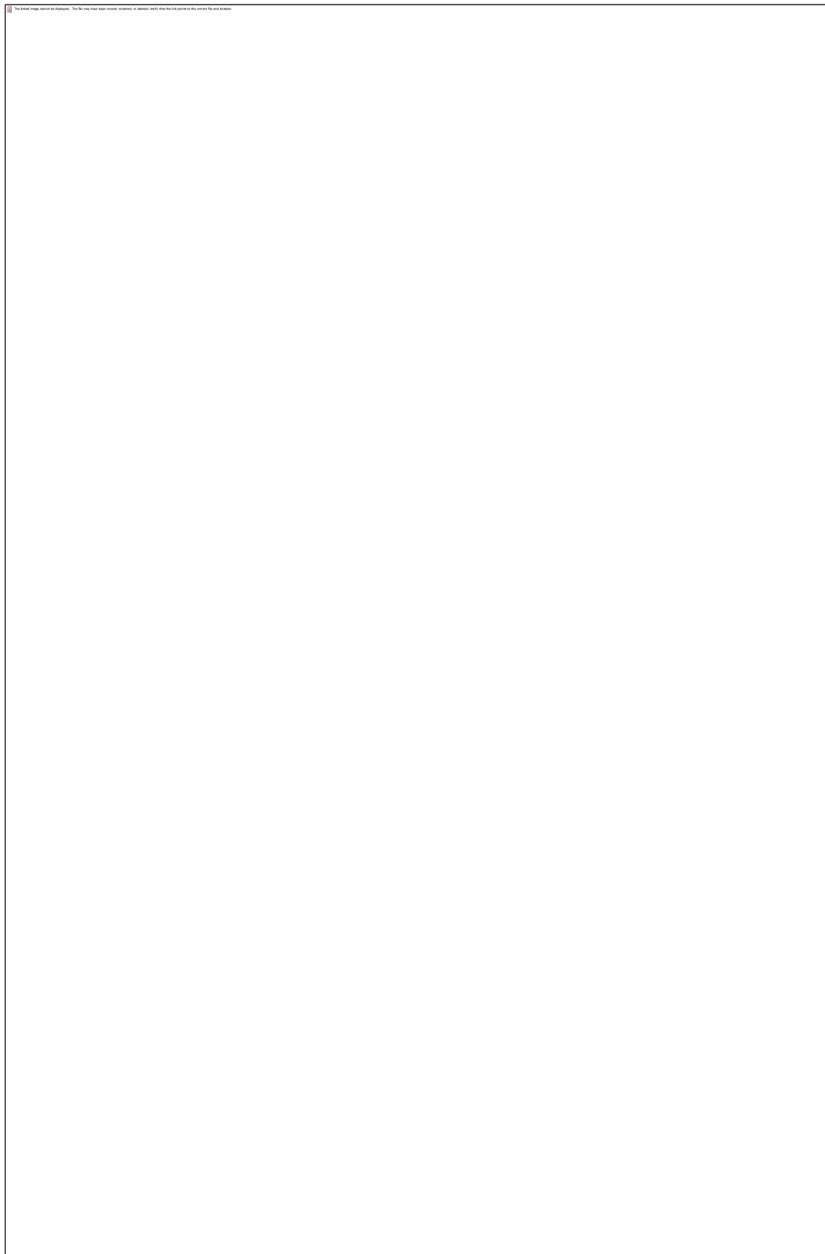


~ Cougar's Ransom ~

by Larisa



Disclaimer: Alt/original. Yeah, yeah I know who they look like, but they're all mine. Sex/violence/bad language etc...It's all in here. All kiddies run! I need slaves for my yard and housework! Hate mail to Hecate3366@frontiernet.net Thanks to Lesia and RI, my poor test readers. And to Diva, my Beta reader who did a great job on this piece.

Cougar's Ransom

By Larisa

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Muzzle flashes lit up the dark alley as shots volleyed from end to end. The noise was deafening, the flashes stealing everyone's night vision. Dark forms ran in a crouch to take cover behind dumpsters and trashcans. Garbage littered the ground and gave off a horrible stench, made even worse from the rain earlier that night. A deep voice called a cease-fire. All was quiet except for the sudden burst of static over the radio

attached to someone's Kevlar vest. A spotlight lit up the back of the alley to soon be followed by the flashing red and blue strobes from a police cruiser. The lights bounced off the wet pavement giving the entire area an eerie glow.

A tall, dark-clad figure walked towards the back of the alley looking at the prone forms lying on

the ground; some moaned some did nothing but stare blankly up into the dark, star less sky.

"All right guys get this trash off my street. All weapons go to ballistics. Jackson, check their car for whatever they stashed in the trunk before we got here."

"Gotcha, Sarge," Jackson, the only female narcotics officer on the crew walked towards the black Lincoln. She rounded the driver's side and pulled the keys from the ignition. She searched the back seat and found an assortment of weapons on the floor. Her next stop was the trunk where the Sarge thought the drug dealers had put the 10 kilos of coke that they had picked up at the docks earlier. The Sergeant had a bad feeling all of a sudden. She pulled her 9mm from her shoulder holster and yelled, "Jackson, NOOOO!" Everything moved in slow motion as she ran towards where Jackson had just released the trunk lid. A loud blast shattered the still air. Jackson was thrown backwards, landing 4 feet away from the car. Four shots rang out, puncturing the rear fender, and another two as the Sergeant launched her 6-foot body diagonally towards where Jackson had landed. The rest of the officers ran towards the shots. With weapons drawn, they stopped to see their Sarge pull Jackson into her arms. She pulled Jackson's Kevlar vest away from her chest to find her T-shirt covered in blood.

"You're gonna be all right, Paula. Where the fuck's the ambulance!?! " Jacolby yelled at no one in particular. She was pressing on Jackson's throat trying to stop her from bleeding out when she heard the sirens coming.

"CJ, I'm sorry," Paula whispered.

"It wasn't your fault, you're gonna make it, do you hear me?"

Paula reached up a hand to pull CJ's face closer. She pressed their lips together in a soft kiss. "I love you, CJ." Her hand fell away and the light faded from her eyes as her body went slack. CJ pulled her tightly to her chest and screamed her rage into the night.

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6 Months later.

Sgt. Jacolby, better known as CJ by the DC Police Narcotics Force, wandered into the Captain's office. Dropping into the chair across from his desk, she pushed her long, greasy, black hair out of her bloodshot eyes. Dark circles and bags marred her features around her eyes. She had dropped so much weight in the last six months that her clothes hung on her. Her once beautiful face was pale; her high cheekbones gave her a cadaverous look. She gave the Captain a glare with her ice blue, soulless eyes.

"You wanted to see me?"

He stood up behind his desk, running his hands over his face; she could hear his whiskers scrap

on his palms.

"CJ, it's not working." He turned to face her. Leaning onto the edge of his desk with his hands, he looked at her with concerned brown eyes. "I've transferred you to Vice, you'll be reporting to Capt. Rourke."

She shot up out of the chair so fast that it slammed backwards into the wall.

"This is fucking bullshit!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. "I've been on the force 15 years and 10 of those I've worked Narcotics! And now because I'm having a rough time of it, you're transferring me! Well FUCK YOU!!!" She punched her fist through the wall of his office, kicked his desk and threw the chair she had been sitting in through the glass window of his door. The entire time he stood back behind his desk waiting for her to finish.

"I know what Jackson meant to you, it was no secret around here, but you can't just stop living because of it."

"What the Hell do you know about losing someone!?! You weren't there; I held her in my arms and watched her blood pour through my fingers! And now you're getting rid of me when all I want to do is get the assholes that caused this!"

"Jacolby! The guys refuse to work with you. You're a loose cannon out there for God's sake!"

She had calmed down but now paced back and forth in front of his desk. "Now what? I'm supposed to chase pimps and johns?" Slapping her hands down on his desk, she glared at him. "And toss slags in the can?"

"It's either that or you ride a desk until you or I retire. It's your choice."

"God damn fucking shit!" She threw her head back and took a deep breath. "When do I have to be there?"

"Tomorrow afternoon at 3pm. I'll let her know that you'll be there."

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Capt. J. Rourke hung up her phone after talking to the narcotics Capt. She had no idea why the Hell she had agreed to take Sgt. Jacolby into her vice unit. "Just what I fucking need! A damn cop on self-destruct mode!" She left her office to hold the shift briefing, she was going to have to break the bad news to the rest of the vice squad and see if she couldn't bribe one of them to be her partner. The gods know that none of them wanted to be partnered with her down in narcotics.

Rourke stood in the center of the room and waited until everyone shut up. At 5 foot 8 and 125 lb., she didn't look like much but most of them had found out that if you pissed her off she could

kick your ass all over the briefing room and not even break a sweat. She ruffled her spiked, blond hair with one hand and slapped the briefing sheets on her thigh with the other.

"All right guys, I got some news for ya." She walked over to one of the chairs, putting her foot on the seat she rested on arm across her knee and looked out at everyone from under her dark brows. "Now this was not my idea! It came from up top and I had no say so in the matter. I'm sure you all know Sgt. C. Jacolby from Narc Squad." She watched as they either blew out their breaths through gritted teeth or covered their eyes with their hands before she continued.

"As of tomorrow she will be here with us."

"Ahh Capt. What the Hell did we do wrong?" one of the guys whined.

"Now listen, she's got 15 years on the force, she's a seasoned cop with more busts than any other cop in this precinct."

"And she's a dyke!"

"Shut your damn mouth, Pete, or I'll knock your head off!" Her green eyes shot bolts at him.

"Sorry Capt." He slunk down in his chair. Rourke pulled her long, blond hair off of her shoulders and flipped it behind her. "She's had a rough time since she lost her partner, so no bullshit!"

Pete opened his mouth again and made a comment about what kind of partners they actually were. Rourke ignored him; she had her ways of revenge and he just made his way to the top of her shit list.

Dupont Circle, Washington DC

CJ sat at the bar in one of the gay clubs in Dupont circle. She had been drinking ever since she left the station house that morning, at one point she was stone cold sober after she drank her way there. Now she was feeling absolutely no pain whatsoever. She kept watching in the mirror behind her for a familiar face to walk past. But it only came in her dreams. That's why she started drinking so much after Paula died. It was the only way she could sleep and not have the dreams of their time together to the very painful end.

She got up from her stool and stumbled out the door; she had walked from her apartment for the simple fact that she was a cop and obeyed the law of the road. She now stumbled up 14th St. where all the prostitutes hung out in doorways and street corners. As she passed them, they did cat calls and made promises of a night she would remember. She passed them all by. Just as she went around the corner, she hit an uneven edge of the sidewalk and went down on one knee. She felt a hand at her elbow helping her up. All she could see through her drunken haze were a pair of concerned green eyes.

But another pair of eyes were also watching her, and they were also green. They never let her get

out of their sight until she made it to her apartment. Then the dark blue car went on its way.

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The next morning CJ walked into the vice squad's briefing area, with her she carried a small box that she had used to clean out her desk in narcotics. She looked pretty much as she had the day before except worse. If they hadn't known she was a cop they would have locked her up for vagrancy. Heading right towards Capt. Rourke's office, she pretended that she was alone and that no one was staring at her.

Capt. Rourke had seen her come through the main doors and couldn't believe that it was the same woman from 6 months ago. She remembered her as being beautiful, with long silky black hair, crystal-blue eyes and a very muscular body. Now there was nothing but an inner death.

Son of bitchin' assholes! Rourke thought to herself. "They have got to be blind! Can't they see she's trying to kill herself?" She was mumbling when CJ came through her door and sat down. Rourke looked up from her desk to see pale blue bloodshot eyes watching her.

"Sgt. Jacolby, I'm glad you could make it." She walked around to stand in between CJ and her desk. "I know you don't want to be here but I'm glad you're going to be on my team."

CJ was impressed. No one had ever wanted to get that close to her and if they did, they made damn sure that they had an escape route directly behind them to run to. *Lets play good cop bad cop!* CJ thought to herself as she stood up and towered over Rourke. Glaring down at her with her best 'fuck you look', she growled, "just tell me where my desk is!"

Rourke loved power games, if she didn't end the game here, CJ would walk all over the place. She moved so that she was toe-to-toe and looking right up into CJ's cloudy eyes. "No more drinking on the job and clean yourself up! You look like shit." Her green eyes were on fire, singeing CJ where she stood. "Far corner near the door, its empty. And don't bite anyone out there, I know they're all assholes but they're *my* assholes."

A lopsided grin came to CJ's face. "You're a fucking bitch ya know that?"

"And so are you, so we're even." She grinned back at her. "I'll have a partner for you later on."

"How much?" CJ asked with curiosity of what kind of bribe the Capt. would have to give out.

"Major surgery if I don't get what I want. I keep a rusty pocket knife around just for castrations." She held out her hand and waited for CJ to take it. "Either we shake or I bust your knee caps, your choice?"

"You know what, Rourke? I think we're gonna get along just fine."

They shook hands; Rourke watched every one scatter the minute CJ left her office. She noticed heads looking sideways into her office. "Stupid spineless shitheads," she mumbled under her breath as she walked out of her office. "What the fuck is your problem? Get to work before I get pissed!" Before she made it back in her office, she noticed that the desk joining CJ's was empty. "Where the Hell is Justice?"

A low whisper came from the wimp of vice squad. "Capt. Ma'am, Justice called." She spun on her heel to glare at him. "Running late!" he rushed out.

"Son of a bitch! CJ, your partner's running late as usual." Rourke looked over to see her putting her few things in the desk drawer. "Justice will be at the command van on 14th St. at 4 o'clock. She's the package. Delany and Hawkins will be your back-up." She gave the two officers across from her the death look. "They WILL explain the operation to you when you get there."

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Justice rushed around her small apartment above the local deli in Georgetown. Once again she had killed her alarm clock with a vicious toss across the room while she was still half-asleep. She hated having to get up early and go in for briefing. But the general population didn't think that 3pm was early. *Let them work all night and half of the morning and see if they want to get up and do it all over again*, she thought. "Shit, where the Hell are my damn shoes?" She crawled around on her hands and knees looking under the sparse furnishings that she owned. After finding her shoes under the couch, she looked down at her black fish net stockings and saw all the long, cream-colored hair stuck to them. "Damn it, Zeus! I'm gonna shave your hairy ass!" Her Himalayan cat looked at her with one ice blue eye and went back to sleeping on her clean clothes in the laundry basket. Grabbing up what she called her 'ho' purse, she ran out the door with her high heels in her hand.

Flagging down a DC Flyer cab she gave him the address, which with one look at her waist-length, curly red hair and slutty clothes was unneeded. She might as well put a sign on herself saying 'Prostitute'. She looked at the gaudy watch on her wrist to see that she was 35 minutes late; the guys were going to bitch a blue streak. "What the Hell would be new?" she mumbled to herself.

"Ma'am? Did you say something?"

"Naw, just talking to myself."

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CJ walked up to the command van that was sitting out of sight in a dark alley. A flashback of that night slammed into her chest, she could barely breathe. "Shit, come on CJ it's over and done with," she mumbled to herself. She took a deep breath, opened the side door of the van and crawled in. Hawkins was sitting on a short stool in front of the surveillance center. She was

amazed that he fit in the van! He had to be 5 inches taller than her own 6ft frame and outweighed her by 75 lb.! His skin so black that it showed blue and his close-cropped hair peppered with gray. When he took a quick look up at her she noticed that his eyes were a hazel color and very warm. She reached out a hand and introduced herself to him. She felt like her hand was swallowed up by his huge paw.

"So what do we do here?" she asked.

"Ohh, we got the easy part, but you get the fun part!"

She didn't know what their idea of fun was but what did she have to lose? "OK and what kind of fun is that?"

"Me and Delany," pointing to the small thin cop sitting in the driver's seat of the van ignoring her completely like she was a victim of the plague, "keep in contact with Justice as soon as her skinny ass gets here. She's the package that you get to follow to the motel. We have a room that is set up with the whole 9 yards, cameras, audio and you." He reached over on the small desk and handed her an earpiece and receiver. "As soon as you hear the code word 'Princess', you rush the room and bag the John; there's 2 cops in the room right next door that will help you. They actually do all the paperwork and take the guy in."

She cracked her knuckles and gave him a leer. "Let me see if I got this right. I'm more or less her pimp. I cuff the asshole, leave him there and bring Princess Justice back here to stand on the corner and pick up another John?"

Both officers looked at her in total amazement.

"Damn you're good!" Hawkins remarked.

"I have many skills." She winked at him. "So where is she and how do I know which one she is?" She looked at the monitor that showed the corner with a guess of seven whores standing on it.

"Sorry guys," a rich contralto came over the speakers.

"About damn time, Justice! I thought I was gonna have to put my pumps and wig on!"

Justice laughed. "Hawk baby, we're not busting anything that would pick you up! He'd go right to the mental ward!"

"I may not be Rupaul, but I look damn good in stilettos."

"More like Dennis Rodman!" Delany tossed in from the front seat. CJ was starting to think this might not be so bad after all. These officers seemed to get along real well.

"OK, I hear her but I don't see her."

"Sorry Sarge, she's the really short one with the long, red hair."

"I heard that! I am not short! You're just too damn tall!" Justice was wondering who the other voice belonged to that she kept hearing in the background. She could listen to that voice all night long, deep and rich. *Mental slap! Mind on your job not job on your mind. Gods it's been too long since I got laid! Sweet, now I'm having a nice long talk with myself.* She took a deep breath and tried to calm her voice. "Who's my Daddy today?" she asked as she put a sexy strut in her walk.

"No Daddy today, Princess, you've got a Mamma."

She dropped her voice even lower. "Oohh, I like Mamma's too!"

"Yes Princess, we know, now get your ass out there and do some struttin'." Hawkins shook his head and peered up at CJ. "Don't mind her, she's harmless. Nope I take that back; she's a marriage destroyer. The car you'll be using is a silver Lincoln sitting right down from Princess. She has the keys. "

Oh great! Not only does she do the dirty job but she actually lives it too! CJ thought to herself. She watched the little redhead strut her stuff on the corner amongst the other whores. Her black leather mini rode up her thighs every time she bent over to look in a car window. CJ found herself wishing more cars would stop. "I'm going to go get the keys and I'll pull the car around so that I can follow whichever way she goes."

"They always head in the same direction, to the motel room."

She shrugged her shoulders at Hawkins. "I trust no one."

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CJ put the earpiece in and slipped the receiver into her pocket. As she got closer to Justice she noticed that she was indeed short. Maybe five foot five if she was lucky. She was leaning in a car window talking to a prospective John when CJ showed up.

"What are we talking about here price wise?" the John asked.

"That depends on what you want. A BJ is \$25, straight is \$50, and any kink is \$70. I'm the best here at everything."

CJ felt flames rushing south just listening to her sales pitch. She would hand over her paycheck for a night with Justice. *What the Hell am I thinking!?!* She was about to slap her self in the forehead for even thinking of sex when she heard Justice say that she would have to check with her Mamma.

"Mamma's right here, Baby." Justice turned her head to the side and looked at CJ. She thought. *Ohh great! Both a horny Congressman and a dyke are hitting me on at the same time.* CJ saw the

look and knew that Justice didn't know who she was.

"I need the keys to our Lincoln. Rupaul needs some ribbed Trojans."

They both grinned; Hawkins was going nuts in the van. Justice was just glad that she had her earpiece turned down low. She told the John to wait a second. Looking through her purse she pulled the keys out, dangling them in front of CJ; she swung her hips for the John's benefit as she closed the distance between them. "Time to pull this one in," she whispered to CJ. "Just play along with me."

Coming within an inch of CJ, Justice held the keys up to crystal blue eyes. CJ went to reach for the keys only to have them pulled away. Justice had a wicked grin on her face. Taking the tips of the keys, she ran them up the inside of CJ's thigh across her groin and up between her breasts. "See ya in a little bit," she whispered as she put the keys in CJ's hand.

Hawkins muted the Mic and busted up laughing. "Did ya see what she did? The Princess is being bad today!"

"I think she's trying ta scare the Sarge, remember she doesn't know her."

"Ohh shit, Justice is playing with fire!"

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CJ started the Lincoln and pulled into traffic, keeping her eye on the car that Justice was in. She pulled into one of the alleys and waited for the car to pass, then mixed in with the rest of the cars but keeping them in sight. The whole way she was fighting with her body; she was shocked that she was so close to losing control over just having Justice play with her like she did. Her thoughts ran to the last time she had spent in the arms of her lover and partner, Paula. They had just finished making love when they were paged about the drug takedown. It was supposed to be another bust just like any other time. In a matter of seconds, her whole life was gone. She almost missed the car turning into the shady motel because her mind was running over that night and the rage was building back up in her. She pulled the car off to the side and waited until Justice and the John went into the room. Getting out, she stood right in front of the door and waited for the code word. She listened to every word that was said. She was getting ready to run for it because the John had decided that he didn't want to pay the full price for a blowjob, and was telling Justice to forget about it. She heard the guy moan and then Justice said, "the Princess ransom." CJ pushed the door open and found the John with his pants around his ankles and his dick hanging out. Justice was putting the money in an envelope and grinning at CJ.

"Hi Mamma, come to play?"

"Yep, threesomes are my specialty." She gave Justice a lecherous grin. The John's hard on was short lived when he saw the flash of a badge and his hands were cuffed behind his back. Justice pounded on the wall to the room next door to let them know she was done.

"There will be some nice guys that come in here and read you your rights. But right now I have to go take care of the Princess." She looked over his shoulder and saw that what she had said brought back his hard on. "The guys next door are both homosexuals," she whispered.

She found Justice standing outside the door laughing. "You are sooo bad!" she said as she tried to get a grip on her laughing. CJ walked close enough to grab her ass. She looked over her shoulder at a pair of shocked green eyes.

"Pay backs Princess, are a bitch."

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They worked until Midnight pulling the Johns in and arresting them. CJ had returned the Mic set-up to the van and watched as Justice got into a cab and left. She figured that way she would look like any other working girl on the street. She would have to talk to the Capt. about the use of the Lincoln; the car was a piece of shit. If she had to chase someone she would never be able to do it; the car was too big and it ran like it had a lawnmower engine under the hood. She checked her watch one more time and decided that she would be able to make it to one of the bars and still have time to get a good buzz before closing time. She was only a few blocks away from one of the biggest gay bars around, so that's where she headed.

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The music was blasting; hundreds of gays and lesbians were crammed on every square inch of the place. People were even sitting on the railings on the second floor. CJ pushed her way through the crowd to get to one of the six bars in the place. Catching the bartender's eye she ordered a double Jack Daniels. Two mouthfuls and it was gone. She held the glass up to him for a refill. By closing time she had emptied a bottle of Jack all by herself. Stumbling through the doors, she headed back to where she had parked her car earlier. She never saw the dark car following her the entire way. Getting her keys out she swayed on unsteady feet. Once her door was opened she fell into the seat and passed out.

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The next afternoon, CJ was sitting in her own car, which was a late model Mustang, watching Justice do her magic on the johns. So far they had gotten three and it looked like it was gonna be one busy night. She looked away for a few seconds too long; the john had a hold of Justice and was trying to pull her through the passenger-side window. He punched her in the face once, trying to knock her out so that she wouldn't struggle. CJ flung her door open, making a sliding jump over the guy's hood. She landed on the pavement and in one movement had him by his throat and out of the car. She slammed him down on the ground and kept punching him in his face. She was about to pick him up when she felt small hands grab her by her biceps.

"CJ, STOP! You're killing him!" Justice screamed at her. "CJ let go of him." CJ looked into worried green eyes. Justice froze. What she saw in CJ's blue eyes was nothing less than an insane

rage. She lowered her voice. Please CJ let him go. Hawkins and Delany will take care of him, I promise." Before she could get CJ out of there, a patrol car came over.

The officers had them sitting in the back of the squad car until they could clear who they were through headquarters. However, to make it look believable and not blow their cover they were arrested. But they would have to wait until the ambulance got there and took away CJ's punching bag. Justice looked over at CJ, then to where she was looking down at her swollen and bloody hands. Justice took her hands in her own and looked at them. "You have some boxer's fractures; your hands are going to hurt like Hell in the morning. I want to thank you for what you did." She looked up into troubled blue eyes. "I've never had that happen before, I was caught off guard." Justice stopped speaking when she noticed the tears welling in CJ's eyes. Pulling her into her arms, she held her as she sobbed. She was still crying when the officer got in the car.

"Get us the Hell outta here, now!" Justice growled.

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Justice put CJ in her car and ran inside to tell the Capt. that she was taking CJ home and taking the rest of the day off as well.

"I want a full report from both of you tomorrow!"

"Don't worry, you'll get it." She was just about out of the Capt.'s office when she turned back.

"Oh, Sarah, can you get the guys and CJ's car in? We left them out there in the van. Here are her keys."

"You're lucky I love you, otherwise I'd kick your ass for using my first name!" Justice blew her a kiss before she went back out the door.

When she got back in her car she saw that CJ was sleeping. Her features showed no stress; the worry lines smooth along her brow and mouth. She looked so peaceful for once. Instead of waking her she decided to call the office and find out her address.

She pulled up in front of CJ's apartment building. Shaking her by the shoulder she watched as swollen blue eyes looked at her with confusion.

"This is where you live isn't it?"

"Uuhhmm yeah, it is. How'd you know?"

"I called the office from my cell phone. Are you going to be all right?"

Tears started forming in her eyes. "I'll be OK, thanks." She reached out her hand to run her fingers over the bruise on Justice's chin and jaw. "How do you feel?"

"I'll survive nothing a little cover up won't take care of."

CJ got out of the car, leaning back in she told Justice that she was sorry she broke down and thanked her for bringing her home.

"I'll pick you up tomorrow for work, I had your car taken to the station."

"OK, I'll be waiting." Justice watched as she went into her building.

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CJ stripped out of her clothes. Dropping them onto the living floor, she went into the kitchen for a glass and the last bottle of Jack Daniels she had in her apartment. Pushing stuff off the couch onto the floor, she laid down. Balancing the glass on her chest she filled it halfway, slammed it, and then refilled it again. She was drifting off to sleep when the memory of Justice ran through her head. She knew every little facial expression she had after just a short time being around her. She swore she could still smell her perfume on her skin from where she had rested her head against her breast. Sleep claimed her and took her to relive Hell.

CJ woke to the sound of a car horn blowing outside the apartment building. Struggling to get up, she tripped over the empty bottle and slammed her foot into the end of the couch. The words that came out of her mouth could have set fire to the place if possible. She pushed the curtain back from the window and saw Justice in her car below. Sliding the sash up, she stood completely naked in the window.

"HEY! I'll be right down!"

Justice almost fell over in her seat when she looked up and saw CJ flashing her and anyone else in the area.

"No modesty there! Damn crazy woman." With just one look, a heat burned between her legs, her heart pounded in her chest and she would do anything to be able to touch that body; other than the small frequent touches that she did out of habit. "Shit! I'm in big trouble here. And she's such a filthy little pig but I still find her beautiful." She sat back in her seat with a sigh. "I wonder what she looks like cleaned up?"

CJ gave out a huge laugh; she knew that she had just given Justice a good shock. "Set a fire burning in her belly like she does to me every time she smiles."

They spent another day on the street, but this time CJ did not sit in her car and watch. She stood right behind Justice like a pit bull guarding her pup. No way in Hell was she going to let what happened the day before happen again. She would have to run like Hell to get to her car so that she could follow them but she felt that it was a small sacrifice to make just to keep her partner safe. She watched as a car stopped in front of Justice. She swung her hips as she walked over to the car. Bending through the window at the waist made her black, spandex mini slide up her thighs and show the black, silk French-cut panties underneath. CJ let out a low moan, she knew

that Justice and the guys could hear her but she didn't give a damn. This was pure torture watching Justice move like a cat in heat. What made matters worse was the shirt or lack of a full shirt she was wearing over her black bra. It was a dark green fishnet with holes large enough that gold fish could swim through it. It covered absolutely nothing, and Justice made sure that CJ knew this every second. She had developed a habit of turning to CJ and adjusting her bra, or the worst part was when she would lick her lips before saying something to her. She kept CJ in a state of arousal the entire time they were working. She was thinking wicked thoughts about the tight rear that was swinging from side to side in front of her when she heard the john getting mouthy with Justice. All it took was CJ walking towards the car and he shut up and left.

"CJ! I could have handled him!"

"I'm not taking any chances on you getting hurt again. It's not worth getting one asshole off the street." The emotions that Justice saw in CJ's eyes warmed her. No one had ever cared this much for her welfare while she was working the streets. She just wished it went the same way off of the job as well. She knew how she felt but CJ was a mystery; she changed from minute to minute. But at this minute from the flushed color of her cheeks and the sweat trickling down her temples, she knew that she was highly aroused. She could pick up the soft scent of musk whenever she got close to her. She herself was not any better off. Just knowing that CJ was watching her made her lower regions throb. She was so tempted to send the crew back to the station and make use of the motel room with her tall dark partner. But Sarah would kick her ass and that's the only reason why she didn't do it.

It was late and the action had dried up to nothing, so CJ decided to call it quits and make an early night of it. Her team agreed with her. She made sure that Justice got a cab home and she headed off to the nearest bar to drown her old sorrows and her developing feelings for her partner.

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Justice had her stereo blasting, dancing around her kitchen with a mop in her hands. It had been a while since she had really cleaned her apartment and since she was done with work early, it was the perfect time to do it. She hated dirt and even worse clutter that was one of the reasons she had so little as far as furniture went. Once the floor was done she grabbed a Coke, her paperback she had been trying to read and laid on her couch with her cat, Zeus.

CJ sat at a back table in the local bar. She had a number of empty beer bottles and shot glasses on the table in front of her. She figured that she still had 4 hours to drink before she would be kicked out at closing time. Then she remembered that the club *Tracks* stayed open longer. She tossed some bills on the table and half stumbled out the door.

20 minutes later she had sobered up with the walk from the other bar. *Tracks* was packed as usual but she didn't care, she would spend the rest of the night here and then make her way home.

Two hours later she could hardly see where she was going as she made her way out the door. She stumbled all the way down the sidewalk. It was a replay of the last 7 months of how she had become to function. By some kind of homing sense, she found her car to pass out in. The dark

car pulled up along side her Mustang. The person got out, took the keys from the door lock and drove away.

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Rourke looked out into the briefing room, for once Justice was there and she was 20 minutes early. She was just about to start briefing when CJ came stumbling through the door. Her shirt was soaked with sweat and her hair hung limply around her red face. Everyone turned to look at her and decided right there and then they would ignore her for as long as she was in Vice. She was bent over at the knees and gasping for air.

"CJ, is there a problem?" Rourke asked.

"Lost... my... car keys...had to... run... here."

Rourke looked at her. "Better get yourself a spare set."

Justice walked up to her and wrinkled her nose. "Are you going to survive?" Blue eyes gazed up into green, her heart stopped and slammed into her feet. She hadn't noticed the day before that her eyes were such a beautiful green. "Uhhmmm.... Yeah...catch breath." Justice nodded to her then walked over to the Capt. "Can I speak to you?"

"Sure come on in my office." Justice closed the door and leaned up against it. "The only way I'm working with her is if I can take her home and clean her up! She reeks of bourbon and sweat."

Rourke smiled at Justice. Dropping into her chair, she pulled out her top drawer and tossed her a set of car keys.

"What are these?"

"CJ's car keys. I found her passed out in her car at 2am with the door hanging open and the keys hanging out of the lock."

"And what were you doing out at 2am?"

Two sets of green eyes made contact and held. Rourke broke the contact first. "I was at *TRACKS* and left at the same time CJ did. OK?"

"Hey, I'm not your keeper, I was just curious is all. I'll bring her back as soon as I get her cleaned up and I won't tell her that you took her keys."

"Thanks, if she asks tell her patrol turned them in. And I'll give Delany and Hawkins something else to do until you two get back."

Justice grabbed CJ by her hand and dragged her out of the room.

"What the Hell are you doing and where the Hell are you taking me!?!"

Justice swung her around by her arm and shoved her up against the wall. Pushing her hand against her chest she came up on her toes so that she was taller. Green eyes filled with fire and disgust drilled into her. "I'm taking you home so you can get cleaned up. I REFUSE to be in a car with you all day when you reek like a bottle of bourbon. So just shut the fuck up and get your ass moving!"

CJ was in shock. Never had anyone got in her face and yelled at her like Justice just did. In a way it was funny, Justice being so small but bossy as Hell. She sure was sexy when she was mad.

A lopsided grin covered CJ's face. "Will you wash my back?"

"Yeah, with lye soap and a wire brush! Now move your grungy ass before I plant my foot in it!"

"I just love bossy women!" She stopped again and looked at Justice. "Yesterday you had very long flaming whore-red hair and today day it's short and blond, explain please?"

"CJ, I wear wigs."

"Oh OK, I like you better this way."

Justice raised her eyebrow and grinned at her. "Thanks."

Rourke had stood in the hallway and watched the whole thing. She knew that CJ was in deep shit now. Once Justice sinks her teeth in, there is nothing that is gonna make her let go. She knew personally what those teeth felt like.

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Justice parked in front of CJ's apartment building. She got out and waited for CJ. Following her into the building, they took the stairs to the third floor. She followed her to apartment 33 and stood behind her as she looked at the door.

"OK, we're here." She turned to look at Justice. "But now how do we get in? Are you gonna slip under the door and unlock it?"

Justice slapped her in the shoulder. "Cute! How about I use your head and bust a hole in the door?" She pulled CJ's keys from her 'ho' purse and opened the door.

"Hey, those are my keys! Where did you get them?"

"Sure are, patrol turned them in to the Capt. this morning. And you're not getting them back until you take a shower and put some clean clothes on!" She put her hand on CJ's lower back and

pushed her through the open door.

"Gods! This place is a pigsty! When is the last time you cleaned this place?"

CJ chuckled at the disgusted look on her partner's face. "I think it was December." She kicked a pair of filthy Levi's out of her way.

"You're a fucking slob! How can you live this way?" Justice looked at the 7-month collection of empty beer cans and Jack Daniels bottles laying all over the floor along with filthy clothes, shoes and fast food containers.

CJ cocked her left eyebrow and gave Justice a lopsided grin. "Can you tell I'm not domesticated?"

Justice pushed a bottle out of her way so that she could close the door. "Wild animals aren't domesticated but *they* don't even live like this!" She moved further into the living room and saw part of the kitchen. "EEWW! This place should be condemned!" Grabbing her hand she pulled her in the direction that she thought was the bathroom; she almost fell over at the sight of that room too. Ignoring the dirty clothes, she pushed CJ into the room. She planted her hands on her hips and gave CJ a dirty look. "STRIP NOW!"

CJ's brows buried themselves in her greasy hairline. "You gonna watch?"

"If I have to! Now move it!"

CJ pulled her filthy T-shirt over her head and dropped it to the floor, next were her shoes and that's when Justice noticed that she had no socks on. "Let me guess, you don't have any clean clothes left."

"UUhhhhmmm nope," she grinned at her. "I can't find the washer or dryer."

"You have one here in your apartment?"

"Yep, somewhere." She unbuttoned her Levi's and let them drop to puddle around her ankles. She just stood with a grin on her face as Justice gave her the once over.

"Do you know what a razor is?"

"Yep, but I can't find it. Surprise!"

Justice pushed past her to the shower and turned the water on. After a few minutes, she checked the temperature. "Now get in there and don't come out until you're clean!"

CJ gave her a sloppy salute and crawled into the shower. Standing under the hot water she felt all her aching muscles start to relax.

Justice was having fits! She plowed her way through the mess in the kitchen and found a box of huge leaf size garbage bags. She started in the living room picking up trash. She was only part way and the bag was full. Using another one she decided that the living room could wait a minute and she headed for the bathroom. Shoving all of the dirty clothes into the bag she headed for the bedroom. If she had a match she would have just tossed it and slammed the door closed. The dresser drawers hung out with clothes hanging over the edges; in fact, there wasn't an area that didn't have clothes hanging off of it. With the bag full she started searching behind doors in the hallway. "No wonder you couldn't find the washer and dryer! You buried it with dirty clothes!" Pulling the bag of clothes into the hallway, she lifted the lid on the washer to find it empty. With a load of wash started she headed back to the living room to get the rest of CJ's clothes. She checked her watch and decided to call work and have both of them signed out for the day.

"Sarah, have you ever been here?"

"Nope, why?"

"Can I have the place condemned?"

She went on to describe the condition of the apartment. When she hung up Sarah was still laughing. An hour later she had the kitchen cleaned and part of the living room. One load of wash was done and in the dryer and another one washing. She walked into the bathroom to check on CJ. What she found she didn't expect. CJ was sitting in the tub sound asleep, a razor in her hand and the water still running. Hitting the stopper on the tub, Justice let it fill. She sat on the edge of the tub behind CJ and pulled her towards her so that she could keep her from sliding down into the water. Pulling a plastic cup off of the sink, she soaked the long, black hair. She was washing it for the third time when CJ woke up.

"Do you do this for all your partners?" she asked with a deep, throaty purr that sent shivers right to Justice's toes.

"Nope, you're my first."

"A virgin, I feel so special." She started to moan deep in her chest from having her scalp scratched. "Gods that feels good. Keep that up and you'll be able to do anything you want with me."

The thoughts that went through Justice's mind were scandalous.

"Justice? How long have I been in here?"

"About a hour and half. Do me a favor?"

"Keep that up and I'll marry you and give birth to your children."

Justice chuckled at the extremes that CJ would go through to have her hair washed. "You don't

have to go that far."

"OK, then I'll marry you and *you* have the kids." Justice was beginning to think that CJ was serious.

"Would you call me by my first name? All I ever hear is my last one and it gets tiring."

"I would if I knew it."

"You don't know it?"

"Nope, the only thing that's in your file is the letter 'R' and Justice. I thought you were like me and didn't want anyone to know it."

"Ohh sorry, it's Ransom."

"You mean like 'holding me for a ransom'?"

"It was Dad's idea, you know how cops are."

"Your dad was a cop?"

She tilted CJ's head back so she could rinse the shampoo out of her hair. Blue eyes looked up at her sending tingling feelings right to her nether regions. "For 22 years before he died of a heart attack."

CJ clasped her hand and brought it to her lips. Placing a soft kiss to her wrist, she said she was sorry about her dad.

Tears filled Ransom's eyes when she thought of her dad. "It's OK; he died at the place he loved the most, his desk." CJ turned in the tub and pulled Ransom to her wet body, holding her tight as a flood of tears were unleashed. They stayed that way for a while until Ransom pulled a little away from her. "Lets get you out of here before you get anymore wrinkles."

"I need to wash first, after sitting in that water I feel grungy." With a quick move she pulled Ransom into the tub with her.

"What the Hell did you do that for?" she sputtered.

"You're gonna wash my back for me." The grin she had on her face was completely innocent on her part but it had a different effect on Ransom. If she wasn't already laying in the tub, she would have fallen in on her own from the grin.

"I'll wash your back but then I have to... shit."

"What?"

"Walk around with wet clothes on!" She slapped CJ in the shoulder.

"You could always walk around naked until your clothes dry."

"I think you just want to see me naked."

CJ gave her a wicked grin. "Could be?"

Two could play at this game, Ransom thought to herself. She washed CJ's back and teased the Hell out of her in the process. Just when she was putty in her hands she got out of the tub, stripped right in front of her and left the bathroom.

CJ was in agony; she bit off a little more than she could chew this time. As soon as Ransom started shedding her clothes, CJ turned the water to cold. After she dried her hair she came out of the bathroom. She didn't even recognize her apartment; it was cleaner than when she went into the bathroom.

"Ransom! What happened to my pigsty?" She walked into the kitchen and had to grab the doorframe to keep from falling. "I am still in my apartment, right?"

"Yeah, looks different when you can actually see the floor, huh?"

"You're cooking too?" She moved to that strange appliance that she had used for a storage area for her beer bottles. Then she noticed that Ransom had on a white dress shirt and nothing else. She could see her muscular thighs and a whole lot more through the shirt. "Where did you get the shirt from?"

"It's yours; I washed some of your clothes."

CJ couldn't believe it, her apartment was cleaner than it was over 2 hours ago, her laundry was being done and now Ransom was cooking. She wrapped her arms around her and placed a kiss on her neck. "I don't know what to say?" Squeezing her tight she kissed her neck again. "I'm going to marry you some day." Ransom stopped what she was doing, looking back over her shoulder into smiling blue eyes. Her breath caught in her chest, there was a completely different woman standing before her. Turning in CJ's arms she reached up to run her fingers through long, black silky hair. There was color in her cheeks now; her eyes no longer had that cloudy look from being drunk. Still too thin for her height but beautiful beyond words.

"Gods you're beautiful." Ransom's fingers trailed along CJ's high cheekbone down to her lips. She couldn't stop herself. She leaned up and kissed her softly. Just that one gentle kiss made her knees weak. Laying her head on CJ's chest she noticed that she was feeling warm, naked skin.

"CJ? Look in the dryer and find something to put on before I make an ass out of myself."

"Just for you, but I get to pick what I put on." She gave her a wicked grin as she walked butt

naked out of the kitchen.

She's gonna drive me nuts with lust! Ransom thought to herself. *No that's not true, Gods could I actually be falling in love with her,* she thought for a second. *Too late, I've hit hard!* She smiled at her reflection in the kitchen window. *Very hard!*

CJ opened the dryer and pulled out a pair of men's BVD briefs. She chuckled low in her chest at the look she was going to get from Ransom. For some reason she really liked that name. But she loved the woman it belonged to. *I didn't just think that, did I?* A warm feeling filled that cold dark hole in her soul that had been there for so long. Suddenly she didn't have the urge or need to drink. She went into her bedroom and pulled open a bottom drawer. Rummaging around she came out with five bottles of Jack Daniels. Carrying them into the kitchen with her, she set them all down on the sink counter. Ransom turned from putting the hamburgers she had been cooking on two plates when she heard the clink of bottles. Her eyes grew large when she saw CJ's bare back.

"Nice attire ya got there, CJ."

She turned and spread her arms out to her side. "Ya like?"

A bright blush covered Ransom's face; she gave her a lopsided grin. "Kind of revealing don't you think?"

"Actually, I have on more than I usually do."

All Ransom could say was "Oh!" as she looked at CJ's firm breasts.

"Wanna help me?" CJ asked.

"That depends on what you need help with."

CJ held up one of the bottles of bourbon, unscrewed the top and started pouring it down the sink. "I don't need this stuff anymore." After they poured out the bourbon they put the empty bottles in one of the garbage bags.

"Supper's done, so sit down and eat before it gets cold." Ransom watched CJ eat like a starving wolf; she wondered if she even chewed her food before she swallowed. Ransom was the first to admit that she ate a lot but she never ate four hamburgers at one sitting *plus* French fries. Ransom got up to put the plates in the dishwasher that CJ never seemed to have ever used before, considering she had filled it almost all the way up when she cleaned the kitchen. She put the last of the pans in and turned to find CJ watching her. She approached CJ and wiped mustard off of her chin with her thumb. Before she could move away, CJ had pulled her onto her lap so that she was straddling her thighs, then she sucked the mustard from her thumb. Flames shot through her body to settle between her legs. After releasing her thumb CJ buried her face against her neck and took a deep breath. Ransom tangled her fingers in the long, black hair and pulled her head closer to her. CJ felt so safe and content to just sit with this gentle soul in her arms.

"Will you stay with me tonight?" CJ asked.

"Anything you want, it's yours."

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CJ carried Ransom to her bedroom. She stood holding her in her arms and began to laugh. "There's no sheets on the bed."

Ransom pulled away from where she had her head resting on CJ's shoulder. "Do you have sheets?"

"Somewhere around here." She eased Ransom to her feet. "It's been 7 months since I've slept in here. I usually sleep on the couch."

Ransom saw the pain fill CJ's eyes. "Do you want to talk about it? I'm a good listener." CJ became very distant as she just stood and looked at the bed; memories rushed before her of a time long ago. She took a deep breath and let it whistle between her lips. She went out to the hallway closet and found a package with a brand new set of blue satin sheets in it. Ransom picked up the pillows off of the floor and sat on the edge of the bed. She didn't know what to do or say and found it best to just do nothing and give CJ some time.

She stood in the doorway, building up courage to go back in, face the past, and bury it for good. She realized that the woman that sat on her bed meant more to her than anyone from her past. They seemed to fit perfectly together in every way.

"Will these work? I found them in the closet."

After finding brand new blankets in a trunk at the foot of the bed, they had the bed made. CJ pulled the covers back. After she crawled into bed, she held her arms out to Ransom. "Come to bed, baby." Ransom flipped off the light switch and crawled into CJ's arms. Cuddling up against her side, she rested her head on her bare shoulder.

"This feels so right to me." Pulling Ransom closer to her, she kissed the crown of her head. "I stopped sleeping in here after Paula was killed, I just couldn't make myself come in here and sleep in an empty bed."

Ransom reached up to cup CJ's face; she felt tears escaping from the corner of her eye and slip down into her hair at her temple. "CJ, you don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"No, you need to know." She told her all about her 2-year relationship with her partner Paula. And how she had been killed by a drug dealer hiding in the trunk of a car the night they were making a big drug bust. And how she felt that it was her fault that Paula died, she should have been the one to check the trunk because she was the senior officer. "That's also one of the reasons I drank myself into oblivion every night since. I felt so alone and empty. But now..."

Ransom leaned up on one elbow when she heard CJ pause. She looked into CJ's crystal blue eyes.

"I have you... that's if you want me?"

She received her answer by way of a deep passion-filled kiss that lasted many minutes until they needed to come up for air. Their eyes still closed, they leaned their foreheads together to collect themselves.

"Gods what you do to me, Ransom," she whispered in a roughened voice. Green eyes opened slightly to take in the woman before her, memorizing every plane of her face from her finely arched brows, straight nose, high cheekbones down to her soft lips and square chin.

"Just looking at you makes me melt inside; you are a beautiful woman, CJ."

"Cougar." Blue eyes twinkled at her. "My first name is Cougar."

"Your parents named you after a big cat?" Ransom's brows rose upward, a wicked grin lifted one side of her mouth. "Well, you do move like a big cat."

"I never had any parents."

"What do you mean?"

"OK, I'll give ya all the sordid details. A police officer was making his rounds at the DC Zoo; his last stop was the large cat area. So he was just about to take off for the night when he heard this strange noise coming from the cages where the cougars were. He thought that maybe the cats had gotten a hold of a stray dog or something. So he was standing by one of those big green garbage cans when he heard the noise again. He pulled the lid off and started going through it. It wouldn't have been the first time that he had pulled out a kitten or puppy. Kids like to throw them in to the big cats and watch them get killed. At the very bottom he found ME in an old cardboard box with the name Jacolby's Beef Company on the side of it. They say I was only about 4 hours old at the most.

Ransom cocked her eyebrow at her and smirked. "You're lying to me." Cougar's face never changed from its serious look. "You're not lying are you?" Cougar shook her head no. "That's awful! How could a mother do that to her baby!?! " Tears formed in her green eyes when she thought of Cougar being abandoned at birth. She wrapped her arms around Cougar and cried for all the pain this woman had lived through. And made a promise to herself that she would never hurt her or let anyone else do it either.

"It's OK, Ransom, the state made sure I was taken care of and I think I turned out OK, maybe a little flawed." Her words were stopped by a pair of soft warm lips that made her train of thought derail. Ransom broke the kiss to look deep into her eyes to her very soul.

"You're perfect, and I would love you even if you weren't."

"Did you say you love me?"

Ransom smiled at her. "Yes, I did. I do love you, with all that I am." Tears welled in Cougars eyes to slip down her cheeks. She placed soft kisses on Ransom's lips, tasting the salty tears. She rolled them onto their sides. Pulling Ransom close to her, she deepened the kiss until they were both moaning into each other's mouths. Hands explored unknown flesh trying to absorb and memorize every small detail. Cougar broke the kiss to whisper in a deep, passion-filled voice. "You are the light in my dark soul and the love that fills my heart. I love you, Ransom."

Completely drained from the emotional roller coaster they had been on, they drifted off to sleep wrapped in each other's arms.

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Cougar and Ransom sat at their desks doing some paperwork that they had been putting off for the last couple of days. Ransom kept looking up at Cougar then glancing back down before she got caught. She heard Cougar chuckle. "What?"

"You're rotten at sneaking peeks."

"And how do you know I was peeking at you? I could have been looking at something totally interesting behind you."

"Oh yeah, that blank wall is quite the talk of the squad room." She looked up at Ransom from under her dark brows. Ransom jumped in her chair and took a deep ragged breath. She looked between her thighs to find Cougars bootless foot stroking her. "Gods!" A deep moan rumbled in her chest. "Cougar, what are you doing...I know...oohhh Gods" She pushed forward into Cougar's foot. "I'm in big trouble here and it's your fault!" She grabbed her toes before it was too late and she made a spectacle of them. Cougar grinned and winked at her.

"I don't think I can get up from my desk."

"And why is that?" A huge smile crossed Cougar's face.

"For the simple fact that I'll be walking bow-legged with jerky steps all the way across the room!" she whispered between her teeth.

"You could always let me finish what I started."

"Here!?! You wouldn't?" She felt toes coming up the inside of her thigh. "Oohh Gods you would!" Her face was turning bright red.

"CJ, Justice! Where's my paperwork?" Capt. Rourke yelled from her office door. She noticed

that Justice was a very deep red and Cougar had a wicked grin on her face.

"Right here on Justice's desk."

Ransom gave her pleading eyes. "Please don't."

"I'll bring it right over." A sigh of relief whistled between Ransom's lips. Cougar got up and walked across the office with a limp. Ransom's eyes grew wide when she noticed why. "I'm going to kill her!" she said to herself. The Capt. took notice of a slumping Justice and Cougar with only one boot on coming towards her. Cougar saw the Capt. look at her sock covered foot.

"New boots, real bad blisters." She handed over the paperwork and went back to her desk.

Right, CJ, like I'm going to fall for that! Rourke thought to herself.

She leaned forward across her desk to pin Cougar with her eyes. "I can't believe you walked over there like that!" Cougar leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms behind her head, and stretched not only her back but her one leg as well. Ransom's head hit her desk with a thump. Her body started to move closer to her desk. A low moaning came from between her lips; it was heard by one of the other officers. He asked if she was feeling OK.

"She has a bad headache," Cougar replied. "I think I'll run her home so she can get some rest." Ransom looked up from where her head rested to glare at Cougar. "I think a cold shower and a good night's sleep will take care of your problem." Her brows wiggled at her.

Cougar pulled her boot back on and straightened up her desk, leaving Ransom to suffer. She walked around to the back of Ransom's chair, pulled it out, and pushed her across the office and out the door.

"You're crazy! Do you know that? Everyone in there probably knows what you were doing to me!" Cougar spun the chair around and started to go back to their office.

"COUGAR! What are you doing?"

"Let's go show them just in case they don't know for sure." Ransom planted her feet onto the floor stopping the chair from moving.

"Oohhh Gods!!! Please, Cougar, lets go home?"

"Home? Home. Kay!" She spun the chair back around and pushed Ransom all the way to the elevator that would let them out into the parking garage. Ransom set a new record for getting out of the parking garage and home. She slid her Eclipse to a stop, ending halfway up on the curb. She was in her apartment before Cougar was halfway out of the car. All she could do was chuckle at her. "Guess I'm in big trouble here."

Cougar stood in the middle of the living room looking around for Ransom. A loud cry came from

the hallway. Before she could turn, a little, naked blond tackled her and they crashed onto the couch.

"Now you're gonna pay for torturing me!" Ransom grabbed the neck of Cougar's T-shirt and ripped it down the middle and off of her body. Grabbing a hardened nipple between her teeth, she nipped the very end causing Cougar to arch her back and hiss at her.

"You want it rough? I can do rough." She swung her legs over the edge of the couch with Ransom still holding onto her. Ransom captured her mouth and kissed her with such hunger that she almost forgot what she was doing. Getting to her feet, she carried Ransom to her bedroom. She was two feet away from the bed when her Levi's fell around her ankles. She lost her balance and they fell to the bed in a heap. Cougar was struggling, her feet tangled together in her pant legs.

"Help! Baby, help me please, I'm stuck!" She whined the last words.

"Good! Now ya know how I felt in the office!" She grabbed the soft skin of Cougar's shoulder and bit down, sucking the skin between her teeth until Cougar writhed beneath her. Forcing one leg between Cougar's, she pushed up making contact with her throbbing center. Wrapping her other leg around her thigh she thrust her hips in a maddening frenzy. Long fingers wrapped in her short, blond hair pulling her to her lips so she could nip at her bottom lip. Sucking it into her mouth, she ran her tongue across Ransom's teeth until she was granted entrance. Their tongues slid and twisted around each other, moans were swallowed as they pushed closer to the edge. Cougar ran her nails down Ransom's sweat coated back before digging them into her firm ass. She bucked upward when she felt her nipples pinched between little fingers.

"Ohhh Gods!!" Ransom yelled when she felt two fingers enter her from behind. Her back arched as she pushed harder. "Cougar.... I'm..."

She thrust once more and screamed Cougar's name loud enough for everyone in the deli below to hear. Cougar felt Ransom's muscles squeeze her fingers and throb around them; hot juices flowed over her fingers and thigh.

Cougar's back arched as she climaxed; tremors shook her body until she collapsed. Their breathing was short and ragged as they rode out the final tremors coursing through their bodies. Cougar wrapped her arms around her lover. Pulling her tightly against her chest, she kissed her neck and breathed in the lavender scent from Ransom's shampoo.

"Baby..." Cougar gasped as a tremor shook her. "I love you."

"I love you too." She tried rolling off of Cougar to give them more room. "I'm stuuuuck!" she groaned against her lover's neck. Cougar looked down to see Ransom's foot stuck right along with hers in her twisted pant legs. "Well, I guess we'll just have to stay like this." She moved her hips against her lover. "Then again, what I want to do I can't because we're stuck!" Cougar started laughing deep in her chest. "What's so funny?"

"Wanna call 911 and give them the code for officer needs assistance?"

Ransom started wiggling around trying to get loose before her lover could dial the phone. "You're crazy!" With a good jerk she got her foot free and grabbed the phone out of Cougar's hand.

"You know there's going to be no doubt in anyone's mind about us." Ransom had a very serious look in her eyes.

"Good! Now maybe that rumor about you being the destroyer of marriages will go away."

"Destroyer of... Who said that?"

Cougar flung her arm over her eyes and groaned. "Son of a bitch!" She slipped her arm up to see ferocious green eyes staring down at her. "Delany and Hawkins, my first day on the job they said..." She stopped when she saw the huge grin cover her lover's face, then she started laughing and gasping for air.

"Oohhh, geez... those idiots!" She crawled on top of Cougar and wiggled around until she was comfortable. Lacing her fingers together on Cougar's chest, she rested her chin there as she looked up slightly into curious blue eyes. "They call me that cuz of all the married johns that we bust. They get their names put in the paper under the prostitution heading. Everyone reads that part of the Police Log to see if they know any of them." Wiggling her eyebrows at her lover she continued. "Who would be more interested in those names? Married women!" Leaning forward she brought the tip of her tongue up under Cougar's chin all the way to her bruised lips, tracing them with the very tip until she was granted entrance into a warm mouth. Moving further up her lover's body, she supported her weight on her hands that were on either side of Cougar's shoulders. They kissed slowly. With silent agreement they took their time exploring each other's body, soft caresses over heated skin brought low moans to joined lips. Ransom broke away to taste her lover's neck, licking her way up to flick her tongue against Cougar's earlobe. Pulling it into her mouth, she nipped at it with her teeth.

Cougar's blunt fingernails ran from shoulder to thigh, raising goose bumps across slightly tanned skin. Bringing her fingers back up to brush the fine hair up the center of her lover's back. She loved the feel of tight muscles twitching beneath her fingertips, and the soft breasts pressed against her own.

Every nerve ending in Ransom's body was screaming for attention. A low thump pounding between her legs, she could feel her juices start to flow from between her nether lips. She rocked her body against her lover's, looking for as much contact as she could get. She felt shivers run through Cougar when she licked the edge of her ear. Slipping her tongue into her ear, she circled it around a few times then jabbed it forward. Cougar gasped, her hips jerked upward. A slight grin came to Ransom's lips as she thought to herself; *you are in BIG trouble now, Cougar*. Deciding that she needed to explore the other ear as well, she worked her way down her neck with little nips and licks. She breathed softly against her lover's ear, her warm breath blowing the dark hair back. Cougar's center was pulsating, her juices soaking her thighs and the blankets

beneath her. If she didn't stop her now it would be all over in a matter of seconds.

Ransom slid halfway off of Cougar so that she was now closer to her target. Taking her time, she used one hand to explore the luscious breasts of her lover. She felt Cougar's one hand run up her thigh and brush against her blond curls and her hips jerked as long fingers found her wetness. Cougar moaned deep in her chest when she felt how wet her lover was, she ran her fingers back and forth between her lips, coating them and her palm.

Ransom was close to losing control. What her lover's fingers were doing to her was pushing her close to the edge quickly. Running her fingers down the center of Cougar's chest she came to the thick patch of dark curls. Using her entire hand, she dragged it between her legs. "My Gods, Cougar, you're soaking wet."

Her hips jerked upward when two fingers slipped between her lips, Cougar was so close. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath trying to calm herself long enough to hold on.

"Baby, look at me." Ransom whispered to her. Their eyes met and locked, Ransom started to move her hips against her lover's fingers.

"I need to feel you in me, Cougar." Her back arched as two fingers entered her. She froze and waited for her body to calm down, then she slowly slipped two fingers into her lover, and she felt the muscles throb around them as she slowly withdrew halfway then pushed back in. They matched a rhythm with their bodies. Ransom watched the muscles in Cougar's jaw clench.

Ransom whispered, "Come with me, Baby."

Cougar screamed her release, her body going rigid against Ransom. As soon as Cougar's hot juices poured out over her hand, Ransom fell over the edge, screaming her lover's name against her neck.

Cougar was still trying to catch her breath when she felt Ransom lick her ear. Before she could stop her, she felt the quick jabs of a hot tongue inside. Her hips jerked once and she went over the edge again. As she jerked, her fingers hit that sensitive spot in her lover and sent her back over to join her.

Tremors kept rippling through them with every breath. Ransom was so tempted to slip her tongue back into her lover's ear but she knew she herself couldn't handle another climax. That is until they both rested a few minutes. Slowly they withdrew their fingers and shared a few soft kisses. After wrapping their limbs around each other, they drifted off to a deep slumber.

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Cougar opened her eyes slightly in the dark room. She was lost at first until she felt the warm body wrapped around her. She sighed as she cuddled closer and was drifting back to sleep until she felt something cold on the back of her thigh. She thought it was Ransom until the cold was replaced with something very rough and warm. Her body stiffened up against her lover, making

Ransom groan and try to burrow herself closer.

"Baby!" she whispered loudly in her lover's ear only to see her cover it with her hand. The thing that was behind her touched her again. This time she pulled Ransom's hand away and bit her finger. Green eyes shot open wide at the sharp pain in her index finger.

"Did you bite me?"

"Sssh, there's something behind me, I can feel it!"

Ransom gave her a wicked grin. "That's my pussy."

Cougar raised an eyebrow at her. "Is not! I know what *that* feels like and it's not behind me!"

"Bet me! I win you pay for supper."

"Deal!"

She wiggled her eyebrows and used a baby voice that confused the Hell out of Cougar. "Come ta Mamma baby boy, come here, Zeus." Cougar heard a little meow and a cream-colored furball walked up her hip and laid down between their bodies that were pressed together. Eyes the same color as her own blinked up at her. Zeus licked her chest and started purring.

"So where are ya taking me for supper?"

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Ransom, dressed in a large men's dress shirt, sat on the floor in front of the coffee table with Cougar beside her in her usual relaxing attire of nakedness. Containers of every available type of Chinese food covered the tabletop. Zeus took his rightful place in between them and nothing that Cougar did could change his mind. She gave him a whole shrimp on the other side of the table to just watch him bring it back and sit between them to eat it. "Spoiled damn cat," she said as she looked down into his crystal blue eyes. "You have spooky eyes, Zeus." She heard her lover coughing and tears started to come from her eyes. Reaching over, she slapped her in the center of her back.

"Are you OK?" Concern showing in her eyes.

Grabbing her Coke she took a long drink. "When's the last time you looked in the mirror?"

"I don't know... a little while ago. Why?"

"Because big kitty and little kitty have the same color eyes."

Capt. Rourke had just come out of her office when Ransom and Cougar came to a sliding stop in the room.

"Nice of you two to join us." She pulled a chair over to put her foot on so she could take her usual intimidating pose. "We have a problem. Last night on the South West Side we had a prostitute picked up; she was raped and beaten pretty bad. She's in the hospital now and from what I have learned she got a good look at the john." She handed copies of the composite drawing to one of the vice officers; he looked and passed the others along.

"Looks like every other john out there," he said.

"But there's one big difference. This guy has only three fingers on his left hand. He's missing his ring and pinkie finger. I've pulled some other females out of patrol duty to help cover the streets. He was driving a blue Nissan Pathfinder with Maryland license plates. We don't have the tag number. So keep your eyes open out there." She used her foot to push the chair back. "Be safe out there." Before she went back into her office she pointed at Ransom and Cougar, then her office. The two of them groaned and dragged their feet to the Capt.'s office.

Ransom stepped in first then waited for Cougar. Rourke gave them both funny looks. She first stepped up to Ransom then gave Cougar a critical look. "Next time, Sergeants, go out to eat before you play sports." The partners gave each other a raised eyebrow. Then Ransom let out a low moan. She pulled her lover over to her and tried to cover the huge hickey with her shirt collar. "Sorry, Cougar."

Rourke spun on her heel to look at Ransom. "Cougar? Her pet name fits all right!"

"Sarah, Cougar is her first name. Think about it dipshit, C. Jacolby?"

Rourke moved to stand toe to toe with the smaller SGT. Their green eyes blazing at each other.

Cougar was getting worried that they were going to come to blows.

"Listen here you little slut, I'll beat your ass again!"

"And I'll *bite* your ass again! This time I'll make sure you can't sit down!"

"What!?! " Cougar stepped between them. "You bit her in the ass?"

"Yep, she deserved it! She's lucky she doesn't have any tits, otherwise I would have twisted them off!"

Rourke's eyebrow rose over her left eye. A shit-eating grin came over her face. "Ya know your little game you two were playing yesterday?" They both groaned at the memory. "If the old man had been here, there would have been shit hitting the fan!"

Ransom poked her in the chest with each word. "If dad would have been here, he would have had to look in the supply closet for you!" Cougar stepped backwards and fell into a chair.

"Holy shit! You two are sisters!"

Two faces with the same expression turned to look at her.

"Took ya long enough, Jacolby." Rourke pulled her sister into her arms and kissed her on the side of her head. "You take care of my little sister. If you hurt her, I will hurt you!"

Cougar gave her a bright smile. "I will never hurt her; you have my word on that."

"Good, now get out there and find that fingerless asshole."

Cougar turned to look at her Capt. "Supply closet?"

Ransom hid behind her lover. "Yep, with Delany's sister!"

"Oh shit! No wonder why he keeps yelling about dykes!"

"Still!?!!" Rourke yelped. "Just wait till I get home and tell Mel!"

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Cougar left Ransom at her desk telling her she would be right back that she was going to the locker room to change clothes. While she waited, her sister came over to her desk.

"She looks a hundred percent better, amazing what love can do to a person." Ransom blushed at what her older sister had just said.

"Is it that obvious?"

Rourke laughed at the expression on her face. "Like neon signs! Where's she at?"

"Changing her clothes, we didn't have time to go by her apartment before we came here."

Rourke's eyebrow buried itself in her hairline. "What time did you two get up?"

"Around 9 o'clock. We were busy."

In a conspiratorial tone Rourke asked. "So tell me little Sis, is it all true what I hear about her?"

"Every single word!" They both turned to see Cougar standing behind them. Both sisters remarked in unison, "Hoooooly fuck!"

Cougar had on a pale blue muscle shirt and tight black leather pants tucked into the tops of a pair of Highway Patrol motorcycle boots. Pulling her black Ray Bans down off the top of her head, she gave them a lopsided grin. "Come on, Princess, let's go destroy marriages."

Rourke still had her mouth hanging open after they had left.

"DAMN!!! Why not me!?!". She whined all the way to her office.

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Hawkins and Delany kept an eye out for the other two Sergeants. Delany was watching out the windshield while Hawkins moved the camera on top of the van. Delany came out of his seat when Hawkins yelled, "Delany come look at this! You ain't gonna believe this!!!!"

Delany shook his head and grunted. "How come all the dykes look like that?"

"Got me buddy, at least we get to look at them if nothing else."

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Ransom took her spot in between the other working girls and had to laugh at the looks they were casting at Cougar.

"Hey, Princess, are there any more around that look like her?" A Hispanic woman named Jade asked.

"Nope, she's one of a kind and allllll mine."

Cougar dropped her head and flashed blue eyes over her sunglasses at her lover. The very tip of her tongue came out to lick her lips. Ransom felt flames erupt southbound.

Ransom was watching cars go past when she felt someone come up behind her. Thinking it was Cougar; she turned with a huge smile on her face. It disappeared the minute she saw that it was a huge black man dressed in baggy clothes and a baseball hat flipped backwards. He had a whore in tow behind him.

"I've never seen you here before." He gave her the once over. "You know this corner belongs to me and these are all my whores. Now I can arrange it so that you can be here for say 90-10 of what you bring in with your snatch."

"I don't think so." Ransom turned back around and ignored him.

"Listen you fucking cunt, no one disses Shaz!" He brought his arm back to punch her but found that his arm somehow come to be twisted up behind his back. He tried to pull away but Cougar

brought his arm up higher.

"Now you listen you fuck! The Princess is mine, if you want to live to see tomorrow you'll haul your ass outta here!" She let his arm go and was just about to walk back to her spot when she caught movement out of the corner of her eye. She heard Ransom scream at her to look out. Shaz had pulled a long knife from his jacket and he swung it towards Cougar's back. She bent over at her waist as the knife went past. Spinning on one foot, she did a reverse spinning back kick to the back of his head, before he fell his chin connected with the toe of her boot from a front kick. Blood spurted out of his mouth along with his gold teeth. Cougar grabbed him by the back of his jacket, pressed him over her head, and tossed him onto the hood of his parked car. His girls ran over and started pulling all of his gold jewelry off and pulling wads of money from his pockets. They all scattered when they heard sirens coming their way. Cougar grabbed Ransom by her hand and they took off for the nearest alley, it was too early in their work shift to go to jail. Ransom pushed Cougar up against a wall running her hands over her lover checking for knife wounds.

"Baby, I'm all right. He didn't even get close." She saw the tears getting ready to flow down her lover's face. Pulling her into her arms, she placed a kiss on her forehead. "It's OK." She lifted her lover's chin with two fingers, leaning forward to capture her lips in a deep kiss. Ransom wrapped her arms around her neck, pulled herself up, and wrapped her legs around her lover's waist. They continued to kiss although a spotlight from a police cruiser was on them. One of the officers got out of the car and came towards them. Cougar pulled her wallet out and flipped it open showing her badge.

"Damn it, Jacolby! Get a fucking room somewhere!" he yelled over his shoulder on his way back to the car.

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Still flustered from their make out session in the alley, Ransom tried to put her mind back on the job. She was doing poorly. She knew that her lover was standing behind her looking at her ass. She would like nothing better than to haul her to the motel room and ravage her body for many hours. Dropping her head down she closed her eyes and took a deep breath, when she opened her eyes she almost fell over. All across the upper area of her breasts were hickeys.

"COUGAR!" She yelled to her lover and scared the Hell out of the girls who returned once the had cops left. She spun around on one heel and stomped over to stand in front of her grinning lover.

"Hi Baby, problem?"

She pushed her chest out at her. "Tell me what you see?"

Cougar pulled her sunglasses down and looked over the frames.

"Beautiful breasts?" She gave her a big grin.

"Try again, animal!" She planted her hands on her hips, her brows drawing down over the bridge of her nose.

"Hhhmm let me see." Cougar leaned forward for a closer look. In a flash her tongue came out and licked Ransom's cleavage.

Her breath hitched in her throat at the feel of her lover's tongue.

"What am I gonna do with you?" she moaned.

A lopsided grin graced her face. "Take me home and make me your sex slave?"

Ransom shook her head then walked away from Cougar, gesticulating with her hands every word she mumbled, Cougar picked up the words whip and muzzle. She couldn't help but chuckle at her lover's actions. Fiery and stubborn as Hell came to mind.

She was still grinning like a maniac when she saw a dark Nissan Pathfinder round the corner and stop. The other girls walked up to it so Ransom waited. If it was their guy they could always pursue and arrest him once he stopped. One by one the girls stepped back on the sidewalk. They thought they were going to lose him until he stopped right in front of Ransom and beckoned her over. Cougar gave the code word that she and Hawkins had agreed upon in case the fingerless rapist showed up. Her nerves were on end and she thought she was going to lose her lunch right on the spot. It got worse when she heard her lover say Princess ransom. But Cougar couldn't do anything there in fear of blowing their covers.

She jumped into her car and tried to catch up with the speeding SUV.

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Ransom got a bad feeling the minute she got into the SUV, the guy had dark sunglasses on and had a baseball cap pulled low over his forehead, revealing nothing of his face beneath the shadows. She moved her 'ho' purse in between them as a block.

"I have a motel room right up the street here, it's all set up all we have to do is go there."

He never looked over at her when he spoke. "I have a special place in mind, we won't be disturbed."

"We won't have that at my room either." She was starting to panic. She looked in her side view mirror for Cougar's Mustang. Her heart slammed in her chest when she didn't see it. "So, tell me what would you like me to do for you?"

"We'll discuss that at my place."

She tried to calm her nerves by taking a deep breath. "I just want to make sure I have what I need, I keep an assortment of toys in my room." She watched his knuckles turn white when his hand tightened on the steering wheel. In a split second he had a hold of her throat; she tried to pull away by leaning back against her door. That's when she saw his left hand with the missing fingers.

"Easy, lets not rush this. I just want to please you."

He released her but kept his hand free. She looked in the mirror again and still didn't see her lover's car. *Where the Hell are you, Cougar!* Her mind screamed.

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Cougar was in a rage; she was stuck in the middle of traffic. The SUV had caused an accident involving three cars. Two of them were cab drivers that were screaming at each other in a foreign language. She keyed her Mic and told the guys the problem, they told her that they had reported it and had cars out looking for the SUV in the general area. She tried to listen to what Ransom was saying over the receiver that she carried but it was badly breaking up and then it faded all together.

"Fucking son of a bitch!" she screamed at the top of her lungs. She jumped from her car, pulling her badge out she hung it around her neck as she started running between cars. Off to her left was a guy sitting on a Harley, she grabbed him by his arm shoved her badge into his face and took his hog. Kicking the back end around she sped off in the direction that the SUV had gone. In one congested area she went up on the sidewalk to get around the backup.

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Ransom now knew where they were headed; the driver took the exit that would take them down to the Naval yard. She knew that there were numerous empty warehouses down there and he could pull his SUV into several of them and no one would be the wiser. She would have to bide her time, he was bound to give her enough freedom that she could use the gun she had in her purse. Right now was not good, she was too close. He whipped his SUV around the back end of the very last building on the docks. Once stopped he told her to stay where she was at, he would get her door.

He came to her side and pulled the door open, dragging her by her upper arm into the warehouse. She balked when she saw chains hanging from the beams above. She had stuck her hand in her purse before he made it to her side of the SUV. She searched without alerting him. *It's not here!* Her mind screamed. She tried to find anything that she could use for a weapon against him.

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Cougar flew through the streets on the hog looking for the asshole that had her lover. She would kill him with her bare hands if he so much as used a cuss word. She saw a police cruiser going

through the light in front of her. She gunned the throttle and chased him until he saw her waving her badge.

"Have you guys seen a dark blue Pathfinder come by here?"

The cop gave her a blank stare. "Were we supposed to be looking for one?"

"Wasn't it put over the radio?" she yelled as her patience left.

"No, we haven't heard anything and we haven't left the car."

She grabbed him by his collar and pulled him to within an inch of her nose. Pure rage showed in her ice blue eyes. "You broadcast it now!" She gave him the description and the general direction it was headed. "And tell them that he has taken a vice squad SGT. Posing as a prostitute!"

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The rapist still had a hold of Ransom's arm; her fingers were starting to tingle from him cutting off her circulation.

"Why this place? It's so dirty and I can't afford to get my clothes dirty. Why don't we just go back to my room, it's much cleaner." She rattled on hoping to distract him enough to let Cougar find her. She was worried because her receiver was no longer picking up either the van or her lover. He came at her in a rush. Fear ran through her heart, all she could think of was she was going to die and never see her lover again. "I'm sorry Cougar, I'll always love you," she whispered.

"I SAID NO!!!" He grabbed her by her throat and rushed her backwards towards a wall, slamming her into it. She slipped to the floor and everything went black.

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She was furious! After she found her lover she was going to kill both of the officers in the command van. She had spent the last 45 minutes searching every motel lot in a 10-mile radius. She felt her cell phone throb on the back of her belt. Pulling the hog over she shut it down and answered it. Her face went pale as she listened to Ransom's voice on the other end.

'Ooohh yes! Faster! Faster!"

Cougar's hand was getting close to crushing the phone with every word she heard screamed from her lover. She felt betrayed that her lover would be intimate with someone besides her. Her teeth grinding together she was about to throw the phone when she heard a man scream... in pain. Her muscles relaxed at the sound of Ransom laughing like a crazed maniac. A flow of relief washed over her as she heard Ransom screaming at the rapist.

"How'd ya like that you fucking bastard!?!)" Her breathing was ragged like she had just finished

They walked outside to get away from the blubbering man.

"Dumb ass there decided that I needed to be slammed into a wall. So when I fell to the floor, I was put in perfect position to zap his tiny little dick with my tazer. After he blacked out it was easy."

"Ransom, you could be charged with police brutality for what you did afterwards."

"Nah, he doesn't know I'm a cop. He thinks I'm one of those S&M bitches."

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Rourke was waiting for them when they came back into the station. She was so proud of her two Sgt.'s She had a huge grin on her face until she saw the bruises on her sisters chest.

"Ransom! Did he do that to you? That fucking SOB! Come here let me see." Her protective nature took over along with a rage that was bubbling below the surface.

"Nah, it's OK really." She sidestepped Rourke.

"Did he do...?" She noticed that Cougar found the floor real interesting. "Gods! I don't believe you two!"

"Sarah, calm down! Let me explain." She hated to have to tell her sister this part. It was like inviting her into their sex life.

Rourke's face was bright red, veins standing out in her neck and temple.

"Did they bring in a black guy missing his front teeth?" Ransom asked her.

"Yeah, some pimp. Said he was jumped by gang bangers. Did he do that? Cuz if he did I'll make sure he loses the rest of his teeth!"

"What! That simple asshole!" Cougar's eyes blazed at his bald-faced lie.

"OK, I got it. But that doesn't explain the... bru... hickeys!"

"We had to get away from the scene or we'd get busted again. So we hid in this alley." She was trying to look as innocent as possible and Cougar placed a blank expression on her face. "So, we heard sirens coming. To make it look like we hadn't seen anything, we pretended to be making out. And it worked too!" She finished with a big grin on her face.

"Well, it doesn't look like you two were pretending one second of it!"

Cougar's mind wandered away from the conversation to go with her memories of what had happened a few hours ago. She had the feeling that something wasn't right; then it hit her. "Ohhh shit!!! My car!" Cougar ran for her desk. After 5 minutes on the phone. She came stomping back towards them, a deep growl roared from her chest. "Some fucker stole my damn car!" Flames shot from her eyes; her hands clenching so hard that they heard her knuckles cracking. Ransom stepped over to her and ran her hand up and down her arm.

"But I really like that Hog ya came to my rescue on!" Ransom wiggled her eyebrows at her lover. "Have you ever... you know?" She whispered to Cougar who then turned 10 shades of red.

"Sarah, we're signing out, we have to go buy a Harley!" Ransom dragged her lover towards the door.

"Oohh Gods! My sister the nympho!" Rourke covered her face, stumbled blindly into her office and fell over the chair that was sitting in her way.

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Cougar was laying on Ransom's couch with her lover sprawled across her body. Their sweat-dampened bodies sticking together, they tried to catch their breaths from their recent activity.

"I am never doing that again with you, Cougar!" Rolling onto the floor, she groaned as she crawled the entire way to the kitchen. "I hate running! I don't know how you talked me into it, but it ain't gonna happen again that's for damn sure!"

"You poor baby, and I even went slower than I usually do."

She heard a loud thud come from the kitchen so she jumped up and ran in to find her lover spread eagle on the cold tile floor. "Slower? Ya mean you run faster than THAT!!!!" remembering that she had to sprint the entire time to keep up with her long-legged lover.

"Well, yeah." She kneeled down over her dropping kisses on her heaving chest and working her way up to slightly parted lips. She laid down and rested her head on Ransom's shoulder. She had to ask her about what had happened with the call in and now seemed as good a time as ever. "When I called Delany and Hawkins today, and had them call in what was happening. Which one would have done it?"

"Delany, why?"

"Because he never called it in. And I want to know why."

"Are you sure?" Her voice took on a serious tone.

"Yep, I called dispatch from the office and they never got the call in." Her mind started to reel at

why he had not made the call in. She would have to talk to Rourke about it.

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Cougar ran for the ringing phone, snatching it up she gasped a hello.

"Not again!" Rourke asked with an astounded tone to her voice.

"Huh? Ohh no I was outside. Is there a problem Capt.?"

"You could say a BIG problem! The fingerless guy squealed like a pig last night!" Cougar started praying that he didn't say anything about Ransom's little game.

She hesitated as she asked. "What did he say?"

"Ohh for starters, the first pro he beat up and raped was a mistake. He thought, now get this!" She paused for effect. "He thought it was Ransom!"

"Ransom! Why would he go after her?" She was getting pissed now.

"Because he was paid to... By a cop! I want this cop Cougar, I want his dick stuffed and put on my wall! No one fucks around with my little sister!" Her voice was bellowing through the phone.

Cougar could feel the rage building up from the very bottom of her being. "I'll get him! And you can use his nuts for tennis balls!"

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Cougar was so pissed that her hands were shaking; she handed her helmet to Ransom before they got through the door to the office. Ransom had no idea what was going on with her lover, all she knew was that whoever had pissed her off on the phone was going to pay for it.

Cougar strode into the room and headed directly for Delany, his eyes grew huge as he saw the glacier colored eyes drilling into him. He tried getting out from behind his desk but Cougar was faster than he thought. She grabbed him by his lapels, lifted him her full arm's length off of the floor, and slammed him against the wall. He thought she was going to let him go when she pulled him back only to have the feeling of flying without wings. Cougar lifted him over her head and threw him through the Capt.'s closed door. With a crash, Delany landed; he was knocked out cold and laying on her floor amongst pieces of wood.

Rourke stepped on his chest and peeked out her door to make sure another body wasn't coming her way.

"Cougar, what the Hell was that?" Her lover stood with her green eyes shot wide from watching her lover's temper unleashed.

"I'm not done yet!" Cougar bellowed then watched the room clear of everyone but Ransom and Rourke.

Her breathing ragged her eyes icy cold she asked, "did you get your present Capt. I would have wrapped him for ya but I'm fresh out of cement."

"It was him?" She groaned at Cougar's nod. "Shit! Mel is gonna be pissed! Guess I better call Internal Affairs and have them come get that piece of shit off of my floor and someone to replace my door. Next time, knock before you throw someone in there."

She stepped harder on his chest as she made her way to her desk. IA was up there within two minutes. They had heard the whole story the night before from the rapist and had started an investigation that morning. Only to have it solved by a Vice squad SGT.

After they had finished their interview with Delany, they had found out that he was pissed and felt rejected because SGT. Justice had spurned his advances and then she turned around and started to have an affair with SGT. Jacolby. He wanted to see both of them hurt so he hired the fingerless guy to rape and beat SGT. Justice, hoping that she would see the error of her ways and come to him so that he could cure her of her disease. The Internal Affairs officers didn't think twice about having him locked up, they would have loved to put him in general population right off the bat but would have to wait until he went through the whole court thing. Delany's sister who was also Rourke's life mate went to see him to let him know that he no longer had a family. They had all disowned him when they found out what he had done. After she left he just sat in his cell and laughed hysterically. "It's not over yet! Do you hear me? It's not over until you're all gone!" he screamed at the top of his lungs.

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"So animal of mine, what do we do until Internal Affairs lets us go back to work?" Tilting her head to the side she gave her lover a small grin. "What say, you, me and your new toy hit the road and go visit the mountains for the weekend?"

"That all depends." She pulled her little blond into her arms. "On if you're going to ride on the front or the back." Green eyes gave her a confused look. "Cuz if you're on the front, we'll never make it out of the parking lot."

"Oh?" Cougar reached down and massaged her tight ass, pulling their hips tight against each other. "OOHH! I think the back of your hog would do until we hit the mountains, then we'll see what happens."

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A jet-black Harley with two leather-clad riders tore down the country roads of Maryland. They had no idea where they were going; they were just letting the roads take them to someplace quiet and serene. They came flying over the bridge that crossed the Potomac River; they could look to their right and see the river flowing over the rocks, where fishermen and tubers played in the water along with college kids from Shepardstown. They came across the next bridge and up into Harper's Ferry, West Virginia. Ransom was thinking of the movie *Sweet Dreams* about legendary country singer Patsy Cline, she remembered that it was filmed somewhere around this area. As they came down from the top of the hill she saw a small sign that read Bakerton. Tapping Cougar on her shoulder she pointed to the right, Cougar leaned the bike over and took the turn. They watched the green fields fade into thick woods with every twist and turn of the road.

Bakerton was founded before the Civil War was even thought of, some of the residents are the relatives of the original settlers from the 1700's others moved there for the tranquility. During the time of the Civil War, soldiers of both sides set camp within miles of each other along the Shenandoah that runs beside Bakerton. On calm soundless nights, the echoes of those long ago fought battles can still be heard on the still night air. Wisps of mist in human forms can be seen crossing fields and the stench of black gunpowder and sulfur can be smelled in the air. As time came forward scenery changed but the feel of tranquility remained. The settlers advanced and found that a gold mine was beneath their feet in the name of Limestone. In the open fields and dense trees the tops of the mines can still be seen from the early 1900's. Train rails are still in some areas where the train would travel from Harper's Ferry to Bakerton to haul away the cars full of the precious ore. One kiln still stands at the bottom of a pasture where the miners made Milk of Magnesia. During the hottest days of summer when the grass dries and turns brown, the foundations of Ten Row can be seen just inches below the ground's surface. Years of memories are buried in these lands, Ten Row where the miners lived and the Quarry where many died when an underground stream broke through the base rock and flooded the tunnels in just hours. No one knows for certain just what is under the crystal blue water's surface, for it holds the past in its cold grasp. All the miners are long gone now and only the stories passed down from relatives are known. That is where Cougar and Ransom now stood, atop the limestone quarry walls gazing into the crystal blue waters. A feeling of peace overtook them, the scent of honeysuckle and lilac floating on the air. Cougar could stand here forever just watching the changing colors of the water as the white clouds passed over. The peace and quiet was almost deafening to her ears. After living in Washington DC her entire life and having no peace, just the loud noises of cars, buses and trucks rumbling by at all hours of the day, she was almost lost here without it.

As Ransom took a deep breath, a smile came to her face, her white teeth flashing at her lover. Wrapping her arms around her waist she leaned into her quiet strength. She couldn't believe how beautiful it was here. The tall cliffs and green trees outlining its edge. The white limestone at the water's edge made the water seem bluer, almost the same color as her lover's eyes at this moment. A warmth flowed through her body at the thought of how extremely lucky she was to have the love of this beautiful woman and to know that her love for her was deeper than anything on this Earth.

As Cougar pulled Ransom into her arms, the creaking sound of their thick leather motorcycle jackets broke the silence. Inhaling the scent, Ransom closed her eyes; she loved the smell of leather, especially on her tall lover. She pulled back to look up into crystal blue eyes, then over the ridge of mountains in the distance to see the sun starting to settle.

"You know this is the exact spot that Charley Cline proposed to Patsy. To think that Jessica Lange and Ed Harris stood right here!"

"Baby, what are you talking about?" Cougar looked down into smiling green eyes.

"The movie, *Sweet Dreams*. About the singer Patsy Cline. They filmed it right here, well, part of it. But in real life Charley proposed to Patsy as they looked out over the water. It's so beautiful here; I can see why he picked it."

"You are such a romantic, who would have known." She bent down and placed a kiss on her forehead. Ransom was thinking to herself, *more than you know!* She pulled away from Cougar and dropped to one knee before the shocked woman. Pulling a small worn wooden box from her pocket, she opened it to reveal two thick gold and silver twined wedding bands. "I love you with all my heart, Cougar. Will you marry me?"

Tears came to Cougar's blue eyes, her throat became tight as she looked down to the woman she loved more than life itself. She had never thought that anyone would love her to the extremes that Ransom did. She had only one word for this woman.

"Yes!" She dropped to her knees and brought Ransom against her chest in a tight hug. Finding her lips, she showed her how much she loved her. Breaking the breath-stealing kiss, she gazed into the eyes she would see until her dying day. "I never thought this would happen. And I swear on my life that I will always be there for you."

Ransom pulled one of the rings from the box and slipped it onto Cougar's finger. She was about to place the other on her own finger when Cougar took it from her. Holding it up, she looked at it and noticed an inscription on the inside of the band. Confusion showed on her face.

"It's Greek, it means eternity. They've been handed down for centuries to the daughters. The last ones to wear these rings were my Grandmothers on Mom's side."

"Grandmothers? As in plural?"

"Let's just say that Sarah and I are not the first."

She slipped the ring onto her finger then placed a kiss upon it.

"For eternity."

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The rumble of the Harley echoed through the small town of Charlestown. They were looking for the bed and breakfast named the George Washington Inn, history says that Washington's brother owned it and when in the area, the first President of the States would stay there. It was on a quiet street, its front porch had a wrought iron swing that faced the small lawn. Lilac bushes stood on either side of the small inn, giving off its sweet scent. As they walked into the inn they had a feeling of going back in time. All the furniture was the original from that era, the hardwood floors shone from a fresh scrubbing; the whitewashed walls made the small area look larger. Ransom looked at the framed pictures on the wall. It was of the area during the Civil War. Union soldiers stood around a bivouac with Gen. George Washington.

"I get the eeriest feeling from this picture." Ransom hugged herself trying to control the goose bumps and the shiver that went up her back. Warm hands rubbed her hands. She leaned back and tilted her head up to catch the pale features of her lover.

Cougar's voice was low and deep as she spoke. "It seems so familiar to me; I can almost smell the wet, wool uniforms and the sweat of horses and tack."

"Déjà vu?" Ransom asked, for some odd feeling had struck her when they came through the underpass into Bakerton. But she shrugged it off as just being in a new place.

"Do you believe in that stuff, Baby?" Cougar whispered in her lover's ear.

"I never thought of it before." *That is until I met you*, she thought to herself.

"I thought I heard someone out here." A short thin woman in her very late 80's strode into the room. Her pure white hair swept back in a bun at the nape of her neck gave her a very domineering presence. Her light green eyes twinkled when the two women jumped at her voice. "Can I help you ladies?"

Ransom tried to find her voice, the first word that came out cracked. Clearing her voice she gave the older woman a small smile.

"We would like a room if you have one available?"

The older woman gave them a bright smile showing off her dentures.

"To be young again and in love. If I was only 70 years younger I'd give ya both a run for your money!" She gave a short laugh at the looks on their shocked faces. "What? Do ya think our kind was just invented in the last 30 years or so?" She chuckled. "By the way my name's George Washington." She held up her hand when she noticed that Ransom's mouth started to work. "Don't go there little one, Ma had a wicked sense of humor. I say she had lack of imagination." She grabbed Ransom's hand in her frail one and pulled her to the stairs in the other room. "Come with me, you two are in luck. You're the only ones here besides some dorky businessman. You can have the President's Room for as long as you like."

She showed them into a large room. Against the one wall was an old wardrobe and a chest of drawers. What got their attention was the huge four-poster bed covered with a hand made quilt.

Ransom wrapped one arm around her lover and leaned into her side. A bright smile lit up her face. "It's beautiful!"

"My grandma made that quilt just before she died. And it's been on that bed ever since." She grinned at their grimaces. "Of course except when it's at the cleaners. I'll let you two get settled in. Breakfast is at 0730 sharp. Sleep well, not like you're going to get any sleep but just thought I'd be polite." She laughed as she walked out the door. They could hear her say "Youngin's" as she made her way back down the stairs.

"Animal, can we go get something to eat? I'm starving here."

"Sure, Baby, I'm kind of hungry myself."

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The *Cliffside Inn* was never so glad to see two people leave in the entire time they had been serving the all you can eat seafood buffet. The employees were waiting for the two women to just pull up their chairs to the bar and dig in.

Ransom pushed back her chair, rubbing her hands across her stomach she groaned. "I think I'll walk back to the inn, I'm stuffed!"

Cougar looked at all the crab leg remains in front of her lover and wouldn't doubt it a bit that she was full. She blushed at all the shrimp tails in front of herself and bit back the comment she was going to make. "I think we'll push the Hog back, cuz I feel just as full as you look." Ransom followed blue eyes to her protruding stomach and grinned in an evil way.

"How about afterwards we work off some of these calories?" Her eyebrows wiggled above mischievous green eyes.

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Cougar slowly undressed Ransom, dropping her clothes to the floor one piece at a time. Once her lover was completely naked she stood and gazed at how the light of the moon coming through the window cast a mystical glow around her body.

"You are so beautiful!" She pulled her own shirt off over her head. She stopped when she felt warm lips touch her stomach and travel lower to the waistband of her leather pants. Fingers floated across her skin as they moved their way down with the release of each button on her fly.

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George lay in her feather down bed and listened with sharp ears, she could hear the soft moans coming from the young couple's room. "For eternity girls, for eternity." She rolled over and drifted off to the lands of dreams.

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Taking their time they explored each other's bodies as if it was the first time they had ever touched, long stroking of fingertips across smooth skin bringing tingles to nerve endings. Cougar lay upon her back with Ransom astride one thigh, holding onto her hips she held her upright as they moved against each other. Their wetness coating each other's bodies and mingling together. Cougar ran her fingertips up her lover's sides to the bottom of her breasts. Cupping them, she brought her thumbs across sensitive nipples bringing them to hardened peaks. Ransom moaned at the feel. Leaning forward she offered them to an eager mouth. Fire raged through her body the second she felt the warm tongue flick the tip. Lips closed over it and sucked until she was writhing. Placing her hands on Cougar's breasts, she massaged her breasts until she too was moaning. Releasing one breast she moved to love the other the same way. Feeling Ransom's center throb against her thigh, she knew she was close to the edge. Wrapping her hands over her back she pulled her down for a deep kiss. Slowly she wrapped her tongue around her lover's and sucked it into her mouth. She felt shocks go right to her nether region as Ransom pinched her nipples. Breaking away from their kiss she gasped.

She knew they were both very close to reaching the pinnacle so she pulled Ransom down to lay on her chest and raised her leg to give more contact. They moved faster against each other. Timing it just right Cougar entered her from behind. Ransom's thigh pressed tight against her bundle of nerves, as Cougar's hips thrust upward. She carried Ransom with her up and over the edge. Their screams bounced off the bedroom walls, all that could be heard were small gasps as the tremors jumped through their bodies. Sharing a gentle kiss, they professed their undying love for each other and fell asleep in each other's arms.

After an embarrassing first few moments at breakfast with George teasing them, they got on the Hog and headed towards Shepardstown. They were on back roads headed to nowhere in particular when Cougar saw the signs for the Gettysburg Battlegrounds. Pulling into the small parking lot, they parked the Harley. After shedding their leather jackets and helmets they walked along the trenches that are still there from the battle. They read each of the bronze plaques that were stationed along the way to the watchtower. They were drawn to the tower. After climbing the many hundreds of steps, they came to the top and looked out over the open fields. They could see for miles upon miles, almost being able to envision the battle between the states below them. Cannons were still sitting on ridges to the east of the tower, angled downward to shoot down into the trenches. A fine misty fog rolled across the fields looking almost like soldiers running to their deaths, saltpeter and sulfur laced the air with a thickness. Their mouths became dry with the taste. Sounds of rifle fire, screams of pain, the sounds of hoof beats and the clashing of sabers rang out into the air as the women sat above the ridgeline with picnic baskets watching the battle

below. Cougar felt Ransom shiver and wrap her arms around her waist. The heat from their bodies brought them back to the present with a jolt.

"Cougar, did you feel anything strange just a few seconds ago?"

"Oohh yeah, spooky, unexplainable, *X-Files* stuff!"

Ransom looked up into darkened blue eyes to see a battle rage she had only seen twice before. "I can see you leading the Calvary with a saber in your hand and yelling from horseback."

Cougar leaned over and kissed her forehead. "And you were most likely sitting up there with the womenfolk watching." She replied with a small smile. "What would make a man fight harder than his soul mate waiting for him after a battle?"

A pensive look came over Ransom's face. "Ya got me on that one, I can't think of a single thing."

Walking arm in arm they headed back for the parking lot, passing dorky looking tourists in their golf shirts, plaid shorts, and loafers.

"Baby, if I ever even think of dressing like that, please shoot me with my own gun!"

Ransom looked at the dorks and shivered. "Only if ya do the same for me?" Shaking their heads they continued walking.

On their way back to Charlestown, they stopped in Shepardsdown at the Yellow Bank Restaurant for lunch. They were served the same kind of food that people would have eaten during the Civil War era. For once neither one of them could clean their plates. It was still early so on their way back they sung back towards Harper's Ferry. They went into the small shops where hand dipped candles, soaps and herbal remedies were made, and found the little shop where they made home made ice cream. They now stood on a small bridge and watched Mallard ducks with their babies in the water below. Ransom had found in a brochure that this bridge was named Hog Alley, and that captive soldiers were thrown here amongst the hogs to be torn apart. Ransom shivered at the thought of a pig eating a human. They rounded a corner and came to stand in front of the John Brown Museum. The house was built pre-Civil War, and in each room was a scene that had been set up with wax figures. Some of the clothes on the figures were original from that period. A small speaker box was set up in front of each scene, when the button was pushed a voice would tell its history. Cougar almost came out of her boots when the wax figures started to move.

"My Gods! This place gives me the creeps!" she whispered to her lover so that no one else could hear.

"Me too, let's get outta here before I have a heart attack."

The last wax figure they saw on the way out was that of John Brown. Cougar's heart jumped to her throat as she looked into his cold life-like eyes.

She grabbed Ransom's hand and pulled her out the door, after walking a couple minutes they

found a bench and sat down close to one another.

"I think they stuffed old John and stuck him in that house."

"EEEWWW, Cougar, that's morbid!" Ransom slapped her in the shoulder. "You watch too many of those old creepy movies."

Cougar started to hum the music from the movie Psycho, when green eyes turned to look at her, she jumped her lover and they rolled off the bench into the grass. They were wrestling around when Ransom noticed spit shinned boots by her head. Her eyes traveled up the dark green pant legs of a Park Ranger uniform to find small beady eyes looking down at her.

"Is there a problem here, ma'am? Is this man bothering you?"

Cougar's head popped up from where she had buried it against her lover's neck. She got to her feet and towered over him by more than a foot. Reaching down, she pulled Ransom to her feet. Steel blue eyes shot daggers into the man. "My wife happens to like when I bother her." After hearing this, the man's mouth dropped open. "So if you'll excuse us, I'm taking her back to our room so I can bother her for the next 12 hours."

Ransom took her hand and they walked away chuckling at the man still standing with his mouth open.

"You are a very bad animal!"

"Wanna punish me?" She wiggled her dark brows.

"Most definitely!" She grabbed Cougar's ass as they made their way back to the Hog.

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Back at the inn they were surprised to see George sitting on the swing with another older lady. She was most definitely a member of the blue haired ladies society. Her shoulder length hair had that light blue tint to it. Ransom often wondered why they had their hair tinted in blue or pink. It would always remain a mystery to her; she didn't have the guts to ask any of them.

"Youngin's this is my lady friend Betsy. This very tall dark one is Cougar and the pretty little one is her wife Ransom." She grinned at the blush on their faces. "There the ones who made all that racket last night and drove off the businessman." Their faces showed shock at the news of what they had done.

"Ohh I'm sorry, George," Ransom apologized. "We'll make monetary restitution for any problems we've caused." Her eyebrow cocked at the two old women now laughing at her.

"Don't worry about it, honey," George forced out between laughing.

"No, don't worry about nothing!" Betsy echoed her lover. "We ran the old pervert off ourselves!" They were laughing so hard that tears flowed down their faces. "Nothin' like two wrinkled up old women chasing each other through the house butt naked."

Cougar looked down into amused green eyes and winked. "See and you're always complaining about me running around naked in our apartment. I *could* do it down the halls!"

She got smacked in the shoulder for that one.

"I am not even gonna go there, but there is someplace I want to go." Her eyebrows wiggled up and down. George and Betsy caught the look and laughed all the harder.

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Each giving George and Betsy a hug they headed out the door and back towards DC. It took them less time to get to the city than it had to leave; they had caught the interstate at the time when everyone was already at work. They pulled up at Ransom's apartment and parked the bike. Cougar picked Ransom up along with their bag and carried everything up the stairs. She dropped the bag and carried Ransom into their bedroom, without missing a beat they fell to the bed.

"My legs are killing me!" Cougar moaned.

"I didn't tell ya to carry me up the steps, but it sure beats climbing them." Dropping a kiss on her lover's jaw she then snuggled up against her.

"That's not why they hurt, baby, I think it was what we did last night." She pinched Ransom's ass. "I can't bend in a pretzel like I use to ya know, after all I'm older than you!"

"What a lame excuse, animal, 4 years ain't nothin'!" She slapped Cougar in her stomach. "Just wait until we're in our 80's and see what we can and can not do!" Cougar started laughing at a picture that ran through her mind, much to Ransom's amazement she laughed harder when she looked at her.

"What is so damn funny?"

"Walker races in support hose and diapers."

Ransom grabbed a pillow, put it over her lover's head, and jumped on her. "You'll be wearing diapers before me old lady!"

After their roughhousing they lay halfway on the floor and the bed with Zeus looking down at them.

"Baby, what would ya say ta us moving into one apartment instead of going back and forth

between the two?"

Ransom rolled over and propped her head up on Cougar's chest. "How about if we ditch both of them and get a bigger apartment outside the city?"

"But we have ta stay with in the district, remember that stupid law the City Council passed." In a whiny voice she quoted. "All city employees must reside in the Columbia district"

"Ahh fuck 'em if they can't take a joke! We'll give 'em Sarah's address and we'll move ta Virginia!"

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Two days later they were moving into a small house in Springfield, Virginia. Their commute was about 25 minutes at the most; it was a straight shot up 95 right into the cop shop. Once they had every thing set up they looked around and started laughing. Nothing matched; in fact the place looked like they decorated it with stuff found set out for the garbage men.

"Baby, I feel like a bag lady!" Cougar whined while giving Ransom her puppy look.

"Next paycheck we'll go get some new furniture, OK?"

"OK, lets go bless our new bedroom."

Thank the Gods they had no neighbors close by otherwise the cops would have been there to issue tickets for disturbing the peace to them. The next day two-exhausted Sgt.'s showed up for work after their short vacation. They received funny looks from the other officers as to the way they were dragging ass and how their clothes were mismatched. Rourke looked out of her office and saw them at their desks, she yelled for both of them to get their asses in there. Cougar mouthed an "oh oh" to her lover who just shrugged her shoulders and grinned. Giving her sister a huge smile, she dropped into a chair and threw her feet up on her desk. Cougar stood behind her with her hands on her shoulders.

"Problem, Sis?"

"Ya could say that! You two moved out of the District. Are ya nuts? If any one finds out about this your ass is grass!"

"That's why I put down your address. They'll just think we're one big happy family." She grinned.

Cougar had a strange look on her face, her brows dropped down over her nose. "How'd you find out we moved?"

"Your landlady called." Rourke's eyes bulged as she saw the ring on Cougar's finger. "Is that

what I think it is?" She pointed.

Two toothy smiles came over the couple's faces. Ransom nodded her head. "I decided to make an honest sex slave outta her."

Rourke came around her desk and gave them each a huge hug, she had never been happier for her little sister. And thought it was about damn time she found someone to boss around besides her.

"There are hearts breaking all over the city tonight!" she joked. "You two are going to have to come over to my place so we can celebrate." She went back to her desk and sat down. "I got you two new officers for your command van. They should already be there getting everything ready. And be gentle on them, they're coming from burglary dept.

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Approaching the command van from the back of the alley, they were about to slide the side door open when they heard struggling and grunts coming from inside. Fearing the worst, they pulled their guns and stood on either side of the door. Cougar showed three fingers, telling Ransom that she would slide the door then. On three Cougar went high, Ransom dropped low and just about gave the officers inside heart attacks. A black female officer had a disheveled white female officer hog-tied with radio wire.

"This is interesting?" Cougar said to Ransom. "I'm pissed; they never taught me that at the academy."

"Ohh, you must have missed that class, its S&M 101." Ransom put her gun back in her 'ho' purse and gave the two officers a wicked grin. "So, whatcha doing?"

The black officer looked down at her partner then at the two Sgt.'s before her. "Uuuhhmm... You see... SHIT!" She smacked her partner in the back of her head. "It's all your fault AGAIN!" She stood up leaving her partner struggling on the floor of the van. She held out her hand to Ransom. "I'm Sgt. L. O'Rielly and that's," pointing to her partner, "Dumbass, who tried to pick up a hooker and bring her back to the van!"

"Did NOT! She followed me."

"Yeah, after ya showed her a twenty dollar bill and ran!"

Cougar looked to her lover and laughed. It seemed that they went from one extreme to the other where their partners were concerned. "Go ahead and untie her, if she steps out of the van shoot her."

Green eyes peeked out from under brown hair at the word shoot. She looked back over her shoulder at O'Rielly. "L. you wouldn't shoot me...would ya?" Her answer was a huge toothy grin. "Oohh shit!" she mumbled. "OK, I'll be good. By the way I'm Sgt. L. Raven. Every one calls us

Double L."

The four of them sat in the van waiting for the johns to start cruising; it gave them a chance to get to know each other.

"Tell us how you got transferred to Vice?" Ransom asked their two new partners.

"It was her fault!" O'Rielly pointed to Raven. "We were investigating a B&E on the NE side of town, when all of a sudden I hear this loud scream. I take off running and find Dumbass on the ground being attacked by a K-9 dog. The next thing I know the dog is yelping and I hear a shot fired, I thought she shot the dog. Until I see the K-9 officer with his gun in his hand. His dog runs over to him still yelping and Raven's rolling around on the ground holding her shoulder."

"He shot me cuz I bit his dog's ear, but I only did it cuz the damn thing was trying ta steal my Zingers!" Her green eyes narrowed. "No one steals my Zingers!!!"

Cougar and Ransom looked at each other then the other two. Cougar cleared her throat. "What was K-9 doing there?"

"He said he was letting his dog relieve itself." O'Rielly gave them a small shrug of her shoulders. "We think differently."

Ransom tilted her head. "Why's that?"

Raven gave them both a big grin. "Paybacks. I kinda stole his dog's yellow rubber ducky one day and he's still pissed about it."

"OK. Well, it's about that time, Princess."

"Ready when you are, Animal. If you guys hear the code word 'ransom', radio for a cruiser."

Two heads nodded at them as they left the van and made their way around the block and back to their normal spot on the street. Ransom was strutting her stuff up to a car. As she was leaning in through the window she got the strangest feeling; the hair on the back of her neck stood up. She pulled back from the window to hear Raven's voice over her earpiece yelling "SNIPER!" She looked over at Cougar who had her hand up to her ear and was looking around trying to see where the gunman was. Ransom caught a flash from the building across from her. She ran and jumped at Cougar just as she heard a snapping noise. She rolled to her side trying to get to her gun and froze when she saw the blood covering Cougar's chest.

She threw her body over her lover when she heard shots fired. O'Rielly's voice was heard over her earpiece calling for back up and officer down. She heard a loud shot ring out and then a yell to go with it. Then Raven was at her side. She pulled Ransom off of Cougar and ripped her shirt open looking for where she had been shot.

"You lucky bitch. Ransom put your hand over the hole and press down. I'll be back in a minute."

Tears flowed down her face as she looked at all the blood on her lover's chest. A deep, sharp pain was tearing at her insides as she looked down into her calm face. "Don't you leave me, Cougar! You hear me don't you leave me here all alone!" She buried her face in her lover's neck and sobbed. "I can't lose you!"

"I'm not going anywhere, Baby." Ransom lifted her head, tears flowing down her face. "It's just a little hole, got any Band-Aids?" She tried to sit up but Ransom forced her back down.

"Don't move animal, the ambulance is on it's way." O'Rielly and Raven came running over with the first aid box out of the van. Pulling surgical pads out of the box Raven put it over the entrance hole then rolled her over and put one on the exit hole.

"You're damn lucky it went right through and didn't hit anything!"

Ransom moved so that Cougar's head was resting in her lap; she brushed back the dark hair off of Cougar's forehead. "Raven, what happened to the sniper?"

"Ooohh I don't think we have to worry about him anymore." She pulled her 357 Magnum out of her double shoulder holster. "I got the bastard with my pea shooter."

O'Rielly pushed everyone back from the scene and directed the ambulance up onto the sidewalk. Within minutes they had Cougar on a stretcher and her and Ransom were on their way to the hospital. No sooner had they left than Rourke came skidding to the scene in her car. After her two officers explained what happened they went over to the building where the sniper had been. Taking positions outside the door with weapons drawn they entered one at a time to search the room. They found the body of the sniper with what was left of his face.

"Which one of you got him?" Rourke asked.

"That would be me." Raven grinned at her Capt. "Guess my aim was a little low, I was aiming for a forehead shot." She shrugged her shoulders. "That's what he gets for shooting Cougar and me."

O'Rielly and Rourke both looked at her with raised eyebrows.

Raven held her arms out to the sides. "What?"

Rourke looked at her. "You have a vest on?"

"Uhhmm...yeah." She pulled her shirt open and showed them. "See it went... son of a bitch!" She pushed her finger through the upper part of the vest over her left shoulder. "Right through! Cheap ass things!"

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Ransom was sitting in the hall waiting for word about Cougar when her sister, O'Rielly and a bleeding Raven came down the hallway. She got up and fell into her sister's arms sobbing. "Why Sarah?" she cried. "Who was he and why did he shoot Cougar?" Sarah pushed her back down in the chair and told Raven to go get her shoulder fixed before she kicked her ass.

"The guy that shot Cougar was a drug lord, the same one who arranged the drug pick-up that got Jackson killed. But we don't have to worry anymore, Raven blew his head off." Ransom cried harder, burying her face against her sister's chest she held on for dear life. O'Rielly whispered to her Capt. that she was going to check on both Cougar and Raven.

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Cougar was still sleeping after her surgery but her roommate was wide-awake and playing cards with her partner, O'Rielly. Ransom sat in a chair right beside her bed, her head resting on her lover's chest with her arm across her stomach. Rourke was in the nurse's station on the phone with the cop shop, she was trying to get information on the sniper. A long deep groan came from her chest, rubbing her face she said goodbye. She was still rubbing her face when she stepped into the room where her officers were.

"I've got some news on our sniper." Three heads turned her direction and waited. "They found a note in the guy's pocket along with a bank receipt. He was paid 50 thousand to take Cougar out." Fresh tears ran down Ransom's face as she listened to her sister. "The note had a name on it, it was Delany." A deep growl came from Ransom at the thought of all the stuff Delany had done to them and now he was still trying to get them from jail.

"I'll kill the bastard!" She went to stand up but was pulled back down.

"That's my job, Baby." Cougar wasn't surprised when her lover fell on her and ravaged her mouth with a deep kiss. Breaking the kiss because Cougar gasped, Ransom saw that she had hit where she had been shot.

Rourke moved closer to Cougar's bed; she hesitated at first but thought it only right that she be the one to tell her who had shot her.

"Cougar, the sniper that shot you was the drug lord who set up the pick-up where Jackson was killed. I'm sorry."

Cougar's face turned beet red, the veins throbbed in her temples and neck. Rage ripped through her body as she pictured the night that her lover was killed. She closed her eyes, her whole body tensed so much that she was ridged in the bed. Her fists clenched on the side rails hard enough to make them groan under the pressure. When her eyes opened to look at her Capt., Rourke would have fallen over if the look had been for her. However, the ice-blue eyes were seeing something no one else could. As Ransom watched her lover struggle with her emotions, she did the only thing she knew that could bring her back from the brink of violence. She leaned next to Cougar's

George brought another platter of pancakes out to the kitchen table and put it down in front of her two friends. "So are we all going out tonight? Betsy has been driving me nuts about going dancing at a bar."

Cougar looked at Ransom and smiled. Very wicked thoughts went through her mind as to what she wanted to do on the dance floor with a certain little blond. "Sounds good to me, how about it, Baby?"

"Can't let the ladies down now can we? But first we have some business to attend to upstairs."

After they had left the table to retire to their room, George got on the phone to her lover.

"Betsy, you are not gonna believe the youngin's! They're at it again!"

The end

Cougar's Ransom

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