

# ~ Blazing Dreams ~

by Larisa

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**Disclaimer:** The characters in this story are mine allll mine! This is a figment of my wacked out imagination, and no I have not seen about treatment, all though my ma has pestered me about it.

**Sex:** Of course there is, this is also of my imagination, if I had a sex life do you think I would have so much time to write so many stories?

**Violence:** Yep sure is, just your normal can of whup ass and a drag queen having some fun.

**Bad Language:** Yep sorry it's my normal vocabulary.

**The Other Stuff:** If you are not 18 go away, if this is illegal in your state why are you living there? Move really quick or read a kiddy story. If your have any problems with this story e-mail [Hecate3366@frontiernet.net](mailto:Hecate3366@frontiernet.net) she just loves hate mail! In fact she pisses people off just so she gets mail of any kind!

And many thanks to my Beta reader Deb. Damn it makes sense now!

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A soul so tortured by the past that the noon sun can not even reach through the darkness, inner battles behind armored walls where the heart bleeds slowly, draining all life away.

The sound of an ax crease the early morning air, two piles of split fire wood flank the splitting stump, another log is set down upon it, glinting steel flashes by sending the newly split pieces of wood to join the rest. Sweat drips onto the next piece, again the thwack of the ax as it plunges through the log and sinks into the stump where it will rest until the next morning. An old metal wheelbarrow is pushed with the split logs along a 7ft high hay bale styled stacking of fire wood encasing a 2 acre area protecting a forty year old ranch house. This routine has gone on for the last 3yrs, every morning the neighbors hear it start up at dawn and end hours later to be followed by the whining of a chain saw slicing through the piles of logs laying beside the splitting stump.

They have only seen the tall dark hair occupant on rare occasions and that was just a dark shape drive off in the truck that seemed to never leave the drive. Once a week a lumber truck showed up to unload supplies by the side of the house, by morning everything would be gone. They never seen any visitors the entire time the dark one had been there. But the rumors ran rampant from a convict hiding out to a Satanist who built the wall of firewood to keep prying eyes from seeing the fabled virgin sacrifices. The only company ever seen there was a pure white cat with piercing blue eyes and a vicious looking female brindle pit bull that was seen walking outside the perimeter while her owner was splitting wood. No noise was ever heard except for the chopping of wood and the chain saw and occasionally pounding from a hammer. No ventured near once they seen the piercing blue eyes starring right through to their souls, intimidating was to gentle a word used to describe this person freighting was more like it, the parents used this person to

scare their misbehaving children. but children being curious by nature and by their friends dares would try to sneak by where the wood was being split, their goal was to run by and not get caught. So far no one had ever come close, either they were frozen by the pale blue eyes or challenged by the pit bull who crouched low to the ground growling deep in her wide chest while showing her ferocious canines, many children went home with wet pants from either encounter.

Brandon Chancellor pulled into the gravel drive of the dilapidated house she had just inherited from her late aunt, the yard looked like a hay field waiting to be cut and bailed. every window in the place was either broke completely out or cracked so bad it needed to be replaced. What was left of the decks was green with moss and spongy, the screen door lay on the rotted wood having been torn off its hinges by the high winds that were frequent on the Harpers Ferry mountain. Off to the side she peeked into the falling down shed, an assortment of garden tools leaned up against the warped walls, cob webs were the only thing holding the sagging place up.

"Sure did leave me a mess Aunt Hazel!" She ran fingers through wind blown long blond hair as she trudged through the thigh high grass to the back door, green eyes scanned for the missing door handle. "Son of a bitchin vandals!" Giving up she pushed on the back door with her shoulder, it swung open on rusted hinges creaking a horrible sound that sent chills up her spine. Two steps inside the house and she heard a low creaking sound behind her as she turned the door still on its frame came towards her, she dropped to a squatting position with her hands over her head. At the thumping sound she uncovered her head to see bits of rotted wood and drywall hit the filthy hard wood floors.

Depression set in her belly, the only place she had to live and it was falling apart right before her eyes. She was told that it had been about 20yrs since anyone had been up here, but she never expected it to be this bad. As she walked through the house she was thankful for the oak hardwood floors. Although filthy they were sturdy. In 20yrs the vandals had destroyed as well as stolen every thing from the copper plumbing to the copper gutters and everything else that was not nailed down. The kitchen scared her. The stove looked like something that Grandma Clampet cooked on and the refrigerator used to have one of those big handles that you would pull up to open but it was laying on the floor with an assortment of trash. Opening the stove she found a collection of beer cans and bottles, fast food bags and things that screamed at her for disturbing their sleep.

"Only one thing to do." She spoke to herself and what ever crept around. "Major field day!"

Rowans dark form could not be seen in the shadows of the trees, watching the lithe small blonde inspect the loosely termed house. In three years the pale blue eyes had never seen anyone over there. A small smile crossed the stoic face when thoughts of creepy crawlies running the little blonde out into the night screaming.

The words were spoken softly. "Go ahead little one, see what the night holds for you!" The snap of fingers was heard by the pit bull who trotted to her masters side. "Well girl at least now we have something to watch besides fat sloppy men throwing their beer cans out in their yard and big mouth brats running wild!"

Brandy returned later with her 76 GMC truck filled with bags full of cleaning supplies from Dollar General and Walmart. Trip after trip she made until everything was inside. She decided the first place to be cleaned would be the loft which she would make her bedroom. She started with tossing the stained mattress out the sliding glass doors, she had to be careful not to step in the huge hole where the deck on the upper floor had rotted through. She would not be a happy camper if she ended up laying in the dirt below. She checked all the furniture that was left, keeping only what could be fixed the rest joined the growing pile below.

"I guess a big dumpster would be a good idea." Making a mental note to herself to call about one in the morning. "And before to long I'll need a therapist if I keep talking to myself!"

By dark she had cleaned the loft from ceiling to floor. She now sat with an old Coleman lantern she had found in the shed, the only light in the whole house that hadn't grown legs and run off, and took her chances on the only chair with all 4 legs still attached eating a sandwich she had bought earlier. A bottle of ginseng tea sat on the wobbly deck rail taking its chances. She had been there all day and never saw the house across from her, only the glowing blue light showed anyone was home. Talking to herself she said. "That's funny, not only do I talk to myself I'm blind to! Why would anyone sit in the dark?" She asked no one. "Oh well to each their own, I should be talking I'm sitting here with an old lantern talking to myself again!"

Rowan sat on the front porch swinging and watching the new neighbor clean by the glow of a lantern, sipping coffee and petting the cat who listen to her masters low rich voice. "Guess the vandals got her ceiling lights along with everything else missing from over there!" Thinking of the times people were seen sneaking out of there with all kinds of stuff in the dark hours, especially the time the idiot tried to steal the copper gutters off the front of the house and ended up falling through the deck. He got paid back for that one when the gutter fell on his head while he laid on the ground below.

After checking to make sure all the ceiling fans were off the thought of the nice warm waterbed was appealing. After getting the dog and cat situated the dream world claimed the tortured soul for its own. Terror filled the once gentle heart with flames lashing at the heat reddened limbs. A smoke and heat burned voice screamed the name Kathy into the swirling flames and thick black smoke. Fighting through the swirling hell a blast was felt against the muscular chest throwing a limp body through the air bringing with it a blackness that claimed the dark one for it's own. Sweat soaked and trembling Rowan sat up in bed, reaching for leather slippers Rowan put them on and went out on the deck to look out into the night at the clear sky and sparkling stars waiting for the first rays of dawn to stretch its fingertips down to the tree tops.

The sound invaded Brandy's dream. Thwack thwack thwack she was jumping from board to board on her rotten deck. Her last jump wasn't fast enough as the rotten board gave way and she fell. She found her self sitting straight up in bed rubbing her blurry eyes, her hair sticking out at pointed angles to her scalp. "Geez I hate those kinds of dreams!"

She dressed in her filthy cloths from the day before and went to find her jar of instant coffee. With no hot water because someone had walked off with the hot water heater too, she had to use one of those little traveling heating coils that you put in the cup.

After making the list of things she needed from Lowes she grabbed her checkbook and left the shamble of her new house. When she returned with the over loaded truck she heard the sounds of a chainsaw coming from her mysterious neighbors house. "Like you don't have enough fire wood already!" Most of the stuff she had just purchased was already in the house. All she had left was the cumbersome hot water heater.

"Why call it a hot water heater, you're not heating hot water you're heating cold water so why not call it a cold water heater? Just like hamburger, does it come from a pig?" She rambled to herself. As she was getting ready to roll the heater in to her house she heard a "Hello" From behind her. Turning around she found a short dumpy man with a beard and mustache, and brown eyes shifting from her breasts to the water heater.

"Need some help little lady?" He asked with a slight accent.

"Gods yes, if you could just help me get it into my laundry room I would really appreciate it. By the way my names Brandy." She put her hand out to shake hands to trying to cover the grimace on her face from shaking a hand that reminded her of a cold dead fish. "Everyone calls me pig." Brandy looked at this nasty looking little man and could see why he was called pig. On the way it seemed she was carrying it herself feeling that she had a puppy because he followed her everywhere she went asking her stupid questions. "Sooo, your replacin stuff are ya?" Pig asked while looping his fingers through his belt loops. She gave him a grin wanting so badly to say "No shit Sherlock!"

"Just the necessities for now."

He stuck his hands down the front of his pants as he rocked back on his heels with a lecherous look on his face. He smiled showing her his rotten teeth.

"Ya know I'm a plumber....I can ....ah....lay ya some pipe." Pausing he winked. "Real good long ones." She felt like laying him a pipe right up along side his head. "Ya know I haven't seen no man around here so I thought ya might need one?" Brandy looked down to see him playing with himself from inside of his filthy pants, disgusted she almost went berserk and dropped kicked his errant hands, instead she smiled. "My husband is coming up tonight and we are going to get some things taken care of."

His face fell at the mention of a husband. "Well ok then, if ya need anythin just giva holler." Glad to see the dreadful little creature gone she grabbed the stuff she would need to run the new pipes under the house, she never saw the piercing blue eyes that witnessed everything including the dickhead with the hard on waddling away.

Rowan finished taping the walls in the room that would be the office. At one time it was a small bedroom, but after knocking out one of the walls to make it bigger it was now big enough to hold all the computer stuff. Covered in drywall dust and spackling mud a shower was called for before any thought of food. Rowan's cooking was often refused even by the animals, they would rather eat mice before eating what came out of the kitchen. The house specialty was grilled cheese and sometimes only one side was burnt black.

Once again the soft flicker of a lantern was watched from across the road as it moved from the floor below to the loft. Brandy sat the lamp down on the bedside table. "I knew I forgot something today ...light fixtures and wire, I would love to catch the asshole who stole everything so I could beat the shit out of them!"

The next morning she stepped outside to find an old brass chandelier and a box of misc items. Looking into the box tears came to her eyes. Lifting out wall boxes, light fixtures and wire she looked around. Speaking softly she thanked who ever left them for her.

Sensitive ears heard the soft words of thank you, a rare smile showed perfect white teeth. "Your very welcome little one." Rowan whispered on the wind. Returning to the soon to be office Rowan finished putting primer on the walls but would wait until later to start painting. Being the owner of a very large business, in fact the largest in the Tri-state area money was of no concern to Rowan. All of the business was run by lawyers and foremen. Having a huge amount of money that even after three life times it would not all be spent Rowan had 3 shelters built for women. All three named Sherwood sanctuary. Rowan did not want the notoriety for the good deeds done, it was the suffering alone with demons of the past that kept the dark one alone and away from the limelight of everyday life.

Months had gone by with Brandy going from room to room fixing what needed to be done just so that it was livable. Later she would remodel the whole place. She had not seen the pig (she added the to his nickname} for a couple of days and when she did she always felt like she needed to take a bath with a scouring pad to wash away the filth when he finally left. He never assisted her in doing anything except to help lower the already low opinion of men she had. Rowan continued to watch the little blond with interest, never had she seen such determination to make something work. And everyday she felt her heart jump at the sight of the woman. Even completely covered in white plaster dust she thought she was beautiful.

"Pig what can you tell me about my neighbor across the road there. I've never see him but I hear him cutting wood all the time."

"Your lucky, that one there is a real work of art." He flipped the bird over his shoulder. "I went over one day to be friendly like I do with you and before I could say ooohh shit she had that demon dog of hers chase me outta there!" Brandy's eyebrows rose. "Did you say she, a woman cuts all that wood every morning?"

"Ha that ain't no woman that's an amazon, 8 foot tall, huge muscles, long black hair and her eyes are the scariest I've ever seen in my whole life!" He shivered and rubbed his arms as he squinted his eyes at her. "Their cold, feels like she looks right through to your soul, real pale blue almost white!" Brandy's curiosity was piqued. She would keep an eye out for her mysterious neighbor from now on.

"Hell even her demon cat tried to bite me! Ifin I was you I'd just stay on my side of the road, or ya'll be hauling tail back!"

Thinking to herself. A nice big bull mastiff would be good right now, he could have pork for lunch!" "I'll keep that in mind thanks. Well I gotta go see ya later pig" mumbling to herself on the way to her truck. "Preferably under my truck!"

Rowan heard every word spoken as she weeded her garden in the front yard, chuckling under her breath at pigs description of her. "Simple idiot should go harass some sheep and leave the poor woman alone."

That night one of the notorious storms hit the mountain top. The winds were clocked at 80mph. Rain came down in sheets making everything invisible. Brandy was almost literally hanging by her fingernails from the ceiling after a loud clap of thunder hit right over her house. Water was dripping on her forehead from a leak in the ceiling. Half asleep she looked up to have a drop land in her eye.

"Oh great, my own Chinese torture treatment!" Grabbing pots, pans, buckets, bowls and anything that would hold water she had them scattered all over the house, the dripping noise was driving her nuts. Back in her loft she sat in her only chair and watched water drip in the bucket sitting on her bed, dozing off she was startled awake by a huge crashing sound coming from the front of her house. She ran to the sliding glass door but couldn't see any thing because of leaves and branches. "Wonderful just what I need!"

Rowan heard the crack followed by the crash. She watched the old oak tree across the road fall towards her neighbors house. She was out the door and across the road before the tree could settle, the only damage she could see was the upper deck had been torn down which was no loss. As lights came on inside the house, Rowan took off back to her own yard. Brandy decided it would not be a good idea to open her front door. Instead she looked out the window to see her deck amongst the branches. "Nice mess I get to clean up. Guess I better go buy a chainsaw since I don't even have an ax or hatchet. Oh joy I'll probably end up cutting off my feet!"

Sleeping on the small lumpy loveseat in front of the stone fire place just about killed her. Brandy was not in a good mood after having her sleep interrupted numerous times and to make matters worse she could hear Pig yelling for her outside. Donning her robe she went out the back door to run smack into the pervert who took the opportunity to get ahold of her breasts.

"I see that old tree finally come down last night. Got some kinda mess to clean up too. Oh let me show ya somethin out front."

Brandy followed him to the front of her house, standing beside him she tried to see where he was pointing.

"Ya see that black wire there? That's your telephone wire, ya better call and have it fixed." She still couldn't see the wire. "What wire?"

"Step closer, it's at the peak." As she stepped in front of him his hand went to her lower back and on its way to grabbing her ass. "Oooowww shit!" He grabbed his head rubbing the back of it. "Damn a walnut hit me!" He tried his groping again obviously a slow learner. "Anyway that wire

there...owwww...sonofa.....owwww.....where the hell are these....owwww!" He turned around as another walnut struck him in the forehead. "Oowww shit it's the amazon!" Brandy looked up on her neighbors house to see a dark blur drop from the edge of the roof. Pig's eyes got wide when he heard the latch on the gate slid up.

"Ooohhh shit ooohhhh shit!!!!!" Brandy heard a deep growl then a Bengal striped pit bull chased Pig all the way home. Chuckling she heard him still screaming, then a loud piercing whistle hit the air, within a minute the dog came trotting up the road and right back in to her yard.

"Thank you for getting rid of Pig!" she yelled. Her answer was laughter coming over the wall of wood.

When Brandy got home she gasped, the tree was gone and in it's place was a stack of fire wood all ready split and along side of it was the remains of her deck cut and stacked. She knew it had to be her mysterious neighbor who had done all the work. Ideas ran through her head as to a way of thanking her. "How do you thank a person you have never seen?" she asked herself. She also wondered why she preferred extreme privacy, thinking maybe she was disfigured and that's why she hid from everyone.

Later Brandy placed a tray and a thank you note with it on top of the wood wall where she knew it would be seen. Feeling lazy she laid on the lumpy love seat and watched the *X-Files*. A knock on her door surprised her. When she opened it she found her tray sitting there with a note on top. Opening it she saw the fancy bold script thanking her for supper. 'Thank you it was delicious.' signed R

Struggling with a bundle of shingles going up the ladder on to her roof Brandy panted, her left arm felt like it had stretched an extra foot and was killing her along with her shoulder. Halfway up the shingles slid off her shoulder throwing her off balance, she felt her body falling backwards. There was nothing to grab onto. In seconds she knew she would be hurting badly. She landed in warm softness, keeping her eyes closed she mumbled. "Being dead ain't that bad!" Chuckling made her eyes open. The bluest eyes she had ever seen in her life looked down at her stealing her breath. Electricity shot between them as the world closed off except for each other. Brandy on instinct wrapped her arms around Rowans neck pulling herself closer to the warm muscular body holding her it felt so right to be there. The sound of a car broke the moment. "You can put me down now I think."

Rowan hesitated because it felt right to hold this beautiful woman in her arms, the smell of lavender sent her mind reeling, she never wanted to let go. She watched as a pink blush ran it's path from neck to hairline as she held Brandy, gently placing her on the ground she grabbed her shoulders to keep her from falling.

"Thank you for breaking my fall, I don't want to even think of how that would have felt!"

A deep rich voice reached her ears. "Your welcome, I should be going."

Before Brandy could utter a word her tall neighbor was gone, her body still tingled where they had pressed together, never in her life had she felt anything like that. Rowan made it inside her gate before the tremors over took her, looking across the road she saw a blonde head disappear through the front door.

Brandy dropped on to her bed. "Her eyes, my gods I could look into those for the rest of my life!" Remembering the feel of soft black hair against her fingers, the dampness of her neck. she could imagine tasting the bronzed skin, feeling it's softness against her lips. "I need a life!" she said to herself. "Now I'm having fantasies about my tall dark gorgeous neighbor!"

After another night of nightmares Rowan was out stacking wood when she saw Brandy's truck leave. She kept an eye out on and off all day for her arrival home. By the next morning she hadn't come home yet. For the first time in years she felt restless. She stood and looked at the torn shingles on the house across from her.

Brandy had her truck all loaded with the furniture that she had kept in storage when she let her apartment go. Feeling the need for company she headed over to her old apartment complex to visit with her only friend, Latisha. She could hear the music blasting behind the door, so she pounded loudly. The pink door opened to reveal a flaming red head. "Giiiiirlfriend where have you been? I have sat by that phone for days and not once have you called Latisha! Brandy I know I raised you better than that. I thought you had forgotten all about this old drag Queen!"

Brandy followed his swinging hips in to his Liberace on acid decorated apartment chuckling at his ranting.

"Latisha your two years older than me, so don't start that over the hill stuff!"

"You just wait until your tits starts to sag, your butt drops and the wrinkles at your ankles are not your nylons. And Lord have mercy but I found a gray hair!"

Green eyes twinkled as her friend floated around the room gesticulating about everything sagging and dropping. "L. your bald and hairless so don't give me that about gray hair, and you just need to get some new foam rubber."

He placed one finger against his lips. "Shssss I'm practicing on being the poor lonely older woman."

"Ok who is he?"

"This gorgeous Latino across the hall, my God I get hot flashes everytime I see him. Nice tight little buns makes you just want to squeeze them! He saw an eyebrow go up at him. "Well not you of course you irritable little baby dyke, I'd have the operation if I thought I could have you!" He blew her a kiss and winked. Pirouetting off to his Betty Crocker kitchen he yelled. "So tell me Brandy just what have you been doing with your fem. little self?"

She told him about the mess the house was in and the changes she had made so far.



"So why don't you follow me home and help me decorate the place and I don't want it to look like.....ah you know my tastes."

"Oh yes I do!" The back of one hand went across his forehead. "Lord have mercy child you have no taste!"

She stayed with Latisha that night and he gave her a fashion show that left her rolling on the floor in tears when he came out as Cher gone native. Brandy pulled in to her drive with Latisha behind her. After she helped him get all 5 of his suit cases out of the trunk they headed towards the door. The suit cases she had in her hands hit the ground. "Brandon watch my suitcases, those are Louie V. rip-offs. What is your malfunction girlfriend?" He followed her eyes up. "Sorry I just don't see anything up there to get all teary eyed over, it's just a white cat on the peak." Tilting his head to the side he asked. "Why is there a white cat on your roof?"

Brandy couldn't believe her eyes, a new deck had been built on her upper level, the bottom half was covered with trellises with new rose bushes planted on the sides. When she looked up at the peak her breath caught in her chest. With sweat dampened hair hanging across her bronzed muscular shoulders Rowan stood with one foot propped on the peak, a hand upon her knee with a hammer hanging from the other one. Sweat glistened off her body, soaking her white tank top making it cling to her braless body, her black Levi's clung to her strong thighs as she leaned forward and gave Brandy a lopsided grin and a nod to Latisha.

"Girlfriend get the crash cart my heart just stopped!" Grabbing his chest he moaned. "A woman just gave me a hard on!" Brandy still stood with her jaw dropped open starring at the spot that Rowan had just been standing. "Now I know why I haven't seen you in so long!" Latisha pushed her chin up the then waved his hand in front of her unmoving eyes. "Sister if you don't snap out of it I'll have to use the jumper cables on you!"

Her heart beat a staccato in her chest. A raging fire roared through her body to settle in neither regions, arousal pumping with each heartbeat. When Rowan walked past them she grinned and winked at Brandy who just about fell over.

"Does she have a brother?" Latisha groaned. He guided Brandy into her house and after a few moments she came back to earth to realize she was sitting on her ratty love seat. Handing her a beer Latisha gave her the third degree about her breath stealing neighbor.

"You mean to tell me you know nothing at all about her, not even her name?"

"Yep, and one more sight like that one today and my heads gonna blow off my shoulders and you'll be burying me!"

An internal fire lashed away melting internal walls of steel, a warmth surrounded her heart after just looking into those sea green eyes. She was amazed that just looking at Brandy could send her body into a hurricane of emotions. A hunger deep down inside growled like never before. Rowan knew she was losing a battle and frankly she didn't care, she would gladly lay down her sword at the little blondes feet, but a little voice in the recesses of her brain screamed.

"No relationships, no pain!" She was tired of the pain, the seclusion from life. For some reason the little blonde sparked something in her deeper than anything she had ever felt before. She felt a bright light shine on her deepest nightmare.

She watched from the shadows of a tree laughing softly to herself at the commotion at Brandy's. Latisha stood in the front yard dressed like Marilyn Monroe in pink peddle pushers, pumps oh you get the picture. Hands on hips head at an angle.

"I still say you need to paint this place, brighten it up a bit by painting the outside."

"L. bright yellow screams Drag Queen. If you haven't noticed it's rough saw siding weathered to that gray color."

"You won't let me do the bathroom in pink and the living room is atrocious with all that wood. The place screams, PLEASE Latisha Queen of day glow help me! But NOOO baby dyke here." He examines his French cut pink nails as he drops his voice low. "I like rustic!"

Brandy held back her laughter at her friends ranting. "Ok the kitchen is yours, but no pinks, mauves or plums or any other Queenly color that will make me think I'm Betty Fucking Crocker got that?"

Latisha tossed his head away from her. "You are worse than any dyke I have ever known. I have to go change Norma Jean does not do kitchens!"

Rowan had tears flowing down her cheeks from laughing at the little show her neighbors had just put on. Looking down at her pit bulls little brown eyes she talked to her as if she was human. "Well Hecate, this mountain will never be the same."

Days later Brandy and Latisha had the inside shaping up. They argued like sisters over colors and where to put stuff and Brandy absolutely refused to have any lacy stuff in her bedroom. She gave Latisha strict orders on her room. Now one of the spare rooms she could care less what he did with it. Today was their day to sit around and watch (Brandy cringed at the thought) Doris Day movies, complete with Latisha dressed just like her.

"You get to be Rock." He bit his bottom lip and rolled his eyes. "What a man!"

Rowan was up in one of her trees fixing a broken bird house when she saw the Pig coming up the road. She sat down on one of the limbs and watched.

Brandy was dozing off when she heard her name being called.

"OOOHHH NO!" She dropped to the floor and crawled across the floor to hide behind her couch.

"What are you doing down there?"

"The Pigs outside yelling for me, I am not going out there, no way in hell, nope, not. I'm out of the country, I have a contagious disease, PMS, Psychotic episodes, I've been abducted by aliens. I've become a nun and I'm on a 6 month sabbatical in Indonesia treating lepers, I'm fucking tall dark ones brains out. Yeah I wish! I don't care what you tell him just please get rid of him Queen of Drag!"

"I love when you beg, ok here's the deal, lacy curtains in here and he's history!"

Brandy groaned. "Deal, hell you can put me in lace if you get rid of him!"

"Oohh sweet thing, Pink taffeta and black lace for you!"

Latisha stood up and primped. "Just sit back and watch the Queen in action!" He gave the double finger snap. "Work it girl!" Swinging his hips he waltzed out the door as a Sultry Doris Day. The Pigs eyes just about fell out of his head at the sight before him. Brandy ran out the back door and snuck across the road to stand behind a tree.

"My my what a man you are, I just love men with beards." He ran his fingers through Pigs scraggly, tangled patchy beard. Pig finally found his voice and asked with a squeak where Brandy was.

"Oh she's busy across the road there at the neighbors fucking her brains out!"

"She's at Rowans house!?!"

So that's the gorgeous creatures name across the road. He thought to himself. "Oh yes, all the time now! She's got it bad for that tall dark and beautiful one, but you my handsome man are more to my liking." He walked around Pig trailing his hands across his chest and around to his shoulders to end up on his other side, leaning close to his ear he whispered. "My names Latisha, I can show you a real good time!" Pig jumped when he felt his ass grabbed.

"Whats ya got in mind beautiful?"

"Oh I like it doggy style, how about you?"

Pigs face broke out in a huge toothless smile. "That works for me!"

"Good now why don't you let me see the package?"

Latisha dropped Pigs pants to his ankles along with his ragged boxers. Running his fingers up his thighs he watched as little pig (A whole 2inches) rose to the occasion. Walking around Pig he turned him so that Brandy could get a good view and see the Queen at work.

"Your turn, wanna check out my love chamber?"

Latisha pulled his skirt up mid thigh. Pig dropped to his knees in a flash, grabbing him behind his thighs. Pig ran his hands up to fondle a tight ass. "You ain't got no underwear on, your a wild thing ain't ya?"

"Oh more than you can believe!"

Pig slid his head up under Latisha's skirt. "Hey it's dark in here." Pig mumbled.

"A little higher and you got it, just give it a big old kiss!"

"What the hell, oh my god!" Pig screamed like a woman. Latisha trapped his head under her skirt holding him there. Pig fell to the ground his face white as a sheet. "You got a dick!" Pig tried to get to his feet but his pants were tangled around his ankles, so he decided to try and crawl away as fast as he could.

"Come on little man you might like it, I can make noises like a sheep!" Pig was screaming his head off, Latisha had him by his feet, he tried pulling himself across the ground by his hands. Latisha pulled his boots off and then everything else leaving him in his too small dirty shirt and filthy socks, holding him by one foot he reached down and grabbed his nuts from behind.

"Oh god don't do that, let me go!"

"What's the matter am I not big enough for you? Brandy's is bigger go after her from now on bastard!"

Pig got up his face red and little pig sticking straight out he ran screaming the whole way home. Brandy was laying on the ground laughing so hard she was crying, tears rolling down her face, holding her cramping stomach. The next thing she knew darkness overcame her as a heavy weight covered her body. The weirdest thing was that it was laughing just as hard as she was. Rowan pushed herself up on elbows, looking laughing green eyes with her own she tried not to laugh but broke up all over again. She dropped her head down onto Brandy's chest trying to collect herself.

"Ok girls, no romping in the weeds. Might find a snake in there and Lord knows neither one of you would know what to do with it!"

Tear stained faces looked up at him. "Now Brandy I saw you high tail it over here but you Rowan where did you come from?" Two fingers pointed up to the tree then they started laughing all over again.

"You fell out of the tree?! Sweet Daddy's nuts, your wacked! When you two get done rolling around in the weeds get over to the house I'm cooking tonight and Queen Latisha's cooking will give you multiples!" As he walked away he yelled back over his shoulder at them. "Oh girls!" He flipped up his skirt. "Is my ass sagging?" He smiled and skipped off to the house.

When they had composed themselves enough to move Brandy intertwined her fingers with Rowan's. "Come on, L's a great cook."

Rowan smiled at her showing perfect white teeth. Her voice low and sultry she answered. "I'd love to, thank you." Brandy's heart thumped, if nothing else she would settle for hearing her voice forever. Latisha had changed into a French Maids uniform complete with fish net stockings and stiletto heels, his wig was long and platinum blonde. He raised the flipper at them. "Out, out of my domain, get your beers and move it or lose it!" He mumbled to himself. "I can't create under these conditions, they disrupt my sensitive nature and the man comes out!" Banging came from the kitchen along with a deep baritone voice singing an Italian opera then a soprano voice was heard. Rowan cocked her dark eyebrow and tried to look into the kitchen. Brandy noticed Rowan's quizzical glance. "He's a La Cage A Folly performer in Dupont Circle, he tries out all his characters on me first so it's never a dull moment around him."

Rowan brought her head back around to study her companion. She noticed the small laugh lines at the corners of her sea green eyes, accented by perfect dark brows, this was a person whose spirit was pure with no shadows.

"You don't talk much do you?" Brandy watched as walls slipped in to place behind blue eyes. "I'm sorry, it's that I'm just so used to being around boisterous people, so if I offend you please accept my apology."

"No need, it's just been a very long time since I've been around people."

Brandy cast her eyes down to where she was peeling the label off of her beer. "I wanted to thank you for all the work you have done here for me. I was shocked, especially today after seeing the new deck and you up on the roof." A flashback came before her eyes of Rowan standing on the peak, a blush colored her face because of the liquid warmth developing between her legs. "I wanted to thank you but."

"After all the rumors you've heard, you were afraid."

She looked sheepishly at Rowan. "Most of the roomers about me I started." Two sets of eyes widened at her statement. Brandy cleared her throat and asked her why.

"After having neighbors drive past all the time and try to see what I was doing, I got tired of it, with in 30 minutes I ended up doing the most peculiar things even though I was sitting outside reading a book when they drove past."

Latisha leaned forward his brown eyes twinkling. "Tell us what you did, I have a feeling you have a very wicked sense of humor!"

A red faced Rowan dropped her head as a grin formed on her lips, looking up from under her dark brows she wiggled them at her friends. "Lots of nasty stuff!"

"Do tell or I may become butch on you!"

"Now this was before I made the firewood wall, I got tired of the rotten brats teasing Hecate so I went to the goodwill store in town and I picked up some clothes and stuff, the basics. I took all this stuff and I threw it out in the front yard covered with catnip spray." She got funny looks from them. "She likes cat toys, so I would only let her out front when the kids were coming up the road and walking past, she would grab the cloths and growl and shake the hell out of them. I would run out there and yell Oh my god you ate another kid didn't you, that's 6 this year! Needless to say the brats ran home and told so the story spread.

"You are a sick bitch girlfriend!"

Brandy raised her eyebrow at her. "What about the police did they hear about it?"

"Oh yeah, the sheriff came up and I had to explain everything and as he was leaving he told me when he got home he had some kids to scare and that he wished he had thought of what I had done. Rowan looked at her watch. "Well it's late and I don't want to keep you two up, thank you for supper and your company."

"I'll walk you out." Brandy offered while Latisha cleaned up the coffee cups. When Brandy returned Latisha was wearing a pink negligee, fuzzy slippers and a pink scarf on his bald head. Dropping on to the couch Latisha struck a seductive pose. "Rita Hayworth eat your heart out!" Pinning his friend with sultry brown eyes. "So did you kiss her?"

Her eyes popped and jaw dropped.

"Close it sister, it's very unbecoming and reminds me of one of those rubber dolls, now tell me or I'll sing the Titanic Theme song alllllll night long!"

Brandy covered her ears at the thought of hearing that song all night. "Of course not!" {pushing the longing deep inside) "This is the first time I have actually spoken to her."

"Oh but I know she has an effect on you. I was waiting for you to jump her at the table tonight!" Brandy dropped into her recliner hoping the shadows would cover the red color of her face. "Come on girlfriend don't be shy, you two starrng at each other just about set the table on fire, that woman is beautiful! Those blue eyes, high cheekbones, strong jaw, straight nose, she's a goddess! Hell if I wasn't a queen I'd chase after her myself!"

Brandy spoke softly. "I see a lot of pain behind her eyes, she must have been really hurt by someone. Right now I just want a friend up here to talk to. If more comes from that it'll have to come from her."

Rowan laid in bed with her dog at her side thinking of a little blonde, how her nose wrinkles when she laughs and the innocent touches she gives when making a point. How she gives her undivided attention when someone is talking. She wondered why she had chosen to live up here by herself when she was obviously a people person, and to have taken on such a huge job as fixing up a falling down house with no help. That's when she decided to help her as much as she could, after all she had a lot of time on her hands and it would be nice to have a friend to talk to.

Latisha went back to his apartment to get ready for his next set of shows at the club. While Brandy went back to work after her six month leave of absence. Rowan was lost, she had gotten use to them being around. They would often invite her over for supper or have a few beers before turning in for the night. Now Brandy would leave at 4am and not get home sometimes until after 6pm looking worn out. But today she was shocked when she saw a strange truck with top rails over the bed and loaded down with lumber and a long tool box across the bed by the cab pull in to her yard. She went to her gate and watched as the door opened and a booted foot stuck out. She gasped as Brandy crawled out completely covered in red clay from head to toe. Rowan came across the road to stand beside the truck. Brandy almost had a heart attack when she turned and saw her standing there.

"Gods you scared me!" She slapped a grinning Rowan's arm. "Your to quiet I'm gonna get you a cow bell to wear around."

"Your home early today."

"Yeah well work was a real bitch today."

"From the looks of you I'd say so." she looked in the bed of the truck at the tools laying around. "Where's your truck?"

Green eyes filled with tears, Brandy shook her head. "You don't want to know!" sobs over took her, Rowan at a loss as to why she was crying pulled her in to her arms. Her small friend buried her face against her shoulder she held her until the she stopped crying.

"Are you Ok?" She asked when she looked down to see red rimmed eyes looking up at her. "I'm sorry for falling apart and getting you covered in mud."

"Don't worry about it, now come on go get cleaned up and then you can tell me what happened."

Brandy stepped into the kitchen with her hair still wet, dressed in a T-shirt and faded Levi's, Rowan handed her a cup of coffee and motioned for her to sit.

"Now tell me what happened today."

Brandy took a deep breath to help control her emotions. "I work construction and for the past year I've been having a problem with one of the guys at work. Every day he hits on me, asks me out makes rude comments and at first I was nice and said no thanks. But it got worse, every chance he got he would terrorize me, he started rumors that we had slept together, so then the rest of the jerks started on me. Some of them offered me money if I would give them blow jobs or other sexual acts." Rowan was getting madder by the minute, her jaws clenched tight with the grinding of her teeth. Brandy looked up at the noise to see the stormy blue eyes, covering fistied hands she rubbed them gently. "It's ok Rowan, I don't have to worry about it any more. Anyway 6 months ago my Aunt passed away so I took a leave of absence so that I could get her estate taken care of and hopefully things would cool off at work." Tears filled her eyes, wiping them away she tried to give Rowan a small smile but failed.

"Go on."

"The minute I went back to work it started up again, this time I got pissed and told him even if he was the last man on earth and I wasn't gay I still wouldn't fuck him!" She gave Rowan a grin that quickly turned in to a sob. "He grabbed me between the legs and yelled to his asshole friends, nope no strap on tools today! Before he could turn around I sucker punched him and when he dropped I beat the shit out of him."

"You should have killed the son of a bitch, did your foreman know this was going on?"

Brandy let go of Rowan's hands, she stood up and walked over to look out her kitchen window. "Oh yeah, from the very beginning!"

"And he didn't do anything?"

"Right like he's going to fire his own son, no it was easier to get rid of me than him, their a bunch of drunken assholes!"

"Did your foreman give you a pink slip?"

Brandy grabbed her wallet of the counter, finding the paper she handed it to Rowan who just held it.

"If he fired you whose truck do you have and where's yours?"

Tears flowed down her cheeks. "While I was in the office him and his asshole friends pushed it into the basement we had just dug then they covered it with a dump truck full of clay, that's how I got so muddy, I was trying to get my stuff out of it but it's completely smashed. Rowan got up and pulled her into her arms. In-between sobs Rowan found out that one of the older guys had loaned her his truck to get home and that he would take care of having hers towed away. Brandy wrapped her arms around Rowan's waist taking comfort in the tall woman's warmth. Rowan opened the pink slip as she read her body trembled. Brandy pulled back to look up in to the most terrifying look she had ever seen. Dark blue eyes raged, her teeth bared in a feral look, Rowan growled deep in her chest "Get your boots on!" She did as she was told, Rowan pulled her out the door.

"Wait I have to lock my door!"

In two strides they were at Rowan's truck and before she knew it she was inside Hecate was in the back and Rowan was pulling down the road. "Don't worry about your house the minute they see you with me no one will bother you."

They drove in silence, Brandy worried her bottom lip the whole way, then just about jumped from the truck when they pulled into her former work site where she was building houses. "What are we doing here?" She choked.



"I'm going to have a talk with your foreman."

"Rowan you don't have to do this, I can find another job really!"

"I know you can but this is something I enjoy doing." She gave a throaty laugh sending chills up Brandy's spine.

"This will be the most fun I've had in years!" Rowan growled. They pulled up to where the group of workers were standing around Brandy's truck, what wasn't smashed was getting that way by one of the guys using a sledge hammer on it. "Let me guess the foreman's son?" Looking at the bruises on his face Rowan grinned. "You did that to him?" Brandy nodded her head. They walked up to the group of men standing there. "Brandy I want you to point out the men who have harassed you." Then she spoke to the men. "When she points you out I want you to step off to the side." The one with the sledge hammer came up to her dropped the hammer at her feet and went face to face with her.

"And who the fuck do you think you are?" Rowan's look became feral as she replied. "Your worst nightmare!"

She pushed him away as she started towards the trailer they used for an office.

"Pushy bitch, why don't you give me a blow job since your bitch won't!"

Rowan froze mid stride, turning she put Brandy behind her. "Come here stud I'll give you something." He came towards her casting a grin over his shoulder at his groupies. Before he knew it he was on his back with blood gushing out his nose with a boot on his throat. "Move and I'll snap your neck!" At that time an overweight slob of a man pushed his way to the front of the workers.

"What the fuck is going on here Chancellor, I fired you, now get your girlfriend and get the fuck off my site!"

Rowan's tall form was 2 heads taller than him which made the pudgy fucking bastard have to look up.

"You the foreman here?"

"Yeah now get!"

"Oh I don't think so, you see you're fired!" She added a toothy smile at the end. The group of men started laughing. "Brandy pick out those men for me, then I will give each and everyone of you my undivided attention."

Whoops and cat calls went out, once Brandy had finished, out of the 15 men only 4 older men stood alone. Rowan looked to the small group and singled out one.

"Jake you'll come with us when we leave so you can pick up your truck." He smiled and answered with "Yes Ma'am." The other assholes started mimicking him and yelling insults. Rowan rubbed her hands together. "Now where was I ...oh yes looking all of them in the eye she laughed and smacked her hands together.

"Your all fired, how's that?" Crossing her arms over her chest she stood with her feet apart. Brandy came up to her side. "What are you doing Rowan, this is nuts!"

Blue twinkling eyes looked down at her. "No this is fun!" She looked back at the ex-foreman who was telling her and her bitch to leave or he was going to call the police.

"Jake your senior man here tell these assholes who I am!"

Jake stepped beside her and Brandy, with a big smile on his aged face. "You just got fired by R.J. SHERWOOD she owns the company." 12 mouths dropped open, not counting Brandy's who grabbed Rowan's belt to keep from falling over.

"Jake you're the new foreman, Brandy your the assistant. The rest of you get in your trucks and get off my site now!!" She pointed to the other 3. "You men put in for 16 hours I'll sign it and go home and spend some time with your families.

With Jake gone Rowan took Brandy inside her fortress to her house. It was the first time that anyone had been in her house since she moved in. Brandy's eye's bulged at the wood work, everything was either walnut, oak, curly maple or cherry and it shined like glass. She felt like she was in a modern day log cabin. Following Rowan to her office she watched as she made phone calls and updated her computer files. Brandy looked at all the certificates on the wall. They were either business or architecture degrees from Ohio State. Her attention was brought back by the sound of her name.

"I need your insurance card for your truck." Handing it over she watched as Rowan punched something in to her computer then hit send.

"What kind of truck do you like?" Brandy sat on the floor beside her chair. "I like my truck it was old but it was mine."

Blue eyes captured her, a warmth flowed from them, reaching down she pushed blond hair off her brow then caressed her cheek. "Give me 5 minutes and I'll be done then we'll go get something to eat."

Brandy nodded, she didn't know what to think of the last few hours with Rowan, her mind was still spinning when she was pulled to her feet.

"All done lets go. Firing people gives me an appetite."

They sat across from each other at a small country restaurant, Brandy was still quiet. "Your still shocked aren't you?"

"Very, I feel bad about all those guys getting fired, and really shocked to find out who you are. For the last 10 years I've worked for you and never knew who you were. And we've been spending so much time together that I hope this doesn't change things between us."

"Nope that won't change anything. And I like secrecy, it gives me a lot of freedom." Rowan looked down at her empty plate. "You know it's been over 3 years since I was at a worksite. I never realized how much I missed it until today." A pained look came over her face. "After today that's going to change."

Brandy covered her hands with her own and looked into blue eyes. "What happened to make you stop?"

"It's a long story, maybe another time, huh?" Brandy had fallen asleep on their way home but she came awake when the truck engine stopped. Stretching she looked over at Rowan. "Sorry I fell asleep on you, I'm not use to getting up at 3am." She groaned. "I forgot I need to find a ride in to work in the morning. Damn asshole had to wreck my truck!"

Rowan started laughing. "What, it's not funny! Now I have to buy another truck!" Her eyes squinted at a still chuckling Rowan. "Come on, don't worry about work tomorrow I'm giving you the day off with pay."

"Why did you make me the assistant foremen? I forgot to ask you before."

"Because you have a degree in architecture. I seen your diploma on your wall."

"Oh that also means I can fire and hire?"

"Yep I'll talk to Jake about the new crew. I have 16 workers starting on Monday that will put the men to shame. I know you'll be pleased with them."

"Why's that?" She asked now curious.

"One of them is his daughter."

Brandy's eyes swelled with tears. "Hey what's the matter? I didn't mean to make you cry."

"It's just that Jenny has had such a hard time finding and keeping a job because of her sexual orientation. Thank you."

Rowan gave her a bright smile. "You're welcome, now lets get out of this truck."

Brandy mumbled to herself about calling Latisha to take her truck hunting tomorrow. Picking all this up Rowan smiled at the little blonde watching her across the road with her head down gesticulating to herself on her way. Leaning against the tailgate of her truck with her arms crossed over her chest the tall woman watched Brandy walk right into the huge tarp covered object in her drive.

"Yeow, what the hell!" She looked up from where she sat on the ground. Turning to look over at her boss. Rowan was just able to see the raised eyebrows in the dark. "Uncover it." Rowan whispered in her sultry voice. Brandy got up and grabbed the tarp at the bottom and flipped it up. "Ohh my!" Pulling the tarp as she walked she came to the side of the large object, tears coming to her eyes. Rowan had crept closer to stand beside her. "Do you like it?" Tears flowed from green eyes gazing tenderly at Rowan. "It's mine?"

"All yours, look at the door." She looked to see her name below the company name along with assistant foreman below that. Brandy launched herself in to Rowan's arms. Wrapping her arms and legs around her the tall body, she kissed her soundly on the lips. Rowan almost fell over from the innocent kiss and the emotions that the little blonde evoked in her body. Burying her face in her long dark hair Brandy cried. Rowan hugged her tight whispering comforting words in her ear. After a few moments her crying stopped but she still clung to the tall muscular body. She raised her head from its resting place to look in to soft blue eyes. "Thank you, I'll pay you back."

"You don't have to, it's my gift to you. I can't have my assistant foremen hitchhiking to work every morning." Green eyes traveled downward to settle on soft lips. Closing the distance she brushed them gently with her own. Pulling back she saw the passion flare up in darkened blue eyes. Brandy kissed her again tasting the sweetness of her lips with the tip of her tongue, Rowan moaned at the contact, opening her lips she slipped her tongue into Brandy's warm mouth, their tongues danced together. The kiss became bruising as long buried hungers resurfaced. Bright lights flashed behind their eyes, they could feel each other's heart beats merging as one. Rowan broke the kiss as she stumbled on weak legs, grabbing the tailgate with one hand she breathed deeply.

"Gods where did you learn how to kiss like that?" She gasped.

Brandy trying to steady her breathing stumbled over her words. "I don't....know...I've never kissed anyone before."

"Never?" Surprise registered on her face. "Nope." Her head dropped down, looking up from under her bangs she asked in a low voice. "Did I do ok?" Rowan tipped her chin up to look into her green eyes. "You do that again and I may pass out!"

Brandy grinned at her as she slid to the ground. "Can I try again?" A dark head lowered capturing her lips, their bodies pressed close together. Moans drowned in each others mouths at the feel of tender breasts touching. Rowan pushed her thigh between Brandy's putting pressure against her mound. Her own hips pushing against a muscular thigh, her hands slid down to cup Brandy's rear pulling her closer against her. Fire raged between them with each movement of their hips. Rowan was close to losing control, releasing the bruised lips of the trembling, ragged breathing little blonde. She stepped back running her hands down her face. She covered her sensitive lips still feeling the pressure from their kiss, her voice came out raspy. "If we go any further I won't be able to stop!"

Brandy reached out taking the larger hand in hers. She kissed the soft knuckles then ran her tongue across the sweat dampened palm. Rowan's knees started to buckle and it took all her

remaining strength to keep from falling. Seeing the effect she had on the taller woman Brandy made her mind up as to her next move. Pulling Rowan behind her, they entered her house and climbed the stairs to her bedroom. Standing in the center of the room with the moon shining through the sliding glass doors casting a bright light behind Brandy made her look like the moon goddess. Rowan gasped as Brandy's shirt slid off her body revealing strong rounded shoulders glistening in the moonlight. She held her breath as the rest of her lover clothes hit floor, her blood rushed to her apex swelling her clitoris to an unbearable throbbing.

Brandy stepped before her running her hands inside the waistband of her Levi's she pulled her shirt free, her hands went under the material to feel sweat dampened skin, touching Rowan's flat stomach she felt the muscles jerk.

"Gods hurry, I can't hold on much longer!" Rowan cried. "I need you!" In haste Rowan pulled off her shirt while Brandy unbuttoned her Levi's and slid them along with her boxers to the floor. Rowan kicked off her boots only getting one foot out of her pant leg before Brandy sunk to her knees and buried her tongue between swollen lips. Tangling her fingers in blonde hair she pulled her lover up against her pumping hips. Brandy used the fingers of one hand to pull the hood of her lover's clit back so she could flick the tip of it with her tongue. When she felt thigh muscles tighten she pushed two fingers deep inside thrusting in to the hot juices, matching the rhythm of Rowan's movements. Her climax exploded through her body covering Brandy's finger hand in wetness as she screamed her name. Weakness overtook her as she dropped to her knees on the floor, resting her forehead on Brandy's shoulder. Her eyes closed she fought for air each time a spasm coursed through her body. Brandy's moaning made her open her eyes to see her lover's hand between her own legs bringing herself closer to release. "No." Rowan wheezed when she pulled the hand away. Laying Brandy down on the floor she laid between her open thighs raising her knees. She leaned forward to plunge her tongue deep inside matching her lover's moan. Brandy felt her muscles flexing. "I'm....oh yes....I'm coming!"

Her back arched up off the floor when her climax hit. With each stroke of her clit her hips pumped until she collapsed. Rowan crawled up her body to lay over her their sweat drenched bodies fitting perfectly together. "I didn't want it to be like that. I wanted to take it slow with you." Rowan spoke softly in her ear. "We can do that later." Brandy gave her a soft kiss then cuddled up to her lover to find the world of slumber.

Hours later Rowan woke to small fingers making circles around her hardened nipple, when a warm tongue flicked its tip she whimpered. "Brandy what are you trying to do to me?" A small hand cupped her breast. "Be still, I'm making up for my Ma not breast feeding me." Filling her mouth she sucked with greed. "Grrrrrrr bless your mother!" Rolling them over Rowan rested their heads together. "Can we move this to your bed this wood floor is killing me?" Green eyes twinkled mischievously back at her. "How about in the kitchen I'm starving?" Standing in the kitchen at the stove Brandy was eyeing up the flipper in her hand. "This has possibilities." Rowan stood in the doorway her hair still damp from her shower. "Did you say something?" Brandy turned to her tall bronzed lover standing there naked. Her heart slammed in her chest. "Gods your beautiful!" Without even realizing it she had moved across the floor into strong arms. Standing on her tip toes she kissed the water drops from Rowan's neck. Pulling the skin

between her teeth she sucked until she felt her lover shrinking to her height. Releasing her hold she asked chuckling. "Where are you going?"

"Oh anywhere you want me!" Rowans neither lips throbbed around her twitching clit. "How about the stove while I shower?"

"Tease!" She grumbled. "Just wait!"

"Oh boy a threat, will you spank me?"

One side of Rowans lip curled up. "Maybe." Brandy moved passed her in the doorway. "Oh I forgot you'll need... smack "This." She tossed the flipper at Rowan as she high tailed it up the stairs to the bathroom. Rubbing her rear she chuckled as she looked at the flipper she had caught. "I think you're a little kinky Brandon."

They stood at the sink washing the dishes from their meal when all of a sudden they both jumped three feet in the air. "What a sight I have before my eyes. You know girls you walk around like that all the time and I may just get that operation and become a lesbian!"

"Latisha!" Brandy screamed, her whole body turning a cute pink at being caught off guard, she was trying to use a dish rag to cover her breasts. "Sweet thing that rag is not going to cover those!" Pointing to her well developed firm breasts. Rowan got smacked with the wet rag for laughing. "Stop it! It's not funny RJ!"

"Come on pinky lets go get decent for your company."

"Pinky!" She squealed.

"Oh yes girlfriend, you are pink all over!" Cooed Latisha.

Moving past the queen Rowan was stopped by a long manicured finger on her neck.

"So girlfriends a biter is she?"

It was Rowans turn to blush. Giggling, Brandy ran for the stairs to be chased all the way to the bedroom. Clucking his tongue. "My sister's been devirginized by a panther."

They came down minutes later fully dressed. Latisha poured out his heart to them about catching his lover with someone else.

"And I broke my best pair of heels beating that bitch!" Dabbing at his eyes with a lace hanky. "I must look a fright with my mascara running, anyway he was with this 400lb queen just humping away. I keep myself toned and in shape to be tossed aside for Orca the beached whale!" His trim good looks accented by the silk tank top and silk shorts, with out all the makeup he was an attractive man with high cheekbones, chiseled jaw and cleft chin. "I'm sorry L. maybe you'll find someone who deserves you." Brandon Brandy replied.

"Girlfriend don't you worry, I have a date with the bouncer at the club. The body on this bitch, huge shoulders and arms, tight buns. I get hot just thinking about him! He can bounce me all night long!"

The three of them chatted for awhile until Rowan had to excuse herself reminding Brandy that her dog needed to be fed and left out. After she left Latisha gave Brandy the third degree.

"So how long have you two been doing pump and thrusts?"

Brandy blushed at the forward question, mumbling she answered shyly. "Since about 11pm last night."

Clasping his hands over his chest he wailed. "My baby has lost her veil!"

"Ahhh no!"

"NO! What happened!"

"I almost came with out her doing anything to me." Her face was a bright red by now, she could have passed for a fire plug.

"I get it!" He clapped his hands like a little kid. "Tall dark and silent one is submissive, you little animal Brandon you jumped her didn't you?"

"I couldn't help myself, I just look at her and get aroused and you know what's worse?" Latisha leaned forward. "She's a screamer?"

"Yes I mean no." Tilting her head. "Well never mind that, she's my boss."

"What?"

Brandy told him about what happened at work the day before right up until they went upstairs.

"She bought you that truck with out you knowing, girlfriend she's a keeper!"

Rowan sat at her kitchen table with a goofy grin on her face, her heart filled with joy. Closing her eyes she sighed as pictures floated before her of all of Brandy's expressions. The dimples when she smiled, flashing green eyes, the way she raises one eyebrow, her heart swelled with something she had never felt before. Shocked by her findings her eyes shot open. "I was never in love with her, I can't even remember her face. I'm sorry Kathy I really am!" Dropping her head down on her crossed arms Brandy's image came to her. "In that instant, her heart slammed. All the walls left standing began to fall, love poured from those green eyes like scorching white light striking her darkened soul.

Sleep had a hard time coming to either one of them, tossing and turning in their beds they lay awake looking at darkened ceilings. Rowan sat up in bed running her fingers through her dark

tangled hair, swinging her feet out of the bed she got up and padded outside to her deck where when restless she would sit and wait for the sunrise. After an hour of pacing back and forth she jumped over the deck rail with her pit bull at her heels. She found herself opening the gate almost feeling like she was sleepwalking because she couldn't remember walking to the middle of the road. She was just about to turn around and go back when she heard the sound of hinges creaking, her name whispered on the calm night air made her turn, her breath caught in her chest at the vision walking towards her, Brandon wore a long white T-shirt that reached mid thigh showing strong muscular thighs, her long blond hair tousled.

She came toe to toe with her lover under the stars, gazing up in to the face that had kept sleep from claiming her, Rowan lowered her dark head meeting her part way, they shared a deep passionate kiss. Arms wrapped tightly around each other. The kiss ended with Rowan being led in to the dark house of her lover. With the dog guarding the bedroom door and candles lit the two women made their way to the large bed taking their time exploring each others bodies, soft moans escaped their lips when hands found those erotic places. Rowan covered her lovers smaller body holding herself up on her hands she kissed her way from ear to breast, circling a hardened nipple with the tip of her warm wet tongue never touching the hardened nub, she treated it's twin the same way. Brandy was thrashing on the bed and moaning in sweet agony as Rowan worked her way down, she trailed her tongue down the crease from sternum to naval, which she circled with her tongue making quick dipping motions inside. Brandy's hands tangled in the bed coverings, her arms straining with tension making her shoulder muscles bulge. Warm breath touched the golden curls covering her twitching clit, at contact her hips jerked up. Rowan stuck her tongue out grazing the swollen nub when her lovers hips lowered, with her weight on her heels and shoulders Brandy pumped her hips each time feeling a fleeting touch then nothing. She groaned with frustration, Rowan watched as her lovers juices flowed out between swollen lips, she could feel her own wetness soaking her thighs with every beat of her heart, lifting small hips up she braced her elbows in to the bed holding Brandy at mouth level she teased everywhere but where she knew her lover wanted.

"Your gonna tease me to death, oohhh shit..." A soft tongue grazed her clit. "Please RJ make me come!"

Burying her face between quivering thighs she growled. "Not yet." Brandy couldn't stand anymore bringing her hand down to herself, she started to stroke her enlarged clit, Rowan knew drastic measures would have to be made next time. Pulling her hand away she pinned it to Brandy's stomach. With her other hand she spread the wet lips before her and circled the throbbing center finally pushing her tongue deep inside she felt muscles contract. "RJ, I want more please!" Pulling out her tongue she slid up to flick the tip of her lovers clit almost bringing her to climax with that little touch alone. A loud moan rumbled in Brandy's chest. Slipping her middle finger in part way then retreating she felt Brandy's whole body tense, she continued doing this as she took the enlarged nub between her lips and sucked. "I'm coming...Ohhh Gods...harder..!" With one last thrust Rowan pushed her finger in all the way piercing her thin veil, pain turned in to ecstasy as she went over the edge screaming Rowan's name. Slight tremors racked her small frame, she lay exhausted and spent, sweat running down her temples and between her breasts, Brandy moaned when she felt Rowan slid up her body and straddle her thigh covering it with her juices when she rolled her hips forward. Brandy pulled her dark head



down to her tasting herself on her lovers lips and tongue she deepened the kiss plunging her tongue deep inside and moaning when she felt her arousal start all over again. Grasping Rowan's hips she pulled her closer, soon they were grinding together grunts and moans filling the silence. Rowan's teeth sunk in to her lover's shoulder with the first ripple of her climax, her back arched she exploded nectar flowing out to mix with Brandy's as she followed with her own earth shattering orgasm. They felt like they had been through a melt down, they fell into each other's arms, their bodies still trembling and breathing ragged. Rowan whispered in to Brandy's ear. "I love you Brandon."

Brandy turned her head to look into shimmering silver eyes to see the love shining through the tears. "I love you to Rowan." Kissing her gently. "I've always loved you!" Sleep claimed them still entwined in each other's bodies. But poor Latisha was in his room with his headphones on blasting the Pointer Sisters in to his aching ears as he did push ups, His arms and shoulders gave out on him rolling to his back he looked to the clock on the bedstand, taking a chance he pulled one earpiece out and caught the last note of a scream then silence. "Those two are gonna drive me crazy!" looking back to the clock. "My my 2 hours and 13 mins, a new virgin record, I hope neither one of them can walk tomorrow, bitches!"

Brandy sat at the table with a stupid grin on her face watching her lover's T-shirt raise to show her bare ass everytime she reached up into the cabinets to get something. Rowan knew exactly what she was doing to her young lover, it was paybacks for all the hickeys she found covering her neck, she knew she had slept sound that morning but she didn't know she had been dead! Latisha stumbled in to the kitchen with bags under his bloodshot eyes, ears red with the imprints of his CD headphones and his arms hanging limply at his sides.

"Who's the screamer?"

Two sets of eyes took in his appearance, Rowan grinned as she pointed at Brandy.

"There's your screamer!"

Brandy turned pink, she covered her face with her hands trying to hide. Rowan watched Latisha try and swing his arm up to smack her in the shoulder, he barely moved his arm when a loud groan came from his lips.

"Are you ok?" Rowan asked.

"You mean after killing my ear drums with loud music or the hundreds of push-ups I did to keep myself from attacking the closet breathing thing!"

"I guess we need sound proof the loft."

"Try stuffing her mouth with something!" He looked at the ring of hickeys circling Rowan's neck. "Looks like you tried that, next time use her underwear not your neck!"

Brandy was slowly melting under the table. A tiny voice reached the others ears. "Sorry L." She winked at Rowan. "But I did hold back on my screaming."

Brown eyes widened at her comment. "What!" Shaking his head. "We'll both need hearing aids if that's the case!" He exclaimed.

A few weeks had gone by with an agreement that if Latisha was there they would stay at Rowan's house for their sex romps or he would storm the bedroom with the garden hose. Brandy was enjoying her job more and more, even though she was the assistant foreman she still got right in there with the crew and worked just as hard if not harder. The new crew had shocked her when they had all gotten out of their trucks weeks earlier, they were all women and so far they were a whole month ahead of schedule with completing the new houses. Rowan was ecstatic with the news, she knew it was because of Brandy, the little blonde seemed to infect everyone she came in contact with and when the crews see her working right along with them and just as hard then they push even harder. Rowan had started checking out the worksites, she talked to the crews wanting to know their problems. She did not want another situation like with Brandy, She was in the trailer that was used for the office going over invoices with Jake when chills went up her spine and a heaviness over came her. Shrugging it off as nothing she continued to work half hearted. Jake noticed the change in her expression, to him it looked like pain clouding her eyes.

"Rowan you ok?" He asked.

Clouded blue eyes looked up to him. "Yeah, it was just a twinge it's..."

The door swung open slamming in to the wall as one of the crew came falling in, she was in total hysterics with terror written all over her face, she could barely speak.

She forced out between gasps "Roof.....fell.....call...911!"

Rowan's face turned white and her heart started to pound in her chest when she looked out and seen the collapsed roof from the office door.

"Call 911 Jake!" She yelled on her way out the door. Fear pushed her to sprint the whole way to where the crew was running to the house. Searching for Brandy a tightness choked her when she couldn't find her. Rowan grabbed one of the workers by his shirt, picking him up off the ground she yelled. "Who was working on this house?" The man's eyes grew large at the silver eyes tearing in to him, his voice came out as a squeak.

"Brandy!"

The man fell to the ground gasping for air from the hold Rowan had on his throat. Rowan starts to look under the pile of lumber trying to find her lover, the tresses are twisted, some having fallen so that their tips are to the ground others are in pieces along with sheets of plywood. Panic seizes Rowan, she can't see anything under the mess, pulling pieces of plywood out of her way she starts yelling for help to move the stuff and for the foundation jacks to place underneath for stability. Her and one of the female workers had made it 1/4 of the way in when they heard

moaning coming from Rowan's right, where all of the wood had fallen at an angle and leaning to one side, the plywood stuck up at weird angles everywhere along with 2x6's and 2x4's. Between the two of them they moved wood being careful so as not to cause it to cave in on whoever was under there. They heard someone yelling from the other end of the structure that they had found someone but Rowan knew deep inside that it wasn't Brandy because the tightness was still in her chest. Rowan pulled a sheet of plywood out of the way and seen two boots sticking out from under the wreckage. "Oh my Gods!" Recognizing one of the boots as Brandy's she screamed her lover's name. Hearing her the other workers came to help. She dropped to her hands and knees and crawled under to where her lover lay on top of Jenny looking as if she tried to protect her friend. Rowan rolled over onto her back to check to see how the wreckage was being held up. The 2x6's laying over Brandy and Jenny were of no consequence so she started sliding them out of her way, she was able to check on her lover and Jenny, Blood ran down Brandy's temple and from her nose but she couldn't check Jenny because of the way Brandy was covering her. She checked her lover's pulse and found it strong it giving her some relief.

"Everyone stand back and get those supports ready!" She could hear sirens in the distance along with Jake yelling instructions. She pushed herself into a squatting position, bracing her hands on a 2x4 she started to rise pushing with all her strength on the wood, creaking was heard as the plywood slid down and wood pushed against each other. With a banshee scream she pressed the wood over her head and held it until she seen Jake position the foundation supports. The strain of what she just did got to her, with legs shaking she dropped to the ground trembling. "Get them out!" Jake stood staring at his daughter laying amongst the debris. "Please God not my baby!" He cried. Four of the workers were able to pick up the sheet of plywood that they were laying on and get it out of the structure without having to cause any undo moving of their bodies. A short thickly muscled woman with long dark hair and golden brown eyes helped Rowan up, half carrying her she got her to where the paramedics were loading Brandy and Jenny in to the ambulance. The other woman had been checked out and one of the other workers had taken her to the hospital all ready. Jake was on his cell phone calling his wife Jenna, tears clouded his eyes and his voice was thickened with the unshed tears.

The ambulance left for the hospital which was only 4 miles from the worksite. Rowan and Jake were about to get in her truck when the keys were taken out of her hand. About ready to go ballistic on the person keeping her from leaving she looked down in to the same golden brown eyes of the woman who had helped her earlier.

"Get in I'm driving."

Hours later the three of them sat, still waiting for news from the doctors about Brandy and Jenny. The other woman had been released with only minor cuts and bruises. Rowan paced the floor like a caged animal, stopping mid stride when anyone in a white coat or scrubs came in to view. Her nerves were shot to hell she wanted to tear the place apart until someone would tell her something.

Jake and his wife sat holding hands, fear showed on their faces of the unknown.

The smaller woman who had drove them to the hospital sat over in the corner in a chair with her knees drawn up under her chin with her arms wrapped around her legs. Her gold eyes watched Rowan pace, she looked like she was watching a tennis match. He stoic features relaxed when Jennie came down the hall towards them. Rowan froze where she stood when Jennie stepped up to her.

"I want to thank you for what you did." Her hazel eyes filled with unshed tears held shimmering blue orbs. "If it wasn't for you and Brandy I know that I would have been hurt far worse than I was when we fell, she threw herself over me, I don't know why but I will never be able to thank her enough."

Rowan placed her hands on Jenny's shoulders. "How is she, they won't let me back there." After a deep breath to calm herself she tried to go on. "I can't...."

Jenny clasped her forearms. "She's ok, It'll be just a little longer."

Rowan nodded her head and went back to her pacing. Jake and his wife hugged their daughter to them, tears of relief flooded all their eyes. Rowan watched the small stoic woman standing in the corner wondering why she was just standing there. Her answer came when she watched her and Jenny embrace. Jake and Jenna glanced at them embarrassment showed clearly on their faces at the display of feelings between the two women as they shared a gentle kiss. Rowan knew she would have to have a much needed talk with Jake about his daughters life style.

Jenny walked up to Rowan hand in hand with her stoic girlfriend.

"Rowan, This is my wife Tonya you'll have to excuse her for not introducing herself, we just have a very hard time with people after they find out about us, my parents included, they feel uneasy with us around." Holding out her hand Rowan told them it was no problem and that she understood. She was alone in the waiting room and still no word of any kind about her lover. Brandy was throwing a fit at the Doctor and Nurse. "I don't give a fuck about hospital policy! I want her in here now!"

"Now Ms Chancellor calm down, we can't have non-related persons back here."

Brandy's face was a bright red, her green eyes flashing one blonde eyebrow raised along with the corner of her mouth. "Then you leave me no choice!" She screamed Rowan's name at the top of her lungs and loud enough to raise the dead in the morgue. Rowan's heart stopped and before it could beat again she was sprinting down the hall, she heard a commotion up ahead of her, coming to a sliding halt at one of the exam rooms she leaned against the door frame.

"You called?" The doctor and Nurse turned to see six foot of tall dark menace with silvery flashing eyes glaring at them.

"Either you let me out of here or I'll turn my wife loose on you!"

Rowan cocked her eyebrow at the term Brandy used to describe her. "But Ms Chancellor you have a concussion and I advise." The Doctor was cut off. "Advise this!" Brandy flipped him off and gave him a big smile to go with it. "And you have no idea who your are dealing with, RJ!" Pleading green eyes looked to her, Rowan walked in to the room with a feral look on her face. "Doctor, you have no idea how much money I give to this hospital every year? I can find other places who would be more than happy for the Sherwood Organizations Funds!" Both the Doctor and Nurse's eyes bulged with the dropping of their jaws at the moment the name hit a chord in their tiny little brains.

"Of course my mistake Ms Sherwood, it'll be just a moment!" Once outside Rowan pulled Brandy in to her arms kissing the crown of her golden head, that was tucked under her chin. Pulling slightly away she caressed the bruised cheek as she looked in to the black ringed eyes. Brandy's nose was swollen at the bridge, dark bruising ran across it to lay under each eye. Pushing her bangs away Rowan kissed her forehead below the sutures that showed black against her pale skin.

"I look like a raccoon huh?" She asked.

Pressing a soft kiss to her lips Rowan gave a small laugh. "I like raccoons, especially their talented little paws."

"Oh I have talents you would not believe, so how about we get out of here so I can show you, that is after you feed me, I'm starving! My stomach is getting louder than the pounding in my head."

Rowan woke to the sound of groaning in her ear. "You ok?" Concern laced her voice. "My nose hurts along with everything else, who got my red shoes when the house fell on me?" Rowan chuckled at her lovers thinking. "I don't remember any house falling on any munchkins and Dorothy better be able to kick my ass if she wants my red shoes!"

"That's funny, now I'm a munchkin huh?"

"Yes but your my munchkin." She hugged her lover nuzzling her neck. "Why did you tell the Doctor last night I was your wife?" She asked while holding her breath, she hoped that her feelings were shared.

Brandy raised up on to her elbow and tried to focus with swollen blurry eyes. "Because that's how I think of you, is that all right, I mean if you..." Her words were stopped by a finger being placed against her lips.

"There is nothing I want more for us than to be that to each other, you have my heart and soul!" She slipped her pinky ring off and slipped it onto Brandy's finger. It was silver and gold entwined together to make a series of Celtic knots. Brandy looked down at her finger, tears clouded her eyes. "That ring has been handed down from mother to daughter from what I have been told for centuries, If you want I can get you another one."

"No." kissing her softly Brandy rubbed her fingers across Rowans lips before she captured them in a kiss that showed all the love in her heart. Pulling back she whispered in a deepened voice. "It feels right, like it was made for me, does that sound weird?"

"No not at all, I love you Brandy."

"I love you to."

Brandy took on a pensive stare, for moments she was silent. "You know I always looked for my tree in the forest, little did I know that the one I would give my heart to was named after one." Smiling in her impish way that caused her nose to wrinkle. "Even your last name suggests trees."

Rowan rolled her eyes. "Don't remind me, I went through hell in school because of it!"

"Did the guys want to play in Sherwood's forest and see if they could shake the Rowan tree?" Brandy asked with a devilish glint in her eyes. "Oh yeah. and then they found out that this forest can kick ass and no man can shake the Rowan tree!"

"But I can fell the whole forest can't I?"

"In more ways than one."

That day was spent with neither one of them leaving the warmth of the others embrace for very long. Building inspector swarmed all over the site, all construction was called to a halt until they were done. Rowan continued to pay her workers even though they weren't working, she knew they all had families to take care of and the loss of money would hurt them. The reports came in the next day from the inspectors office, Brandy heard the roar all the way to her house, by the time she got outside Rowan was already in her truck. Brandy ran up to the open window and reached inside to grab a thick forearm.

"Rowan wait!"

Silvery blue eyes pierced her, the cold rage sending chills up her spine. A deep growl rose from deep in Rowans chest escaping through clenched teeth. "Rowan!" Small hands cupped her face pulling her head down to warm loving eyes that had a way of melting the coldness, her dark head was pulled further down to feel soft lips touch hers. Murmuring against her lips Brandy spoke to her. "Together for ever." Before she knew it Brandy was climbing through the window and crawling on to her lap where she straddled her thighs.

"I'm going with you and like it or not your gonna tell me what is wrong!"

Defeated by a munchkin, oh all right!" Pinching her on her rear. "You win!" Brandy moved over after giving her a quick kiss and a grin. On the way she read the report she had found laying on the seat. "What the fuck!" Flames leapt to green eyes her cheeks turning red with anger. "Their saying that the site was sabotaged? The supplies were inferior and the roofing materials were not up to code?"

"That's what were going to find out."

They walked through the wreckage of the house with the collapsed roof.

"Motherfuckingcocksuckingsorrysonofabitch!"

Brandy flinched at her lovers rolling cuss words, joining her she seen what she was looking at. "It looks like someone used a chainsaw to me?" She replied.

"Exactly, enough of them to make it collapse from weight!" Standing up Rowan brushed her hands off. "Enough damage has been done around here to put us behind schedule and make us look bad if word gets out!"

"Who would do this?" Brandy braced her hands on her hips looking around at the uncompleted houses, her one brow raised, tilting her head to one side she looked to her lover. "The ex-foreman Davidson?"

Rowan pulled her cell phone out of her pocket, as soon as someone answered on the other end Brandy had to put her fingers in her ears to save her ear drums from the screaming.

"I don't give a fuck! I want them on my desk by noon!"

Small hands covered her lovers hands which were shaking so bad that she almost dropped the phone. The rage in her eyes could out match Medusa's.

"What are we going to do next?" Green eyes tried capturing the changing blue of her lovers, her jaws were clenched so tight that her molars were grinding making an awful noise. Brandy felt like she was watching a volcano getting ready to erupt. Not knowing what else to do she circled Rowans neck then wrapped her legs around her waist, pulling their bodies close together. Burying her face against the warm skin of her lovers neck she held on tight until she felt arms come around her back and a hand start to caress her hair. Mumbling Brandy told her they would get the ones who were responsible for the damage. Rowan didn't know what to do, she had never had anyone willing to stand by her like Brandy and it scared her. "I don't want you to get involved in this, it's going to be dangerous!"

Brandy pulled back and came nose to nose with her, love and determination showed in her eyes. "Just stop, I choose to be with you no matter what and if it gets dangerous I refuse to sit at home and worry my head off about you being out there all alone!"

She leaned forward and gave Brandy a gentle kiss that soon deepened washing away all her doubts. They sat in Rowans office at home with papers all over the floor and on every available surface. Tall dark and snoring laid on her back with one leg on her desk chair the other bent at the knee with a little blonde using it as a backrest and her socked foot as a seat. With a file folder teepeed over her face Rowan's light snores did not go unnoticed.

"Asshole!"

"You called?"

Brandy turned her head the left eyebrow cocked. "Excuse me?"

"You said asshole, whadya need?"

"Look at this, this guys a fucking liar!" She laid the papers on her lovers chest and rubbed her strained eyes trying not to hit her still swollen and sore nose.

"You found it!"

Before she could do a thing Rowan moved her leg causing Brandy to fall backwards to end up with her head laying on her stomach. "What?" Rowan reached over and grabbed an application off the floor and held them side by side in front of Brandy.

Different names same SSN.

David Jackson Jack Davidson.

"Oh, well that's not what I was talking about." Pointing to the area where it listed prior jobs and reasons for leaving it read.

Chancellor Construction Asst. Foreman better pay

"This asshole David Jackson, my dad fired him for stealing from the worksites and doing the exact same thing he was doing to you! Gods I'm dense why didn't I recognize him? After all my Dads bitching about him, I remember when he found out about it, oh was he pissed, then word got out to everyone and within a years time my dad had to sell the business or loose everything including our house."

"I know." Rowans downcast eyes showed of pain. "How do know?" She asked.

"Because I bought his company, I'm sorry Brandy I should have made the connection."

Brandy moved to her knees and tilted her lovers face up to hers and spoke softly. "Don't be, there's nothing to be sorry about, if not for you we would have been homeless and some of that money put me through college. I feel stupid because I didn't see it." A low growl rumbled in her chest. "No wonder I got all the shit jobs, that mother fucker knew who I was!"

Two weeks later all the proof was brought together and charges were brought against Davidson, and to make sure his son didn't feel left out Brandy brought charges against him and his father for sexual harassment, destruction of personal property and defamation of character.

A pensive look danced in Rowan's eyes, her bottom lip was being worried by her top teeth while she sat on her swing with Hecate at her feet. Her past came back to haunt her of all the wrong she had done, the under bidding for contracts, buying favors from politicians to get zoning rights,



buying up smaller companies that she had destroyed by her under bidding to take out the competition and all this for the hunger of power. And what did it bring her, A loss of one life by death and many others by loss of their livelihoods. And after 3 yrs of punishing herself she has a second chance to set things right. And someone tries to take it all away again. Never again, she will die trying to protect what is hers. Plans formulate in her head. Brandy may not like it but she'll just have to get use to it.

After hours of love making the two exhausted women lay in each others arms. Rowan had been trying to breach her plans all day but with getting everything up and running once again at the worksite and firing Davidsons coconspirators she hadn't had time to talk to Brandy and discuss it. No she thought to herself your just a chickenshit and your afraid of what she's going to say, so just do it and see what happens.

"Brandy I'm relieving you of your position." A mumbled "Ok" came from the little blonde laying on her chest, a smile formed on Rowan's face. "That was easy!" She thought to herself. "What, your firing me!" She was on her knees straddling her lovers hips, her hands were on either side of her head. "I can't believe your doing this!" Fire shot from her eyes. "Why what did I do!"

"Easy Baby, let me finish, actually I can show you." She pulled out a bunch of papers from under her pillow and handed them to her.

"These are contract papers."

"Yeah, for our new architect company and a full partnership in the construction company, that is if you want to?"

Tears flowed down her cheeks dripping onto Rowans chest. "There's one more thing though." She ran her hands up Brandy's muscular thighs. "I want you to move in with me completely and make this our home and will you marry me?" She was answered with a passionate kiss to rival all others.

Something's changed others didn't, the debate was over as to who's bed they would use, Rowans waterbed won by a longshot while the domain of the kitchen became Brandy's, no more nuckerfood or char grilled cheese sandwiches. They had just come back from the grocery store so they could fill the empty cabinets with real food when Brandy went back outside to get the bag of catfood when she saw The Pig standing on her doorstep pounding on her door. She tried to sneak away but was stopped by a warm body in her way. Blue eyes narrowed at the disgusting little dweeb. "Time to get rid of The Pig for good!" All that she could think of was that Rowan was going to kill he Pig and have a BBQ for Hecate. Her timing was perfect, just as he turned Rowan dipped her head and gave her lover a knee buckling breath stealing kiss, picking her up she put her on the open tailgate of her truck, her hands found their way under her T-shirt to fondle her breasts. The Pigs jaw dropped open and his feet stuck to the ground as he watched his dream woman being kissed and fondled by that huge amazon bitch. He was about to put an end to it thinking Brandy needed saved when he heard her voice.

"I need to feel your skin now!" Then the tearing of material as Rowan's shirt was being torn to shreds right before his very eyes, he couldn't believe it his women sucking on the amazon's tits! Rowan dead at him with laser blue eyes, all she said was "She's mine!" In a very deep voice then raised her wife's hand to show him the gold and silver wedding ring on her finger.

"But Latisha's free!" That was all it took to send him home in a blur. They made it as far as the front yard before they tumbled to the grass laughing which then turned in to peace shattering climatic screams of ecstasy. They were surprised at where you could get grass stains. They turned the loft in to their designing room with two drafting tables facing each other, a huge antique desk with a computer desk to make the work area in the shape of an L, a computer with everything they would need and since Rowan hated answering phones he hired the perfect secretary, Latisha. Clients were surprised by his apparel when they met him in person. word got around and pretty soon they had more work than they had time for. Then the phone call came from the lawyers office.

"The Davidsons didn't show up for their trial hearing and when the sheriff went to their house he found an empty box of 38 shells and a box that once had road flares in it in the driveway. Rowan called Jake and told him to get the amazons, the name Brandy gave to the female crew out to the site and she would meet him there.

"Stay here, I think their gonna torch the worksite, I'll leave Hecate here with you, if they show up turn her loose she'll protect you."

When Rowan got to the worksite Jake was in the office with Jen. Checking in with him, she went back to her truck for her cell phone. The amazons were armed with what ever they had in their trucks or what they picked up at the site. Hours went by with no sight of them or any trouble. Rowan was restless, she paced the floor in the trailer driving Jake nuts.

"Rowan go home if any thing happens I'll call you."

Glass shattered and bullets ricocheted though the office, Brandy hit the floor at the first sound, pulling the phone off the desk she found no dial tone, then the lights went out leaving her in total darkness. She could hear them downstairs tearing the place apart by bullets. Terror tore through her chest. Rowan was just pulling on to Rt9 when a sharp pain pierced her chest, bending over the steering wheel she clutched her chest and gasped for air. She tried to take deep breaths to keep focused, not caring that she could be having a heart attack all that mattered was getting home to Brandy. sweat soaked her shirt and hair a cold clamminess settled over her body. She was 10 minutes from Brandy but she didn't think she could make it.

Brandy was huddled against the far corner near the door to the deck, taking a chance she peaked around the edge of the wall, she could see dark figures carrying what looked like gas cans. The smell of gasoline reached her nose. "I'm gonna die here if I don't get out!" There was only two ways out, either she took her chance and jumped from the upper deck and risk getting two broken legs or she take her chances and try to go down the stairs and out one of the doors without being seen. She screamed from within for her lover, not knowing if she would look in to those blue eyes ever again.

Hecate was going nuts the pit bull sensed something was wrong, she ran from door to door trying to get out. The youngest Davidson was laughing as he threw gasoline all over the side of Rowan's house. "Teach you you fucking cunt, you didn't learn the first time I burned your house down!" He had the flare in his hand and the gas can in the other, holding the can up so he could pour it on the back door he felt something hit him full force in the chest knocking him down on the gasoline soaked deck, the gas can emptied all over his chest soaking him further. He got up halfway when he heard a low growling coming from in front of him. Backing up all the way to the rail he stuck the uncovered flare in his back pocket and reached for the 38 he had in a shoulder holster. Seeing the flash of teeth coming at him he fired and heard a yelp then nothing. Putting the 38 away he never seen the blur lunge at him only the sharp pain in his groin alerted him that he was in trouble. He screamed and struggled trying to get the pit bull off of him, when she let go he felt himself falling over the rail, he landed on his back on the flagstone walkway igniting the flare in his pocket, within seconds he was engulfed in flames and running through the yard like a human torch to finally collapse in the grass.

Rowan was weaving all over the road, she miss judged a turn in the road and went off in to the gravel burn, jerking the wheel she pulled herself out of a slide then to a shuddering stop. Brandy was halfway down the stairs when she seen movements in the kitchen, the smell of gasoline was overpowering in the living room, she sprinted towards the front door. Davidson seen her blonde hair at the last second, he fired twice at her as she went out the door, the bullets lodged in the frame. Brandy tucked and rolled at the sound of the first shot, getting up she slammed in to the side of her truck with her knee, stars shot before her eyes. Crawling away she managed to get to her feet. Davidson was out the door, he saw her heading towards a small shed at the side of the house, 2 more shots rang out and missed her.

Rowan hit the last turn coming up the road to fast, the back end of the truck slid off the road and down in to the ditch, she tried putting it in to 4 wheel drive but it was useless it wasn't coming out. Jumping out of her truck she cut through the woods towards home. Brandy fell from the pain in her knee, laying on her side she gasped for air trying to clear the fog from her vision. Davidson loomed over her the shining of the 38 in his hand. "I guess I get to kill another one of her Bitches!" Brandy stared up at him in confusion. That Kathy was a real screamer to, the dyke begged when me and my boy gang banged her but I don't have time tonight, so I'll just put a bullet between those green eyes of yours!" He pulled the hammer back and started to aim, a low growl and a blood curdling yell came from all around him. Rowan spotted the dark figures at the side of the shed then a flash of metal sent a bolt of rage through her, she heard the click and knew she would never make it in time.

Davidson spun at the shape coming at him before he could level the 38 he felt his arm being crushed in strong jaws, the gun went off sending the bullet at Brandy. Rowan heard her lover groan right after the shot rang out. She lunged at Davidson her body taking him down, she rolled clear of him and as she got up she heard his screams, they sent chills up her spine. She watched Hecate tear his throat out.

She pulled Brandy into her arms her tears dripped on to her lovers face.

"Your getting me wet." Brandy's voice reach her ears her breathing stopped as she looked down in to her lovers face, her tears changed from those of grief to ones of happiness.

"I thought I'd lost you!"

Brandy kissed her trembling lips. "I'm not going any where." she groaned. "except to the hospital."

Fear hit Rowan again. "Are you hit?"

"No but my knee cap is laying over there by my truck somewhere. Where's Hecate?"

Rowan looked over to see her dog standing on Davidsons chest, daring his corpse to move. Brandy followed her eyes. "Is he?"

"Yeah, Hecate took care of him, come here girl." The pit bull hopped to her mistress holding her rear leg in the air. "Rowan she's hurt!"

Rowan carried Brandy towards their house with Hecate hopping behind, before she got to the gate flashing lights and sirens came towards her along with a whole line of trucks. One sheriff ran to the back yard wit a fire extinguisher and the other came towards Rowan as she was laying Brandy on the gurney. Seeing who it was the sheriff told her he would get her statement in the morning and not to worry he would take care of everything.

Jenny and Tonya ran up to their friends, Jenny was the first to ask if they were all right and what happened, between the two of them she learned the story. They learned that one of the amazons is attached to here scanner and that was how they knew there was trouble at their house. After Brandy and Hecate were released from the hospital that night. One in a full leg brace the other with half a dozen sutures in her hip from a bullet. Rowan was about to call a cab when her truck pulled up outside the hospital doors, Tonya jumped out and came up to them. "We pulled it out for you, and I'll warn ya there's an amazon cleaning party on the mountain, your house is ok but the office is a mess and is going to need lots of work and Latisha is pissed!!"

Brandy covered her eyes. "Oh shit the dragon Queen is loose, he hasn't killed anyone yet has he?"

"Well, not yet but I think Jake is at the top of his list?"

Rowan gave her the keys back, "Tonya you drive, I'm in no shape."

"Guys did the Vet fix Hecate up?"

Brandy laughed at the grin on her lovers face. "Nope she had the bed next to Brandy." Tonya just shook her head.

The sheriff showed up the next afternoon having taken their statements that morning to let them know that the case was closed and that no charges would be brought against her for Hecate Killing the two men. And also to let her know that the case from 3 yrs ago was being closed. Brandy was in the dark about the previous case so Rowan told the story about her lover being burned alive in their house and that she had blamed herself because she had gotten home late that night and to late to save her. the police never found out who set the fire and if not for Davidson confession to Brandy it would still be a mystery.

"Did you love her?" Brandy asked fearing that there would always be pain where Kathy was held in Rowans heart. Cupping her lovers face in her hands she looked deeply into her eyes. "Yes I loved her for a long time, I thought I was in love with her until I met someone else." rowans eyes changed to a deep blue "I fell in love with you the first time you stepped on this mountain. and that will never change!" Coming together they kissed with a new kind of passion one from deep in their souls. After hours of love making Rowan was at the sink filling the coffee pot while Brandy sat at the table with her eyes closed and her splinted leg on the table.

"So that's what one of those looks like, I always wondered!" Latisha stood in the doorway. "And it's shaved to!"

"And it's mine!" Rowan tossed over her shoulder.

"You know girls." He sat down in a chair next to a brilliant red Brandy. "There's such a thing as cloths!"

"We know but we prefer each other naked." Replied Brandy. "Plus this saves time."

Later that day all the workers showed up with their trucks filled with supplies, you name it they had it, and of course a couple of cases of beer. It was like an old fashion barn raising. With everyone working on the repairs Latisha decided to do a BBQ for them, with two grills set up she sent Jenny and Tonya to the store to pick up some stuff. The Queen was in his element, entertaining.

Latisha found Jake inside supervising the work and he just about jumped out of his boots when Latisha whispered in his ear from behind him.

"I've been looking for a real man."

He slithered up his back, the older mans face showed fear, his eyes wide, mouth set in a grimace, he leapt forward and spun around to face Latisha.

"I ahhh well...oh shit!" He stuttered as he looked for an escape route but L. would not be denied, with his hands behind his back he swaggered forward to trap the little man against the wall. His voice low sultry and teasing.

"How good are you with weenies?"

Jake's face went pale especially since all the amazons were now watching them, his mouth opened but nothing came out. Latisha was having the time of his life.

"Because I have a big one and it's all for you!"

He whipped out from behind his back a big polish sausage, tongs and a chiefs hat and apron. Jake was dumbfounded.

"Now big boy better get cooking before the Queen does." He spun on his toes and flung his arms in the air to wave over his head and started singing.

"Well, there was a time when they use to say, behind every great man that had to be a great woman. He sang gyrating his hips all the way outside. Jake stood behind the grill flipping the food with a dayglo apron on that had the saying. "Some like them long!" across the front with a picture of a foot long hot dog in a bun below it. After everyone had eaten what Brandy was generous enough to leave them, they now sat all around the front yard on make shift chairs. Jake and Jenna sat together in lawn chairs that Jenna had brought with her, she was teasing him about his apron when the music changed from country to none other than he Virgin herself Madonna. Latisha made his entrance dressed in leather, his biker hat tilted rakishly over one eye and covering long blonde hair. With a whip in hand he made his way through the amazons singing Like a Virgin on his way to his victim Jake. Dropping his bull whip around Jake's neck he sat down in his lap facing him.

"With your heat beat next to mine!"

Jake's face was buried in Latisha's leather bodice where he couldn't get free from L's grasp. He sang the last chords and looked to Jenna with a bright smile on his face, she had tears of laughter running down her face and Jake was bright red with embarrassment. Latisha leaned over and gave Jake a big kiss on top of his bald head.

"How'd ya like your first lap dance big boy?"

He then kissed Jenna's hand and got up to go inside, one of his best performances was done that night on the Harpers Ferry Mountain. By the end of the day the house was done and Jake and Latisha were sitting together with their arms across each others shoulders laughing like old friends. Jenny, Tonya, Brandy and Rowan sat together under a tree. Brandy was cuddled up in her lovers arms with her head resting against her chest, and Jenny sat the same way against Tonya. Rowan spoke softly to the three women.

"Sometimes it only takes one person to change the way others think and feel and I know Latisha has done that with your parents Jenny. I should know but it was a little blonde who did that for me." As she looked down in to sea green eyes with all the love in her heart showing from her blue eyes. Hugging Brandy to her she kissed the top of her head. "I love you Brandy." Cuddling further in to her lovers chest Brandy mummer. "I love you to Rowan." Jenny and Tonya looked over at Jenny's parents and Latisha and knew what Rowan said was true.

The end

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