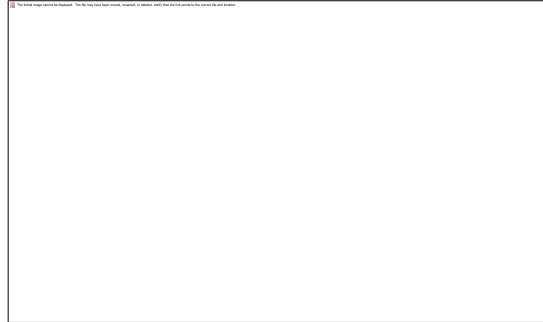


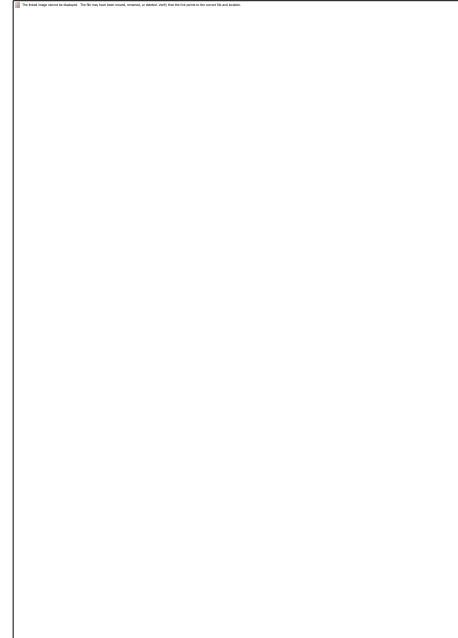
~ Crash Course ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Yeahyeahyeah, we all know and if we don't by now somethin's wrong! Other alerts: Diaper Brigade go away until ya wear those pull-ups, but they gotta have Spiderman on them before ya can access this FF. Everything else is my normal

stuff and ifin ya don't like how my peoples speak, go read Hemingway!



Crash Course

By Larisa

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The road opened up before Largo Coogan, her long dark hair flew out the window of her truck and whipped back into her pale blue eyes. It was her first weekend off in weeks and she planned on spending it fishing at the Shenandoah River. Turning down a back road that would put her a short distance from the cabin she had bought years earlier, she slowed and pulled to the side to let a Department of Highways go past with their brush hog. She watched in her side view mirror as they moved further down the field, turned onto the hard-topped road, and disappeared from sight. Shifting her truck into first gear, she pulled back onto the road and took another side road that would take her to her cabin. Just as she made the bend, she caught a flash of yellow and then felt the impact when what ever it was hit her head on.

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Garrison Dexter looked down at her watch and swore under her breath, she had just under an hour to make it home and get cleaned up for her date. She had been dating Vanna for the last month and this would be the first time that they went away together for a weekend. She was a

little nervous about the idea; they hadn't slept together only fooled around a little. She wasn't ready for a commitment but thought that becoming more intimate wouldn't hurt. If truth be known, she wasn't the touchy feely kind and wasn't all that concerned with sex. It was nice but not the entire reason to be with someone. She wanted to connect on a deeper level, one of the mind and soul, with Vanna; she didn't think that was possible. The woman was a blonde and most of the time she made no sense what's so ever, Garrison just smiled and nodded her head at what ever Vanna said to her.

"You could buy a parrot and have a more intellectual conversation and a vibrator for needy times." Picking up the weed whacker and putting it into the back of the DOH truck, she ran around and crawled up into the cab. Turning the engine over of the large work truck, she shifted it into gear and pulled out from beside the river. She looked to her watch again and saw that time had slipped by during her daydream, hitting the gas pedal; she whipped the steering wheel to the left and felt the impact before it happened. She slammed into the steering wheel, felt the small squares of windshield glass rain down on her and then the sound of tearing metal.

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Largo sat up from where she was sprawled in her truck, she winced at the pain in her chest and wiped at the warm trickle running down the side of her face. Blinking her eyes, she saw that she was not across the seat but lying on the ceiling of her truck. Groaning with each movement or breath, she pulled herself out of the window and onto the ground. Flipping over onto her back, she moved each limb and determined that nothing was broken. What confused her was what she had hit or hit her; she turned her head and saw the tangled yellow of a DOH truck. "Son of a bitch." She mumbled and crawled her way to the tangled metal, pulling herself up to the window, she saw a small body crumbled on the floor. "Hey...can you hear me?" She moved closer and reached through the window to touch short messy blonde hair. "Ohh please don't be dead, I don't need this right now or ever." Crawling halfway through, she grabbed the back of a worn Levi jacket and pulled the small body out of the truck. Hurting like Hell, she rolled them away from the truck and lay gasping with the smaller body resting on top of her.

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A low moan and then green eyes blinked open to a fierce pounding behind them; Garrison lifted her head a little and felt the world tilt sideways, quickly closing her eyes, she fought back the nausea that threatened her. She had no idea where she was or what happened to her, opening her eyes slower, she saw light blue in front of her and felt the softness beneath her aching body. Pushing up onto one hand, she blinked her eyes until her vision cleared. Moving off to the side, she looked down into the face of a Goddess. Using her other hand, she wiped the blood from a high cheekbone and watched as eyes fluttered open and looked up at her.

"Since you're alive, that means I can kill you now." Largo growled in a raspy voice.

"Excuse me," She blinked her eyes, shook her head and moaned from the pain. "Why would you want to kill me, I didn't do..." She followed a long finger to the two mangled trucks and groaned. "You hit me I didn't hit you!"

Largo sat up and grabbed her neck and forehead. "Bullshit, I was just turning the bend when you plowed me." She pointed to where her truck lay upside down and off to the side. "See how far down your truck is and where my truck is...totally mangled!"

Green eyes narrowed to take in what the dark woman was saying, she shook her head and pointed to where there was blue paint on the hood of her yellow truck. "Nah ahhh, you tried to run over the top of me!" Largo fell back on the ground and cursed under her breath, pulling out her wallet, she flipped it open and flashed a gold badge.

"The Hell I did and if you push me much further, I'll crawl over to my truck, get my gun and shot you!"

"Ohh shit...I hit a cop!" She struggled to her feet and immediately collapsed to her knees. "I don't feel so good..." She spun around and lost what little bit of food was in her stomach. "I'm dying..." She heaved again and felt arms wrap around her stomach to support her. "This isn't good..." Largo felt her slump in her arms and then her head fell forward.

"For once you're right." She moved so that she could swing her up into her arms, grunted and got to her feet. "Now what do I do?" She looked at their trucks and knew it was too far to walk to the road and the chances of someone coming by were slim. The sun was starting to set and she was feeling weaker by the moment. "Guess it's my cabin...shit my keys." She wandered back over to her truck, placed Garrison down on the ground and reached through the window for her keys. Exhausted and hurting more than she thought possible, she picked Garrison up and stumbled in the direction of her cabin.

It was dark when she finally stumbled up on the small porch and fell against the door. Working her keys from her pocket, she fumbled with them and finally got the door unlocked. Searching with her elbow, she hit the inside light on and squinted. "What am I gonna do with you, you're not supposed to be sleeping so now what?" She carried her across the room to her queen size bed and eased her down. Giving up on anything else, she crawled up beside the smaller woman and fell asleep.

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Garrison moaned and rolled over into a warm body, she reached out, felt around, and realized that it was not Vanna's body lying next to her. It was someone who was much bigger and taller than either one of them. Crawling off the bed, she fumbled around until she found a lamp on the bedside table. Flipping it on, she looked down at the sleeping form of the tall cop. Remembering that she had tossed her cookies and that her mouth tasted like something died in it, she searched for a bathroom to solve that problem. She searched through the drawers and cabinet until she found a new toothbrush and toothpaste. With her teeth brushed and face washed of the dirt and grime, she pulled her shirt up to see an ugly bruise on her ribs. She could only imagine the other places that were different colors and wondered about the cop. "I might as well not even bother calling Vanna; she kissed me off after not showing up...again." Going back into the other living area, she looked around at the dust covers on the furniture. "I wonder who this place belongs to."

"It's mine," Largo said from where she was sitting on the edge of the bed. "I was coming up here to do some fishing." She stood up and grabbed her chest in agony. "I never thought I'd be in an accident on my first free weekend in months."

"Well, I never thought I'd wake up in bed next to a cop either." Garrison moved closer to her and looked at her closely. "We need to get out of here, see doctors and report the accident."

"I'm not going anywhere, I came here to fish and that's what I'm gonna do if it kills me."

"It just might, you have one Hell of a cut above your eyebrow. You need stitches and I need my ribs wrapped, I think a few got cracked." She dropped down on the bed and ran her fingers through her hair. "I am in so much trouble, first I wreck a county truck and then I miss my date. Vanna's probably picked up a new girlfriend and I can kiss my future sex life goodbye."

Largo snorted and gently pressed fingertips to her eyebrow. "Who needs sex, fishing is more thrilling." She went into the bathroom and looked into the mirror over the sink, wetting a washrag she pulled from the drawer; she cleaned her face and looked closer at the cut. "It's not so bad, a few butterflies and I'll be ready to tackle some catfish in the morning." She pulled the first aid kit from under the sink, grabbed what she needed and went to work on her injuries. When she was finished, she pulled off her t-shirt, kicked off her boots and dropped her filthy Levis. Wandering back out into the cabin, she headed for her bed. "There's nothing we can do until morning, get some sleep and we'll figure out what to do then."

Green eyes narrowed, Garrison walked over to the bed and looked down at the half-naked cop. "So you're just going to go to sleep," She felt her anger rising when Largo nodded her head and closed her eyes. "I don't even think so and who are you anyway?"

"Yes I am and its Lt. Largo Coogan, now stop yapping and get some sleep."

"Where am I supposed to sleep, I'm not sleeping with you again."

"Suit yourself, but I'm sleeping in my nice comfortable bed." She rolled over and pulled a pillow to her chest. Garrison grabbed her head and cussed to herself.

"This is a payback of some kind; I'm stranded with a cop who could give a shit." She took off her boots and Levis and looked around at the couch across the room. She walked over to it and lifted the dust cover off to see a fine layer of dust on the cushions. "I am not sleeping on that..." She looked back over to where Largo was and sighed. "What the Hell, at least I can be comfortable for a few hours." She went back over and crawled on to the bed to hug the edge. She grabbed onto the edge when she felt the bed bounce beneath her and struggled when long arms pulled her against a warm body. She was about to yell at Largo and then heard a deep snore and warm breath wash across her neck. "Ohh great, I'm in bed with an octopus." She tucked one hand beneath her chin and gripped the much larger hand of the cop with her other. She had to admit, it felt good to be held by someone even though it was a total stranger.

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Garrison woke to the smell of bacon cooking and fresh coffee, she rolled over and looked to the small kitchen to see Largo pulling plates from the drainer and filling them with food. Easing from the bed, she swung her legs over the side and groaned. She felt like her truck had run her over a few times before stopping. Grabbing her sore ribs, she got up and shuffled towards the small breakfast nook by a large window.

"How are you feeling?" Largo asked as she set a plate and cup of coffee before her.

"Like shit, that's how." She took a sip of the hot coffee and looked into the palest blue eyes she had ever seen. "My names Garrison Dexter by the way and how are you feeling?"

A small grin came to her face when she sat down across from Garrison with her own plate and coffee. "I've felt better, but never slept better than I did last night." She winked at a blushing Garrison and started in on her eggs.

"There has got to be something wrong with you, your truck is smashed, you're beat ta Hell and you act like nothings wrong."

"It's a beautiful morning, the rivers calm and I hear the fish calling my name."

Garrison rolled her eyes and shook her head. "Is that all you think about is fishing, what about getting help out here?"

Largo lifted a hand in the air, waved and yelled, "Help!" She grinned and went back to eating her breakfast.

"That really did something; I guess it's left up to me to get wreckers out here and to contact the police. Do you have a phone here?" She looked around the small kitchen and didn't see one.

"Nope hate the things."

"What about a cell phone?"

"Nope hate the things."

"Just great, is there anything you like?" She knew it was a mistake when she saw a wicked grin cross the cops face. "Let me guess, fishing!"

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Garrison walked out of the cabin after dressing and started off down the dirt road to where her truck was; she could use the radio and call the shop. Hopefully, there was someone around to answer her and send out a wrecker. As she walked, she looked over to the riverbank and caught sight of Largo up to her hips in the water and casting her fishing line out. "She's insane, worse than a football fan during the Super bowl play offs." She trudged down to the mangled trucks and felt fear at the sight. "My God, we could have been hurt worse or even killed!" She looked

closely at each truck and felt tears fill her eyes. "It was my fault, I could have killed her." She dropped to the ground, rested her head on her knees and felt the sobs over take her. She didn't know how long she sat there crying, she looked up when she felt arms wrap around her from behind and saw that the sun was high above. "It was my fault, I could have killed you." She started to sob all over again, turned and pressed her face into Largo's chest.

"Forget about it, it's in the past and we're both alright." She rested her cheek on Garrison's crown and looked out to where she could see the river through the trees. She always found peace here at the river but never completeness like the one she felt now with the small blonde in her arms. Giving her a tight hug, she pulled back a little and wiped the tears from her face. "Let's go back up to the cabin, there's nothing we can do unless we want to walk to the nearest house. I have a duffle bag in my truck and a handheld radio that I can call the office with." She helped Garrison up and then headed over to search for her stuff, seeing how bad her truck was, she knew that Garrison was right. She could have been killed if she had been thrown from the cab, she never wore her seatbelt and that would change immediately. Grabbing what she found, she handed a few shopping bags to Garrison, and carried the rest in her hands. "I brought more food with me, so we don't have to worry about starving." She looked down into misty green eyes and smiled. "Stop worrying about it, we're gonna relax and enjoy the peace and quiet." She walked up ahead of her and then turned back to face her. "Is there someone you need to call, ya know, maybe a family member or something?"

"My mom and my boss, I'm not worried about my girlfriend." She gave Largo a small smile.

"Won't she be worried about you; I mean if I was your girlfriend and you went missing I'd be worried." She dropped her eyes to watch where she was walking to keep her blush from wide green eyes.

"She probably doesn't realize that I'm not with her, she's a ditz." She moved up beside Largo and placed a hand on her arm to stop her. "What about you, is there anyone wondering where you are. I mean I know you came to fish but when your truck gets hauled in, is there anyone who can take you home?"

"I'll have one of the officer's drive me home, good thing I have another vehicle at home."

"I'll call my insurance company once I get back home and they'll take care of your truck. I'm really sorry about everything; I was in a hurry to get home and wasn't paying attention." She felt tears form in her eyes and sniffed them back.

"As of right now, no more guilt over this, I have fresh fish up at the cabin for lunch and we're gonna eat and then relax after I radio in, OK?"

"You're cleaning and cooking them right, I can't cook worth a damn and the fish would look like they went through a shredder if I touched them."

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After they had lunch and cleaned up the dishes, Largo went to where she had placed her radio on the coffee table. She pulled off the dust cover on the couch, used it to wipe the dust off and dropped down onto the overstuffed cushion. Turning the radio on, she clicked the button and heard it crackle. "Anyone copy this radio?" She held it up to her ear and heard a slight buzz, getting up; she went outside and tried again. "This is Lt. Coogan, anyone copy?"

"Go ahead Lt. this is dispatch."

"I need you to send two wreckers from impound out to my cabin and have one of the drivers bring me a cell phone."

"Yes ma'am, I'll call down there right away. Is there anything else you need?"

"Yeah, send me a case of beer; I forgot to bring some with me." She smiled at the radio when the dispatcher snorted. Her obsession with fishing was well known through out the police station and everyone knew not to bother her while she was at her cabin.

"Alrighty then, I'll have the wreckers out in the next five minutes. Have fun Lt. and don't forget my fresh fish or my husband will hunt you down."

"One order of bass and catfish will be on your desk Monday morning. Thanks Sue, I owe ya." She clicked off the radio and went back into the cabin to find Garrison cleaning. "I can do that, you're my guest here."

"Maybe so but you've done all the cooking and caught our lunch." She looked up from where she was dusting the mantle over the fireplace and grinned. "I can't cook but I can clean," She placed the oil lantern back where it came from and approached Largo. "Did you get through to the police station?"

"Yep, the dispatcher is sending out our wreckers and they're bringing a cell phone with them." She sat down on the now cleaner couch thanks to Garrison and looked up at her. "I'm sure you can catch a ride back with them if you want, he can drop you off at home."

Garrison thought for a minute and nodded her head. "I think that would be a good idea, I can call the hot-line for my insurance company and get the ball rolling. And as much as I hate the thought, I can get a hold of my boss and break the bad news to him."

Largo felt her spirits plummet; she had hoped that Garrison would stay the weekend with her. She would love the company and enjoy having someone who wasn't involved with law enforcement to talk to. The officers she worked with couldn't put her rank aside during off duty hours and it irritated her that all they wanted to talk about were the arrests they made. Pulling herself out of her thoughts, she nodded her head at Garrison and got up from the couch. "Let me get you one of my cards so you can contact me."

Garrison followed the tall woman with her eyes and saw that her decision had hurt her in some way. It surprised her that Largo had come here to get away from everything but looked almost depressed that she would be leaving with one of the guys coming for their trucks. Not even Vanna acted this way when she had to leave her company. *"This is interesting; maybe once I get everything done, I can do something for her."* She took the card from Largo and looked at the numbers at the bottom. "You do have a cell phone."

"Yeah but I don't carry it when I come here, if I don't have it, they can't bother me."

"But they're bringing you one."

"I'll leave it here for emergencies; it'll be easier than having the phone company run lines and everything."

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Largo looked up from where she sat on the porch reading a magazine on bass fishing when she heard a horn blowing. Dropping the magazine down, she yelled in to Garrison and then jogged down to where the wreckers were parked. She recognized the dispatcher's husband and raised a hand in greeting. "Hey Buddy, I'll have fish for ya on Monday and I really appreciate it that you guys came out here." The burly man walked up to her and held out his huge hand.

"No problem Lt. I was bored as Hell just sitting at the shop," He took in the trucks and shook his head. "Looks like your truck is totaled and the DOH won't be driven any time soon if at all. Where's the driver?"

"She'll be down in a minute, she needs a ride home, can you do it?"

"Sure no problem," He rubbed his whisker covered chin and tilted his head to the side. "It wouldn't happen to be Garri Dexter would it?"

"My day just crashed and burned!" Garrison said from behind Largo. "You aren't gonna call my mom are ya Uncle Buddy?"

"What's it worth ta ya Garri?" His hazel eyes twinkled down at her and a wicked grin crossed his features.

"How about 20lb of those ribs you like from Red, White and Blue?" She knew her Uncles weakness for the ribs that she got in Hagerstown and from the huge smile and nodding head; she knew she was safe for a while.

Largo shook her head and chuckled. "Between the two of us, they'll be eating good for the next week. I promised your Aunt fresh fish and now you owe them ribs." She took the cell phone and beer from a grinning Buddy and squeezed Garrison's shoulder. "Why didn't you tell me your Aunt was my dispatcher?"

"To be honest, I didn't think about it. Must be from hitting my head, at least I hope so and I didn't have a blonde moment." She missed the feel of warm fingers when Largo moved her hand, and wished that she was staying to get to know the quiet cop. "Well Uncle Buddy, I'll give you guys a hand with the mess I caused and then face the music when I call mom and my boss." She turned to Largo and gave her a tight hug. "Thank you for everything, I'll call you as soon as I hear from my insurance company."

"You can call me anytime and not just for insurance information." She gave her a bright smile, a wink and then walked back up towards her cabin.

"Ohh Garri, what have you done this time?" She turned to see her Uncle starring off after Largo with a strange expression on his face.

"What do you mean and for some reason I don't think it's about smashing into Largo?"

"She doesn't give out her number to anyone and now she just told you to call her."

Garrison looked to see Largo disappear from sight and grinned. "Is that so, then I feel very lucky that she has. Now let's get a move on, your partner there is already done with Largo's truck."

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Largo dropped down onto the couch, propped her feet up on the coffee table and looked out the window to the river. She had never felt as alone as when she came into the cabin after leaving Garrison, she thought it was kind of stupid after knowing the smaller woman only a day. "Maybe you got brain damage from rolling around in your truck?" Closing her eyes, she pressed back into her couch and drifted off to sleep.

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Garrison dropped down onto her ratty old couch, picked up her phone and dialed her boss's number. She knew he was going to blow a gasket, she just hoped his wife was around for when he dropped over from a coronary. She waited for the phone to be answered and sighed when her boss' wife answered.

"Hi it's Garri, is Melvin around?"

"Nope, he went with the guys to watch the horse races. I'll give him a message if you want."

"Ohh Hell...tell him that I wiped out the state truck near the river and it's been towed to the police impound lot."

"How in the Hell did you do that Garri?"

"You know that real bad bend before you get to the blacktop, well, a truck was coming up and I was going down. The worst part is, I hit Largo Coogan..."

"The Lt. for homicide investigations?"

"That would be her, I have to call my insurance and have them go out and see her truck. It's totaled and they are not going to be happy with me, neither is my mom for that matter."

They spoke for a few more minutes before she hung up and called her insurance company and then her mom. She sighed with relief when her insurance man acted like her wrecking two trucks was nothing but she knew he was grinning like a maniac. Her insurance premiums would rise to an astronomical high and the funds could knock the USA out of debt. Her day got even better when she got her mom's answering machine, as quick as she could; she left a short message and hung up. "If I'm not here, then she can't call and bitch at me!" She ran to her bedroom, grabbed a gym bag, filled it with some clothes, got her tackle box and rod and ran out the door to her Ford Ranger. "I hope Largo doesn't mind me showing up and disturbing her peace." She remembered the expression on the tall cops face and knew that it wouldn't be a problem. After stopping off at a small store for beer and chicken livers, she headed back towards Largo's cabin and a weekend of relaxation.

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Largo was on the bank of the river bent over at the waist and peering into the waters depths. She held out a hook baited with chicken livers, and whispered. "Ya'll see this here; it's the best damn livers in West Virginia. I killed the chickens myself and ripped their livers out through their noses." She stood up, wobbled, gently cast her line out into the river, and then sat down to watch it. This was her favorite type of fishing; catching catfish was a thrill to her. The lazy fish would put up one hell of a fight when hooked and were huge beasts. Popping open a beer, she took a long sip and placed it between her outstretched legs. Leaning back against a log, she kept her eyes on the tip of her rod and waited.

"Do you always talk to the river or just when it starts to get dark?" Garrison walked up beside her and put her tackle box and other items down.

"Ya know if ya talks ta them, they'll come." She grinned and held up a beer to Garrison. "I'm glads ya came back, I didn't know ya fished."

"Who doesn't in this area, I usually go down to the dam but I don't like being down there when it gets dark. I brought some more beer and chicken livers." She took a sip of the ice-cold beer and placed it on top of her tackle box. Baiting her hook, she tossed it not far from where Largo's line was and took a seat next to her. "How long have you been out here?"

Largo looked inside the plastic bag next to her and counted five empty beer cans. "Ohh five beers worth of fishin and I ain't caught a one." She slurred and grinned at Garrison.

Garrison lifted an eyebrow and shook her head. "If you fall in the river I'm not going in after you."

"Ahhh why not, I heard that I'm the catch of the county." She cupped her breasts and talked to them. "Ya hear that girls... hopes ya'll ready ta be floatin devices... Garri won't save us."

Garrison snorted and turned her attention back to their rods and saw the tip of Largo's bouncing. "Hey Largo you got a bite!" She watched as Largo sat up, grabbed her rod and jerked it so hard that she fell backwards.

"Is he still there?" She asked from where she laid sprawled out on the ground.

"I don't know how but yeah, it's still on your line." Her mouth dropped open when Largo got up and ran out into the river, she jumped up when she dove under and didn't surface after a few minutes. "Ohh I can't believe you did that!" She looked around, covered her eyes and gave out a string of swear words that could melt an iceberg. "I swear if you're not drowning out there I will kick your ass!" She kicked off her boots and dove into the river. Diving down, she opened her eyes and looked around for Largo, panic set in and she swam out further before running out of air and surfacing. She looked around and yelled when she was grabbed from behind.

"So ya's does think I'm worth savin."

"I should kick your ass Largo, you scared the shit outta me!" She spun in her arms and went nose to nose with her. "You're insane and I should drown you out here."

"Would it make ya feels better if I gots the fish?" She pulled her hand up and wiggled the catfish in front of Garrison. "Looks at its whiskers, ain't they cute?"

"Largo, it's a smelly fish with great big spurs on its face, it's not cute."

Largo tilted her head to the side and shrugged her shoulders. "Do ya's think I'm cute... I gots great tits and a big ole fishin pole." She wiggled her brows and gave Garrison a toothy grin. "Wanna see it?"

"Are you hitting on me Lt?"

"Uuhmmm nope... maybe... so do ya wanna sees my pole?" She picked Garrison up and carried her out of the water, Garrison then realized that they hadn't been in that deep of water and she had been holding onto the tall cop. Largo put her down on the bank, took her hand and led her over to the trees; she dropped the catfish inside a big Coleman cooler and pointed with a weaving finger. "See my big ole pole?" Garrison rolled her eyes; she had been hoping in the darkest area of her mind that by big ole pole she meant something other than a deep-sea fishing rod. "Ohh so I sees that ya was thinking somethin else... gots one... just not with me." She wobbled back over to the log and dropped down onto the ground. "Come on Garri, let's sees if we can catch another fishy." She waved a hand at Garrison's pole and grabbed another beer. "I can taste catfishy nuggets already."

"I'm sure you can with those numb taste buds you have." She went back over and sat down beside a drunken Largo. "Is this how you normally fish, three sheets to the wind?"

"Nopes, was kinda sad when ya lefts." She winked at her in slow motion. "Happy camper nows though, gots a fishin buddy." She baited her hook and cast it back out into the river. "Evens jumps in the dirty ole river afters me." She bumped shoulders with Garrison. "Loves ya man!" Garrison just sat laughing deep inside at how Largo was acting, she had a feeling that no one ever saw this side of the tall cop. "Watch me pole...gotta kills some bushes." She crawled away from Garrison and then pulled her self up by a tree limb; green eyes followed her by the lantern light and rolled when she fell. "Damns bushes gots hands!" Garrison busted out laughing at all the noises coming from Largo in the bushes and then her falling back out from where she had been. "Lots of dead bushes in the mornin." She lay there and sighed. "Deserves it afters they grabs me ass." She rolled over and crawled back over to a still laughing Garrison. "You waits, they get your ass too." She drained her beer and placed the empty can in the bag before opening another one.

After four more beers, Garrison looked towards the bushes and sighed. She got up on unsteady feet and went to the bushes with a roll of her eyes. While out working on roads, she had no choice but to visit the bushes when nature called. Now was different, she never had someone as close by as Largo was. Looking back over her shoulder at Largo who was humming to herself and watching the end of her rod with crossed eyes, she stepped into the bushes. Dropping her wet and clammy Levis, she sighed with relief as her painfully full bladder emptied.

"Kills em good Garri, gots hands and roamin fingers"

"Just what I want, fingers from a bush." She pulled up her Levis and stepped out of the bushes.

"Wants mine," She wiggled her fingers at her and grinned. "Nots usin 'em right now."

"Maybe later, right now I think we should get you back up to the cabin and into bed. All though you and I both could use a shower but you'll fall asleep in there." She reeled in their lines, propped the rods against a tree and picked up their coolers in one hand. "Come on Largo, I'll help you up to the cabin and come back for the other stuff."

"Okey dokey...gonna put me ta bed?" She wrapped an arm around Garrison and pulled her close. "Will ya reads me a dirty story?" She nuzzled Garrison's neck and felt her shiver from the contact. "Or I can tells ya one insteads."

"Ohh I just bet you can, come on Largo it's past your bedtime."

After Largo was put to bed, Garrison went back down to the river and brought the rest of their stuff up, placed it on the deck and took the catfish inside. She found a plastic bag, placed the fish inside and put it inside the refrigerator. Sighing at how tired and a little drunk she was, she went in for a quick shower and came out dressed in boxers and a wife beater. A deep moan came past her lips when she heard Largo snoring. Getting into bed, she rolled her onto her side and hoped that it would stop her snoring. Burying her face in a pillow, she sighed and fell asleep to the sound of snorting.

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They woke at the same time but remained motionless; the feeling of holding each other was nothing like they had ever felt before. Hugging Largo tighter, Garrison sighed and burrowed into her chest. She sniffed and raised her head to look down into sleepy blue eyes. "As much as I'm enjoying this, you really need a shower. You smell like the river and fish." A cocky grin came to Largo's face along with a wink. "Ohh, don't you even say what I think you're gonna say." Garrison rolled away from her and held out a hand. "Come on, I'll even run the water for you."

"You'd do that for me...how about hold my head for me, I think it's about to fall off." She moaned when she got up and felt the hammers start to pound behind her eyes.

"That's what you get for drinking so much." Garrison helped her to the bathroom and turned on the shower. "I'll get you some aspirins and another beer; you know a hair of the dog and all."

"I don't want no more beer," She whined and rubbed her temples. "I shouldn't have drank like that; I never drink like that, maybe a beer here and there but never that many." She leaned against the sink and took the aspirins from Garrison's hand.

"You were funny last night, especially when you fell in the bushes." She chuckled at the blush that ran up Largo's pale face. "Forgot about that didn't you, what do you remember?"

"Not much except for going in the river for a fish," She scratched her ass and moaned. "I itch all over, must be from wearing wet shorts."

"Take a shower and I'll go make a pot of coffee." She left a woozy Largo leaning against the bathroom sink and went into the kitchen to start coffee and look for something bland for the tall cop to eat. She had her share of hangovers and knew that greasy food was a bad idea. As she looked for the stuff for coffee, she looked around the kitchen for the first time and felt the hominess. Everything was well used and worn; it was a place that she would love to live in year round. Her apartment was fine for a place to sleep but it didn't have the feel that this place had. She sighed and went back to what she was doing and smiled when she heard Largo singing in the shower. With the coffee brewing, she found the toaster and pulled out a loaf of sour dough bread. She looked over her shoulder when a cleaner and much more awake Largo came in and sat down at the breakfast nook. "I'm making some toast because I figured that anything else would have you sicker than a dog." She placed a cup of coffee in front of her and brushed her wet bangs back from her forehead. "You look awful, why don't you go back to bed?"

"I can't do that," She leaned into the hand that caressed her cheek. "You didn't come back up here to watch me sleep off a hangover, I'd feel awful..."

"Ohh please," She picked up her coffee and grabbed the plate with the toast on it. "Grab your coffee and follow me."

"You're gonna make me lay down aren't you?" She grabbed her coffee and followed behind her to the couch, she sat down and watched Garrison turn the TV on and then sit at the opposite end with her bare feet in the center of the couch and her knees bent.

"Come on down here and lay down," She placed a throw pillow on her stomach and held out her hand. "I don't bite and I've had my shots if I do, so get down here and relax for a while." Largo gave up, she put her coffee next to Garrison's, laid down on her side between Garrison's legs and put her head on the pillow. She moaned when fingers ran through the hair at her temple and massaged her aching head. "I guarantee that this will help your headache."

"Feels better already," She wrapped an arm around Garrison's thigh and sighed deeply. "Thanks Garri, no ones ever done this before."

A bright smile came to her face, she was glad that she could help her friend even if it was just massaging her temple. "You're welcome, now sleep."

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Two hours later, Largo woke from her nap and raised her head from where it was resting on Garrison's chest. Gazing at her friends peaceful face made her heart beat erratically, at that moment, she knew that she was attracted to the smaller woman. For as rough and tough as she acted after their accident, she saw the caring and gentle woman that she really was, earlier that morning. None of her past lovers had cared enough about how she felt; let alone taken care of her. She could easily fall in love with Garrison and knew it might already be happening. Lifting a hand up, she caressed her soft cheek and traced her pink lips with a fingertip before running her fingers through her short silky hair. "Feel better Largo?"

"Yep, much better thanks to you." She leaned up, placed a gently kiss on her lips and pulled away slowly. "No ones ever cared how bad I felt before; it's a nice feeling when someone does." She got up from the couch, took their cold coffee away and headed into the kitchen.

Garrison sat stunned, not from the words spoken to her but from the gentle kiss; she ran her fingertips across her lips and closed her eyes. "Why hasn't anyone snatched you up?" She sat for a few minutes until she smelled fresh coffee brewing and heard Largo moving around in the kitchen. Getting up, she went into the kitchen, leaned against the wall, and watched. She grinned when Largo started scratching her rear and down the backs of her thighs, she turned with closed eyes and rubbed against the sink counter. "It looks like your shower didn't help with the itching." She grinned when blue eyes popped open and a dark blush ran up to a dark hairline.

"Nope, it didn't," She covered her face and moaned. "Ohh Gods...do you think I could have fallen into poison ivy?" She peeked from between fingers and saw a wide toothy grin blossom across Garrison's face. "Garri...don't you dare laugh at me, if that's what's wrong...how am I gonna work?"

"Well," She walked closer and leaned against the counter next to her. "Since you're the boss you don't have to worry about sitting in a patrol car all day."

"No, only behind my desk, I'll look like I have crabs or some thing." She moved back and forth and groaned when Garrison pulled her away from the counter. "Where we going?"

"To the bathroom to search for something that might help stop the itching."

"I don't think I have anything here, I've never gotten poison ivy before so I don't keep that pink stuff or anything."

Garrison rolled her eyes and tugged on her hand. "Humor me will ya, I'm sure we can find something in there." She opened the drawers and then the medicine cabinet before she found something that might help. "See that, here's a tube of hydrocortisone. This stuff works on everything."

"I hope so...this is really embarrassing, even after all the stupid things I've done, this tops the list." She followed Garrison towards her bed and looked at her with wide eyes. "You're not gonna put that on me are you?"

"Can you reach back there and do it?" She pointed to her shorts and wiggled a finger. "Come on Stud, drop them."

"Ohh man, this is...damn." She dropped her shorts and fell across the bed face first. "You're not going to tell your Aunt about this are you?" She asked and then looked over her shoulder to see wiggling eyebrows. "Please...I'll do anything." She begged with her eyes.

"Ohh you will huh, let's see...how about you take me out to eat and I'll forget all about this?"

"Deal, now can we get this over with before I end up without an ass along with my pride." She jumped when she felt the cold crème squeezed out on to her ass and then moaned when warm hands rubbed it into her skin. She was getting aroused from the small hands running across the skin of her thighs, she hoped that Garrison didn't notice and think she wanted more from her.

"OK Stud you're all done, now tomorrow go and get some poison ivy crème and follow the directions." She got off the bed and turned to hide the flush covering her face, she had enjoyed herself immensely and wanted to touch so much more of the soft skin. She took a deep breath to calm the fluttering in her stomach and went to wash her hands. For once, she wished that she could get poison ivy just to have Largo rub crème on her. *"You're a sick bitch Garrison and horny as Hell."* She could feel the wetness between her legs and knew it was caused from touching Largo and the scent of her arousal. *"At least you're not the only one who was affected."*

The rest of the day was spent sitting down by the river, talking and trying to catch supper. They finally gave up when after three hours they had caught nothing but weeds and a few tiny bluegills. Packing up their gear, they carried it up to the cabin and put it inside the front door. Largo turned to Garrison, dropped her head and scuffed her toe across the hardwood floor. "Are you going back home tonight?"

"I don't have to; I can stay and then drive you home early in the morning." She moved closer and ran a hand up her forearm. "I've enjoyed myself this weekend; it's the first time in a long time that I could just sit around and do nothing without feeling guilty." She looked to where her hand

was caressing Largo's arm and back up into her eyes. "This might sound awful, but with Vanna I had to entertain her until I felt like screaming bloody murder."

"Ohh she's a high maintenance type woman and has to be waited on hand and foot, complimented for every little thing and gets pissed if you don't notice that she's wearing new fuck me heels."

Garrison laughed and nodded her head; Largo had hit every point right on the head. "She's a pin-up girl for shallowness; I have no idea why I ever started dating her." She took Largo's hand and pulled her towards the kitchen. "Come on, I'm starving."

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After supper, they laid on the couch until Garrison fell asleep. Largo picked her up, carried her to the bed and gently laid her down on one side of the bed. Stripping down to her boxers and sports bra, she climbed in next to her and curled around her body. Brushing her hair off her neck, she kissed her nape and buried her face in her silky hair. She lay wondering if Garrison would go out with her and maybe spend some time with her here at the cabin on the weekends. She had never had anyone stay with her at her cabin before Garrison and she wanted it to continue. Hugging her tighter, she drifted off into a deep sleep.

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"Well this is where I live; it ain't much but its home." Largo looked up at her small ranch and sighed. "Thank you for giving me a ride, I appreciate it." She looked to her hands and over to Garrison. "Would you go out with me sometime?"

Garrison turned, leaned back against her door and smiled. She wondered if the tough cop would ask her and if not, then she would have. "You mean like out on a date?"

"Yeah, so would you...go out with me?"

Garrison moved away from the door and closer to Largo, she reached out, cupped her chin and turned her to face her. "We already have a date; you're taking me to supper." She leaned in and brought their lips together in a soft kiss. "You can pick me up tomorrow at six."

Largo opened her eyes and blinked a few times. "OK...six o'clock tomorrow." She fumbled with the door handle and almost fell on her head. "Tomorrow six o'clock...where do you live?"

"That would help a lot wouldn't it," She pulled a piece of paper from her visor, wrote her address down on it, and handed it to Largo. "It's right by the police station; it's a big house that they turned into apartments."

Largo nodded her head and smiled. "I lived there when I was going to college, kinda weird huh?" She leaned in, gave her a quick kiss and closed the trucks door. She waved and then headed up to her front door but not without looking back one more time. "You are in deep this time Largo, bad

ass cop falling for a little blonde who can knock you for a loop with one small kiss." She opened her door and stepped into her dark house.

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Garrison walked into the DOH break room and did a bow when the guys started clapping and yelling her name in a chant. When they quieted down, one of the guys she worked with everyday yelled to her. "So is she going to fix all your speeding tickets after you spent the whole weekend with her?"

"I don't have any to fix so there." She walked through and stopped to wink at him. "Are you jealous because I spent the whole weekend with her?"

"Hell YES! I've thought about committing a crime just so she would interrogate me! She gives instant hard ons!"

"Ohh I bet she would be thrilled to death to hear that, maybe I'll tell her?" She grinned wickedly at his blanched face and went to find her boss. She knew she wouldn't have an ass left after he got done chewing on it but she really didn't care, she was glad that she had hit Largo's truck. It may be a drastic way of meeting a woman but well worth it. She took a deep breath before walking into his office and taking a seat in front of his desk. He looked up at her and narrowed his brown eyes.

"If you weren't related to me I'd fire your ass!"

"Uncle Melvin, it was a complete accident. That bend needs to be widened or cleared, I didn't see her until it was too late."

He rubbed a hand down his face and nodded, he knew the bend that she was talking about and agreed with her. It wasn't the first time someone had been hit there and he couldn't blame her one bit. "I know and it'll be fixed this week, I had the truck towed over to the shop and they said it would be done sometime next week." He handed her a paper and watched her eyes narrow

"I get to fix all the weed whackers and lawn mowers?"

He gave her a grin and nodded his head. "Yep, until your truck gets fixed, you're stuck with shit jobs." He held up a hand to stop her tirade. "Plus, you're the only one that can fix them the right way. Those apes out there always put the damn string in the weed whackers backwards."

"Sure put the shine on Uncle Melvin," She got up from the chair and smiled. "Thanks, now I won't be late for my date with a certain police lieutenant." She whistled on her way out and all the way to the garage where they kept the equipment. She didn't really mind fixing the equipment; it was a nice change from being out on the road all day.

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Largo stood behind her desk leaning on the edge with her hands, she had taken a shower when she got home and forgot all about putting something on the poison ivy. She felt like her ass was going to fall off and was tempted to stand there and scratch until it did. She pushed off her desk, covered her face and paced behind her desk mumbling to herself. She stopped and peeked from between her fingers when she felt eyes watching her.

Green eyes took in the fitted charcoal grey suit jacket, pleated trousers to match and starched pale blue shirt with three of the top buttons open. A fire started in her blood stream from the peek of a black lacy bra beneath. "Uhh huh, just what I thought." Garrison held up a bottle of poison ivy lotion and grinned. "You forgot all about your little problem and have been suffering all day."

"I was about to..." She looked out into the homicide room; saw that her detectives were busy and grabbed Garrison's hand. "Go completely insane and run out of here screaming."

"That would have looked professional, especially if you were scratching your ass at the same time." She chuckled when Largo gave her a searing look. "Try again Lt. that look won't work with me, remember I've seen you drunk."

"Ohh don't remind me, I'm still feeling the after effects from my over indulgence and I just don't mean..." She glared at one of her detectives that lifted his head up as she dragged Garrison past his desk.

"Just think how lucky you are," Garrison moved up beside her and whispered close to her ear. "It could have gotten in another area and still might."

Largo pushed open the door to the women's locker room and headed for the handicap stall. "Ohh please don't say that," She groaned and leaned against the closed door. "That would just about kill me if I got poison ivy down there." She unbuckled her belt, turned her back to Garrison and dropped her pants. "Aren't you supposed to be at work or did they fire you?"

Garrison picked up the tail of Largo's grey suit jacket, grabbed her hand and had her hold it out of the way. "Ohh I'm on my lunch break, Uncle Melvin would never fire me because mom would kick his ass." She poured some of the lotion into her hand, rubbed them together, started at Largo's hips, and worked her way down. She grinned when Largo moaned and dropped her forehead down to rest on the wall.

"Is there anyone you're not related to?"

"Yeah, the Mayor and the police chief, but I'm friends with a certain homicide lieutenant. Really close friends; I do stuff for her that no one else would even dream of." She wished she could do more and was so tempted to let her hands wander but didn't want to spread the poison ivy.

"Haa, funny Garri, now all we need is for your Aunt to walk in here and wonder what in the Hell we're doing in the same stall with my pants down around my ankles."

"Well, I can only hope that she's taking some of that meanness out of you Lt."

Garrison busted up laughing and yelped when Largo slapped her in her shoulder. "Hi Aunt Sue, how's it going today?"

"Ohh just great, now I have some juicy stuff on Largo." She leaned back against one of the sinks and waited for her niece and Largo to come out. When the door opened, she gave Largo a huge smile and waved. "Nice shade of red there Lt. just what was my niece doing to you?" Garrison grinned up at her tall friend but didn't say a word; instead, she placed the lotion where her Aunt could see it. "Ohh and just where is your poison ivy, no where delicate I hope?"

"On my ass, OK Sue, I got it on my ass and it itches like Hell." She blushed to a deeper red and glared at a smirking Garrison. "Go ahead and laugh it up Garri, I could spread the love ya know."

"Will never happen there Stud, I'm immune to the stuff."

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Garrison sat on the edge of Largo's desk watching her try not to squirm in her chair, she had to admit, Largo looked pitiful. She hopped down off the desk, went over to the door, closed and locked it. "I was thinking over where we should go for supper," She walked over, straddled Largo's thighs, and ran her hands across her shoulders to tangle in her long hair. "We could just order in or BBQ that is if you have a grill." She ran her fingers across the nap of Largo's neck and watched her eyes close. "Maybe pizza or Chinese," She whispered close to her ear and licked her ear lobe. "So what do you think?"

Largo blinked her eyes a few times, worked her jaw and grunted. "Huh?"

Garrison grinned wickedly and kissed her parted lips gently. "OK, we'll have Chinese so I can show you what I can do with chopsticks." She crawled off Largo's lap after one more kiss and held back the chuckle that was dying to burst out. The tall cop sat there with her eyes closed and breathing heavy, she wondered what would have happened if she had given her a deep kiss. Opening the door, she stepped out and saw the cop from before looking at her. "Lt. Coogan wants you to go down and detail her car and it better be done right." She grinned and walked out of the homicide offices whistling.

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Largo ran a hand across her face and moaned when she sat up in her chair, she was highly aroused and there wasn't a damn thing she could do about it. Dropping her head on her desk, she took deep breaths and jumped when her door opened.

"You know Largo, if you go over to the hospital, they'll give you a shot and it'll clear up what you have." Sue walked in with a handful of messages and dropped them on her blotter.

"Why didn't Garri tell me that?" She looked up and rolled her eyes at all the messages. "Oh let me guess, she likes to see me suffer."

Sue shook her head of blonde hair and grinned. "More like she enjoys playing with your ass, she's a feisty little thing and can make you suffer for a long time." She smiled at the wide-eyed look on Largo's face and left her in thought. "Garri you have her hook line and sinker."

Largo looked at her watch, grabbed her radio and left her office in a rush. She would jog over to the hospital and get the shot Sue was talking about. As much as she enjoyed Garrison rubbing the lotion on her, she was dying and needed instant relief.

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Garrison stood on Largo's doorstep with her arms loaded down with bags of Chinese take-out; she knew that her friend thought she was buying supper that night. Garrison had other ideas; this was her way of getting another date out of her. She jumped when the door opened; a hand grabbed the front of her shirt and pulled her inside the small house. The bags removed from her hands and her body pressed up against the wall. "So you like to make me suffer do you?" Largo whispered in a hoarse voice and brought their lips together in a deep fiery kiss that left them both panting for air. She pulled away, grinned at a still panting Garrison, and watched as her eyes fluttered open. "I went to the hospital today and got a steroid shot, I feel a whole Hell of a lot better. No more itching and it's almost dried up."

"Ohhh...I forgot all about the shot thing...who told you?" She reached out and grabbed Largo's arm to steady herself.

"Your Aunt Sue told me, she also told me you're a huge tease and just wanted to play with my ass. You don't need an excuse to play with me Garri but expect me to play for keeps." She picked up the bags from the side table and wandered off to the kitchen. "Are you coming?" She tossed over her shoulder and chuckled when Garrison moaned.

"You have no idea how close I was and just from a kiss." She mumbled to herself and walked on shaky legs after Largo

"Wanna bet I know how good I am."

"Do you have bat ears or something?" Garrison asked and slapped her on the ass as she went over to sit down at the butcher-block table.

"Among other things, I thought I was buying supper tonight?" She emptied the bags and placed the containers on the table.

"You can get it some other night..."

"Uhh huh, nice try Garri, I would have asked you again ya know." Handing her a pair of chopsticks, she winked and handed her a plate.

"I just wanted to make sure that I had another chance, you know a safety net sort of thing."

"Are you planning on this going badly?"

No, just getting really scary." She picked up a snow pea and flipped it at Largo. "Hate these and the little corn thingies." Her mouth dropped open when Largo caught both in her mouth and chewed with a deep moan. "OK, so maybe not scary but educating."

Every time Garrison came across something that she didn't like, she flipped it at Largo and grinned when she caught it in her mouth. "Are you house broken too?"

"Maybe, I do know that I lick very well and can bend in unimaginable positions." She leaned over her plate and gave Garrison a smoky look. "Picture this in your mind; I can please myself in a certain way." She pulled back and started eating again while Garri sat with her chopsticks held in front of her open mouth.

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Garrison looked at her watch and groaned, it was close to eleven and she had to be at work at five in the morning. Moving out from under a panting Largo, she fixed her shirt and ran fingers through her messy hair. "I wish it was Friday," She dropped down onto the floor and pulled her work boots on. "So we could spend more time together and maybe go down to your cabin and fish." She got to her knees and leaned her elbows on the edge of the couch cushion. "Can we do that this weekend?"

Largo rolled to her side and traced a line down Garrison's cheek. "I'm free if you are," She leaned closer and nipped at a soft neck. "Maybe...play with some of my specialized fishing tackle."

"You're not making this easy you know." She stood up, took a deep ragged breath and pulled Largo up with her.

"Never will, it's no fun if I do." She wrapped an arm around her shoulders and led her to the front door. Pulling her up against her body, she dipped her head for a kiss that had Garrison falling into her and sinking all at the same time. When the kiss ended, Largo hugged her and kissed her forehead. "Thanks for supper; I'll take care of it next time." Garrison nodded her head, stumbled out the front door and all the way to her truck. She wished that Largo had taken care of it tonight instead of guaranteeing her an uncomfortable ride home and a sleepless night. What started out, as cuddling on the couch became a whole lot more, she could still feel Largo's lips on her neck. She moaned when she sat down behind the wheel of her truck, the seam on her Levis pressed against her engorged clit and would send her over the edge if she moved one centimeter. Starting her truck, she let it coast backward down the driveway. Once she stopped in the middle of the road, she pushed the clutch in and yelled out. "OHH GOD...DAMN!" Her truck lurched forward a few times and stalled; she dropped her forehead on the steering wheel and grabbed at her crotch. Her body shook with her climax and her juices soaked through to moisten her hand. "I can't...believe...this happened," She panted and shuddered. "My Levis...got me...off." After a few minutes passed, she started her truck and broke the speed limit to get home.

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Largo sunk slowly to the floor, she had been watching Garrison through the long window beside the front door; she heard her yell and then shudder with release. She would be grinning like an idiot if not for the unbearable throb between her thighs and the juices running down them. She unbuttoned the single button on the fly of her boxers, pulled the material apart and looked down. She moaned at the sight of her distended clit and protruding labia. Pushing her boxers down her hips and then kicking them off, she raised her knees and spread her thighs apart. Drawing a fingertip through her juices, her hips thrust upward. Painting her clit with her wetness, she ran a fingertip up its length and pulled the sheath back to expose the bundle of nerves. Adding pressure, she felt her orgasm build and her clit become more rigid. Moving her fingers faster against it, she pinched it and pressed her back against the wall. She moaned when her legs quivered with her climax. With panting breaths and half-lidded eyes, she watched her outer lips clench and juices flow, that only brought a slight relief for her.

Slipping two fingers into her center, she pushed them inside and thrust against her hand. Curling her fingertips, she pushed up and screamed out her release in Garrison's name. Her head fell forward and eyes opened to see her juices still gushing out across her impaled fingers to puddle on the floor with each contraction. Thinking of Garrison licking at her juices and sucking her clit between glistening lips had blood rushing back to her center. Leaning her head back against the wall, she moved her finger's slowly inside herself and felt another orgasm building. With her other hand, she rubbed her clit in sync with her thrusting fingers and pushed herself over the edge again. More juices gushed from her center to cover her hand and add to the puddle beneath her. She fell to her side gasping and quivering with aftershocks. She had always been able to have multiple orgasms but never with this intensity. With her fingers still impaled, she curled into a fetal position and fell asleep.

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Thankful that she lived only fifteen minutes away from Largo, Garrison whipped into the parking lot, flung the door open and tried not to rush up the stairs to her apartment. She shoved her key into the lock, opened and closed the door in a second or two. Kicking her boots off, she had her Levis and underwear around her ankles before she got to her bedroom. Falling back onto her bed, she raised her knees and pressed a hand to her aching crotch. What happened in her truck only took the edge off, the more she thought of Largo, the worse it got. Running her fingers through her wetness, she plunged two inside and thrust her hips upward. Moans turned into grunts as another climax came closer; she thrust faster and went over the edge with a scream and juices pumping into her hand and across her fingers. She lay there with her fingers still inside and let the tremors course through her. "I wish it was your fingers in me Largo and your tongue licking my clit." She envisioned the tall cop lying between her legs and licking at her juices. Slipping her fingers out, she rubbed her clit and flicked the very tip until she was crying out with another orgasm. Her feet slid across her comforter and her legs fell to lay spread open. "If I can get off three times just thinking about you...you're an idiot Garri; you should have stayed with her." She stopped right there, she knew what would happen if she thought anymore that night. She would be worthless in the morning and playing with lawnmower blades while tired was dangerous. Curling up onto her side, she pressed her hand to her nether lips and drifted off to sleep.

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A deep growl rumbled in Garrison's throat, she held up a long blade from a brush hog and yelled. "One more step and we'll see how good I am at throwing things!"

"Whoa there Garri, what crawled up your ass last night?" Melvin asked while trying to find someplace to hide.

"Nothing, I just didn't sleep too good...my ribs still hurt." *More like something was causing you not to sleep.* She closed her eyes for an instant and saw one of her many erotic dreams of her and Largo, she blinked them open when she felt a hand squeeze her shoulder.

"Go home Garri and get some sleep, I don't want you cutting a hand off or killing one of the guys by way of flying lawnmower blades."

"I'm almost done; I just have this one blade to put back on." She looked up at him with tired eyes and then yawned wide enough to make her jaw crack.

"I knew I'd have a fight on my hands, that's why I'm having you arrested and hauled out of here. In handcuffs if necessary," He looked over his shoulder and waved to Largo. "Here's your prisoner, beat her if you want. We all know she deserves it for her nastiness this morning and other times." He grinned at the snarling expression on her face and left Largo to deal with her.

"Everyone's ganging up on me, it's not fair." She said in a low whisper and put the blade down on the brush hogs blade deck. "Did Uncle Melvin really call you?"

Largo walked stiffly over to Garrison and pulled her into her arms. "Nope, I came to take you to lunch but seeing that you're about to fall asleep on the job, we can do it some other time." She rested her head on the top of Garrison's and held her tighter. "Didn't you get any sleep last night?" She knew she hadn't gotten much, after waking up on the hard floor and cleaning up the mess she had made, she only slept a few hours herself.

"A little but not my usual eight hours, I'm paying for it now." She pulled back a little and looked into bloodshot blue eyes. "You didn't sleep much either and why are you walking like your legs are ready to fall off?"

There was no way that Largo was going to tell her that she was stiff from using muscles long forgotten while masturbating. So she just shrugged her shoulders and smiled. "I forgot to stretch out this morning before my jog around the block. Let's get out of here, I'm hungry and could use a nap."

"Can we go to McDonalds and take it over to my apartment; we can take a nap afterwards." She rested her head on Largo's chest and inhaled her cologne and the scent that was all her own.

"Anything you want, I have a craving for a chocolate milkshake and a Big Mac." With their arms wrapped around each other, they walked out to Largo's Ford Taurus under the watchful eyes of

the DOH employees. Some of the men just shook their heads and thought how lucky Garrison was to have Largo chasing after her.

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Garrison opened her door and let Largo walk in before her, she hoped that Largo didn't think she was weird when she saw how her apartment was decorated. She had a strange hobby; she collected anything having to do with the M&M guys. One shelf in her living room was packed with every candy dispenser she could find with the little M&M candies. The boxers she had on that day had the little guys on them and if Largo looked in her t-shirt drawer, she'd find shirts with them across the front. "We can eat in here and watch TV," She dropped down onto her old couch and moved fishing magazines out of the way. "I spend most of my time in front of the TV; I don't have a kitchen table."

"I don't use mine much either, I eat in the living room too." Largo sat down beside her, placed the bags on the table and kicked off her cowboy boots. "Have a thing for the M&M guys huh," She grinned and leaned back after getting her food from the bags. "I like the TV commercials, especially the one about the Hotel room where that guy ends up with an M&M on his pillow."

"So you don't think I'm weird or anything?" Garrison hoped not.

"Nope, don't tell anyone but my bottom desk drawer is filled with bags of peanut M&Ms. It's a horrible habit but my dentist just loves it."

"Do you collect anything; ya know stuff that people would laugh at you about?"

She grinned at her. "Prisoners...and fishing lures."

"How come that doesn't surprise me?" She groaned and bit into her Big Mac."

They talked about everything and nothing while eating and then curled up together on the couch to watch *ER* on *TNT*. A few minutes into the show, they were both sound asleep wrapped in each other's arms.

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Garrison growled against Largo's chest and reached for the cordless phone that refused to stop ringing; she hit the button and only growled into the receiver.

"How could I have raised such an animal?"

"Mom?"

"Did anyone else put up with your dirty diapers and throwing vegetables on the floor?"

"The dog loved me, even better when I got older." She rolled onto her back and rested her head on Largo's shoulder. "I called you the other day and left a message, where ya been?"

"Out chasing eligible men, they're easy to catch when they all use walkers. I had to pull a double shift at the nursing home. Now what did you do this time?"

"I love you mommy..."

"Out with it Garrison, what did you do?"

"Didn't work huh...I wiped out one of the DOH trucks and a truck belonging to Lt. Largo Coogan."

"Did she lock your ass up?"

"Ohh in a way yeah, we were stuck at her cabin for the weekend. Uncle Melvin got me good though, I have to fix all the equipment until my truck is fixed."

"That's what your Aunt told me and Sue told me some other interesting things." She laughed when Garrison groaned. "So is she there with you now?"

"Yeah she is she's sleeping, after we had lunch we fell asleep watching *ER*."

"On that ratty old couch, she'll arrest you for sure when she wakes up with a sore back."

"Or for my elbow in her stomach, she makes a good body pillow." She yelped when her pillow pinched her ass. "Gotta go mom, my pillow just woke up and she's not happy."

"Be nice Garri or she just might lock your rotten little ass up."

"Ohh thanks mom, here I thought I was sugary sweet." She hung up and wiggled around on Largo. "So you going to arrest me and toss me into a jail cell?"

"Depends on how bad I feel when I get up off this lumpy ass couch, how in the Hell can you sleep on this thing?"

"Easy, I'm little and I miss all the lumps." She rolled off of Largo but not before getting in a few cheap feels. "I'm hungry, wanna go over to Pizza Hut and have a stuffed crust?"

"You think of food a lot don't you?" She got up slowly from the couch and pulled Garrison into her arms.

"Ohh I think of a lot of things, some things that would floor you." She wrapped her arms around Largo's neck, pulled her head down and kissed her deeply. Trailing one hand down to her breasts, she rolled a nipple between her fingers until Largo gasped into her mouth. Breaking the

kiss, she nipped at her bottom lip and ran her tongue across it before releasing her. "Come on I'm starving." She took a stunned Largo by her hand and led her to the door.

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They sat in a booth in the far back away from a kid's birthday party that had other patrons winching with each scream. Kids, was a loose term for how the three dozen little animals were acting, Largo was ready to have them all hauled in for disturbing the peace and Garrison wanted to beat the Hell out of the absent parents. They raised their menus higher and shot glares from under the edges, Largo jumped when their waitress cleared her throat.

"Can I take your order before I become a homicidal maniac and attack those brats?"

Largo looked to Garrison and nodded her head. "Go ahead and get what ever you want just make it a large pizza, so I can have some."

Giving her a cocky grin and licking her lips, she muttered. "Love you," She froze when she ran what she said over again in her mind. *I do love her; I wonder if she knows I meant what I said or can feel it?* "We'll have a large stuffed crust garbage pizza and a pitcher of Coke."

Largo saw the slight pinkness in Garrison's face and smiled brightly. *Ohh it's very mutual but I can't say it to you, at least not yet.* "Garbage pizza...does that mean that we won't be able to pick it up because it'll weigh a ton because of all the toppings?"

Garrison bit into the last breadstick and then offered it to Largo before speaking. "The more I can get on it, the better it is. Trust me, after this pizza you'll never want anything else."

"Except maybe to chew on one of those brats over there." She pointed to where one of the kids was jumping on a table and pouring Coke on the heads of other kids. "The brats need their asses tanned and maybe chained to their beds until they're 50."

"So you don't like kids?" Garrison asked wondering if Largo ever considered having kids.

"I like kids, I just don't like brats and all those ones causing all the noise are brats. What about you, ever thought of having kids?"

"I never really thought about it, to be honest, I've never had a relationship that lasted long enough to consider kids." She moved the empty breadstick basket out of the way and groaned when their pizza was set in the center of the table. "I've died and gone to heaven, now this is a pizza!" She placed a piece on Largo's plate and took one for herself, taking a bit, she sat there with her eyes closed and chewing slowly to savor all the different flavors bursting in her mouth. When she opened her eyes, she started to choke and slap a hand on the table. Largo leaned over the table, slapped her on her back, and was relieved when she took a deep ragged breath. With watery eyes, Garrison looked to who caused her to choke. "Damn you Vanna, are you trying to kill me or something?" She wiped her eyes and looked to Largo. "Do you see what she's doing to

me...she's...HUMONGOUS TITS?" Pale blue eyes turned to the table behind her and glared at the ditzy blonde, pulling her wallet out, she flipped her badge at Vanna.

"Put the dangerous objects away before I haul you in for indecent exposure and then go and arrest the doctor who did your tit job." She shivered and rubbed her arms of gooseflesh. "Damn woman but you need a wheelbarrow for those things!"

In a voice that made actress *Melanie Griffith* sound like a baritone, she spoke enthusiastically. "What do you think Garri, are they gorgeous and perky?" She juggled her quadruple H sized tits in her hands and smiled. "I had them done this weekend, in on Friday out on Sunday."

Garrison narrowed her eyes and raised an eyebrow up at her now ex-girlfriend. "So you went into the taxidermy shop on Friday, this relieves my mind like you wouldn't believe. Who's your friend there, I've never seen her before?"

The other woman turned around and waved a long finger nailed hand at them. "Hi I'm Vanna's girlfriend Sophie, we met at the hospital." She stood up to show off her humongous tits and cupped them. "We have the same doctor and shared a room after our surgeries."

"Ohh that's nice," Garrison waved a waitress over and asked for a box for their pizza. "I didn't know the Goodyear tire company did that kind of work." She took the box from the young woman's hand, tossed in the pizza and looked across at Largo who was trying not to bust up laughing. "Well, gotta go ladies, don't suffocate each other." She grabbed Largo's hand and dragged her out of Pizza Hut.

Largo stopped at the passenger door and tilted her head to the side. "Taxidermy shop and do you think I should have a tit enlargement?"

"See how dumb she is, she didn't even notice what I said, hold this." She handed Largo the pizza box, grabbed Largo's breasts in both hands and squeezed gently. "Nope, they're perfect just the way they are." She went up on her tiptoes and planted a steamy kiss on her lips. "Just absolutely perfect."

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They sat on Largo's couch eating the now cold pizza and drinking milk, Largo kept peeking at Garrison and wondering why the pensive look. Not being able to hold back any longer, she broached the believed subject. "Are you pissed because bimbo boobs forgot about the weekend you two were supposed to have?"

Garrison choked and grabbed a napkin to keep the milk from spewing out her nose. "Not pissed really, I just can't believe she forgot all about it when she was the one who badgered me. It's no great loss though; I got to spend the weekend with you, watch you get wasted, rub your ass and fish."

"You're the first girlfriend that I've had that didn't scream at the thought of fishing or that I had a contagious plant inflicted ailment."

Garrison's eyes widened at what Largo called her she swallowed hard and sputtered. "Is that how you think of me, as your girlfriend or girl friend?"

"The first one, unless you don't wanna be." She lowered her head waiting for the huge blow that she had gotten from so many other women.

Garrison took both of their plates, set them on the coffee table, crawled onto Largo's lap and straddled her thighs. She went nose to nose with her and closed her eyes. "You don't mind that I cut grass and clean up trash along the roads for a living?"

"I could care less if you sold light bulbs door to door or even if you sold sex toys for a living as long as we got to try them out."

"Now that's a job with lots of free supplies, wonder if I can get a job doing that?" She chuckled when Largo groaned and rolled them over onto the couch. "I'm sure my mom would buy a case of pocket pussies for all the old perverts in the nursing home."

"I started this topic didn't I?"

Garrison nipped at her neck and mumbled in her ear. "Afraid so, I could give you details on the various uses of household objects for sexual pleasure. I read it in a book called cheap sexual thrills."

"I don't even want to think about some of your ideas, you and a power drill gives me shivers and scares the Hell outta me!"

"On not a power drill, I gave that up when I got tangled in the cord."

"OK, we'll stay away from the power tools." She brought their lips together in a searching kiss and groaned when her pager and phone went off, breaking the kiss with a loud growl, she reached first for her pager and then the phone. "There had better be a couple hundred dead bodies lying in the middle of the road or the office will look like a manic came through!"

"Close boss lady, we got one dead woman and a bunch of...it looks like her tits exploded."

Largo's brows dropped over her nose in confusion, she had no idea what he meant by her breasts exploding. "What do you mean by that?"

"Just what I said, her tits are...empty and hanging off to her sides and there's all this white gooey looking stuff all over her."

"Give me the address and I'll be there ASAP." She got up off the couch, grabbed her suit jacket from where it lay across the recliner and pulled it on. "I have to go to a scene; you can stay here if you want."

Garrison got up off the couch and fixed the lapels on Largo's black jacket. "How long are you gonna be?"

"I'm not sure, it may be a while." She pulled Garrison into a hug and rested her chin on her crown. "If you stay, I'll try to hurry it up and get home."

Garrison lifted her head up and nodded. "I'll be here no matter how long it takes you." They kissed gently before Largo headed out the door and to her car. This always happened to her, as soon as she got close to deepening a relationship with a woman, her pager went off. The first time was not a problem but after that, it was like a natural disaster and the women ran off into the night to find someone who would be there no matter what time of the day or night it was. Slapping the top hat on the roof of her car, she took off in the direction of the crime scene and thinking of how to take revenge on the idiot who called her.

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Garrison wandered around Largo's house; she wanted to know more about her girlfriend who could go from a loving woman to the stoic homicide lieutenant in a matter of seconds. She went over to the bookshelves in the living room and saw a framed picture of Largo and another older woman. She looked closer and saw that they were both dressed in police uniforms and shared the same pale blue eyes. Where Largo was tall, the other woman came up to her chin. "So maybe you like older women or short women." She herself fit right under Largo's chin and she couldn't think of a more perfect way for it to be, she could rest her head on her firm breasts and get real comfortable. "OK, so I'm a tit woman but there is no way in Hell that I'd want Largo to have tits like Vanna and her friend Sophie. That is just too... dangerous for both of us." She envisioned suffocating under the huge tits, getting a broken bone when one hit her while she slept or worse, something going very wrong with Largo because of the implants. She wandered into Largo's bedroom, dropped onto her large bed and sighed. It was the most comfortable bed she had ever laid on, hers was a concrete slab compared to Largo's. She crawled up, grabbed one of the two pillows, and wrapped her arms around it. It held Largo's scent and soon Garrison was sound asleep and dreaming of the tall cop.

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Largo walked into the small house of the crime scene, she nodded her head to the officers who were standing next to what she assumed to be the prime scene area. Leaning in through the door, she saw the medical examiner waved.

"Come on in here Largo, it's been dusted and everything." The small man pushed his glasses up his nose and stood up from where he was examining the victim. "It's not a homicide, it's a self inflicted wounding that was not entirely the result of her death. He pointed to the hardened substance that was all over the woman and the floor. "She tried to give herself a breast reduction

and until I can run some tests and do an autopsy...I'm guessing that substance was causing problems."

"You mean like pain and high fever, that kind of problem from a bad tit job?"

"Yep, that would be it. Some of the surgeons that do these enlargements use substandard products and never check to see if their patient is allergic or having problems afterwards." He stood up from where he had been squatting, signaled to the EMT's and then walked over to Largo. "What is it with some women and huge breasts, what's wrong with what they have?" Women wanting to change their appearance always baffled him.

"I have no idea Doc, I think a lot of it is what men want or what they think men want."

"Well, I'm not one of them, I wouldn't want my wife any way but the way she is." He grinned up into pale blue eyes. "I wouldn't know what to do with huge breasts."

"Me either Doc, me either." She waved to the officers and pointed to the door. "Close it up and who ever's lead on this, contact next of kin and find out who her doctor is. The family may want to press charges and sue for malpractice." She went out to her car and sped home to Garrison; she had never had anyone waiting for her and hoped that she was still there. Once she opened her front door, she looked around and saw that their supper had been cleaned up but didn't see Garrison. Her spirits sunk with every second she stood in her dark living room, shedding her suit jacket and shirt, she walked down the hall to the bathroom for a shower. A few minutes later, she headed to her bedroom dressed in just her short silk robe and stopped at the foot of her bed. There lay Garrison wrapped around her pillow and snoring softly. Easing to the side of the bed, she turned down the covers and moved Garrison under them. Dropping her robe, she crawled into bed next to her and wrapped her in her arms. Minutes later, she was sound asleep.

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"Ohh now this is the way to wake up in the morning." Garrison mumbled and pressed her face deeper into Largo's soft warm breasts. It was not an arousing feeling that she had, but comforting like when she was a baby and held. She could remember when she was little and her mom would comfort her by sitting her on her lap and hugging her. She always rested her head on her mother's chest and that was the feeling that stayed with her forever. When long fingers ran through her hair, she sighed deeply and wrapped her arm around Largo's waist.

"Been awake long?" Largo's deep raspy voice asked.

"Nope and I wish we could stay like this, I don't wanna go to work." She raised her head up to look into half-lidded blue eyes and smiled. "Ya think they'll miss me for one day?"

"Who wouldn't miss your threatening manner and the cheerful way that you spread it around?"

"Ha funny, I'll have you know if I didn't threaten someone each day, they would call an ambulance and have me taken in for a full check up. Too bad you're not a doctor, you could give me a full examine...ohhh wait! You can do a full body search can't you?"

"Well, I usually leave that up to the other cops but in your case I'm sure that I could accommodate your wishes." She rolled them over so that Garrison was beneath her. "And there's nothing I would rather do this morning but I have to check on the case from last night. Can you find out what doctor Vanna saw and tell her to get to the hospital for a complete check-up?"

"Why what's going on?"

She explained about the woman from the night before and what the ME thought might have happened.

"So you're thinking that she and Sophie could have seen this women's doctor and they could be in serious danger where their health is concerned?"

"Yep, if they were only in the hospital over the weekend, then it doesn't sound like they saw a specialist. Could be one of those quack doctors that have lost a lot of money to malpractice cases."

"I'll call her as soon as I get to work, whether she goes in for check up I can't guarantee but I'll try and convince her."

"That's all you can do and hopefully something will get through to those peroxide fried brain cells." She rolled off the bed and walked towards the bathroom; she could feel Garrison's eyes on her and just smiled.

"Damn but you have a nice ass." Garrison mumbled and pulled one of the pillows to her chest.

"I heard that you little perv."

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Garrison stopped in her Uncles office to use his phone to catch Vanna before she left for work at Staples Office supply store; she dropped down into her Uncles over stuffed chair, kicked her feet up onto his desk and dialed her ex-girlfriend.

"Vanna, I need your doctors name and you need to over to the hospital and have your...procedure checked."

"Why are you thinking of having your breasts made bigger?"

"Noooo, but I think you and your girlfriend may have serious problems. A woman died yesterday from complications of breast enlargement. So get over to the hospital and get checked."

"But we feel fine, a little tender but nothing other than that. And my doctor only sees patients by referral; he's a very busy man ya know?"

Garrison was getting beyond frustrated; she would kick her own ass if possible. She took a deep breath and tried again with Vanna. "OK Vanna, I want a referral, who is your fabulous doctor?"

"We just call him Doc Vern, here's his cell phone number. 725-2638, just tell him that I referred you for the enhancement."

Garrison shook her head at the large words Vanna was using, she knew that most of them Vanna had no idea what they meant and as soon as she hung up with her she was going to check into head shrinking for her own sanity. She just knew she was insane for dating the blonde idiot. "OK thanks Vanna, now get over to the hospital." She hung up the phone and jumped up and down behind her uncle's desk. "Gods she is sooo dense!" Running out of the office, she went out the side door to where her truck was parked and took off towards the police station. She would tell Largo the information she got from Vanna personally and maybe she would send an ambulance over to pick up Vanna and Sophie.

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Largo pressed the metal strip of the surgical mask tighter across her nose, she didn't mind autopsies, it was the smell of formaldehyde that gave her a headache. The ME pointed to the incision he had made vertically down the woman's breast.

"Now see this nasty looking white stuff here, that's silicon, the kind you use to caulk bathrooms with."

Her eyes widened, mouthed dropped open behind her mask and she shivered with disgust. "You're not kidding are you?"

He looked to her with narrowed brown eyes. "Nope, not this time I'm not, who ever did this to her needs to be found and locked up for life? Do you have any ideas who did this enhancement?"

"My girlfriend knows a woman who just had this procedure done over the weekend, she's checking into it for me."

"I never thought I'd see you date another police officer, is she in the homicide unit with you?"

"Nope, she works for the DOH, she cuts grass for a living." She grinned and took in the small mans evil smile behind the plastic face shield he wore. "Ohh come on Doc, you know I don't date cops...or much for that matter." She told her old friend how she and Garrison met and growled at his laughter.

"Leave it up to you to date the woman who smashed your truck, you probably held her captive at your cabin too."

"What, did Sue call and give you the details or something? I swear everyone I know is on speed dial with their relatives and the second I do something the phone lines light up."

"Ohhh no, I heard it on the police scanner." He handed her his preliminary reports and walked out of the room whistling under his breath.

"Just great, they probably know everything we did at my cabin. They probably had it on the damn local TV station for all I know." Tossing the mask and gloves into the hazard container, she went out the back door of the morgue to her car. "I feel like I'm in that movie where the guy has a camera crew following him everywhere."

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Garrison dropped into Largo's desk chair and spun it around in circles until her head started to spin, grabbing her head; she groaned and cussed at herself for her own stupidity. "God, could Vanna have rubbed off on me?" Being a natural nosy person, she pulled open Largo's desk drawers and was disappointed at the boring stuff inside. That was until she got to the bottom one and found it full of big bags of peanut M&M's. "Ohh you weren't lying were you!" She pulled out a bag that was taped closed and started filling her mouth until her cheeks bulged. Chewing with difficulty, she leaned back in the chair and closed her eyes to concentrate on not choking.

"Uuuuhh huh, now I gotcha!" Largo walked into her office and closed the door behind her. "Found my stash of candy and going for the chipmunk look." She dropped down onto the edge of her desk and watched Garrison try and swallow what she had in her mouth. "And before I forget, I found my car being detailed by my entire homicide squad. You wouldn't have anything to do with that would you?"

Garrison tapped her chest with her fingers and closed her eyes as she swallowed a few M&M's that were still whole. "They looked bored and far too interested in us; did they do a good job?" She asked while wiping tears from her eyes.

"Ohh if you consider the fact that they used *Armor All* on my seats and I almost fell out as soon as I sat down as doing a good job, then yeah they did."

"Ohhh OK," She gave Largo a sheepish look and then cleared her throat. "I got the quacks phone number from Vanna, his name is Doctor Vern and he only takes referrals." She reached out, grabbed Largo's hand and pulled her onto her lap. "So, I'm going to call him and act like a total idiot and ask for an appointment."

Largo shook her head no and placed her hand over Garrison's mouth. "Not," She raised her other hand when Garrison tried to talk. "I'll send a female officer in there, I just came from the morgue and what this idiot did to the victim was disgusting. He used tub and sink silicone to enlarge her breasts, we may be looking at a damn plumber."

"I wouldn't put it past Vanna to go to *Lowe's* or *Home Depot* and ask one of the employees in home improvement for ideas on how to enlarge her tits. She thinks her body is a temple." She kissed the side of Largo's neck and growled in her ear. "So who do you know that needs a breast enlargement?"

"Are you suggesting that I look at other women's tits and say to myself, 'She needs bigger tits!'"

Garrison wiggled her brows and gave her a wicked grin. "I do so I thought maybe you do the same thing. So who do you have in mind, I didn't see any female detectives in the other office?"

Largo wrapped her arms around Garrison's neck and buried her face against her neck. "A trouble making cop that I keep down in records for our sanity and the public's safety."

"If she's that bad why not get rid of her?"

"Because she's the only one that knows the code for the records, without her, no one would be able to find anything." She got up and pulled Garrison with her. "Let's go down and pay her a visit," She grabbed a bag of M&M's from the drawer. "Bribery materials are the only way that I can get her to pay attention."

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Officer J. O'Malley skipped between the tall shelves and filling cabinets that housed evidence and old criminal records. At the end of each row, she spun in a circle and performed a bunny hop to the next row. Largo and Garrison watched her from the barred window with amused expressions on their faces. "See why I keep her locked up down here?"

"She's kinda out of uniform isn't she?" Garrison pointed to the Elmer Fudd slippers J. was wearing and the grey hood with long bunny ears. "Shouldn't she be locked up in the nut ward instead of down here?"

"We tried that but the nuts went even crazier than before and locked themselves in their rooms until we took her away." She reached through the window and unlocked the door. "Let's go catch the bunny." She held out the bag of M&M's and rattled it until she saw J. peek around the corner at her. The second she came hopping over and tried to grab the bag, Largo held it above her head. "Ohhh no you don't J. I need some help and you don't get the candy until you say yes."

J's voice was a deep growl and when she spoke she ran everything together and at 100mp an hour, Largo was the only one who could understand half of what she said.

"Nofairteasingmebadbossnocandynofilesnonekkidpicturesnofiles!"

"It's not files that I need, I need you to play a stupid blonde and get information from this quack doctor." She rattled the bag of M&M's and saw drool run down J's chin. "I got the Easter colors here; I know they're your favorites."

Garrison cracked a crooked grin at the other cop; she was the weirdest person she had ever seen and shorter than her own five foot four stature. "What kind of naked pictures do you want?"

"NekkidpicturesofLargooryougotanynekkidpicturesofyou?" She wiggled dark brows and licked at her canine teeth. "Gimmegimmegimme!" She hopped around in front of them and flapped her arms. "Largostudmuffin!"

"Ohh all right," Largo rolled her eyes and jumped when Garrison slapped her ass. "One picture of me in leather and two bags of M&M's, is it a deal?"

"Deal!" She pulled her hood off and shocked the Hell out of Garrison, she had never seen anyone's hair that messed up or tangled before. J. ran off towards the back doing Tarzan's yell at the top of her lungs making them cover their ears.

"Are you sure this is a good idea, she's..."

"Perfect for the job, one of her other personalities is a blonde bimbo."

Garrison grabbed Largo's arm to steady herself. "WHAT! You're telling me you have a cop with MPS?"

"Not that, she's excellent at undercover work is what I'm saying. We ignore the fact that she talks to the voices that only she can hear."

"Uuuuhh huh and what about this picture of you in leathers, how many pictures of you does she have Stud muffin?"

Largo rubbed her chin, closed one eye and thought for a few minutes. "Quite a few if I remember correctly, it's easier to show you her collection." She took Garrison's hand and led her to the small office in the back, as soon as they cleared the door, Garrison gasped.

"There must be hundreds in here," She turned in a circle taking in all the pictures of Largo on the walls. "Some of them look like modeling shots."

"They are that's how I paid for college."

Garrison turned back to her girlfriend who was leaning against the doorframe with her arms crossed over her chest. "You were a model before being a cop, why did you give it up?"

"It wasn't what I wanted to do; I wanted to be a cop so I could shoot jaywalkers." She turned when she heard J. say something from behind her.

"ReadystudmuffinbimbofromHelltime." She fluffed her blonde wig and straightened her pink tube top. Garrison clamped a hand over her mouth to hold back the burst of laughter that was so close to coming out, Largo was right in picking J. for the job. The small cop was flat chested and looked absolutely ridiculous in a tube top and daisy duke shorts, she hoped that she didn't talk in one long sentence when she spoke to the doctor or hopped around his office.

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With J. in the backseat of the car, Garrison riding shotgun and Largo looking in the rear view mirror every couple of minutes, they headed to where Dr. Vern had agreed on meeting J. Garrison looked in the back seat and narrowed her eyes at what J. was doing.

"I know it's not my best hooker rig, I didn't have time to get it, so shut the fuck up already!" She said in a slow voice and slapped at the air beside her. "Keep it up and I'll sing your favorite song really loud ...ON THE GOOD SHIP LOLLY POP...IT'S A SWEET TRIP TA THE CANDY SHOP!!"

"J. knock it off or I'll throw you and your voices out!" Largo yelled above her singing and swerved her car enough to throw J. across the seat and into the other door.

"They started it! Throw them out!!!!!" She bounced up and down on the seat and shook her head until her wig flew off and landed in Garrison's lap. "Gimme that back!" She growled deeply and bared her teeth.

"Largo I really don't think this is a good idea!" She moved across the seat and grabbed her girlfriend's thigh. "She's insane and...just plain...insane!" She looked over her shoulder at J and cringed. "Ohh man...this really isn't good Stud." She watched J. play with her wig so that it looked like a huge yellow spider.

"Itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout!" She waved it in front of the passenger window and stuck her tongue out at the passengers in the car next to them. "Down came the acid rain and killed the little lout!"

Largo stopped the car and looked back at a twitching J. and pointed a long finger at her. "Get your wig back on we're here and no weird shit you got me?"

J. wiggled her dark brows and her tongue at them. "Ya got me so can I have both of ya, whips, chains, handcuffs and whipped cream!?!?" She slapped at the air next to her and growled. "Not tonight I have a headache!"

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Garrison and Largo stood out in the hallway of the cheap motel, J. had left the door open a crack so that they could hear what was going on while she spoke to Doc Vern. J. walked in and flitted around the cheap and very filthy room in front of Dr. Vern. "So Vanna said that you could give me humongous tits," She spun around to face him with her hands on her flat chest. "I want tits that look like the Grand Canyon!"

"Uhhmm...yeah I can do that," Dr. Vern closed one eye and shuddered at the small woman. "It'll take an industrial size amount of silicone but no problem is too...be at the hospital tomorrow." He handed her a card with a room number on it and the cost of the procedure.

"Don't you want to do a physical or anything, maybe check my assets to get a better idea of what needs to be done?" J. said in a bimbo Barbie voice and tried to lift her nonexistent tits as she moved closer to him. "I want them so big that I can flop them down on my kitchen table."

"Nooooo...I mean I've done so many breast enlargements that I don't need to do anything like that." He ushered her to the door, pushed her out, slammed and locked it behind her.

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J. handed Largo the card, slapped her stomach tried to hit chests with her and ended up on her ass. "That was the most disgusting man I have ever seen!" She growled and spit all over the place. "His hair could grease the entire police force garage and the dirt under his fingernails was growing weeds!!!" She kicked her red 'come fuck me pumps' at Largo's ankles and snapped her teeth. "He ain't touching me or I'm gonna turn my voices loose on you while you're sleeping at night!" She waved her hands over her head and howled like a banshee. "Shut the fuck up, I'm talking here!" She got to her feet and grabbed Largo by the front of her shirt and whispered. "You owe me three bags of M&M's and a grape Slurpee from 7-11 and you little grass cutter, you owe me vanilla Zingers!" She wobbled and stumbled down the hall in her pumps while talking a 100 mph in her normal deep growling voice and unpunctuated sentences. Garrison turned to Largo and grinned up at her.

"She's nuts but I think she pulled it off, now what do tits look like that are the size of the Grand Canyon?"

Blue eyes widened and then went to slits. "I'm too scared to even think about tits that look like that, let's go catch her before she starts any trouble."

"What could she do except maybe attract some Johns in the parking lot?"

"Ohh don't even make me think of what she could do or cause, I don't need the office down here asking me why I let J. out of her cell." They went out the door of the motel and stopped dead in their tracks, J. was on the roof of the car swinging her long blonde wig around her head in one hand and the other was directing the chorus that only she could hear.

"Soprano's you're not loud enough and Alto's you're off key AGAIN!"

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Garrison dropped down onto Largo's couch with a sigh; she was exhausted from chasing J. around the parking lot at the motel and then wrestling with her in the back seat to keep her from covering Largo's eyes while she was driving. Her ears ached from the inhuman sounds the small cop could make and her ass hurt where her sharp little teeth had gained purchase when she tried to escape to the front seat. She fell over onto her side, grabbed a throw pillow and hugged it to her chest. "How do you put up with her, she's nuttier than anyone I have ever met?"

Largo threw her suit jacket across the recliner, kicked off her cowboy boots and laid down behind Garrison before she said a word. "She's usually not that bad, it's been a while since she was out of her area and two bags of M&M's didn't help any."

"I can't believe she laid on the floor of 7-11 and opened the spout for the Slurpee machine, I thought the clerk was going to have a heart attack!"

Largo pressed her face into the back of Garrison's neck and nipped at her nape. "I almost had a heart attack with all that moaning and groaning you were doing in the back seat." She was still aroused from the noises and wanted nothing more than to make love to the woman who caused the pounding between her legs. Licking at the tender skin, she felt Garrison shiver and then roll to face her.

"You're evil you know that?"

Largo dropped her voice to a low purr. "I know and I also know that I'm very good at it among other things."

"Care to prove that Stud?" Garrison asked in a very similar purr before capturing soft lips. Soft moans and whimpers came from them as lips and hands roamed; clothes came unfastened and then hit the floor in a pile. Temperatures rose along with pulses and their state of arousal when skin finally met skin.

"Not here Garri, bedroom...now." She picked Garrison up and carried her to the bedroom, without turning on the light, she made it to her bed, lowered her soon to be lover gently down and hovered over her body. "I've wanted to do this for a long time," She said close to Garri's ear and moaned when her nipples were rolled between small fingers. Sucking her ear lobe between her lips, she nipped and sucked until Garrison whimpered and pulled her tighter against her.

"I've dreamt of this moment every other second of the day; I just think of you and get wet." She grinned when Largo moaned and released her ear lobe to bury her face against her neck. "Touch me and I'm history." She whispered, then moaned when she thrust against the muscular thigh that was between hers. Largo growled deep in her chest when her thigh was painted with her lover's wetness, she was on the very edge of climaxing just from them making out on the couch and it would only take a warm breath to send her over. Lifting up so that her knees were on either side of Garrison's hips, she looked down into dark green eyes and whimpered.

"I'm going to die here in two seconds." Her voice cracked and her body shivered from the intense throbbing between her thighs. "I'm sorry...but...I can't make this first time...slow..." She took a deep breath and released it in a hiss when warm hands caressed her breasts.

"It's OK; we have plenty of time to take it slow." Garrison used one hand to pull her head down for a deep searching kiss and trailed the other down to soft short damp curls. She knew exactly how Largo felt and was on the verge of going over the edge just from being so close to her, she moaned into her mouth when long fingers slipped through her wetness and touched her center. She thrust upwards at the same time as she entered Largo's warm pulsing center and gasped when Largo's long finger's moved inside of her. She broke their kiss to bury her face in long dark silky hair and thrust against her lover's hand, she felt her muscles clench and then colors burst behind her closed lids. She screamed out her release and felt her lover shudder and yell against her sweat dampened skin.

As soon as Garrison entered her, Largo knew it was over. She held on as long as she could and then felt her insides shatter in release; her juices rushed out of her and soaked both of them. With

each spasm of her lover's center, she felt her warm juices cover her hand and run down across her palm causing her own body to react in tandem. She dropped down onto Garrison's body and whimpered. "I love you Garri." She cried into her ear and eased her hand from between her thighs to hug her tightly to her body. They lay together quietly and listened to their panting breaths become even. "You won't leave me will you?" Largo asked and raised her head to look down into tear-filled green eyes.

"Why would I do that, I'm in love with you and would never ever think of leaving you?" She lifted her head up to give Largo a soul searing kiss to prove her point, she pulled back for lack of oxygen and wiped the tears from her lover's cheeks.

Largo pressed her face into the warm hand cupping her cheek and mumbled. "Because everyone has in the past...my pager went off and they went out the door."

"They were all idiots," She flipped them over so that she was on top and straddling her lover's hips. "I'm not going anywhere for a very long time." She lowered her face to caress the top of a firm breast with her tongue, teasing the damp flesh and feeling the nipple harden against her chin. She glanced up to see Largo's eyes closed and her lips parted slightly. Flicking her tongue against the nipple, she grinned when her lover jerked and thrust up against her. "So sensitive and very wet," She rolled her hips and moaned when Largo pressed against her. "We may die from this; you know exhaustion, dehydration and other things." She moved her way up to whisper against wet lips. "I'm going to make you scream the entire night." Her kiss stole Largo's breath away and made her pulse race so fast that she thought she would pass out. Their tongues wrapped around each other and searched slowly until they came apart for air. They moved against each other and raised their arousal to volcanic proportions, Garrison's tongue and teeth licked and nipped all the way down to lavish attentions upon hardened nipples and flushed skin. When long fingers wrapped in her hair and pushed her downward, she looked up into dark sultry blue eyes and winked. Slowly, she licked her way down to the top of cropped dark curls and breathed in their mixed scents. Moving lower, she licked at her lover's outer lips and moaned when she thrust up into her mouth.

Largo gripped the covers on her bed and spread her legs further apart, from the gentle stroking of Garrison's tongue against her outer lips and engorged clit, her body was at the edge again. She moaned and squeezed her eyes closed when her clit was pulled between warm wet lips and sucked. "Garri..." she gasped when two fingers slipped inside of her and pumped slow but deeply within. "Come with me..." She felt Garrison move so that they were in a 69, she wrapped her arms around her lover's thighs and pulled herself up to her swollen nether lips. Rolling them to their sides, she plunged her tongue into Garrison's center and felt her tongue squeezed right before her own climax claimed her. She cried out against her lover and jerked with each spasm that rushed through her body. In seconds, she felt Garrison's body go taut and her juices rushed out and covered her lips and chin. Drinking of her offering, she felt another climax brink from the tongue lapping at her center. She dragged a ragged breath in and cried out against her lover's center when Garrison moaned against her. For long moments, they lay tangled and panting from their combined orgasms. Largo moved so that she was lying beside Garrison and pulled her against her body. "I love you Garri."

"Love you too my big bad cop." She snuggled into her body and let the slow pounding of her lover's heart lull her to sleep.

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Largo moaned and buried her face deeper into her pillow and pulled her face back out when she felt a light nip to her shoulder blade. "What are you doing Garri?"

"Trying to wake you up, you know you have all kinds of bite marks on you?"

"Must be those damn bed bugs again," She rolled over and pulled her lover against her chest. "What time is it anyway?"

"Time we should be getting up and doing something constructive like making breakfast." Running a hand down from Largo's chest to soft curls, she grinned when her lover moaned and spread her legs further apart. "Or staying here and seeing what kind of trouble we could get into, your choice."

"Such a tough choice," She groaned and then gasped when one of her nipples was sucked between wet lips. "No choice...ooohhh Gods..." She thrust her hips upward when a wet tongue then snaked between her nether lips. "Toast...I'm..." Her yell of lover's name echoed off the walls and brought a huge grin to Garri's face. By the time they made it out of bed and to the shower, it was close to eleven AM.

They stumbled into Largo's office under the watchful eyes of snickering detectives; Largo pointed a finger at them but was too tired to yell. Walking around her desk, she dropped into her chair and closed her bloodshot eyes with a low rumbling moan. She opened one and grinned at her lover who was trying not to nod off in the guest chair. "Maybe we should have stayed in bed?"

"Huuuhh...yeah, can we go back home and forget we ever left bed?"

"After we take J. over to the hospital and get Dr. Vern the tit man." She pushed herself up out of the chair and made her way over to Garri without falling down. She had never been as sore as she was now; there were places on her body that would never be the same. "Let's go see if J's ready for her tit job."

"Are you going to arrest that idiot today?" She groaned when Largo pulled her up out of the chair.

"If he has tubes of bathroom silicon and a calking gun, he's history." She gave Garri a smirk and chuckled. "If he does, he's gonna re-calk the bathroom before I lock his ass up. I think we have a major leak in there after what we did in the shower this morning."

"Maybe he can fix the showerhead thing; it's a little loose now after you used it to hang from." She snorted when blue eyes narrowed and a deep growl came from deep in Largo's chest.

"NOCANDYNOFILES!" J yelled at the uniformed cop that jumped back from the records window.

"But J I can't find them on my own, only you know where all the shit is around here."

"NOCANDYNOFILES!" She crawled up on the windows ledge, pressed her face against the bars and reached out with a hand to grab the front of his uniform. "GIMMECANDY!" When he handed her a Snickers bar, she jumped back down and handed him the clipboard and a request form. He took it and wrote down the information and handed it back to her, she cocked a dark bushy eyebrow at him and snickered. "BUBBAFILES!"

"Bubba files, but it was a case involving a domestic disturbance?"

"BubbafileswifebeathusbandupwithemptywhiskeybottleandranoffwithhisbrotherBubbafile."

After he had gotten the file from her, he nodded his head at Largo and Garrison when they passed him in the hallway. "Be careful Largo, she's in rare form today." He said over his shoulder when he saw where they were headed.

"Ohh great just what we need, I wonder how much candy she's had all ready today?" She groaned when she saw J with chocolate smeared all over her face and the empty candy wrappers littering her small desk. "Guess that answers that," She looked down into the grinning face of her lover and sighed. "Let's get her out of there before we need to tie her up."

"One question before we let her out...who is she today?"

Largo looked at the red pointed hat, fluffy white beard, green shirt, brown pants and brown boots with curled toes that J was wearing and grinned. "That's easy, she's Snow Whites other dwarf, bitchy." They jumped when J crawled up on the window ledge and pressed her face to the bars.

"Gimmecandyornotitman!"

Largo looked over to Garri and rolled her eyes, she couldn't believe that she was sitting there with J's beard on and thinking it was not weird or that people were looking at her funny. Then again, J was no better. She was licking the window and sticking her head out when ever there were people on the sidewalk. A few times, the poor people tripped or ran into something when she yelled obscenities at them. Largo's favorite was when they passed the Mayor and J yelled, "Your wife sucks tits!" and then flashed him. Garrison fell down in the seat and threw a horrified look at a grinning Largo. She calmed when Largo told her not to worry that he was used to his

kid yelling stuff like that and flashing him. They parked in a visitor spot at the hospital and quickly got out of the car to chase after J, Garri couldn't stop laughing. J had picked green tights and a pink Tutu for her appointment, what was worse was that she had army boots on with a leg shackle dragging off one foot.

"They won't lock her up will they?" Garri motioned to the nurses that were trailing after J.

"Nah, they know who she is." She took Garri's hand and followed after the small cop. "What I want to know is how this guy managed to get an operating room so quick?" She stopped and waved a nurse over and handed her the card from Dr. Vern. "Where's this OR room at?"

The nurse looked from the card and then up into serious blue eyes. "That's not an OR room, that's the janitors closet on the second floor."

"Ohh shit..." Garri took off after J and left Largo to call for back-up. "Who is this Vern guy, is he the janitor?"

"Hell no, he's some wacko that keeps escaping from the top floor." The nurse handed her back the card and tilted her head to the side. "Let me know if you catch him, it's time for his medication. And I have some left over Easter candy for J."

Largo jumped when someone tapped her on the shoulder from behind and then screeched at the top of its lungs. She turned and covered her ears when Vanna started yelling and throwing her arms around at her.

"Calm down Vanna, I can't understand a word you're saying."

"My tits are gone! They took my tits this morning and now I'm flat as a damn board!" She pulled her shirt up to show a white bandage wrapped around her chest. "You get that asshole and cut his balls off!" Largo nodded her head and waved a nurse over to take care of the hysterical Vanna and then used her cell phone to call a uniform to the hospital. She looked into each room as she went down the hall looking for both her lover and J. She found them in the doctor's lounge and groaned when she saw what J was doing. The small cop had a wire coat hanger up inside the candy machine and was pulling candy down with it.

"I can't believe you're letting her do that," Largo said to her lover and shook her head when she saw the half eaten Baby Ruth bar in her hand.

"Hey I don't blame her; they want a dollar for a candy bar! No wonder it costs so much to come to the hospital, they have to charge more so they can afford junk food. It gets worse; they want a buck and a half for a can of Coke!"

Largo picked up all of J's candy and then grabbed her by her Pippy long stocking wig. "Come on we have to go upstairs and get the nutcase Vern, he's an escapee from the top floor. And Vanna wants his nuts cut off; they took her tits off this morning."

Garri shuddered and rubbed her arms, she knew that Vanna was probably close to going over the edge of sanity and hoped that they didn't run into her on their way out. The blonde bimbo thought her tits were the most important part of her body and without them, she was sure to go insane. "Was Sophie with her?"

"Not that I seen, she may be in surgery having the same procedure done." She stopped at the elevator and watched J lick the up button and push it a few dozen times. "Once we have this guy, they can identify him and then press charges."

Garri leaned up against her and wrapped an arm around her waist. "How was this guy able to get away with all of this and not get caught is what I want to know?"

"Obviously no one cares that he's loose and his patients are too dumb to realize that you don't get tit enlargements in the janitor's room." They chased after J as she ran down the hallway and stopped outside of a door with a taped message on it; she handed the note to Largo and pushed the door open with a loud roar. Before they could get inside, they heard Vern scream and then loud clattering noises. Largo pushed the door open and stepped aside so that Garri could see; J had the man under the sink and was trying to shove the end of the caulking gun up his nose. The whole time she was chanting the words. "Rubbertits!" In a split second, she had the shackle off her ankle and slapped around Vern's wrist.

"Sickbastardgoinbyebye!" She dragged him out from under the sink and over to Largo. "Mirandamirandamiranda!"

"Largo is it always this easy to catch the bad guy?" Garri asked after they had turned Vern over to the uniformed officers.

"Nope, sometimes we never catch them. If it wasn't for Vanna and Sophie we may never have caught him."

"You mean that any other woman would have just cut her loses and not said anything about doing something so stupid?"

"Exactly, if it had been you to do something like have a nutcase inject your tits full of bathroom caulk, would you have gone to the police and risked them laughing?"

Garri rubbed her jaw and shook her head. "Nope, there's no way in Hell that I would ever admit to doing something that stupid. I'd go off somewhere where no one knew me and have it fixed."

Largo pulled her into her side and kissed her temple. "I just hope that if there are other victims out there from Vern's handy work that they get taken care of before they end up like that other woman. Now I have all that damn paperwork to do before I can go home, what are you going to do?"

"Ohh I thought I'd go back to the station with you and wait until you got done, no sense in me going to work for a few hours. Plus I want to check on Vanna and make sure she's not flipped out and ready for a straight jacket." She wrapped her arms around her lover's waist and rested her head on her chest. "Can we check at the nurse's desk to see if she's still here in the hospital?"

Largo looked up from her paperwork when she heard screaming out in the squad room, she glanced over to where Garri was sleeping on the couch in her office and got up to see what the problem was. The minute she opened her office door, she saw J standing on a desk with a cardboard box held under one arm. What she couldn't figure out was what she was throwing at the detectives. "J what have you got?" When J threw an object at her, she grabbed it out of the air and inspected it; a wide grin came to her face when she saw that J was throwing breast implants around. She dropped it into her jacket pocket and went back into her office to wake Garri. Leaning over, she kissed her parted lips and chuckled when Garri grinned and continued to sleep undisturbed. Giving up, she went back to her desk to finish up with the last of her report. It wasn't often that she solved a crime all by herself and it was taking her longer to word what had happened. She also had to leave out the parts where J went off on her own little missions, no sense in having Internal Affairs getting their noses into the strange arrest procedure. When her door opened, she looked up to see a grinning J waving at her. "Is Vern still in lock-up or did you go down there and stuff him in the furnace?"

"Ducttapedhisasstothebenchandputabubbainwithhim." She waved and ran out of the homicide squad yelling at the tops of her lungs something about rubber titty bouncers. Largo shook her head and signed the bottom of her report. Dropping it into her out box, she stretched and got up from her chair, she was tired and wanted nothing more than to go home and drop into bed. Going back over to Garri, she picked her up and carried her out of her office and all the way to her car.

Garri woke up to wandering hands and warm breath cascading across her chest, she opened one eye to see a large hand running up and down under her shirt. She turned her head and saw that Largo was still asleep and that her hand was moving of its own accord. Wondering how she had gotten to Largo's house, she tried to think back to earlier in the day. The last thing she remembered was lying down on the soft couch in her office and nothing after that. Rolling to her side, she snaked a hand up under her lover's shirt and ran her fingers beneath a full breast. She had noticed that Largo hadn't been wearing a bra lately and hoped that she had something to do with it. When they were together, she always unfastened Largo's bra so that she could caress her breasts without any boundaries. A wide grin came across her features when she thought of how her lover had looked that morning with her dress shirt opened three buttons and her nipples pressing against the soft material. If they hadn't had to leave the house to get J, she knew she would have dragged her back to bed. Using her teeth, she bit off each button until Largo's shirt fell open to expose her warm silky skin. Pressing her lips between her breasts, she kissed them to the point of worshipping. She stopped when a soft moan came from parted lips and Largo rolled over onto her back. Easing from the bed, she went to her knees and pulled a black gym bag from under the bed. She had found it that morning while searching for her missing boot and grinned

when she saw what was hidden inside. Finding what she wanted, she went into the bathroom, took care of her needs, pulled on a pair of Largo's boxers and then saw that Largo was spread across the bed. Crawling from the foot of the bed upward, she stopped when she was kneeling on either side of a long muscular thigh. Leaning forward, she ran her tongue above the waist-band of black silk boxers and up to plunge into her lover's navel.

After a few minutes, she felt long fingers tangle in her hair and pull her upward towards waiting lips. They kissed deeply, exploring dark recesses until they parted for need of air. Garri waited until she could see pale blue eyes open and look at her, she cocked an eyebrow and gave her a wicked grin. "Ya had ta wake up and ruin my chance of taken advantage of you while you slept."

"Damn...I'll pretend I'm still asleep and you can do anything ya want to me." Largo replied in a deep sleep thickened voice. She ran her hands down to squeeze her lover's ass and raised an eyebrow when she felt the silk beneath her hands. "Stealing my boxers huh?"

"Yep...needed to change into something after what you were dong to me while I slept." She wiggled her brows and dropped her head down to nuzzle between her lover's breasts. She felt Largo raise her hips up and brush against her with her thigh, she chuckled when she moved her thigh in exploration and froze.

"Garri...there's something that feels a little funny against my leg."

Garri pressed downward with her hips and slid up her lover's thigh, she lifted her head when Largo moaned and thrust against her. "Know what it is yet?" She rolled her hips a few more times and grinned evilly when Largo whimpered.

"You found my bag of toys I see," She gave Garri a sultry look and licked her lips. "So you like to pack?" She knew by the confused look on her face that Garri had no idea what she was talking about; she reached down with one hand and fondled the bulge in the front of the boxers. "This is packing," She pulled on it a little and watched green eyes roll back and lips part. "Ohh now I know what you have there...it's not the one I use for packing; it's my strap-on."

"There's a difference?" Garri said in a stuttering voice.

"I'll show you later," She massaged her lover's bulge enjoying the control she had over her. "Are you going to use that on me or do you just like the feel of it?" She pulled the end of the dildo through the fly and ran her hand up it and pulled gently.

"Keep that up and I won't be able to do anything for a while but gasp for air." She leaned back on her hands and let Largo take total control of her, she would get her way later when she was able to think again. Largo turned onto her side, brought her knee up behind Garri to support her back and continued to run her closed hand up and down the dildo. She could hear the noises that the smaller end was making when it moved inside her lover; that alone made her center pulse and wetness run down her leg. She curled forward and licked the tip of the dildo and then pulled it between her lips under watchful green eyes. The moan that came from Garri almost sent her over the edge, using one hand; she unbuttoned the top button of the boxers and pushed the silk down

on either side of Garri's hips. She moaned deeply around the dildo when she saw how engorged her lover's clit was and how it moved when the dildo slid out of her. She moved so that they could get comfortable and she could see better. She pushed her hand inside the leg of her boxers and brought out glistening fingers, she showed them to Garri and then painted her twitching clit with her juices. Pulling the boxers off Garri, she rested her cheek on her thigh and continued to stroke her clit and watch the dildo twitch. "Come for me baby...I wanna watch you come with the dildo in you."

Garri groaned and thrust her hips upward, her thighs trembled and then she yelled out Largo's name with her release. Her body shuddered and then her hips pumped faster when Largo grabbed the dildo in her hand. She was close to having another orgasm when Largo stopped, shed her boxers and straddled her. She leaned down and captured her lips for a rough kiss and eased herself down onto the dildo. She broke the kiss, threw her head back and moaned when she took the entire length inside of her. A gasp came from her lips when her nipples were pinched between small fingers and Garri thrust into her. With panting breaths she forced out. "I'm...coming." Her back arched, body shuddered and a low grunting noise came from her with her release. Her hips jerked and her juices poured from around the dildo to splash onto Garri.

"LARGO!" Burst from Garri with her climax, she pumped her hips upward with each wave and caught her lover when she fell on top of her. They continued to thrust against each other until they were spent and gasping for air. Garri started to chuckle and then laugh, what she didn't realize was that the movement was killing Largo. When her lover's back arched and she whimpered with another climax, she laughed even harder until she noticed that Largo was too quiet. Rolling them over, she lifted an eyelid and saw only white. "Ohh God...I think I killed her!" She eased out of her, shed the strap-on and walked with weak legs to the bathroom. She returned with a towel and wet washrag to wipe her lovers face, neck and rising chest. A few minutes later, she saw blue eyes flutter open and then a small grin come over her lips.

"That's a first for me." She said with a ragged voice and took Garri's hand in hers. "I never passed out before from orgasms."

"You scared me, I thought I killed you." She placed a soft kiss to her lips and then used the washrag to wash between Largo's legs. "I think we got a little rough," She looked up with concerned eyes. "We may not be able to walk tomorrow."

"Maybe not but why are you washing me...not that I don't like it..."

Tears filled Garri's eyes when she looked up; she wiped at her cheek and bit her bottom lip. "There was blood on your legs...I hurt you."

Largo pulled her into her arms and rolled them onto their sides; she kissed her lover's tears away and whispered to her. "You didn't hurt me; I've never used a strap-on before."

"Ohh God...I did to hurt you." She sobbed and buried her face into her lover's chest.

"No you didn't, no one has ever made me feel the way you do. I've never been able to have multiple orgasms with any lover, by myself doesn't count." She grinned when she heard Garri chuckle, she pulled away and winked at her. "Seems to happen quite a lot lately," She dropped her head down to hide the blush that crept up her cheeks; she looked up at Garri and tilted her head to the side. "I saw you out in your truck that night." She wiggled her eyebrows and grinned at the wide eyes and deep red that covered her lover's cheeks. "I don't jog, I was sore that next morning from..."

"That makes two of us, that's never happened to me before." She gazed into dark blue sapphires with silver shooting through them and moaned, all it took was one look from Largo and she was wet. She took Largo's hand, placed it between her thighs and raised her hips. "We may have to invest in those adult diapers..."

"Kinky...will you model one for me?" She growled right before she brought their lips together in a soul-searing kiss.

Friday morning Garri showed up at the police station with Vanna and Sophie, she took them to Largo's office and waited for them to take their seats before she went around and kissed her lover gently. "We're here for the line up, but you'll have to explain to the bimbos again what they have to do."

Largo hugged her and whispered in her ear. "When we're done, we're going to my cabin for the weekend. I have the black bag out in my car so we can play."

"You would torture me like this wouldn't you, let's get them to the line-up room so we can get out of here." She tugged on Largo's hand and pulled her up out of her chair, waving a hand at the other two women, she pointed to the door. "Come on lets get this over with, I have plans for the weekend."

Vanna and Sophie stood on the other side of the one way mirrored window and watched a dozen men walk into the room and turn to face them. They snickered and made soft comments in each other's ear and then turned to see Garri rolling her eyes. Largo flipped a switch near the window and spoke into the speaker and asked each man to take two steps forward and turn to their right before going back into the line up. "All right you two, now take a good look at each guy when he comes forward. When you recognize one of them, say the number that's on the paper attached to his chest." She spoke into the speaker again and waited while the two bimbos looked at each one that stepped forward. She held out her arm and wrapped it around Garri's shoulders when she stepped into her body, they watched Vanna and Sophie tilt their heads to the side and shiver in disgust at some of the men in the line up. Largo watched the door open and groaned when J came in; the small woman wore a bright orange tank top, Scottish skirt and pink ballerina slippers. What was scary was the fact that she looked like she stole *Dolly Parton's* tits. She wobbled when

she walked and used the wall to keep from falling over, she stopped beside Vanna and looked up with crossed green eyes and snickered.

"I can't believe her." Garri mumbled to Largo and buried her face in her chest for the screaming that would eventually come when the bimbos noticed J.

"I wonder what she has in her shirt...they look kind of real." Largo tilted her head to the side and moaned when she saw J go into the beaver hide bag at her hip and pull out breast implants.

"THAT'S HIM!" The bimbos yelled when Vern stepped forward and turned in the wrong direction before going back to stand with the others. "HE RUINED OUR TITS!" They ran towards the window and smashed right into it with their faces before falling onto their asses. "ARREST HIM...CUT HIS NUTS OFF!" They continued to scream while the men were led out of the other room. They screamed louder when J walked in front of them, handed them breast implants and bunny hopped away. Largo and Garri busted up laughing when her tits flew up, smacked her in the face and knocked her out cold across the bimbo's laps. Garri and Largo stepped forward to lift the small cop off the hysterical bimbo's laps and carry her from the room. Largo yelled over their screams to one of her detectives to place formal charges on Vern and send him back down to lock-up. They carried J back down to files and put her in the twin bed where she slept in the back room. Garri looked at a picture on the nightstand and noticed that it was the same one that Largo had in her house. She picked it up and waved it in front of her lover. "You have this same picture, who's the woman with you?"

Largo took it in her hand and smiled down into green eyes. "That's me and my mama; we had that taken a few months ago. She's on vacation in Cancun and should be back at the end of the month."

Garri raised wide green eyes up to her lover and closed her open mouth. "Your mama's a cop?"

"Worse, she's the police chief and my boss. Now ya know why J's still here, can't fire family now can ya?" She placed the picture back down on the nightstand, wrapped an arm around her lover's waist and pulled her against her body. "Ready to go to our cabin, we can stop by your place and get some clothes if you need them?"

"You're related to the little nutcase?"

"She's my cousin, so that makes me related to the Mayor."

Garri rose up onto her toes and kissed Largo softly before she nodded her head. "That comes in handy now doesn't it," She grinned. "I just need to grab a few things and then we'll get lost for the rest of the weekend. One thing before I forget, stay out of the bushes this time."

Largo laughed and hugged her lover tighter to her body. "Don't worry; I'm not going anywhere near any poison ivy."

On the way to Largo's cabin, Garri looked through her mail that she had grabbed on her way back out to Largo's car. She came to a manila envelope with the name of her insurance company on the upper corner; she tore it open and looked at the check before reading the letter included. "Well, the good news is that I have your check for your truck, the bad news is they cancelled my car insurance." She folded the check and stuck it in the front pocket of Largo's silk shirt. "Guess I'll be calling *Geiko* on Monday and seeing about getting that high risk coverage."

"That just plain sucks," Largo turned to look at her lover and raised an eyebrow. "How many claims have you had?"

"One, this one and no speeding tickets, Insurance companies suck, just think of all the money you pay each year for say 60 years or more. What do ya get back when you no longer drive? Not a damn thing!!" She ripped the letter into small pieces and stuffed the scraps back into the envelope. "It's a huge rip off and they should have to give you back your money."

Largo had never really thought of it before but Garri was right, the amount of money that everyone paid into car insurance over the years was ridiculous. What did they do with all that money if you never had a claim? She had never had any and neither had her mom, with all that money in their pockets, they would be rich. An idea came to her; she would think about it more and then talk to Garri about it later. She checked the traffic from the other direction and turned down the road that would lead them to their cabin, she had thought of it as there's from the very first time they had become intimate and hoped that they could call her home that as well. She stopped at the bend that had brought them together and smiled, the entire area had been cleared and she could see a good two hundred foot up the road.

"Uncle Melvin told me he was going to clear this but I never thought they would clear it this good," She moved closer to Largo and kissed her neck. "I'm glad that we didn't clear it before or we might never have met."

"That makes two of us; maybe he'll send the guys out to take care of the poison ivy for us?"

"I'll ask him on Monday, even though I enjoyed rubbing your ass."

They carried their bags into the cabin, dropped them on the couch and headed back out the door to go down to the riverbank. Largo pulled Garri in front of her and wrapped her arms around her from behind. Resting her chin on her shoulder, she turned her head and kissed the side of her neck and nipped at the soft skin. "What would ya say to a picnic, and some night fishing?"

"As long as we light some citronella candles and you don't go jumping in the river, it sounds good to me."

"No beer this weekend, I brought a case of Coke instead." She placed a gentle kiss on her lover's lips, took her hand and led her back up to the cabin. After getting the stuff they would need for their picnic and fishing, she pointed to a thick blanket on the back of the couch. "Grab that while I get changed, I hate wearing these damn suits and the sooner I'm out of it the better I'll feel."

Garri ran her hands down the grey double breasted suit jacket and wiggled an eyebrow at her. "But you look so damn sexy in a suit, especially when you're wearing a silk shirt underneath your jacket."

"Uuuuhh huhh, you just like the fact that I only have a silk shirt on with nothing underneath it." She moaned deeply when small hands went under her jacket and rubbed her nipples until they were hard and aching. "Our picnic can wait." She picked Garri up and carried her to their bed, for the next couple of hours the cabin echoed with the sounds of their releases and sent the wild things of the area running for cover. When the sun started to set, they ventured out with their fishing gear and walked on sore legs down to the river bank. Garri spread the blanket out while Largo placed the cooler and fishing poles down on the ground next to it. Dropping down onto the blanket, she held her hand out and pulled her lover down next to her. She kissed her gently before handing her a fishing pole and the container of chicken livers. When they had their lines out in the river, they lay down next to each other and cuddled close. They both jumped when they heard a noise in the bushes and then a horrible voice singing. Largo rolled over and squinted in the dimming light and groaned.

"We're not alone; we have a wood nymph spying on us."

Garri went up on one elbow, leaned over her lover and looked into the bushes; she snorted when J fell out and cussed. "I can't believe she's running around in public dressed like that."

J got to her feet, kicked at the bushes and growled. "Gothandsandfingersgrabbedmyass!" She straightened her green pointy hat and wiggled around in her green leafy tutu before running around her cousin and Garri and doing little leaps and bounds. She pulled on a string and made her wings flap and bunny hopped closer to Largo. "Yourmamacalledandtoldmetogiveyouthis." She handed Largo a small envelope and then hopped away from them to go running towards the cabin singing a song from Peter Pan. Largo shook her head and peeked inside the small envelope; she closed it quickly and stuffed it into her pocket.

"What did your mama send you?" Garri asked and tried to stick her hand in her lover's pocket.

"Keys to the cabin," She squirmed and tried to keep Garri's fingers out of her pocket but failed when a small hand cupped her sex and squeezed. "Ohh God...you're gonna kill me." She moaned and thrust her hips up into Garri's hand.

"Naaah...just tease you until you beg." She grabbed a hard nipple between her teeth and nipped lightly. "Why did she send you keys to your cabin?" Largo rolled them over and straddled Garri's hips; she pulled the envelope from her pocket and dumped the contents into her hand. She picked the key ring up in her fingers and held them out to Garri.

"I don't know how my mama knew about us unless a certain crazy person called her," She placed the keys in Garri's hand and looked down into her dark green eyes. "She sent the keys for you," She nodded her head for Garri to look at the keychain closer. "That's not all she sent, it's my mama's way of giving me a little shove." Garri looked at the keys in her hand and gasped, on the ring was a gold wedding band and a diamond engagement ring. "Will you?"

Tears filled Garri's eyes; she looked from the rings to her lover's pale blue eyes. "You want to marry me?"

Largo nodded her head and then dropped her head down. "I know we haven't known each other long but if my mama sent her rings to me then she knows something that I don't and I never question my mama. So yes, I'm asking if you'll marry me." She took the key ring from her lover's hand, removed the rings and held them out to her. "Will you?" She slid the rings onto Garri's finger when she held her hand out and then brought their lips together in a deep soul-binding kiss. She let out a yelp when something landed on her ass and giggled. "She's still here." She mumbled against Garri's lips and then lifted her head up to see J running off towards the cabin again. "She's really lost it this time, she's...naked except for a tiara."

"I know someone else that's going to be that way." Garri pulled Largo's shirt up over her head and tossed it behind them somewhere; she rolled her over onto her back and kissed her deeply until they were both panting. "The Hell with fishing, we're gonna celebrate for the rest of the weekend. Hopefully when we're exhausted and can't move, J will drag us up to the cabin."

They woke the next morning on the river bank wrapped in each other's arms and the blanket, Largo looked over to the side of them and snorted. J sat with just a fishing hat covered with hooks and lures on and using her fishing rod. "Catch anything yet?"

"Lotsofstuffweirdstuffyourstuff." She pointed to a rope strung between two trees with their clothes hanging off of them. "Fishesthrewthembackwrongsize." She pulled a stringer out of the river and showed her cousin the eight bass she had caught so far. "Gotsbreakfastandlunch." She turned and gave Largo a bright smile. "Shesayyes?" When Largo smiled and nodded her head, J jumped up and fell on top of them. "Gotanewcousin!" She kissed a squirming Garri on her cheek, grabbed the stringer of fish and then ran off screaming towards the cabin.

She eased up onto one elbow and traced her lover's lips with a fingertip. "Largo why is she still naked and what in the Hell did she say?"

"You just gained a crazy cousin and she caught us breakfast and lunch along with our clothes that were out in the river." She got up and pulled Garri to her feet. "You don't mind that she's here do you?"

"Nope, she grows on ya after a while." She wrapped her arms around Largo's waist and leaned into her body. "Is she our slave for the weekend?"

"Yep, she's not as crazy as she wants everyone to believe." She pressed their foreheads together and hugged Garri tighter. "I was going to ask you to marry me this weekend even if my mama hadn't sent J here with the rings." She pressed a kiss to her lover's lips and pulled back to look into her emerald green eyes. "I just wanted to tell you that."

"I would have said yes anyway, I love you Largo and want nothing more than to grow old with you." She looked up towards the cabin when she heard J yell at them, she chuckled at the small cop and shook her head. "I guess breakfast is ready, and if we don't get up there I'm afraid she may use that flipper on us." J jumped up and down, pushed her chef hat out of her eyes and waved a huge flipper in her hand.

Largo gave her lover an evil grin and wiggled an eyebrow. "Maybe she'll let me use her flipper later." She picked Garri up and carried her towards their cabin all the while thinking of what other things she could put to use from the kitchen along with what they had brought with them in the black gym bag.

The End

Crash Course

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