

~ Chicken Little ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yep, they look like them but they're not. If LL and ROC acted like these two while doing the series, we'd all be happy!

Violence: Not much

Sex and bad language: At least it's not bad sex! And the rest of the stuff: If you're not old enough that's what parental controls are for! GO AWAY!

Songs Sanctuary and Anything without you by Aussie born Jamie O'Neal. No I didn't get her permission; if I did do ya think I'd have time to write this?

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By Larisa

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

The warehouse was filled with the scent of burning feathers; it was so thick in the air that the workers were gasping for breath. White plumes of smoke rose to the ceiling fans making it look like the place was on fire. Numerous workers dressed completely in white stood along both sides of the conveyor belt inspecting the product with an air of complete boredom. It was the same thing seven days a week 365 days a year. The only time there was any excitement was if someone fell asleep on the job. That happened at least twice a day on the early morning shift. One employee was famous for her ability to fall asleep standing up and taking on the appearance of being awake until the product backed up and covered her to her knees. That's exactly what was happening at that very moment. A shrill scream startled the small blonde from her nap. She looked around but couldn't see where the voice was coming from.

"God damn it Jabony! Wake your stupid ass up and do your job!" Came over the PA system loud enough to make the entire warehouse jump three feet in the air.

Green eyes blinked a few times in confusion. "Who the Hell is Jabony? I've never met them."

Hazel eyes rolled as a woman with long blonde curly hair reached out and smacked the smaller blonde in her head. She just couldn't believe how dense her friend was at times, she wondered if it was a by-product of breathing in the smoke from burnt feathers for two many years.

"What's your name?" She asked in a serious tone.

"Grisegond JaBloan`, Why?"

"You win a cookie! Now Grisly, what does the bosses kid call you all the time?"

Brows dropped down over sleepy green eyes, a pensive look contorted her face. "Jablank, JaBony, Japshit, Japan, Jagernaut and I can't think of the others." She smacked herself in the forehead and groaned. "I did it again didn't I and stupid fuck, caught me."

"Ohh ya get a whole dozen of cookies! I swear that asshole just sits up there and watches the camera monitors." She slapped an inspection sticker on the product as it went by. "Better pick up that mess before the rat faced fuck comes down and jumps on you again."

Bending over at the waist, Grisly started tossing the product on to the conveyor belt and mumbling under her breath about finding a job that wasn't so degrading as checking the assholes of chickens. If it wasn't for her grandpa, she would move to a different place, get a real job, and maybe find the love of her life.

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"Ooohh baby bend over further so I can see your nice snatch!" The rat faced man yelled into the small room where he supervised the warehouse on goings. His dancing beady dark brown eyes were set in a long thin face topped by mousey brown hair that looked like his mother had placed a bowl on his head and used a steak knife to cut it. He leaned closer to the monitor screen and licked the spot where Grisly's tight ass was clearly showing by the overhead camera. A grimace came over his face; he wiped his tongue with his hands and gagged. "Damn Windex! Jesus that stuff tastes like shit!" He grabbed a can of Coke and tried to wash the taste from his mouth. "Disgusting! He shivered with the after taste of the potpourri scented Windex."

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After ten years of imprisonment, the dark haired ruler of the women's correction institute walked through the gates into the bright sunshine. Her clothes were picked from an assortment that the facility had on hand for woman being released back into the community. Although clean, they nowhere fit the tall woman. The pants were skin tight in the thighs and the shirt pulled tight across her wide back and massive biceps. Stomping her feet to try to settle her boots and loosen the tightness across her thighs, she gave out a growl when the material rubbed uncomfortably at her groin. For the time behind bars, she had worn loose fitting clothes and this was hard to get used too. Swinging the small duffle bag over her shoulder and picking up her guitar case, she looked both ways down the road. She had no place to go, no friends or family and no idea which way to head. She had a little bit of money that she had earned from working in prison, but nowhere near enough to do anything. She looked back over her shoulder when she heard her name being yelled from the guard tower. Raising her hand to shield her eyes, she saw one of the guards that she had befriended.

"Hey Bronte, towns that away!" The tall woman pointed to the ex-convicts left and gave her a

small wave before disappearing from sight. Shrugging her shoulders, she turned left down the road. She had no idea where she would go from there but she was enjoying her first taste of freedom. The smell of fall was in the air; the leaves had already turned thousands of colors and were falling to the dark green grass. She trudged down the road for three hours until she came to a more populated area that had sidewalks. Looking across the road, she saw a sign for rooms for rent and a sign that read twenty dollars a night. She had exactly \$300.00 in her pocket to live on; it would have to last until she was able to get a job. Walking further, she saw a salvage yard with junk cars, a pile of mangled motor cycle frames, parts and engines. A bright grin came to her face and vanished. Before she had been put in prison, she had owned a restored 1978 Harley soft tail. She had no idea what happened to it after she was arrested. Most likely sold at the police auction for mere pennies. Crossing the road, she went up to the office door and went in, the smell of oil and gasoline brought back memories and a small smile.

"Can I help ya?" An old man asked from where he limped from a back room.

"I wanna know about the motorcycle frames outside."

He scratched a whisker-covered jaw and blinked up at her with rheumy blue eyes. Sticking the rag he had in his hand in a back pocket, he gave her the once over and smiled. "Strapping young thing ya are, just got out huh?"

Her eyes narrowed, she knew that ex-convicts were not accepted to well back into the world and had a feeling that this old man would be the first of many to shun her.

"Never mind." She grumbled as she turned to leave.

"Did fifteen myself when I was younger and a whole lot better looking." He gave her a bright toothless smile. "I'm still kinda cute though, women fall all over themselves to go out with me. Or was that ta get away from me...can't remember?" He heard her chuckle and then saw the glimmer in her eye as she turned back around. "I know what ya were thinking, people spittin at ya and whispering behind yer back." He limped from behind the counter and gazed up at her. "Can't really do that around here since most of the people in this town are ex-convicts."

"You're right, I was thinking that." She held out her hand and shook his gnarled one. "Names Bronte Pellatrino."

"Scooter Jefferson, proud owner of this here establishment. Now about those scooter parts out there." He gave her the once over and poked her shoulder. "I'll make a deal with ya; you can have any parts ya want if ya help me out with some heavy work." He pointed down to his twisted right leg. "Can't really get around to good anymore."

"Sure, sounds good to me. What needs done?"

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Lunchtime came around and made the warehouse look like the run of the bulls, workers ran for

the nearest exits to get fresh air and away from the prying eyes of the rat faced bastard Timmy. A couple of picnic tables had been set underneath a half dozen oak trees at the west corner of the building for them to sit outside and eat lunch. Which was were a majority of them were now sitting or standing around. The other place that was preferred was the parking lot. The smokers hung out in their vehicles polluting their lungs with nicotine instead of the other horrible odors from the warehouse. Either way, their lungs were sure to fall out one day. Grisly lurched her way to the picnic area after getting her triple X Coleman lunch box from her dilapidated Volkswagen Golf. Grunting with effort, she half dragged the huge thing onto the table.

"One of these days there's not gonna be anybody at the other end and the tables gonna flip over from your lunch box."

Green eyes narrowed, a smirk came across Grisly's face. "Ha! Funny Daryl, see if I share with you." She waved a huge sandwich at her friend. "I know for a fact that your evil other half forgot your lunches at home."

"We were running late." She wiggled her dark brows.

"Ya mean later than usual? Don't ya think that getting 'It' three times a day all year round is a bit much?" She was jealous; she had sex with another possible human creature maybe once a month. She had shitty luck with women and the one she was dating now, she had no idea why she was torturing herself by letting her hang around. The idea of a vibrator that worked off a truck battery was looking better every day.

"Its not always three times a day." Daryl bit into the sandwich and moaned deeply. "Sometimes it's four times a day on the south bound train, but that's on our days off."

Grisly felt like slamming her head in her lunchbox, all she wanted was to find someone that didn't think that going on the southbound train was actually going to the train station and heading to Florida.

"OK, Grisly where's my sandwich?" A deep growling voice spoke close to her ear then huge paws came down on her shoulders.

"In my lunchbox you chicken fucker."

"I am NOT a chicken fucker, I'm a plucker!" She put Grisly in a headlock and rocked her small body back and forth on the bench.

"OK Marty, you're a fucking plucker."

"That's better." The dark haired woman placed a sloppy kiss on her friend's cheek before she took a seat next to her wife. "Hi ya snogums." She gave her a kiss that had Daryl falling over on the bench and gasping for breath. "Here hold these." She snapped her vise grips on her wife's nipple ring and started in on her sandwich.

Grisly rolled her eyes, her two friends did the strangest things and it never even dawned on them that it was strange. Shaking her head as Daryl sat there with a pair of vise grips hanging from her nipple ring and acting like it was normal.

Marty's caramel colored eyes twinkled at the blush that ran up the small blonde's face. "What's the matter Grisly, don't like my tool belt?"

"I'm afraid to even think about that or where you store certain tools."

"How's your dating with what's her name going?" Daryl asked as she pulled a family size bag of Doritos from Grisly's lunch box.

"Does *Nightmare on Elm street* explain it for ya? The woman is beyond strange; I'm waiting to find her at my front door with nails sticking out of her forehead." She leaned over the table. "She now has the bridge of her nose pierced! I feel like I'm dating one of those people from *Star Trek!*"

Her friends traded weird looks with each other and snorted at Grisly. Her brows buried themselves in her blonde shaggy bangs; a look of utter confusion came over her face to change to a baring of teeth and a low snarling noise, when she figured out what they were thinking.

"I'm not dating her to piss off my mother, dating any woman would do that. What's her name is the only one who'll go out with me."

Daryl leaned across the table so that they were nose-to-nose, tapping Grisly on her shoulder with each word she growled. "That's because you're afraid of commitment."

"Am not, just haven't found anyone that fits with what I want, tired of dating short women. I want someone taller than me." A goofy look split her face. "I want a six-footer!"

Her friends busted out laughing; they knew that every woman Grisly dated was taller than she was. "What'cha want to place an order through the Sears catalog for a six foot lesbian who likes dwarves?"

"Go ahead and laugh now but I'll be laughing later when you two are running for the bathroom." She smirked at their horrified faces. "Go ahead and eat up chicken fuckers."

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Bronte looked at the huge cage like contraption on the back of the truck, taking a deep breath, she tossed the last of the old tires up into the air and watched it sail over the edge and drop on top of the other tires. Using her shirtsleeve to wipe the dirt, grime and sweat from her face, she arched her back and heard the vertebrae slip back in. She now knew why Scooter couldn't do the job of loading the tires. Being forty years his junior and in good shape, she felt like she was ready to keel over. Dropping her aching body to a small wooden crate, she rested her forearms on her thighs and let her head fall forward. She could feel the muscles pull across her back and

shoulders.

"Brought ya some water, figured after all that work ya might be thirsty." Scooter handed the bottle to her and leaned against the side of the truck. "You thinking of staying around here for a while or movin on?"

Bronte set the half-full bottle on the ground and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. "Guess here is as good as any place to stay, any place hiring around here?"

"We have the Tyson's plant about four miles from here, they're always looking for help." Scratching his baldhead, he gave her a toothless grin. "Lotsa good lookin women in that place."

She raised a dark brow at what he said and gave him a crooked grin. "I have a sign around my neck or something?"

A deep laugh burst from his chest, he reached out a hand and squeezed her shoulder. "Ya just have that look about ya; around here you'll notice a lot of single men. Ain't cuz we're all ugly, just have some extra parts the women don't want."

"OK. Maybe I'll check that place out tomorrow after I get a room and some clothes that fit me." She tugged on the filthy t-shirt to make her point. "Any second hand stores around here?"

"About a half hour away." He pulled a wad of bills from his pocket and handed her fifty dollars. "This is for loading all those tires and all the other stuff ya got yourself into today." He held up his gnarled hand to keep her from saying anything. "I know I told ya it was fer the scooter parts, but ta be honest those parts ain't worth the work ya did. Ya can have those parts fer nothin and if ya help me out from time ta time, I'll pay ya under the table." He stuffed the bills in her hand and crossed his arms over his bony chest. "How about it?"

Bronte looked in to the honest face of the old man and nodded her head. "Ya got a deal, how do I find this store?"

He tossed her the keys to his tow truck and gave her directions, as she was driving down the road a bright smile came to her face. It hadn't even been a full day since she was released, she had made a friend, had an almost honest paying job and was driving a vehicle that cost more than she had ever made in her 30 years of life. Freedom was looking good so far, now all she needed was a place to stay and a good paying job. Seeing the Goodwill store in the small shopping center, she pulled the tow truck into the lot and looked at all the other stores in the small area. It had everything you would need. After she was done in Goodwill, she would stop in at the Food Lion and get the foods that she hadn't had since she had been locked up. She had a craving that has lasted ten years, her weakness was chocolate and macadamia cookies. No matter what her connections were in the prison, she couldn't get her favorite cookies.

Forty-five minutes later, she had a couple pairs of almost new Levi's, t-shirts, new socks and boots. Out of the fifty that Scooter had given her, she had ten dollars left to buy food with. Her other money would go for getting a room for the night. If she got a job at the Tyson's place, she

would see about an apartment or boarding house, until then the motel would do.

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A stampede of workers flew threw the doors of the Tyson's chicken plant and out to the parking lot. It was pretty much the same thing everyday; the workers couldn't wait to get out of the building when their shift was over. After eight hours of smelling burnt feathers and handing chickens and their parts, who ever dragged their feet to get away needed mental help. Grisly, Marty and Daryl out ran everyone. It was the night that they went to the local 'all you can eat buffet' and then off to a gay bar outside of town and they wanted to beat the evening crowd. Living in a small town sometimes became boring, to keep it from getting that way for the three women, they did activities together after work and on weekends. It had been Daryl's idea, she didn't like seeing her friend Grisly sitting alone in her small house wasting away the hours reading and watching TV. She would be the first to admit to being a homebody, but spending all your time alone was not good. She often wondered if that wasn't why Grisly fell asleep all the time. Boredom could do that to a person.

At the sound of a horn blaring, Grisly closed the back door of her house and ran around the side to Marty and Daryl's truck. Right off, she noticed the smirk on her friend's faces.

"What is my fly open or something?" She looked downward then back up. "Assholes," was grumbled as she crawled onto the floor of the raised 4x4 truck and up onto the seat.

"Going on the hunt tonight Grisly?" Daryl inspected her small friends skintight black Levi's and tight white wife beater. "All ya need now is a pair of steel toed boots, baby dyke."

"Gramp's is wearing them. For your information, I'm not on the hunt for anything except the rib section of the buffet. Let's go before I chew on your arm."

"You two are just plain weird, sharing clothes and stuff." Marty mumbled at her friend and cast a sideways glance into twinkling green eyes. "Ya aren't wearing his drawers are ya?"

"I'll never tell." Grisly grinned. "I do like the ones with the little Budweiser frogs all over them."

Marty shook her dark head. "Simple bitch."

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Bronte dropped her stuff at the foot of the twin size bed, she looked around at the dingy walls of the motel room. She had more in her prison cell than what was in the room she had for the night. Flipping the small color TV that was bolted to the dresser on, she turned the knob until she came across the local station. She snorted at the newsman with his horrible toupee and buckteeth, it seemed to her that the Romney West Virginia Area was still lost in the 80's somewhere. Or worse, the 70's, she scanned the room to make sure that there wasn't an 8-track player hiding somewhere. Rubbing her dirty face with ever-dirtier hands, she went to the small bathroom and groaned. The color was puke green and that included the shower curtain pulled around the

porcelain tub. Shrugging her shoulders, she turned on the water, striped out of her dirty clothes, and dropped them into the sink. Once under the hot spray of water, she groaned when the sore muscles in her body started to relax. This would be the first time in ten years that she would have the shower to herself. Closing her eyes, she was able to let her guard down and enjoy herself. While in prison, no one ever felt safe in the shower room or anywhere else except behind the bars of your cell. Once she had beaten her way to the top of the food chain, she had made sure that it was safer for the women. But in that kind of place, it was hard to be completely safe from everyone. She wondered who was now holding her former position of pit boss. It was a ranking that you knew someone who thought they were tougher than you were, would try and kill you to be able to rule the floors. At first, it was at least twice a week that some women challenged her, then it stopped after she hung one woman by her ankles over the railing of the sixth tier. After that, she never worried again. A slight shiver raced up her spine when the water turned tepid and then cold. Stepping from the shower, she tried to dry off with the tiny little towel that the motel considered a bath towel. Tossing the wet towel over the shower rod, she went out into the small room and dropped onto the bed. With the drone of the TV, she drifted off to sleep instantly.

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Grisly was ushered out the front doors by the manager of the local restaurant. A wicked grin was covering her face. Snickering behind them were Marty and Daryl. She knew it was bound to happen sooner or later.

"You're barred from here for the next month Grisly!" The manager yelled loud enough for the other customers to hear. "I can't believe you took the insert full of ribs to your table!"

"It was easier than walking back and forth." She said with a chuckle.

Daryl placed an arm across the manager's shoulder. "Hey Roger, at least she didn't sit at the buffet table this time."

"True, I had complaints like you wouldn't believe. People wanted to know where the server was after you guys left. Took me a week to get it through their blockheads that she didn't work for me." He gave them all hugs and winked at them. "See ya next week." He had to make it look like they were barred to keep other people from eating him out of house and home. When it came to his niece, there was no way in Hell he would be able to bar her and live. His wife would have his hide tacked to the front of the building.

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Patrons tripped over each other, fell into one another all because of the way that Grisly danced. Or couldn't dance was more the story. She had no sense of rhythm what so ever. Her way of dancing looked more like some kind of mating ritual for jungle animals. The way she hopped around looked like a primate would when it swung from vines. As she spun around the dance floor, people dodged, dropped to the floor or yelped when she smacked them with her flailing arms. Even after the music stopped, she was still hop jumping around. Finally, Marty yanked her

off the dance floor and received a round of applause and whistles.

"You're dangerous no matter where we take you."

"Am not, they just don't know how to dance!" She glared at the other people. "Non-rhythmic barbarians." She gave out a yelp when Marty yanked on her ear harder.

"If you act the same way in bed as ya do on the dance floor I'm surprised we haven't had to hide a body somewhere."

"I don't even think so. I'll have ya know that I happened to be quite good in the sac. Never had any complaints."

She gave up when Marty let out a howl and fell over laughing so hard that tears ran down her cheeks. Knowing who she dated and the type of woman Sheila was, Marty knew there would be no complaints.

Slamming back a shooter of something purple, Grisly shivered when it hit bottom. It tasted like grape kool aide but kicked ass once it hit the stomach lining. After three of them, her entire body was numb but for her burning stomach.

"There's my little woman!" A woman an inch taller than Grisly slurred as she leaned into her. "Missed ya for the last week, where ya been?" Her brown eyes were almost jet black from the dilated pupils. "Ya gonna give me some tonight?" Grisly's eyes blinked a couple times to try to clear the fog that was stealing her vision.

"That you Sheila?"

"One and only." She took Grisly's hand and pulled her towards Marty and Daryl. "Taking my woman home, gonna get me some." The uncouth drunk slurred as she wove back and forth in front of them.

"You two are walking right?" Daryl asked as she grabbed the front of Sheila's shirt.

"Yep. Have ta lost my license. Judge says I'm a drunk and don't need ta drive. Bastard. I ain't a drunk or nothin."

Daryl and Marty looked at her then to each other. They knew all too well what Sheila was not and that was sober for more than two breaths when she woke up. They wished that Grisly would find someone who was dependable and would treat her good. She didn't need an alcoholic in her life that was for damn sure. Grisly was a lost cause when it came to her choice in dates, the least chance of it being meaningful and she was jumping.

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With a low painful groan Grisly opened one eye and took in the pale light coming through the

nearby window. She remembered falling into Sheila's bed and them fumbling around and then not much after that. Using the one hand that was free of her twisted shirt, she searched the tangle of sheets and other objects around her. She was not surprised to find a beer can between her legs or Sheila passed out and drooling on her thigh. It must have been another typical night of 'maybe I had sex.' Moving from under the dead weight of Sheila, she stumbled to the bathroom with her pants dragging behind her off of one foot. When she looked in the mirror, she would have screamed at the sight of her pale skin and bloodshot eyes if her throat wasn't so dry or her tongue didn't feel like it was the size of a semi truck. Splashing cold water on her face and head, she tried to finger comb her tangled hair.

"Sure are stupid Grisly, can't remember anything." She looked closely at her reflection. "What do you get from acting like a drunken slut? Nada!" She closed her eyes and felt the room tilt to the side, taking a deep breath she tried to concentrate on keeping the room from throwing her to the floor. Sighing, she made her way to the small kitchen and made a pot of strong coffee for the two of them. No sooner had she dropped into a kitchen chair, then Sheila came into the kitchen, grabbed a beer from the refrigerator, slammed it and got another one.

"Come on Grisly, I wanna finish what I started." She took the smaller hand in hers and pulled her back to the mess of a bedroom. Spinning Grisly around so that she ended up looking like an accident victim on the bed. Sheila pounced on top of her, bit her breast hard enough to make her yell and then handed her the beer from her hand.

"Hold this." She grabbed the ashtray from the bedside table, lit up a smoke and took a few hits off it before putting it in the ashtray that was now sitting on Grisly's washboard stomach.

So now she lay there with Sheila between her thighs doing God only knows what, a beer in one hand, TV remote in the other and an ashtray on her stomach. She flipped the TV on and surfed through the stations until she found a morning talk show. Every once in a while, she would grunt or her body would twitch until Sheila's voice reached her deaf ears.

"Are ya close ta comin?"

It took Grisly a few seconds to figure out what she was talking about. "Ohh yeah! Lick me harder!" She went back to watching the program and taking a drink of the cold beer.

"Uuuuhh...stick your tongue in me." Flipped through to the channels to find something better to watch, finding nothing, she picked up the People magazine from the nightstand and started reading it. "You are so good!" She said in a loud voice and squirmed around until she was comfortable. "OOHH yeah! Right there...harder...Damn Julia Roberts got married." Sheila continued to do whatever the Hell she was doing while Grisly read that magazine and then picked up a Sci-Fi magazine and started reading it. When a cramp formed in her calf, she let out a scream and jerked in the bed.

"Was it good for you?" Sheila asked as she got up, slammed the rest of her beer, lit another cigarette and went to the kitchen. Grisly grabbed at her calf and worked the muscle until it gave up its death grip. Picking up her clothes, she got dressed and went into the kitchen to have coffee before she would walk home. When she walked through the door, she found Sheila passed out

with her head on the table.

She mumbled to herself as she took a travel mug down from the cabinet. "I gotta stop this stupid shit and get a vibrator."

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The sun streamed into the small window and into Bronte's face, pulling the small pillow over her head she mumbled to herself and then realized that it had been years since the sun had waken her in the morning. A huge grin split her face and she threw off the blanket she had rolled into some time during the night. Stretching her body, she heard cracks and pops as her spine realigned itself. Going to the window, she looked out in to the parking lot and saw the lights flickering on in some of the shops nearby. The first thing she would do, was get some breakfast and then head over to the Tyson's plant to put in an application. If she were lucky she would have a real job and be on her way to leading a normal life. Searching through the clothes she had bought the day before, she quickly dressed, brushed her hair and teeth and headed out the door.

An hour later she was on her way down the road towards the plant. Cars passed by in both directions paying no attention to her as she walked along the side of the road. The smell of exhaust could not take away from the scent of fresh cut hay that surrounded her and then all she could smell was burnt feathers. Scooter had told her all about what went on at the plant. Granted, it wasn't a job that would be fun but at least it would be money. Walking in the damp grass at the edge of the parking lot, she stopped a man and asked where she could find the employment office. After him explaining it three different ways and still not completely sure, she gave up and decided to find it on her own.

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The woman who did all the hiring handed Bronte a manila folder with all the company regulations and rules, pair of rubber gloves and a badge to use on the punch clock. Her by-speckled eyes looked huge behind the thick lenses, she reminded Bronte of a bug.

"Your shift starts at 0530 until 1330. You have two ten minute breaks and a half hour for lunch. I'll call your supervisor and he'll give you the nickel tour of the plant and show you where you'll be working." She closed a logbook and gazed up into blue eyes. "Any questions?"

"No ma'am." Bronte replied.

"OK, take a seat and I'll make the phone call."

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An evil grin crossed Daryl's face, she took advantage of the fact that Grisly had been late to work and was cringing at the least bit of noise by yelling close to her ear. "You look like shit Grisly, rough night?"

"Love you too, what was that stuff I was drinking last night, Barney piss?" She rubbed both her stomach and her forehead. "I feel like that damn dinosaur walked on me."

"I think it was that stuff, the beer and the company that you had. The Gods know that her alone would make my stomach turn." She shivered to send home her thoughts.

"I get what I need and there's no complications afterwards." She knew that she didn't get anything out of it but didn't want Daryl to know. She was still sore from what ever the idiot had done to her the night before when she had passed out. She was thinking she might have frostbite from the beer can.

Daryl wrapped an arm around her and gave her a brief hug before the conveyer belt started up again. "I'm making it my life's mission to find you someone who is worthy of your affections. Even if I have to hog tie some good looking woman and drop her in your bed."

That was enough to bring a grin to Grisly's face, she could picture her two friends dropping some woman into her bed and saying something completely asinine like 'She's a thirty day trial from sex slaves are us.'

"Just make sure she's a six-footer, nothing shorter."

Daryl shook her head, she didn't know what the fascination for tall women was all about. "Tell me why does she have to be that tall?"

A light blush worked its way up Grisly's face, she cleared her throat before speaking.

"Cuz my face would be even with...you know."

Daryl slapped her in the shoulder. "I never knew you were a tit woman! Little perv likes tits!" She snorted when Grisly turned a deep red and tried to cover Daryl's mouth.

"Not so loud, geez these people around here will never let me live that down if it gets out. I'll find wanted posters with huge tits drawn on them, hung up all over the damn place and with my name as the who wants them!"

"And that would be bad?"

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The small rat faced man leered at Bronte as he gave her the once over, chills of disgust ran up her spine. She hated when men thought that they had the right to strip you with their eyes. She would like nothing better than to strip them of their eyeballs and shove them up their stupid asses. She narrowed her eyes at him and raised the corner of her lip to show a glimmering canine tooth.

"Now Brant, this is the area that you will be working in." She held back the growl that purred in

the back of her throat, she knew her name was strange but no one ever got it that wrong before. "As the chicken's come down the conveyer, you take this plastic figure eight and loop it over their drumsticks. And send it down the conveyer. Against the wall are boxes full of the eight's and rubber gloves, right in front of you is the emergency shut off button for the belt incase it gets blocked. If you need anything just hit the button near the wall and I will be right down to give you a hand in anyway that I can." Once again he gave her a leer, which quickly disappeared when a deep growl came from an annoyed Bronte. "If that's all Brenda I'll leave you to your work." He jogged from the area with out looking back, much to Bronte's relief.

"Stupid little twit, rip your head off and shove it up your skinny ass." She was well known in the prison for her mumbling, it was a habit that she had picked up as a child when no one paid any attention to her, she spoke her true feelings about them out loud but never loud enough for them to hear. At times it was a good thing considering the foul mouth she had at the young age of four. "Put the eight's on your skinny little wrists and send you down the conveyer." Pulling a pair of rubber gloves on, she stood by the belt and waited for her first day to begin.

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Daryl kept an eye on Grisly so that when she fell asleep she could smack her before rat face caught her. She gave her exactly fifteen minutes before her eyes started to droop and then close completely. She often wondered if she slipped some No-Doz in her coffee if that would help. With every chicken that went by, Grisly was getting farther off with putting the inspection sticker on them. Daryl had to use both hands to do hers and Grisly's job. Nudging her with a shoulder sent Grisly stumbling sideways until she landed on the floor, she curled up on her side and snored loudly.

"Damn it to Hell!" Daryl sidestepped to her and planted a foot in her ass. "Grisly get your ass up!" She used her foot and hit the emergency stop button then grabbed Grisly by an arm and yanked her to her feet. "I can't believe you." She mumbled. "Grisly you have two seconds to wake your sorry ass up or I'm getting Marty to beat your ass." She grabbed a hold of her friend's nose and pinched it closed until green eyes shoot open in panic.

"What are you doing to me?"

"Trying to kill your ass, you fell asleep again." She pulled her back to the conveyer belt and turned it back on. "Don't you sleep at night?"

"Yeah about ten hours, still don't help me, I'm still tired when I get here." She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and looked up at the camera. "Rat face didn't see me did he?"

"Nope, you owe me big time." She nudged her friends shoulder. "You can start with lunch today, I know you brought in Philly subs."

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A figure snuck out the side door and ran hunched over to the parking lot, they scanned the area to

make sure no one was about and went quickly over to a small car. They pulled an envelope from a pocket and placed it under the windshield wiper before disappearing back in to the building.

Bronte walked back over to the conveyer and looked through the small window that the belt traveled through. She had gotten tired of waiting for the chickens and left the room for five minutes, now she had chickens all over the place and knew she had better get her ass in gear before she got fired before even working a full day. Grabbing a handful of eight's, she slipped them over the drumsticks any old way she could. She hoped that no one noticed how screwed up some of them were and then an idea hit her. She was beginning to wonder about her thought patterns as she looked at some of the chickens as they went down the belt to the next station. A huge grin crossed her face, this maybe the way to get Social Security early. She could claim that prison drove her to insanity. Every couple of chickens, one would be not quite right, she wondered how long it would take before someone complained to the rat faced asshole and if he would report her to the mental health agency.

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Grisly did a double take at the chicken coming her way, she knew something was wrong as soon as it came through the window but she couldn't put her finger on it. That was until she pulled it from the belt.

"Daryl look at this bird and tell me what in the Hell happened to it." It had the figure eight's around each drumstick and up to circle the wings, the end result was a perverted looking bird. "Can you do this?" Grisly held it out for Daryl to see. "I bet Marty can bend you into a pretzel after all these years." She knew she was right when her friends face turned beet red. Bending over, she looked through the small window but couldn't see who was back there. The belt made a sharp turn right before it came through the window so the only way she would know who it was would to go out into the hallway and then look through into that station. That was one thing she couldn't do, the last time she got caught sneaking to the Pepsi machine before their break.

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With the end of shift brought the stampeded of workers, Grisly was bounced from body to body and then into the doorframe. She fell backwards, spun once again and fell right into someone's arms. With her face firmly planted in the person's chest, she was lifted, carried out the door and placed in a safe area. Reaching up with her hands to steady herself, she felt the softness beneath her palms. Before she could look up at the woman's face, she was striding away from her. All she could see was long raven black hair and wide shoulder's, she clutched her chest and moaned deeply. The woman was every inch of six foot and drop dead gorgeous from her wide shoulders to her tight worn Levis. Grisly just wished that she had seen what she looked like. Her friends thought her shallow that all she wanted was a tall Amazon type woman, but deep down there was more to it. It went deeper than a gut feeling, it went straight to her soul and lit a fire there to lick at hidden secrets that to this day she was still unable to uncover them. All she knew was that a missing part of the puzzle came in a tall package. She was still clutching her chest when her friends came up to her.

"You OK? You look like you've seen a ghost."

"Marty did you see that woman?"

"I see lots of woman, which one?" She looked at all the employees walking to the parking lot.

Grisly rolled her eyes, swooned into Daryl and thumped her fingers on her chest. "Very tall, huge muscles, long black hair and firm breasts."

"How the Hell do you know she has firm breasts?" Daryl asked as she pushed Grisly away from her.

"Cuz, as usual I got bounced around the hallway and I fell into her and..."

Marty gave her a wicked grin. "You grabbed her tits."

"Not intentionally I didn't, I was trying to steady myself after she carried me out the door. Got to find her." She said before she took off running towards the parking lot.

She looked everywhere until the lot was empty except for her own car; she walked over to it and noticed the envelope under the windshield. Opening the letter, she quickly read it and cringed.

I like the red panties you have on.

"How does this person know I'm wearing red...for Christ sakes Grisly, you wear a white uniform!" She smacked her forehead and then grinned. "Maybe I have a tall gorgeous stalker?" A wide grin covered her face.

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Bronte sat in the blinding sunlight sanding down one of the motorcycle frames she had salvaged from the junk pile. It was a rigid frame and not exactly what she had wanted but with modifications, she would be able to put shocks on it and take away some of the stiffness of the ride. She had searched the entire junkyard and come up with every part she would need except for a few pieces she would have to buy.

"Are ya trying ta go blind out here or what?" Scooter asked from where he was standing beneath the overhang on the side of the garage. "Where's your sunglasses and why ya out in the sun anyway?"

Squinted eyes looked up from the sanding. "Sun doesn't bother me; it's been a long time since I was allowed to be outside this much." She offered the old man a small smile. "Spent a lot of time in the dark."

"Ohh sooo you were a bad one in prison?" He chuckled and gave her a thumbs up. "Spent a lot of my time in the hole too, just couldn't let them men have their way with me. Broke one guy's arm

with a soup ladle."

"I spent a month in the hole for beating the shit out of a mole, found out the rodent belonged to one of the guards."

"You beat up a tiny little critter?" He took the tall woman as a fighter not a rodent exterminator.

"Nah, but the little bitch looked like a mole. She was screwing the guard and trying to get information on my little organization in trade for an early out."

Scooter pulled out a wooden crate and eased his old frame down on to it. "If ya don't mind my asking, what did ya do to get ten years?"

Bronte wiped off her hands on a rag, climbed to her feet and moved under the overhang to sit beside him. "Three counts of assault with a deadly weapon, one count of second degree murder. What pisses me off is that the other three got shit for trying to kill me." She shrugged her shoulders.

"What the Hell?" He rubbed his stubbled jaw. "What exactly happened?"

"I worked in this bar in Morgantown, after we closed for the night; I went out the back door and got jumped by four guys. I defended myself and got sent away."

"Sometimes I can't figure the court systems out. I accidentally set fire to a bar and got fifteen years because one person got dead." He shook his head and continued his story. "Used to be a heavy drinker, one night, I tripped and fell against a table and knocked an ashtray off. When I got outside, I passed out on the sidewalk. I woke up when firemen hauled me to my feet and hustled me away from the burning bar. Witnesses said that I did it on purpose because the bartender had cut me off from booze. And the dead guy wasn't my fault; the dumb bastard got run over by the fire truck rushing to the scene."

"Sounds like we had the same lawyer, I'd been better off if I had represented myself, but I couldn't, I just came out of a coma after six months."

"You were sentenced while ya were recuperatin from coma? I swear we have no rights anymore, while real criminals walk the streets." He squeezed her shoulder and went back into the garage. Before he reached the door, he looked over his shoulder. "Before I forget, there's something in that shed way at the back of the yard. Ya can have it if ya want." He tossed her a key and waved at her questioning eyes. "I ain't got no use for it, so it's yours." She gave him a small smile and watched him hobble inside.

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Bronte sunk to her knees after she pulled the tarp from the mound sitting in the middle of the floor. What she was looking at, was a fully complete knucklehead engine, chrome tailpipes still wrapped in oiled paper and other parts that she would have needed. She had no idea why Scooter

had done this but she would make it up to him somehow. Wiping tears from her eyes, she smiled when she thought of one way to show her thanks. She would wait until he went home that day to start paying him back. First, she had to get her stuff from the motel room and find a nice out of the weather place to stay the night. She didn't have enough money to stay another night and payday from the plant wasn't for another week. While scrounging around the sheds, she had found an old two man tent and thought of cleaning it up and setting up camp in the field behind the junkyard's fence. Recovering the motorcycle parts, she left the shed and relocked it.

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The house was quiet except for the sound of a TV droning in the background, Grisly was lying on the floor with her legs on the couch, a book perched against her thighs and snoring loud enough to cover up the game show people yelling 'Good answer!' and clapping. She had fallen asleep waiting for her weekly dinner date but knew that the unlucky person who suffered through her cooking would wake her in time to pull the lasagna from the oven.

"Hey Grisly ya gonna let this old man starve to death or what?" Scooter tweaked his granddaughter's nose and heard her mumble in her sleep. He had never known anyone who slept as much as Grisly or anyone who could fall asleep standing up. She had always been that way, even when little when other kids were playing outside, Grisly would play with them for a while and then fall asleep in the yard somewhere. "If ya don't get up I'll eat it all myself, I know ya made lasagna, I can smell it." He started towards the kitchen and heard the thump of her feet hitting the floor, seconds later, she was stumbling into the kitchen with one green eye opened. "About time ya woke up, ten hours of sleep not enough for ya?"

"Haa! Funny Grandpa, I'll have you know I only got around eight hours of sleep." She pulled the lasagna out of the oven and tossed in the pan with the garlic bread on it. Then pulled a gallon of milk out and two glasses. "How was work today, rip anyone off?"

"I don't rip people off, if they need a car part bad enough, they'll pay top dollar for it. Gotta pull an ass end off an old Pontiac tomorrow, that'll be about two hundred or so depending on if they need the brake lines and stuff." He sat down at the end of the table and poured a glass of milk for both of them. "Got rid of all those old tires and made a hefty profit."

Grisly set the huge pan of lasagna in the center of the table and then pulled the two loaves of Garlic bread out.

"If you've done all that work how come you're so clean?" She was used to seeing her Grandpa with grease stains from fingertip to elbow.

"Cuz I got some part time help, Bronte does all the heavy work for me. Strong as a horse that one is." He took a taste of the food and moaned in delight. "Just like your grandma used to make, damn woman had to go and die on me."

Grisly rolled her eyes and groaned at him. "Grandma ain't dead, she ran off with that guy that looks like Wayne Newton."

"I know that but it sounds better if I tell everyone she's dead." He pointed his fork at her. "And the only thing that guy had that the real Wayne did was the ugly ass polyester cowboy suit, plus about 50 more years on this planet. Ain't no look alike that's for damn sure."

"That's not what Mom says, she says he sings like him."

"Your mom is as bad as her own, damn crazy women. Running off to Atlantic City to be showgirls."

Grisly snickered and Scooter joined in with her. It was a comical picture that they shared over the years. Grisly's mother was in her 50's and her grandmother in her 70's when they ran off and left them. Her grandma with a man older than her with hair died jet black, a tiny little mustache, and her mom to live out her dream of being a showgirl.

"Always wondered if that guy had the same fascination with farm animals like Wayne Newton." He raised an eyebrow and gave Grisly a toothless grin. "You're grandma looked kinda like a beef cow. Had tits like one."

"Eeeww Grandpa, that's not what I wanna hear."

"I know for a fact that you're just like me, likes them nice firm tits ta nuzzle in. Can't figure out what you're doing with that drunk though, her tits are tiny like doorbells." He shook his head and went back to eating.

"What tits? I've been looking for them forever and I still ain't found them!" Grisly said around a mouthful. "Hell most mornings I don't remember a damn thing that happened. Gotta find me a new woman, nice tall woman with tits." She grinned at Scooter.

"A six-footer, with firm tits." He added. He knew all about what Grisly was looking for, ever since she told him of her sexual preference, she had shown an interest in tall women. He knew not to interfere with her love life so there was no way in Hell he was going to say a word about a certain six foot blue eyed convict that he knew. If it was meant to be, they would find each other without his help. But that didn't mean that he couldn't have some fun in the meantime.

"Saw a good prospect at work though, tall, gorgeous from behind, muscles."

"Ohh yeah?" His eyes twinkled at the description he knew very well. "What's her name?"

"Don't know, I didn't even see her face." She told him what happened when she was leaving and about how she had been trying to find the woman all week at work but just couldn't find her. "It's like she just disappeared after that few seconds. Marty and Daryl say that she was a figment of my imagination and that I'm going nuts from lack of sex."

"Well then that makes two nutty people in the same family. Damn and I thought it was from all that one handed fiddle playin I've been doing."

Grisly choked on her bread and fell on the floor. She never knew what her grandpa would say and he always seemed to do it when she had her mouth full. Clearing her windpipe and wiping the tears from her eyes, she climbed back into her chair and glared at him.

"I hate when you do that to me, one of these days I'll choke to death."

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With a small fire burning, Bronte hung a can of soup over the flames and pulled out her guitar to play until her supper was done. She had set up the small tent in the field behind the junkyard and gathered large rocks to make a fire ring with. So now it was just her and nature instead of the whore and john in the room next door thumping against the wall for five minutes or so. The noise didn't bother her. After hearing women having sex in the cells around her for ten years, it no longer had any effect on her. She wondered if her libido had ran off the second she had been sentenced. It had been over ten years she had been with anyone, so long that she never even thought of sex. She wondered if she was too old to become a nun. Checking on her soup, she went back to tuning her guitar and then played a tune softly. Her fingers flew over the frets in an intricate pattern that came out as a classical guitar piece. She had played before she went to prison but with ten years of practice, she could out play just about anyone. Her music range went from classical to rock. If not for music, she knew she would have dried up and blew away while locked up. Often, late at night, she could be heard playing her guitar in her cell. No one ever complained because it was a soothing sound and became so normal that if she wasn't playing, they checked on her.

With the next piece she played, she hummed along. Very rarely did she ever sing, she didn't think her voice was good enough for anyone else to hear. So the only time she sang was if she was alone or she sang so low that no one heard her. Even when she was working in the bar and the band needed a lead or bass guitar player, she played but refused to sing. The sound of hissing alerted her to her soup boiling over. Using a stick, she lifted the can from over the fire and sat it on a rock to cool. She felt like she had drifted back to a simpler time, where it was normal for someone to be out under the stars cooking their meals over the fire and looking at the stars overhead. Her ears perked when she heard the bray of a cow off in the distance. All was right in her small world that night and she wouldn't change it for anything.

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Grisly was like a maniac when it came to inspecting the chickens, she was reaching over Daryl to get to the chickens and causing stickers to get stuck to her forearms.

"God damn it Grisly, what the hell has gotten into you?" Daryl jumped back to avoid getting stepped on. "Did you take a couple hits of No-Doz this morning?"

"Nope just wanna get done so I can go look for that gorgeous woman I saw the other day." She gave Daryl a crooked grin and went to stand right in front of the little window with her sticker gun.

"I hate to tell you but it doesn't matter how fast you inspect the birds, we're done after the others. So if she's ahead of us, that means she gets out of here before us you dipshit." Daryl pulled a chicken off the belt and fixed the figure eight so that it was on the correct way. She slammed the bird back down and growled. "If I find the asshole that keeps doing that, I'm gonna wring his neck!"

"Why? I think it breaks up the monotony of this sucky ass place." At that moment a chicken came through the window, sitting up with its wings and legs crossed and a rubber glove blown up for its head. Grisly looked at it and grinned. "See what I mean, the other guy must be bored outta his mind if he's doing this kinda stuff."

"Or an axe murderer with a hatred for poultry."

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In between batches of chickens, Bronte was stringing the figure eight's together. A few more and she would have a sweater made. When she held it up and looked at it, she groaned. "I'm loooooosing it that's all there is to it! I'm making clothes out of plastic thingies that go on chicken legs!" Pulling a chicken off the belt, she set it aside for the moment. When the line died down to a trickle, she took the plastic eight's, she had connected and put them on the bird and dropped it on the belt with a flourish. What she had was a chicken in a hula skirt, she heard the laughter come from the station next door and grinned. She had no idea who was over there but so far she hadn't heard any complaints about her artistic abilities. "Maybe they're as bored as I am?" She looked up to the clock and counted the minutes until she could get out of the place and go work on her motorcycle until Scooter left for the day. She had what she needed to pay him back for the engine and stuff and if she started right after work, she would be able to get it finished for when he came into work the next morning.

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"Come on Grisly, the moment you've been waiting for is here. Let's go!" Marty grabbed her by her hand and pulled her closer to the time clock. "After you punch, run like hell and maybe you'll see your mystery woman?"

"Right and you'll be elected Pope." She rubbed her forehead and looked around at the group of people waiting to punch out. "I've been looking for days and I've not seen her yet!"

Daryl came to stand behind her, she leaned forward and whispered in her ear. "Maybe you need to change your strategy, do like the first time you met her. Fall asleep and let the crowd carry you out the door, maybe she'll come to your rescue again?"

"Tried that the other day and all I got was a big bruise on my elbow from a door jamb. Maybe she doesn't work here at all and was just visiting." She shrugged and felt her heart break at the thought.

"Yeah like maybe she's married and has ten snotty nosed kids at home." Marty sunk back away from her wife and friend. "Or maybe she...never mind."

The sound of clicking and the line moving forward signaled them that it was time to leave. Grisly scanned everyone in front of her and still didn't see the tall woman she had been panting after. She was beginning to wonder if it had all been a dream.

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Bronte slammed her hand against the doorframe, she had been using a room at the back of the building to punch in and out at. And now she found the door locked. Turning back in the other direction, she headed for the clock that the rest of the workers used. She hated being stuck in a room crowded with people that smelled like sweat, hundreds of different colognes, perfumes and deodorants and not to mention raw chicken. The hallway leading out of the place was too damn narrow and it made her feel like a cow going down a cattle chute. She remembered watching a small blonde being tossed around like a rag doll and not one person trying to help her. She had forced her way through the crowd, picked the small thing up, and carried her outside to safety. Sometimes she hated the human race and would rather just walk off into the sunset and live off the land instead of being around assholes for the rest of her life.

She came upon the back of the line and filed in, looking over the other worker's heads, she saw a small blonde head popping up and down in front of her. "Crazy people, all of them." She mumbled.

"Will you stop that you retard." Daryl placed her hand on top of Grisly's head and held her down at the same time she was guiding her to the time clock.

"I'm trying to see if she's here and those asses in front of me are too tall!" She whined and tried to jump up again.

Marty snorted at her wife and struggling friend. "Grisly, if she's tall that means that she'd be easier to see."

Green eyes narrowed and a small growl came from clenched teeth. "Big deal! I still can't see over anyone to see if she's there. I'm too damn short!" An evil grin came to her lips. "Let me get on your shoulders!" She lunged towards Marty and tried to crawl up her body.

"Get off me you lunatic! Help Daryl!"

Grisly had one leg wrapped around Marty's waist and an arm around her neck. She was trying her damndest to get on her friends shoulders.

Marty struggled to stand upright and kept yelling at the top of her lungs. "RAPE! Animal abuse! Kinky sex fiend! Bear attack! Ohh for Christ sakes! The next thing she knew was that she was lying on the floor beneath a pile of squirming bodies and someone tried to stick their finger up her nose.

"Now what the Hell happened?" Bronte mumbled while stepping over bodies and avoiding being pulled down into the pile. "Damn idiots, glad I'm not on the road with you people." Bodies rolled off the pile and moved towards the clock to punch out only to be stuck in the over crowded hallway. Bronte punched her card, stepped to the side, squeezed past everyone, and went in the opposite direction to wait at the end of the hallway. She would wait until it was clear before trying to get to the door. She wondered if the fire department knew they had a huge fire hazard in this place.

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Marty bellowed right into Grisly's ear. "I swear one of these days I'm gonna lock your simple ass up somewhere and forget all about you!" Pulling her T-shirt straight, she reached out with one hand and gently shoved Grisly in her chest. "I can't wait until you have to walk across the parking lot with no shirt on!" She pointed to a topless Grisly and laughed.

"Who stole your shirt?" Daryl asked when she was finally able to find her shoe and sock that she had lost in the wrestling match.

Grisly raised her hands and shrugged her shoulders. "I have no idea, I'm just glad it's not cold outside and I still have my bra on." She looked down to make sure that it was still in fact there. "How am I gonna explain this to grandpa though?"

"Animal sex in the back seat?" Marty offered.

"Only if it was a threesome with you two would he believe that! Ooohh shit who the Hell cares anyway. I don't have anything to show." She slid her card through and punched out. "Ready to bust some asses getting out of here?"

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Bronte had no idea what was being thrown from person to person, but when it got close to her, she snagged it out of the air and ended their childish game. She untangled it and saw that it was a small black T-shirt with Cherry Stem Champ in bold red letters across the front. "Sure ya are!" She mumbled and stuck the T-shirt in her back pocket.

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"There she goes!" Marty yelled when Grisly dropped her shoulder and tried to plow through the jammed hallway. She made it past maybe three people before she lost momentum and was tossed around the hallway like a rag doll. Marty and Daryl watched her struggle to stay on her feet and were ready to go in for the rescue when a very tall and muscular woman walked past them and started shoving people out of her way.

"Ohh...my...GODS!" Daryl gulped and grabbed onto Marty's arm. "Wanna bet that's the little pervs hero?"

"Bubble baths for a week and you scrub my back if it isn't."

"What the Hell kinda deal is that? We do that anyway."

"Never said I was clever or original."

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"Move your fucking ass or die!" Bronte growled into a mans ear and then shoved him to the side to bounce off another man causing a chain reaction. She reached out, grabbed a man by the back of his collar, lifted him off his feet, and tossed him into the man behind her. By the time she got to where Grisly was trying to get up from the floor, the crowd had parted like the Red Sea. One man tried to walk over the top of Grisly and found a quicker way out the door by being thrown over every ones heads. Yells and bellows started up and stopped at the sound of a very loud war cry piercing the air. When all was quiet, Bronte bent down, scooped Grisly up into her arms and carried her outside. Once in the clear, she put her down on the ground and jogged off towards the field next to the plant. All Grisly could do was stand there with her jaw hanging open and stutter. Hearing the whoops and hollers coming from Marty and Daryl, she turned and worked her mouth a few times to have nothing come out.

"Where's your hero Grisly?" Marty looked around but saw only empty space. They watched as Grisly stuttered and pointed to the field that changed into a thick forest further back.

Daryl wrapped an arm around her and gave her a small hug. "She's Bigfoot! Grisly's in love with a Yeti! I thought she was gonna snap necks in there!"

"And then that yell she did had everyone practically pissing themselves." Marty looked at one man who was trying to cover the wet spot across the front of his pants with his lunch box. "Well, not practically everyone." She pointed to the embarrassed man. "Get some Depends for tomorrow!"

"She's...gone! Ran...off into...the field!" Grisly let out a howl that had people's hair standing on end and Daryl and Marty covering their ears.

"Don't you ever do that again or I'll stick you in a garbage can!" Daryl jabbed her with a finger. "Wack job, as bad as that Yeti woman." She took Grisly's hand and pulled her to where their cars were parked. When they were close enough, Grisly broke free and pulled the envelope from under the windshield wiper.

"It's from her I know it is!" She tore the envelope open, unfolded the paper and read it out loud.

I want to suck your clit!

"Eeeewww! I don't even know her and she wants to suck my clit?"

"From what I saw, yeah she's cute. Nice tits." She wiggled her own brows and smirked. "I carried her out of the place before she got trampled; damn people will kill each other in that hallway."

"Would you see if you can break the bolts loose on this damn thing?" he handed her a ratchet with a cheat bar attached. "I've wracked my knuckles and just about ruptured something and still can't get it ta budge."

"Why aren't you using the compressor?" Bronte said from under the car.

"Damn thing has a bad seal on it, I have the parts just haven't gotten around ta fixin it yet." He scrubbed his face with a dirty hand. "Truth is, I don't know a damn thing about it." He heard a loud squeal and then the groan of steel. Looking under the car, he almost swallowed his false teeth at the sight of Bronte's muscles bulging with strain. Then next thing he knew, she was sliding out from under the car and handing him the ratchet.

"All done, if ya jack it up I'll pull the ass end out for ya and put it in the back of the truck."

He watched her pick up the rear end and put it in the truck, he had never seen a man pick up one by himself and here was this woman carrying it like it weighed no more than a bag of potatoes.

"Damn woman what do you eat for breakfast?"

"This morning I had a bag of Fritos and a cup of coffee at work. I been meaning to tell ya, I found an old tent in one of the sheds..."

"It's yours, I don't have any use fer it. Anything else around here ya can use, use it."

"Thanks Scooter, I put it up outside the fence in the field outback. Is that OK?"

He gave her a wide smile. "Knew you wouldn't stay at the motel to long, I was the same way when I got out. Had to stay out under the stars and breathe free air." He clapped her on her shoulder. "I got some Lasagna in the office, my granddaughter cooks enough so that I don't have to. I'll share it with ya." He wiggled his brows at her. "Home made garlic bread, lasagna made from scratch, enough garlic to keep the vampires and werewolves away for a week." He swore he could see her start to drool. "Come on, I have about five pounds of the stuff in there."

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Scooter left Bronte to finish eating while he went out to one of the sheds to get something. She knew he was up to something because of the wicked grin that covered his face. She had never known any of her grandparents but she knew from stories her mother had told her that they were nothing like Scooter. Who ever his granddaughter was, she was a lucky woman. She cleaned up her plate, covered what they hadn't eaten up with tin foil and placed it back in the refrigerator. She was just about to leave the office when Scooter came up to the door pulling a little red wagon with all kinds of boxes on it.

"Thought I still had this stuff somewhere." He motioned her over and opened a box to show her camping supplies. "I used to take Grisly camping on the weekends when she was little. Ya might want to look through this stuff and make sure it's still good. Should be just about everything ya would need."

A dark eyebrow arched over a pale blue eye. "Your granddaughters name is Grizzly like in Grizzly bear?"

"Nah it's Grisebond, it's Greek. We call her Grisly for short, she does have the temper of a Grizzly though." He scratched his jaw and looked up into amused blue eyes. "Your names Greek and ya look like a Greek, not like my little Grisly." He gave her a huge grin and winked. "She's a little blonde midget and if there's trouble to be found, she'll be the one ta find it." He looked at his watch and groaned. "Damn, gotta get out of here, I have to get to the Rooster Tail Bar. I play the keyboards and sometimes-bass guitar for the band. You'll have ta come hear us play one night." He handed her a key ring with three keys on it. "Those keys open up everything around here, there's a basement through a trap door in my office. I put in one of those little showers years ago, it's all yours if ya want ta use it."

"Thanks Scooter, I don't know how I'll ever repay you for everything."

"Don't worry about it, I always wanted another granddaughter." He winked at her and hobbled out to his truck. As soon as he left, she went to the back of the garage and pulled out the four five gallon cans of paint that she had hidden along with rollers and paintbrushes. If she worked until it got too dark to see, she figured that the garage would be all about done except for the back of the building. Lugging one of the cans out front, she opened it and started painting the trim around the doors and windows.

"Just hope he doesn't have a heart attack when he comes in tomorrow."

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The next afternoon, Grisly parked her car closer to the building so that she could keep an eye on it and maybe see who was leaving the notes on her windshield. She also made up an excuse to be upstairs where the office employees and managers worked to see if she could find the tall dark pervert. Slowly walking down the long hallway, she looked into each office but no one fit the description of the tall woman. After so many years of working for the company, she knew everyone upstairs. She grinned when she thought of the lady who did the hiring.

"Maybe I can sweet talk her into telling me if we have any new people upstairs?" She took off at a slow jog to the personal office and found her victim sitting at her desk. Planting a huge smile on her face, she sat on the edge of the woman's desk and waited for her to get off the phone.

"What can I do for you Grisebond?"

"Ohh I was just wondering if we have any new managers or office workers up here?"

"We just hired a new woman about a week or so ago, she works in accounting. Why?"

"I thought I saw an unfamiliar face the other day. Thanks." She was off at a sprint and down the hall before the woman could say anything.

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"An accountant?" Daryl whispered. "What the Hell does she want to come downstairs for if she's an accountant?"

"Don't know, maybe just to harass me." Grisly rested the binoculars on the edge of her lunchbox and watched everyone who went near her car. "Why are we whispering?"

Daryl snorted and rolled her eyes. "I have no damn idea, I feel like I'm on a stake out though."

"See any naked women?" Marty said between their heads. "Let me know if ya do, 'cuz I wanna see."

"Keep it up and you'll be seeing the couch for the next week."

Golden eyes grew huge and blinked a few times in sync with her gapping mouth. "Uuhhmm never mind, if you see any Grisly...close your eyes. It's bad for your health."

"Not one person has gone near my car, they must be doing it right after we get off work." She turned to her friends. "How am I gonna see who it is unless I'm already out there?"

Marty plopped down between them and thought for a few seconds. "I could put epoxy on the windshield wiper and then who ever it is would be stuck there."

"Just what I need, some weirdo glued to my car forever."

"Look at it this way." Daryl took the binoculars and looked through them. "Who ever it is would have to be able to keep up with your driving."

"EEWWW! Road kill stuck to my car. There's got to be a different way."

"Leave early because you're sick." Marty tossed in. "And then hide until who ever it is leaves the note."

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Bronte spun around when she felt the hair on the back of her neck stand on end. She hated people sneaking up on her, especially the rat faced bastard that was ogling her ass at that moment.

"What do you want?" She asked with a deep menacing growl.

"Your uniforms are here, I need you to come upstairs before you leave and sign for them. Maybe try them on to see if they fit." He raised an eyebrow and scanned her body. "Might be a little tight in places." His eyes were glued to her crotch and he was in danger of being wall paste.

Two can play this game mother fucker! Bronte said to herself. "Would you like to see what's under these skin tight Levis? Even feel it?" He walked closer and reached out his scrawny little hand to cup her crotch, in a split second, he felt his fingers being crushed. He let out a girlie scream and fell to his knees with his hand still trapped between her thighs.

"Just think what I'd do to your puny ass dick!" She released his hand, put her foot in the center of his chest and shoved him away from her. "Now get the Hell away from me before I rip you into shreds." She took one step towards him and snarled. He crab crawled out of the room and then got to his shaky legs and took off screaming for his father.

"Ass wipe mother fucker." She mumbled and went back to work.

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Grisly poked her head into the small room where Daryl was and told her that she was on her way to begin her Recon mission. "If I find out who it is, I'll give ya a call tonight." She waved and then jogged down the hall and out the door. Going in the opposite direction of where her car was parked, she found a place on a grassy knoll that gave her an excellent view of her car. Pulling out her binoculars and a sandwich, she got comfortable for the wait ahead of her. Scanning towards the side door, she saw the rat faced bastard throwing his arms around and then pointing to his bandaged hand. She would have thought nothing of it except it was his father the head honcho of the plant that he was talking to.

"Damn wish I could read lips." She trained her eyes and still couldn't see his lips moving good enough to see what he was saying. Then she lost interest when the two men went into the building. Lying down on her side, she rested her head in her hand and watched her car until her eyes drifted close.

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"Are you Bronte Pellatrino?" A female officer asked from the doorway.

"Yeah, why?"

"I have an arrest warrant for you. Will you turn around and put your hands on your head."

Bronte dropped to her knees and laced her hands behind her neck, this was second nature to her after ten years of wearing cuffs on and off.

"Did I tell you to drop to your knees?" The officer asked and then grabbed one of Bronte's wrists.

"No, but you're not six-foot tall so I know you can't reach my hands if I was still standing."

The officer snapped the cuff on so tight that Bronte felt her fingers growing cold. "So you're a smart ass huh?" She snapped on the other one just as tight and jerked on them for good measure. "Now get up slowly and don't give me a reason to shoot you."

Bronte got up and turned slowly, the glare in her eyes could melt steel. "Ooohhh puleease give me a break, I spent ten years in prison, so don't give me your tough ass cop shit." She chuckled when the officer pulled her revolver and pointed it at her.

"Let's go, down the hall and out the back door. And no sudden moves or I'll shoot."

"Just great, I'm free for two weeks and I'm being arrested for the Gods only knows what."

"Try assault and battery for starters."

Bronte stopped and turned slowly to look at the officer. "Who did I assault?"

"Your supervisor, a Mister..."

"Rat faced fucker! He grabbed my crotch so I smashed his hand and I'm the one being locked up? This is fucking ridiculous!" She shook her head and turned for the door, just as she was about to use her shoulder to push it open, the door was flung open and Bronte fell out the door. A loud bang echoed through the hall for a few seconds. A low growling came to the officer's ringing ears, she looked down to see blood spreading across her prisoners shoulder and back.

"Ohh shit!" She yelled and then grabbed her radio that was not on her belt where it should have been.

"Why'd you shot that woman?" The man who had opened the door asked.

"She was running for it, that's why."

The old man stepped right up to the officer and went nose to nose with her. "She wasn't running nowhere! I opened the door and she fell out, if ya want ta argue about it I'll go right ta my son the Judge and see what he has ta say about it."

"Uuhmm yes sir." She backed down and then asked him to help her get Bronte into her cruiser.

"Can I ask ya what she's being arrested for?"

"She assaulted her supervisor."

He looked into the car at Bronte's pale face and nodded. "Names Bronte right?" He saw her nod her head. "Don't worry, I'll fix this."

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Grisly jumped awake at the loud banging noise and a police car tearing past her with its siren howling. Rubbing her eyes of sleep, she looked down to the parking lot and saw a small group of people running towards their cars. "What the Hell?" She said to herself and then picked up her stuff and ran down the hill towards her car. As soon as she was close enough, she saw the white envelope under her windshield. "Son of a bitch!" Opening it, she read what it said.

I want you to suck me till my head explodes.

"I'll explode your head...with a shotgun!" She jumped in her car and took off towards home. She hoped that her grandpa was home so she could talk to him. At first, she didn't mind the notes but they were getting raunchy and scaring her.

Ten minutes later, she pulled her car into the driveway behind her grandpa's truck. Before she could get to the front door, he was rushing out and taking her by her hand.

"Howie just called me, we gotta go to the plant."

"But I left sick, I can't go walking back in there."

"Grisly, we have to steal the tape out of your supervisor's office."

"What! You're kidding right?"

"Nope, might need the girls to act as a distraction. That asshole got someone arrested and then shot!"

That was all it took to have Grisly driving the getaway car. She didn't know who had been shot but if her boss was involved, she would do anything to see his ass canned for it.

"Howie is up there in the office now trying ta figure out which tape it is so that we can steal it."

"Grandpa, that's illegal search and seizure and not admissible in a court of law."

"It is when Judge Howard Cline says 'Get that damn tape!'"

"Ohhh! OK, let's do this!" She tore off down the road like the maniac driver she was. Six and a half minutes later, she was slamming on the brakes and running into the building and up the stairs to the offices. She knew that her grandpa would be waiting behind the wheel when she got back down stairs and drive them to the judge's house. She rounded a corner and saw Howie waving a VCR tape at her.

"This is the one, Howie Jr. is waiting for you and Scooter. Good luck Grisly." He waved to her back as she sprinted off down the hall again.

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Bronte was lying on her stomach in a small triage room at the hospital, she tried to roll over but found both wrists handcuffed to the gurneys side rails. Sighing, she dropped her head back down and started to laugh. It was so unreal to her, she had thought that she was a free person and would never have to be put in another pair of handcuffs again. Then she laughed harder for the reason behind it. "Fucking dick headed mother fucker!"

"What was that?" A nurse leaned down so that they were at eye level. "You better behave or that officer outside will come in here."

"Ma'am, is it common for women to be arrested for stopping a guy from grabbing their crotch and then being shot in the back by the arresting officer?"

The nurses brown eyes grew twice their normal size, she shook her head and was about to leave the room when Judge Cline stepped into the room with the arresting officer, Scooter and Grisly.

"Take the cuffs off and you go back to the plant and arrest that little asshole."

The officer nodded her head, removed the cuffs and left the room. Judge Cline whispered to the nurse for a minute then turned his attention to Bronte.

"Do you want to press charges against both the officer who shot you and Timothy Saunds?"

"Sir, can I ask who you are?" Pain filled eyes traveled up the immaculately dressed man until they came to his kind brown eyes.

"I'm Judge Cline, my dad was the one who was there when you were shot." He dropped down so that he was at her eye level. "I've been trying to get that little asshole Timothy for years, he thinks he can sexually harass women at the plant and get away with it."

"Not the officer but I'll press charges against rat face. As long as my record stays clean, I just got out of prison a little while ago and I..."

"Don't worry about it." He squeezed her upper arm, nodded to her and left the room.

With difficulty, Bronte moved to a sitting position and was no where near ready for what happened next. Grisly walked up and slugged her in her nose. She fell back on the gurney and let out an ungodly howl from the pain that shot through her body.

"What the Hell did you hit her for!?" Scooter yelled and tried to help Bronte sit back up. "Jesus Grisly, she's been shot and you break her nose on top of it!"

Grisly pulled the envelope from her pocket and handed it to her grandpa. "She's been writing me dirty notes and putting them on my car!"

Bronte rolled her eyes and groaned. "I don't even know who you are let alone what kind of car

you have. Where's the doctor at?" She wiped the sweat and blood from her face and weaved back and forth on the gurney. She was losing blood by what she thought was the gallon and was feeling a little woozy at the moment. Her vision went black and then the peacefulness of being unconscious over took her.

Scooter threw the envelope and letter in the air and grabbed Bronte before she fell off the gurney. "Grisly help me before we both end up on the floor in a heap. She didn't write those letters, that's not her hand writing."

Green eyes narrowed and glared into Scooter's. "How do you know it's not hers, and how do you know her?"

"Jesus Grisly, so many damn questions!" He pushed the dark hair that fell over Bronte's high cheekbone back and smoothed it down in place. "This is Bronte, she's been helping me at the garage for a while now. I've seen her hand writing and that squiggly shit ain't hers."

Grisly crossed her arms over her chest and watched her grandpa run his fingers through the tall woman's hair. "She could be using her other hand to write it."

"What do you want Grisly, her to sign a paper in blood? She has plenty of it leaking out right now."

"Grandpa why are you helping her?" She stepped back when a large male nurse came into the room and wheeled Bronte out and down the hallway towards the surgery wing.

"Grisly, every body deserves a second chance in this life. She was twenty years old when she was sent to prison for defending herself. Six years younger than when I was locked up, I know what it feels like to step through those gates and not have a penny to your name or a place to go. I'm an old man and I wanted to pay back what I was given when I was released." He took her hands in his and held them to his chest. "There's something about her that goes straight to my heart. She's a good person who's been screwed, today is a good example. She smashed that asshole's hand with her legs and he has her arrested. He pulled a copy of the tape from his pocket and pushed it into the VCR built into the small TV that hung from the ceiling.

"This is why she was arrested and shot." He hit the play button and the camera view caught Bronte's right profile. Grisly saw her boss come into the shot and grab at Bronte's crotch. She never seen the tall woman raise a hand but saw the rat face fall to his knees and then her foot shove him backwards.

"Rewind it grandpa."

"Why? Ya saw what he did, didn't you?"

"Yeah, but I...I don't know, it's something." She stepped closer to the TV and stared at Bronte's profile. Letting her eyes travel from the top of her dark head down her straight nose to end at her strong chin. It was the feeling of danger pouring off of the tall woman that made her heart pound.

"My Gods she's..." She looked to see her grandpa with a huge grin on his face.

"A six-footer and she does have nice tits."

The corner of Grisly's lip lifted and then fell. "That's not it, she's...very dark and dangerous." She looked back to where the tape had been froze. "Imposing, intimidating and yeah she does have nice tits." She sunk down into a chair near the wall and dropped her head into her hands. "Shit grandpa, what am I gonna do? I just hauled off and broke her nose for no reason."

"I always heard that apologizing does wonders." He gave her a hug and left the room.

"Ohh sure! Sorry I clocked you one, wanna go out to supper or something?" A low groan rumbled in her chest when she thought of how stupid she had acted. Leaving the room, she went in search of her grandpa and found him at the nurse's desk arguing with a nurse.

"She ain't paying a red cent of this bill so she don't need no insurance!"

"Sir, Miss. Pellatrino needs surgery and until I have a signature saying that she does..."

"Ohh for Christ sakes, give me the damn papers!" Grisly took the clip board from the nurse and signed the bottom of the form and wrote her phone number in the provided spot. Handing it back to the nurse, she stepped up to the desk and would have leaned on it if she was tall enough. Instead, she pushed herself up so that she was eye level with the nurse. "Will she get the surgery now? Or are you gonna be a bitch and toss her out the door?"

The nurse looked at her signature and gave her a funny look. Just who are you to Miss. Pellatrino?"

With out skipping a beat, Grisly growled out her next words. "I'm her life partner, lover, significant other, wife and the person who will beat the shit outta every person here if she doesn't get fixed!" By the time the last word came from her lips, the nurse was against the wall and trying to hide behind the clipboard. "Got that!?" Was thrown at the end before Grisly dropped back down onto the floor.

"Yes ma'am I do, if you will take a seat in the waiting room the doctor will find you when the surgery is over." She ran down the hall and ducked into the nurse's lounge.

Scooter wrapped an arm around her shoulder and pulled her into his side. "Ya think she had to go change her drawer's Grizzly bear?"

"I can only hope so, what is it with hospitals and insurance?"

"Don't know but I think rat face should be billed."

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Grisly sat in a chair next to Bronte's bed, she held her large hand in her own and caressed the long strong fingers. She had never seen a woman with such large hands before but loved the feel of the softness combined with the thick calluses on her palm and fingers. With the judge's help, she was allowed to sit with Bronte for as long as she liked. She heard a deep breath and then a small groan come from Bronte, moving closer to the bed, she waited.

Bronte opened her eyes a crack to see nothing but white, she turned her head and jumped a little when she saw a pair of the greenest eyes she had ever seen looking back at her. Blinking a few times to clear her foggy vision, she recognized the small blonde.

"Whatcha gonna break this time?" She croaked out from her dry throat.

"I'm sorry I hit you, I...sorry." Feeling her eyes fill with tears, she turned her head, stood up and left the room.

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Marty and Daryl were lying on the couch watching TV when Grisly came in and dropped down into their recliner. With one look at her, they knew something was wrong. Grisly never cried and with her red eyes, nose and quivering chin it was a given that she had been hurt by someone. Daryl got up, kneeled in front of her and placed a hand on her knee.

"Grisly what's wrong?"

All she could do was shake her head and look down at her swollen right hand.

"Come on, you never cry so it has to be something bad." Daryl wasn't prepared for the total breakdown of her friend. Grisly's sobs tore through her heart and made her want to hurt someone. She held out her arms and caught her as she fell into them.

"Uuhhhh baby, I'll be..." Marty pointed to the kitchen and made a hasty exit. She was nowhere near being a sensitive type and women crying made her edgy. She would do something useful like make coffee or cut the grass.

"Come on Grisly tell me what happened." She rocked her back and forth until she heard the sobs lesson, grabbing some Kleenex from the box on the coffee table; she handed them to Grisly so she could wipe her eyes and blow her nose. "Now what happened?"

"She got shot!" The sobs started all over again.

"Who was shot?" Daryl was losing her patience she hated cliffhangers.

"I broke her nose afterwards."

"Grisly!"

"Bronte, the police shot her and I punched her in the hospital. I thought she was my stalker." She wiped her nose and looked at the confused look on Daryl's face. "Grandpa knows her, he says it ain't her."

Daryl shook her head and looked at the serious expression on her friend's face. "You're not making any of this up are you?"

"No, I broke her nose and she looks horrible!"

Marty peeked around the doorframe and whispered. "Did I just hear that our little bear broke someone's nose?"

"Yep, did you..."

"Coffee's almost done, need anything else?"

"Maybe some of that blueberry pie." Daryl knew how to cheer up her friend, food was her one love and it did wonders for her moods. "Now tell me everything that happened today once you left work."

After Grisly's tale, Marty and Daryl sat with their jaws touching their knees. They had no idea that Rat face was that bad and that he had been harassing other women at work. "I hope that son of a bitch goes to jail! What are you gonna do about Bronte?"

"I have no idea, I told her I was sorry but." She shrugged her shoulders and held up her hands. "What else can I do?"

Daryl thought for a minute and came up with an idea. "If grandpa knows her, maybe he can tell you what you can do for her."

A small smile came across her face then grew larger, she should have thought of that. She stood up, gave both her friends hugs and headed home to talk to her grandpa. He would know what to do, he always did.

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It was five o'clock when Grisly pulled up in front of the garage and saw her grandpa standing in front of the building with a look of complete awe on his face. He had taken the morning off to sleep late after playing at the bar the night before and then Howie had called him. This was the first time since the day before that he had come to the junkyard. From what he saw in front of him, he knew that Bronte had worked late into the night to get the painting done.

"You finally painted the place; it needed it that's for sure."

"Nope I didn't paint it, Bronte did." He turned to his granddaughter and noticed that her face was red and puffy. "You been cryin'?" He pulled her into a hug and kissed the top of her tousled

blonde head. "What's wrong little bear?"

"I feel bad for hitting Bronte, what can I do to make it up to her?"

"Well, I don't really know much about her. She's really quiet and spends most of her time playing around with motorcycle parts. I know that she's not gonna be able to do much with that right arm for a while, so maybe you could clean some parts for her or something."

"I could do that, where's all the stuff she's working on?"

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The next day, Bronte was ready to escape; she hated being stuck in a hospital bed. They had to tie her down when she had to stay in the prison infirmary. Flipping through the TV channels, she found America's funniest home videos and felt like throwing the remote at the stupid people. She couldn't figure out where they found such humor in the stupid ass stuff they did. She flipped the TV off and swung her legs over the edge of the bed just as Scooter walked into the room.

"Ohh no ya don't, get back in that bed," He pointed a finger at her. "Doc says if you behave and maybe he'll let you out in two days." He held up a paper bag for her inspection. "I brought ya some real food, Grisly made meatloaf, smashed potatoes, corn and biscuits."

"She didn't poison it for me did she?"

"If that was the case I'd be dead right now." He handed her the bag and eased down into the chair beside the bed. "Grisly's really tore up about what she did to ya, she was cryin and my little bear don't cry. Not even when her dad died or her mother left her."

"Shit and I had to make that smart ass comment about her coming to break something else."

"I would have done the same thing, Hell I would have done worse if I got slugged for no reason." He offered her a wide grin and flinched when he took in how bad she looked. The only color in her face was the bruising from her broken nose. "Ya look like shit Bronte, nose hurt?"

"Like a bitch, doc says it was a clean break though. He wanted to know when it happened since I didn't come in with a broken nose." She ran a finger across the metal nose guard. "I told him I did a nose dive off the gurney."

They both turned their heads when the door opened and a nurse from the night before walked in with a clipboard and a paper cup with Bronte's painkillers. She stopped beside the bed, looked down at the clipboard and handed her the cup. She looked at Scooter and noticed that he was the only one in the room besides the patient. Looking back to Bronte, she asked. "Where's your wife, I need her to sign some more papers unless you want to do it?"

"My wife?" Bronte tried to raise her eyebrow and flinched with pain. "Scooter where's my wife?"

"Ohh...she had...to...run some errands, that's it, ran errands. She'll be by later." He gave Bronte a beaming smile. "Should be up to her elbows in it right about now."

The nurse laid the clipboard down and nodded her head. "When she comes in I'll need to see her, take your pills and the doctor will be in to see you in a little while." As soon as the door closed, Bronte swung her pale eyes to capture Scooter.

"My wife? Why did she say that we were married? She doesn't even know if I'm a dyke."

"They wouldn't do surgery until someone signed the insurance information, so Grisly signed and well, things kinda snowballed from there."

"I pass out and wake up married, did I at least enjoy the honeymoon?"

"Grisly's still alive so I don't think ya had one."

"Now I'm confused, ohh wait, she's not gay is she?"

"Grisly not gay? Now that would be something." He chuckled. "Remember when ya were in school and the boys would crawl under the tables ta look up your skirt?" She nodded her head even though she had been one of the girls to refuse to wear a skirt at any time. "Let's just say that Grisly would have been under the table with them."

"Ohh, then I guess it would have been quite crowded with me, her and all the boys under the tables. Did she do that because she hit me? I don't want her feeling guilty for anything that happened yesterday. Everyone's emotions were high."

"Nah, she was pissed because the nurse was acting like an ass. Eat your lunch before it gets cold. I'll be by later to see if ya need anything."

"I could use some clothes from my tent, someone took the ones I was wearing."

He nodded his head and left her after giving her a brief hug.

"Just great! I get arrested, shot, my nose broke and married all in one day." She pulled the plastic container from the bag, pulled the lid off and tried to smell the food. "Can't smell a damn thing." She mumbled and then started slowly eating the tasteless food. Even without being able to taste it, she knew it had to be as good as the lasagna Grisly had made. She had no idea what she was going to do about the ferocious tempered little blonde. It was just her luck that the woman she had been rescuing at work turned out to be Scooter's granddaughter. Her face turned a light red from her memory of being caught drooling over Grisly's T-shirt.

"Wonder if Scooter connected the two together? Who cares, doesn't make any difference now since we're married." She would have laughed if it wouldn't send sharp pains through her head and chest

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Covered in grease, Grisly wandered up to the garage to ransack the refrigerator in her grandpa's office. It was just turning eight AM and she had been awake for five hours already. It would be the first time that she was up before noon on her day off, she had woke up when she heard her grandpa's truck leave from outside her window and decided to get started on the stuff Bronte had been working on before she was shot. After finishing sanding the fenders, she had sprayed them with primer and left them to hang in the shed to dry. Then hauling the washbasin that Scooter used to clean parts in outside the shed, she started taking the carburetor apart and soaking the parts to be scrubbed later. Finding a sandwich in the refrigerator, she grabbed a can of Coke and was ready to close the door when she spotted a package of hot dogs. "What are you doing eating hot dogs?" She knew her grandpa hated hog dogs, so she was surprised to find them in the refrigerator.

"Ain't mine, must be Bronte's." He dropped into his worn desk chair and threw his bad leg up onto the desk. "Been working in Bronte's shed?"

"Bronte's shed?" She said around a mouthful.

"Yep, when I need her that's where I find her."

"Does she sleep out there to?"

"Naw, she stays at the motel." There was no way that he was going to tell her that Bronte lived in a tent out in the field. If she wanted to know, she could ask Bronte.

"I got most of the parts cleaned, fenders sanded and sprayed with primer. Some parts are soaking and others are beyond help. I looked at the engine she has out there in pieces and it's trashed. The cylinder is cracked and one of the pistons is so jammed in the shaft that I don't think it will ever come out."

"Don't worry about that engine, I got her a nice knucklehead engine off Kenny and some other parts." It was the grin on his face that gave him away.

"What did you do grandpa, Kenny would never part with that stuff. Remember I tried for years and got zilch."

"Ya remember that old Barracuda I had up in the back? I traded that rusty old car for the motorcycle parts. I got a better deal than he did, the cars floors were all rotted and the only thing keepin the seats inside were the snake skins."

"Snake skins? What are you talking about?"

"Ohh that I sent over a whole batch of black rat snakes with the Barracuda. Serve that bastard right, I could have had a nice motorcycle 30 years ago if he'd traded or sold me that damn engine."

Grisly couldn't figure out why her grandpa was doing all of this for a stranger. He was a generous man but it was so unlike him to go out of his way for someone he hardly knew.

"Why all of this for her?"

"I told ya Grisly, I see something in her that I can't explain." He scratched his razor stubble covered jaw and held Grisly's curious green eyes with his own. "Maybe it's because she's a kindred spirit or because she's here for an old mans replacement."

"What are you getting at with replacement?" She never wanted to think of her grandpa dying even though it would happen someday.

"It ain't whatcha think little bear, I just can't do the heavy work no more but Bronte can. Did ya see the muscles on her?" He wiped the imaginary sweat from his brow and groaned. "Wish the woman of my day would have looked like her."

Grisly snorted and rolled her eyes at the goofy look on his face. "Ohh great, my grandpa likes butch dykes."

With a dreamy look on his face, scooter purred. "With a face like hers, she's no butch. How do ya know she's a dyke?"

"Puleease, she screams it. Huge muscles, works in a junkyard part time, beats up men, makes my blood boil...did I say that out loud?"

"Yep, which reminds me? What should I call ya, JaBloan` or Pellatrino?"

"Huh? Pellatrino...that's..."

"Your wife's last name." He couldn't help himself, he busted up with hysterical laughter at the shocked expression oh her face.

"Does she know what I did?" Her answer came as a nod from Scooter's bald crown. "Is she pissed?"

"Nope, wants a honeymoon though."

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Grisly was none to happy when Scooter told her that she would have to go over to the hospital and sign more paperwork. She was hoping that she would be able to have the time to think of a good excuse for telling the nurse that she and Bronte were married. She could have told the nurse that they were cousins or half sisters but noooo her big mouth said everything but that. Crawling into the shower with a container of orange scented GoJo, she scrubbed as much grease off as she could. When she was done, her skin was a light pink and smelling of oranges. Pulling on a pair

of ripped and faded Levis, a wife beater and her old work boots, she went out the door and crawled into her little car. Resting her head on the steering wheel, she tried to round up some much needed courage to face Bronte.

"What have I gotten myself into this time?" Two pictures formed in her mind, one was of Paula with her bloodshot eyes and red nose and the other was of Bronte with her swollen eyes and swollen misshapen nose. Even with her face mangled, Bronte was the winner between the two. "Get over it Grisegond, what would she want with a puny little blonde who hits first and asks questions later? Except to open up a can of whoop ass on ya that's what!"

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After counting her collection of pain pills on the small table, Bronte was bored beyond belief and ready to cause some hate and discontent if they didn't release her soon. All she had to do was lay there and stare at the ceiling. It made her wonder why hypochondriacs found so addictive to being locked up in a hospital room. Or having doctors and nurses poking and prodding at insane hours. If one of them came in with a tube of KY and a rubber glove, she was running for the hills no matter what any body said. She had already given them enough blood to fill the blood bank, like she didn't loose enough when she was first brought in. And having a catheter so they could measure fluid out puts didn't make a hell of a lot of sense since they didn't give her any fluids except a bag of stuff after surgery and a little pitcher of warm water. What she wouldn't do for a cold Coke or a carton of milk. She had asked for something else to drink and gotten a funny look from the attending doctor. It got worse when the nurse found the plastic container that Scooter had brought in.

Looking down at the paper-thin blanket that covered her to the waist. she found a string hanging and pulled on it, to her amazement, she watched as it unraveled all the way across the top. She was busy unraveling her blanket when the nurse stepped into the room with a tray to change her bandages and a hypodermic needle. Right behind her was a flushed Grisly.

"If you will wait a second Mrs. Pellatrino, I'll get those forms for you to sign." The nurse pulled the clipboard from the holder on the foot of the bed and flipped through the pages until she found the one she was looking for. "Just sign right here and that should be it until Mrs. Pellatrino is released."

Grisly felt her face burn, she took a quick glance at Bronte and saw amused pale blue eyes watching her. A long finger pointed at her and then moved in the come-hither motion. She took hesitant steps forward while keeping eye contact. A deep purr came to her ears as she stopped right next to Bronte. "Where's my hello kiss little bear?"

"Your what?" She whispered so that the nurse couldn't hear her.

Bronte purred in a deeper voice and noticed the small shivers rack Grisly's body. "I want my kiss."

Grisly saw no way out of this predicament, she leaned forward and placed a quick kiss on

Bronte's lips. Before she could move, she felt a hand at the back of her neck and warm soft lips capturing hers. Her lips parted for a deep erotic kiss. An involuntary moan passed her lips and was swallowed by Bronte. Grisly swore that she heard a loud wail, popping, and bells and whistles in her ears. She had a sinking feeling in her body as Bronte's tongue wrapped around and caressed her own. She reached up with one arm and wrapped it around Bronte's neck. When the kiss ended, she was winded and lying on her back across the tall woman's thighs. Pulling in a shuddering breath, she blinked her clouded eyes a few times before they focused on aroused dark blue orbs.

"Aahh...Bron..."

"Excuse me but I need to change her bandages and I can't do it with you laying all over her." The nurse pointed to the door. "Wait in the hall until I'm done and no more of that kissing stuff." She flipped the switch a few times on the silent heart monitor. "You two killed my machine!"

Bronte winked at the nurse and chuckled when Grisly stumbled on weak knees to lean against the wall in the hallway. Leaning forward, she let the nurse untie her hospital gown and lower it over her right shoulder. Seeing Grisly's eyes flick in her direction more than once since she went into the hallway, she let the gown drop around her waist. She waited until green orbs moved in her direction and then she flexed her pecs and watched a jaw drop open. This was the most fun she'd had in a long time, she was never a tease but she just couldn't help not teasing the little blonde.

"OK, now I need you to roll to your side so I can give you your shot."

"What is it?"

"It's just an antibiotic and pain reliever. May make you sleepy."

Bronte rolled over onto her side and flashed a still in shock Grisly, her voice took on a whiny tone when she answered the nurse. "But I don't wanna sleep, I want out of here!" She felt the jab and then her hip was on fire. "Damn that hurr." Was the last she said as the room darkened and she went to Lala land.

The nurse eased her onto her back and laughed. "Oohh did I forget to add the part about it being a tranquilizer as well?"

Grisly heard what the nurse said and she felt anger start a slow burn, she stepped back into the room and tapped the nurse on her shoulder.

"Why did you knock her out?"

"Ohh it's so that it's easier to remove the catheter, even though we deflate the bulb on the end, it can still be quite painful."

"Ohh OK, I understand." She turned to go back into the hallway when for some reason she

turned to look down at the bag hanging off the side of the bed. "Nurse is her urine supposed to be green?"

"Green? No it's not why?" She followed Grisly's finger to the back and gasped, she had never in her entire career seen anything like it. She dropped the needle, syringe in the sharpies box, and left the room quickly.

An eyebrow raised over a green eye, Grisly walked back into the room and examined the specimen bag. Flipping the blanket off Bronte's lower body, she followed the rubber tube to where it was wedged under the mattress. "You dirty rotten..." A low chuckle erupted past her lips when she found a broken Bic pen cartridge between the mattress and the bed frame. "Grandpa will be proud of you." Rearranging the blanket, she took a seat in the chair next to Bronte's bed and just watched her sleep.

The nurse and the doctor came back into the room and ignored Grisly, the doctor lifted the blanket, sheet and the bottom of Bronte's gown. Grisly couldn't help but let her eyes travel over the tall woman's muscular thighs and up to the dark patch of neatly trimmed curls. Her face burned from embarrassment and arousal. No one had ever had that kind of effect on her and she had seen plenty of naked women in her life. Maybe it was the fact that Bronte was more or less a stranger, then again, the women she had sex with were far more in the stranger department than Bronte. Some of her sex partners didn't even speak to her before or after sex. Paula was different even though what came out of her mouth didn't make any sense most of the time. She took in a deep gulping breath and caught the eye of the doctor watching her.

He noticed her red face and gave her a worried look. "Are you alright?"

"Yeah, just not used to..." She waved a hand at Bronte.

"I understand, it's hard to let doctors get so personal with loved ones." He held up the rubber tube and inspected the blue tip. "She's a real prankster isn't she?"

Grisly nodded her head at him, she would agree even though she had no idea. She got worried when a mischievous twinkle crossed his brown eyes and he grinned at her. "I know just how to pay her back." He handed the tube to the nurse and told her to take care of it and he would be right back. Grisly sat there in the chair and took Bronte's hand in hers, she was worried about what the doctor would do as a way of paying her back for her prank. He came into the room fifteen minutes later with a brown box in his hand. Holding back a snicker, he opened the box for grisly to see inside.

"Ohh my Gods! She'll die!"

"No, but maybe it'll keep her from scaring the Hell out of my nurses."

When he was finished, he gave Grisly the thumbs up, took one last glance at the sleeping woman and left the room laughing hysterically. Grisly covered her eyes with one hand and let it slid down her face to cover her quivering lips. She would stay all night if she had to, there was no

way she was going to miss Bronte waking up. She couldn't believe that she had helped the doctor to begin with.

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Scooter stepped into the hospital room and heard a clatter come from the floor when his false teeth fell out of his mouth. There was Grisly with her head resting on Bronte's forearm, their fingers locked together and something that he had never seen in his entire life. He couldn't explain it but he hoped one of the girls could. He reached behind him and pulled Marty and Daryl into the room and pointed to the sleeping woman. Daryl was the first to speak up when she saw them

"Ain't they cute together." She whispered as she leaned into Marty

"Damn its huge!" Marty practically yelled.

A pale blue eye peeked open and looked to the doorway to see Scooter with his mouth hanging open and two strange women beside him. Moving slightly, she felt a heaviness on her arm and found a sleeping Grisly the reason behind it.

Her voice barely a whisper and rough from dryness, Bronte spoke. "Scooter are ya just gonna stand there or what, and who do ya have with you?"

"Ohh this is Daryl and Marty, they're friends of Grisly's." He couldn't help but let his eyes trail down her body and stop. Bronte noticed that now all three of them were looking at her body with weird expressions on their faces.

"What's wrong?" She then looked down and gasped. "Ohh my Gods! I asked Santa every year and never got one, now when I'm sliding down the old age hill, I get a huge dick!" She looked at the towering blankets between her thighs and burst out laughing. A snorting noise and a whimper came from the side of the bed, Grisly opened one eye and groaned when she saw the teepee in front of her. It took her a minute but she realized that her and Bronte were not alone in the room. She lifted her head up to see her friends and grandpa with weird looks on their faces.

"Hey Scooter see what your granddaughter does to me." She thrust her hips upward and laughed when she heard Grisly groan and felt the bed move when she buried her head in the mattress.

Scooter tilted his head sideways for a better angle. "What in the Hell IS that Bronte?"

"No idea but it's big!" She lifted the blanket and sheet and looked underneath. "Uuhmmm it's a very big..." She whipped the covers off and showed them a prosthetic forearm and hand.

Grisly peeked up from her hiding spot and looked into pale blue eyes. "It wasn't my idea...it was the doctors. Paybacks for..."

"Ohh I guess they didn't like the green piss thing huh?"

"OK you two, what in the hell is going on here?" Scooter threw the blankets back over Bronte but still couldn't keep from looking. "For Gods sake woman do something with that thing." He waved a gnarled hand at her extra one.

"Grandpa, she poured blue ink down the catheter tube and turned her piss green." She jabbed Bronte in her ribs with a finger. "Scared the shit out of the nurse so bad that she went running out of here."

"I thought Marty was the only one who scared doctors and nurses." Daryl slapped her wife in her stomach. "She's barred from the ER because of the last time she was in here."

"Hey I thought it was funny, guess they didn't think having both hands up a chicken's ass was though."

Daryl stepped over to the side of the bed and held out her hand to Bronte. "I'm Daryl Roberts and this is my wife Marty Roberts, we've known Scooter and Grisly our entire lives. We grew up running around the junkyard."

"Bronte Pellatrino." She shook the smaller hand and then gave Grisly a wink. "Grisly's wife."

"Grisly did you forget to tell us something the other night?" Daryl pinned her friend in place with her hazel eyes.

"Uhhmm...well...ohh hell I'll explain later." She rubbed her forehead and avoided everyone's eyes.

"Little bear could you take care of my hard-on before Scooter has a heart attack over there."

"Why me, why can't..."

"Because it hurts like Hell to bend over. Please?"

"Ohh alright I'll do it." He voice dropped to a mumble. "Don't know how but I'll do it."

A wicked grin split Bronte's face, she whipped the covers up and over the top of Grisly.

"Bronte what are you doing?" Grisly said from under the covers.

"Some things are better kept a secret. You already seen everything but I don't want Scooter to drop over seeing the complete package."

"I can't believe I'm doing this and how am I supposed to see, it's dark under here!"

Bronte wiggled her eyebrows as much as she could and grinned at her visitors. "Feel around little bear, feel around."

"You lucky little perv!" Marty grumbled and then yelped when an elbow caught her in the ribs.

"You play enough hide and seek with the dildo so shut up."

Scooter now knew what he saw in Bronte, it was the same thing the four of them had. A wicked sense of sick humor, she would fit right in with them. "How ya coming Grisly?"

Bronte's body jerked and a deep moan escaped her lips. "Don't know about her but I'm enjoying...Oooowww! Hey that was my...!"

"I know damn well what it was and if you don't stop squirming I'll do it again." The teepee fell and Grisly gave out a small yelp. She wiggled out from under the covers and handed Bronte the prosthetic.

"Was it good for you little bear?" Bronte asked in a deep purr.

"Would you like to wake up with it in a very tender orifice?"

"Oohhh you're kinky too!" She wiggled the hand in front of her and smirked. "This has possibilities ya know?"

"Yeah to slap you up long side the head with."

"Ohh the sweet talk of lovers, how romantic." Daryl's comment earned her a flying prosthetic at her head. "Never could hit the right spot Grisly, maybe Bronte can show you some things."

"Ha! All of you get over yourselves." Grisly's face was a couple shades darker than normal. It was as if it was embarrass Grisly day.

"Look baby, it has a better harness than our strap on does. What's it for?"

"Marty, sometimes I wonder how you string a sentence together." Daryl covered Marty's mouth with her hand and eyeballed a twitchy Grisly. "You coming out with us tomorrow night Grisly?"

"I don't know yet, I'll let you know tomorrow afternoon." She made a quick glance over her shoulder and saw that Bronte was sound asleep again. "I've been doing some work at the junkyard, you know as a payback kind of thing."

"Well, let us know what's up; come on old man lets get you home."

"Who ya callin old? I'll have you know that I can...ohh hell lets go. It's past my bedtime." He gave Grisly a hug and told her not to stay too late and cause problems with the nurses. "If ya find my choppers in here somewhere, bring them home for me."

"I won't, I have to return the prosthetic to the doctor then I'll be home. After I find your

choppers."

After everyone had left, she dropped to her knees and found her grandpa's teeth under the bed. What they were doing there, she had no idea and didn't really want to know. She sat back down in the chair, took Bronte's hand in hers and played with her fingers. "You are something else Bronte, no wonder my grandpa likes you." She sat there and talked to the sleeping woman even though she knew not a word was heard. An hour later, she stood, brushed the dark hair from Bronte's forehead and pressed a soft kiss to her lips. "I'll see you tomorrow sometime Bronte Pellatrino." She turned with one last glance and left the room.

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Two days later, Grisly was back to work inspecting poultry. She had never been so bored in the entire time she had worked there. She waited the entire shift for a screwed up chicken to come through the small window. Nothing, not even one off center of the belt. She never thought of the reason why it didn't happen, just that it didn't. When it came time to punch the clock, she was bounced around the hallway and missed the strong arms that always caught her. "What is your problem Grisepond?" She mumbled and heard the little voice in her head answer. *You miss Bronte!* "And you're insane! You don't even know her; you get along with her and she's fun but?"

"I think you've lost your damn mind." Daryl whispered in her ear. "You've been carrying on a conversation the whole way to your car and with whom? Yourself!"

"I think you're right Daryl, I mean before I met her it was just...I don't know."

"Aaahh our little bear is smitten." Marty wrapped an arm around her and kissed her temple. "We'll go out tonight and have some fun, you'll go home with Paula, get frostbite and everything will be worse in the morning."

"Gee thanks for the pep talk; I think I'll go find a cliff to drive off so I can miss all the excitement of a night with a drunken slut who sucks in bed!"

Daryl's eyes twinkled down at her. "And here we thought you were good in bed."

"I am but Paula is most defiantly NOT!" She ran her fingers through her messy blonde hair and sighed. "I am so screwed." She jumped up and sat on the hood of her car. She did a double take at her windshield. "Son of a bitch!" She pulled a white envelope from under the wiper blade and opened it.

I want to suck on your tampons!

"I think I'm gonna barf!" She handed the letter to Daryl and fell back on the hood of her car.

"EEWW!!! It's got to be...rat face, grandpa told us it wasn't Bronte. Plus she's in the hospital; and I heard today that he was let out on his own recognizance."

"They let him loose! I don't believe this shit!" She rolled off her car and opened the door. "Pick me up at 9pm, that'll give me time to take Bronte supper and get cleaned up."

Both women wiggled their eyebrows at her and grinned.

"You know what you two; it's like looking at twins sometimes. Same damn facial expressions."

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"Taken Bronte supper, little bear?"

"Well, I for one know that hospital food sucks and this way she'll keep up her strength. And I know the dietician hates it when outside food is brought in." She took a whole roasted chicken and cut it in pieces before placing it in a large plastic bowl, mashed potatoes, gravy and corn bread were added to the Coleman container she had on the table. Grabbing three cans of coke from the refrigerator, she added them and closed it up. "Think that's enough food for her?"

"Grisly, that woman lives off soup and hotdogs. What's in your lunch box is enough to feed an army."

"Then she'll have some for later." She was about to walk out the door when she remembered the paper bag her grandpa had brought in. "Her clothes, Gods she'd kill me if I forgot them." Taking the bag and her lunchbox, she went out the door. Putting everything on the passenger seat, she became curious, opened the bag, and looked inside. "These aren't clothes, these are rags." She looked at the size of the pants and snorted. "Too small rags, this won't do." The pants were a good two inches short for Grisly's likes. She liked when they gathered at the ankle, and when you sat down, they didn't climb up to show the stripes on your socks. Looking at the dashboard clock, she had about three hours to get everything done and get home before her friends picked her up. The first place she headed was the men's shop across town, it was where everyone went for their Levis and other things like boots, shirts and jackets. Pulling into the parking lot, she looked at the sizes on the clothes in the bag and adjusted them in her head.

A half-hour later, she piled stuff on the counter and laid her Visa card with them.

"That all Grisly?" The clerk asked before he started ringing stuff up. He held up a pair of heavy red Union long johns and winked. "Grandpa still won't buy them himself huh?"

"Nope, won't even admit to wearing them."

"But everyone in town knows he does, that is, since Marty made Christmas cards with grandpa in his long johns on the front of it."

Grisly remembered that day, he almost killed the three of them when he saw the Christmas cards "She asked him for his autograph and I thought he was going to kill her."

He went through the clothes and separated them by size before putting them into bags. "Buying

clothes for someone else Grisly?"

There were no secrets in their little town and she had known the clerk her entire life, it still caused her to blush a little when she looked down at the blue silk boxers she had gotten for Bronte. "A friend is in the hospital, some nurse lost her clothes after she was checked in. So I decided to just get her new ones for her release from Hell."

The older man gave her a bright smile. "You have a heart of gold Grisly, don't let anyone tell you any different."

When she had everything in her car, she headed over to the hospital. Seeing a wheelchair near the door, she grabbed it, loaded all her stuff on to it and took the elevator to the floor where Bronte's room was. Approaching the room, she heard a deep bellow of laughter and then the doctor staggered into the hallway. He waved a hand at her and it was then that she saw that it was another prosthetic. She was beginning to worry about his sanity at that point. Pushing the chair into the room, she caught the red tear stained face of Bronte.

"Hey you alright?" She asked with concern showing in her green eyes.

"If I laugh anymore, I swear my ribs will break." She wiped at the tears rolling down her cheeks. "If I ever have to have surgery again, I don't want Dr. Edwards anywhere near me. He had a guy in for gall bladder surgery, when the guy came around afterwards, he was the proud owner of D cup sized tits."

Grisly groaned, she could imagine the poor patients shock. "Guess he really enjoys his job too much. I know his poor wife has a hell of a time down in her lab with missing prosthetics." With some difficulty, she hefted her lunchbox onto the small table that swung over the bed. "I brought you some real food and Cokes."

Pale blue eyes watched Grisly's shaky hands open the Coleman cooler and start to pull food out. Bronte reached forward, took the small hands in hers, and pulled her forward.

"Grisly you don't have to bring me food or anything." She tilted Grisly's face up so she could look into her eyes. "Do you feel guilty for hitting me?" Without a word, guilt filled Grisly's green eyes and tears started to form. Bronte in a moment of weakness, pulled the small blonde into her arms and held her. Placing her lips close to a small ear she spoke with a soothing tone. "I would have done the same thing if not worse, what I want to know is why you thought it was me?"

Grisly wiped a tear from her eye and mumbled into a strong shoulder. "I guess because of what you did everyday in the hallway."

"I did that because I didn't like how everyone just shoved you around like you weren't there. I may not talk to anyone there but that doesn't mean that I would leave notes on people's cars." She pulled back a little to look down at Grisly. "What did they say?"

"At first it was nothing, just the color of my underwear or what ever, today the one said that they

want to suck on my tampons." She gave a little shudder from disgust. Bronte rubbed the metal guard on her nose and moaned.

"Sick fucker, I want you to keep all the notes and when I get back to work I'll take care of it." She let Grisly go with a gentle hug. "Whatcha bring me for supper?" She tried to look into the cooler but Grisly closed the lid.

"Can you taste anything yet?"

"Yeah and I can breath a little to, so whatcha bring me?"

"Close your eyes and open your mouth." She kept her eyes on Bronte as she pulled out a piece of chicken, striped a piece off and placed it in Bronte's mouth. A smile formed on Bronte's lips and a small moan rumbled in her chest.

"Cinnamon, garlic, blackberries and a little bit of paprika." She opened her eyes to see Grisly's mouth hanging open. "Was I right?"

"Yeah but how did you know?"

Dark brows wiggled and Grisly had come to know that as a sign of a wiseass remark. "Sensitive tongue. What else is in there?"

Grisly pulled everything out and set it on the small table, she was having serious problems where her libido was concerned. With every small moan or groan from Bronte, she felt her blood burn a little hotter. She had never realized what an erotic experience it could be watching someone eat but that's what Bronte turned it into. Sweat was running down between her shoulder blades and breasts, not to mention what was going on in the lower areas. After they had finished eating, Grisly handed her the bag of clothes she had bought.

"Scooter remembered my clothes, still don't know what they did with mine."

"Yeah he did but I kinda...well you'll see." She picked up her lunchbox and fidgeted for a few seconds before Bronte realized she was leaving.

"Thank you for thinking of me, it's been a long time since I've had any friends." She reached out and brushed back the blonde hair that was hanging in Grisly's eyes. Pulling her closer, she kissed her forehead and gave her a hug. "Will you be by tomorrow, Doc says I can get out of here after two o'clock or so."

"I'll come by after work and pick you up OK?"

"Deal, I don't know where I am and I really don't think I'm in any condition to walk too far."

"I'll see you tomorrow about 2:15 or so." She leaned up and brushed her lips across Bronte's before she made a beeline from her room.

Bronte ran a fingertip across her lips and grinned, it was an innocent touch of lips but it made her lips tingle all the same. The kiss they had shared before was for show and even though Bronte enjoyed it, this one meant more to her. "I could fall for you little bear." She murmured and sighed as she pictured what Grisly looked like when she was asleep. "The innocence of a child, eyes of a seductress and the temper of a tornado, what a combination." She closed her eyes and let sleep take her into its arms.

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With her hair still wet from her rushed shower, Grisly ran out the back door of her house and out to Daryl's car. Sliding into the backseat huffing and puffing, she dropped over in the seat and tried to catch her breath. Marty looked over the seat at her and chuckled.

"Grisly what in the hell are you huffing about?"

"Ten minutes flat...new record." She stuttered between breaths.

"Ten minutes for what?"

"Shower, shave, dress and run out the door."

Daryl looked in the rearview mirror at her. "You didn't eat before all of this, that's not like you."

"Ate another supper with Bronte at the hospital. I just got back about fifteen minutes ago." She sat up in the seat and ran her fingers through her wet hair. "I'm not getting shit faced tonight, maybe two beers if that."

"You OK, little bear?" Marty reached out and felt her forehead. "Nope no fever."

"I just don't feel like...feeling like shit in the morning, plus I need to do something and I want to be totally sober for it." She didn't know if it was a good idea what she was going to do but she needed to know and there was no other way except to experiment.

"Like what?" Daryl caught her eyes in the mirror. "You won't get in trouble or anything will you?"

"Nah, maybe slapped a few times but that's normal for me." She gave them the 'What' look.

"What ever you have planned sounds half-baked to me, right Daryl?"

"Yeah sounds like something you would do." She glanced over to see a raised eyebrow on her wife. "Don't look at me like that, you know I'm right. 'Let's put fruit cocktail in the bathtub, it'll be fun!' And me the big dummy agreeing with you!" She smacked her forehead and yelped when it stung.

"It was, until it clogged up the drain, quick fifty bucks to fix it."

"Fifty bucks for what?" Grisly couldn't figure out why it cost so much for drain cleaner.

"New PVC and a drain trap that He Man there broke with her vise grips." Marty waved her hand at Grisly and gave her a toothy grin.

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The bar was it's normal over crowded, fire hazard way, the three women had to push and shove people just to get past the doorway. They didn't know what it was, but people seemed to like guarding the main door, bathrooms and the door to the small kitchen. No matter what, you could never get in or out of anywhere without a fight on your hands. One day there would be a fire and they would all end up crispy because some asshole was blocking the doorway. Marty dropped her shoulder and rammed into people so that they could make their way to the bar. Shoving a drunk off his stool to the floor, she kicked him a few times until he moved out of her way.

"Go sleep in an alley somewhere ya lush!" Waving at the bartender, she ordered three beers for them, tossed a ten-dollar bill on the counter and shoved her way over to where Daryl and Grisly were standing against the wall. "Simple ass people!" A man ran into the back of her, tripped and fell at her feet. "I hate men!" She yelled to be heard over the loud music and stepped on his hands.

Grisly pulled Daryl down so that she could yell into her ear, she hated being short and even if Daryl and Marty were only a little bit taller than her, they could see more.

"See Paula?" She waited for Daryl to scan the room and seen her point to a far corner.

"Dyke corner!"

It amazed Grisly, that even in a gay bar that everyone split up into little groups. Everyone had their own corner, Dykes, queens, gay men and the ones who didn't know what they were in the last corner. Grisly took a running start, plowed through the crowd, and made it over to the dyke corner, without getting to many drinks spilt on her. Even if you didn't drink while in the bar, you would still leave smelling like a brewery. Thank the Gods alcohol couldn't be consumed by osmosis, people would be dropping like flies. Seeing that all the women in the corner were at one time her sex partners, she started with the closet one to her. Reaching up, she pulled the woman's head down for a kiss. When it broke, she looked at her with narrowed eyes and shook her head. After seven women were kissed, Grisly made her way over to Paula and kissed her.

"Hey Grisly, missed ya!" She wrapped a possessive arm around her and continued to talk nonsense to her friends and ignore Grisly as if she wasn't there. Getting madder by the moment, Grisly slipped out from under her arm, took her hand and dragged her to the bathroom. For once there was no one in there, usually a drag queen or two would be running their jaws about some new thrift store where they found a size 16 pump. Pushing a stall door open, she dragged a confused Paula in behind her.

"I want you to fuck me." She said bluntly.

"Huh? Here and now?" Paula looked around her and shrugged her shoulders. "OK."

Twenty minutes later, Grisly came storming out of the bathroom with murder in her eyes. With one look at the little blonde tornado, people scattered and let her through the crowd. Marty was the first to see her approaching and being the big bad ass of their small family, she hid behind Daryl.

"I QUIT, GIVE-UP, HATE SEX, HATE KISSING AND WOMEN!" Once her tirade was over, Marty peeked over her wife's shoulder at the red face huffing Grisly.

"She mean us baby?"

"Marty go get us some more beer." She kissed her wife before she sent her off to fight and then pulled a pissed off Grisly against her. "What in the Hell is wrong with you?"

Grisly waved her arms in the air and yelled again. "I just kissed almost every woman in this bar and nothing happened, THEN! I tried to have sex in the bathroom and NOTHING HAPPENED!"

"Who were you in the bathroom with?"

"Paula, I don't even think she knows I'm not in there anymore."

Marty made it back over to them and handed out the beers, the next thing she knew, she was being used as a battering ram to make it to the side door where there was a small room used to store chairs and extra tables. Once inside and the door closed, it became quieter and easier to talk without screaming. Daryl pulled out a chair and pushed Grisly down into it.

"Now what were you doing out there and why?"

"OK, remember when I told you about signing the insurance papers and my mouth getting me in dip shit and Bronte finding out about it?" Two heads nodded at her but neither one knew where she was going with it. "Well, I had to go to the hospital to sign more papers as Mrs. JaBloan`-Pellatrino. The second I walked into the room Bronte wanted her hello kiss."

"Hey that ain't fair, I don't get one of those!" Marty wailed until Daryl gave her 'the look'.

"We own stock in Chap Stick because you kiss me if you take two steps without falling down."

Grisly's temper was coming back quickly. "Guys do you want to hear this or not?"

"Go ahead we're listening."

[Continued In Part 2](#)

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)

~ Chicken Little ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yep, they look like them but they're not. If LL and ROC acted like these two while doing the series, we'd all be happy!

Violence: Not much

Sex and bad language: At least it's not bad sex!

And the rest of the stuff: If you're not old enough that's what parental controls are for! GO AWAY!

Songs Sanctuary and Anything without you by Aussie born Jamie O'Neal. No I didn't get her permission; if I did do ya think I'd have time to write this?

Thanks to Lesia, Ri, Thorie and Webwarrior for their help in this.

Chicken Little

By Larisa

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

Part 2

It was one o'clock and Bronte was just about crawling up the walls, she pulled the bag that Grisly had brought her from off the table and dumped it out on her lap. The first thing that caught her eyes were the blue silk boxers, a wicked gleam came to her eye. Running the silky material through her fingers brought a smile to her face.

"So ya think I'm the boxer type huh little bear? You would be right on that, never had silk before though." She held out the black sleeveless shirt and then the Levis. Checking the size, she laughed and shook her head. "Damn woman, you even know what size I wear." Her brows dipped down as far as the swelling would allow. "Just how do you know what size I wear?" All her other clothes were the wrong size; she knew that she couldn't have gotten anything from them. "So ya been checking me out." Easing out of the hospital gown, she dressed in her new clothes and then reached under the bed for her boots, which was a huge mistake on her part. Her head felt like the top was going to shot off. Lying back on the bed, she waited until the pain went away and her eyes became unclouded. "Sometimes Pellatrino, you're a raving genius." Her best bet was to just lay there and wait for Grisly to come and ask her if she would put her boots on for her.

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"What time is it?"

"Two minutes later than the last time you asked me." Daryl was ready to box Grisly's ears; she had been asking her for the last hour what time it was. "What's the rush today, gotta hot date?"

"If you must know, I'm picking Bronte up from the hospital." She stuck her tongue out at her.

"Ohh so it is a big date!" Daryl ran her fingers through her curly hair. "Gonna primp for the big bad warrior convict?"

"Warrior convict?"

"Yeah, she reminds me of a warrior the way she plows through the workers to rescue her damsel in distress."

"I'm far from being a damsel, thank you very much."

"OK, midget being crunched then."

"You really are pushing it Daryl, I'll...tell grandpa!" She grabbed Daryl's wrist and checked the time again. "Damn! Five fucking minutes!"

"Ohh for Christ sakes go change or put your dildo on or something."

Grisly's brows reached up into her hairline and her eyes blinked a few times. "I do not own a strap-on."

"Wanna barrow mine?" Daryl wiggled her brows and stuck her tongue out seductively.

"You are really sick and pushing it."

"I push it very well, ask Marty."

"That's it I'm gonna go change out of these ugly white things."

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She ran out of the locker room just as the last person was leaving the time clock, she looked down at her skintight black Levis, boots and finally her blue sleeveless T-shirt. "What am I doing?"

"Getting sexy for your woman." She looked up to see Marty and Daryl waiting for her.

"She's not my woman, she's...I don't know what she is."

"She's HOT!" Marty ducked the hand coming towards her head.

"Do you want to sleep on the couch for the next year?" Daryl grabbed her by her nipple ring and dragged her towards the door to the parking lot.

"Baby, I was just being observant."

"Be that way with your eyes closed."

"You're no fun baby, just looking, would never dream of touching."

That's because one of three women would kick your ass!" Grisly planted her foot in said area and gave Marty a small shove. "I'm starting first!"

"Ohhh I hear possessiveness in little bears voice Marty!"

"Bite me Daryl!"

"Not on the first date I don't." She threw back.

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A horrible noise was coming from Bronte's room, Grisly peeked around the corner afraid of what she might find. Slapping a hand over her mouth to hold back the scream of laughter that was trying to burst forth, she silently walked into the room and looked down at a sleeping Bronte. Her mouth hanging open, drool running down her chin and the most god-awful snore that Grisly had ever heard coming from her nose and mouth at the same time. Grisly stepped beside the bed, ran a finger across a dark brow, and watched it twitch beneath her finger. She loved the way the dark brows were naturally arched over pale blue eyes. The few times she had been held under their captive gaze, she felt her heart race and her mouth go dry. Tracing the fine wrinkles at the corner of Bronte's eyes, she let her finger trail down a high cheekbone to end at her chin. *Grisegond what are you doing? You're gonna get caught and then what?* Her little voice was laughing at her. After a loud rattling breath, a blue eye squinted open and rolled around until it caught sight of a smirking face.

"You snore like a grizzly."

Bronte tried to speak but with her dry throat nothing would come out, she sat up, swung her legs over the bed and fell into Grisly's arms. Grabbing her pounding forehead, she moaned and whimpered into a soft breast.

"Moved a little to fast there Bronte." Grisly made sure that she could sit without falling, then handed her a glass of water. "Are you all checked out from this place?"

"No, they want you to sign some more damn papers." She looked up from beneath her dark brows and back to the floor. "They need an address and I don't have one."

"I'll take care of it and be right back." Not being able to help herself, she brushed dark bangs back from Bronte's forehead and placed a soft kiss on her damp skin. "No jumping around while I'm gone."

"Don't worry, I don't think I'll be doing that for a while." She rubbed her temples trying to get rid of the pounding. "Or anything else." She said to the empty room.

Grisly came back into the room pushing a wheelchair, with one look from pale blue eyes, she pointed a finger at her. "Don't start, it's hospital policy." She looked down at Bronte's sock covered feet and grinned. "Did they hide your boots so you couldn't escape?"

"That wouldn't stop me but where they put them did." She pointed under the bed and shrugged her shoulder. "I tried to get them but it was either let my head fall off or get my boots. The boots won, could you..."

Grisly pulled her boots out from under the bed and put them on for her, she felt like a mother fighting a toddler to get their shoes on. "What are you doing with your toes?"

"Uhhmm curling them?"

"Why?"

"I'm not used to wearing socks and it feels funny."

"You don't wear socks with your work boots?"

"This is the first pair of socks I've had in a while, I didn't need them in prison, I wore Tennis shoes or those sissified shower shoes."

"Sissified? Is that a word?"

"It is when you're my size and ya have to wear orange flip flops." She rotated her ankles before getting off the bed, she hadn't been out of the bed except to go to the bathroom and the sudden movement had her feeling a little dizzy. Reaching out, she found a small muscular shoulder to lean on and felt warm hands around her waist. "Can your health deteriorate in the hospital, I feel worse now than after I was shot."

"Once we're out of here, we'll go get some real food and fresh air. I hate hospitals, I'd starve to death in a day."

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Grisly pushed Bronte right up to her grandpa's truck, she had borrowed the truck because she

knew the tall woman would have a hard time bending her body at odd angles to fit inside her little VW Golf. Once Bronte was in, she pushed the wheelchair up to the doors and then jogged back to the truck and got in.

"Are we ready? I'm starving and my uncle's restaurant is having a BBQ rib special for supper."

Bronte turned in the seat and caught Grisly's hand before she shifted gears. "I wanted to thank you for the clothes and everything you've done for me." She looked down at the small hand in hers and traced a jagged scar across the top of it. "I'll pay you back for the clothes on payday."

"Bronte, I don't want paid back for anything. What ever I did, I did because we're friends. You're not alone anymore."

"But you don't even know me or..."

"I know that you're the only one that's ever saved me from being mangled in the hallway after work, that's enough for me to see you're a good person." She pulled the truck out of the lot and headed to her uncles restaurant. She knew that the minute he saw her with Bronte, the family would find out and they would be snooping around to find out who the tall woman was. Everyone knew Paula, she had on occasion tagged along with Grisly, Daryl and Marty to the restaurant only to make it as far as the bar. Pulling around the back, Grisly got out and ran around to the passenger door to help Bronte.

"What are you doing?"

"Uuhmm trying to be a gentleman?" She placed a hand under Bronte's elbow and steadied her once she was out of the truck.

"I'm not an invalid ya know."

"I know but you're still weak and my grandpa always said to be a gentleman."

"Does that mean that we're gonna fight over doors and pulling chairs out?"

Grisly rubbed her chin, looked up a good foot into sparkling blue eyes, and felt her breath catch in her chest. Her voice low and deep, she spoke and managed to put both feet in her mouth. "You have the most beautiful eyes I've ever seen and a body to..." Bronte's crooked smile and deep laugh startled her. "I said that out loud huh?" Wrapping a long arm around Grisly's shoulders, Bronte pulled her into her side and gave her a small hug.

"Don't worry about it, I mumble to myself all the time. Grisly, I don't want to sound like a prom queen but do I look like a raccoon?" Pain and regret filled green eyes and Bronte could see them becoming misty. "Little bear, this isn't the first time I've had my nose broke, won't be the last time either. I'm worried about what people will think of you being seen with the likes of me."

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen, I don't care what anyone else thinks. Lets go

eat before I turn in to a bigger mushball and embarrass myself more."

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Grisly's uncle brought them huge platters of BBQ spareribs, bowls of coleslaw and French fries. And something that he only did for family and friends, two bath towels for sauce covered hands and faces. Of everyone who came there to eat, his niece was the worst of them. She left with more sauce on herself than what they put on the ribs. After 26 years, her eating habits were the same. He remembered going over to the house and seeing a naked Grisly in her highchair covered with what ever she was eating.

The older man gave his niece a smirk and then leaned over Bronte's shoulder and whispered in her ear. He laughed when the food stopped midway to her mouth, her jaw dropped open and eyes captured Grisly with such intensity that Grisly sat there like a deer in the head lights.

"Ohh nooo Uncle Roger you didn't?"

"Ohh yes I did little bear, serve ya right for eating me out of house and home." He laughed all the way back to the kitchen. Bronte set the rib down on the plate and leaned forward.

"So is it true?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

"No it's not, what ever he said he was lying."

"I don't think so little bear, if he was, you wouldn't be three shades of red right now and looking for an escape route."

"Ohh shit. What's wrong with me eating my supper naked, I'm at home and no one knows about it...well, except you now." The last part was whispered.

"That's not what he said." Bronte grinned. "Roger said that usually you sit at the buffet bar and eat."

"How is it that I always end up with my foot in my mouth around you?"

"Must be my charming personality, I've been known to be nice too."

Bronte was full and feeling like she would burst if she took too deep of a breath, grisly on the other hand was still eating. She had eaten what Bronte hadn't and then went to the buffet table for deep fried shrimp and Black River cheesecake. It was all rinsed down with a half gallon of milk that Roger had brought over.

"You marry this one and you better have two jobs to feed her, she eats more than the Tampa Bay Bucs!" He handed Bronte a white Styrofoam container. "That's for Scooter, don't let the grizzly get it."

"Hey that's not fair!" Grisly whined and stuck her bottom lip out.

"Is too, last time you ate half his desert before you got home. I told him he should have had you drive so he could guard his food." Roger waved at the women and went over to a table to check on other customers.

"Grisly are you done eating because if I sit here much longer, I won't be able to get up."

"Too much food in ya?"

"Nooo too many sutures, I'm getting stiff and my ass is numb."

"Do you want me to drop you off at the motel on my way to the garage?"

"Nah, I wanna see Scooter and check on some things I was working on."

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Bronte undid the top button of her Levis and pulled her shirt out of the waistband so that she could breathe. Grisly on the other hand was eating potato chips that had been left in the truck. All Bronte could do was close her eyes and moan. "Eating machine"

"Did you say something?"

"You're an eating machine." Was all she said before she fell asleep.

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Grisly pulled the truck up to the front door of the garage, she looked over to see Bronte with her head tilted back on the headrest sound asleep. She hated to wake her, she knew that she needed rest for her shoulder to heal. Quietly, she opened the door and was half-way out when warm fingers touched her arm.

"Thanks for supper."

"Your welcome, we're at the junkyard, you coming in?"

"As soon as I check on something, be there in a few minutes."

The two women went off in separate directions, Grisly to her grandpa's office and Bronte to the shed she had been working in. The minute she opened the door, she knew some one else had been in there while she was in the hospital. Flipping the overhead light on, she saw the frame, fenders and gas tank hanging from the ceiling. Picking up the carburetors, she saw that they had been cleaned and rebuilt and that new fuel lines had been attached to them. Looking quickly over the other stuff, she saw other little things that had been done. A bright smile came to her face, she left the shed and went to find Scooter.

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"Grandpa, Roger sent your supper!" She stopped in the office and watched her grandpa try to hide his playboy magazine under the desk blotter. "Still trying to hide those from me huh?" She placed the container on the desk and folded her arms over her chest. "I already have that copy so there." She stuck her tongue out at him.

"Where's your wife at?" He knew that would get her.

"My what? Ohh you mean Bronte." *Ya old bastard trying to pull a fast one.* Her little voice said. "She went to check on something, said she'd be in afterwards."

Scooter gave his granddaughter the once over and snorted. "Wearing the huntin clothes, catch anything?" His bushy brows wiggled above mischievous eyes.

"About fifteen pounds of ribs, shrimp, fries..."

"And what ever didn't run or scream when it saw her coming." Bronte stepped to stand beside Grisly and gave her a wiggling brow. "You had that family worried when you kept winking at their baby and holding up a French fry as bait."

"But she had animal crackers and Uncle Roger wouldn't give me any, I was trying to trade for them."

"Sure ya were."

Scooter kept looking between the two women and couldn't help but smile. Right then, he knew they were made for each other. No one but the girls, Roger and him could tease Grisly and not end up with a knuckle sandwich. "Been out to the shed Bronte?"

"Yep, did you do all that work on the bike parts?"

"Nope, Grisly did."

Bronte turned with amazed eyes to a blushing Grisly, her brows reached up into her hairline and the corner of her mouth lifted. "You painted all the parts and everything?"

"I had to do something, I felt bad, still do about..."

"I told you not to." She pulled her forward and gave her a soft kiss on the lips that made her blush even more. "Thank you."

"Hey I told her to do it!" Scooter pulled his teeth out and puckered up. "Come on Bronte lay one on an old man."

"And give you a heat attack? Don't think so."

"How about if I put my choppers back in?" He gulped loudly from the look Grisly gave him.
"Possessive little midget."

"I am not possessive, I'm...grossed out! That's twice in the last two days I've seen that kinda puckered up face."

"Ohh yeah, who else wanted Bronte ta kiss them?"

"Not her, me! That crazy Marty wanted me to kiss her...to see if...ohh never mind." She dropped her head to try and hide the redness that was quickly creeping up her neck.

"Well, I think I'm gonna go lay down for a little while. My little hobbits in my head are pounding again."

"Take that ice bag outta the refrigerator, it'll help." Scooter said and then handed her a bottle of Tylenol from his desk drawer. "If you need anything, both mine and Grisly's phone numbers are here by the phone."

"OK, thanks for everything." She winked at Grisly and waved at Scooter before going out the door. Cutting up the side of the garage, she went through where the fence was knocked down and to the back where her tent was. She would miss sleeping in a bed but she was happy to be outside and free again. A bed was a little thing to give up for being able to lay beneath the stars every night. Unzipping the tent, she dropped down to her knees and crawled inside. Checking the air mattress, she found it flat as a pancake. "Just great, how in the Hell am I gonna blow you up with out doing the same to my head?" Pulling it out from under her sleeping bag, she squeezed it and found a small hole near a seam. "Guess it's the hard ground until payday that is if I still have a job?" She lay down on the sleeping bag and pulled her feet up to take her boots off. Next were her pants and shirt, she lay there listening to the birds and other wild life until sleep claimed her.

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Scooter threw his bad leg up on the desk and balanced his supper in his lap, taking one of the ribs out, he chewed as best he could on an end.

"So my little bear, what did you and the tall one do today?"

"Nothing just went out to eat is all." She sat on the edge of his desk and tried to steal a rib.

"I see you bought her some new clothes, she's a damn fine looking woman. You like her don't you?" He looked up at her and grinned.

"Yeah I do. She's so different from anyone I've ever met." She closed her eyes and tilted her head back. "There's an inner strength in her and a darkness that reaches out for something."

"You're the only one who can see these things Grisly, maybe they reach for you?"

Opening her eyes, she looked down into the serious face of her grandpa. "Why me?"

"Because little bear, there's always been a light that burns within you. Even as a baby, you were special."

"I'm no different than anyone else grandpa." She hopped down off his desk, kissed his cheek and walked out the door to stand in the dusk and look to the coming night sky. "Wish I were different." She walked slowly to her car and looked across the street to the motel. "If I were, maybe we could be more than friends?"

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Bronte tossed and turned on the hard ground, no matter how she laid, her back screamed at her. The doctor had told her that she was healing rather quickly and that he had never seen anything like it. However, that the bullet had hit the shoulder blade and chipped away a piece of the bone. The bone would be sore until it healed and for her not to abuse herself. Exactly what sleeping on the hard ground was doing, it was damp and only going to get worse. Rolling to her side, she caught the nose guard on the sleeping bag and let out a howl when the tape pulled out the fine hair beneath her right eye. Giving up, she yanked the tape off, threw the guard across the tent and rolled over to lie on her stomach. Nothing was working; she sat up, pulled on her shirt and boots and went to the shed to work on her motorcycle.

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Grisly was in a pensive mood the next morning, every time Daryl looked over at her, she saw the dark brows gathered over the bridge of her nose. What confused her more was that Grisly had not fallen asleep even once that day. Plus, she was very quiet which was so unlike the talkative little blonde. When lunchtime came around, she barely ate her lunch. Daryl became worried when she found her staring off into the distance.

"Grisly what's wrong?"

"Huh? Oh nothing just thinking."

"About what? It must be awful heavy the way you've been so quiet today."

"Just something grandpa said last night, he said that I have this light burning inside of me." She turned and looked into Daryl's hazel eyes. "He makes me sound like some kinda angel or something."

"Angel you are not, but you are special. What started this conversation with grandpa?"

"Bronte."

"Ohh tall dark and mysterious. How is she?"

"I don't know." She tried to hide the blush that crept up her face. "I took her to Rogers last night before taking her back to the junkyard."

"And you scared the hell outta her by eating the entire buffet spread?"

"No, but Roger told her if she married me she would need two jobs to be able to feed me."

"More like a class in CPR to revive you after sex." Her face grew serious and she cleared her throat before continuing. "You know that she probably had lots of women in prison."

"I know, but I haven't been Mother Teresa myself."

"That's not what I'm saying; in there, things are different, rougher."

"Geez were talking like I'm going to sleep with her. We're just friends nothing more."

"Come on Grisly, you can't say you haven't thought about getting tall dark and dangerous between the sheets."

"Honestly, I haven't." She ran a fingertip across her lips and sighed. "She's different from all the others, I want more than that kind of relationship."

Daryl waved a hand in front of her, pinched her cheeks and looked deeply into bright green eyes. "Its really you isn't it, you weren't abducted by aliens and replaced with a different model?"

"Funny Daryl, no it's the real deal here. I watched her sleep in the hospital the one-day and I really looked at her. I felt something reaching out to me. Every time I look at her, I see it."

"Are you related to that Jamaican tarot reader on TV that got arrested? cuz you're getting spooky here."

"Can't help it, I look in her eyes and I can't breathe, my heart pounds in my chest and I feel like I'm going to pass out. She kisses me and my lips tingle for hours."

Daryl wrapped an arm around Grisly and kissed her temple. "My little bear is soooo gone!"

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Scooter was out in the junkyard looking for a part some one had called about when he came across Bronte sound asleep sitting inside a stack of tires. Her arms and legs hanging over the edges and her head resting back against one of the many sheds. He cringed when a god-awful gargling noise came from her open mouth. Reaching inside his pocket, he pulled out a roll of cherry lifesavers and flipped one towards her. It bounced off her chest and fell between her legs, the next one hit the mark. Her eyes shot open and she looked around until she saw him standing

about five feet away with an innocent look on his face.

"Damn that bird has a Hell of an aim! Flew right over you and well, you know." He grimaced at first and then burst into chuckles at the horrid look on her face. Bronte's face paled until she tasted the cherry flavor. A low rumbling growl rattled in her chest before she gave him a wink. "Whatcha doin out here?"

"Couldn't sleep last night, so I worked on my motorcycle and then just wandered around." She pushed herself out of the tires and tried to stretch her cramped body. "Lesson number one, never sleep in tires. Ya get all cramped up and you end up with black shit all over you." She looked down at the black streaks all over her arms and legs. "Guess I'll go take a shower and then I'll give ya a hand out here."

She trotted off towards the fence line leaving Scooter to stare at her retreating form.

"Damn woman if I was 50 years younger and female." He scratched his head and hobbled to an area where he had nothing but Chevy cars and trucks.

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Daryl and Grisly looked to the overhead speaker as static came over it, a hesitant voice started to speak at first then the hushed sounds of voices in the background before the heard the big boss speak.

"Due to an accident on the PA Turnpike, we won't be getting our truck in until the morning. Everyone will be paid for a full day but you are to punch out and go home. That means I don't want to see any shop stewards in my office!"

They heard the loud click of the speaker shutting off and then yells echoing through the entire warehouse. They looked to each other and jumped up and down. Grisly let out a howl and got smacked in her ass for it.

"I hate when you do that!" Daryl yelled right in her ear and then had Grisly cringing as she gave out a war cry of her own. "Let's get out of here before they change their minds." The place looked like it was on fire, workers ran in every direction, bouncing off each other, the walls and doorframes. Grisly saw Marty waving to them from the opposite end, taking Daryl's hand, she dragged her down the hall and through the door to the small maintenance room.

"This is how Bronte kept getting away so fast." She pointed to the time clock on the wall. "She punched out here and went out the back door."

The three of them punched the clock and ran out the door to go around the building and to their cars. Grisly would remember to give Bronte a swift kick for not telling them about her little secret. Punching the gas pedal, she flew through the parking lot and out on to the road heading in the direction of the junkyard. Since she had so many free hours to play, she wanted to play with Bronte. Maybe she could learn something of her mysterious friends past and figure out where she

fit into her future if that was the case. Blowing past slow moving cars, she made a new record of seven minutes from her job to the junkyard. She pulled in between two trucks that she didn't recognize, getting out of her car, she followed the sound of voices to the garage on the side and found her grandpa with two men looking at used transmissions and engines.

"Hey Grisly what are you doing off work so soon?" Scooter wiped his hands on a rag before he gave her a hug.

"Some kind of accident up north, the chicken truck can't get through so they sent us home."

"You here to help me today?" He waved towards two transmissions and a V8 truck engine. "I need to get those out to these fellows' trucks." He saw the lecherous look one of the men was giving his granddaughter and it made his blood boil. "Go down stairs and get Bronte."

"I can do it myself." She took two steps towards the transmissions and stopped when she heard her full name called.

"Uhhmm...I'll go get Bronte." She gave Scooter a raised eyebrow and mouthed the words 'What?' before she went past him and towards his office and the trapdoor. Going down the brightly lit steps, she headed towards the small bathroom. Not paying attention to what was in front of her, she walked right into a half naked Bronte.

Holding back a chuckle, Bronte looked down at the top of Grisly's head. "You always greet people this way?" Grisly's face was buried between her breasts and she could feel the heat coming off her face. Grisly stepped back but kept her face downward.

"I didn't see you standing there." She ran a hand across her eyes and left it there.

"Come here I need some help, I can't get dressed because of those damn sutures snagging on everything." She dropped her red sports bra on top of Grisly's head and went back into the bathroom. "It's not like you haven't seen me naked before."

"I know it's just different than before, I was...forget it." She mumbled and went into the small bathroom. "What do you want me to do?"

"Pull the back down over those damn things, I can't reach like I used to. My shoulder is stiff and hurts like Hell to move it at that angle."

Grisly stood on the toilet seat and helped Bronte get her sports bra on, she couldn't help but let her fingers trail over the warm silky skin of her shoulders and back. The play of muscles under the naturally bronzed skin made her mouth go dry and her pulse pick up. Being completely ignorant, she let her fingers linger on Bronte's muscled ribcage and almost fell when she moved away from her.

"I need your help, I don't know why but grandpa says so?"

"Are you awake yet. 'cuz you're not making any sense." Bronte tilted her face up and looked into green eyes swirling with so many emotions it was hard to tell what Grisly was feeling. She heard the smaller woman gulp as their eyes connected, she wanted to lean down and kiss her senseless but held back. Instead, she tweaked Grisly's nose and led her to the stairs. "Let's see what Scooter has for us." As soon as they neared the area where the men were, they heard the voices of the customers.

One of the men said loud enough for the next county to hear. "Only thing a split tail is good for is giving me head."

Grisly saw Bronte's back stiffen, the tendons in her forearms flex and her fists clench. Wrapping her arms around the taller woman's waist, she held her back. "Lets let them dig their hole deeper, then we'll show them." She felt Bronte relax a little but still felt the stiffness in her body.

The other man came up with his story. "You know that blonde bimbo at the bowling alley? I plugged her right there against one of the pool tables, then made her suck me."

Bronte took a hold of Grisly's arms when she felt her start to let go of her waist, she knew the blonde bimbo part had got to her.

"All those women at the Tyson plant are sluts, I pick one up every night and make her give me a blow job in the front seat, then kick her out." The first man howled at his accomplishments. Scooter's face was getting redder by the second, he didn't believe in treating woman the way these two morons did. If he was younger, he'd kick the shit out of them just for breathing.

"You ready little bear? Just follow my lead."

Grisly nodded her head and swore that Bronte grew in size right before her eyes. The veins pulsed in her shoulders and biceps every time she clenched her fists. Pulling one of Scooter's work shirts off a peg, she handed it to Bronte to put on.

"What's this for?" Bronte asked as she looked at it.

"Flash those mother fuckers!"

An evil grin crossed Bronte's lips. "I can do that."

One of the men turned to Scooter and winked at him. "That little blonde that was in here, I think I fucked her last night."

Just as Scooter was about to sign his death certificate, Bronte stepped into the room. Her voice came out delicate as a southern belles, a thick southern accent with the mannerisms to go with it. Grisly and Scooter both almost hit the floor with the drastic change in the tall woman.

"Grisly said you needed my help, I can't see why when you have these two strappin young gents standing here." She gave them a seductive look, licked her lips and played with the buttons on

the front of her shirt.

Scooter had to clear his throat first or choke. "Would you load up that engine and those transmissions for them?"

"Sure no problem, I can do this in a few minutes." She walked over to the parts, bent over at the waist and examined them for a few moments. She felt their eyes on her ass and knew they would say something about it.

"Like ta plug her ass..." One of them said and shut up when he caught the murderous glare coming from Grisly.

"Are you going to wish them into our trucks or what? I don't have all day to wait around because of a useless woman."

Both Grisly and Scooter cringed when they heard the mans words directed at Bronte and saw her back stiffen. She turned around and gave Grisly a dazzling smile.

"Can you do me a favor baby, hold my shirt? I don't wanna get it all greasy!" She turned so that her back was to the two leering men and slowly let it slid from her shoulders into Grisly's hands. She turned part way and trailed her fingers down Grisly's cheek before she gave her a soft kiss. "Thank you baby bear."

"Come on you dyke bitch, I ain't got all day!"

Grisly's took a step back when Bronte changed right before her very eyes. Pale blue eyes turned to an icy white, her body radiated danger and pain and her voice dropped so low that it was more like an animal's growl. Her fluid panther like movements had her standing toe to toe with the loud mouth. "Move to the side little man before you get hurt." She growled deeply then turned her back to them, picked up the engine and carried it to one of the trucks. Moments later, she grabbed the two transmissions up, one in each hand and took them outside. When she returned, she shot her arms out to the sides and flexed.

"Did they pay for their stuff grandpa?"

"Yep, cash on the barrel head."

"Good." She stepped towards the two men and growled. "Time to go assholes!" Grabbing them by the front of their shirts, she picked them up, threw them out the door and slammed it behind her. "Fucking morons."

"Damn woman, I ain't never seen no one pick up an engine like that before. I use the engine puller and roll it out." He flexed his thin arms and sighed. "If I had muscles like yours I wouldn't need it."

"Grandpa is that why you had me get Bronte?"

"Partly, that skinny fucker kept stripping you with his eyeballs. No man has that right, I knew Bronte wouldn't let 'em get away with it." He winked at her. "Some southern belle ya turned out to be."

"My grandma trained me well." She winked at Grisly. "She also taught me how to be a gentleman, something those two have no idea how to be." She sat down on a crate and let her hands dangle between her legs, she knew she shouldn't have picked up the engine in her condition but it was called for. Rolling her head in circles, she felt the muscles flex and relax in her shoulders and upper back and then a warmth caught her attention. Before she could utter a word, Grisly was behind her looking at her back.

"You tore some sutures out playing Xena, sit there and let me get the first aide kit."

"Ohhh you are in soo much trouble Bronte, nurse Ratchet has nothin on doctor grizzly bear. Her cure all, is rubbing alcohol!" He laughed when Bronte pulled in a breath from between clenched teeth. "I'm leaving so ya can scream in privacy." He laughed the entire way out the door, Bronte swore under her breath when she tried to flex her back. She could feel where the sutures had come out by the burning sensation.

"Do I have to tie you down until this heals or what?" Was whispered near her ear. "You big dumb warrior, should've just punched them out."

"But flexing my muscles for you was worth it." She mumbled back. "What's a little bit of pain to see you drool?"

"I do not drool. I admire so there."

"So that wasn't drool you left on my tits? OOWW! That hurt!"

"Good! Now stop squirming around, I have to pull the other sutures out." She pushed the long dark hair off Bronte's back and felt tingles go right to her toes as she looked at the nape of her neck and the broad shoulders. One of her weaknesses had always been the nape of a woman's neck, the soft sensitive skin and silky hair. She found her eyes traveling back to that area numerous times before she had finished. "*Ohhh Gods, I'm gonna die and got to Hell!*" She leaned forward and kissed the sensitive skin before moving away. "All done." Came out in a croak.

Bronte could swear that her insides quivered, turned to molten lava and barreled south to singe her center. And that was just from a caress of lips on her neck, she knew now that her libido was back full force, with a hunger for a little blonde chicken inspector. She turned her head and caught sight of Grisly's shaking hands putting away the small scissors and other items she had used. Covering the small hands, she stood up and towered over a flushed unsure Grisly. Dipping her head down, she brushed her lips against hers for a brief second.

"Can I?" Bronte asked softly. With a nod of her head, Grisly gave her permission. She had never

been kissed the way she was right now, the soft whispers of lips against hers, strong but gentle fingers threading through her hair and pulling her closer to the strong body in front of her. Her world tilted on its axis when a warm tongue slipped between her parted lips and slowly caressed her tongue. A deep moan escaped from deep in her chest and rumbled between them. A fire was burning like an inferno in her belly and quickly consuming her, she ran one hand up to Bronte's shoulder while the other one tangled in her long dark hair and pulled her closer. Their tongues danced slowly against each other as their bodies pressed so close, they could feel each other's heartbeat.

"I didn't hear..." Scooter said and then stood in the doorway with his mouth hanging open. Never in his life had he seen anything so passionate or with so much unselfish love as the way Bronte was kissing his granddaughter. The way she held Grisly in her arms as if she were a delicate flower she was afraid to crush. He shook his head and wiped a tear that came to his eye. He was all choked up and started to snifle.

Bronte broke the kiss but left a whisper of one against soft lips before easing Grisly down onto the crate. She gazed down at the flushed face and felt the warm breath panting from between moist pink lips. Brushing a finger across a dark brow she waited until green eyes fluttered open. What she saw there made her heart do a back flip in her chest. The purest love she had ever seen in her life was looking back at her. She was scared to death and didn't know what to do except...run.

"I gotta...go..." She pointed towards the door. "Do something...can't...I aahh." She stumbled towards the door and looked at Scooter with pain-filled eyes. She closed them as she stopped at the door, pushed through it and ran off towards the back of the junkyard and to freedom. Scooter walked over to Grisly who was still trying to focus her eyes and control her breathing.

"Little bear you OK?" He asked as he sat down next to her.

"Huh?"

"My Gods that was some kiss!" He wiped at the sweat on his forehead.

She looked at him and blinked her eyes. "Huh?"

"Damn! She kissed you stupid!"

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Grisly went running through Daryl and Marty's house, down the hallway and into their bedroom. She launched herself into the air and landed in their bed between them. Marty patted her on her head, rolled over and started snoring, Daryl opened one eye and groaned when she saw the huge toothy grin on her friends face.

"Is this a house call or something?" She rubbed the sleep from her eyes and looked to the clock. Grisly it's midnight, what in the Hell are you doing here?"

"I needed someone to talk to." She snuggled down, rested her head on Daryl's shoulder, and looked into her sleepy eyes.

"Grisly this is kinky."

"What's kinky is your wife playing with my ass." She slapped Marty's hand and moved closer to Daryl. "I think I'm in love."

"You're cute and everything but I'm married."

"Not you!"

"Make me a cheese cake and ya can have Marty."

"You're impossible!" She poked Daryl in her ribs. "Bronte!"

"Ohh her, that's nice." She closed her eyes only to open them when Grisly grabbed her nose. "Grisly!"

"I have ta tell ya what happened!"

"Can't this wait until morning?"

"Noooo, I can't sleep until I tell you."

After dragging Daryl out of bed, drinking a pot of coffee and eating the rest of the cookies in the cookie jar, Grisly had told her about Bronte kissing her.

"So she ran out of the garage and that was it?"

"Yep, Hell it took me a good half hour to be able to think straight!"

"So now what are ya gonna do?"

"I have no idea, that's why I came here. Help!"

"What am I an authority? I've been with Marty for fifteen years."

"Exactly! You know more about relationships than I do, except for how to sneak out of someone's bed in the middle of the night."

"How about sneaking into one?"

Green eyes grew wide, Grisly's mouth moved a few times before it worked. "Sneak in? How?"

"I don't know, she stays at the motel right. Get the key to her room one night and take it from there."

Grisly jumped up from her chair, hugged Daryl and ran from the house leaving her friend sitting there shaking her head.

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Grisly pulled up to the office door of the small motel, she got out of her car and ran up to the door to pound the Hell out of it until the night clerk opened it. "God damn Grisly, what are you doing trying to tear my door down?"

"Hey Buddy, I need the key to Bronte Pellatrino's room."

"Hold on and let me check the book." He held the door open for her, went behind the desk and checked the reservation book. He scanned four pages before he found her name. "Pellatrino, checked in and out with in two days."

Grisly's face palled, she felt her heartbeat stop and felt like she was going to die. "When!"

"Last week. Hey is this a woman?"

"Yeah, six foot, dark hair, blue eyes."

"I see her all the time over at your grandpa's and walking through the field heading towards the plant."

"That's her." She rubbed her tired eyes and tried to figure out where she could be staying.

"Damn! Hey Buddy is there anywhere else she would stay around here? Ya know maybe a small apartment or something?"

"Nope, none that I know of. Ask your grandpa, he should know."

She sighed and nodded her head, she had no choice now but to go home and ask her grandpa. He had to know where Bronte was staying.

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Bronte had no idea where she was, once she got out into the field, she just kept on running until her legs gave out and she dropped from exhaustion. She sat at the base of a tree and stared out into the darkness, not a star in the sky above her nor a sound of nature. It was like she was back in one of the holes in prison. All the light was gone from her life and she was left with the darkness of her soul. The look in Grisly's eyes after she had kissed her scared her so bad, that because she didn't know how to handle those kinds of emotions, she didn't think she deserved to be loved. At least that's what she thought, who could love an ex-convict who did ten years in prison for second-degree murder? It was a mark on her that would stay with her the rest of her

life. Not to mention the scars on her soul for some of the awful things she had done while in prison. She couldn't subject Grisly to that kind of life. She felt tears fill her eyes and over flow to slide down her cheeks, in such a short period of time, she had fallen in love with the small blonde. She would just disappear and let Grisly go on with her life, she was a beautiful young woman who deserved more than she could give her. Pushing herself to her feet, she walked off into the darkness with tears flowing from her eyes and soft sobs the only sound for miles.

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Scooter walked through the hole in the fence and went over to the tent where Bronte was staying. He looked inside to see her stuff still sitting in the far corner and her guitar laying across the sleeping bag. This was the last place he had looked for her. He hadn't lost his temper in nearly 40 years but he was real close to doing it now. Grisly had drilled him for an hour that morning trying to find out where Bronte had been staying. When he told her that she had been sleeping in a tent, he thought his granddaughter was going to raise the shingles on the roof with her yelling. He finally calmed her down and explained why he thought Bronte had chosen to sleep basically outside under the stars. Grisly admitted that she understood that after ten years of being locked in a 8x10 concrete cell, even she would want to be outside where there were no walls to contain her. She calmed down enough that he was able to come to the junkyard and look for the missing woman.

"Damn you Bronte! You break my little bear's heart and Gods help you when I find you!" He hobbled back towards the garage and made some phone calls to a couple of his buddies.

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Grisly stumbled into work with bloodshot eyes and pale in the face. She took one look at Daryl and burst into tears.

"Ohh Gods little bear." Daryl mumbled and pulled the sobbing woman into her arms. "I will hunt that bitch down and kill her with my bare hands." Using her foot, she kicked the emergency stop on the conveyer belt. "Grisly what did she do?"

"I can't find her...she's gone!" More sobs tore from deep in Grisly's chest. She started to crumple to the ground until Daryl picked her up and carried her outside. Daryl sat on a picnic table cradling Grisly in her arms. She had no idea what to do and hoped that Bronte was proud of her behavior. She turned her head when she heard footsteps hitting the gravel and offered Marty a small smile.

"What's wrong?" She ran a hand across Grisly's tear stained cheek and looked into her wife's eyes.

"Bronte left her." She mouthed.

"I'll kill her!" Marty's eyes turned an eerie golden color as her temper flared to life. She pulled their car keys from her pocket, handed them to Daryl and took Grisly from her arms. "Let's go to

grandpas."

"What about work?"

"Let them fire us, I hate this fucking place."

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The trees had thinned to an area that over looked a small pond in the middle of an open field. Jogging down the hill, she stopped at the edge of the pond and decided that she wasn't thirsty enough to drink green water. She turned when she heard a rustling in the brush a little ways from where she was standing, she kept watching until a huge pair of horns appeared. What came next was a couple of tons of hamburger on the hoof, a long horn bull snorted and trotted towards her. She may have been raised in the country but she had no idea of what to do with a charging bull except run like Hell and hope he wore out before she did. Running around the pond like a complete loon with a pissed off long horn bull on her heels was one of the stupidest things to ever happen to her.

"Go away! Go find some moo cow to chase!" She yelled as she ran around the pond for the umpteenth time, getting tired of making left turns, she took off towards the trees and found one to climb. Now with her six feet off the ground with the bull below her scratching the ground she felt like a bigger idiot. "Fucking great! Only I could get treed by a cow!"

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Night had fallen and the four of them had just returned to Grisly's after driving all over the area looking for Bronte. Grisly had gotten past being hurt and was now a full-fledged raving maniac. Her clothes were filthy from tromping through fields, her hair stood up at all angles and her face bore the strain of hours of stress.

"Where is she and why did she leave!" She screamed and stomped around the room.

"Grisly, no one knows that but Bronte." Scooter had tried everything he knew of to find the woman, he had his buddies looking for her as well as the four of them. "All you can do is wait until she comes back." He prayed that she did so that she and Grisly could iron things out.

"We're going home Grisly and get some rest." Marty gave her a hug and kissed her temple. "We'll come back over tomorrow morning and look some more OK?" Daryl gave her a hug and the two women went home.

"Little bear why don't you go take a shower and get some sleep, I'm gonna go home and call the boys and see if they've heard anything."

Grisly sunk into a kitchen chair and dropped her head onto the table, silent tears flowed from her eyes to soak into the linen tablecloth. Her heart and soul ached, she just couldn't understand why Bronte had run away from her. "Why Bronte, I just wanted to love you." She whispered to

herself.

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Bronte looked up from where she had her head resting on her knees to see a flashlight off in the distance.

"See that hamburger butt, you're in big trouble now!" She dropped a leaf down on the bulls head and stuck her tongue out at him. She heard a mans voice calling a name that she couldn't make out.

"Hey mister over here!" She yelled and saw the flashlight shine in her direction. "Yeah over here!"

The man stopped a few feet away from the tree and looked up. "What are you doing up there lady?"

"Trying to keep from getting a horn up my ass."

"Buster you idiot!" He slapped the bull on his rump and pushed him away from the tree. "How long you been up there?"

"Ohh since about noon or so, damn walking hamburger wouldn't leave. Can you tell me where I am?"

"You're in Romney, where ya supposed to be?"

"Romney, I just don't know where at in Romney. I live by the Tyson's chicken plant. How far away am I?"

"About 20 miles or so, when ya get down from that tree, head due south and you'll come to where your supposed to be. I can give ya a ride if ya want."

"Nah that's OK mister. Thanks." She climbed down from the tree and jogged in the direction that he had pointed, she stopped and yelled back to him. "What day is it?"

"It's Tuesday for at least another hour or so, ya sure ya don't wanna ride."

"Yep, thanks anyway."

The farmer scratched his head and looked to see that it was only him and Buster. "The guys will never believe this, you know that don't you."

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Scooter was at the end of his rope, he had gone over to see Grisly and found her still in bed fully

clothed and looking like death warmed over in a microwave. He had told her as much and got only a grunt and a snarl in return. Throwing his bad leg up onto his desk, he tapped the floor with the cane he was using and sipped his luke warm coffee.

"You wait until I catch you Bronte, you'll be sorry you hurt my little bear."

Bronte was winded, in pain and had never seen anything so beautiful in her life as the junkyard. Limping around the building, she stopped at the window that looked into Scooter's office. Peeking around the pane, she saw him with a disgusted look on his face.

"Ohh I'm in soo much trouble." She mumbled under her breath. Scanning the small room for Grisly and seeing no one, she tapped on the pane until Scooter looked up at her. If she had been faint of heart, she knew the glare would have killed her.

"DON'T YOU MOVE!" He yelled at her and moved faster than she had ever seen. She leaned back against the building and waited to face his wrath.

"I'M GONNA BREAK BOTH YOUR LEGS PELLATRINO!" He jabbed her in the chest with his cane and held her in place. "WHAT IN THE HELL WERE YOU THINKING?"

"Scooter let me explain, then if you want you can beat the Hell outta me."

"Start talking or I start swinging!"

She slid down the wall and sat in the dirt. Running a hand through her dirty tangled hair, she looked up into his furious eyes. "I'm scared."

"You're scared, of what?"

"Of not being good enough for Grisly, I don't deserve her."

"You're right about that, you don't deserve her after what you pulled! My little bear cried for two days over you and now she's so pissed off she won't come out of her house! And what's worse is Daryl and Marty want your hide!" He tapped her knee with the cane and leaned forward to look in her eyes. "Do ya love her?" He watched as tears filled pale blue eyes and trickled down dirty cheeks.

"More than anything."

"So whatcha gonna do about it?"

"I don't know." She shrugged her shoulders and sniffled. "Does your band play tonight?"

"Yeah why?"

"Can you get Grisly there?" She pleaded with her eyes.

"Does this mean that you'll apologize to her?"

"On my knees."

He straightened up, held a hand out to her and pulled her to her feet. "You look like Hell, go get cleaned up and get some sleep and I'll have Grisly there if I have to have Marty carry her inside." He stepped forward and gave her a hug. "Don't you ever do that again, you hear me?"

"Yes sir grandpa, never again, I promise."

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"I don't feel like going to the bar, I wanna just sit here and think up ways of killing Bronte."

Scooter dropped down onto the edge of her bed and tapped her on her forehead. "You've been in here for days now, it's time to get up and get your nasty ass in the shower and come hear me play lead guitar."

"Grandpa I don't wanna goooo!"

"MARTY!" He yelled and waited as Marty and Daryl stepped into the room. "Hose her down!" He gave his granddaughter a grin and left the girls to deal with her.

Marty stood with her massive arms crossed over her chest and Daryl stood next to her with a finger pointed at Grisly.

"Get your ass in the shower, you're going if we have to carry you!" Daryl moved forward and Grisly slid off the bed and tried to make it past Marty.

"Ohh no ya don't little bear!" She grabbed her, carried her into the bathroom, and held her as Daryl turned the shower on. As soon as she moved out of the way, Marty carried her into the shower and held her there until she gave up and agreed to get cleaned up.

"NO FAIR! Three against one!"

"Three? I don't see three of us, do you Daryl?"

Grisly poked her in her chest and went nose to nose with her. "You count as two bonehead! Now get out so I can take a shower you perverts!"

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Scooter looked over the sheet music and grinned, he knew Grisly was going to cave in, he would if he were her. Who wouldn't with what they all had planed. He went over the chords in his mind and new that there was no way that he would be able to play the notes. "Damn gnarled hands."

He rubbed the swollen knuckles and grinned. "More than one way to skin a convict!" He came out from the back room and picked up the lead guitar.

"Oohh Bronte! Come here or else!" He threatened and softened it with a grin. Holding out the sheet music to her he asked. "Are ya sure this is the one?"

"Yep, that's the one I want ya ta play."

"OK, just checking." He looked at his watch and counted the minutes before the band would take stage. "I'm gonna see if the girls got her here yet. Don't you move!"

"Like I could." She mumbled and rattled the handcuff that attached her to the railing on the steps. "Can't believe I agreed to this."

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Grisly was being dragged between Marty and Daryl, she had agreed to taking a shower but never agreed to coming to the bar.

"You two just wait, I'll get you back for this! I know where you live!"

"Yeah, yeah we're scared!" Marty snickered and pushed her down into the middle chair at a table in the middle of the room.

"Why we sitting here and not at the bar?"

Daryl moaned and shook her head. "Because after all that screaming and yelling you did, we're deaf."

The lights dimmed and the band took the stage, Grisly saw her grandpa get behind the keyboard and wave at them. Flexing his fingers, he then stretched his arms over his head and rolled his head on his shoulders. All Grisly could do was snicker at his actions, he thought he was Liberace when he was up there. She leaned back in her chair and waited for the old men to start playing. Not a one of them was under sixty but they were the best band in the area.

Daryl leaned back behind Grisly and winked at her wife, so far their plan had gone off without a hitch, now it was up to grandpa and Bronte. The band had played for fifteen minutes, and then they came to a song where Scooter didn't have to play keyboard. He got up and went backstage to unlock Bronte, when he got back there, she wasn't were he left her.

"Son of a bitch!" He looked around and was about to look for a way to end his life when Bronte came from the bathroom. "Damn you woman!"

"What? I didn't go nowhere but the bathroom." She winked at him and handed him the handcuffs. "Childs play grandpa."

"What am I gonna do with you?" He handed her the lead guitar and pushed her towards the stage curtain. "I can't play those chords with my bad hands, you're gonna have ta do it."

"Grandpa!" Her eyes grew twice their size then narrowed. "You planned this didn't you?"

"Ain't sayin nothin. Now wait until they kill the lights."

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"You OK Grisly?" Asked Daryl who was getting nervous.

"Yep, could use another beer though." She looked up when one was placed on the table in front of her by a waitress.

"From the guy at the end of the bar."

"Great just what I need, some guy thinking he's gonna score with me."

When the first notes of the song were played by the lead guitar but the lights stayed off on the stage, Grisly became confused.

"Is this a new thing for the old buzzards, playing in the dark?" Her breath caught in her chest when the voice that started singing was a woman's.

What is this thing you do
Makes me just tell the truth
Whenever I turn to you I surrender
Fears that I've tried to hide

"Did they get a new singer or something?" She looked at two sets of shrugging shoulders then looked back to the stage.

And every old alibi
Now I see a source of light
Just within my reach

Bronte stepped to the edge of the stage and the lights came on to bath her in their softness. She opened her eyes and looked down into the audience to find Grisly looking up at her.

You are my sanctuary
My beacon in the night
You opened up your heart
You let me walk inside
When the world is turning crazy
I run to your embrace
Only you can save me
I've finally found a place

"Will you stop already, they ain't doing nothing back there." She whispered.

"That's why I'm looking, why ain't they?"

"Because they ain't us, that's why!"

"Ohh that's right, we have no morals or discipline." She gave Daryl a bright toothy grin. "We're perverts."

They heard snickers from the back seat and both women rolled their eyes. "You're something Marty, what I don't know." Daryl returned the grin and ran her hand up her wife's thigh.

She pulled to the back of Scooters house and stopped beside the small mother-in-law house that Grisly lived in. Turning in the seat, she looked at the two women who were sitting close to each other and holding hands.

"We're here, you two behave yourselves and don't keep grandpa up all hours of the night with your screaming."

"You mean like you two do from half a mile away?"

"We try to compete with the wild life, what can I say. Now out so I can get Marty home and rip her clothes off."

Bronte laughed at Marty who was wiggling her eyebrows at her. "We get the hint, thanks for your help. I owe you guys." They got out of the car and walked to the front door of the small house. Grisly looked up into Bronte's pale blue eyes, took a deep breath and pushed the door open. She had been with plenty of women and never had been as nervous as she was at that very moment. She had never asked any of the others to marry her either and that made it worse since Bronte had said yes.

"It's not much but it's home." Grisly looked around her small living room with its mismatched furniture and throw rugs. Bronte turned her around and looked down into her eyes.

"You could live in a cave and it wouldn't matter to me." She leaned down, brushed her lips across Grisly's, and then deepened the kiss until they were both moaning. Turning them around, Grisly walked Bronte backwards towards her bedroom. She didn't stop until Bronte fell backwards and landed on the bed. Crawling on top of her, she looked down into glimmering pools of deep blue and felt her insides melt. Running a finger above Bronte's one eyebrow, she traced a faint scar with her fingertip.

"You're so beautiful and I can't believe you want me."

"Grisegond, you're a beautiful woman. It's not what's on the outside, it's what's in your heart. You're my beacon of light in the darkness." She leaned up, gently kissed Grisly, and then whispered. "I love you."

With a tenderness unknown to Grisly, Bronte removed her clothes. She kissed the soft skin as it was revealed to her, until Grisly lay before her in all her glory. Shedding her own clothes slowly, she let them drop to the floor and stood before the woman she loved. When Grisly reached a hand up to her, she took her hand, kneeled on the bed and crawled upward until she was hovering over her soon to be lover. They kissed for long moments, with gentle brushes of their lips and tongues. Every thing that Bronte did was slow and gentle, so unlike anything she had imagined about the tall woman. Her head fell back on her pillow when Bronte kissed the tender area below her ear and nibbled at her neck. She could feel tingles race to the tips of her toes and back up to swirl around her center. Juices flowed from between her legs to soak into the covers on the bed. Low moans rumbled in her chest when she felt soft moist lips work their way down her neck and stop at the tops of her breasts. Arching her back, she offered herself to her lover.

"Bronte...my Gods...I've..." She tangled her fingers into dark hair and pulled Bronte's head to her hardened nipple. "Please." She gasped when her nipple was taken into a warm mouth and sucked gently. She whimpered when her lover pulled away and rose up to straddle her hips.

"You're the most beautiful woman I've ever seen." She trailed her callused fingers down across her firm breasts and stomach to stop at her trim hips. Leaning forward, she kissed her way down to the soft cinnamon colored curls and stopped when Grisly's hips thrust upwards. Bronte wanted to take her time and show Grisly how much she loved her, even if it was torture for both of them. She felt her juices flowing and coating the insides of her thighs. No other time had this happened to her, she had never been a sexual person and the few times she had been with someone, she left unfulfilled.

"Don't you stop!" Grisly panted and thrust her hips upward and moaned when she felt Bronte's wetness mix with her own.

"I'm far from stopping." She purred and worked her way backwards on the bed to stop when she was lying between muscular thighs. "I won't stop until were both too exhausted to move." She licked at the soft curls and moaned when wetness touched her chin. Sliding her hands beneath her lover's hips, she lifted her up and held her. Taking her first taste, she moaned deeply against swollen lips and felt fingers tangle in her hair. Slowly, she savored the juices flowing from between Grisly's nether lips and licked deeper.

Grisly threw her head back, clutched at the bedcovers and pumped her hips against her lover's mouth. She had never felt anything like what Bronte was doing to her. Every nerve in her body was singing, her muscles danced in her stomach and tensed in her thighs. She could feel a liquid heat rushing through her body and then her ears were ringing with her screams. Before her body stopped pulsing, she felt a finger and then two slip inside of her and pump slowly to Bronte's tongue licking her engorged clit.

"Brooonte...Ohh...right...there!" Her back arched off the bed as another climax tore through her body followed by another one seconds later. Her legs shook and then fell to the bed as she gasped for air and reached for Bronte. "I can't...do it...again." She said between pants for air. Bronte crawled up her body, lay beside her and pulled her into her arms to kiss away the tears

running down her cheeks. Grisly closed her eyes and pressed her face into a sweat-dampened neck, kissing the softness before her, she ran her hand up Bronte's broad back.

"I've never had that happen to me before." She whispered against Bronte's neck.

Bronte was worried that she had done something wrong. "What hasn't happen before?"

With a bashful expression, Grisly looked into passion-filled eyes. "I've never had an orgasm." She hide her face against Bronte's neck.

"Never?" Bronte pulled back to see tear filled eyes.

"You're the first." She watched a corner of her lover's lip twitch upward until it became a sweet smile. "I feel like a virgin."

"Makes two of us." She captured Grisly's lips for a long deep kiss that left them breathless and gasping for air. Rolling over on top of Bronte, Grisly continued to kiss her until she felt her shiver beneath her. Trailing her lips and tongue down her chin, she stopped at the hollow of her throat. She licked the dampness from her skin and pulled it between her lips to suck. Blunt fingernails dug into her back, scratched downward to grip her ass and pull her into thrusting hips. Before she settled between muscular thighs, she loved every square inch of her lover's body. She knew by morning Bronte would look like a leper with all the bite marks she left on her.

Bronte watched as Grisly's tongue licked at her center, her eyes fluttered closed when she felt it slip inside her. Gripping the covers in clenched fists, she pushed her heels into the mattress and raised her hips upward. Grisly pushed her tongue into her lover's warm center and moaned deeply when she felt her muscles close around her. Pulling her tongue out, she licked at the juices flowing from her and then flicked the tip of her tongue against a pulsing clit. Looking up, she saw a deep blush covering Bronte's chest and neck, her nostrils flared with each breath she took. Wetting her middle finger, she circled around her lover's center, slipped it part way in and stopped when Bronte gasped and grabbed her hand.

"Baby, it's been twelve years." She eased Grisly's finger in a little further and then all of the way. She slowly guided her hand until her hips were thrusting against her. Every muscle in her body tensed when she felt warm lips pull on her clit and send her over the edge of the abyss. Crying out when Grisly's finger tipped upward and sent her back over the edge before she could catch her breath. Her body shook, trembled and tossed her when her lover groaned against her throbbing lips and sucked at her center to draw out every drop she offered. Weak and breathing heavy, she collapsed into the bed and felt Grisly licking her way up her body. Snuggling against her, she felt Grisly press herself into her body and groan when an orgasm racked her small body.

Brushing sweat soaked hair back from green eyes, she brought their lips together and tasted herself on her lover's lips and tongue. When they parted, Grisly looked deeply into her eyes. "Twelve years? You haven't been with anyone in twelve years?"

"Nope, I forgot all about having sex where I was." She kissed her softly and snuggled her face

against a warm neck. "Can ya handle twelve years of sexual frustration?"

"Only if you can handle the same."

After raiding the refrigerator and needing showers after covering each other in the BBQ sauce from the ribs, they fell asleep wrapped in each other's arms after hours of finding hidden secrets. Until, Bronte sensed someone watching her sleep. Peeking an eye open, she jumped when a pair of golden eyes gazed at her.

"Hey ya sexy, it's noon and time to get up." Marty was lying next to her in bed and Grisly was pressed tightly against her with her face pressed into her back. "My baby's in the kitchen making us lunch, so get your ass up." She wiggled her brows at her. "Or I'll bite it!" She clicked her teeth together and rolled from the bed.

"Bear, Marty wants to bite my ass."

"That's sweet." Was mumbled against her and an arm hugged her tighter.

"Does that mean she can and you don't care?"

Grisly nibbled at her earlobe and purred afterward. "I all ready left my marks."

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Daryl had enough hamburgers in the center of the table to feed a small army. The huge deep fryer stood on the counter with five pounds of fries draining and ready to serve. Pulling the condiments from the refrigerator, she added a squeeze bottle of vinegar for Grisly. "Are they awake?" She asked Marty as she slid past her in her sock covered feet and almost went out the back door.

"Yep, had ta threaten Bronte, but she's awake."

"I can only imagine what you said." She pulled Marty over to her and gave her a deep lingering kiss.

"Food! And it's all mine!" Grisly pulled Bronte into the kitchen, smacked Marty on her ass and dropped into a chair. Holding onto Bronte's hand, she placed a kiss in her palm and then placed the warm hand against her breast. "Guess we get hamburgers 'cuz we ate all the ribs last night."

"More like each other covered in BBQ sauce." Daryl pointed to the empty bottle on the sink. "Hey Bronte, all your bite marks are the same color as the circles under your eyes."

"What marks, I don't have any..." She looked down the front of her button down shirt and saw dozens of small bruises. "I look like a leper." She cast a sideways glance at Grisly who had a hamburger up to her mouth. "Gods reminds me of what I wanted to do to Buster." The hamburger dropped to her plate and Grisly turned her head and glared at her.

"Who's Buster?"

"Ohh this huge long horned bull that had me sitting in a tree for ten hours."

"You got treed by a cow?" Marty started laughing at the picture that formed in her head.

"It was either that or get a horn up my ass. I'll have ta thank him for it." She squeezed Grisly's thigh and gave her a smile. "Gave me ten hours to sit there and think up in that tree, and another couple hours of planning on my way home."

She told them of running through trees, fields and finding the pond and Buster. After sitting in the tree until it was past dark, then the farmer finding her being guarded by the bull beneath her. The thoughts that ran through her head that scared her but she had no place to run. All she could do was sit there and face her fears, and learn from them.

Grisly leaned over and gave her a gentle kiss on her lips then kissed and nipped a spot on her neck that wasn't bruised. "I'll think of hamburgers differently from now on."

"Anyone know if we still have jobs?" Marty asked.

"Ohh who cares, hate that place anyway." Daryl mumbled under her breath.

Grisly looked over at Daryl and grinned. "The only thing I'll miss is the chickens with the screwed up figure eights. Some of them were kinda kinky."

Bronte stopped halfway to her mouth with her hamburger and looked around the table. "Kinky chickens? You'll miss kinky looking chickens." One of the mysteries of the plant was answered; it was Grisly and Daryl that had been laughing when she sent the poor chickens down the belt.

"Looky what I got here? Four good lookin women and I'm the only man here!" Scooter hobbled into the small kitchen and leaned against the kitchen counter. "What we're ya doin in here last night, damn but I thought I was gonna have ta call 911!" He gave them all a toothless grin and then pulled an envelope from his pocket and handed it to Bronte. "That's from us playing last night and the guys wanna know if you'll sing with us again?"

She opened the envelope and pulled out five one hundred dollar bills, startled blue eyes looked into Scooter's twinkling eyes.

"This is too much money grandpa. I can't take this."

"Ohh yes ya can, we get paid three hundred ta play, plus a percentage of the drink money. After you sang, Bud had his hands full serving up drinks." He blushed and scuffed a toe on the tiled floor. "We know it ain't much but, me and the guys want ya ta take Grisly on a honeymoon with that money. She's never been anywhere but around here."

Tears formed in Bronte's eyes, she had never cried so much in her life, and knew she had become a giant mush ball. Taking Grisly's hand in hers, she brought it up to her lips and kissed her soft palm. "Where ever you want to go, it's up to you."

"First we take care of my stalker buddy, then, we'll go somewhere." She leaned into Bronte's shoulder. "We're not having any perverts tag along with us."

Marty gasped and clutched at her chest. "Not even us?"

"You two don't count, you're family."

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All four of them were sitting in the head honcho's office come Monday morning. Bronte wasn't worried about not having a job since all charges had been dropped from her and the reason she had not been at work was from being shot. The other three were claiming that they all had food poisoning and couldn't come into work. If the boss didn't believe them, Marty was notorious for her regurgitating act, and would toss her breakfast on his desk. The man had better not fire them because Daryl and Grisly were both sympathetic barfers.

Bronte sat with her eyes closed and her head leaning back against the wall, Grisly was leaning on her shoulder and playing with her long fingers. She tried to understand her lover's fascination with her fingers but couldn't, nor could she keep her from playing with them.

The boss's secretary came from her boss's office and pointed to the women.

"Robert's and JaBloan, he's ready for you."

Grisly pulled Bronte to her feet and refused to let go of her hand. "Bear I can't go in there with you."

"Ohh yes you can!" She looked at the secretary with a glare. "My last name is Pellatrino, I filled the papers earlier this morning. And my wife is going in with me."

The secretary rolled her eyes, threw her hands in the air and went back over to her desk. "What ever."

The boss was a tiny scrawny little man and within a split second, Bronte knew whom rat face took after. Her boss looked at everyone and then stared at her.

"Who are you?" His nasally voice asked.

"She's my wife." Grisly replied and gave him a glare that could strip paint. "Don't you pay attention to who you hire? She's been here for months now."

"What's your name?" He looked through all the clutter on his desk.

"Bronte Pellatrino." Bronte replied and just stood there watching him fuss with the trash all over his desk.

"OK. He looked up at them and then handed them each a paper and waved them out the door. They each looked at each other, shrugged their shoulders and left. Once in the outer office Grisly looked at the paper and grinned.

"He's lost in another galaxy, this says that we get pay raises because our section is up in production percentages."

"Guess we should get back downstairs and play with nasty birds."

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With each woman back in her work section, it was back to the everyday boring stuff. Except for the anticipation of two women who couldn't wait that day for breaks or lunch time to be together.

"Grisly watched as the belt started up and chickens went past her in their normal everyday way, until one came down the belt looking like something out of a bondage magazine.

"Ohh looky here Daryl, our little pervert is up to his games again." She plucked the bird from the belt, fixed the figure eights and replaced him. "Wonder if the guy has problems with sexual fantasies or something?"

"I don't have any brothers and neither do you so he's not related to us." Daryl bumped shoulders with Grisly, moaned and groaned close to her ear. "Sound like something you've heard lately?"

"Like I would tell you," She smirked. "More like deep grunts, panting and screams."

"From Bronte, she doesn't look like a screamer to me."

"She's not; I was talking about you and Marty in my living room this morning."

"Ohhh...Ohh my Gods look at that chicken!" She waved her hand at the two chickens all tangled together and rolled her eyes.

"What a pervert!" Grisly pulled the birds off the belt, sat down on the small stool by the wall and started to untangle them. When she had them separated, an envelope was in between them. She looked at Daryl's back and called her over. "I got another envelope here." She was just going to put it in her pocket, when she felt something hard in the corner. Daryl turned around and watched her open it.

"What is it?"

"I don't know, but I'm gonna find out." She pulled it open and dumped out a gold insignia ring

with large silver X in the center. "Who ever it is put a ring in it." She held up the ring and looked inside the envelope for a note. "Mystery to me, no note or anything."

"That's because I didn't want you to think it came from your stalker." Bronte lay on her side across the conveyer belt watching them.

Daryl jumped and almost fell over her own feet. "You're the one whose been doing the kinky chickens?"

"What can I say, it gets boring over there." Rolling off the belt, she walked over, dropped to her knees and took the ring from Grisly's fingers. "I was going to wait and do this tonight but..." She shrugged her shoulders and smiled up at Grisly. Holding the ring up at eye level, she ran a fingertip across the silver X. "This has been handed down in my family from mother to daughter for generations; I never thought I would have anyone to give it to." She slipped it onto Grisly's ring finger and placed a kiss on it. "Maybe one day you'll pass it on to our daughter." Tears filled Grisly's eyes and overflowed to trail down her cheeks.

"I love you Bronte Pellatrino." She wrapped her arms around her and buried her face against her neck. Daryl walked up behind Bronte, wrapped her arms around both of them and cried on Bronte's shoulder.

"We're gonna be so happy together, love you guys." She sobbed into a strong shoulder and then laughed when Bronte tried to shrug her off.

A whiny voice of rat face came over the PA system telling them to get back to work or else. Daryl flipped the camera off and got off Bronte's back, then started picking the chickens up off the floor.

"Where's Marty work in this place." Bronte asked and wiped the tears from Grisly's face.

"Up the line in the plucking station, why?"

"Because I'm gonna need her help doing something." She gave her a quick kiss then went out the door at a sprint.

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Marty jumped, threw her pliers in the air and took a swing at Bronte before she knew who had goosed her. "Christ you want your nose broke again?"

"Not yet, damn thing still hurts like a bitch. Can you get upstairs and grab rat face?"

"Sure, any special way you want him delivered?"

"Alive, bring him out to the picnic tables at lunch time?"

"Sure, we gonna have a weenie roast?"

"Never can tell." A toothy grin covered her face and then she was gone. Checking a clock in the hallway, she saw that she had ten minutes before lunchtime and the last time rat face would ever harass anyone ever again. Going back in to the section where Grisly and Daryl worked, she waved to them to follow her. Shrugging their shoulders, they shut the belt off, ran down the hall after her and out to the picnic area.

"Little bear do you still have those notes in your car?"

"Yeah why?"

"Because today is rat faces last day at work. Can you get them for me...please?"

She turned when she heard rat faces whiny voice yelling at Marty who had him hefted over her shoulder.

"You better not throw up on me you little fucker!" She yelled right before she dropped him on the ground and planted a foot on his bony chest. "Caught the little fucker licking the monitor screen that shows...." she pressed harder on his chest, "my wife's work area!"

"You sick little fuck, I outta rip your tongue out!" Daryl lunged for him but was held back by Grisly.

"You can't do this to me; I'm the boss's son!" He whined at them.

"Ohh like we really give a flying leap!" Grisly tried to get around Daryl and Bronte to take out her own vengeance. "You sick little fuck, sending me those sick notes!"

"Prove it, you can't so there!"

"Oohh yes we can!" Bronte waved the letter they had gotten earlier that day over him. "You wrote up these papers and the writing matches the notes, get outta this one freak!"

The sound of voices came to them as the other workers came out of the door for lunchtime. Bronte lifted rat face off the ground, put him up on the table and motioned for Marty to hold him there. With her loud war cry, she got everyone's attention. Unfortunately, some of them hit the ground and refused to move afterwards. She shook her head, raised her hands over her head and gave Grisly a smirk.

"They're all a bunch of pusses. Come on over here, I have some important information for all you people!" She waited until the worker's were gathered around them and then she pointed to rat face. "How many of you guys out there have wives or girlfriends who work here? Raise your hands." All the men looked to each other and some of them yelped when their wife or girlfriend smacked them. "Ohh come on, I'm a married woman and not interested in your women, raise your hands." A couple dozen hands went up. "OK, this is for the ladies out there. Take a good

look at rat face here and if you're desperate and in need of a date, raise your hand if you'd go out with him." Gut busting laughs came from the woman but not one hand went up. "My thoughts exactly, now, for you guys out there who have your women working here." She jumped up on the picnic table and waved the notes from Grisly in the air. "How would you feel if your wife, girlfriend or daughter was getting these left on her car? I'll read a couple so you can get the full impact." She sorted through them, looked at Grisly and elbowed rat face in his ribs. "Now here's a sick example of this perverts journalistic abilities. 'I want to suck your tampons.'" She looked around and saw faces turning funny colors. "How about, 'I want to suck your clit.'" Grumbles and pissed off looks were shot at rat face. "These notes were left on my wife's car everyday by this twit. You all know what he tried to do to me, I ended up arrested and then shot. Are you going to let this freak continue to do this to your women or are we going to put an end to it?"

The yells were deafening to their ears, the group of workers surrounded the table and keep yelling the word "STRIKE!" repeatedly.

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Scooter was laughing so hard that his teeth fell out of his mouth and dropped onto his desk. He flipped to the next page of the local newspaper and looked at the picture the photographer had snapped during the protest at the chicken plant. Dead center were his girls standing on top of a picnic table surrounded by every worker from the plant. The reporter had named the protest 'Chicken Little' like the fairy tale. The sky fell on the boss's son for sexual harassment of the female workers. The protest lasted two hours before the boss came outside, fired his son in front of everyone and put in writing that he was not allowed on company property. Before it ended Bronte Pellatrino was elected the President of the local union. She promised the workers that nothing like this would ever happen again and she would fight for their rights. All the workers went back into the building and finished out the day but with a heavy weight lifted from some of their shoulders.

Scooter pulled his scissors from the desk drawer and clipped the article from the newspaper for framing. He had the perfect spot over his desk for it, right next to Daryl, Marty and Grisly's graduation picture. Soon he hoped to have another picture up there, one of her and Bronte together.

"Damn that woman, never know what she'll do." He looked at the picture fondly before slipping it into an old frame and placing it on the wall.

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A week went by with Bronte and Grisly going to the junkyard after work at the plant to work on her motorcycle. They were finally finished with the entire rebuilding and painting. Bronte wiped the last of the wax off the gas tank while Grisly opened the door so she could push it out. This would be the first time that they showed it to Scooter. He had tried a couple of times to see what it looked like and found a snarling Grisly guarding the door. Some nights they worked so long on it, that instead of going home, they stayed in the tent that was still in the field. Grisly had never made love under the stars, so Bronte made sure that they did until the sun rose up over the trees.

They showered in the basement of the garage, used all of the hot water and had poor Scooter running for the far reaches of the junkyard. Now they were ready for their first ride before they left the next morning for their weeklong honeymoon in a cabin up in the mountains.

Grisly pushed open the door and waited for Bronte to push the motorcycle out. The entire time Bronte was pushing, Grisly was watching her ass flex with each step. She was caught with a rakish grin on her face but didn't care because she knew she would pay dearly for it later.

"Ready little bear?" Bronte swung her leg over the seat and straddled the motorcycle. "Come on put something big between those thighs."

"You did that last night and I know the motorcycle has nothing on you."

Bronte winked at her and licked her lips seductively. "Just wait until I have you ride in front of me." She hit the start button and grinned when the engine came to life and purred. "Just like a big kitten."

"I know something else that purrs like a kitten." Was whispered into her ear. She would never get used to the feelings that Grisly could cause in her. She wondered if perpetual horniness was a health hazard. They pulled up to the garage and waited for Scooter to come outside, when he did, he whistled and walked around them to get a look at the motorcycle.

"Got your plates yesterday, had to pull some strings but you'll be all legal." He handed Bronte the envelope and waited for her to look at the plate. In blue letters were the initials, BGP.

"It's perfect grandpa." She pulled him into a hug and chuckled when he blushed. "Are we all set for tonight with the guys?"

"All set, I got a hold of the girls and they'll be there." He grinned at them. "Nekkid as the day they were hatched."

"They better not show up like that!" Grisly growled. "Last time they did that I had to bail them out of jail."

Scooter looked closely at the gas tank and pointed to the dark purple paint with the silver ghost flames cutting through a silver X. "What's that mean Bronte?"

"Don't really know, but it was on everything that my grandma had, something about an ancestor from Greece." She ran a finger across the X and then where a G cut through the lower leg. "I guess you could say it's a family crest."

"Let me get some plate screws and you two can go get a speeding ticket." He hobbled into the garage and came back out to find them more interested in each other's tonsils than him. "One day one of you is gonna choke." He mumbled under his breath.

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The lights dimmed over the stage and the bar became quiet, they had all been waiting for this moment since the bar opened earlier that evening. None of them could get enough of Bronte singing, she had sung and played lead guitar ever since the band had asked her to come back. But this night would be it until she and Grisly came back from their honeymoon. The owner of the bar had promised, by Bronte's request, that her share of the proceeds from the drinks would go to one of the children's charities instead of to her. It wouldn't be much but every little bit helped.

The first song that the band played was Trouble by Travis Tritt and the others were an assortment of other artists. The crowd new, that when the lights went out that Bronte would sing the next song. The place went so quiet that you could hear a pin drop, the first few chords of the song came from Bronte's old guitar and then she launched into her song.

I'm gonna make you a promise
Starting tonight
If I never do anything else
For the rest of my life
I'm gonna hold somebody
I'm gonna look in someone's eyes
'Til I'm so overcome that I cry
I'm gonna love somebody
More than anybody
Baby there's so much I wanna do
But I'm not gonna do anything without you

The place went wild when Grisly stepped up onto the stage and sang the next part of the song.

There's no way I'll ever give up
There's no way I'll lose
If I have to sacrifice everything
Then that's what I'll do

Bronte sang the next chorus with tear-filled eyes.

This is my dream I live and breathe
All I think about
This is the fire that burns in me
That will never go out

The two women moved close together and sang the last of the song wrapped in each other's arms.

Baby there's so much I wanna do
But I'm not gonna do anything without you
I'm not gonna do anything without you
Anything without you

The lights went out on the stage and the place went up in an uproar of howls and yells. Scooter had gone to keeping a box of Kleenex on his keyboard for when Bronte sang. She had the most beautiful voice he had ever heard and she always brought tears to his eyes.

"Damn those two." He sniffled and wiped his eyes. "I didn't know my little bear could sing." He walked up to them and pulled them into a group hug. "You been holding out on me Grisly, you can sing!"

"Of course I can grandpa, I take after you." She kissed him on the cheek and then took Bronte down onto the dance floor. One thing that the customers were thankful for was that Bronte had taught her wife how to dance. They were now safe from bodily injury when she was out there. It was the bands break time so the DJ put on a slow song just for the two honeymooners. Bronte looked over her shoulder when she felt someone press against her back.

Marty leaned close to her ear and whispered. "Big mush ball."

"Can't help it, that's what little bear turned me into."

They were interrupted again but this time it was someone Bronte didn't know. She gave the small woman a raised eyebrow and said. "Yes?"

"Whatcha doin with my woman?"

"Excuse me but who are you?"

"I'm Grisly's girlfriend who are you?"

Bronte turned, pushed Grisly into Marty's arms and stared down at the small drunk. "I'm her wife that's who I am." She stepped closer and growled. "Unless you like pain, you had better run."

"Hold on a minute!" Grisly walked in between them with her arms raised over her head. "Paula, I was never your woman. I was never your anything, now go up to the bar and tell Buddy to give you a beer on me."

"But Grisly I came here to get me some." She wobbled as she looked into silvery blue eyes.

"Not from me you aren't, besides you suck in bed! Now go away before I let my wife beat the Hell outta you."

"Well, you suck in bed to so there!"

Bronte wrapped her arms around Grisly in a possessive manner. "I know she does and she does it very well too."

"You know you're sexy as Hell when you're being possessive and I'm soaking wet." Grisly thrust

her hips into a muscular thigh and moaned. "Let's go home."

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Their sweat-dampened bodies slowly thrust against each other, soft moans buried against the other's neck as they climbed higher towards the pinnacle. Grisly thrust against Bronte's muscular thigh one last time before, she was claimed by a blinding climax that took her lover with her. Gasping for air, they lay tangled together on the living room floor. Bronte wiped the sweat from her lover's brow with her fingertips.

"Little bear, next time we put a blanket down or make it to bed." She shifted and whimpered. "I have rug burns on my ass."

"I'll kiss them and make them better." She rolled off Bronte and pulled her to her feet. What went on in the bedroom was no better than what they had done in the living room. An hour later, Bronte swore that Grisly would be the death of her. She was on the bedroom floor on her back, her feet on the edge of the bed with Grisly's face buried between her thighs. Her shoulders burned when her back arched and she fell over the precipice of another climax. All she could do was whimper when Grisly crawled up her body and collapsed on top of her in exhaustion.

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"Don't know baby, maybe we should call 911 or something?" Marty leaned over and lifted one of Bronte's eyelids. "Don't think anyone's home in there." A low moan came from Bronte as her bloodshot eye came into view. "Ohh we have life, praise the Lord and all that shit."

"Most have been one of those sex-a-thon nights." Daryl snickered at her two friends. "Maybe we should run an IV of Gatorade, I think Bronte's dehydrated. Little bear looks happy as Hell nursing on her, so she's OK."

A low whisper of 'help' came from Bronte and sent the two women in to bursts of laughter. Daryl leaned over Grisly, stuck a wet pinky in her ear and jumped back when she let out a yell.

"Come on little bear, Bronte needs lotsa fluids. Ya drained her last night."

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Grisly rubbed Aloe into the rug burns on Bronte's shoulders while she drank glass after glass of water to re-hydrate her body. She kept shooting looks at a snickering Marty who was helping Daryl make breakfast for them before they left for the cabin. If a week in the cabin was going to be anything like the night before, Bronte wondered if she should make out a Will before they left. She dropped her head forward when Grisly started massaging the tight muscles of her neck and shoulders, if she gave her a back rub after they spent a few hours making love. She could do anything she wanted to her.

"Guys, we had someone prepare the cabin for ya, they said the freezer is full of Buster meat."

"That ought to last two days or so, any food for me up there. OWW! Sorry little bear but I just couldn't let that one go."

"You're not gonna have time to eat so don't worry about." She nipped the back of Bronte's neck as an example.

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After they all ate breakfast and loaded the bike up. Bronte and Grisly gave their friends hugs and asked them if they would tell grandpa their goodbyes. The sound of the engine coming to life made Grisly's blood sing, she had plans for the ride up there and knew that it would take them twice as long to get up to the cabin. After all that's what a honeymoon was for, sexual exhaustion.

Daryl and Marty waved to them as they left and as soon as they were but a speck in the distance, they yelled and tore back into the house.

"I know she has cheesecake hidden somewhere!" Daryl yelled as she ran past Marty and in through the kitchen door. "With real strawberries!"

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Two days later, Bronte was sound asleep on a blanket in front of the fireplace and Grisly was grilling steaks on the grill. Everything would have seemed normal if Grisly had a stitch of clothing on. Since they had arrived at the cabin, neither one of them had been outside or dressed. The small cabin had a Jacuzzi in the bedroom and a large hot tub on the small deck out the back for when company was over. Not like, they would ever make it out there to use it. Grisly had just placed the medium rare steaks on a platter when she heard snickers coming from the living room. Placing the platter on the small table, she picked up a weapon and snuck into the room.

"What in the Hell are you guys doing here?" She whispered hoarsely to Daryl and Marty.

"Gonna use that on us? I like mine room temperature and a little smaller." Daryl said as she pointed to the crookneck squash in Grisly's hand.

"Sick bitch, now what are ya doing up here?" She threw the squash at Marty.

Marty looked up from where she was pulling on Bronte's toes and said. "Grandpa sent us to check on you two."

"Plus we brought ya more food, Gatorade and Geritol for Bronte."

"Come on she's not that old." Grisly snorted and looked at the huge bottle Daryl had tossed her.

"Maybe not but after the weeks over she will be. She looks like she's in a coma."

"Not yet but close." Bronte mumbled, rolled on to her side and went back to sleep.

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After supper, the four of them were in the hot tub on the deck relaxing, Daryl winked at Marty and then got Grisly's attention.

"Grandpa's been really busy since you guys have been up here."

"What's he doing, reading all my Playboys?"

"Nope, we hadn't seen him since the day you guys left, so we went and checked on him." Daryl cleared her throat and watched Grisly's face pale. "We found him in bed..."

"Yeah go on." Grisly leaned towards her and waved her hands.

"With your grandma!"

Grisly's mouth dropped open and she slipped down into the water. When she came up, she spit water in the air and shook her head.

"I am NOT going home, uuhhh aahhh! I can't handle seeing them hanging all over each other! EEEWW!" She grabbed onto Bronte and looked into her amused eyes. "Please can we stay here forever?"

"Grisly, grandpa said Bronte's in charge of the junkyard until he comes back. They're going on their second honeymoon."

Three women slapped their hands over their ears to keep from going deaf when Grisly howled like a banshee. She crawled from the hot tub and ran off through the open field ranting and raving like a lunatic.

"Will she be OK?" Bronte asked their friends.

"In a little while, her ahhh grandma is...how do I put this?" Daryl sat there for a few seconds thinking.

"Nuts!" Marty supplied for her.

"Yep, to put it simply, the woman is a loon."

Bronte watched her wife leap up into the air, run through the tall grass, throw dirt and grass in the air and scream a lot.

"I think it's hereditary."

"Welcome to the family Bronte, May the Gods show you pity."

Bronte slipped below the water to drown out the laughter of Daryl and Marty. An isolated island in the middle of the ocean was sounding better and better by the second.

The End

Chicken Little

By Larisa

Hecate3366@frontiernet.net

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