"Yeah, but I don't think Furball and Ripples count, I'm happy just being on my own." She

finished her sandwich and threw the paper towel in the trash. "I'll go take a look at the worst of the guest houses so I can see what all I'll need to fix it and pick up everything all at one time." She bent down and kissed her mom's cheek before leaving. Carol shook her head and watched as her only child went out to the small guesthouses at a long gaited walk. She hoped that one day she would find someone strong enough to tame her wildness and make her as happy as she had been when her husband had been alive. Sighing, she got up and pulled out a bottle of iced tea before going into her bedroom to change for work. She was a retired navy nurse and after Duncan had moved out on her own, she had gotten a job at the hospital to keep from getting bored. She only worked a few times a week so that she was able to run the small family business. She had six guesthouses that she rented out during the tourist season and had the other job for the slow times. It was a good life and she wouldn't change it for all the gold in Fort Knox. Picking up the keys to Duncan's Corvair, she went out to the parking lot and left for the hospital.

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Duncan opened the door to the guesthouse and wrinkled her nose at the stale stench of beer and cigarettes; it was obvious that her ma hadn't cleaned the place yet. She left the door open and then opened all the windows to air the place out. Looking at the bedroom wall, she cursed. "Ya just couldn't throw each other around outside, now I'll have to replace the whole damn sheet of drywall." She inspected the rest of the place and wrote down on a scrap of paper all that she would need. Moving to the next guesthouses, she wrote down more items until she thought she had everything. Shaking her head, she picked up a bag of empty beer cans and tossed them into the dumpster on her way back to the main house. She chuckled at the note her ma had left her with the keys to her truck.

Use my chick magnet truck to get the supplies
And no panties hanging from the mirror or
Stuffed under the seat!

"You're really sick ma; maybe I'll hang a jock strap from the mirror and see what happens."

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Tucker cursed and ran a hand through her shoulder length hair; she had been at the small airport for over an hour and still couldn't get a flight back to California. She had even asked about flying into Seattle or any other state but all the flights were booked solid and Seattle was closed due to weather conditions. There was only one thing she could do and that was to try and find a motel room until the next day and try again. She used a pay phone outside the main doors, flipped the phone book open and started calling places for a room. When she came to the last place, she was given an address and the name Carol Fox. Going back out to the tracker, she pulled out the map and looked on it, what she found confused her. "I know I'm a total wreck but I don't think I need the hospital." Sighing heavily, she took her things from the tracker and hailed a cab. She could care less if Steve had a way around the island until he left and she wasn't about to pay for the Tracker. Calling a cab was easier even though it was kind of expensive. As she placed her bag in the back seat, she gave the local the address and received a funny look. Taking a chance, she asked the cabby if he recognized the name.

"She's a nice lady and runs a clean place, you'll be happy there." He looked in the rear view mirror and smiled. "Just look for a tiny woman with auburn hair and flashing hazel eyes."

"You know her then?"

"Yep, she delivered me and my brother. She's a nurse at the hospital but will midwife when it's too late to get to the hospital. She's been on the island for more than 33 years and by her order, we call her Mama."

Tucker smiled and nodded her head at him, for the first time since she arrived, she felt relaxed. Leaning back into the seat, she just watched the scenery and took it all in. What she would never get used to was the strong scent of the sugar cane fields burning or the scent of pineapple. Before she knew it, they were outside of the small hospital and her cabby was opening the back door.

"I'll take you in and help you find Mama, she'll tan my hide if I don't say hello." She walked beside him and was amazed at his size; he was easily over six foot and strongly built. She cracked a grin at the thought of a small woman trying to punish him in any way.

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Steve pressed the ice bag to his forehead and groaned, when the bleeding hadn't stopped, he called a cab and had the driver bring him to the hospital. Now after having his nose packed by the older nurse and the metal brace taped in place, he felt a little better except for the pounding headache. He looked at her as she came into the room with a clipboard in her hands and then down to his blood splattered shirt.

"Next time make sure that you put a rug outside the shower," Carol said. "Tile floors and wet feet are hazardous and make up a small percentage of home accidents." She handed him the clipboard and pen. "Just sign here and you're set to go."

"As soon as I get back to the bungalow, I'll put a big rug next to the tub." He ran a hand down the metal brace and gave her a slight smile. "This is not what I expected when I came here for vacation," He shook her hand and jumped down from the table. "Thank you." Carol watched as the man left and shook her head.

"Stupid men, like I wouldn't notice the hand print on the side of your face." She took the clipboard and then went into another room to check on her other patient before going back out to the nurse's desk.

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Carol looked up from behind the nurse's desk and smiled at the gentle giant looking down at her, going around the side, she pulled him into a hug and kissed his cheek. "It's good to see you Tommy but what are you doing here?"

"I brought a lady to see you Mama, she needs a place to stay." He stepped to the side so that Mama could see Tucker. "Can you help her out?"

"Sure, I only have one couple at the place right now." She walked forward and held out a hand to the small blonde. "You're in luck young lady, I cleaned one of the guesthouses this morning and it's all set."

"I'm not real sure how long I'll be staying, I tried to fly out today but." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled into the twinkling hazel eyes. "And I have to say I was shocked when I was given the hospitals address as a place to stay." She smiled up at Tommy and squeezed his massive arm. "I'm glad that Tommy knew who you were or I know I would have looked like an idiot coming in here looking for a place to stay."

Carol chuckled at the thought of the small blonde wandering around the hospital. "It's not a strange as you would think, Tommy's like a guardian angel and brings me quite a few guests." She looked down at her watch and then hugged Tommy. "You're in luck big guy; I get off work in a few minutes so I'll just take her home with me."

"OK Mama, I'll stop by sometime this week, you know I can't go long with out your peanut butter cookies."

"I'll make up a batch for you to take home to my grandbaby; I can't not spoil that little one. I spoiled you and your brother and I plan on doing it to all your kids."

He gave her a kiss on her cheek and blushed at the surprised look on Tucker's face. "Nice meeting you Miss." He shook her hand and went to the main doors.

"He's a very polite young man; it's rare to see that anymore." Tucker replied while watching him go out the door. "Are you sure I'm not imposing on you?"

"Ohh not at all, give me a few minutes and I'll met you right here."

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Duncan had fixed the minor repairs in two of the guesthouses and tore down the damaged sheetrock before heading home. She had the next day off from work and would go over bright and early to hang the new piece and then coat it with primer. Within the next day or two, she would have that house ready for guests. She walked into the small house that she shared with Furball and Ripples and found them passed out in the living room. On the coffee table was a pile of jewelry that they had found while out on the beach along with a couple watches and cigarette lighters. The stuff that none of them wanted would go to the pawnshop for spending money. She sorted through the stuff and picked up a silver lighter with a Celtic design on it.

"We knew you'd like that, Ripples found it just before we left." Furball got up off the floor and stretched. "We did pretty good today, the tide brought in a lot of stuff." She picked up a solid gold wedding band and waved it in front of Duncan. "This surprised us," She dropped it into

Duncan's palm. "Look at the inscription inside."

"D&T, what's so strange about that?" She rolled the ring around her index finger and looked to her friend.

"Well, the first one is your initial, so ya gotta find a woman with the letter T in her name. Poseidon says so." She nudged Ripples with her foot and yelled. "Ain't that right ohh mighty mythic of the sea?"

"Go ta Hell, I'm sleeping."

Duncan slipped the ring into her pocket and played with the lighter, if the ocean threw something out to you, you took it seriously. "What do I do, put an add in the paper for a woman with a T in her name? My luck it'll be an 80 year old great-grandma in a huge purple muumuu!" She rolled her blue eyes at her friends shrugging shoulders and went into the kitchen to find something to eat. Yelling over her shoulder, she told them about the work she was doing at Mama's "They trashed the place but good, it reeked so bad in there that I left the windows open and still almost threw up!"

"I still say Mama should only rent to dykes, we'd never do that to a place." Furball said as she took the bottle of Coke from Duncan's hand and drank half before returning it. "Once they left, she'd find the place in better condition than before."

"Maybe we can mislead some and they can fix this place up." Duncan remarked and then handed Furball the cabinet door that kept falling off. "Your duct tape job didn't work."

"I couldn't find any screws and what kinda dyke would I be with out duct tape knowledge?" She wiggled her brows and handed the door back to Duncan. "You can screw it." She ran from the room before Duncan could do anything in retaliation.

"Just what I want, to screw a piece of wood," She laid the door on the table and pulled some left over screws from her pocket. "Damn thing would probably be better than the last woman I was with."

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Mama pulled the Corvair up to her house and helped Tucker with her bags; she gave the young woman an intense look and then smiled. "Ya know, I've read all your novels." She said and then saw the startled expression that crossed Tucker's face. "But don't worry, I won't say a word to anyone so you can have peace and quiet." She carried the large suitcase to one of the guesthouses and pushed the door open. "You won't find a more relaxing and quiet place than mine, we're out of the way and not many tourists know about it." She placed the suitcase near the bedroom door and turned to look at Tucker again, there was something about her but she just couldn't put a finger to it. "My daughter just fixed the bathroom sink today so everything works; if ya have any problems just come up to the house and let me know."

"Yes ma'am and can you tell me where I can get something to eat, it's been quite a few hours and I'm starving."

"Nothing close by that you can walk to but since you're here alone, you can come up to the house with me and I'll make us something to eat."

Tucker held out her hand to stop her. "That's OK; I've already imposed on you enough. I'll just take a walk and find something."

"Ohhh please indulge an old woman, I don't ever see the people staying here after they check in. Nor do I get famous people here, come keep me company and I'll make us something to eat."

Tucker gave her a bright smile and nodded her head, since she had come to the island; the only person she had talked with was Steve. The more she thought about it the more she realized that she hadn't gotten the full effect of the locals or what Hawaii was all about. "So how long have you been here on the island?"

"Three days...I came with my fiancé who is now my ex," She followed Mama out the door and up to the back door of her modest home. "I broke it off with him this afternoon and was going to try and get back to Texas."

Carol held the door open for her and then followed with a slight frown on her face. "Most people come here for their honeymoons or to get married, so it must have been a good reason to break up with him."

Tucker took a seat at the kitchen table and sighed, for some reason, Mama made her feel safe and she wanted to tell her the whole story. "It's a long story and not very pretty."

Somber hazel eyes connected with her and then a small half smile came to her lips. "I have plenty of time if you feel like talking; I have a daughter so there's nothing that I haven't heard from her or her friends."

Tucker took a long drink of the iced tea that Mama gave her and took a deep breath before she started her tale. She told Mama how she and Steve had met at the publishing company that she worked for and how charming he was at the beginning. He was very attentive to her and did his best to get her the best contracts where her novels were concerned. Then later, he was spending more and more time away from her and broke off their dating. She found out that he was dating some other writer on the side and decided that it was best for them to part ways, until recently. Tears formed in her eyes when she told Mama of what he had done to her that day and what she had done to him in retaliation.

"Very tall guy, dresses like he's on the cover of GQ?"

"How did you know that?" She asked in surprise.

"You did quite a job on his nose; I fixed him up before you showed up with Tommy." She placed

a plate of shrimp, hushpuppies and French fries in front of her and took her own seat. "He told me he slipped getting out of the shower but the hand print on his cheek told me the real story. "If it had been me, I would have sliced something off."

Tucker chuckled and wiped her eyes. "I threatened to do that; I still may if I see him before either one of us goes back. I just hope he didn't hurt me too bad," She blushed and looked to her plate. "I'm sore and still spotting a little."

"If you're still spotting in the morning let me know and I'll call my gynecologist, she's an old friend and the best doc on the island. You may just be bruised and scratched inside, did you two use protection?"

"Ohh yeah, I want kids but not now. We used everything to prevent that, I told him maybe in five years we could try."

"Well that's good, there's too many un-planned births nowadays. The Gods know that my daughter wasn't planned but those were different times back then and I wouldn't change it for the world. She's a wild one at 33 and I hope one day someone will tame her," She grinned at Tucker. "It may take a straight jacket and chains or maybe hitting her up long side her head with her surfboard though."

"I watched some surfers today and I'd really like to learn that or maybe boogie boarding."

"The best way to learn is to take lessons, there's a surf place about two miles from here that offers them. You can rent all the equipment you'll need there to."

"Does your daughter give lessons?"

"Nope, she used to but there was an accident years ago and she gave up teaching. Now it's just a thing she does for fun and to show up the boys."

Tucker picked up her empty plate and rinsed it off in the sink; she placed it in the dishwasher and stretched. "Maybe I'll go check the place out tomorrow, thank you for supper and I'll pay you for the rest of the week if you tell me how much."

"You come and talk to me and have supper with me and I'll call us even." Her narrowed eyes left no room for argument and Tucker didn't even try, she would find a way to make it even before she went home.

"You got a deal ma'am; it's been a long time since I've had someone to talk to."

"I'm old but calling me ma'am makes me feel ancient, call me Mama, everyone does or I plant a size five shoe someplace."

Tucker raised her hands in surrender and gave her a grin. "OK Mama, I'm going to go unpack and call my mom before it gets too late, thank you again."

"Anytime little one," Mama said to her back as she went out the door. "Just maybe you'll find yourself here and forget about that asshole. Knew I shoulda hurt him when he came into the hospital."

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Tucker lay down on the queen size bed and looked around the bright and airy room, it wasn't big but it was a lot nicer than the bungalow. A fragrant breeze came through the windows and across her body. Sighing, she picked up her cell phone and called her parents house in Houston Texas. After it ringing six times, she heard her mom's voice on the other end.

"It's me mom...I have some news..."

Her mom Linda could tell that something was wrong with her daughter, she had never heard the choked up voice before. *"Tucker is everything all right; you're not hurt are you?"*

"You need to call off the wedding, I broke up with Steve."

"Oohh Tucker, I knew that it wasn't going to work. What happened that you broke it off?" From the time that they had gotten back together, Linda and her husband Bernard had second thoughts about the relationship. Steve had changed; he became money hungry and wanted the prestige of being a partner at the law firm that he worked for.

Tucker started sobbing and wasn't able to tell her mom, she ended hanging up the phone and falling asleep. Hours later, she woke up to her cell phone ringing against her tear stained face. Flipping the phone open, she answered and felt the tears starting again.

"Tucker are you all right?" Her mom asked and waited for her to say something.

"Hold on mom," She got up off the bed, went to the door and jogged across the small yard to Mama's door. She tapped on the screen until Mama pushed it open and waved her in.

"What's wrong Tucker, come in here and sit down." She ushered her into the kitchen and gave her a confused look when she was handed the small cell phone.

"Please...talk to my mom." She sobbed and then dropped her head down onto crossed arms.

"Hello?"

"This is Linda, what's wrong with my daughter?"

"Hi I'm Carol Fox; Tucker's staying here at my establishment. I guess I can tell you since she handed me her phone." She started a pot of coffee and sat down next to Tucker.

"I called her earlier but she couldn't talk to me, I know she broke up with Steve but there's

something else that's bothering her."

"Ohh yeah, she's upset over the reason behind the break up." She looked to see Tucker nodding her head. "He raped her this afternoon and that's what caused the break up." She heard the gasp come over the phone and knew that Linda had no idea that Steve was that kind of man.

"Is she all right, he didn't hurt her physically did he?"

"She's all right and if there's a problem I've already told her about my doctor. If it makes you feel any better, she broke his nose and he ended up being treated by me at the hospital." She smiled when she heard a slight chuckle from Linda. "He's no longer a pretty boy and will have a boxer's nose; I didn't set it right after seeing the hand print on his face." She laughed when Tucker lifted her head and gave her a crooked smile.

"Good, the son of a bitch deserves that and so much more. Should I fly out there to be with her?"

"Tucker, your mom wants to know if she should fly out here?" She nodded her head when Tucker shook hers. "She says no, she's safe here and I'll make sure he can't get near her. I'll have my daughter beat the shit outta him if he shows up." She laughed at what Linda said over the phone next.

"Make sure that your daughter throws a few punches for me and my husband, we never liked that egotistical asshole. The cocky bastard thinks he's the greatest lawyer next to Cochran, he's a damn lawyer for the publishing company for Christ sakes!"

Mama laughed at Linda's remarks and hung up a while later to notice that Tucker was sound asleep at the table. She shook her shoulder and grinned when half-lidded green eyes looked up at her. "Come on lets get you back to bed, you're emotionally exhausted and sleeping on the table isn't going to help."

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Mama brought in a platter with sandwiches on them and a case of Cokes for Duncan and her two idiots. They had all come over that morning to get the guesthouse back into shape because the next week would be bringing in a new group of tourists for the beginning of the surfing contests. People would be everywhere and tourists would be searching out instructors to try and learn how to surf so that they could go out with the big boys. Duncan shook her head and dropped down at the small table to start in on a hoagie, she hated the tourists during this time of the year. They were egotistical and wouldn't obey the laws of the locals, some found out the hard way. There were places that only the locals could use for surfing and when a tourist wandered in, he ended up getting the shit beat out of him. She jumped and glared at Furball after she was hit in the forehead with her hoagie.

"Where's your brain?" Furball asked.

"It's on drugs, what's your excuse?" She asked and chuckled when Ripples looked into Furball's

ear.

"Nothing in there but sand and a hermit crab maybe would could add water and have our own little ocean."

"Ha funny," She hit Ripples in her head with her hoagie and then gave Mama a pleading look. "Mama make them stop, they're always mean ta me."

"And ya deserve every bit of it, now eat your sandwich and stop hitting people with it."

"Geez, no one loves me anymore." She hit Duncan again and ran out the door to hide around the back of the guesthouse. What she saw on the little porch at the back of one of the other houses made her drool. "Ohhh baby turn a little my way." She mumbled and tilted her head to the side to get a better view of Tuckers cleavage. "If I had some lotion, I'd offer ta rub some on ya all over your little body!" She jumped up and down and fell over the short railing that led down to the beach. She jumped up, ran around to the door and smashed into the doorframe. "Ya gotta see what's out back!" She jumped up and down and pointed with a finger. "Nice soft round tits in a green bikini!"

Mama grabbed her by one of her braids and dragged her into the guesthouse. "Leave her alone, she's a nice woman and doesn't need ta be bothered by you horn dogs."

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Tucker got up from the chase and wandered back into her small dwelling, pulling on clothes, she walked out and down the road towards where the nearest town was. She didn't care that it was two miles, she enjoyed long walks and right now she needed the distraction. On the way, she stopped to smell the scent of the numerous flowers growing along the way and to watch the colorful birds sitting in the bushes. A while later, she came upon the small town and stepped up onto the sidewalk, the first place she saw was a small diner. Going inside, she ordered lunch and relaxed in the booth at the back of the small place. Watching the locals come and go, she felt almost like an intruder into their world. They laughed and talked to each other and gave her brief looks before returning to their conversations. She picked up the clannish ways and wondered what one had to do to feel accepted in their world. She gave her waitress a small smile, thanked her for her lunch, and dug into the shrimp salad like a starving animal. Finishing her meal, she paid the bill and went back out into the morning heat. Along the way, she found the surfing place that Mama had told her about. She went in and looked at the message board near the door, on it; she found an advertisement for a surfing instructor.

"Can I help you Miss?"

She turned to find the proprietor standing behind her, he was young and bare chested to show off his tribal tattoos.

"Carol Fox told me this would be the best place to find a surfing instructor and to rent the gear that I would need."

He smiled and took her by her arm. "Mama's right about that, I have everything you will need to play in the surf. Now for an instructor, the best bet is to go down to the beach and ask around. That notice on the board is a scam, the kids an idiot and you'll end up getting hurt if he teaches you."

"If that's true, why don't you take down his ad?"

He smiled to show even white teeth and shook his head. "I have but the idiot is my brother and he keeps putting new ones up, everyone around here knows about him so he lacks a lot of business." He pulled a long sleeved blue and silver spring suit and a short-sleeved flight jacket of the same color out from behind the counter. Next was a variety of shoes, Tucker picked up a pair of black and silver race lace up boots and looked them over.

"Does everyone wear shoes when they surf?" She asked because she had always thought it was done barefooted.

"The smart ones do, there's pieces of coral out there that cuts quick and hurts like a bitch when the salt water gets to it. The ones you're looking at are good because you have more support on your ankles." He looked down at her feet and pulled the proper size out for her. "Try these on and let me know how they feel and I'll look for some more wet suits." She pulled off her tennis shoes and tried the boots on, she was surprised at how comfortable they were and decided right then that she would buy them. She looked up when he laid out a full wet suit in neon blue and another spring suit. "I have these ones in your size, I wear a spring suit because it is more comfortable and protects more than the flight jacket." He gave her a bashful grin and explained why. "I don't want certain parts to be hanging out while I'm out there, there are guys who ride in Speedos and I think it's crazy and not to mention a lot revealing." Tucker chuckled and nodded her head; she agreed about the revealing part, she thought it was gross to see a guys pulse beating in his dick.

"Ohh I agree with you there, I think they do it to try and attract women." She felt the neon blue spring suit and nodded her head. "I'll take this one and the boots, what else do I need?"

He showed her a 4'8 Liquid Shredder surfboard and a 40' Slick Slide Boogie board. "These two are the best I have that aren't torn up from in experienced surfers; I can rent both of them for say...40 for the week."

She looked over the boards and then to the brand new ones against the wall. "How much would it be to buy new ones?"

He looked at her with wide eyes and then wandered over for the exact boards he had shown her. "For both of them it would be around \$250.00 and I'll toss in the leashes free."

"Sounds fair to me but why are you giving me everything cheaper?"

"That's easy, I've known Mama all my life and I'm good friends with her daughter. Plus you're a

nice person and I can see that you'll take surfing seriously."

She nodded her head and gave him a bright smile. "I take everything seriously and thank you, I'll be sure to tell Mama what you've done. What's your brother look like so I don't end up fish food?"

"He's a little burned out Samoan guy, long dreadlocks and bloodshot eyes. You'll know him by the banana sling he wears, its bright yellow." He rang up her purchases and told her that he would deliver everything to Mamas in the next hour so that she wouldn't have to carry it around all day.

"Banana sling?" She gave him a puzzled look.

"Yep, one of those nasty G-strings that shows his pulse."

"Eeeww, that'll make it easy to spot him, thanks. I'll wear the boots to break them in, if I had known how comfortable they were, I would have bought a pair years ago." She left the surf shop with a bright smile on her face and headed into some of the other shops along the way. After picking up some handmade carvings for her parents and other things, she headed back to Mama's. She wanted to play with her new toys and then go down to the beach to find an instructor.

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Duncan gave her Mama a funny look and pulled her to the side. "Are you playing mother hen again?"

"You could call it that yeah," She patted Duncan's shoulder and smiled. "She's my favorite author; ya know the one that I've read all her books?"

"My Mama has met a famous person," She grabbed her chest and fell against the wall. "Next you'll have her autographing your kitchen wall so ya can show it off."

"I thought about my chest and then have it tattooed." She gave her shocked daughter a hug and kissed her cheek. "Now behave yourselves and make sure that Ripples doesn't graffiti the walls with the *Little Mermaid* characters."

Duncan turned her head to where Ripples and Furball were painting the walls and raised a dark eyebrow. She turned back to her mama and looked at her T-shirt with the Mermaids all over it. "And who got her hooked on that movie?"

"Good point, I'm going shopping do you guys need anything?"

Duncan gave her a big grin. "Food."

"Figures, when are you guys gonna learn how to shop?"

"When one of us finds a woman who can stomach us long enough to do it for us."

Mama laughed and grabbed her stomach. "I'll be doing your shopping from a walker then, behave yourselves and I left supper in the refrigerator for when you're done."

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Steve waited for the line to be answered on the other end, he knew that he would have to try and cover up what he had done with Tucker's parents. He hoped that he could pull it off and get Tucker back, Mr. Batson had made it perfectly clear that to be a partner in the law firm, and he would have to be married. It was the only reason why he had proposed to Tucker in the first place. "Mrs. Danes, its Steven, is Tucker there?"

Linda felt her temper flare at the sound of Steve's voice, playing the innocent was going to be extremely hard since she knew the whole story. Clenching her fist and taking a deep breath, she tried to make her voice sound as pleasant as possible. "No Steven, she's supposed to be with you."

He grinned and held back a relieved sigh. "We had an argument and I thought maybe she flew back to Texas, so you haven't heard from her?"

"No, not since she called me when you two arrived. What happened that she got mad?" She knew that the snake would lie his ass off; it was one of the things that qualified him to be a lawyer.

"Ohh it was because I had some business meetings and couldn't spend time with her on the beach. I guess I'll have to check the other hotels here on the island, I really need to make it up to her." He sighed dramatically and continued to make matters worse. "She's all I think about and I'm so sorry that we fought over something so trivial."

"I was under the impression that you two were there on vacation."

"It was a combined vacation/business trip, my boss is here and he's offered me a partnership in the firm. This is very important to our future, it'll mean more money and a better standing in the community."

If it were at all possible, Linda would reach through the phone and strangle him. She cleared her voice and tried not to scream out her anger. "My suggestion to you Steven is to leave her alone..."

"But Mrs. Danes, this is all so simple to fix..."

"Bullshit you asshole, I know what you did to her and if I was there you'd be buried at sea! Leave my daughter alone or I'll contact your boss and tell him exactly what kind of man you are!" She slammed the phone down hard enough to make her hand sting.

He looked at the phone after listening to the beeping signal and threw it across the room. "Mother fucking cunt!" He screamed and started tearing the bungalow apart; he should have known that she would call her mother at the first chance. There was no way of fixing this now unless he had gotten her pregnant. He had been working on that part of his plan for the last two months and so far, there were no signs. "Now what the Hell do I do?" He dropped down onto the couch and stared out the sliding glass doors, and then an idea came to mind. "I'll tell Batson that we eloped and that she had to fly home because of an emergency." He jumped up and went into the bedroom to get dressed for his meeting with his boss; he already had a story to cover for his broken nose and knew that Mr. Batson would believe it. He planed on telling him that he was injured while riding a jet ski. Everyone knew how dangerous they were and many people got hurt while riding the waves. Fixing his silk tie, he then combed his fingers through his hair and headed out of the bungalow to walk the short distance to where his boss was staying. "You'll regret this Tucker; I'll ruin you and come out the innocent and hurt party if I can't fix this."

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Duncan was out waiting for a wave to come in while Furball and Ripples were walking along the beach looking for shells that they could carve and sell to the tourists. Furball grabbed Ripples by her arm and led her a distance away from where a local was teaching a small blonde how to stand on a surfboard. "What in the Sam Hell are you doing?"

"Look over there and tell me what you see?"

Ripples squinted and then let out a curse. "Who does he think he is, that's no way to teach anyone anything!"

"I know and you know but she doesn't, better yet, she's the one staying at Mama's." They stood and watched for a way to get in there and break up the pawing fest.

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"OK, now just bend at your waist and push your hips back." The man stood behind Tucker with his hands on her hips as they stood on her board in the sand. "Put your arms out like you're walking a tightrope...that's it, now pretend you're riding a wave and move for balance." He closed his dark brown eyes and held back the groan in his chest, her rear rubbed against his crotch every time she moved and it was the most stimulating thing that had happened to him in a week.

This guy wants to die a painful and terrifying death! Tucker thought to herself and was fighting with herself to not turn around and pummel him into shark bait. Taking a deep breath, she ignored his gripping fingers on her hips and tried to concentrate on staying on the board. Granted it was no problem on dry land but he kept pushing her forward. Finally, she had enough but was interrupted by two voices behind them. She felt the guy behind her jump and the force of his actions sent her head first into the sand.

"What are you doing you big perv?" Ripples asked and then laughed at his shocked expression.

"I'm teaching her how to surf so mind your own business!" He turned back to help Tucker up and found a snarling Furball in his way. "Why do you two care anyways, you don't teach and I do!"

"Bullshit! You take advantage of women and steal their money!" She said and then helped Tucker up from the sand. "How much did this asshole get from you?"

Tucker brushed the sand from her body and looked between Furball and Ripples. "I know who you two are, I saw you at the restaurant."

"Yeah but that still doesn't answer my question, how much and what name did he give you?"

"150.00 a lesson and Sebastian, why?" She now looked at the cowering man and knew something was wrong. "Who is he?"

Ripples shoved him out of the way and went to stand next to her friend. "The price is right if he was actually a surfer and his real name is Beemer. He don't know shit about surfing and can't even swim!"

"He told me that he was last year's pipeline champion, he even showed me his name in an article from Surf World magazine."

Furball picked up her surfboard while Ripples took Tucker by the hand. "Ohh really, Furball give me her surfboard and go get the real Sebastian while I keep Beemer here." Furball gave her a toothy grin, let out a yell and took off at a lope down the beach. "You are in so much trouble and don't try and run away because Sebastian will hunt you down like a rabid dog!"

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Furball ran out into the surf and swam out to where Duncan was just starting to paddle back out. She grabbed her foot and held on to get her attention. "There's a problem Dunk, Beemer was molesting a woman and using your name!"

"Not again, what is wrong with these assholes." She pulled herself to a sitting position and waited for Furball to climb onto her board. "Since you stopped him, what do ya want with me?"

"She's staying at your mamas; I thought ya might wanna straighten things out. Ya know Mama will be pissed if it's mentioned and you didn't do nothing."

Duncan hung her head and then nodded it, she knew all too well what her mama would do to Beemer when she got her hands on him. She had ruined many a mans chance at fatherhood for using her daughter's name to get women. "OK, hang on and we'll catch the next swell in and then I'll box Beemer's ears." They came in on the next swell and then jogged down the beach to where Ripples was sitting on Beemer's back and trying to bury his head in the sand. Tucker stood with her arms crossed over her chest with a smirk on her face.

"You'll get worse when the real Sebastian gets here; I'm only detaining your sorry ass so I can laugh my guts out later." She dropped two handfuls of sand on top of his head and chuckled when he struggled.

"Having fun Beemer?" Duncan asked after she kneeled down in front of him and looked into his sand covered face. "I see that you didn't learn your lesson from my Mama, so I'm gonna take care of you so that you never do this again." She signaled Ripples to get up and then grabbed him by his hair.

His head was bent back and tears rolled down his cheeks from the painful hold she had on his long hair. "What are you going to do?" He whimpered and then started to struggle against her when they got near the water.

"Shark food fat ass, you should be able to feed a dozen of them." She let him go and then kicked him in the ass hard enough to send him flying face first into an on coming wave. "If you survive, I never wanna see you down her again!" She yelled to his struggling body and walked back up the beach to join the others. She held out the bills that she had taken from his back pocket before she kicked him. "I believe this is your money." She froze when she looked into sparkling green eyes and felt her knees grow weak.

"You must be the real Sebastian and thank you for getting my money back." Tucker said and then reached out for her money, when her fingers touched Duncan's, she felt a slight shock and then her blood seemed to boil.

Ripples and Furball looked to each other and then the two women, they saw something that they never thought they'd ever see, sparks. They tried to sneak away and froze when Duncan's deep voice stopped them. "Hold up there you two; you just got a job teaching her how to surf." Duncan looked down at where she was still holding the money and pulled her hand away. "Those two will teach you everything you need to know." She turned and jogged back down the beach where she had left her board; Tucker looked after her and released the breath she didn't know she had been holding. What had captured her besides the shock as their hands met, was the color of Duncan's eyes, they were the color of the ocean and just as changing. She turned when she heard Ripples and Furball arguing behind her and smirked, they were wrestling in the sand and trying to pin one another.

"What are you two doing?" They looked up with sheepish expressions and shrugged their shoulders.

"Uuhhmm...trying to figure out..." Furball replied and then yelped when she was flipped over Ripples head to land on her back.

"You're fighting over who will or won't teach me?"

Ripples jumped to her feet and did a victory dance. "IwonI wonIwon!" She stopped and turned red at Tucker's cocked eyebrow. "Sorry, I'll be teaching you first and since you don't know who I am," She held out her hand and grinned. "I'm Ripples and that dummy laying in the sand is

Furball."

Tucker nodded her head at them. "I'm Tucker, are those surfing names, you know like Moon Doggie?"

Ripples and Furball busted out laughing at her and then sobered at her glare. "Nope, she's Ripples because that's all ya see after she falls off her board and I'm Furball because..." Ripples interrupted her and grabbed a handful of braids.

"It's what she looks like when I take her braids out, one great big furball."

"OK and Sebastian is?"

"Ohh we don't call her that, Sebastian is her middle name. We call her Dunk, its short for Duncan."

Tucker ran fingers through her hair and nodded her head. "If you two are going to teach me to surf, can we start tomorrow, I'm starving and I want to get this sand off me."

"Ohh sure, no problem, we'll even help you get back to Mama's." Furball said as she picked up her surfboard and tucked it up under her arm.

"How did you know where I'm staying?"

"Easy, Furball saw you there. Mama is Duncan's mama and makes the best chicken salad on the island."

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Duncan sat on the beach watching the waves roll in to caress the shore, each time it brought something with it and took something back. She knew what it felt like to have it take something away, something that could never be replaced. She pushed away the memory before it could raise its head and wiped the tears from her cheeks. Getting up, she grabbed her board and walked towards the path that would take her to her Mama's where she had parked her car. She rounded the corner to see her mom, friends and Tucker sitting out on the back porch eating sandwiches. She shook her head and leaned her surfboard against the side of her car. "Did ya save me any food?" She walked up to Ripples and took her half-eaten sandwich from her hand. "Don't matter, I'll eat this one."

"Hey, that was mine you pig!" Ripples tried to take it back and got her hand smacked. "Mama she stole my sandwich!"

Mama's hazel eyes rolled, she pulled the cover off the platter and pointed to it. "Stop being a brat and sit your ass down before I kick it." She looked to Tucker and saw the smile on her face.

"Tucker, now you see why I said she needs taming."

Duncan stopped mid chew and looked at her mom with wide eyes. "Mama!" She grumbled around the food in her mouth.

"Use those manners I taught you, I swear sometimes I think I have a son." She swung out with a fly swatter when Duncan lowered a hand to her crotch and adjusted what she didn't have. "I swear you'll have me completely grey by the end of the day!" She chuckled when Duncan gave her a wink and dropped down into a chair next to her. "Evil damn child." She leaned over, kissed her daughters cheek, and straightened her braids.

Tucker sat and watched Duncan and Carol act more like friends than mother and daughter, she had a good relationship with her parents but it wasn't anything like this. Then the way Mama treated the other two women, it was as if she had three children instead of one. It was obvious that they all loved each other and had a close relationship. She looked over into pale blue eyes when she heard her name called.

"So what did the two idiots teach you today?"

"We're going to start tomorrow afternoon, I had enough for today after dealing with that pig." She leaned back in her chair and watched Duncan eat a sandwich with three bites and finish off her mama's coke. "Do a lot of guys use your name to get women?" She smiled when Duncan choked on her food and the others snorted. "I take that as a yes, so what's so special about you that they do this?" Mama roared at the blush that worked up Duncan's face, she sat back in her chair, crossed her arms over her chest and waited for the answer.

Ripples and Furball looked from each other and then ta Mama before they yelled in unison. "She SUCKS!" They jumped up from their chairs and took off running back down to the beach with Duncan chasing after them. Tucker watched them until they were gone and turned her attention back to Mama.

"What did they mean by that?"

"Let me put it this way, there's more male in my daughter than female." She laughed at the confused look on Tucker's face and spelled it out for her. "The three of them are gay and Duncan has had her conquests if that's what ya want to call them. Now she just works, surfs and lives a boring life."

"She doesn't date or anything, I mean she's an attractive woman and I can't see her not dating."

"Nope, her and the other two sit at home at night and terrorize each other. Kind of like they did when they were little, some things never change." She opened another Coke and took a sip.

"What are you going to do once you go back to Texas, do you live alone?"

"I have a small house not far from my parents, I'm glad that I didn't sell it when Steve wanted me to. I'll go home and try to finish my book." She looked down at her hands and rubbed the calluses on her palms. "To tell you the truth, I haven't thought much about what I'll do when I get back home. We had all these plans and now..."

"You'll know what to do when it comes time for it, for now, just enjoy the island and don't let the two idiots scare you."

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Steve threw the phone book across the room with the phone behind it; he had called every single motel and hotel on the island and hadn't found Tucker. "Where the Hell are you, I know you're not at home or with your parents." He stood up and paced the floor while talking to himself. "I checked all the airlines and came up with nothing, so that means you're still around here somewhere." He changed into a pair of dress slacks, polo shirt and loafers, grabbed his sunglasses and headed out to the beach area. He remembered about Tucker complaining about not getting out to the beach. "So I'll walk the beach every day and maybe I'll find you."

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Tucker was already on the beach when she saw Ripples and Furball coming towards where she was sitting, she fell over in the sand when she saw how they were dressed. Furball had a pair of long shorts on with little ducks all over them, a black flight jacket wetsuit, goggles and floatation cuffs on her arms like little kids wear. Ripples was dressed pretty much the same except her shorts had pink bunnies and she wore a bugs bunny inner tube around her waist. "Are ya ready to get wet?" Ripples wiggled her brows and gave her a toothy grin.

"Nice gear you have there guys, please tell me you can swim."

"We dog paddle pretty good," Furball answered and then pulled her goggles down over her eyes and handed Ripples a pair of neon orange nose plugs. "Just don't splash and we'll be good."

"What have I gotten myself into?" Tucker mumbled, got up and picked up her surfboard. "I'm ready when you are." She shook her head when they went screaming towards the water like little kids.

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Duncan and Mama sat back from the beach watching the idiots teach Tucker how to surf, they laughed more than anything at the antics of Ripples and Furball. Every time a wave came near one of them, they ran for the shore screaming. "Duncan, I don't think Tucker's gonna to learn anything except how to drown those two."

"She'll be OK, they do this everyday." She winked at her mama and laughed when Tucker jumped off her surfboard onto Ripples and took her under. "See, they're getting along good. Now if they'd just move further out in the water, four feet off the shore just ain't gonna do it."

"Why don't you go out there with them, I know it's killing you."

She looked to her mama and shrugged her shoulders. "Maybe later, I just don't feel like it right

now."

Mama rolled her eyes and snorted. "Ohh that was so convincing, go get your damn board and get your ass out there."

Duncan looked to her with wide eyes and her mouth hanging open. "Mama, I can't believe...,"

"What that you can't lie for shit? Now get out there and save your idiots, Tucker just took Furball under for the third time."

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"Hey ain't we supposed to be teaching you how to surf?" Ripples asked Tucker while wiping the water out of her eyes.

"Well, you're the ones who keep running out of the water as soon as a wave comes in. I just thought maybe I'd have some fun first." She straddled her board and waved a hand out to the open ocean. "How are you guys gonna show me what to do out there without surfboards?"

Ripples and Furball grinned at each other and then looked over their shoulders at Duncan who was walking into the water. "Our savior is here!" They screamed and jumped up and down in the water.

Duncan rolled her eyes and dropped her head; she knew when she's been set up. She would make sure they paid for it when they got home that night. "All right, I know what you guys did to me with the help of my very own mama and you will all pay later!" She straddled her surfboard and waved to Tucker. "Come on and I'll get ya started," She lay down on her board and started paddling out. "Just do what I do and you two go get your boards or no cookies and milk tonight."

Tucker gave her a raised eyebrow and then started paddling out beside her; she couldn't believe the feeling of cruising across the water. She could only imagine what it would feel like riding a wave back in. What she found herself doing was watching the muscles in Duncan's arms and shoulder's flex with each stroke. Then her eyes wandered to her thick back and down to where her bikini bottoms hugged her tight rear. "Stop staring at my ass and paddle!"

"Huh...I mean I wasn't...I was seeing if you do anything with your feet."

"Right, no I don't and keep paddling until I stop."

It seemed like they had paddled for hours before Duncan stopped and turned to her. "See this small wave coming in, I want you to put your hands on the front of your board, take a deep breath and push it down into the water when I say so. Got it?"

"Yep, I got it, I don't know why I'm doing it but I'll do it." She watched as the wave came closer and when Duncan yelled, she pushed her board down and felt the wave go over the top of her. The water sent tingles across her skin and tossed her around a bit before she was pushed back to

the surface from the buoyancy of the board. She shook her head and wiped the water from her eyes. "OK, now I know why you had me do that, otherwise I would have been carried right back to shore."

Duncan grinned at her and nodded her head. "Good, a quick learner. We're gonna do it a couple more times and then I'll show you how to ride one in...without getting up on the board."

"When do I learn how to stand up?"

"When you get the feel of your board and can stay on it."

"What do you mean stay on, I can stay on this with no problem." She turned the board, glanced over at a smirking Duncan and felt the wave rise up under her. Before she knew it, all she saw was white froth and bubbles. The water washed over her and flung her from her board, she rolled and was pushed towards the bottom and felt her leash tugging on her ankle. Duncan with the help of Ripples and Furball waited until they saw the board float to the surface. Duncan dove in, searched for the smaller woman, and finally saw her shooting for the surface. "You could have warned me it was going to be like that!" She yelled and splashed water at Duncan. "Can we do it again?" She laughed and pulled her board over to her. The four of them paddled back out and waited for the next wave to come in, the two idiots pushed up on their boards and rode in to the shore while Duncan and Tucker more or less boogie boarded. Two hours later, Tucker gave up from exhaustion and coasted to the shore, she lay on the beach panting and letting the surf roll over her.

"So what do ya think there little one, is my kid teaching you anything?" Mama looked down at her and grinned when she moaned and rolled to her knees.

"I can't feel my arms; I think I paddled around the island a couple hundred times." She pulled her board behind her and dropped down into the sand. "I'm really out of shape; I can't believe how tired I am."

"It gets better; ya have to remember that those three have been surfing since they were able to crawl." She sat down beside Tucker and watched her daughter pop up on her board and do a series of kick outs and top offs before riding the wave into shore. "In the surfer's lingo, you're a kook or beginner."

"I think I'm plain crazy, I hit the water more than I rode it." She looked over to Mama with twinkling eyes. "It looks so easy from this point, almost like there's no danger involved. A couple of times I got scared and didn't know which way was up."

Mama looked out to see Duncan setting up for one of the larger waves and groaned. "You want to see crazy," She pointed to Duncan. "Watch what my kid does and when she gets in here I'll show you how to kick a field goal." Duncan paddled until she was on top of the wave; she gripped the board with her hands and pushed herself up into a handstand. She made it halfway in before she wiped out, her board flew up into the air and the wave came down and crushed her. Tucker and Mama jumped up and ran down to the waters edge to wait, Ripples and Furball

paddled to where Duncan's board floated and then fell off their boards when Duncan came up behind them and flipped them over. "That's one of the reasons I have so much grey hair, damn kid will be the death of me!" She walked out into the surf and grabbed Duncan by her ear. "You took another five years off my life!" She yelled and dragged her all the way back to the beach.

"MAMA that hurts!" She whined and sighed with relief when her ear was released only to let out a yelp when Mama kicked her in her ass. "That hurt," She looked at a grinning Tucker and rolled her eyes. "You just wait shrimp, she'll get you too." She unfastened her leash and dropped down into the sand beside her friends.

Mama gave Tucker a narrowed eyed look and nodded her head. "Ohh you can bet on it if you do anything like those three."

Chuckling, Tucker shook her head and crossed her chest. "Don't worry; I'll never do anything like that." The other three looked from Mama to Tucker and grinned, they had all said that at one point.

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Duncan took the picture from the tall man and looked at it with a critical eye; she shook her head and handed it back to him. "Sorry mister but I see hundreds of people a day in here; I couldn't tell you what any of them look like." Steve put the picture of Tucker back in his suit pocket and nodded his head.

"If she comes in here will you call me at this number, day or night doesn't matter."

Duncan became curious as to why this guy was looking for Tucker, she took his card and looked deeply into his eyes. "Is she in trouble with the law or something, maybe if you went to the police?"

"Ohh nothing like that, she's my fiancée and I received a ransom note. I'm trying to trace the last place she was seen; maybe someone saw who kidnapped her."

Iceiness came to her eyes; she shook her head and placed his card in her shirt pocket. "If I hear anything I'll call you." She watched him leave with an arrogant walk and growled. "You can't lie for shit buddy and there's no way in Hell I'll ever call you." Checking her watch, she saw that she had another 45 minutes before she was off work, her feet were killing her and soaking wet from the spilled beer and other drinks that sloshed over the bar and on to the floor. She was half-tempted to wear diving boots but the broken glass would slice her feet to ribbons in seconds. It was one of the reasons she went barefoot once she got off work, if not, she knew she would have jungle rot and her feet would fall off. She took a tray a tray of clean glasses from the scullery person and slid them onto the shelf under the bar, as she came back up, her heart jumped into her throat. Tucker was standing in the doorway looking around towards the crowded tables. Tapping the other bar tender on her shoulder, she told her she was taking a break and crawled through the door at the side of the bar. She grabbed Tucker by her hand, shielded her with her body and ushered her to the locker room.

"Why did you drag me in here?" Tucker said with a growl.

Duncan looked down at her and spoke in a hoarse whisper. "What are you doing here?"

"It's a public place; I came to get something to eat, so if you'll get out of my way I'll..."

"You can't go out there, some guys looking for you. He said you're his fiancée and you were kidnapped."

Green eyes grew wide; Tucker ran her fingers through her hair and groaned. "That stupid asshole has really lowered himself," She looked up to see that Duncan had stepped back and crossed her arms over her chest. "Did he have a broken nose and dressed in a suit?"

"Yeah, and the suit cost more than I make in two months. Is he your fiancé?" She looked deeply into troubled green eyes and felt her soul touched by something unfamiliar.

"Was, I broke it off a couple of days ago." She covered her face with her hands and mumbled for a few seconds. "I need to fly back to Texas before he finds me..."

"Once he doesn't find you here, he'll go back and find you in Texas."

"But I can hide in Texas, I can go to my parent's house...and it'll be the first place he looks, damn!"

Duncan leaned back against the wall of the small dingy room and closed her eyes in thought. Opening one eye, she watched Tucker chew on her thumb and twist a lock of her hair around her fingers. "If you want to stay, we'll hide you."

"If I stay it'll be like a prison, I want to be able to wander around the island, sit on the beach and surf."

Duncan stepped closer, ran her fingers through Tucker's hair, and raised her left eyebrow. "Would you be willing to cut and dye your hair, nothing drastic or anything, just to make a little change to throw asshole off?" Tucker felt tingles run across her scalp where Duncan's fingers had been, her eyes fluttered closed and then opened slowly when she heard her name. "How about it, are ya willing?"

"Nothing drastic right, where can I get it done...like right now?"

Duncan gave her a lopsided grin and held up a finger. "Wait right here and let me go talk to the other bar tender and find Ripples and Furball." She went to the door and then stopped. "Do you have a car?"

"No, I had a cab bring me here."

"OK, just wait right here and I'll be right back." She smiled brightly and ducked out of the door.

Tucker placed her hand over her heart and leaned back against a table. "If your smile affects me like this, I can only imagine what it does to another lesbian." Covering her face, she tapped her fingertips on her forehead and grumbled. "You're suffering from post traumatic stress syndrome, first, you check out her ass and now you're practically falling over when she smiles!" She spun in circles and then took a deep breath to try and stop the room from spinning. "You're a woman, you date men, you were engaged to one, what are you doing? I haven't a clue but I think I maybe going nuts!" She jumped when Duncan came back in with her roommates in tow.

"OK, we're outta here. We're going out the back just incase your stalker is around somewhere." She took Tucker's hand and pulled her so that she was in front of her and behind Ripples. "Our cars right outside the back door, once we get in, hide."

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"I can't believe I did this." She looked at Duncan's reflection in the saloon's mirror. "I've never had my hair this short before; now the color is...my natural color." She ran her fingers through the sides that were cut short and brushed back over her ears, the back stopped right at her collar and curled slightly.

"I like it, it makes you look..."

"If you say older, I'll smack the snot outta you." She held a fist up and waved it for effect. "Where are your roommates?"

"Playing as usual, I can't take them anywhere." She looked over to where Ripples and Furball sat with mud covering their faces, what didn't shock her was that they had straws up their noses and were shooting spit wads at each other. Tucker got out of the chair and looked over at the idiots; she snickered and pulled Duncan down to whisper in her ear.

"I think you should make them go home like that." She wiggled her brows and laughed when Duncan mimicked her.

"It'll cost something ta get them outta here ya know, like supper. None of us can cook to safe our lives."

Tucker tapped her hand against her chest. "Are you asking me to cook for you guys?"

"No, we can get take out and I'll split the bill with you."

Tucker groaned and shook her head. "I've had nothing but take out except for when I eat with your Mama, can we do steaks and the works?"

"We'll have to go to Mamas; she has a BBQ and one of those big pots for corn on the cob."

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Mama did a double take of her kids and shook her head; the only one who looked as she always did was Duncan. She didn't know what to say about Ripples and Furball, they reminded her of the movie swamp thing. She stepped up to Tucker and gave her a bright smile. "You look really different; if not for your green eyes I wouldn't have known you." She brushed the dark blonde bangs back from her forehead and looked to see Duncan blushing. "Why the change little one?"

"It was my idea," Duncan said in a low voice. "We're sorta hiding her from her ex; he came in the restaurant looking for her."

Mama looked between her daughter and Tucker and then to the other two. "Stick those two in his bungalow and he'll run across the ocean to get back to Texas. Damn are they ugly, what is on their faces."

"Its mud, Mama, it's supposed to make us look younger," Furball looked to Ripples and tried to grin.

"I don't think this shit is doing anything but getting like cement. How can anyone think it's supposed ta make ya look younger?"

Tucker cleared her throat, looked over at them, and tried not to laugh. "You're not supposed to leave it on forever, but the straws are a...nice touch." She groaned, shook her head and went into the house to get the steaks that they had picked up.

"What happened with her fiancé Duncan?"

"He came in with a picture and told me she was kidnapped." She sat down at the glass-topped table and raised an eyebrow at her mama. "What's the deal with her Mama, I know it's gotta be bad if she's willing to hide."

"Now Dunk, you know I can't tell you that, you'll have to ask Tucker."

"She'll never know then," Ripples said from the doorway where she was wiping water from her face. "She's the chicken of the sea."

"Yeah anything to do with women except...ya know, and she's stuck." Furball gripped her shoulder and flicked her tongue out at her. "It works for talking to ya know."

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Duncan sat in her bed with her back resting against pillows, she flipped the page in the book she was reading and smiled. She had borrowed one Tucker's books from her mama, she hadn't read any of her books and wondered why. She was enjoying the tale of mystery that Tucker had woven; she really liked the quirky Private Detective. The poor woman couldn't tie her own shoes without causing a national catastrophe. From blowing up the computers in the entire police

station to accidentally setting off the sprinkler systems in the courthouse, she still managed to chase down unfaithful husbands for her clients. "No wonder Mama likes your books; I wonder why you hide this sense of humor?" She fell asleep four pages later and never knew that Ripples and Furball came in and stole the book from her.

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Tucker lay across her bed with a pile of old surfer's world magazines beside her, Mama had given them to her to read when Duncan and the idiots left for home. She flipped through the pages and then flipped a page back; right in front of her was a picture of Duncan. She looked different, her hair was free and dark bangs hung in her eyes. The sexy smile on her face sent chills down her spine and made her toes curl. "There ya go again Tucker, acting all weird. Maybe if you would have acted like this around Ste... a man, you wouldn't be in such a mess." She fell back on her bed and placed the magazine over her face with a loud moan.

"What's all the moaning about little one?" Mama asked from the doorway. "Life does get better and if you want my opinion, you're better off without that scheming moron." She placed a dish of fresh peanut butter cookies on the bed and handed her a tall glass of milk. "I see you found one with my brat in it," She looked at the article and shook her head. "Her and that damn 'fuck me look." She looked up when Tucker busted out laughing and almost spilled the milk all over herself. "Well, it's true." She flipped to the back of the book and found another picture of Duncan standing between Ripples and Furball. "What's worse is they actually print the damn pictures." She handed the magazine to her and pointed to the bottom of the page.

"She's not grabbing their tits...is she?" She looked up from beneath dark lashes and saw Mama nodding.

"She paid for it though; they chased her all day long trying to convince her that the photographer needed a retake." She closed the book and handed Tucker a cookie. "No matter what she or the other two idiots do, it keeps me laughing and feeling young."

"They're like sisters, I've never had friends that I was that close with." She took a drink of milk and grabbed another cookie. "I'm an only child and I kept myself amused by reading and falling into the place where the story was taking place."

"There's nothing wrong with that, I still do it and I'm an old woman. By the way, Duncan borrowed one of my books." She gave her a wiggling eyebrow that reminded Tucker of Duncan. "It's one of yours, that brat never reads except stuff about surfing."

"Really, which one did she borrow?"

"The one about the klutz Private Investigator, I just about choked reading that one. I inhaled more iced tea in one chapter than I have in my entire life." She leaned back on the bed and gave Tucker a serious look. "What are you going to do about your ex?"

"Hide and pray he forgets all about me," She twisted her hands together and looked across the

room. "Can you give me the number for your doctor; I'm still having some problems. I hurt inside and I just want to make sure that he didn't tear something." Tears came to her eyes and she wiped at them with a hand.

Mama pulled her into her arms and held her as she cried; she wished that she could get her hands on the ex so she could drop kick his nuts to his throat. "I'll call her as soon as I go back over to my house, she'll probably want to see you in the morning, is that OK?" She felt Tucker nod her head and then held on to her tighter until she stopped crying. "I think you should tell Duncan what happened, that way if he comes looking for you, she can let him know that she knows the truth."

"But then he'll know where I am?"

"He won't care after she gets a hold of him, she can be very convincing."

Tucker pulled back and wiped her eyes. "I'll think about it, he may just go away and none of us will have to deal with him."

"You think about it and I'm going over to call my friend, I'll let you know what she says in the morning."

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Duncan rushed into the doctor's office and stopped at the receptionist's desk; she took a deep breath and choked out. "Mrs. Fox, where is she?"

"She's in the exam room, hold on a minute." The portly woman held up one finger and disappeared behind the door to the back. Duncan wiped the sweat that was running down her face with a shaking hand and jumped when she heard her mama's voice.

"Duncan what are you doing here?"

"Are you all right, I called the hospital and they said you were here?" She grabbed her mama and gave her a tight hug.

"I'm all right; I brought Tucker in to see Petra."

Her blue eyes widened and she tried to look in the back. "What's wrong with Tucker, she was all right yesterday."

"I can't tell you that, you know patient confidentiality and all."

"Mama please, I'm going crazy with all this stuff, her ex showed up again today at the restaurant."

"Let's go in the back and see if Petra is done, if she is you can talk to Tucker."

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Tucker sat on the examine table with her head in her hands, the doctor had found a small tear in her cervix but said that it was healing and was not a cause for concern. What she did say was that there was extreme bruising on the vaginal walls and it would take some time for it to go away. Afterward, she took cultures and blood for testing. She looked up when she heard the door open and was surprised to see a dark head peek in.

"Can I come in?" Duncan asked in a soft voice that hid her nervousness.

"Yeah, it's OK." She waved her in and patted the table beside her. "I guess Mama told you why I'm here."

"Nope, she refused." She looked to where her feet were swinging. "She said I had to ask you, will you tell me?"

"Can I ask why you want to know?"

"I thought it would be better if I knew the whole story behind your break up, he came back to the restaurant again and I'm getting tired of him harassing me. That is if you being here has anything to do with it."

Tucker sniffled and looked with tear-filled eyes at Duncan. "He's the reason I'm here, I left him because he raped me." She sobbed and then fell to pieces, she covered her face and when strong arms wrapped around her, she wrapped her arms around a trim waist, buried her face in Duncan's chest, and cried harder.

Duncan rested her chin on Tucker's shoulder and cursed a blue streak in her mind; she imagined ripping him apart with her bare hands and tossing parts out into the ocean. No one had the right to do that to any one whether they were dating, engaged or married. When the door opened, she looked up at her mama and felt tears flow down her cheeks. Her stoicism was all shot to Hell now, she hadn't even cried after the accident years before but now she cried because of Tucker's pain. Mama stepped in front of them and hugged them both; she was shocked to see her daughter crying and wondered why now?

Bending close to Tucker's ear, she whispered. "I have your prescription, so we can go home when you're ready."

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Duncan carried a sleeping Tucker into the guesthouse and gently placed her down on her bed, pulling a blanket over her; she walked quietly from the room and went back over to her Mama's. With each passing moment her temper grew, the second she walked in the kitchen, Mama pulled her into a hug.

"She'll be OK, I'll take care of her and you go get that asshole and escort him to the airport."

"How could he do that to her!" She cried out and felt her mama hold her tighter. "No one should be treated like that, no one." She broke down and cried on her mama's shoulder.

"Duncan, I've never seen you act like this towards anyone, why Tucker?"

Duncan lifted her head and wiped the tears from her face. "Look at her Mama; she's so small...and...,"

"And what Dunk," She brushed the braids over her daughters broad shoulders and wiped tears from her cheek. "You see something deeper in her don't you?"

"It's feels ancient, touchable but not, a longing for something...Ohh Hell I don't know what I'm talking about."

"She's a special person and deserves gentleness to help her heal. She's been holding a lot of pain in since that awful experience, she needs friends Duncan. She's never had real friends before."

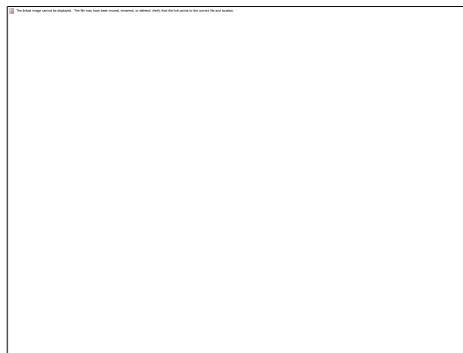
"She does now; me and the idiots will come over tomorrow and take her to Waimea. We can go hiking up to the waterfalls or something. Maybe drive over to the Northeast Park, walk around..."

Mama placed a hand over her mouth to stop her. "You take her, she's raw right now and if she breaks down I don't think she'll want Ripples and Furball to see her."

"OK, I'll call in sick tomorrow and see where she wants to go." She hugged and kissed her mama's cheek. "Thanks Mama, I'll be over bright and early."

"I'll have breakfast ready for you two and I'll even make you a lunch to take with you. Now get going before your roommates tear the house apart."

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Duncan stepped into her mama's kitchen to find a sleepy eyed Tucker sipping coffee and

nibbling on a piece of dried toast. She gave her mama a worried look and felt relieved when she smiled. "Have a seat Dunk; your eggs are almost done." She flipped the scrambled eggs around in the frying pan for a few moments and then loaded them onto a plate with bacon and hash browns. Placing it before her, she then added buttered toast before getting her own plate and sitting down across from Tucker. "How's your stomach feeling?"

"Like I drank battery acid, I think it's the pills Petra gave me. I should have taken them after I ate." She looked to Duncan and tilted her head sideways. "Where are we going today that I had to get up at the crack of dawn?"

Duncan swallowed and then turned to see that Tucker's eyes were bloodshot and a bit puffy. "We don't have to go anywhere if you don't feel like it."

"No, I need to get away for a while. Regroup and think of what I'm going to do."

"OK, I was thinking of driving up to see the waterfalls, maybe go over to the park if you're sure you wouldn't rather stay around here."

"It sounds good; I haven't seen anything since I've been here. I'd like to see the dolphins before I go back to Texas."

"I'm sure we can arrange that, I know the guy who takes tourists out to see them. We might even see some whales while we're out there." She finished her breakfast in record time, put her plate in the dishwasher and kissed Mama's cheek. "We'll be back later sometime, before dark if the weather doesn't slap us."

"You two be careful and that bag on the table is your lunch."

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Tucker looked at their mode of transportation and then at a shrugging Duncan. "What war did this thing die in?" She walked around the old Triumph motorcycle and smirked at the expression on Duncan's face.

"It's not that bad, that's the original paint on the tank." She rubbed the dull finish with her bandana and shrugged her shoulders. "So it could use a paint job, I thought I got a pretty good deal on it. I traded a months worth of boogie board lessons to one of the guys." She put their lunch in a saddlebag, straddled the motorcycle and kicked it over. "I have a helmet if you want to wear it."

"Have you ever wiped out on it?" She asked with a raised eyebrow and arms crossed over her chest.

"Nope, never laid her down and never plan to either. I'm a safe driver no matter what Mama says." She held out a hand to Tucker and helped her get situated behind her. "Hold on around my waist and lean with me, the roads we'll be taking are curvy and steep at places." As they got

further up into the mountain areas, Tucker found herself holding on tighter to Duncan. The feel of her stomach muscles rippling under her hands amazed her, Steve had no muscle what so ever, he was well padded and reminded her of foam. She rested her chin on a strong shoulder and watched the dangerous road before them; it only took a few moments before she closed her eyes to save what bit of nerves she had left. When she felt the motorcycle slowing and then coming to a stop, she opened her eyes and gasped. In front of them was a beautiful waterfall complete with lush greenery and fragrant flowers surrounding it. "It's beautiful; I've only seen pictures of places like this."

"We can go closer so that you can see it better and maybe take a swim before we eat."

"That sounds good but I didn't bring a suit."

"We don't need one; no one comes to this place because they'd have to walk about three miles to get here."

"You think I'm gonna go skinny dipping with you, the sucker of the island?"

Duncan rolled her eyes and groaned. "Don't believe everything they tell you about me, I'm completely harmless...until provoked. Now come on, I wanna get this dust off me before we eat."

Stripping off her t-shirt, shorts and tennis shoes, Duncan jogged down to the waters edge and dove in. Minutes later, she popped up on the other side of the small pond and waved to Tucker. "Come on Tuck, you wearing your underwear in here is more clothes than running around in a bikini. Tucker walked to the edge and ran her hand through the cool water, she looked over to see Duncan floating on her back and coming towards her. Deciding that Duncan was right, she stripped out of her clothes and eased into the water without Duncan noticing. Diving under, she swam under Duncan and grabbed her feet as she went. Pulling her under, she swam away and surfaced a short distance away. When she didn't see her, she turned slowly in a circle and yelped when she was picked up and tossed over Duncan's head to land with a splash. They played in the cool water until Tucker held up her hands and surrendered.

"I give up, I'm exhausted and starving." She walked up to the shaded beach and dropped down into the thick grass under a tree. Slicking her hair back, she felt her muscles scream from over use. "Who knew that playing in the water could be such a workout?"

"All the Olympic swimmers," Duncan dropped down beside her and stretched out her long legs. "Just think, that little pond is nothing compared to swimming in the ocean." Tucker looked down to where her feet ended at the middle of Duncan's shins and sighed.

"It's easier when you have mile long legs, try swimming with ones as short as mine." She nudged Duncan's legs with her foot and leaned back against the tree. "You probably have webbed feet or something that helps." She looked over to see Duncan drop her head and a guarded look come over her face. Taking a better look at her friend's feet, she got a puzzled look on her face. "Your feet are webbed," She grabbed one of her hands, inspected the insides of her fingers, and saw

slight scarring. "They fixed your hands, why not your feet?"

"Not many people look at feet and the surgeon could only work on me when the ship came back into port."

"Weren't there other doctors that could have done it?"

"I'm sure there were but when your dad's an air force fighter pilot and Mama's a navy nurse, you take what you can get." She spread her toes to expand the webbing and grinned at Tucker. "I always thought my dad was the man from Atlantis, his feet were much worse than mine are."

Duncan was right; people didn't look at feet unless they had a foot fetish. Tucker remembered seeing something about children born with webbed fingers and toes but she couldn't remember what it was called. She knew there was a female news anchor and her daughter with something similar. "What causes it, I mean is it hereditary?"

"In my case and my dad's, they think it's a screwed up gene, I was misdiagnosed with Apert's syndrome but I never showed any of the other signs. I didn't have a hair lip, cleft palate or misshaped cranium. Me and the rest of Dad's side of the family are a complete medical mystery."

Tucker nodded her head and grinned. "I think it's unique, now I understand why Mama has a thing for mermaids." She chuckled when Duncan rolled her eyes and groaned. "Let's see what she made us for lunch; I hope she put some cookies in there." She leaned over Duncan, grabbed the bag from on the other side of her and peered inside. "Ohhh I just love your mama."

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Tucker woke up with a slight chill; she opened her eyes and saw that the sun was starting to set. Moving her head to the side, she saw that her one hand was resting on Duncan's stomach. Her fingers moved of their own accord across the silky skin, tingles rushed up her arm and made her shiver.

"Are you cold?" Duncan asked with a raspy voice and turned her head to look at the lowering sun. "We should head back, it's getting late." She eased up from the ground and stretched. "I didn't expect to pass out after eating." Picking up their clothes, she handed Tucker hers and started to get dressed.

"Guess our playing around in the water wore us out more than we thought, how long will it take us to get back?"

"Not as long, it'll be mostly down hill from here. I just hope that it doesn't start raining," She rubbed her hands together for warmth before pulling her shoes on. "It's a real bitch to be on a motorcycle and getting rained on, ya freeze your ass off real quick."

Tucker shook her head and groaned as she got up off the ground. "Ohh good, just what I need to be frozen on the back of a motorcycle."

On the way back to Mamas, Tucker pressed her body closer to Duncan. The body heat the tall surfer gave off felt like an electric blanket, if not for the rushing air passed them, she would have drifted off to sleep. When they stopped outside of her guesthouse, she didn't want to leave the warmth of the body in front of her.

"Are you two just gonna sit there or what?" Mama asked from the small porch and grinned when Tucker jumped and turned her head towards her. "You have perfect timing Dunk; the rain will be here in a few minutes."

"Aaahh man, I was hoping I wouldn't get drenched on my way home." She helped Tucker off, swung a long leg over the seat and pulled the empty thermos from her saddlebag. "After living here my entire life ya would think that I'd remember about the changing weather." She looked to the lightning that streaked across the sky and shivered.

"Call your roomies and tell them you're staying in your old room here, that way they won't be calling at all hours worried about you."

Duncan grinned at her mama on her way inside; she knew all too well that Ripples and Furball would call every five minutes until they heard from her. They were like mother hens and she swears that Mama taught them to be that way.

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Tucker dropped into a chair and sighed with relief, her body was aching from their swim, sleeping on the ground and being on the back of the motorcycle. She looked up to the sky and jumped when lightning flashed close by. "I'm so glad we made it back in time."

"Where did my brat take you?"

"Ohh the place was breath taking, I have no idea what it was called but it was an out of the way pond with a waterfall. It was so peaceful and relaxing, after we took a swim and ate, we fell asleep." She blushed at the thought of them rolling around in the pond trying to pull each other under.

"So she took you to her little hide away, her and her roomies go up there before a competition to zone out. I think they go up there to get drunk and run naked through the flowers."

Tucker busted out laughing; she could see them doing something like that. "You're probably right; I wouldn't put anything past those three."

"We don't have to go all the way up there to do that Mama, just give those two one beer and they go off." She sat down beside Tucker and glanced at her. "The worst part is that near beer does that to them."

"Why don't you take Tucker over to the nudy beach so she can get a good laugh?"

Tucker's eyes widened, she had no idea that there were nude beaches in Hawaii. She looked to see a smirking Duncan and slapped her in the shoulder. "How often do you strip and run amongst the naked women?"

"Haaa!" Mama yelled. "They won't even get out of the car!"

"We have to, but after seeing all those naked men, we got scared and ran back to the car." She shrugged her shoulders and played with the tablecloth to distract herself from twinkling green eyes.

"Will you take me there, I've always been curious as to why people would want to run around naked in public?" She chuckled at Duncan's dropped jaw, patted her on her shoulder and got up to go to her guesthouse. "I'm going to take a shower and turn in, I'm exhausted."

Duncan watched after her and then placed her bare feet on the edge of the chair in front of her. She spread and wiggled her toes and looked up when her mama grabbed her big toe. "She saw my feet and didn't go screaming into the night."

"She's not like the others Dunk, you could have pointed ears and I don't think she would bat an eye."

"Then she would be one among millions, I don't feel like a freak around her like I have other people."

"Not many people know you have webbed feet Dunk, you've always hid them. Everyone has something unique about them, their sense of humor, imagination, whatever." Mama patted her feet and gave her a wicked grin. "To bad she's not gay; you two would make a good looking couple."

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Picking up her cell phone, Tucker dialed her parent's number and waited for it to be picked up. This would be the first time that she had spoken with her mother since the other dreadful day when she lost her composure.

"Hello?"

"Mom it's me, I have a major problem here! Steve's going around with a picture of me telling everyone that I've been kidnapped!"

She heard her mom chuckle on the other end and drew her brows down over her nose. *"Ohh I'm fine Tucker, how are you? Now what's this about Steve and how did you find this out?"*

"Duncan Fox told me, I had just walked into the restaurant where she works, when she dragged me into the back and told me that he had just been there looking for so called witnesses to my

abduction. He's gone too far this time, I even went and had my hair cut and dyed so that I don't have to hide." She told her mom about where Duncan had taken her and that she was learning how to surf.

"That's a dangerous sport Tucker, you could get hurt."

"I'm safe with Duncan, she's a retired pro surfer and her roommates are out there with us."

"Is she related to Sebastian Fox, the one that beat out Keala Kennelly last year at the pipe masters?"

"I didn't know you watched surfing mom." She was shocked; her mom never watched any kind of sports.

"There was nothing else on and I thought the waves were beautiful, so is she?"

"Duncan is Sebastian Fox; she just goes by Duncan when she's not surfing. I'm going to finish out my vacation as long as Steve doesn't find me, if he calls, tell him I'm back in Texas. Maybe he'll fly back and I can have a good time here without worrying about him lurking in the shadows."

"Leave it up to us, I'll call his parents and invite them to a cookout. I'll tell them that you flew back early and that you'll be here with us. Then they'll call him and ask him why you're back early. He won't waste a minute getting back here."

"Thanks mom, I love you."

"Love you to Tucker and be careful out there." She hung up and went to inform her husband as to what they were going to do. "There's more than one way to skin a snake, and I want a new pair of boots!"

Tucker placed her cell phone on the nightstand and snuggled down into her pillow, she tuned her head so that she could look out the window at the rain that had started to come down. The sound of it hitting the roof and foliage outside her window pulled her into a deep sleep and dreams of a tall dark surfer stepping out of crystal blue water.

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Furball and Ripples sat on either side of Duncan's bed staring down at her, they had come over to Mama's to pick her up for work and found her still sleeping. Knowing she slept like the dead, they did what they always did, they terrorized her. "Think she'll notice?" Ripples said in a low whisper.

"Eventually, let's hope not until we get to work." She gave Ripples a short nod of her head and then they jumped on Duncan. The three of them rolled around on the bed wrestling until they heard someone clearing their throat behind them. Ripples grabbed Duncan's pillow and pushed it

over her face to keep her from biting.

Tucker stood leaning against the doorframe with a smirk on her face. "Mama says to get your immature asses down stairs or she's throwing your breakfast out to the seagulls." Shaking her head at the screams coming out from under the pillow, she rolled her eyes and went back to the kitchen. Stopping beside Mama to help her put the plates on the table, she snorted when she heard screams and then pounding feet above her head. "They were up there wrestling on the bed, are they always like that?"

"Ohh it gets worse, Duncan's woke up on the beach before. She can sleep through a hurricane and the idiots take advantage of it. They carried her out one morning and put her in between two old people who were sunbathing."

"That took ten years off my life; I thought I woke up next to two Sharpai dogs!" She had her roomies in headlocks and released them in the doorway. "I've never seen so many wrinkles in my life!" She shivered, dropped down at the table and dodged the coffee that Tucker spewed. "Hey it was funny but not that funny." She saw the blank expression on her mama's face and heard snickers behind her back. "You're all a bunch of weirdo's."

"Sorry...it went down...the wrong way." Tucker wheezed and was thankful when Mama handed her a dishtowel. "Are we going surfing today?" She asked and tried her damndest not to laugh at Duncan.

"We'll meet you here at three o'clock; I thought we'd take the Jet Ski's out and drag you around out there." She smiled at the horrified look on Tucker's face. "Not literally, you'll see what I mean or Mama can explain it." She batted her lashes at Mama and ducked the bagel that she threw.

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Duncan crawled under the bar and grabbed her apron from the hook on the wall, she tied it on and turned to the bartender she was relieving. "Been busy today?" She asked and gave the young guy a funny look when he jumped back from her.

"Uuhhmm nope, it's been kinda slow today." He crawled under the bar, took one last look at her and left before he busted out laughing. On his way to the back, he ran into their boss and lost it. Laughing hysterically, he stumbled into the locker room and slammed the door.

"Must have been a really bad day for him." Duncan mumbled and then cussed when she saw her boss. "Afternoon, any problems I should know about, like shortages on liquor?"

The boss looked at her and shook his head. "Maybe a shortage on maturity, are you going for a new look or something?" He left before Duncan could question him, turning towards the back of the bar to replace empty spots under the bar with fresh bottles; she caught her reflection in the mirror and jumped. "DAMN THEM!" She ran a finger across the black magic marker mustache

and around each circle that ringed her pale blue eyes. "Sunglasses would help but there's not a damn thing I can do about my mustache!"

"We could add a goatee?" Furball waved a black magic marker at her and ran when Duncan growled at her. Ripples tilted her head sideways and winked.

"I think you're kinda sexy with a mustache, ya know gives ya that butch look." Her eyes grew wide when Duncan grabbed the seltzer nozzle; jumping backwards didn't help, she still got sprayed. "Damn, now I look like I need potty training!" She plucked at her wet shirt and pants and whimpered from the coldness. "You're a big bully and I'm telling Mama on you!" She ran to the locker room yelling for Furball to start the hand dryer up. Duncan was still chuckling when she felt someone yank on the bottom of her white shorts; she jumped back and then saw Tucker squatting down behind the bar.

"What are you doing here, what if what's his name comes in?"

"He can't find his ass with both hands, so I'm not worried...not since my make over anyways. My conscious was bothering; I came to take care of your mustache." She held up a bottle of facial cleanser. "Come down here and let me see if I can get the marker off you."

Duncan looked around and then dropped down to squat in front of Tucker. "This ain't gonna burn is it?"

"No, it doesn't burn." She wet a facial scrub with the cleanser, gripped Duncan's chin with her fingers and wiped at the marker. "Mama offered me some lighter fluid, she said it works better than this stuff...but." She looked up into narrowed blue eyes and grinned. "I told her we'd try this first."

"Now I know why you almost choked this morning," She wiped at the tears caused by the cleansers fumes. "My boss thinks I've lost it," She moaned when Tucker scrubbed harder. "And as soon as he sees Ripples, he'll throw a bitch fit; I hosed her down with seltzer." She sat down and moaned from the scrubbing she was getting.

"Are you jerking off back there or something?" Furball pulled herself up over the bar and looked down at the two squatting figures. "You lucky dog!" She looked to see Duncan's hands resting on Tucker's bare thighs and moaned. "I shoulda let Ripples draw on me, I could use some TLC."

A blue eye cocked to the side and pinned her where she lay across the bar. "Ohh I'll get even you can count on that!"

Tucker used another scrub to remove one of the circles from around her eye and looked up at a patron who had come to the bar. "You have a customer Dunk."

"I'll get ya what ya need, Dunks getting attended to back there." She said to the man and slid over the bar to serve him. "The whole island knows its past due; the only one who's been in her southbound lane is her right hand." She jumped, let out a yelp and looked down to see Duncan

stabbing her in her ass with a plastic sword that they put in the drinks. She grinned at Tucker and handed the man his beer. "Next time, we'll draw lower." She jumped over the bar before Duncan could get her and laughed all the way to the tables she was in charge of.

"Don't believe a word she said, I use my left hand too."

Tucker busted up laughing and fell over into Duncan; she hadn't laughed so much in years. "Sorry, you just threw me when you said that." She used the bottom of her t-shirt to wipe the tears from Duncan's face and closed up the cleanser. "You're all set, maybe a little red but at least your face is clean."

"Thanks, at least now I don't have to explain how I ended up with marker all over my face." She stood, looked around the restaurant before pulling Tucker to her feet. "I'll take you to the back door, that way no one will see you leave." She jumped over the bar and then lifted Tucker over. "Where ya going today?"

"I thought I'd do some window shopping, maybe pick up some more clothes and stuff. I need a new swimsuit, mines seen better days. We don't have a pool or anything back home and I don't get to California that much anymore."

"When ya go out the back, hang a left and go down four shops, tell Malanie that I sent you, she'll give you a good deal."

Tucker nodded her head and then stopped outside the back door. "Since I met you guys, I've been treated like a local. It's nice to be accepted and not looked at as a dumb tourist." She gripped Duncan's forearm and then turned towards the shop.

"Ohh I don't look at you that way," She watched the muscles in Tucker's legs flex as she walked away. "I look at you like a dog in heat." She mumbled before going back to the bar.

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Steven walked into the Danes backyard with his parents following; he looked around for Tucker and found only her parents. He stomped up to Mrs. Danes, crossed his arms over his chest and glared down at her. "Where's Tucker, I need to speak with her?"

Linda looked up at him with anger filled green eyes, she pointed to the house. "Get in there; I want to have a word with you!"

"Not until I see Tucker, we have some things to straighten out first."

"Listen you sorry son of a bitch, you get in the house right now before I let my husband handle you! It took me hours to calm him down and all it takes is one word and you'll need all the kings' men to put you back together!" She grabbed his silk tie and dragged him into the house to the astonished stares of his parents. She slammed the door closed and turned on him with a raised finger that jabbed into his chest. "I know what you did to Tucker, what I don't know is why she

didn't call the police and report it and have your ass locked up! From this second on, you will stay away from my daughter! She doesn't want anything to do with you and if you so much as get within a hundred yards of her, her father will tear you apart!"

He backed up and raised his hands, placing an innocent look on his face he pored on the charm. "This is all a big misunderstanding, what ever she told you did not happen." Linda lunged forward and slammed him against the wall.

"You raped my daughter; she has never lied in her life and wouldn't start now. She has reports from a doctor listing the damage you did to her along with eyewitnesses to what you were trying to pull in Hawaii."

"I didn't do anything to her that she didn't want and I..." Were the last words that came out of his mouth, he crumbled in a heap to the kitchen floor. Linda shook her stinging hand and opened the back door to signal her husband.

"How's it feel to get the shit knocked out of you by both Danes women?" She said to his unconscious form, her husband was going to tell his parents that Tucker was in Puerto Rico knowing that they would tell him. They knew that he wouldn't give up and would take the first flight there to look for her. They had gone on line and made all kinds of reservations under Tucker's name to send him on a wild goose chase.

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Tucker and Duncan walked side by side dressed in baggy shorts and flight jacket wetsuits towards where Ripples was sitting on one of the two Jet Ski's Tucker tried to figure out what was floating in the water on the other side of Ripples and never heard Furball running up behind them. In a matter of seconds, both she and Duncan were tangled in their shorts that were around their ankles. They tripped and fell into each other and then fell in the sand as Furball took off down the beach to attack two more people before she was tackled.

"One of these days, someone's gonna use her for shark bait." Duncan mumbled and fought with her shorts. She looked over to a chuckling Tucker and asked 'What?' in a whinny voice.

She pointed to Duncan's Speedo's and fell back in the sand laughing. "You're bulge has...grown fingers!"

She looked down and saw where two neoprene fingers of her gloves stuck out from the material around her leg. "What can I say; it gets lonely down there all by itself." She pulled her web fingered divers gloves out and slapped Tucker in the stomach. "Let's go before you find out what else I have hidden on my body," She got up and pulled Tucker to her feet. "What were you doing looking down there anyway?"

"How could I not notice neon orange against your skin?"

"True, but you're the only one who has ever noticed my bulge." She gave her a toothy grin and took off at a run.

"Ohh shit...she's got me there." She shook her head and took off at a quick jog." She stopped and stared at what was floating in the water with a dropped jaw. "Ohh my God...that's a...,"

"Blow up sex doll," Ripples answered with a wide grin. "It's Furball's woman; she's trying to get that Amazonian water Safety officer and figures if she drags her doll behind us, she'll get a chance to jump her when she stops us."

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Tucker rode on the back of the Jet Ski with Duncan and watched Ripples dragging Furball behind hers on a water skiing board. Now she knew what Duncan meant and why she wanted her to try it, it was a way of learning how to balance on the board without having to wait for a wave. She gave out a yelp when they went up over a wave and her ass hit the seat, she knew that body part would be sore for a few days. She wrapped her arms tighter around Duncan and looked over her shoulder as they flew through the air and hit the water with a splash. When they came to a stop, Duncan looked over her shoulder and grinned at her. "Ready to give it a go, I'll go slow until you get the hang of it."

"What happens if I fall off?"

"One of us will be right there to pick you up, just grab our hand or one of the handles on the stretcher." She pointed to the netted stretcher attached behind them. She waited for Furball to show her how to hold onto the bar attached to the towrope and how to set the board in the water so that she could be pulled up when Duncan moved forward. Nodding her head and taking a deep breath, she got ready to be dragged behind the Jet Ski. After hitting the water more times, than she could keep track off, she finally got the hang of it and rode all the way to the shore. Duncan turned the Jet Ski back out and took her up over a few waves before heading back. When they stopped close to the beach, Tucker dove into the water and swam up to pull Duncan off the Jet Ski. "That was great!" She yelled after they surfaced and wrapped her arms around a smiling Duncan's neck. "Can I ride my board now that I can balance and everything?"

Duncan looked into the sea green eyes and felt her heart flutter; she let her eyes travel down to moist pink lips and fought the urge not to kiss them. She looked back up when she felt Tucker wrap her legs around her waist and tap her on the forehead with a finger. "Can I, I mean what's the worst that can happen besides wiping out like I did today?"

Duncan shook her head and then grinned at her. "Sure, but not tomorrow you'll be too sore. I thought we'd go to the nude beach and watch the idiots make bigger fools of themselves."

"That's IT!" Ripples yelled and splashed them. "I'm gonna start chasing straight women's from now on, ya get all cozy with them Dunk and I can't even get Furball's blow up doll ta talk to me!" Furball shot up out of the water behind Duncan with a huge toothy grin on her face.

"Ohh they be all close and cozy all right!" She reached under the water and pulled one of Tucker's feet above the water. "Dunks allll wrapped up!" She lifted Tucker's foot higher and watched as they were put off balance and fell under. "Ohh I'm in big trouble now!" She waddled through the water and took off running down the beach.

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Furball growled from the backseat and pouted. "Shut-up Dunk, it ain't one bit funny!" She reached over the seat and smacked a howling Tucker in the back of her head. "You wait; I'll get you to one of these days!" Tucker looked over the seat, laughed harder and fell across the seat. Ripples just grinned and enjoyed the moment in silent glee, she had suffered the payback as well but it wasn't as noticeable.

"Can we call you papa smurf?" Ripples looked over to Furball and batted her eyes. "It's such a preeetty shade of blue, makes your green eyes stand out." Furball growled and looked down at her blue skin and whimpered.

"Hey Tuck, how long does clothes dye last on the skin?" Duncan asked and watched Furball's eyes widen in the rear view mirror. Pulling into a parking space, she turned off the car and looked over to Tucker. "Their half a bottle of body soap mysteriously became full after the half a bottle of blue clothes dye that I added." She opened her door, stepped out and looked down to the beach. "Ready ta laugh your ass off; the men are sooo gross that it's hysterical!"

Tucker got out and stood beside Duncan, she looked off into the distance but the people were too far away for her to see details. "My mom will never believe this." She walked closer to the beach and turned when she heard Ripples and Furball fighting, they were playing tug of war with a pair of binoculars in the front seat. "I'll go down if you do." She said to a squinting Duncan and laughed when she turned with a shocked expression on her face.

"You do know that you have to be at the least half naked don't you?"

Tucker shrugged her shoulders and raised an eyebrow. "I'll take my shirt off if you do."

Duncan's jaw dropped open, she looked to Tucker's chest and then back up into her twinkling green eyes. "You'd do that...I mean take your shirt off?"

"With all those women down there, who's gonna notice?" She pulled her shirt up over her head, took off her bikini top and tossed them both on the hood of the car. "Come on Dunk, I'm not going down there alone." She waited and watched as Dunk mumbled under her breath as she pulled her shirt and bikini top off. Taking a deep breath, she threw her clothes on the hood of the car and pointed a finger at her roomies.

"Don't even go there!" She turned and started down towards the beach with Tucker following. "I will never live this down; I have never walked around in public half naked before."

"Well, that makes two of us." Tucker said as she took Duncan's hand and squeezed it. "First

person who hits on me, you plow them OK?"

"What if they hit on me?"

Tucker grinned up at her and winked. "Easy, you plow them."

Duncan rolled her eyes. "Ohh yea, wrestling in the sand half naked." She stopped and almost fell over, in front of them were people playing volleyball, she couldn't help but watch all the breasts moving up and down as the women jumped. "I'm going to Hell." She mumbled and felt Tucker tug on her hand. "Huh?" She looked to Tucker and back to the players a split second later.

"Let's get closer and find a place to sit down, that way when you pass out you won't look like an idiot." She shook her head when all Duncan did was say 'Huh?' again. "I see your reptile brain is functioning; only I would come to a nude beach with a drooling woman." She pulled a mute Duncan to an open space and pushed her down in the sand. Looking from each player, her eyes stopped on a woman whose build was similar to Duncan's. She found herself studying the woman's body as she moved across the sand and fantasized that it was her tall friend out there. "Ohh great Tucker, look what you're doing!" She felt her jaw drop open when the woman jumped up to block a spike and her breasts bounced. "Uuuggg..." She turned to see that Duncan's expression was the same as hers and jumped when two bodies fell against her.

"Think anyone will notice us?" Furball said over her shoulder and ducked when a man walked in front of them.

She snorted at the palm fronds they held in front of their bodies. "Not a chance, you're only blue and I've never seen a palm tree with huge gawking eyeballs! That's cheating you guys," She nudged a starrng Duncan and when she didn't budge, she waved a hand in front of her eyes. "I think she's in a coma or dead."

"That's new, a tit induced coma." Ripples snickered and peeked between her palm leaves. "Uhhmm...Tuck, I think she passed out." She looked down into glazed blue eyes and waved a hand in front of them. "Or she's dead."

With Ripples and Furball carrying Duncan by her shoulders and legs, Tucker tried to plaster an expression on her face that it was an everyday occurrence that she used palm fronds to fan her friends. She offered forced grins and nodded her head to who ever looked their way. "Such a nice day, a little too hot though, sun stroke takes down the biggest of us." She groaned when they got up to the car and was never so thankful when they pulled away and headed home. "Wait until Mama hears about this." She busted up laughing and wiped the tears from her face.

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Mama stood and looked down at her unconscious daughter laid out in the chase lounge; she grinned and snickered at her before taking a seat at the small table. "So this happened while watching naked women play volleyball and she's only come around for a few moments to mumble Uuuggg?"

Tucker nodded her head and snickered. "Pretty much, yep, she's a real caveman on a nude beach. They were all terrified of her... falling over and crushing them." She leaned forward and let her eyes travel over Duncan's relaxed form and felt her reptile brain started to raise its little head. Her fingers itched to caress the bronzed skin covering high cheekbones down to the small cleft of a chin. Reaching out, she ran her fingers across the top of Duncan's foot and between her toes to touch the webbed area. Seeing what she was doing, she looked up to Mama and slowly brought her hand back to her lap. "So is she gonna be OK, I've never seen anyone stay out this long?"

Mama had been watching Tucker with amusement, all of her attention was on Duncan and would only turn for a second to speak and then right back to playing with her webbed feet or to caress a leg. "Ohh she's alright, in fact she's enjoying the Hell outta herself." She grabbed a glass of ice water and poured it on Duncan's head, when she jumped up and let out a yell, Mama pointed to her. "See, all better now." She refilled her glass and took a long sip while watching Duncan pull ice cubes from inside her bikini top. "Perked right on up didn't they?"

"Mama!" She growled and crossed her arms over her hardened nipples. "That was cold not to mention mean as Hell, I was taking a nap."

"Sure ya were, more like taking advantage of Tucker's worrying nature." She got up from the table and stretched. "Well brats, I have to get ready for work and don't let Furball and Ripples stay out on the beach too long. You know how batty they get with too much sun." She stepped back when the devils came through the door dressed in orange vests and baseball hats.

"We ain't batty, we're grounds keepers." Furball held up Golf balls and grinned at Mama. "The only little balls I wanna play with." She grabbed Ripples by her hand and they took off running down a narrow path beside Tucker's guesthouse.

"Damn, Dunk you better go keep an eye on them, remember the last time when Ripples almost had a four iron shoved somewhere." She left Tucker with a confused look on her face and Duncan shaking her head.

"Wanna go with me; I know you'll get a good laugh outta what they do."

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After getting out of the car, Duncan led Tucker by her hand through some bushes and down an incline to where the golf course green flattened out. Pushing some foliage aside, she pointed to where Ripples and Furball were standing next to a sand trap with rakes in their hands. "If they wanted to play in the sand, what's wrong with the beach?" Tucker asked in a whisper close to Duncan's ear, she held back a moan when she picked up the scent of Duncan's soft musky scent. Duncan turned her head and touched noses because of the close proximity of their faces.

"It's not the sand they want; it's the idiots who chase the golf balls around." She turned back and pulled Tucker down beside her so that they wouldn't be seen. She pointed when she saw a ball pop up over the ridge and roll down towards the cup in front of the sand trap. "Now watch what

they do." Ripples glanced up the hill, ran over to the ball and replaced it with the one she had with her. Moving quickly back to where Furball was, she kept an eye out for the golfers. Furball repeated the action when another ball rolled their way and then waited.

"They're stealing golf balls?"

"Nope," Duncan grinned and turned back to her roomies. "Terrorizing is more like it." They watched as the two golfers came down the hill and looked at each ball before picking theirs out. When the first one set up for the shot, made a few practice swings before taking the final swing. He drew back his putter, advanced the swing and missed the ball completely. He looked around, shook his head and moved two feet over to where the ball had stopped rolling. After three misses, he gave up and picked the ball up to put in his pocket. The next golfer was further away from the cup, he pulled out a club and estimated the amount of power he would have to put behind his swing. He had to move the ball a good 75 feet to get close but knew he would score better than his friend. Lining up for the shot, he drew back and missed the ball when it rolled away. Lining up on the ball again, he swung and at the last second before impact, the ball was jerked away and he ended up on his ass. Ripples smacked Furball and took off running when they were discovered as the reason for the weird golf balls. They took off running past the golfers towards the bushes with a lone golf ball trailing behind them. Tucker sat snickering in the bushes with a grinning Duncan.

"I can't believe those two, that was..." She turned her head towards Duncan and felt her heart stop in her chest, pale blue eyes glimmered against dark bronzed skin. "Priceless." Her mouth went dry and left her speechless and holding her breath.

"Let's get out of here before we get blamed for what they've been doing." She reached for Tucker's hand and felt a slight tremble race through her friend's body. Gripping her hand tighter, she hauled her to her feet and winked. "Mama made some fudge brownies and I hear them calling our names." On the drive back to Mamas, Duncan kept looking over and catching Tucker looking away at the last second, a lopsided grin came over her face with a cocked eyebrow. *"What are you doing Tuck, if I'm not losing it, I'd say you're checking me out!"*

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Tucker lay on her stomach across the bed with a magazine opened in front of her; she ran a finger across a picture of Duncan and sighed. "You need to do some soul searching Tuck, what you're feeling for Duncan is..." She rolled onto her back and looked up at the ceiling. "What...friendship...extreme like, ohh face it Tuck...you're falling for her." Butterflies flew around in her stomach and tickled the bottom of her lungs, what started out as a soft giggle erupted in a full out laugh. She wiped the tears from her eyes and rolled back over to look at the picture of Duncan from more than a year ago. "You already fell and hard, not what are you going to do?" She fell asleep tracing Duncan's picture with a fingertip.

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After making bodily threats, hanging Furball upside down by her ankles and waving dog clippers

over Ripples head, Duncan finally got Tucker's novel back from them. With her eyes drooping closed, she looked at the back cover of the paperback and into the smiling features of Tucker. "What I wouldn't give to see that smile every day of my life." She pulled the book to her chest and thought over the last few hours they had spent together. The time at the golf course brought a soft smile to her lips; she could still see the expression on Tucker's face after her roomies had ran from the golfers. The slight blush that covered her tanned features, wide green expressive eyes and the way she took a shuddering breath. She wanted so bad to run her fingertips across her lips and feel the warm air caressing her fingers. "Dream on Duncan, you're missing some body parts as far as she's concerned." She fell asleep with the book clutched to her chest.

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Mama looked up from reading the newspaper when Duncan dropped down into a chair with a tired groan. Handing her the paper, she got up and fixed her a cup of Kona coffee. "You're just bursting with energy today; did you toss and turn all night long?"

Bloodshot blue eyes blinked to clear the blurriness and her dark head dropped lower. "More like riding on the Titanic as it sunk." There was no way she would tell her mama that she had erotic dreams about Tucker, even if she didn't remember every detail, her soaked boxers would have clued her in.

"You always get this way right before the pipe masters, once it's over, you'll go back to being a corpse." She gave her a hug and kissed the top of her head. "You took out your braids," She ran her fingers through her daughter's long silky dark hair and smiled. "Still believe in bad luck if it's braided during a competition huh?"

"How can I not believe, I lost only once and I had my hair in braids." She shrugged her shoulders and took a sip of her coffee. "I think after this one, I'm retiring for good, I'll leave the rough stuff for the young ones and sit back and watch. Maybe open up a surf shop and sell Ripples and Furball's custom boards." She tilted her head back against her mama's shoulder and looked up into her hazel eyes.

"What's really wrong Dunk, you're hiding something and it's not the accident."

"I can't hide behind a concrete wall can I," She sighed and lowered her head. "I...Gods how do I say this..." She rested her face in her hands and felt her mama lean against her.

"You're in love with Tucker aren't you?" She felt Duncan nod her head and heard her sniffle.

"Now what do I do Mama?"

"Dunk, if you haven't noticed it's very mutual. I just happen to know that she sleeps with a surfer magazine with a certain tall dark and gorgeous surfer on the cover." She wiped the tears from her daughter's face and gave her a tight hug. "Take it slow with her and what ever you do, don't run from her like you do with the others. She's worth hanging around for." With a kiss to her temple, she went out the door to round up her other three kids and haul them in for breakfast.

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[Continued in Part 2](#)

The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive

~ Blue Calm ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, we all know who they resemble. Sex, bad language, violence and the baby warning: YES! Of course, hardly and if you are wearing diapers and this doesn't count if you're a strange adult with weird fetishes then go the Hell away!

Blue Calm
By Larisa

The five of them stood above the crowd on the beach, there were hundreds of people milling around and watching the surfers for the pipe masters competition. Tucker looked up at Duncan and felt her nervousness radiating from her body. Rubbing her lower back in small circles, she leaned against her and gave her a gentle hug. "So I get to see Sebastian ride the pipe today?" She looked up with twinkling eyes and felt butterflies take flight when dark blue eyes captured her.

"The one and only," She said in a deep raspy voice, winked and took a deep calming breath. "Let's go get a spot so I can sit down, my legs feel like rubber."

They took over a corner of one of the tents that was set up for the surfers, dropped down into the soft sand and watched the first rounds of the competition. Ripples grabbed Mama and Furball by their hands and pulled them towards the registration table. "I'm glad that we don't have wet clothes on, the sparkage from those two could electrocute us!" She signed Duncan's name to the forms and handed Furball the half shirt with the number 33 on the back that Duncan would wear while surfing.

"Let's just hope that those sparks turn into a forest fire," Mama said and hugged her kids to her. "Can you two handle Dunk wandering around with a goofy look on her face?"

"Ya mean she doesn't already do that?" Furball asked and mimicked the fawning look Duncan had been wearing all morning.

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Tucker looked up as a woman with shoulder length blondish colored hair walked up to them, she tapped Duncan on her knee and nodded her head. "We have company coming this way, she looks very familiar." Duncan held out her hand and shook the other woman's.

"So ya going to go easy on me and give a chance to beat you this year?"

"Haaa, funny girl Keala, I never go down easy." She winked and looked over her shoulder at Tucker. "Tucker, this is Keala Kennelly, She looked to Keala and introduced her to Tucker and felt a blush working up her neck when her surfing buddy gave her a knowing look.

"Good luck Sebastian and she's cute." She waved to them and went to the registration desk to sign in.

"Did she call me cute?" Tucker whispered in Duncan's ear and felt her shiver. "I'm drop dead gorgeous with killer abs, well that was until I started eating at Mamas." She ran a hand over her stomach and felt the slight roundness. "I need to start doing some crunches or something."

"Nah, you look good just the way you are." Duncan reached behind her and patted Tucker's stomach before returning her attention to the surfers.

Tucker wrapped her arms around Duncan's neck and leaned against her. "So you're gonna let me walk around with a huge head, be arrogant and not say a word?"

"Hey I agree with your vision of your self and if you get out of hand I'll remind you that you let the idiots get too close and now you have two fluorescent orange hand prints on your ass because of it."

Tucker chuckled and nodded her head. "OK it's a deal, now relax and let me work on your tight shoulders." She brushed long silky hair over broad shoulders, ran her fingers across warm skin and felt the slight shudder run through Duncan's body. Working the tight muscles from neck downward across rippling back muscles, she felt a wetness forming between her legs and soak into her bikini bottoms. Trying to ignore her body's reaction, she continued to massage Duncan's back and shoulders.

"Hold up a minute Tuck, let me lay down before I fall on my face." Duncan stretched out with her face resting on folded arms; she cast a glance over her shoulder before closing her eyes. She held back a moan when strong fingers untied her bikini and pushed the straps out of the way. There was no denying what Tucker was doing to her, she was on fire and felt her wetness running down the insides of her thighs and neoprene shorts. A deep moan rumbled from between her lips when Tucker found a tight spot in between her shoulder blades. She arched her back and realized that Tucker was straddling her hips.

"Does that spot hurt?" Tucker asked in a soft voice and eased up with her massage.

"Yeah but what you were doing felt good, this is a Hell of a lot better than having Ripples run across my back." She chuckled when Tucker's hands stopped and then went back to working her

tight muscles loose.

"Damn, I wish I was surfing today, I could use a good massage." Furball grumbled and dropped Duncan's t-shirt on her head.

"I'll give ya a full body massage!" Ripples knocked her face first into the sand and fell on her back. "There ya go, now just lay there and every one who walks by will work out you aches and pains when they step on ya."

"Gee thanks, just what I wanted." She groaned and dropped her head into the sand.

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"Since all the folks at home can't see what's going on down at the corner of the crowd, we've arranged for a camera man to shot the scene for us." The surfing announcer said and took a minute for the feed to get back up to them. "Who you're seeing now is last years pipe master's winner, Sebastian Fox. At every competition, she performs this little ritual before she enters the water. And not without the help of her roommates and Mama Fox," He snorted and cleared his voice trying to remain professional.

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Duncan stood with her hands planted on her hips as she stared out at the rolling ocean, she closed off the noise of the crowd and listened only to the water as it crashed and rolled at her feet. It was her way of becoming in tuned with one of the forces of nature, one that she would be battling against and hoping to beat at the end. Mama and Tucker stood a few feet behind her watching the waves and praying that she wouldn't get hurt while competing. The idiots on the other hand, where on their knees behind her doing little worshiping bows. They waited until her head tilted back and she took a deep breath before Ripples yanked her shorts down and furball tackled her. Once Ripples had her shorts, they ran off down the beach waving them over their heads and screaming like little girls.

"Mama, why did they do that?"

"It's their ritual, they've done it since they were little and after Duncan's' done with surfing, I auction them off and give the money to a charity." Mama pulled a set of dog tags from inside her t-shirt and walked up to where Duncan was brushing sand off her hands. She held them up and waited for her to drop her head. "Good luck baby and kick ass out there." She pressed a kiss to her forehead and gave her a tight hug. "Now go give your girlfriend a hug." She chuckled at the light blush that worked up Duncan's neck and the way she walk so slow over to Tucker with her head down.

"Can I have a good luck hug?" She asked in a low whisper and looked up from under her lashes.

"Dunk, you don't have to ask." She leaned up, wrapped her arms around her neck, and whispered in her ear. "Kick Keala's ass out there." She squeezed her and then released her so she could get

her surfboard.

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"What you just saw was Mama Fox putting her deceased husband's dog tags around her daughter's neck. She has done this for the last 19 years in memory of Sebastian's father. He died when the F-14 he was flying crashed into the ocean; it's her way of having her daughter protected while battling the pipeline. In addition, for those who are not familiar with the North shore, under the water is a reef. Many surfers and swimmers have encountered this reef in the past and not survived. One of them was a young man that Sebastian herself was training for competition. Well from what I'm seeing now, it looks like Mama Fox has adopted another daughter. That's four daughters for Mama, I wish I knew her secret, I can't handle my toddler. He paused for a station break and rubbed his eyes while watching the surfers get ready to go out into the water.

"About time you got in here," Tucker's dad mumbled from where he sat on the couch reading the newspaper. "I was getting ready to change the station."

"And I would have smacked you and changed it back." Linda dropped down onto the couch and turned up the volume. "I didn't miss Duncan did I?"

"How should I know, I'm reading important stuff here." He flashed her the comics and grinned.

"I wonder if Tucker's down there with Duncan, I can't see her missing it." She crossed her feet on the coffee table and waited patiently for the commercial to end.

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"And as you can see, Keala Kennelly and Sebastian Fox are now out there waiting to catch a wave in, they have three chances to score and the best one takes home the title for the pipe masters tournament. It looks like Sebastian is going to take a chance on this first wave, let's see what happens."

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"Go girlfriend!" Keala yelled and pumped a fist in the air as Duncan paddled out to catch the first wave. Duncan paddled and felt the wave swell beneath her, popping up to her feet, she took her stance and top turned the board down. Waiting for the right moment, she ducked down and felt the tube forming over the top of her. Before it could form all the way, she dropped too far forward and went head first into the swell. The water churned over her and tossed her against her surfboard. She relaxed her body and let the water settle before she swam for the surface. When her head came above the water, she looked around and saw the water Safety coming towards her on a Jet Ski. She waved her hand and swam over to get back on her board.

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"Mama where is she, I can't find her!" Tucker panicked and ran towards the waters edge with the idiots and Mama following. "Come on Dunk, where the Hell are you?" She stepped into the water and then sagged back against Ripples when Duncan surfaced. "I'm going to have grey hair before she's done."

"Does love do that to ya, give ya grey hair?" Ripples asked with wide eyes.

"What are you talking about?" Tucker asked with a raised eyebrow.

"You and the Dunk, who else?" She shrugged her shoulders and ran over to Mama. "By the end of the week, you'll be all grey."

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"OOWW that had to hurt," Linda said and rubbed her arms until the chills went away. "They better give her some good scores for that run." She looked over to her husband and rolled her eyes when he grunted. "I wish they would scan the crowd so I can see if Tucker is down there, I don't want to see the other surfers lounging around. I wanna see my baby girl!"

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"Not one of her better runs but the judges have given her some middle area scores, now for Keala. It looks like she's taking this wave, she may stand a chance to win this one and take the title from Sebastian. It looks like a good ride for Keala, she's inside the pipe and halfway through...oh wait...no, Keala has gone down at almost the same place that Sebastian did. She is up and waving to water safety. The judges have placed her scores all ready and she is above Sebastian by five points that must hurt. Never has Sebastian been behind in a competition, let's see what she does with her next wave.

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"I can't watch this!" Tucker moaned and buried her face in Mama's shoulder. "How have you done this all these years and not had a heart attack of nervous breakdown?"

"Ohh after nineteen years, I've gotten used to it. Besides, having those three around me forever, this is safe compared to some of the things they've done." She pulled Tucker away and turned her just as Duncan rode down the wave; she was ducking down when the wave crashed down on top of her. Her board flew up into the air in pieces, there was no sign of her, Ripples, and Furball took off running down the beach and went out into the water up to their waists. They grabbed pieces of Duncan's board as it floated in and tossed it up onto the beach, minutes later, water safety went by them and then circled back to look for Duncan again.

"She's been down too long Ripples, I'm really worried." Furball looked to her friend and started swimming out to where she thought Duncan had gone down followed by Ripples. They waved to water safety and dove under the water where the reef lay below.

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Duncan knew she was in trouble the second the wave came over her, she felt her board sag and then break beneath her feet. It got worse when she felt her back slammed into the reef below and then a hard tug to her left ankle. She struggled and pulled but knew that her leash was tangled in the reef. Rolling forward, she followed her leash and tried to get the Velcro to release. She almost had it unfastened when turbulence slammed her backwards. Her lungs were burning from lack of air, she tried to kick to the surface but found it fruitless. Then she felt a hand grab her ankle and she was pushed to the surface. Pulling air into her starving lungs, she sagged back into the arms encircling her.

"Don't do that no more; I lost 20 years off my life!" Ripples yelled close to her ear and then pulled a gasping Furball over to them.

"Damn leash...caught on...reef." Duncan stuttered out and then slapped hands with Furball. "Thanks, where was...water...safety?"

"Asshole was driving around looking...ohh look, there's one now."

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Mama and Tucker ran down the beach where water safety stopped for Duncan and the idiots to get off the stretcher. Before Duncan knew what hit her, she was covered with a sobbing Tucker. "I'm all right; I got hung up and bounced a few times." She hugged Tucker tighter and walked them towards the first aid tent; she could feel a burning in her back and on her left thigh from where the reef got her. "One more ride and I'm done forever, I'm so tired." She sat down on a table, pulled Tucker to her side and rested their heads together. "Are you OK?"

Tucker wiped her eyes and slapped her in the arm. "Me...you're the one who almost drowned out there!"

"Nah, Furball and Ripples wouldn't let that happen. Who would they have to terrorize and draw mustaches on while they slept?"

After the EMT cleaned and dressed Duncan's wounds, she walked outside the tent and held onto a trembling Tucker. Glancing over to her mama, she smiled and shrugged her shoulders. "Almost done Mama, one more and I'm retiring for good."

"Thank God, I was getting ready to get a part time job so I could afford hair dye." She hugged both women and kissed her daughter's cheek. "Ripples is getting your other board from the car, she says she did some Voodoo stuff so you'll kick ass on the next wave."

"Ohh yea! I'll probably be eaten by a shark or whale." She yelped when Tucker slapped her stomach. "Wait; there are no sharks or whales in the ocean, that's only Lake Erie that has those."

"Nice try Dunk," Tucker growled. "If you get killed out there, I'm kicking your ass all the way to

Hell and back!"

"Get in line Tuck," Ripples handed Duncan her neon blue surfboard with Sebastian the crab on it and Furball gave her the leash. "Remember, that one's longer."

"Thanks guys, lets do this so we can party later, now spit on it so I don't wipe-out." Tucker grimaced when everyone including Mama spit on the surfboard. "Come on Tuck, it's a Greek thing, it brings good luck. It's kinda like beating the Hell out of a boat with a bottle of Champaign."

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"It looks like Sebastian is OK and is going back out for her final try; the score she needs to take this home has to be in the nines or higher. Keala Kennelly has her in over all but she can still pull this off. It looks like she has a new board...with Sebastian from the Little Mermaid. The locals all know that her roommate Lynn makes all their boards for them so this is a special one she'll be using."

"Stanley, is that Tucker down there on the beach with Duncan and the other's?" Linda asked her husband without taking her eyes from the TV.

"Nah, that's not Tucker. That woman has too many muscles and she's too dark. Tucker's afraid of the sun and is scrawny; remember how you dog her about eating?"

"Tucker is not afraid of the sun, it's that asshole that didn't want her skin to get UV rays or some shit. She's gotta be there, I'll call her later and find out where."

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Duncan slapped hands with Keala and shrugged her shoulders with a little pain. "I bounced a few times down there, be careful, there's a rip tide that's a real bitch."

Keala looked at Duncan's board and ran a hand down it. "Nice board, is it a Ripples special?" She looked up at a nodding Duncan and grinned. "Will she make me one?"

"If you ask her, she'll have a damn orgasm! Of course she will, when we get done come over ta Mama's. She'll be there drooling."

"Done deal, now get your ass out there Dunk. I'm done for the day; I just wanted to wish you luck." They shook hands one last time before Duncan saw her wave coming in. This was the one; she could feel it in her bones. She tapped her chest where her daddy's dog tags hung and said a small prayer before she caught the lip, popped up on her board and trimmed the wave. The second it started to pipe on her, she knew she had it, the sound disappeared and there was only her and a tunnel of blue with a bright light at the end. It was the way she always thought of the after death theory, coming out on the other end of the pipeline was like having another chance at life. Dropping down a little, she put her right hand out and skimmed the water. Its coldness

numbing her fingers and making her arm tingle. Adjusting her stance, she trimmed and felt the mist enveloping her until she was out of the pipe and heading towards shore. She stood straight up, punched a hand in the air and let out a war cry that the spectators heard on the beach. Jumping off her board, she surfaced and swam to shore.

"Ohh my God," Mama stood with her jaw hanging open and wide eyes. "She fucking did it!" She grabbed Tucker and gave her a hug before running down to hug her daughter. Tucker waited for the idiots to congratulate Duncan before she went down to her. At the sound of the PA system, she turned and cocked her head sideways.

"This is the highest score of the day people, Sebastian Fox has all 10's, she's still the reigning pipe master! Congratulations Sebastian!"

Duncan punched a hand in the air and threw her head back in a loud yell of "YES!" She looked towards Tucker and gave her a lopsided grin. In a matter of seconds, she had her arms full of a small blonde. Tucker looked up into twinkling blue eyes, and reached up to run a finger across her moist lips. "What are you doing Tuck?"

"Something I should have done before you ever went out there," She said softly, wrapped her arms around Duncan's neck and pulled her down closer. "I may have never had another chance." She whispered close to Duncan's lips before kissing them gently, when she pulled back, Duncan's eyes were half lidded. Pulling herself up, she wrapped her legs around Duncan's waist and kissed her with everything she was feeling over the last two weeks. She licked at an upper lip and tasted the salt of the ocean, until Duncan opened her mouth to let her deepen their kiss. Soft moans accompanied the pounding hearts and ragged breathing. Tongues glided across each other and tangled, teeth nipped and pulses raced.

"HELLO! Ya know this is a public beach and you guys are on TV!" Furball tapped Tucker on her shoulder. "Its family hour ya know and any minute Mamas gonna kick your asses!" She sighed with relief when their kiss broke. "About damn time, suckin face in front of a few MILLION peoples!"

Tucker dropped her feet to the sand and rested her head against Duncan's chest while trying to catch her breath; she could care less if they were plastered across every newspaper in the world. She almost lost the woman she loved and didn't give a rat's ass what anyone thought. After a few minutes to gain their composure, they turned and walked with their arms wrapped around each other towards where the ceremony was starting. Duncan stopped and leaned down next to Tucker's ear and whispered.

"If you would have kissed me before I went out there, I wouldn't have known which side of the board to stand on."

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"Well it's quite obvious now that the other woman of the Sebastian group is Sebastian Fox's girlfriend. We don't know her name but I'm sure we will before long, it's not everyday that you

witness a steamy scene like that between two women."

"Stanly that's TUCKER! She was just kissing Duncan Fox!"

"Ohh you're seeing things, Tucker wouldn't be doing that." He dropped his paper and looked over at his wife who looked like her eyes were about to fall out of her head.

She pointed to the TV and yelled. "Look you blind as a bat dummy, that's our daughter up there!"

He looked at the TV and nodded his head. "Tucker's holding hands with a woman...damn our girls got excellent taste! She takes after me in that department." He winked at his wife and went back to reading his paper.

"Stanly, she was just necking with a woman on TV, that doesn't bother you?"

"Hell no, why should it."

"Good, because if it did I would beat the living shit outta you," She moved closer to her husband and kissed his cheek. "She looks so happy, reminds me of us when we were dating."

"You can remember all the way back then, I can't remember what I just read." He grinned and pulled his wife closer to his side. "I don't care whose she's with as long as she's happy and treated good. If it's Duncan that gives her that, it's fine with me."

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Steve sat at the bar in a dingy little tavern in Puerto Rico; he had spent the last three days chasing down Tucker to every single hotel, motel and even a couple Bordellos. Granted, he spent one whole day in the one whorehouse, but no one would ever know about that. Taking the shot of Tequila and slamming it, his eyes caught the TV after the commercial ended. Tequila shot out his nose and across the bar. Right there in front of him, big as day was his fiancée wrapped around the bartender from Hawaii. "I'll KILL HER!" He threw bills on the bar and ran outside to use his cell phone.

"Mother, I've been on a wild goose chase here in Puerto Rico and Tucker's still in HAWAII!"

"Steven, your father wormed that information out of Stanly. There is no way that he would lie, Tucker is there in Puerto Rico. You just haven't found her yet."

"Ohh yes I have found her, she's on the sports station hanging all over the woman bartender from HAWAII! I'm flying back there as soon as I can get a flight out; I just hope she hasn't slept with that...that woman!" He closed his cell phone, flagged down a hazardous cab and jumped in. "Airport now!"

"No habla English." The cab driver mumbled and looked in the rear view mirror.

"Airport, planes," He held out his arms, made flying motions and airplane sounds. "I need to fly!"

"Ahhh se' senior!" The cab shot forward and was at its destination a few minutes later, Steve looked out at the white stucco building and back to the cab driver. "This isn't the airport!"

"Fly?"

"Yes, I need to fly, get out of this country, Hawaii bound!" He flapped his arms again and made strange noises as if he was buzzing the flight tower. He sighed when the cab driver grinned and nodded his head.

"Uno memento." He ran from his cab and disappeared inside the huge building. "OK Jon, ya owe me a twenty spot." He held out his hand to his cousin. "The guy is a real case, thinks he's the red Baron or something."

Jon handed over the money and laughed. "This is just too easy; we should have left Colorado years ago! Take him around back and we'll deal with it then."

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"WAIT, YOU CAN'T DO THIS!" Steven screamed from his padded cell and slammed his body up against the door. "I'M NOT CRAZY!"

"Uhhh huhhh...right," Jon said as he checked the label on the experimental drug the company was using on all the nutcases. Writing on the clipboard next to the door, he mumbled as he wrote. "Test subject three, 5cc of VD Away given at three pm."

"I don't have VD! Let me out of here, I'm a lawyer!" Steve screamed and pressed his face up to the mesh screen. "I'm a big lawyer; I can pay you a lot of money to set me free!"

Jon tilted his head to the side and thought for a moment before shaking his head. "Nope, can't let infected scumbag lawyers run around the country. Should have stayed away from that whorehouse."

"I didn't go to any whorehouse, let me out of here!"

"Hey Jon, I need another shot. Damn crotch itches and burns like a damn forest fire!" The whore cackled and spit phlegm on the floor. "Get it forest...fire?" She lifted her dress up and flashed Jon, he cringed and shuddered. It looked like she had a hairy animal hanging between her legs. He heard Steve scream again and run to huddle in a far corner.

"That's...I...GIVE ME A SHOT!!!!" He screamed before passing out.

"I know that guy," the whore snorted. "I swear, the kinky shit he had me do left me feeling like I

got hit by a truck." She scratched her breasts and rubbed her runny nose on the back of her hand. "Give him a shot of Viagra and something ta make it grow. Damn premature jack off, kept yelling Tuck her. How am I supposed ta tuck her when I can't find her with all this hair?" She grabbed her crotch and wandered off down the hall mumbling to no one.

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Stanly dropped down on the couch next to his wife and wrapped an arm around her. "That was Jon on the phone, Steve the royal asshole is locked up and getting a series of shots." Linda laughed hysterically and wiped the tears from her eyes. "It pays to have family in far away places; did they get pictures and statements?"

"The whore wrote out a detailed statement that ran for eight pages! As soon as all the test results are in, he's going to fax it to us and Tucker's lawyer."

"Good, maybe now he'll get the big picture and leave her alone."

"God I hope so, I never could stand that arrogant asshole." He settled back in the couch and pulled Linda closer. "So as soon as I get my business deals in order, do you want to have a fifth honeymoon in say...Hawaii?"

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Two hours into the party that was on the beach by Mama's house, Duncan nuzzled Tucker's neck and mumbled against her warm skin. "I'm ready to go my back and leg hurts." Tucker wrapped an arm around Duncan's neck and pulled her closer, kissing her gently, she pressed their foreheads together and closed her eyes at the feelings that raced through her body. "I was ready before the party, think they'll miss us?"

"Not a chance, with all the other surfers hanging around they'll be busy for hours."

Tucker pressed her body tighter to Duncan and ground her hips into hers. "I wanna see where you live."

"It's a real dump...are you sure?" The kiss that Tucker gave her left no doubt in her mind, after they broke apart; she closed her eyes and dragged in a ragged breath. "Uuhmm...drive...or walk?"

Tucker pulled away from her, grabbed her hand and pulled. "Run!" Mama sat back in her chair and watched her daughter dragged down the beach by Tucker, right then she knew that her wild child was in for the long haul. She made the sound of a cracking whip and laughed at the expression on the idiots faces. "Dunk is sooo whipped." She saw the wide grins cross Ripples and Furball's faces and pointed a finger at them. "You two will not bother them; let them have some time alone." She got up from her chair and wiggled fingers at them. "Come here, this should keep you two busy for a while." She held the kitchen door open for them and pointed to the cookie tins on the table. "There's ice cream in the freezer and frosting in the pantry, any mess,

you clean it up."

"Thanks Mama!" They yelled in unison, attacked the cookies, and forgot all about Dunk and Tucker.

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Tucker pulled open the screen door of Duncan's house, pulled her in and pushed her against the wall. Running her hands from stomach up to firm breasts, she leaned forward to nip the soft skin of Duncan's neck. "Where's your bathroom?" Duncan groaned from the jolt that hit her center and pointed with a weak hand down the hallway. "We need to shower," She unzipped Duncan's flight jacket and brushed sand from her chest. "I have sand in tender places." Duncan picked her up and carried her down the hall towards the large bathroom that she shared with the idiots. She hoped that they hadn't sabotaged anything while she was gone. Placing Tucker on her feet, she moved to the shower and turned the water on, she shivered when small hands came around her and unzipped her wetsuit the rest of the way and slipped it off her shoulders. Moving closer, she nipped at Duncan's shoulder and ran her hands down to her bikini bottoms. Slipping her hands between the waistband and smooth skin, she pushed them down over Duncan's hips to her thighs.

"Tuck...you're scaring...me." Her head fell back and a deep moan escaped from between her lips, she braced her hands against the shower rod and felt her knees grow weak.

"I've had almost two weeks of fantasies about you running through my head, it's long past due to make them a reality." She turned Duncan around and gazed with dark green eyes up at her. "I want you." She said softly before capturing her lips in a consuming kiss. She moaned when long fingers ripped her t-shirt down the middle and pushed it back off her shoulders. Teeth nipped at her collarbone and then lips traveled down to kiss the tops of her breasts, her shorts hit the floor around her ankles and strong arms picked her up. Duncan put her back to the showerhead and let the water run down between their bodies. Brushing Tucker's hair away from her face, she let her eyes travel to parted lips.

"I never dreamed this would happen." She leaned down and nipped at soft lips before deepening the kiss, their hands roamed to raise the excitement. Soft moans and then the water was shut off and Tucker was carried down the hall to Duncan's bedroom. Stepping over dirty clothes and magazines, Duncan lay her down on her unmade bed and crawled to hover over her. "I'm in love with you Tucker Danes." She felt tears fill her eyes and tried to blink them away. "I know you have a life in Texas...and you'll be leaving." She stopped when fingers pressed against her lips, tears ran down her face to drip off her chin and land on Tucker's chest.

"I can write from anywhere Duncan, my house is in Texas but my life is here with you." She wiped more tears from her soon to be lover's face and sighed. "I have to go back to Texas to clear some things up but I'll come back...if you want me to." She moaned when her lips were taking in a deep crushing kiss, she tangled her fingers in silky long hair and pulled Duncan tight against her body. Duncan moved against her and took her temperature higher. It was so different from what she had experienced before, Duncan's body was hard with muscle but her skin was silky and warm. She trailed her hands down across rippling back muscles to trim hips, she moved one

leg and wrapped it around Duncan's hip and pulled her closer as she lifted against her thigh at the same time. She pulled away and gasped when her engorged clit pressed into a muscular thigh. Her juices flowed to paint hot skin; she slowly ground against her and whimpered when her nipple was teased by a wet tongue.

Duncan was having a hard time controlling herself, she could feel her heartbeat between her legs and copious juices coat the insides of her thighs. She almost lost her grip when Tucker slipped her thigh between hers and pressed upward. Taking a deep shuddering breath, she nipped and sucked at the soft skin beneath a small ear and worked her way down to lick the hollow of Tucker's throat. Bracing her weight on one hand, she used the other to trace a fingertip around a hardened nipple and moaned at the sounds Tucker was making. Dipping her head down, she licked where her fingertip had been and went back to slowly kiss parted lips. She rolled her hips and flexed her thigh until Tucker thrashed beneath her, stopping her movements, she released warm moist lips to kiss her way down to lavish darkened nipples. When her hair was pulled and head pushed downward, she looked up into feverish green eyes before circling a naval with the tip of her tongue. Tucker arched her back and pushed up into her body with a deep growl. Moving down to where she was lying between quivering thighs, she pushed them apart and kissed the insides of each one. Moving her hands to trim hips, she held Tucker in place and rested her chin on her patch of short dark curls. Flicking her tongue out, she swiped at her stomach and winked before lowering her face between her thighs. Breathing in the scent of her arousal, she ran a finger through her juices and brought it up to her mouth. Licking it clean, she dropped her head and slowly licked Tucker's offering from her swollen nether lips. She could feel the muscles rippling under her hand and new that her lover was close to the brink, tilting her head to the side, she French kissed her center and moaned deeply. Tucker bucked under her and cried out her name when her release rushed through her body, Duncan moved to her pulsing clit; she flicked it with her tongue and sucked it between her lips. When Tucker went over the edge again with a scream, she lost control and thrust her hips into the mattress. Her back tensed as her climax tore through her; she screamed out her release against a trembling thigh and panted as each wave washed through her. Spent, she lay there with her cheek resting on the small swell of her lover's stomach. She could still feel the small tremors shake their bodies and the raspy sound of her lover's breath.

"Come up here." Tucker whispered and pulled on her hand. Duncan crawled up her body and lay to her side, pulling her closer; she kissed her lips gently and rested their foreheads together. "I love you Tucker."

Tucker ran her fingers across her high cheekbone and pushed her sweat-dampened hair back. Kissing her lips gently, she moaned at the taste of herself on her lips. "I love you too." She rested her head on a strong shoulder and wrapped one leg over Duncan's hip. "That's the first time I've ever tasted myself," She tilted her head back to look into lidded blue eyes. "No one has ever done that before."

"Done what?" She said in a raspy voice that sent gooseflesh across Tucker's skin.

A light blush covered her cheeks; she looked down to Duncan's chest and ran a finger across a hardened nipple. "You know...that." She ran a fingernail across a nipple and smiled when

Duncan gasped and arched her back. "Down under, southern territory...", She licked a nipple and nipped at the side of Duncan's breast. "Southbound lane," She licked and nipped her way down to a hip and dragged her tongue over to trace each stomach muscle. Moving so that she was between her lover's thighs, she looked up at her. "You're completely shaved, I didn't notice that before."

"Uhh... God!" Duncan wheezed and thrust her center up into her lover's mouth when her tongue snaked out to lick her swollen clit. The rest of her words came out as gibberish; she thrashed on her bed and gripped the bed covers in her fists. She felt her climax rushing through her body, she tensed and cried out when fingers entered her and pushed her over.

Tucker licked with the flat of her tongue, taking up all that her lover offered her, she went by instinct alone and slipped two fingers inside her. Bending them a bit, she pulled them out until she hit a spot that made Duncan scream. Juices gushed out to cover her hand and chin, with each spasm, more flowed from her lover until she collapsed into the bed with a whimper. Duncan licked her once more before crawling up to straddle her stomach, leaning forward; she kissed her neck and rested her forehead against her chest. A shudder went through her when warm hands gripped her hips and traveled up her back. Lifting her head, she stared into misty blue eyes. "That...you...ugg." Came out of Duncan's mouth in a rush, she pulled Tucker to her and kissed her until they were breathless and seeing stars. Flexing her stomach, she grinned when her lover's head fell back and she thrust down into her. "Come for me baby." She raised her knees so that Tucker could lean back and rested her hands on her hips. Trailing her hands closer to the insides of her thighs, she brushed a fingertip across her clit and watched as her center spasm. "You're so wet...I can see your juices flowing out." She felt her own flow out and drip into the covers; she moved her hips in a slow movement. Tucker grabbed her thighs for balance and leaned back further. Her lips parted and she panted as she got closer to climaxing, her breath caught in her throat when a thumb stroked her clit.

Duncan was on the edge again, any second and she'd be over in a tidal wave. "Come with me..." She stroked her lover's clit and moaned when Tucker's body shuddered and juices gushed out onto her stomach. The sight alone sent her center into spasms, she climaxed and felt her juices pour from her and soak the blankets. Falling into the bed, they lay tangled together and panting. Words of love were exchanged before exhaustion claimed them.

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Tucker woke to the feeling of the bed moving up and down beneath her, she opened an eye to find the room completely dark. Raising her head, could make out the back of Duncan's head from the dim light coming from the clock radio on a nightstand. Reaching over, she fumbled around until she found the switch to the small light. Flipping it on, she slapped a hand over her eyes until they adjusted to the light. Dropping her head back down on her lover's back, she sighed and snuggled further into her warmth.

"I'm hungry." Duncan mumbled and moved an arm back to brush her fingers across Tucker's thigh. "And I'm dehydrated, I feel like I swallowed a handful of sand." She felt Tucker chuckled

against her; she rolled over and pulled her against her chest. "How are you doing, you OK with what happened?"

Tucker ran a fingertip across her lips and smiled. "More than OK," She kissed her softly and gazed into her pale blue eyes. "I feel different...loved completely." Kissing her lips again, she moaned when she heard a rumbling coming from both of their stomachs. "Guess maybe we should get something to eat before we fall apart."

"There's no food here but we can order something...wait, Mama shopped for us." She rolled off the bed and pulled Tucker with her. "I don't know what she bought, I'm sure you can figure out how to make what ever she bought."

"You can't cook at all...like nothing?"

"I can make coffee and iced tea, does that count?"

Tucker rolled her eyes and smacked her on the ass. "That's not food, who cooks besides Mama?"

"Furball and Ripples, they have cookbooks and those little cards you get in the mail." She stopped at the freezer and pulled the door open; she looked inside and shrugged her shoulders. "There's stuff in there," She pulled out a microwave dinner and waved it at her lover. "I can cook these, does that count?"

"Nope," She pulled her down for a quick kiss and patted her stomach. "I'll start supper while you go shower and pick up all the dirty clothes off your floor."

Duncan's mouth dropped open and her eyes widened. "Why would I pick up dirty clothes, Mama does that."

"They're yours and you threw them there that's why." She grinned and went to searching through the frozen food. "Dunk..."

"I'm going; I'm just trying to figure out where to stash my dirty clothes so Mama can find them." She ran fingers through her tangled hair and yelped when Tucker pinched her ass. "Just kidding." She ran from the kitchen before Tucker would forget about cooking.

"And strip the bed!" Tucker yelled out to her as she pulled pork chops out and set them on the counter. She laughed when she heard a deep groan come from her lover and sighed at the mess the kitchen was in. "They live like...bachelors!"

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Duncan chuckled and started picking up all the dirty clothes that littered the floor; she kicked the magazines under her bed and then dropped to the floor to pull them back out. Stacking them up, she placed them on the bookshelf and went over to strip the bed. With her arms full of dirty clothes and linens, she walked into the laundry room and dropped them on the floor. "Now

where does Mama keep the sheets for the beds?" She looked around and finally went to the hall closet and found what she was looking for. Grabbing the sheets with Spiderman on them, she went back into her room to make the bed. "I can't believe I'm doing this, Mama always cleans up after us."

"Not no more," Tucker said close to her ear. "If you don't make a mess, then you don't have one to clean up."

"Are you a neat freak or one of those compulsive people?" She looked under her arm at her lover.

"Nope, I just don't live like a bachelor. You guys are pigs!" She placed a kiss between her shoulders and went back to the kitchen.

A wide smile came to Duncan's face; she punched a hand in the air and danced in a circle. If Tucker was getting on her about how they lived, that meant that they would be living there together. That is if I asked her, she went over to her nightstand and pulled open the drawer. She lifted the solid gold wedding band out and looked at the inscription inside. "Is it too soon to ask her?" She slipped the ring onto her pinky finger and went to the bathroom for a shower.

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Tucker placed the pork chops in the oven bag with spices and put it in a glass pan before putting it into the hot stove. Checking the vegetables in the microwave and the rice on the back burner, she went to the bathroom and dropped down on the toilet. "Supper will be done in 20 minutes or so!" She yelled over the noise of the shower, she finished what she was doing and slid the door back. "Did you hear me Dunk?"

"Yep," She moaned when the water hit her sore back. "Will you look at my back; I don't want that cut to get nasty."

Duncan turned her around, soaped up a washrag and started soaping her shoulders and back. "I'll put some stuff on it when we get done in here." She ran the washrag down over her tight rear and then her thighs; she was so tempted to do other things but knew they would end up staying in the shower for a very long time. Not that she would mind experiencing mind-blowing orgasms again but the house catching on fire was not on the agenda. "Your leg looks awful; it's a dozen different shades of blue."

Duncan turned around, took the washrag from her hands and kissed her gently. "It'll be OK in a few days." She washed her lover's shoulders and then turned her around to wash her back, dropping her head; she kissed the nape of her neck. "Love you Tuck."

Tucker brought a hand back and placed it against her lover's head. "Love you too." After they finished showering, they pulled t-shirts on and went back out to the kitchen. Duncan sniffed the air and gave Tucker a toothy grin.

"Pork choppers, I love pork choppers. But no pineapple on them, I hate pineapples with a passion."

"That's funny when ya live where they come from." She filled their plates, set them on the table and pulled out a gallon of milk. "My stomachs been bothering me lately, maybe if I drink milk it'll help."

"Is it those pills from Petra, maybe you should call her for another script?"

"Nope, I took all those." She shrugged her shoulders and sat down next to Duncan to eat. "It might have been stressing over whether to jump you or not."

Duncan grinned and kissed her temple. "Don't have ta worry about that no more do we?"

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The next morning after a marathon of sexual positions, Duncan rolled over and found the sheets still warm but no Tucker. She rubbed her gritty eyes and stumbled out of their bedroom to stop outside the bathroom door. On the floor, hugging the toilet was Tucker, her head resting on the cold porcelain; she groaned and lifted her head to throw up. Duncan grabbed a washrag and wet it with cold water, dropping down behind her; she placed it on the back of her neck and held her gently. "I feel like shit." She groaned and rested her head back against her lover's shoulder.

"Maybe we should go see Mama," She pulled the washrag from Tucker's neck and wiped her face off. "Maybe you have a bug or something?"

"Does she work today?"

"Nope, she's off today but works tomorrow morning." She helped her up off the floor, got out her toothbrush and handed it to her. "I'll be back in a second." She ran back to her bedroom and pulled clothes out of her drawers. Looking at them, she pulled on the larger t-shirt and shorts and saved the others for Tucker. As soon as she was dressed, they would go see Mama. If her mama didn't know what to do, she would take her to the hospital and have her checked out.

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"MAMA!" Duncan yelled as she ran through the house and came to a sliding halt next to the easy chair. "Come look at Tucker, she's been sick all morning." She pulled her mama up from her chair and dragged her to Tucker's guesthouse. "We had to stop twice on the way so she could throw up, I made her go lay down while I found you." She pushed open the door and went to the bedroom. "Baby, Mamas here." She sat down on the edge of the bed and lifted the cold washrag from her eyes. Mama sat down next to her on the other side of the bed, ran a hand down her cheek, and stopped at her neck.

"Does your head hurt or anything else?"

"Nope, I just feel nauseous and like a truck hit me."

"Well, we can rule out the hickeys on your neck." She grinned at Duncan's blush and Tucker's groan. "Is this like that one morning when your stomach hurt?"

"Yeah but a thousand times worse."

"What about the pills from Petra, did you take them all?"

"Yep, but what I haven't taken is my birth control. Could that do it, ya know screw up my system?"

"Maybe, where are they so I can see what kind you're taking?"

"On the dresser in that blue plastic box, I'm almost out of them...like I really need them now."

Mama opened the box and popped one of the pills out of the holder; she turned it over and looked at the number on the pill. She groaned and walked over to Duncan. "Open your mouth Dunk." Without thinking about it, Duncan opened her mouth and then looked at her Mama when the pill hit her tongue.

"Placebos?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"Yep, Tuck, you weren't taking birth control. Dunk go to the store and get me an E.P.T. test."

"A pregnancy test?" She squeaked and then looked down to her lover. "I'll be back in a little while." She leaned down, gave her a soft kiss and whispered in her ear. "I love you baby."

"Love you too." Tucker whispered back and gave her a hug. "Hurry back." She watched Duncan run out the door and heard the screen door slam. "Could I be pregnant Mama, we used protection and everything else that we could."

Mama took one of her hands and looked into her worried eyes. "Tuck, there are ways that he could have used to get you pregnant no matter if he used a rubber or not. The bastard could have poked a hole in the damn thing." She squeezed her hands gently and asked her a very hard question. "What will you do if you are?"

Tucker closed her eyes and thought for all of a second before opening them and looking into Mama's. "Does Dunk want kids?"

Mama gave her a bright smile and leaned down to kiss her forehead. "It won't matter to Duncan who the father was, she's in love with you and the baby will be a part of you."

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Mama lay across Tucker's bed and Duncan paced the floor in front of the bathroom. Every few

seconds, she would stop and stare at the door, then start pacing again. "Damn it Dunk, you're making me sick! You look like an expectant father for Christ sakes."

Duncan stopped and looked at her mother with wide eyes. "I could be...right...if she's pregnant...I could be a daddy."

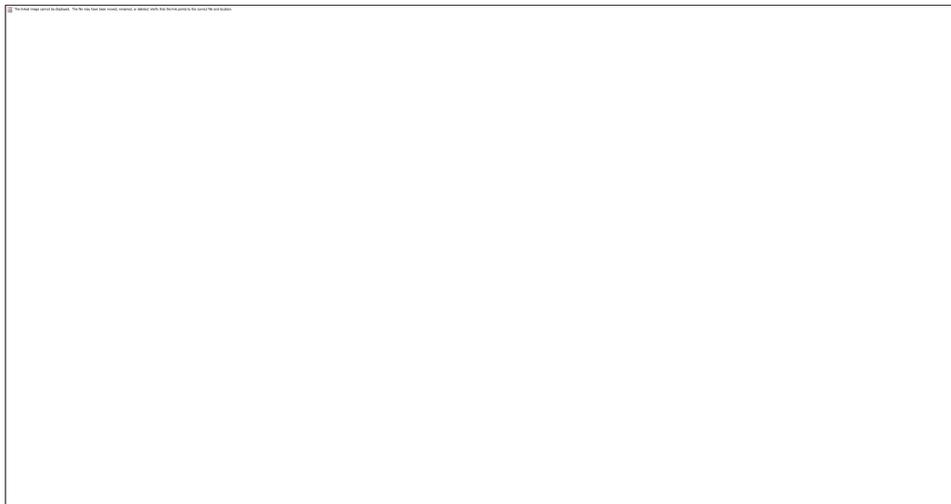
"I changed your diapers and I know damn well that you can't be a daddy."

"You know what I mean, Mama..." She jumped when the door opened and Tucker stood there with a blank expression on her face. She stepped forward and handed Duncan the white plastic stick, she looked at it and smiled. Tossing the stick to her mama, she picked Tucker up and hugged her. "I love you Tucker, please tell me you're keeping it."

Tucker wrapped her legs around Duncan's waist and pressed her lips to her ear. "As far as I'm concerned you got me pregnant." She pulled back and kissed her lover for all she was worth; she broke the kiss when she felt Duncan sinking to her knees. What surprised her were the tears running down her lover's face. "Dunk?"

"I'm gonna be a daddy." She cried and dropped her head down to bury her face against Tucker's breasts. Mama got off the bed and knelt down behind her daughter; she wrapped her arms around both women and kissed their heads. They sat there for a while before getting up and going to Mama's to call Petra for an appointment.

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With the sun setting, Duncan and Tucker lay wrapped around each other on a blanket at the edge of the foliage. A slight chill was to the air but went unnoticed, as the lovers snuggled together and shared body heat. Tucker ran her fingers through Duncan's long hair and rested her head on top of hers. Long fingers spanned her back and softly caressed her skin, the other lay on her stomach protecting the baby growing within. A smile came across her lips when Duncan kissed the small swell of her stomach and whispered something so low that she couldn't make out the

words. Her way of thinking had changed; normally she would have thrown an absolute fit finding out that she was pregnant. However, being with Duncan changed all that. She felt complete and loved beyond all measures just from being held in her arms. Steve never made her feel anything, besides being an ornament or piece of property. In a matter of weeks, her whole outlook on life had changed and she had a group of strange acting individuals to thank. She was so used to being around people who fit nicely in a pigeonhole, Mama and her small odd family didn't fit those holes, including herself now. She looked down at Duncan and smiled softly at her; the sinking sun made her eyes glow and brushed the planes of her face a coppery color. "My heart swells and my soul soars just looking at you." She leaned down and met her lips for the softest of kisses.

"I don't have the pretty words that you do," Duncan said in a hoarse whisper. "But I can show you." She got to her knees and knelt in front of Tucker, cupping her face between her hands; she leaned forward and placed soft kisses to her soft skin. "For the rest of our lives if you'll let me." She gazed into green eyes and watched a spark come to them.

Tucker felt a tremor race through her body. "Are you asking me what I think you are?"

Duncan lowered her eyes and brushed the swell of a breast through her lover's t-shirt. "I know it's only been a very short time but I know how I feel," She slipped the wedding band from her little finger and held it out to Tucker. "And I know what this means, Furball got this from the ocean and gave it to me. She said I had to find the owner of the initials inside." She handed it to Tucker and watched her eyes widen.

"Those are our initials inside, but how?"

"The ocean takes as well as gives, with that ring; it gave me a future to find. It gave me you," She held the ring out and looked into misty green eyes. "Will you marry me Tucker Danes?" Tucker wiped tears from her eyes, covered her trembling lips with one hand while extending the other to Duncan. When she felt the warmth of gold slid up her finger, she broke down and sobbed into her lover's chest. Duncan wrapped her arms around her and felt her own tears trail down her face, she dropped her head down and buried her face in her lovers hair and held her until her sobs stopped. Pulling back, she gave her a bright smile and kissed her lightly. Tucker pushed her back into the sand and fell across her body to kiss her until they saw stars. Tucker lifted her head and gazed lovingly into dark blue eyes, she ran a fingertip down Duncan's chin to stop at the waistband of her baggy white grey shorts.

"I want to make love to you right here." She lowered her head down and nipped at a hardened nipple straining against cotton. "And wake up wrapped in your arms under the rising sun."

"And under the watchful eyes of two idiots that are sitting in the bushes behind you." She groaned and slapped her hands over her eyes. "What a mood breaker." She mumbled and whimpered when Ripples and Furball snickered next to her ear.

"Do we get ta be the flower girls," Ripples whispered in Duncan's ear and then fell across both women when Duncan nodded her head. "Ohh good, Mama says ta get up ta the house..."

"Little Mamas got a phone call." Furball cut in and plastered a huge sloppy kiss on Tucker's cheek. "Her mom's been calling for two days to a cell phone that no one answers." She wiggled her bushy eyebrows at her, pulled Ripples to her feet and dragged her back towards the house. "I kissed Tuck!" She screamed and then yelped when Ripples shoved her into the bushes.

"If you call that a kiss, it's no wonder why you don't get any dates!" Ripples ran towards where Mama was standing and hid behind her. "We told her..."

"I can just imagine how you two did that from where ya were hiding in the bushes." Mama said and grabbed a long braid to pull Ripples from behind her. "Go get the grill started and don't blow the lid off like the last time." Mama watched Duncan and Tucker approach her holding hands and leaning into each other. It may her smile to see the love they had for each other in their every movement. She stepped forward and held the portable phone out to a smiling Tucker. "It's your mom; she's been trying to reach you for the last two days."

"Guess I'm in trouble now," She grinned at Mama and took the phone. "Thanks Mama." She went over to one of the chairs on the porch and found herself being pulled down onto her lover's lap; she leaned back and snuggled into the warm body before saying hello to her mom.

"And where have you been Tucker Danes?"

"Right here mom, I just don't have my cell phone with me. Why, what's wrong?"

Linda chuckled. "Ohh nothing besides my kid necking on the Sports channel with one Sebastian Fox." She laughed harder when Tucker groaned. "It's all right Tucker; you should have heard your dad. He almost had a heart attack when he saw a close up of Duncan."

"Why, I mean...", She became flustered and at a loose for words when Duncan kissed her neck and nibbled on her earlobe. "Is he mad at me because of this?"

"Hell no, he's been drooling over the new surf world magazine. He says you have great taste and he wants an autographed poster of your woman."

Tucker closed her eyes and tilted her head to the side when a warm tongue traced her ear. "Uuhhh...you mean...we're in there already?"

Linda laughed and shook her head; she had a feeling that Tucker was not alone. "Tucker, you're distracted, just what is she doing to you?"

"MOM! I can't believe you asked me that and for your information, she's not doing anything."

"Uhhh huh, sure Tucker, that's why I feel like I'm listening to a heavy breather over the phone. I'll make this quick, you need to see your lawyer. She has papers for you to sign and call your publisher. Behave yourself and don't wear her out too much." She laughed at the gasp that came from her daughter and hung up the phone.

Tucker leaned to the side and held lidded blue eyes with a narrowed look. "You are in sooo much trouble and my dads drooling over a picture of you!"

"So do I get punished for this trouble I've caused?" She wiggled her brows and gave Tucker a toothy grin. Tucker nodded her head, got off her lap and pulled her towards her guesthouse.

"I'm gonna put your endurance to the test for many hours Dunk."

The door closed behind them and signaled two hiding idiots that the coast was clear; Ripples and Furball snuck around the guesthouse and peeked through the bedroom window.

"Which leg do you two want broken?" Mama asked from where she stood in the shadows.

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Two pissed off women came storming out of the guesthouse still wet from their shower; they looked towards Mamas and spotted to cowering idiots in the doorway. Ripples and Furball screamed like little girls and took off running towards the beach and hopefully freedom. Duncan took chase while Tucker went into find Mama and see what could be done for the predicament they now faced. "Ohh my...you're...blue!" She winced at the snarling expression on Tucker's face. "I guess the idiots got their revenge huh?"

"Ohh you can say that," Tucker held her arms out and turned in a circle. "I look like a smurf! I'm supposed to fly back to Texas tomorrow; I can't go on the plane looking like this."

"I can see the problem now, they'd put you in quarantine for a month. Let's go in the bathroom and see if I have anything to get this off, was it your soap they got?"

"Nope, Dunk checked that. They put the dye inside the shower head, so as soon as we got under it, we turned blue."

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A half hour later, Tucker came out of the shower and looked at her normal skin tone. She still smelled like bleach but at least she wasn't a small blur smurf like person. "Where's Dunk?" She asked Mama who was reading the newspaper at the kitchen table.

"Probably halfway to Maui by now and still chasing the idiots." She looked up and nodded her head. "You look better, good thing they used ground up chalk instead of clothes dye. Now I know who the really evil one of those three is."

"I'd have to be to be able to survive some of the stuff they've done to me," Dunk snickered and dropped clothes in a pile near the back door. "Just wait until you see them this time," She walked over to Tucker and pulled her into her arms. "They're trying to sneak back here without anyone noticing that they're naked." She sniffed her lover's neck, closed her eyes and sneezed. "You

smell like Clorox."

"Uhh huh and you're still blue, sweaty and covered in sand but still blue. I left the bleach in Mama's shower for you; go see if it'll come off."

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The next morning was a tearful event, Duncan cried like a baby as she held onto Tucker. It didn't matter that Tucker would be coming back in a week or so, it was the fact that she wouldn't be holding her as they slept. Or waking up to find her cuddled against her body. "I wish you could come with me, my parents want to meet you."

"I wish I could too, I can always put off...,"

"Nope, when I get back, I want you all to myself." She lifted Duncan's face and wiped her tears away. "No business meetings, agents, publishers or anyone else but you and our weird family."

"Will you call me when you get there?"

"Let some one try and stop me," She kissed moist lips and moaned. "Your voice is the last thing I want to here before I fall asleep."

Duncan took a deep breath and tried not to sob, her words cracked as she forced them out. "Let me take you to the airport."

"Nope, if you're there with me, I'll never get on that plane and then I'll be in a shit load of trouble." Kissing her lover one last time before she had to leave, she put her entire soul and heart into it and felt Duncan slipping to the floor. Following her down, she broke the kiss and held her head to her chest. "I love you and I'll be back before you know it." She kissed her softly, got up from the floor, and grabbed her laptop and overnight bag. "I love you Duncan Fox." She went out the door wiping the tears from her face and broke into sobs as soon as she got in the truck beside Mama. "This is the hardest thing I have ever had to do," She looked to Mama though blurry eyes and stared sobbing again. "Will Duncan be alright?"

"Sure, she'll mope around for a week or so, I'll kick her in the ass a few times and the idiots will terrorize her." She smiled and pulled her truck out onto the road. "You take care of yourself and take those vitamins I got for you. We don't want you getting run down while you're away."

"Don't worry, I'll remember and I'll rest while I'm there." She took a calming breath and wiped her face on the bottom of her t-shirt. "I don't know how my parents are going to take the news about the baby or me moving here."

"As long as you're happy, they won't care."

"I hope your right, Mama." She gazed out at the scenery trying to memorize everything so that she could recall it over the next week or two that she would be gone.

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The second the seatbelt light went out, Tucker opened her laptop, went to the Word program and started a new document. She closed her eyes, took a deep breath and started typing without ever opening her eyes. The man next to her sat in awe over the speed that her fingers flew across the small keyboard. When the flight attendant came past with drinks, she took a bottle of water and went back to typing. Never before had a story wanted out so bad or been as clear in her mind as the one she was writing now. Time drifted by for her at the speed of light, she stopped and looked up at the smiling flight attendant and nodded when she told her they were preparing for landing in San Francisco. She looked down at the screen and saw that she had typed over three hundred pages in the hours it took to get to California. For once, she was looking forward to the two-hour lay over before her flight to Dallas Fort Worth where her parents would pick her up at the airport and then take her home. At the rate that she was typing, she knew she would have a good-sized manuscript for her publisher and friend Wanda. Saving her document, she closed down her laptop and put it back in its case. Wiggling her fingers, she looked over to the man next to her and smiled. "Fingers are a little stiff."

"Ma'am, at the speed you were typing there, I'm surprised they didn't fall off."

"I get that way when I'm inspired."

"I could be inspired and still hunt and peck." He pointed to his own laptop bag and smiled. "My poor wife looks over my papers and beats me on the head with them; she says I can't spell anything over five letters. I told her that it didn't matter because the people I give 'em to don't read the damn things anyway." They chatted until they landed and then parted ways, for once Tucker didn't feel threatened when a man spoke to her. Any other time, she would have been with Steve and he would have given her the third degree as to why she was talking to another man. Slung her overnight case strap over her shoulder, she carried her laptop and cardboard tube that Mama had given her in her right hand and used the left to push through the other passengers who always stopped right outside the Jetway door. She wished she were as tall as her lover was and as intimidating. She smiled to herself when she thought of Duncan, she never thought about it before but she was intimidating in a way. Her height and the look she could cast in a heartbeat cold freeze air. Getting free of the crowd, she made her way to her next gate and took a seat in a quiet corner after checking in. Out came her laptop and her fingers took over and single words turned into sentences, paragraphs and then chapters. Before she knew it, the customer service agent was calling for the passengers to board.

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Linda stood on a chair at the gate from San Francisco, she peered over the people waiting for friends, lovers and relatives to disembark from the plane and swamp the gate area. She squeezed Stanley's shoulder when she saw Tucker pushing her way through, a bright grin came to her face when she saw the snarl form on her small daughters face. "I see her Stanley, you better go save some people before she beats the Hell outta them."

"Ohh sure, send me into the lions den." He ducked his head to avoid her smack and lumbered over to find his daughter. He had a huge advantage in that department, being six foot four and over 200lb made him a perfect battering ram. He reached between two bodies, grabbed Tucker by her arm and yanked her into his arms. "Hi baby, growl or bite anyone today?"

"Hi dad, nope but I was real damn close. Do ya think there's such a thing as plane rage?"

"Sure, you and you mom have it. Let's get out of here before I'm tempted to slam some of these dumbasses." He pushed through the crowd and laughed when people yelped after his size fifteen cowboy boot smashed their toes. Tucker could only snicker and think of how Duncan would react in the same position. Linda jumped down from the chair and pulled a tired Tucker into her arms, kissing her forehead; she took the bag from her shoulder and handed it to Stanley.

"Make yourself useful and take our baby's bags." Stanley sighed and then looked at the cardboard tube.

"What's this Tucker?"

Tucker looked at it and gave her dad a bright smile. "I have an idea but I'm not really sure, Mama Fox said to give it to you."

"Me," His devilish grin was so much like Tucker's that Linda groaned. "Is it naked woman playing volleyball?"

"You sound just like Ripples and Furball," She rolled her eyes and walked beside her mom.

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Ripples and Furball growled at Duncan and flipped her off after she walked into the kitchen, they had no idea what had gotten into her but they were suffering big time. They each had a paint roller in their hands and were painting the living room a soft white color, before that, they had done the kitchen. Duncan was now in there laying new tile after fixing the leaky sink faucet and trap. For the last two days, they had worked until they dropped and it didn't look like it would let up anytime soon. "I think she's flipped, we've always lived like pigs." Ripples mumbled and painted the side of Furballs face. Mama walked into the house, looked around, walked back out and looked at the address before going back in to stand with her mouth hanging open.

"What in the world happened in here?" She turned in a circle and then walked over to the idiots. "Are you guys sick or something...that is besides having more paint on your bodies than the walls?"

Furball pointed to the kitchen and whimpered. "Go get her Mama; she's blown a gasket and it torturing us. She had us clean our rooms and everything!" She whimpered some more and ran her roller down the back of Ripples head.

"My daughter the world known slob has you cleaning? This is really bad; I may have to call

911." She walked across the tarp-covered floor and stopped dead in the doorway to the kitchen. What at one time was the perfect growing environment for strange diseases, was now spotless, the stainless steel shone brightly and the walls were no longer a dingy yellow. "I've died and gone to Hell, my kids cleaning!"

Duncan turned and gave her mama a sheepish smile; she held up a piece of tile and showed her mama. "What do ya think, is the color OK, I wasn't really sure but got it anyway?"

Mama looked at the pure white tile with the small slate blue flowers on the outside border and nodded. "Perfect Dunk, now tell me why you're doing all this." She knew the reason but wanted to hear Duncan say it.

"I want Tucker to be happy here and with the way it was, she wouldn't have been." She shrugged her shoulders and wiped her dirty hands on her pant legs. "Do ya think she'll like it?"

"Dunk, she wouldn't care if you two lived in a cave. She's not a materialistic person; she doesn't dress in fancy clothes or walk with her nose in the air."

"I know, but I wanted to clean the place up and I'm making our storage room the nursery. The idiots weren't to happy about moving all those boxes of old clothes and stuff but I changed their mind when I told them they could have my half of the workshop." She sat down on a chair and waited for Mama to join her. "I thought maybe you and Tucker could pick out the furniture for the nursery, I'm not real sure what to get."

"We can take care of all that when she comes home, now where are you getting all this money?"

"It's from my secret savings account," She grinned and rolled her eyes. "I'm using the money from the pipe masters competition and I signed a contract with a wetsuit company, they want to use my name."

"And you didn't tell me about this, you sneaky beach bum." She got up and hugged Duncan tightly. "I'm so proud of you Duncan and I know Tucker will fall over when she gets back. She'll never expect to walk into a clean house with a nursery just waiting for her to furnish."

"Just wait until she sees the shop I signed a lease for, it's in town and close to the ice cream shop. You know the one that used to sell that tourist crap and cheap paintings."

"Yep, I sure do, that's the one that you and the idiots painted graffiti on the walls, got arrested and hauled off to lock-up. I agreed with what you guys painted but the owner didn't see the humor in the 'Free live crabs available' his wife was thankful that she found out though." She shook her head at the memory of an angry man screaming about his personal life and infidelity advertised in such a crude manner. If he didn't want it none, then he should have kept his bugs to himself instead of passing them on to all the high school cheerleaders. "It's a perfect spot Dunk and you'll only have the other shop to compete with."

"I shouldn't have a problem, my name alone will pull people in and Ripples already has half

dozen orders for her boards. Keala is top of the list and she said she would get her some other orders while she's in Australia." She chuckled and gave her Mama the strangest look. "You will not believe the motto the idiots came up with for Ripples boards, how does 'Ride the Ripple' sound?"

"Like a porno film."

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"Well dad, what do ya think?" Tucker asked from where she was standing in the doorway to her dad's study.

"Ohh that you are one lucky woman and I'm gonna watch more surfing on the sports channel." He stared at the autographed poster of Duncan wearing just a sports bra and bikini bottoms and sighed.

"Mom says to stop drooling and come and eat before it gets cold." She walked back to the kitchen and leaned against the kitchen counter, she looked to the floor and back up at her mom's profile.

"What's on your mind Tucker, you've been awful quiet?"

"Well, I need to talk to you and dad about something and I don't know how you'll take it."

"The only way you'll find out is if you tell is, if it's about the asshole. He won't be back anytime soon, he's locked up in a treatment center in Puerto Rico. Your cousins grabbed him and locked his ass up for a while," She pointed to the papers sitting near the microwave. "That's what Jon faxed your dad and your lawyer has copies as well."

Tucker picked up the papers and read them through; she looked to her mom with a wicked grin on her face. "He's being treated for VD?"

"Did you read the statement from the whore, I almost pissed myself."

Tucker flipped through until she came to the statement, she started laughing and had to wipe the tears from her eyes so that she could continue. What got her was the page beneath that Jon wrote, it described the whore to the point of her snagged nylons and scuffed shoes. "Ohh my God, I hope they got pictures of this."

"Yep and video, it should be here in the next couple of days. Once that stuff gets here, you'll never have to worry about him again." She looked up when her husband came in and sat down at the table. "Done drooling over Duncan?" She placed their dishes in front of them and took her seat diagonal to Tucker.

"Only when I'm dead and six feet under." He grabbed the beer that she tossed him and saw the look on his daughters face. "OK Tucker, what's wrong?"

She rolled her eyes and sat down at the table, it was unbelievable how transparent she was around her parents. "I'm going to have a problem with Steve...I'm pregnant." She thought her parents were going to drop over right before her eyes; she took a deep breath and explained to them about her birth control and what Mama thought he had done to ensure that she got pregnant. When they asked her what she was planning on doing, they were ecstatic about her keeping the baby. "But I'm moving to Hawaii...Duncan asked me to marry her."

Linda took her hands and held them gently. "Since you're wearing a wedding band," She wiggled the finger and smiled. "I take it that she's OK with the baby being Steve's?"

"More than OK and Mama can't wait; she's going to be my midwife."

Her dad had a beaming smile on his face; he punched a hand in the air and said a silent 'yes'. "When are you due so that we can be there to see our grandbaby?"

"Around the fourteenth of January, give or take a few days." She shrugged her shoulders and picked at the food on her plate.

Linda calculated in her head and looked to Tucker. "You were pregnant before you went to Hawaii and didn't know?"

"I didn't start getting morning sickness until a few days ago and my period has never been normal, that's one of the reasons I started the birth control. A lot of good it did, it still didn't come when it was supposed to, then again, I have no idea when Steven the giant asshole of the universe substituted my pills."

"Knowing him, it was the minute you got the things." Her dad said and then cussed a blue streak. "He'll pay for everything he's done; he kissed his career goodbye the second he hurt you."

"If he shows up in Hawaii, he'll kiss his life goodbye. Duncan will feed him to the sharks piece by piece if Mama and the idiots don't beat her to him."

Linda chuckled and nodded her head. "A fitting end to a scum sucking lawyer, hope the sharks don't die afterward."

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"I can't believe she threw our furniture out, I love this couch!" Ripples ran her fingers across the holey cushion. "This is from when you tried to shot me with the spear gun and missed."

"I didn't try to shoot you, I tripped over Duncan's big feet and the damn thing went off on its own." She grinned at a doubting Ripples. "Now when I shot Duncan's bed, I was trying to knock the apple off her head."

"Good thing you can jump too, she almost got you with the car."

"And I would have to if you hadn't dove into that dumpster." Duncan dropped down onto the old couch that was now in the work shed, she handed them each a Coke and leaned back to put her feet on the battered coffee table. "I'm surprised we've lived to be this old."

"We're surprised we survived this week," Furball made kissing noises at Duncan. "We got cavities from all that sweet talk you have with Tuck every night on the phone."

"At least I've had sex...in this lifetime." She gave them a smug grin and took a sip of her Coke.

"We've had sex...not together but..." Ripples rubbed her face and looked at a confused Furball. "What?"

"Uhhmm...have we, I mean..."

Duncan slapped her in the head and groaned. "No, wet dreams don't count. Congratulations, you two are the oldest virgins in the world."

"Hey! What about mother Teresa, she's a virgin!"

"Furball, she's dead." Ripples slapped her in the shoulder and grinned. "But being a dead Virgin is worse, we still gotta chance!"

Duncan raised an eyebrow at them and snorted. "Have you two looked in a mirror lately, Captain Unibrow and twin?" They both ran a finger across their eyebrow and looked to Duncan.

"The beard and mustache trimmer is broke." They said in unison.

"And there's not enough wax on the island to handle the two of you." She got up from the couch and gave them the come-hither motion. "We have laundry to fold."

They moaned and groaned but followed her into the house, at the back door; they took off their shoes and placed them on the mat outside the door before going in. Flipping Duncan off, they ran into the living room, dropped onto the new couch, and bounced a few times just to piss her off. She came out of the laundry room with a basket of clothes, stopped in front of them and dumped it on their heads.

"And don't you two roll everything into balls or I'll turn your underwear green."

Furball picked up one of her shirts, looked at it and then up at Duncan. "What did you do to my shirt, it's...white!"

"Bleach does wonders when it's used on white clothes and not the colored ones." She turned to go back to the laundry room to put a load in the dryer and wash the fifth load of the day; she now knew why Mama wanted to kill them when she did their laundry. She grinned when she thought of what Mama said every time she put her clean clothes on her bed. "You took them out of your

dresser so that means you know where to put them, so put them there or I'll kick your ass.' After starting the washer, she leaned against the washer and felt tears fill her eyes. She missed Tucker and wished that she had gone with her, she was tempted to catch a flight to California and then to Texas to be with her. What she was afraid of and had talked to Mama about was if she could trust Steve to not try and win Tucker back. She thought Mama was going to beat the shit out of her for even thinking of it, she told her that they couldn't have a relationship without trust. And the only way to show Tucker that she trusted in her love was to keep her ass in Hawaii and wait for her. She had thought about it and agreed but she still wished that she could go to Texas. "She'll be home soon, suck it up, deal with it and stop being a big baby."

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Tucker read over the papers her lawyer had for her and signed them, she then looked up into his soft brown eyes and raised an eyebrow. "So if he signs them, then I never have to worry about him trying to get custody or anything else when my baby's born."

He gave her a wicked grin and nodded his grey head. "Not unless he wants everything in my files released to a newspaper, I know it's low to blackmail another person. But that son of a bitch deserves it and worse, I never liked him and his parents are a bunch of ass kissers."

"Good, that means I won't have to hire a hit man." She laughed and waved a hand in the air. "Just kidding, me, an orange jumpsuit and a couple thousand roommates is not in my future." She stood and held out her hand. "Thank you for everything, including the power of attorney on such short notice. I won't need my house and it's easier for my parents to sell it than me flying back and forth from Hawaii."

"No problem and good luck, you have any questions or problems you call me."

"I hope I don't, nothing personal but lawyers are not my favorite people now days."

"You're not alone, I don't like them either." She gave him a shake of her head and walked out of his office, which was one more thing off her to do list. She still had to call her publisher and give her the bad news about the book she was supposed to have worked on while on vacation. On the other hand, she was almost finished with the one she had started on the plane. She hoped it worked as a peace offering and got her back on Wanda's good side. The older woman could be a real tyrant when she was pissed. Running a hand over her stomach a bright smile came to her face. "Well little one, in a couple days we'll be laying on the beach with your other mom." She felt butterflies take off in her stomach when she thought of Duncan. "I miss you Dunk and when I get home, we are not leaving the bedroom for a week." Getting into her old Impala, she pulled out of her lawyer's parking lot and head to the nearest restaurant, anymore, she was starving every hour. If her appetite got much worse, she would weigh a couple hundred pounds before she gave birth. On the way to McDonalds, she ran over what she had wrote that morning and thought of some details that she wanted to add. "If I keep this up, War and Peace will look like a comic book next to mine page wise."

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The late afternoon was dark, dreary and rainy, it made Duncan feel more miserable than she thought possible, she wished Tucker were there so that they could lay in bed and listen to the rain hit the roof. She rolled over in her bed and looked out the window with tired gritty eyes, she was exhausted and hadn't slept or eaten much since Tucker left. Mama and the idiots had offered her everything that they could think of but food just didn't interest her. She wanted her lover and nothing else. "You're pitiful Duncan, a little over a week and you're falling apart."

"Tucker's probably doing the same thing," Mama said from the doorway. "She cried the entire way to the airport and when I talked to her this morning, she started all over again."

Duncan's eyes grew wide; she sat up in her bed and stuttered. "You talked to her today...how come she didn't call me?"

"Because you were at work, that's why." She went over and sat down on the bed beside Duncan. "She told me to tell you that you had better eat or she was going to kick your ass when she got back."

"My mama the nark, I eat...sometimes."

"Yeah after we hold you down and force it in your mouth, you look like shit Dunk. Is that how you want Tucker to see you, all skinny and falling apart?"

"No, it's just that I miss her." She wiped the tears that formed in her eyes, closed them and started to sob. When arms wrapped around her, she fell forward and buried her face against the soft material of a t-shirt.

A soft voice whispered in her ear and sent shivers down her spine. "So you missed me?" Duncan raised her head and saw misty green eyes looking down at her; she looked around the room and saw her Mama smiling from the doorway. "Mama picked me up at the airport, I wanted to surprise you."

"More than I ever thought possible." She sniffled and started to sob harder. "Never again...I go...where you go." She pushed Tucker back on the bed and wrapped around her body, they laid there and fell asleep to the sound of the rain.

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Duncan woke up feeling warmth against her back; she cautiously moved a hand back, felt a warm body, and became confused. Slowly turning over, she listened, heard a whistling snore, and knew who was in bed with her. "RIPPLES!"

"Jesus God almighty!" She jumped up and fell off onto the floor with a loud thump. "Why do ya gotta do that Dunk, ya trying ta give Tuck a heart attack?"

"You're not Tucker and what in the Hell are you doing in my bed?"

"Do you people mind, I'm trying to sleep." Tucker yelled and rolled over to bury her face in her lover's chest. "What was she doing in bed with us?"

"I wanted ta see what it felt like ta sleep with someone and it ain't all it's cracked up ta be. You two SNORE!" She stomped to the door and stopped. "Furball get out from under the bed before they squash your ass."

"This ain't fair; I haven't read all the articles yet!" She scurried out from under the bed, shined her flashlight in Duncan's eyes and waved a Playboy at her. "Holding out on us again, shame on ya!" She jumped when Duncan growled and ran out of the room to smack into the back of Ripples. "You dipshit, I told ya not to get in bed with them. I told ya they snored like giant sized big foot."

"And how would you know what a big foot sounds like?"

"I know your brother, that's how."

Tucker started laughing and rolled over on top of her groaning lover, she nipped at her neck and heard her growl deeply. "I really missed this ya know, waking up with you next to me."

Duncan dropped her voice a few octaves and purred. "Is that all you missed, I can think of a couple things?"

She leaned down and captured her lips in a kiss that left them breathless. "Thinking is no where in the equation, show me."

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The idiots were in the workshop, sitting on the couch with their heads tilted back snoring loud enough to scare off wildlife. After an hour of moans and groans coming from Duncan and Tucker's bedroom, they ran to save their sanity. Or what little bit they had. If they knew what they were missing, they would kick each other in the ass. A very naked Tucker walked into the kitchen, flipped the light on and looked around in confusion. It wasn't the same kitchen she had cooked in before she left. She went into the living room, turned the overhead light, and looked around with wide eyes.

"So what do ya think?" Duncan asked from where she was leaning against the wall.

"I'm thinking that if I didn't know any better, I'd swear I was in the wrong house. You did all this while I was gone?"

"Uhh huh, I wanted it to be nice for when you came back." She walked up to her and pulled her into her arms. "Is it OK, the idiots helped me clean, paint and pick out the new furniture?"

"It's perfect but you didn't have to do all this, I would have been happy sleeping in a cave as long

as you were with me." She raised an eyebrow when Duncan laughed. "What?"

"That's what Mama said," She picked her up and carried her down the hall to the room next to theirs. "We did something else but you and Mama have to finish it." She put Tucker down inside the doorway and flipped the light on. "I didn't know whether to paint it blue or pink, so I picked yellow. Ripples painted the teddy bears on the walls and Furball helped me put the carpet down." She turned back from where she had walked to the center of the nursery and saw the tears in her lover's eyes. "Baby are you all right?"

"It's beautiful Dunk," She wiped at her cheeks and gave her lover a beaming smile. "I didn't know what we were going to do when the baby came but you've solved all that." She walked into her arms and pulled her down for a deep lingering kiss. "I love you Duncan Fox more than I ever thought possible. Only one problem I see right now and that's two idiots with their faces pressed against the window screen."

"Nice ass Tuck, can we see the rest?" Ripples wiggled her brows and then her eyes shot wide when Duncan raised a fist and waved it. "Guess not."

"I swear those two are missing a few cards." Duncan mumbled against Tucker's neck.

"True but what would we do without them?"

"Be able to take a shower and not end up blue."

"My mom thought that was hilarious, her and dad are coming in January and are staying until after the baby comes. Think Mama will let them stay in one of the guest houses."

"Nope, she'll have them stay in the house with her. Mama would never put relatives in a guesthouse...only ones she doesn't like."

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Tucker had decided to work on her new story while getting some sun, she looked up from her laptop when she heard a loud roar and then screams. Leaning back in her chair, she watched the idiots jump on top of her lover and fall into the on coming wave. They were like big kids, constantly playing and chasing each other down the beach. Mama was right when she said they kept her young, she remembered a conversation with her mom while in Texas. She said something about watching her play in the backyard all alone and hoped that it wouldn't be that way with her baby. Not so subtle a plea for more than one grandchild. But with her new family, she knew that the baby would not be lacking in playmates but adult interaction. Unconsciously, she rolled the wedding band around her finger and then looked down at it. "Jewelry store, I need to find one and get Duncan a ring." She closed her laptop and carried her chair back to Mamas. "Mama where can I find a jewelry store?" She asked after putting her laptop in the kitchen doorway.

"There's a guy about an hour from here that makes jewelry, I'll take you over there if ya want. He

can make anything you want and he's not expensive like the others in town." She waved a hand for Tucker to come closer. "Or you can give this to Dunk," She pulled a thick solid gold ring from her pocket and handed it to her. "It was her daddy's ring; I had it made before we got married." Tucker looked at the ring and smiled, inside the band were the initials D&T.

"Wait a minute here, this ring matches mine."

"Sure it does," She gave Tucker a beaming smile. "You're wearing my wedding band."

"But Furball..."

"I gave it to her to give to Dunk; we came up with that story so that she would get her ass moving."

Tucker chuckled and nodded her head, her eyebrow raised to bury itself under her bangs. "What's the T stand for?"

"My middle name is Taynia, my kid's dense as they come sometimes."

Tucker leaned forward, gave Mama a hug, and kissed her cheek. "Thanks Mama and your secret is safe with me, can we go shopping for baby stuff? That bare room is driving me nuts and Dunk needs something to do until their shop is ready to open."

"You mean like putting together furniture and being terrorized by looking at baby clothes?"

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Steve drove down the street towards Tuckers house; he stopped in front of it and looked at the old Chevy truck parked in the driveway. Anger built and flared with the thought that she had someone else in her life and it wasn't him. He pulled behind the truck, got out and slammed the door on his BMW hard enough to crack the windshield. Stomping up to the door, he ignored the doorbell and pounded on the door with both fists. "OPEN UP YOU FUCKER!" He kept on pounding until the door opened and a huge woman stood there with her one hand planted on her trim waist.

"What is your problem buddy?"

His eyes narrowed and spittle flew from his lips. "Who are you and where is my fiancée, ohh wait that's right, she likes women?" He tried to push his way past her and found himself picked up off the floor.

"I have no idea who you are but I know my husband would love it if I did this." She bounced him off the wall, flipped him upside down and slammed him on the floor. He lay there at her feet gasping for air and feeling every bone in his body vibrating. "I taught him that move; he now uses it every night on the WWF circuit." She grabbed the front of his suit jacket and hauled him off the floor. "Or maybe this one will impress you more!" She carried him out the door and to

where his car was parked, lifting him up over her head, she tossed him on the hood of his car. "Come by tomorrow, my husband would just love to rearrange your face for pounding on our door. Now get the Hell outta here!"

Steve rolled off onto the ground, crawled over to the door, opened it and climbed in with a loud whimper. He wondered if anything had been broken or if he would die from internal injuries. The four months locked up in Puerto Rico had added 60lb to his already out of shape frame, his clothes fit so tight that he had popped buttons and the zipper on his trousers no longer closed all the way. Not to mention the pleats on his trousers were non-existent and the insides of his pockets stuck out like ears. He backed his car out of the driveway with a lurch and struggled with the gearshift before getting into drive. "I'll find you Tucker you can bet on that!" He screamed as he tore down the street side swiping a few cars before he made it around the corner and headed towards the airport. "I'll get you back and then we'll live happily ever after in HELL!"

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Mama walked into the surf shop and saw Tucker sitting behind the long bar reading a magazine; she leaned over the bar and saw Duncan on her knees between her lover's thighs. "What in the world are you doing down there?"

"Hi Mama and you need to explain to blockhead here that explaining surfing techniques at this stage will not work." Tucker ran her fingers through Duncan's hair and pulled on her ear.

Mama saw the earpieces of a stethoscope on rather side of Tuckers stomach. "Tell me she's not talking into the end of my stethoscope."

"OK I won't and I won't tell you the other more personal ways she talks to the baby." She grinned when Mama rolled her eyes. "Dunk will you get up before a customer comes in and thinks we're providing entertainment."

Blue eyes tracked up to connect with green; she blinked a few times before noticing that someone was behind her. Turning slowly, she sighed when she saw her Mama. "I was just..."

"Acting like an idiot, come on I'm buying lunch."

Duncan dropped her face down, pulled up Tucker's t-shirt and placed kisses on her swollen stomach. "Mamas taking us to lunch, so no kicking or rolling around in there until afterward." She rested her cheek on soft skin and looked up when Mama called her name.

"Duncan, lunch would be good before the baby's in college. Now move your ass or we'll leave you here." She headed for the door and watched her daughter helping Tucker out of the chair. Dotting was too tame a word for how Duncan was, over protective was closer. She would carry Tucker around if she would let her. "OK Mama I got the hint."

"Petra set up an appointment for Tucker's sonogram for two o'clock, so after lunch we'll go over there and get that taking care of." She looked over at the two women and shook her head. They

acted like newly weds where ever they went, Duncan had her arm wrapped around Tucker's shoulders and one hand resting on the swell of her stomach. If she didn't know any better, she would swear that Duncan had gotten the smaller woman pregnant.

"I get to see the baby right," Duncan asked and rubbed Tucker's stomach. "And maybe see what sex we're gonna have, that is if you want to know Tuck?"

Tucker got a dreamy look on her face and smiled. "It doesn't matter as long as the baby's healthy; remind me to have Petra make extra copies of the pictures so I can send them to mom and dad."

"And one for my scrap book," Mama added and draped an arm around both her kids. "I started a new one for my first grandbaby; all I need is a wedding picture to go on the first page. I thought about using the one of you two necking on the beach after your perfect ten dunk..."

"OK Mama, we get it ya don't have to worry anymore." She kissed her lover's head and felt her squeeze her side. "We have it all planed out and were waiting for the perfect time to tell you. We want to do it on the beach with just the five of us..."

"And after my parents get here and the baby's born then Tommy's going to make it legal." Tucker added. "That way we won't be rushing around before I'm close to delivering."

Mama raised an eyebrow at them and punched Duncan in her shoulder. "The mamas always the last to know, what are you going to wear and don't you say a t-shirt and shorts." When Duncan looked worriedly to Tucker, Mama settled it. "We are going shopping and you are not wearing a new wetsuit for this, ya got me Sebastian?"

"OK Mama, what ever you pick out I'll wear." She hung her head and prayed that Mama didn't pick out a dress."

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Duncan lay in bed next to Tucker looking at the black and white picture of their baby, a huge grin came to her face when she thought of the life growing in her lover's belly. She rolled over, placed the picture on the nightstand and nestled her face on a breast. Tracing a nipple with her fingertip, she watched it harden and heard Tucker moan. Duncan kissed the side of her breast and tapped the back of the book that Tucker was reading. "Whatcha reading?"

"Natural birth for older women." She tapped Duncan on her head with the book. "It's really interesting, you should read it."

"Why, in a couple months I can see it live." She pulled a nipple into her mouth and heard a thump when the book hit the floor.

"Good point...ohh God Dunk..." She buried her fingers in silky hair and arched her back.

"You're more sensitive and bigger." She cupped both breasts in her hands and rubbed her thumbs

over the hardened tips. "Can I share with our baby when she gets here?"

"Uuhmm...her?" Tucker lost all train of thought when lips and tongue lavished attention on her aching nipples; there were a lot of areas that were more sensitive and needed attention.

"Yep, her, we're gonna have a little blonde haired green eyed baby girl." She moved lower and licked from her sternum to circle her naval. "Just like her mama." She moved Tucker's thighs apart and lay between them with her chin resting in dark curls. "And she's gonna be spoiled rotten." She ran her tongue between swollen nether lips and moaned at the taste of her lover's juices. Placing her hands under Tucker's hips, she lifted her gently and kissed the silky flesh in front of her. Soft moans turned in to whimpers when she took her lover to the brink and stopped to tease and prolong the torture.

"Sabas...tian...stop...teasing!" She stuttered and squeezed Duncan's head between her thighs when a warm tongue slipped inside her and took her over the edge with a deep guttural yell. Her body quaked with her climax; she grabbed the back of her lover's head and pulled her tighter to her center as another orgasm rushed through her. Her arms fell to the sides with her gasping breaths, she felt Duncan rest her head on her thigh and caress her belly. "Dunk come up here." She felt her hand stop and saw the top of her lover's head raise up.

"Tuck?" She blinked her dark blue eyes at her and shook her head. "Uhh ahhh you don't...it's not...good for the baby."

Tucker leaned to the side, grabbed Duncan's ear and dragged her up beside her. "The baby's fine. Do I have to draw you a picture, maybe buy you that book on positions?"

A light went on behind Duncan's eyes; she was so intent on pleasing her lover that she never thought of herself. She blushed hotly and dropped her head. "Are you sure, you don't have to do anything, I'm OK." She gasped when a small hand cupped her sex and a finger slipped between her folds. "Uugg..."

Tucker grinned at her wickedly and ran her tongue across her upper lip. "Yeah uugg, now get up here." She wrapped her arms around Duncan's thighs, pulled her lower over her mouth and licked at the wetness that was coating her lips and thighs. Deep moans rumbled in her chest when Duncan moved above her and gasped when her tongue pushed into her center. Moving her tongue in and out, she rubbed her clit at the same time. She could hear the sound of the wooden headboard creaking in her lover's hands and the way her legs tensed told her she was close. Moving her mouth so that she was able to capture her clit, she pulled it between her lips and sucked. With a loud roar, Duncan climaxed and coated her chin with her juices. She looked up when she heard a loud thump and saw that her lover's forehead was resting on the wall. After the last of her tremors left her body, Tucker slipped out from under her and pulled her down into the bed beside her. Seeing a bruise forming on her forehead, she placed gentle kisses to the area and brushed sweat-dampened hair back from her temples. "How are we going to explain your forehead being bruised?"

"Baby kicked me?"

"Ohh Mama will really believe that one," She chuckled and rolled her eyes.

"OK, so I'll tell her that's what happens with mind blowing sex." She snuggled her face in her lover's breasts and sighed. "I love you Tuck." She mumbled and drifted off to sleep. Tucker ran her fingers through the hair at her temples and whispered to her sleeping lover.

"I love you too Dunk, more than I ever thought possible." She fell asleep minutes later wrapped in the arms of her lover and future wife.

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With half of her manuscript sent off to her publisher, Tucker was able to focus all her energy on the baby, the nursery and the ceremony they would have in an hour. She and Duncan wanted it at sunset on the beach with just the idiots and Mama present. She looked over her shoulder from where she was looking out the bedroom window of their room and saw Mama step in with a hand of fresh orchids wrapped in ribbon. She turned and gave Mama a bright smile that hid her raging nerves.

"You look beautiful Tuck, poor Dunk will fall over when she sees you."

Tucker ran her hands down the pure white large cotton button down shirt over white shorts and looked up with a tilt to her head. "My mom always pictured me in a flowing white wedding gown with a man in a black tux, I wonder what she would think if she saw me now?"

"The same thing I'm thinking," She stepped closer and kissed her forehead. "Of how beautiful a bride you are and how proud I am of you and Duncan. The only thing that matters is that you are happy and loved."

"I've never been happier and I will keep Duncan that way for the rest of our lives."

"Then what are ya worrying about, let's get out there so that Ripples and Furball can untie Duncan before her hands and feet go numb."

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"Will you stop fidgeting already?" Ripples slapped Duncan's hands from the front of her shirt and fixed the collar. "You're acting like you're about to get married to a complete stranger."

"I'm supposed to be nervous, this is a lifetime commitment we're doing here."

Furball fell back on the floor and groaned. "Geez...if you're this bad in front of the people who've been around you since birth, what's gonna happen when Tuck's parents are here?"

Duncan's face went white; she grabbed her chest and struggled to pull air into her lungs. Ripples reached out, grabbed her to keep her from falling over, and kicked Furball in her leg. "Thanks

you little idiot, now get her the paper bag before she passes out again." She eased Duncan down to sit on the floor. Furball crawled across the floor, picked up the paper bag with Snoopy on it and pressed it over Duncan's mouth.

"Breathe or Ripples will flash her tits at ya!"

"Why do I have to do the flashing?"

Furball looked down at her own chest and then to Ripples. "Cuz yours are bigger that's why."

They both kneeled in front of Duncan and flashed her, they looked to each other when her eyes rolled back and she fell over unconscious on the floor. "I think we killed her." Furball looked to Ripples with a terrified expression and ran from the room.

Ripples ran her hands over her face and tried to think of a country they could escape to that Tucker couldn't find them. She dropped to her knees and slapped Duncan on the face. "Don't you die on me!"

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Furball ran screaming bloody murder up to Mama and Tucker; she grabbed Mama's hand and tried to drag her towards the house. "What the Hells wrong with you?"

"Dunk...she's...ohhh Hell!" She ran off towards the house with Mama mumbling behind her, Tucker was going to follow but the Mama look had her freeze after two steps.

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Mama stepped into the bedroom took one look at Duncan and started laughing. She should have known that something like this would have happened. "Get me the bottle of ammonia from the kitchen." She knelt on the floor beside her daughter and brushed her bangs back from the bruise on her forehead. "What am I going to do with you Duncan; you're so much like your daddy." She remembered the time her own dad had when she and her husband were getting married. He had to change his shoes after David had lost his breakfast all over them. "Once we get you out there, it'll be easier than you thought and you'll think of how you over reacted."

"Here Mama, we found these instead." Furball handed her ammonia capsules and stepped back to stand beside a twitching Ripples. As soon as they heard the plastic crack, they covered their noses and squinted. Duncan's head rolled, her eyes squeezed shut and she slapped at her Mama's hand.

"EEEWWW...what is that?"

"Your brain functioning again, now get your ass up off the floor and out on the beach. Your fiancé is out there walking a trench in the sand." She pulled Duncan up off the floor, straightened her clothes and pushed her towards the door on stumbling bare feet. "I swear I should have

known this would happen." She pointed at the idiots and followed them out of the room and all the way out to the beach. She stepped ahead of them and approached a pacing Tucker. "OK, now that she's back among the living, we can get this over with so you can kick her as."

Tucker rolled her eyes and bit her lip to keep from laughing. "She passed out on them didn't she?"

"Probably more than once, she's like her daddy. A great big wimp." Tucker turned so that she was facing the direction of where Duncan was standing; she felt her heart flutter and her mouth go dry. She had no idea how Duncan would be dressed but once she saw; she knew that she had to thank mama later. The pure whiteness of her cotton button down and white pleated trousers brought out her dark coppery tan. Her long dark hair flowed out behind her, and setting sun made her eyes glow. Tucker felt a bolt of arousal hit her center and make her knees grow weak. She grabbed onto Mama's arm when Duncan seemed to glide across the sand towards them. She was close to passing out herself and it wasn't from nerves, it was from the vision before her. She felt her breath get lost somewhere when Duncan looked down into her eyes with such undying love that she felt like her very soul was touched. When her hand was taken in Duncan's much larger one, she watched as she dropped to her knees and looked up at her. There were no words for what she was feeling at that moment.

"Tucker, before you, I lived for one thing and that was to ride upon the waves and feel a moment of peace inside the pipe. Beside you, I feel that peace touch me deeper than I ever thought possible." She took the wedding band from Furball and held it out. "I want to feel that for the rest of my life." She slipped it on her finger and placed a kiss upon it. "You calm the raging waters of my soul and fill my heart with your love, I love you Tucker."

Tucker felt the flood gates open, tears poured down her cheeks. No words could have touched her as deep as the ones Duncan said to her, she eased down to her knees with the help of Duncan. Cupping her face between her trembling hands, she gazed into the bluest eyes she had ever seen. Her thumbs moved across high cheekbones to wipe away her lover's tears and trail down to brush her lips. "The day you conquered the ocean you also won my heart. I had been hiding my feelings from you and myself but when I almost lost you, I knew then as I know now that I couldn't go on. I never knew what true love was until you touched me, I love you Duncan forever and a day." She took the ring from Ripples, slipped it on her wife's finger and leaned in to kiss her with every bit of love she held in her heart. When they ran out of air and broke their kiss, they heard sniffing and looked up to see the idiots hanging onto each other and crying like babies. Mama stood beside them wiping tears from her eyes and sniffing herself.

"Ya know baby, if all this crying keeps up, they'll close the beaches because of flooding." Duncan helped her to her feet, wrapped an arm around her waist and held her tight. "I love you Tucker Danes-Fox."

"I love you too Duncan Fox," She kissed her gently and then pointed to the idiots. "Maybe we should move this up to the house before they completely fall apart."

"Mama would you drag them up to the house and give 'em some cookies and milk?"

"I swear you two can pull the heart strings, don't stay out here too long." She kissed each one of them and grabbed the idiots by their hands. Tucker moved into the circle of Duncan's arms and leaned her head against her shoulder.

"I never knew you were a poet, I'm an author and didn't have any idea of what to say."

"I'm only a poet when it comes to you, any other time and I would fall all over words." She scooped Tucker up in her arms and carried her down the beach to their home, when they stepped through the door, their eyes widened. Every available space had a lit candle; the flickering flames made the living room glow and made it feel warm and safe. Duncan gently placed her wife on her feet and pulled her back against her chest. "I wonder who did this?"

"I think Mama did, she disappeared while I was on the phone with my mom." She moved away from Duncan and walked over to the glass coffee table. "She chilled white grape juice for us and we have strawberries, chocolate and whipped cream." She looked to Duncan and raised an eyebrow. "I feel kind of weird with my huge belly in such a romantic atmosphere." Duncan moved closer to her and took her hands in hers.

"Don't, you're the most beautiful woman I have ever seen." She kissed her hands and gave her a smirk. "So we'll pig out, relax and look at the book Mama left for us." She pointed to the couch where a book on baby names was lying. "She's sooo subtle; I wouldn't be surprised if she didn't highlight her favorites in there."

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Steven raised the phone to his ear and looked through the plexi glass window at his mother, he raised a hand up and wiped tears from his eyes and blubbered like a baby. "Mommy you have to get me out of here, the men...they...keep SELLING ME! The last one sold me for a pack of *Basic* cigarettes...I'm a cheap bitch!"

"Ohh no Steven that's not true, you have cost us thousands of dollars in legal fees and expenses to pay off all the people you have managed to piss off in the last nine months." She pointed a long manicured fingernail at him and bared her teeth. "No more Steven, as of right now, you are on your own. You have embarrassed us for the last time!"

"But mommy, I was trying to win Tucker back. It is all her fault; if she had not left me, none of this would have happened. You can't do this to me!"

"Ohh the Hell I can't, I found out what you did in Hawaii and if I had known the truth back then. There would have been no way that I would have hauled your ass out of Puerto Rico. In addition, kiss your inheritance goodbye; you are no longer in our wills." She slammed the phone back on the hook and left her son sitting on the other side of the plexi glass blubbering. "We should have adopted a puppy instead of having a kid."

"Wait MOMMY...I don't like it HERE!" He screamed as the guard was dragging him from the

room. "PLEASE...I'll do anything you want if you let me go!" She fell to his knees and wrapped his arms around the guard's legs. The guard crossed huge muscular arms over a wide chest and looked down at him through dark Raybans.

"Anything I want huh, how about getting up off the floor and getting your ass in your cell!" She kicked his legs free of Steve's grip and pulled his baton free. "Now move it or I'll use this on you!"

"Ohhh would you...it's bigger in circumference than a broom handle!"

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Tucker hugged her parents and stepped back to take a good look at them, it had been months since the last time she had seen them. "I'm so glad you guys are here, I have so much to show you." She took her moms hand and pulled her away from the crowd that was trying to claim their bags along with her dad.

"Are you the only one who came, I thought maybe Duncan would have come with you or Mama Fox?"

"Everyone is working at the shop and Mama is filling in for a nurse who called in sick. Plus I love driving my car around the island; I bought a new Honda Accord because it's bigger than Duncan's Corvair." She waved to her dad and led them out of the airport to where she had parked. With her due date close by, she was feeling the stress more everyday. Her back ached, feet hurt and she had trouble getting out of bed or off the couch. Most days, someone was home with her to help her move around. Today was an odd exception, a large shipment of merchandise for the shop came in and Duncan wanted to get it on the shelves and priced so that she wouldn't have to be at the shop and the idiots wouldn't have any worries. She turned to her dad and handed him the car keys. "Would you drive, I have a Hell of a time turning the wheel."

"Sure as long as you tell me where I'm going."

She eased into the passenger seat up front with her moms help and sighed from the relief off her aching legs and back. "I'll be so glad when the baby comes, I can't get around and my legs feel like telephone poles by the middle of the day."

"You're a lot bigger than I was when I carried you, are you sure you're not having twins?" Her mom asked and looked down at her stomach.

"Yep, Petra checked me the other day and said that the baby is just big."

"OK, which way are we going?" He dad asked after he adjusted the seat all the way back to get his tall frame in.

"You'll be staying with Mama so we'll go there first; she may be home by the time we get there." She turned in the seat to see her mom. "We live about two miles or so down the beach from

Mama, so she's real close incase I need her."

"I'm glad that you have so many people around you, I'll tell ya I've been worried less knowing that." Linda leaned back in the seat and took in the scenery while Tucker gave her dad directions. In no time, they were pulling into Mama's driveway. Tucker opened her door and before she knew it Mama was at her side and helping her out. "Thanks Mama, I feel like a whale today."

"You're getting close, you're retaining more water is why ya feel that way." She wrapped an arm around her waist and kissed her temple. "So I see you decided to let your dad drive."

"I had a Hell of a time driving to the airport." She introduced everyone and then they all went into the house for coffee while Tucker drank fruit juice. What amazed Mama was that both of Tucker's parents were much taller than she was. It explained about the size of the baby, it could take after her father and be a giant. Duncan was tall but Stanley would dwarf even her. Tucker turned her head and tilted it sideways when she heard noises outside and then the sound of her wife's voice. Thumping noises came from the living room and then a loud yelp. "They're home early and full of energy."

Linda looked to her daughter after Mama got up to investigate. "Who are you talking about?"

"My wife and our roommates the idiots, they run a surf shop in town." She glanced to the doorway and saw Mama putting Furball and Ripples in headlocks and dragging them towards the kitchen.

"You two go outside and play before I kick your asses all the way home; I swear you're like two year olds."

"But Dunk started it." Furball whined.

"Knowing you three, ya all had a part in it." She smiled at Linda and Stanley on her way out the back door. "Kids, I tell ya they'll run ya ragged." Tucker's parents chuckled and then looked to see her shrugging her shoulders and turning her attention back to the living room. "She's coming Tuck, she had to get something out of the car."

"What were they doing in the living room?" Tucker asked and then felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up.

"They were trying to steal my shorts so I would have to come in here in my underwear." Duncan said from where she was leaning over her shoulder, she placed a soft kiss to her temple and handed her a red rose. "You look tired, are you OK?"

"Duncan Sebastian Fox where's your manners?" Mama asked and grinned at the blush that covered her daughters face.

"Sorry Mama," She stood up and held out her hand to Linda. "Sorry ma'am for being so rude, I'm Duncan."

Linda looked up into blue eyes and grinned. "Like we don't know who you are? Stanley there spends more time in his study staring at your poster than doing any kind of work."

Dark brows dropped down over a straight nose. "My poster," She looked up and saw her Mama waving a hand. "What did you do, Mama?"

"Ohh I gave Tucker one of your posters so that she could give it to her dad." She laughed at the shocked look on her face; she knew that Duncan got embarrassed when anyone mentioned her poster.

"I'm surprised Linda didn't mention my drooling, she tells everyone else about it...I just narked myself out." He slapped his forehead and looked to Tucker. "You could have stopped me ya know."

"Why dad, you're so good at keeping us laughing." She watched as Duncan's eyes grew wide when her dad stood up to shake her hand, she loved it when people saw how tall he was.

"You don't feel so tall now do you?"

"No sir I don't."

"Call me Stanley; sir is someone who doesn't work for a living."

"OK, do you golf?" She winked at the terrified expression on her wife's face.

"Dunk, you wouldn't, would you?"

"Oohh not me, the idiots are playing grounds keepers again. If your dad went after them we'd hear them screaming all the way back here." She went back over to Tucker and gave her a loving kiss before taking Stanly to the golf course. "Well be back before ya know it."

After they were out the door, Linda looked to Mama and grinned. "Was that male bonding we just saw?"

"Ohh yeah and I have this really bad feeling that it's about to get worse." The three women sat for a while and talked about everything and nothing, Linda told them about Steve being sentenced to two years in jail for numerous offenses and how his parents cut him out of the will and their lives. When asked how they had learned the truth, Linda told them about a certain whore from Puerto Rico dropping by their house asking for money because she was pregnant. Of course, it was all a lie and set up by Tucker's cousin Jon. Duncan came walking through the kitchen door and shrugged her shoulders at the look on Tucker's face, she took the chair between her and Mama and held out a hand to her wife.

"Your dad is down at the golf course playing with the idiots. After seeing what they were doing, he went down to join them." She pulled Tucker onto her lap, wrapped her arms around her and

kissed her neck.

"Dad hates golf, that's why I was surprised when he went with you."

"Well, they stole a golf cart and they were blowing a fog horn right before I took off running."

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Tucker lay in bed with a pillow beneath her knees and Duncan at her feet, deep moans rumbled from her chest from what her wife was doing to her. She had never enjoyed a foot rub more than when Duncan gave them to her, tonight she really needed it. She groaned when long fingers worked up and massaged the cramped muscles from her calf and back down to her ankle. "God how I love you Dunk." She whispered and rolled her eyes back when she felt a muscle relax. "Will you still do this after our baby comes?"

"Of course I will, every night if you want."

"I knew there was a reason I married you."

"And here I thought it was for Mama's cooking." She crawled up the bed and lay beside her. "Your mom didn't get mad when the police brought your dad and the idiots back."

"She thought it was hilarious and it reminded her of when they were young. But if he's smart, he'll take her out for an expensive dinner to smooth her ruffled feathers." Duncan moved so that she was on her back with Tucker's head resting on her shoulder, she ran her hand over her bare belly and felt their baby move.

"She's throwing a fit tonight; it must be all the excitement."

Tucker moaned when Duncan's hand came up and cupped a breast. "I wish she would get excited and come on out, I don't know how much more of this I can take. My back is killing me more and more everyday."

Duncan sat them up and moved so that she was right behind Tucker, she ran her fingers down her spine and then concentrated on the muscles of her lower back. "Does that feel better?" She ran her thumbs across and then down towards her hipbones.

"Keep that up all night and I may be able to sleep." She dropped her head forward and moaned deeply.

Duncan clenched her jaw to hold back her own moan, it still shocked her that she could become aroused just by the sounds that her wife made. "Do that again and we won't get any sleep." Tucker chuckled; reached back grabbed her hands and pulled them around to rest on top of her belly.

"You have no idea how tempting that is, I just wish I was up to it." She yawned and rested her

head back against Duncan's shoulder.

"We have plenty of time," She kissed her neck and then laid them down so that Tucker was lying halfway across her body. "We'll have the rest of our lives." They kissed gently until they fell asleep despite the racket coming from the living room; the idiots were playing a game on the play station and were making enough noise to raise the dead.

Hours later, Tucker woke when a sharp pain shot through her lower back. She moaned, grabbed her stomach and felt fluid rush against her legs. Grabbing a hold of Duncan's shoulder, she shook her until she rolled over and mumbled. "Dunk...get Mama...water broke!" She watched blue eyes shot open and a half-asleep Duncan roll off the bed and fall on the floor with a thump. She struggled to her feet, tripped over her clothes and fell in the center of the room. Cussing, she pushed herself up, ran out of the room, down the hallway and stopped to yell to Ripples and Furball. Her roommates came stumbling out of their rooms and looked at her with blinking eyes. "Get Mama, baby's coming!" She turned around and ran back to her and Tucker's bedroom and grabbed the bag that Mama had made up for them.

"Dunk will you calm down, it's not coming right this second."

"But...I have to...," She pulled a fresh set of sheets from the closet and put them on the nightstand. She ran around the bed, helped Tucker up and sat her down on the chair next to the bed. After stripping the sheets off the bed, she placed the plastic sheet down before putting a clean sheet down and helping Tucker to get back into bed. "Let me get you a T-shirt in case your dad comes charging in here." Taking a deep breath, she pulled one of her t-shirts from the dresser and helped Tucker pull it over her head. Grabbing her own clothes off the floor she quickly dressed.

"Oohh here we go!" Tucker moaned and grabbed her stomach. "She couldn't...have waited...until...,"

"A decent hour?" Mama said as she walked into the bedroom with her black medical bag. "Babies never make it easy on us, even when their 33 years old, married and expecting their own." She sat on the side of the bed and placed a hand on Tucker's stomach. "How far apart are the contractions?"

"Ohhh maybe...four minutes or so, before we went to sleep I had pain but I thought it was just a back ache."

"That's how some deliveries start," She placed her stethoscope on her stomach, closed her eyes and listened. "Ohh she's a jack rabbit in there, moving all over the place." She looked up at her terrified daughter and handed her the earpieces. "Come over her Dunk and listen to your baby, I have some stuff to get ready." Mama went out of the room and met Tucker's parents in the hallway. "Her waters broke and contractions are four minutes apart, this might be a quick delivery."

Linda nodded her head and looked up to her husband. "Go in and see how she's doing, I'll help

Carol get stuff ready."

"OK, but I can't stay in there. You know what happened when Tucker was born."

"Yeah, you got twelve stitches in the back of your head and that was before she was born." He ducked his head and shuffled into the room to see his daughter. "Men, I tell ya."

"Women are worse, Duncan passed out on their wedding day. I had to use an ammonia capsule to bring her around."

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Stanly peeked around the doorframe and saw that Duncan was sitting behind Tucker and rubbing her stomach with both hands. When Tucker waved to him, he stepped in and went to the side of their bed. "Is there anything I can do, get you anything until your moms come back?"

"How about a shot of morphine...", Tucker pushed back into Duncan and hissed in pain. Duncan saw her father go pale and sweat break out on his upper lip.

"Would you make sure the idiots don't get in trouble?" Duncan asked and saw the relief cross his face.

"Sure, I can do that." He bent down, kissed Tucker's forehead, and squeezed Duncan's shoulder.

Tucker hissed again and gripped her wife's thighs in clamp-like fingers. "Gods I must be...insane!"

Duncan helped her lean forward with the contraction and murmured in her ear. "I'm here baby, I'll help you."

"SONBITCH...COCKSUCKING MEN!" She screamed with the next contraction and bit Duncan's arm afterward.

"MAMA!" Duncan yelled and dragged a ragged breath between clenched teeth.

"Ohh the joys of motherhood, having fun yet?" Mama asked as she walked into the room with a surgical top and gloves on. "Now lets see how far along you are." She pushed the sheet up over Tucker's bent knees and examined her. "Ohh you're dilated out all the way, on the next contraction I want you to lean forward and push just a little." She grabbed a scalpel from the tray that Linda was holding and did the episiotomy cut, with the hiss of pain coming from Tucker, she rubbed her thigh until she worked through it. "I'm glad that I was able to cut you instead of you tearing, it heals much slower when that happens."

"I will never do this again!" She bit down into Duncan's arm and leaned forward; Duncan closed her eyes and held back her scream of pain. "IT'S GOTTA BE A MIDGET IN THERE! Tucker screamed, fell back into Duncan and wiped the sweat from her eyes.

"Linda would you hand me one of those towels from that bag and a wash rag for Dunk." She placed the towel under Tucker's hips and waved a hand at Duncan. "You have blood running down your chin, drove your fangs right into your lip." Checking Tucker again, she ran her hands down the front of her shins to ease the stress from her legs. "OK Tuck, I can see the babies head. The next push has to be hard, bite Dunk as hard as you want."

"MAMA, I can't believe you said that!" Linda came to her rescue and put the washrag between Tucker's teeth. "Ohh thank you, I didn't know if I could handle anymore." She wrapped her arms around her wife's shoulders and leaned forward with her on the next contraction. "I love you Tucker, you can do this." She could feel the strain in her body and then the release as she fell back into her breathing heavily through her nose. She pulled the washrag from her teeth and kissed her sweat-dampened cheek.

"You're doing good Tucker, Linda you want to see your grandbaby come into this world?"

"I wouldn't miss this for anything." She stepped behind Mama and looked down into the misty green eyes of her daughter. "You're almost there Tucker; I can see most of the babies head."

Tucker cried out and leaned forward, the words that flowed from her mouth made no sense to anyone. She stopped, panted, and let out another scream of "Fuck it hurts!" Right in Duncan's ear.

"One more push and the shoulders will be out," Mama said as she held her grandbabies head in her hands. "Come on Tuck, you're doing great, just on more push and you're almost done."

"Done now!" She whimpered and fell back against Duncan's chest. "Can't...tired...Dunk..."

"I'm here baby, just lean back against me further." She looked towards the door and saw Furball and Ripples standing there. "Get in here and help, Furball you know what to do, Ripples get the towels ready."

Mama took the sheet that was on Tucker's knees and pulled it off to the side; Furball moved over to the side of the bed and pressed gently on Tucker's stomach when Mama nodded her head. "OK Tuck, one last push and we'll do the rest."

"I really can't," She cried softly and gripped Duncan's forearms. "Help me Dunk...I need to sit up." With the next contraction, Tucker threw her head back, screamed out and fell forward. Furball pressed down and felt the baby move out from under her hands. She looked at Mama and grinned when a bright smile came across her face. Ripples held out the warm towels, took the baby, wipe its head, and face clean.

"Ahhh it's a little baby...Dunk." She grinned up at Duncan and winked.

Mama used an aspirator, cleaned the sinus cavities, and then nodded to Ripples. Placing the wrapped bundle on Tucker's heaving stomach; she waited for her to place her hands over it.

"OK Dunk, you want to cut the cord?" Mama held up the cord that she had clamped off and the scissors.

"I love you baby." She said to Tucker before taking the scissors and cutting the umbilical cord. Linda walked to the side of the bed and pressed a kiss to her daughter's forehead; she looked down into her slack face and waved to Mama.

"She's unconscious, is everything all right down there?"

"Yep, everything is perfect." She waited with a plastic tray as Furball massaged Tucker's stomach to stimulate the body to release the afterbirth. "OK, we have everything out and it's normal." At the sound of a loud snore, she snorted and winked at Duncan. "Guess you get first shift of the diaper brigade."

"That's just fine with me, Linda could you take your granddaughter so I can get up?" She moved slowly out from under Tucker and laid her back into the pillows. "I can't believe you fell asleep." She leaned down and kissed her lips before going over to hug her mama. "We have a daughter, Mama." She cried into her mama's shoulder and then felt Ripples and Furball hugging them. After a few minutes, they pulled apart and let Mama get Tucker cleaned up. Duncan went over and smiled at Linda. "How's it feel ta be a grandma?"

"You have no idea how I've dreamed of this," She pushed the towel back from the babies face and looked up into startled blue eyes. "She is a little Dunk." She handed her to Duncan and left the room to search for her husband.

"Told ya Dunk, ya didn't believe me did ya?"

Furball stepped closer, looked down into the babies face, and smiled. "OK, how did you two do that?"

"I have no idea," She looked to Mama. "Mama, why does the baby look like me and not Tucker or that...asshole?"

"Ya got me, maybe its recessive genes or you really did get her pregnant."

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Tucker woke to feel a strong arm across her hip and something squirming against her chest. She opened her eyes and blinked in the dim light of the bedroom, a bright smile came to her face when she saw blue eyes filled with love watching her.

"Hi baby, how are you feeling?"

"Better, I don't remember anything after the idiots came in the room."

"Then it's time you saw our daughter," Duncan pulled the blanket back and watched green eyes fill with tears. "She's a bit of a mystery isn't she?"

"She looks like you," She lifted her head and leaned in to kiss Duncan, she wrapped an arm around her neck and pulled her closer for an exploring intense kiss that left them gasping for air. "I prayed everyday that she would look like you." She looked down when she felt a small hand gripping the front of her shirt and saw that she now wore one of Duncan's button downs. "This makes it easier doesn't it?" She rolled part way to her back and opened the front of the shirt under the watchful eyes of her wife.

"Once Mama had baby cleaned up and dressed, I took care of you." She ran her fingertips across Tucker's face and looked into her tired green eyes. "I will always take care of you and our baby." She kissed Tucker gently and held out their baby to her. "She ate a while ago but it seems she has her mom's appetite." She watched in amazement as her small hand pumped on Tucker's breast as she nursed. She dropped her head down on Tucker's shoulder and watched until her eyes drifted closed in exhaustion. Tucker rolled to her side and rested their foreheads together, tears of happiness trailed down her cheeks to drip on her pillow. She had never believed in miracles until she saw the dark hair and pale blue eyes of their daughter.

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Weeks later and after Tucker's parents went back to Texas with promises of returning in a few months, Duncan sat on the couch holding her daughter; she played with her tiny fingers, looked up when Tucker sat down beside her and looked at the birth certificate that she held in her hand.

"Shane Elizabeth Fox." Tucker said as she rubbed their daughter's stomach.

"I like it. I'm just glad that she has my last name, Shane Danes would have caused a lot of problems." She laughed when Tucker grabbed her ear.

"You're lucky you didn't take my last name, Duncan Danes sounds like a donut shop."

Duncan adjusted Shane in her arms, leaned forward, nuzzled her wife's chest and pulled a taut nipple poking out from her t-shirt between her lips. When Tucker moaned and pulled her head tighter to her, she released it and grinned. "I could go for a Dunk into something right now." She dragged a fingernail across the seam between her wife's thighs and felt her shudder. "I just so happen to know that two baby sitters are in the backyard." Tucker took Shane into her arms, got up and left Duncan laying face down on the couch.

"I'll meet you in the bedroom in two minutes." She went out the back door and handed Shane to Ripples. "I have a date; I'll be back in an hour." She turned and ran into the house yelling for Duncan to get naked.

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Ripples looked into the small face of Shane and then at Furball. "I guess we get to baby sit while

they try and make another one?"

Furball rubbed her hands together and gave Ripples an evil grin. "Baby smurf time?" Ripples sniffed the air and then down into Shane's bright blue eyes.

"More like gas mask and industrial strength glove time," She scrunched up her face and blinked her eyes. "How come they always give her to us when the diaper gage is on full?"

"Wouldn't we do the same?" Furball muttered from behind her hands. Ripples carried Shane away from her body; her face was turning a dark shade of purple from holding her breath. Furball held the door for her and went over to the kitchen cabinet for their supplies. Donning long thick black rubber gloves, scuba mask complete with snorkel. She took Shane, held her over the large garbage can, and waited for Ripples to get her protective gear on. Once they were ready, Ripples pulled the tape off the sides of Shane's diaper and dropped the lid down on the garbage can after the diaper. Furball then carried her over to hang above the sink and waited for Ripples to use the sprayer on her nasty little behind. With her cleaned, powdered and diapered, they went into Furball's bedroom and set to their next task. By the time Shane could walk, they would have her completely trained in terrorizing parents.

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Duncan lay on the bed with her head and shoulders hanging off the edge, she gasped for air and grabbed a hold of Tucker's hips. Thrusting her hips again, she pulled Tucker tighter against her and went over the edge with a yell from both a roaring climax and from falling off the bed. They lay in a mass of tangled limbs and panted for air; Tucker gazed down into her lover's sweaty face and felt her arousal start all over again. "Four very long weeks of no sex and intense frustration," She mumbled against Duncan's lips. "Are you up for a marathon Dunk?" She nipped her chin and then a bottom lip before slipping her tongue inside a waiting mouth. Their kiss absorbed the moans and grunts as Tucker thrust the strap-on dildo into her lover. Duncan rolled them over and hovered above Tucker, the look in her pale blue eyes was almost enough to push her wife over the edge.

"You have no idea how much I've been dying to do this," She rolled her hips slowly and felt Tucker move under her, the smaller end of the double dildo moving inside of her. "To be able to make love to like this," She pulled a hardened nipple between her lips and nipped at the end with her teeth before releasing it. Tucker moaned and thrust her hips upward into her wife; she reached up and rolled her nipples between her fingers knowing it would cause a flood of wetness. "Ohhh God...sooo close..." Duncan grunted and thrust harder, she felt Tucker tense beneath her and cry out in release. From that alone, she climaxed in great waves of release. Her body shuddered and jerked against Tucker's small frame until she fell forward to cover her with her sweat-dampened body. Small tremors racked their bodies and brought soft moans from their connected mouths and then a long groan came from Duncan when she eased the dildo from inside of her.

"We're gonna be really sore later." Tucker whispered against her neck and moaned when Duncan removed the strap-on from around her hips. "It'll be like after I had Shane, eight pounds squeezed

out of a small opening." She shuddered and felt Duncan vibrating against her in laughter. "So you think its funny, you have the next baby." She rolled them over so that she had her chin resting on her wife's chest. "Maybe we could make one that looks like me," She wiggled her brows and grinned. "Ya know, intelligent, gorgeous, heartbreaker, charismatic..."

"And ohhh so humble." Duncan added and wrapped her limbs around a snickering Tucker. "I think we'll wait a while before making an addition to our little family, four toddlers is a handful, and five would kill Mama."

"True, I wonder what they're doing right now."

"I'm afraid to even think about it."

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Ripples and Furball sat in the small baby pool that they had gotten for Shane, in a carrier sat Shane with a pair of swimming goggles over her blue eyes and little flippers on her feet. She watched her playmates splash around and bounce pool toys off each other's foreheads. Tucker and Duncan stood wrapped in each other's arms on the small porch watching, both knew that their baby couldn't be in any better hands than the idiots. "I guess Shane's playing life guard." Tucker whispered to Duncan and leaned further into her body.

"Someone has to with the idiots; I'm just glad you found that blue stuff they had hidden. There was no way I was gonna tell Mama that her grand baby turned into a smurf." She watched when Ripples and Furball turned slowly towards them and fell out of the small pool, scrambled on the ground and tripped over their swim fins. "I'm surprised you don't have oxygen tanks on."

"We thought about it but they're too heavy to carry around," Ripples answered. "Besides, Mama took them away from us."

Furball dropped her head and looked up from inside her diving mask. "We filled them with helium and were wandering around the pool at the restaurant trying ta pick women up using funny voices."

Mama stopped beside them and pointed a finger at the idiots. "It was their singing that got them in trouble, some sailor's song about huge bilge pumps and plugging the ports or something. The manager called me at the hospital and threatened to have them put away unless I came and got them."

"He was just mad 'cuz we were talking to his daughter." Ripples stumbled across the sand in her flippers and fell into Furball. "Let's go chase women on the beach or play shark attack."

Tucker walked over, plucked Shane from her carrier, and went back to take Duncan's hand. "Come on Mama, were going down to the beach to watch the sunset. Maybe see the idiots get their asses kicked and buried in the sand." They walked down towards the beach and sat down in their usual place to watch the sun slip into the horizon. Tucker handed Shane to Mama and

leaned back into her wife's body. Three sets of eyes rolled when Ripples and Furball ran past with shark fins strapped to their backs and a group of teenager's right behind them.

"Just wait until Shane learns how to walk, she'll be right there with the idiots and then you two can count your grey hairs like I do." Mama laughed when Duncan and Tucker whimpered. As strange as it was, it was their life and none of them would change it for all the gold in Fort Knox.

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Duncan sat leaning against the arm of the couch with Tucker leaning against her and Shane sound asleep in her arms. They watched as Tucker's publisher Wanda wiped tears from her eyes, closed Tucker's latest bestseller and placed it on the coffee table.

"I've read it twice now and every time I end up both laughing and crying all the way through it. You've out done yourself this time." Using a Kleenex, she wiped her eyes and gave them a brilliant smile. "I still can't believe you started writing that on the plane going back to Texas."

Tucker shrugged a shoulder and looked over her shoulder into twinkling blue eyes. "What can I say, I was inspired and just had to get every thing written down."

"She just about drove me crazy when she was writing that," Duncan said. "She would get up in the middle of the night and type like a maniac and then come back to bed."

"And blow off the novel she had promised to have finished after her vacation was over, and what is it now...more time than I can count and I still haven't seen anything on it." Shane picked that moment to wake up, wiggle off the couch and stumble through the living room to play with her toys. Her face then blossomed into a smile when Ripples and Furball came in and sat down with her to play.

"Well, the one you just finished for the second time was more important and it took the readers right up to after Shane was born. And that took me almost a year to write."

"Does that mean I may see a sequel to it, like very soon?" Wanda wiggled her grey eyebrows at them and chuckled when Duncan groaned.

"I am not going through Shane's terrible twos alone while Tuck hides with her laptop."

Wanda looked over to Shane and the idiots and back to Duncan with a raised eyebrow. "But you have your mama and your roommates around to help." At that moment, she heard Shane giggle and a loud thump, when she looked over to where they were she saw Ripples holding Furball down and hitting her in the head with a stuffed animal.

"Ohhh sure I do, you read the book. Did you think their stunts were made up?" She busted out laughing when Wanda nodded her head. "It would take Tuck a lifetime to write about this family and the stuff that happens everyday. It would be easier to have a film crew in here recording it." She saw light bulb flashing on over Wanda's head, groaned and slapped her self in the forehead.

Tucker pointed a finger at Wanda and shook her head.

"Don't even think about it, nonono! It will never happen," She jumped up and pulled Duncan up by her hand. "Where's that active volcano?"

Wanda held up her hands and nodded her head. "You don't have to get so dramatic and jump into a volcano."

Tucker shook her head and pointed at Wanda. "Not us, we're gonna toss you into the volcano if you think you're bringing a film crew here to film us."

"Ohhh OK, you give me another best seller and I will forget all about a film crew." Her eyes widened when Duncan stood to her full height, crossed her arms over a wide chest and gave her a glare that sent chills down her spine. "I promise...give my word...in blood...ohhh HELL!" She took off running when Duncan advanced on her with a deep growl rumbling in her chest. Tucker held back her laughter until she heard Wanda's car go past the house. Once she regained her emotions, she wrapped her arms around Duncan's neck and pulled her down to give her a kiss that gave her wife a clear message as to what her growl had caused. Seeing that the idiots had everything in hand, she picked Tucker up and carried her to their bedroom.

"Oohhh nooo...battle stations...everyone!" Furball yelled out and dove into Shane's toy box to get their gear. "Ear splitting screams...moans, groans and grunts!" She tossed two pairs of headphones to Ripples and pulled her own on. "TESTING TESTING!" She got the thumbs up from Shane and Ripples; it was now safe to stay in the house and continue to play.

The End
Blue Calm
By Larisa