

~ Emotional Paralysis ~

by Larisa

Disclaimer: Yep, I know who they remind you of but these ones are all mine!
Sex/Violence. Both are here, some of the violence is kinda rough; I tried to not make it to graphic.

The rest: If you're still in diapers and I could go to jail for taking you out! Then go get some Xe and Brie dolls and come back later.

Emotional Paralysis

By Larisa

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The screaming voices could be heard all the way outside through the closed windows and doors, screams of rage and frustration bouncing off each other. One high pitched the other lower to be accompanied by the shattering of glass and loud whacks. This went on daily, the noise was part of the scenery in the little suburban area. Neighbors had gotten so use to it after two years that they used it as a time clock, everyday at 2pm it started and lasted for forty-five minutes or shorter. Except for today it went way past the normal time then ended with the banging of the front door and a squeal of tires as a black Ford Probe flew out of the driveway. The driver a young man with dark unruly hair and dark eyes had enough of his so called fiancée, after two years of watching her become more and more hateful towards him, family and friends he had to leave or lose what little bit of patience he had left. He had already lost all the emotional feelings of love for her a long time ago when she started taken out her pain and frustration on him and others. What he felt was pity for her and that had run it's course out today, he had another life outside of the prison she lived in and it was long overdue that he shed the shackles of doing the right thing and stick by her side to the very end. He had someone waiting for him that didn't have the emotional scarring and lack of self-esteem.

Cameron Dargan sat in her wheelchair clenching her fists until the knuckles turned white, her jaw clenched as her molars ground against themselves making a horrible noise. Wheeling herself towards her desk she grabbed the heavy brass picture frame that contained a picture of her and her fiancée Peter from two years ago. Both smiling for the camera on the happiest day of their lives, it was the day she had accepted his proposal of marriage. That was the last day she had ever been happy, it all ended in a split second. Holding the frame over her head she repeatedly slammed it down on the edge of the desk until wood splintered off and the frame was mangled beyond any shape except maybe abstract art. Blood dripped from her cut palms and fingers onto her thin bare thighs, flinging the frame across the room, she had made a perfect hit with the TV screen. A loud explosion echoed throughout the small house as the picture tube blew up, sparks shot from the back and shorted out the breaker switches putting the rooms into a dimness in the early evening light. Her breathing was ragged from both physical exhaustion and emotional pain. Tears refused to fall, she had cried all of those away a very long time ago. She had woke up in

the hospital in a traction bed. She was told that she would have to stay that way until her body healed from her broken back and ruptured vertebrae. At the time she thought it was nothing, she was twenty-four years old and in excellent condition, she would heal fast and be back to normal in no time. That was until her body started to disobey her wishes and turn around and slap her. She suffered from the pain of being in the "damned contraption" as she called it to having tubes run down into her lungs to help her breathe, pneumonia ravaged her body, making her weak and stealing what little bit of fight she had left in her. Her family, friends and fiancée Peter Cory were with her the entire time she was in the hospital giving her support, after she was released she had to become adjusted to getting around in a wheelchair until she was able to start physical therapy to regain her strength so that one day she could throw the wheelchair away. They all helped her at no time was she alone, her small house was fitted for the handicapped and therapists were hired to get her back on her feet. After a while she became disappointed that her recovery wasn't going as fast as she wanted it, her entire personality changed, hateful names became a normal thing for her to call the people that cared the most for her. Nurses and therapists lasted but days before quitting, saying that they couldn't take the verbal abuse she dished out and sometimes the ones that didn't cringe and run from her name-calling saw just how good an aim she was with what ever she could get her hands on. The one who stood by her side was Cory, he put up with her temper tantrums out of guilt. Her friends stopped coming by and Cory stood by her for a time until he found other things outside of her world to occupy his time. It was his fault that she was in a wheel chair and couldn't walk, he punished himself for a time for what had happened that fateful night of their engagement party. When both of their lives turned for the worse.

Cameron wheeled her chair to the kitchen, rolling over the mess she had made on the floor with their dinner when Cory told her that he had plans to meet a friend and would not be home with her. She had went off the edge, throwing the plates on the floor as well as the chicken with the special Marsala sauce she had cooked. The only thing that had survived her tantrum was the bottle of wine that sat on the kitchen counter in an ice bucket. She pulled it out and didn't even bother with a glass, taking a large drink from the bottle she closed her eyes as it settled in her empty stomach. Moving her way to the pantry she pulled three more bottles out and put them in her lap before going out the back door to sit out on the deck. She had found that by drinking she didn't have to face her bleak future in her damn wheelchair until she woke up from her inebriated state the next morning. But it never took away the nightmares she lived with every night for the last two years, they came and made her relive the pain over and over. The laughing tore her insides up more than anything and it was Cory's laugh that hurt the most.

As the last bottle slipped from her fingers to roll on the deck her body gave into the darkness, she could feel the warm breeze whipping through her hair as Cory sped down the road. He was laughing at the way she was clutching the dashboard of his small sports car and screaming at him to slow down. They had just left their engagement party 30 minutes ago to head home to her small house. She had a slight buzz from the wine she had drank and she knew that Cory had been drinking bourbons all night and was feeling no pain. In fact he wasn't feeling anything at the moment except the wind rushing at them, he floored the little car until he buried the speedometer needle in the red. His laughing became louder the faster they went, Cameron's screams pierced the air as she begged him to stop. He reached out and slapped her in the side of her face leaving a

bright red handprint. Shocked that he had hit her she stopped screaming and turned tear filled green eyes to stare at him. She reached over trying to turn the car off and found her hair being grabbed from the back, he yanked her back and threw her over to the passenger side of the car and told her to stop ruining their night by being a whiny ass little bitch. Her Irish temper flared and she punched him in his jaw, murderous brown eyes glared at her. He grabbed her long blonde hair and pulled her to him so that their eyes met mere inches apart.

"Don't you ever hit me again you stupid bitch!" He yelled right before the car veered and went up over a concrete median strip. The small car looked like it had been launched in the air, it spun three times before it landed on it's side the flipped two more times before it came to a complete stop. All Cameron could feel was the sharp pain in her hips and legs, she tried to move but there was a heavy weight pinning her down. She tried to look around her but everything started to swirl in bright colors and the roaring in her ears made it impossible to hear her own voice. She jerked awake with a short scream when she heard the high piercing noise, it reminded her of the machines that she had lived with for so long in the hospital. Brushing her sweat soaked short blonde hair from her eyes she listened for the noise again. After a while she heard the answering machine click on and Cory's voice come over the speaker.

"Cami, are you there? Please pick up the phone, we need to talk."

A few seconds of silence went by before she heard him hang up.

"Fuck you! You fucking cheating bastard! I hate you!" She screamed with her slurred voice, her throat raw from the night before brought tears to her bloodshot eyes when she tried to breath. Swinging her chair back around she went into the kitchen from the deck, her bladder was screaming from the pressure of having three bottles of wine sloshing around in it. The bathroom near the kitchen had been enlarged years ago so that she could get her chair through the door, rails had been put on the walls and one set anchored to the floor to make it easier for her to pulled herself from her chair. With her body sluggish from the alcohol she struggled to move to the toilet. Sliding her shorts down she made it just in time before she would of had to sit in a very wet wheelchair. Bending over at the waist she let her chest lay upon her thighs, she didn't know how long she had been sitting there listening to the pounding on the front door, it seemed like it was part of her hazy brain. Pushing her shorts to the floor she got back in her chair to make her way to the front door.

"Go the fuck away! Just leave me alone!" Putting the end of the steel bar in the slot on the floor she propped the other end in the fixture on the door and went to the kitchen for more wine. The pounding had stopped to be followed minutes later by the phone ringing. She listened to her mother's voice begging her to pick up the phone. Finally she hung up, there was nothing she hated more than the way her parents treated her. One minute they were babying her the next they were acting like she had some kind of disease and didn't want to catch it. They paid attention to her when it was convenient to them, like when her father had important clients around he always made it a point to let them know that he did everything for his sweet little girl. The minute they were alone he just glared at her and told her what a big mistake she was making by waiting to marry Cory. That it was important to his firm and how it would benefit everyone by joining the two family's law offices. She told him time and again that she didn't want to marry Cory and that

he wasn't the kind and generous man they all thought him to be. That he was mean and spoiled and became worse when he drank but he would hear none of it, then her mother would get in on it and tell her that she would learn to love Cory. After all he was a good lawyer and cared for her and made lots of money to support them. What she couldn't get through their thick skulls was that Cory paid for nothing. It was her money that paid for all of her care, the insurance company that set up the therapists and nurses and the handicapped organizations that donated the wheelchair and walkers for her use. And the small Social Security check that she got once a month. Cory did nothing for her but leach off of her by living in her house and use her as a host for his friends from the office. She was the token cripple for everyone, now they could all kiss her ass and when someone found her lifeless body slumped in her chair then they could cry in front of the camera's and try to convince the world that they cared about her.

Sitting in front of the refrigerator she pulled out the case of Honey brown ale, she pushed her way back through the kitchen to the living room, then remembered that she had smashed the TV. Cursing to herself she headed to one of the two bedrooms of her small house, this room was set up for her convince years ago. No one had bothered when she said that she wanted a regular bed and to this day she still had the hospital type bed in her room.

No one ever listened to her, she would beg for help doing the more difficult things that were near impossible to do only to be told to stop her whining. Then when she didn't do something she was being childish and should grow up. She remembered when her mother came over to find her sitting in her chair naked with only a pair of slippers on her feet. She told her mother that she had no clean clothes. The first thing out of her mother's mouth was 'You need to learn how to do things by yourself.' She tried to tell her mother that she couldn't reach the washer from her chair and that Cory told her it was women's work to do the cleaning, washing and drying of clothes. 'Funny how he always has clean clothes for work and neither one of them did his laundry.' She told her mother. And that all she asked was for him to put the clothes in the washer and then the dryer and she would do the rest, that when she got low on clothes that she had to struggle up onto the dryer and lay there to get her clothes out so that she could get them into the dryer.

After arguing with her mother she had lost her temper and told her to get her rich high society fucking ass out of her house and to never come back again and to tell her bastard of a father to kiss her ass.

It had been months since she had heard from any of them, the only one who stopped in once in a while was Cory and that was to make it look like he cared about her welfare. It made him look good in the public eye that he stood by his crippled fiancée. Funny how the accident never made the news and how he wasn't blamed for it either. She had pushed all of this to a dark part of her mind for a long time but as things changed she let it resurface and fed it until a rage would erupt like a volcano and singe every thing around her. Now all she had was the rage and the hate for everyone who she used to know.

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Four days later the health care company that supplied her therapists received a call from one of their employees saying that they couldn't get into Cameron's house and nor would she answer the door. Once a week they came to check on her to make sure that she was keeping up with the medication for the pain and cramps that she suffered from and to do her physical therapy. What the therapist wasn't about to tell was that he had never done the therapy on her and that very rarely did he ever see her. He would yell through the door to her and she would tell him to go fuck himself. So he would take the two hours that he was to spend with her and go to the gym or do what ever it was that he needed to do that day before he went on to his next patient. But this time he knew there was something wrong, he could see through the front window the mess in the living room and when he went around the back he noticed the empty wine bottles and beer cans laying on the deck. He may lose his job over this but he couldn't live with himself if she was hurt or worse and he didn't report it.

He talked to his boss and was told to wait there that someone would be coming out to help him. He sat in his car and chewed on his fingernails, he prayed that it wasn't the boss himself that came out because he knew he would be in big trouble then. He was about to call back when he saw a dark blue blazer pull in behind him. He groaned as he saw who climbed out of it, he knew he was in for an ass chewing now. It wasn't the boss it was the nightmare from hell. Six foot of muscular woman walked towards his small car, if it was possible he would have crawled under his seat and hid from her. Just looking into her silvery blue eyes almost made him piss himself on numerous occasions. He had slouched down in his seat as low as possible to make himself smaller, he jumped when long black hair made it to his window before her eyes did. His hands were shaking where they sat on the bottom of the steering wheel, if he grabbed a hold he knew that he would rattle his car apart. His breath caught in his chest from one look into her face, she could turn a human to stone just like in the myths about Medusa. One side of her mouth turned up into an evil leer when she looked in at him, her voice deep purred his name sending shivers of fear down his spine.

"Problem Harry?"

Harry stuttered the first two words then quit to give her the pointing motion with one finger towards the house.

"Cameron...w w won't ans...wer...door." He tried to sink further into his seat when she raised her dark eyebrow over a silvery left eye.

"She won't huh? Well I'll just have to see if she left the back door open. Because I know you didn't check that, now did you?" She peered down at the terrified man who just shook his head no. She chuckled deep in her throat, it reminded Harry of a panther's growl more than anything human.

"Why don't you do us both a favor and crawl back to the office, I'm sure the boss has a little 90 year old lady that needs help with her groceries or something." Before she could move out of the way he had his car started and was tearing away from the curb.

"Little chicken shit, you let a five foot four wheelchair bound woman push you around!" She had

read the file on Cameron on her way over so she knew the history of how many health care people had been here in the last two years. And there was nothing she loved better than a difficult case. She wasn't known as Sean 'the nightmare' Hawkins for nothing. She rubbed her long fingers together as she went up the walkway towards where it wrapped around to the back of the small white house. Climbing the handicap ramp she noticed all the trash laying around. It looked like the aftermath of a keg party, trying the doorknob she found that it was locked.

"Like this is going to stop me?" She chuckled as she tightened her hand on the knob and turned it until she heard a snap. Dropping the broken handle onto a nearby chair she stuck her index finger into the hole and pulled back the locking mechanism and pushed the door open. Her nose wrinkled at the smell of stale beer, rotten garbage and urine. She couldn't believe that a woman lived here, it was more like a slop house for college kids. Stepping over the mess on the kitchen floor she went into the next room, which was the living room. The place looked like a tornado went through, in fact if one had, it would have probably left it cleaner. Sean groaned deep in her chest when she went down the hall and the strong smell of urine hit her in the face. She checked the one room that was the bathroom and found nothing except a pair of shorts on the floor, the next room looked like someone had just moved out of it, and bare clothes hangers laid on the single bed along with old worn out clothes. There was only one room left in the small house and that's where she heard the low murmur of a TV.

She tried to push the door open but found it blocked by something, sliding her hand down on the inside she felt the rear wheel of a wheel chair. From the way it was sitting she knew that she had to roll it to her right to be able to get the door open, this Cameron who ever had most likely tried to get out and got herself stuck behind the door. She moved the chair as much as she could until she had it where when she pushed on the door it would spin the front of the chair away from her allowing her to get in. What she saw made her groan again, the room was a mess. Dirty clothes were piled up against one wall along with molding towels and washrags. The sheets on the bed were stained with urine and blood. The blood is what worried her the most until she realized that she didn't smell the scent that came with a decomposing body. That was a scent that never left the memory of anyone unlucky enough to find a dead body. What she had here was a drunk, and a real bitch if the reports she had read were truthful. Now to find her, she looked to the side of the bed that was close to the wall and could just see a small foot sticking out from where the sheets and thin blanket had fallen off the bed. After she kicked all the empty beer cans away from the bed she pushed it away from the wall. She looked down at a small blonde, her short hair greasy and spiked all over her head, dark circles under her eyes and a long dark bruise on her one cheek. She knelt down and checked for a pulse and found her skin cold and clammy to the touch. The long T-shirt she had on was soaked and reeked of urine and she could see menstrual blood on the small woman's inner thighs and the floor beneath her.

"Always me! I always end up with the gross stuff." Sean mumbled to herself as she lifted the weightless woman into her arms. She took her into the bathroom and found that all it had was a regular shower, she knew that there had to be another one somewhere. Trudging back through the house she found the handicapped bathroom off of the kitchen.

"What an asinine place to put your bathroom, I bet if there was a basement you would have been put down there to live." She mumbled as she placed Cameron down on the seat in the shower.

She braced her side with her knee as she pulled the filthy T-shirt over her head. Kicking off her boots she then pulled off her socks, T-shirt and Levi's, there was no way she was going to get soaked and have to spend the rest of the day like that. Turning on the water she waited until it got hot then flipped the switch on the faucet so that the detachable showerhead worked.

She began to soak Cameron's hair when she heard her mumble something, she whispered deep in her throat for her to go back to sleep. She didn't need this little drunk coming to while she had her in the shower, it was hard as hell to hold on to a wet slippery naked body. After washing her hair and body she rinsed her off and wrapped her in a big towel. Going back into the living room she carried her over to the couch and laid her down. She needed a tampon and her bathroom had no cabinet space or anything in it. It was more like a bathroom at the hospital, devoid of anything that wasn't needed. Walking through the house naked made her feel like a perverted burglar but right now her clothes were the last thing on her mind. She searched the other bathroom for what she needed and found nothing but men's aftershave and shaving cream.

"Obviously not used by you short stuff." She shook her head when she found an empty box of Trojans in the trash can. "Wonder where he's at while your laying on the floor in your bedroom?" She searched the entire bedroom and found nothing. "Son of a bitch! Who the hell was suppose to be here for you?" Her temper was building by the second, know matter what a bitch the little woman was there was no excuse for her having to live like this. She knew that she had no car because she didn't see one when she got there. She wondered how long Cameron would have laid there if Harry hadn't called the office. She knew by the amount of blood on the floor and bed that it had been days that no one had been here. She knew that she would find out as soon as she took care of Cameron what the hell was going on in this house.

Sean had gotten dressed and ran out to her blazer where she kept a spare box of tampons. Mother nature always snuck up on her then flattened her with the curse at the worst times, so she was always prepared.

After she was done taking care of Cameron she searched for the phone, she mumbled to herself about having to insert tampons into strange snatches and she should ask for triple the pay for this one and they had better never ever send her out on another one like this. When the phone was picked up on the other end she laid right into her boss before he could say one word. Her face was red with anger and the veins in her neck were bulging. She was full into her yelling when she jerked the phone away from her ear. She was now deaf in her right ear from the whistle her boss had blown into the phone.

"YOU BASTARD!" She yelled over the phone then calmed down to listen to what her boss had to say.

"I called her parents house and they left days ago for Europe, so then I called her fiancée Peter Cory at his job and he had left for the Virgin Islands, not get this! For his honeymoon!" Her boss yelled. "See what money does to people? She comes from a rich family, is engaged to a rich kid and she's left to fend for herself! So tell me Sean, how bad is it over there?" Sean was floored by what he had told her, if her temper wasn't close before it was way over the red line to eruption now.

"She's passed out drunk, the house is all torn up and if I have to stay in here any longer I'll need my sinuses replaced! I can't believe that they all left her here alone!"

"Sean, you read the reports. She's hateful, sarcastic, and mouthy and hates the world. Can you blame them?"

"Listen little brother, she's all of five foot four and maybe 100 pounds, my dog could handle her! You mean to tell me that no one else can? It's bullshit!"

"Sis you don't have a dog. Any way, prove them wrong! That is what you do best, oh one of many skills." She heard him chuckle before he hung up on her. "You little bastard, I'm going to kick your ass when I see you! So the dogs a slight over sight." She hung the phone up and went to check on the little drunk. She was still sleeping, her mouth hung open and a light snore rattled from her nose. Sean looked down at the peaceful face, how her brows arched ever so slightly over her eyes and the way her small nose twitched in her sleep.

"We'll see who's the bigger bitch here small stuff." Sean mumbled as she left the room.

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Six hours later she had the house cleaned and almost all the laundry done, she wondered how the hell Cameron washed clothes when she couldn't reach into the washer let alone turn it on from her chair. Maybe that's why she had such a huge pile of dirty ones in her room? Her little voice remarked to her. "What about the asshole fiancée or should I say ex-fiancée? I wonder if she knows and that's why she was drinking herself into the next century. I'd love to get my hands on that bastard!" She spoke to the frying pan that she was cooking hamburgers in. "I must be losing my mind I'm talking to hamburgers!" She pulled a plate from the cabinet along with a glass, when she was done she went out into the living room to wake Cameron. She knew that she had to get her to eat something or she was going to be really weak from all the alcohol she had drank. She sat the plate down on the coffee table then turned to look down on the slumbering woman. She shocked herself when she pushed the silky blonde hair off her forehead and caressed a soft cheek. She had never treated a person with gentleness before and she didn't know why she had done it this time. Shaking Cameron's shoulder she tried to wake her up, all she got was a grumbling noise and the little woman burrowed deeper into the couch. She tried again this time calling her name. Bloodshot green eyes opened to a slit, she gazed around her trying to figure out where she was. Her voice was soft and rough from the screaming and to much alcohol.

"How did I get in here?" She looked over her left shoulder to see silvery blue eyes watching her. She jumped a little in surprise, her eyes squinted closed as she looked at Sean. "Who the fuck are you and how did you get in here?" Rolling over the towel came loose to show her breasts, and one thigh. "Fuck! Where the hell are my clothes and what did you do to me?" She pushed with her hands to get herself into a sitting position. The entire time Sean watched her with an amused grin on her face. "So this is what scared all of the others? She doesn't have anything on my language."

"I'm here because Harry couldn't get you to answer your door and it's a good thing it was me who found you and not him. He has enough problems with out finding a naked woman laying on the floor."

Cameron's brows drew down over her nose, she had cloudy memories as to what happened last. All she could remember was going to her room and that was it.

"Harry never comes in here because I don't want him or anyone else in here and that means you to. Now get your trespassing fucking ass out of my house before I call my fiancée and have him throw you out!"

Sean smirked at her, obviously she had no idea Cory was on his honeymoon or she was just using the bastard as an excuse.

"I saw a picture of him and let me tell you, he ain't man enough to throw me out! Not shut your yap and eat your supper before I tie you done and force feed you!"

Green eyes shot flames at her, which she ignored, when she went to get up she caught the small hand that had grabbed an ashtray from the coffee table.

"I WILL tie you up so knock the shit off" Sean took the ashtray with her and placed it across the room.

"Who the fuck are you and where do you get off telling me that you'll tie me down!" She yelled at the top of her lungs and then cursed her stupidity when her head started to pound. "I don't need your help so get the fuck out!" She reached down and grabbed the hamburger and threw it at Sean who snatched it out of mid air.

"You simple bitch! I just became your worst nightmare! You can call me what every one else does Bitch!" She strode over to where Cameron was still sitting on the couch. Pushing her back she forced the hamburger into her mouth.

"Now eat the fucking thing before I force the whole damn thing down your throat!" Grabbing one small hand she put it on the hamburger. Then watched as Cameron looked for something else to throw at her.

"Forget it I moved everything and cleaned your pig sty house, you live like a fucking animal!" She watched rage pour into green eyes, she had to break this beast down before she would be able to get her to do anything.

"And as far as your wimpy asshole fiancée, he's on his honeymoon in the Virgin Islands! Now eat while I go get you some clothes to put on." As she walked towards the laundry room she tossed over her shoulder that she had better not throw that hamburger because she would make sure that she crawled across the floor and cleaned it up. Cameron's eyes closed as she gritted her teeth, she still had a mouthful of food in her mouth and was about to spit it out when the flavor danced in her mouth. She chewed slowly at first then stated to wolf the food down, she hadn't

eaten in days and this simple meal was like a five star course. She was licking her fingers when Sean came back into the room with clean clothes tossed over her shoulder and another two hamburgers on a plate. she set the food down then handed Cameron a paper towel for her hands. Shaking the shorts and T-shirt a few times she put them on the couch next to her.

Grabbing the file folders off the table she sat in a chair and started flipping through to the page that told how Cameron's therapy was being handled, after a quick glance she knew that it was all a lie since she had admitted that she didn't let Harry into the house. Flipping through a few more pages she came to the one from the attending physician while she was in the hospital. Running down the page with her finger she came to the end and a frown came over her face. She looked up from under half lidded eyes to see Cameron eating her second hamburger.

"There's a glass of milk on the end table for you."

"I don't drink milk, where's my beer?"

"You drank it all along with numerous bottles of red wine and now you drink milk."

"I'm NOT drinking milk!"

"Then die of thirst, I don't really give a flying leap!" Sean gave her a force ten glare and watched as Cameron flinched a little and grabbed the glass from the table.

"I'll get my beer as soon as you leave so there!"

"I would just love to see that! Since there isn't any!!" Sean yelled back at her.

Cameron put the glass down with a loud thump. Bracing her hands on the couch she leaned forward, dropping her head down she gave her the most intimidating look she had and yelled back.

"I'll just call the store and have them bring me more! You can't stop me so go the fuck away! I don't need your help!"

"And if that's the case then how are you going to get to your chair? You are such a mental invalid that you wallow around in self-pity instead of doing something. If you want your chair go get it!"

"You know damn well that I'm paralyzed! I can't walk crawl or do anything else!" Her face was blood red, hands shaking as she yelled loud enough to cause the windows to shake.

"Bullshit! Your just a fucking lazy, spoiled, mouthy little snot nosed brat and a royal pain in the ass!"

Cameron pulled her towel off and threw it at Sean who just laughed at her and put the towel on the arm of the chair. She raised her left brow and gave Cameron a small evil grin.

"Come on short stuff show me what ya got besides a naked body."

Cameron started to huff and puff, her chest rising with each breath before she let out a blood-curdling scream of frustration.

"Oohh come on I know you can do better than that! Scream some more it gets me hot!" Sean wiggled her dark brows.

"You fucking bull dyke from hell! I'll kill you!"

"Well come on, come get me." She waved her forward. "You can't do it, remember you can't walk."

Cameron grabbed her clothes and pulled them on, sliding to the floor she moved down the hallway by balancing her weight on her hands and dragging her legs behind her. Sean followed behind her at a distance keeping her chuckling inside as she watched the determination in the little blonde. She stopped in the doorway and watched her stop and look at her clean bedroom.

Cameron was in complete shock, she knew what her house had looked like before she started drinking and know this strange woman who she didn't even know had broke in, taken care of her and cleaned her entire house. This woman had a mental problem! And now she had her crawling around her house to get to her wheelchair after they had screamed and yelled at each other. And she was still here, not like the others that took off running the minute she started yelling or throwing things at them. She knew it was going to take more than that to get rid of her, but she was determined to do it if it killed her to do so.

Sean watched her pull herself up into her wheelchair, this was going to be a fun one to say the least. This little thing was a challenge to be sure but she loved challenges. She wiped the grin off her face when Cameron righted herself in her chair and faced her.

"Are you happy now that you have humiliated me?"

"You did that to yourself, I did nothing but make you move your lazy ass. I put your clean clothes in the dresser, if there in the wrong places you can move them yourself. I made you a pitcher of iced tea and it's in the refrigerator and there's tampons in your bathroom."

Cameron's face turned a pink color, she remembered that her period had started and that she was trying to get to her bathroom. Then she remembered that she didn't have any because Cory refused to buy them for her. He said it embarrassed him to have to put them on the counter, which was stupid! But then he wouldn't take her to get them herself, he hadn't taken her anyplace in over a year.

"You may want to change it, it's been in way to long. You don't want TSS." Sean left the doorway on her way to the front door.

"Wait! Come back here!" Cameron called to her.

"You yelled?" Sean asked as she looked back around the door.

"You put a tampon in me?" Her emerald green eyes showed pure shock at having a stranger do something so personal.

"Yeah I did, and believe me I have done other things that are far more pleasurable than that. I'm going, I left my cell phone number by the phone in case you need anything." She left the still shocked woman sitting in her bedroom.

"I have never!"

Sean heard her and mumbled under her breath as she went down the hallway. "I know, it was a little tight down there."

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Cameron sat in her kitchen drinking the green iced tea that Sean had made for her, she had put a lot of sugar in it knowing that she would need it to calm the shakes that her body was going through from the alcohol. She was still amazed at what this woman had done. After she had left she went from room to room and saw all the little things that had been cleaned or put away. "Who the hell is she, my guardian angel?" She asked the empty kitchen.

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Sean walked into the office and searched for her little brother, she found him watching TV in the employee lounge. When she walked in he took one look at the huge grin on her face and knew that she had been having the time of her life.

"I see that you terrorized the terrorist. Is she really as bad as all the reports say?" Lou asked her as she sat down across from him and stretched her long legs out in front of her.

"Maybe for some prissy ass little therapist but she's nothing that I can't handle. Short stuff has a lot of fire in her and it may just be the thing to get her lazy ass out of that chair." Her brother's dark brows rose over her blue eyes.

"Do we still have her X-rays here? I want to take a look at them."

"We should, check in the filing cabinet." He said over his shoulder as she left the room. After fifteen minutes he went after her, she was in one of the exam rooms looking at Cameron's X-rays of her back. Lou could hear his sister mumbling under her breath.

"What's wrong?" He asked.

"Not a damn thing! That's the problem, she should have been walking by now, hell a year and a

half ago if these X-rays are right."

He took a look and nodded his head. "Your right, then why is she still in the wheelchair?"

"Because Harry who was supposed to have been doing her therapy was to damn busy doing what ever, instead of his job!" Lou knew she was mad, she hated when patients didn't get the treatment that they were paying for. It made their business look bad not to mention their reputation. "I want you to put Harry on the Mr. Simms case and every other case we have that's nasty."

Lou cringed at the thought of Mr. Simms, the guy was a freak! He refused to wear clothes during his therapy and always had a hard on no matter if the therapist was a male or female. He knew his sister was a bitch but he never thought of her as a sick bitch.

"Ohh you are sooo bad Sis, but I'll do it." He threw his arm around her shoulders and gave her a quick hug. "Does this mean that your going to tackle the bitch from hell?"

"You know me, I don't give up on anyone."

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Sean pulled her blazer into Cameron's driveway, before she got out she popped the lock up on the passenger side then hit the unlock button for the rear door. Whether Cameron liked it or not she was leaving the house and starting her physical therapy. Even if she had to be carried out against her will. Going up to the front door she rang the doorbell only to hear Cameron yell for her to 'go the fuck away!'

"Open the fucking door before I kick it in!"

"Go to hell you bitch!"

"Only if you go with me! Now open the door!"

"Fuck you!"

"In your wildest dreams baby." She mumbled to the door. Going around the back she noticed that she had an audience of noisy neighbors watching her. She ignored them and continued to the back. Pulling her drivers license from her wallet she popped the lock on the back door open and went in. She walked into the living room to see Cameron peeking out the window.

"What am I doing out there?"

"Don't know can't...FUCK!" She spun her chair around to face the tall dark woman. "Are you sure your a therapist and not a burglar?"

"Ohhh I have many skills." She gave her a toothy grin. "Come on lets go." She walked towards

her and moved her chair from in front of the front door. Green eyes darkened with anger and she grabbed a hold of the wheels so that the chair couldn't be moved.

"I'm not going anywhere with you, your insane!"

"No more than you are, now lets go I don't have all day."

"Go to hell!"

"Funny you say that 'cuz that's where we're going. Remember I told you that you had to go with me."

She opened the door and lifted wheelchair and all up and carried it out to her Blazer. Cameron had no words for what was happening to her, she had no way of stopping someone who could pick her and her wheelchair up. Her only way to fight back was on the way to where ever they were headed. Sean picked her up and slid her into the seat, after seat belting her in she folded the chair and put it in the back. When she got around to the drivers side she saw a grinning Cameron holding her keys up and waving them at her, she tried the door and found it locked. A huge grin came over her face.

"Ok, you got one on me. But the days not over yet." She pulled a spare key from her wallet opened the door and held the key in the lock so that Cameron couldn't lock it again. Replacing the key in her wallet she held out her hand to Cameron.

"I have nieces and nephews that are toddlers, I learned to keep a spare key on my body at all times."

Cameron pulled her bottom lip in and gave her a ferocious look.

"I am not a toddler!"

"Well, your not much taller than my nephew and you act like my 3 year old niece so yes your are."

Cameron kept her mouth shut until they pulled into a driveway to a small ranch house. She gave Sean a questioning look but didn't say a word.

"Okay, we're here. Time for you to feel some pain." Sean gave her a laugh that sent chills up her spin. She knew that the door locking game wouldn't work so she had another idea as to not being removed from the Blazer. Sean pulled her chair out then opened the door, when she went to take Cameron out the little bitch went completely limp in the seat. As soon as Sean lifted her she put her head on her shoulder, Sean thought nothing of it until a sharp pain shot down her arm and up her neck at the same time.

"Son of a bitch!" She yelled when she realized that Cameron had latched onto her shoulder with her teeth. Bending her head down as far as she could she bit her in her shoulder, she heard a

growl come from Cameron but she still wouldn't let go, so Sean bit harder as she walked up to her front door. Her left arm was starting to go numb from Cameron's teeth sinking into her muscle and nerves. She made it to her couch just in time, her arm gave out and she had no choice but to fall with her. She started tickling her and she felt teeth loosen then give way but before she could pull back Cameron got her in her neck, her teeth sinking in to the soft flesh, she shook her head like a little bull terrier. Bolts of lightning shot through her body to end in southern territory.

"Ohh Gods! Harder!" She moaned deep in her chest. She tried not to grin when she felt Cameron stop shaking her head. "Why'd you stop? I was so close to coming!" She moaned.

Cameron pulled away quickly and gave her an evil glare complete with flaming green eyes.

"Your a sick perverted bitch!" She shoved Sean in the shoulder.

"Hey your the one who was sucking on my neck, and I'm the sick bitch?"

Cameron rolled as far as she could to the back of the couch, wrapping her arms around her chest she pulled her bottom lip in once again. Sean knew that look and also knew that the wheels were spinning in her evil little head. She chuckled at her as she went out to get her chair out of her Blazer. When she came back in she grabbed a throw pillow off the couch and put it over Cameron's face before she picked her up and put her in her chair. She heard her mumbling through the pillow but ignored her until she felt fingers grab her nipple through her shirt and pinch hard enough to make her gasp.

"Gods! Are you...sure this...isn't...a date?" She grabbed a hold of the arms of the wheelchair and white knuckled them. The small hand quickly pulled away and laid clasped with her other hand. Sean sunk to the floor breathing hard, when she was able to speak she looked right into green eyes.

"You know if you wanted to have sex with me we could have done that at your house."

Getting to her feet she pushed her wheelchair to one of the back rooms of her house, Cameron looked around at the mat covered floor and the work out machines along the wall. It looked like a small Gold's Gym, the only thing missing were the sweaty men in little spandex shorts. She shivered at the gross picture that formed in her head of men running around with every thing practically on public display.

"Ok, what do you have planed for my next adventure in sexual foreplay? Or should we go about trying to get you into some kind of shape?" She walked around to stand in front of Cameron.

"'Cuz my record in bed is seven hours and I don't think your quit up to that yet." She busted out laughing at the disgusted look she received.

"I'm not doing a damn thing so you might as well just take me home!"

"But I've had so much fun so far!" Sean whined. "Come on don't you want to bite me again?"

"What I'd like to do is kick your ass all over this room but...my legs just don't seem to be able to do that!"

"Short stuff that's why we're here, I'm going to get you back on your feet so you can chase me all over this room and do any thing you want to me." She wiggled her brows at her.

"Does every thing have a sexual meaning to you?"

"Hhmm...only when hot little blondes are involved." She ran her tongue across her top lip and winked at Cameron.

"Try your damnedest, it won't work because I happen to be straight!"

"Sooooo...I need a new toaster so this is a recruiting job so I can get one. Melissa Etheridge promised to deliver it personally to me if I get one more to our side of the fence."

Cameron made an exasperated noise as she dropped her head into her hands. She knew that she couldn't win with Sean, so far she had done all the things she had scared the others away with and all she got was zilch. But that was ok, her mind was quick and she had spent two years with nothing better to do than come up with awful things to do to people she hated.

"Lets get started here, I'm going to try and loosen up your leg muscles by stretching them and them massaging the muscles to force some circulation into them."

She lifted Cameron out of her chair and sat her down on the mat covered floor. She pulled her shoes and socks off her feet and put them aside.

"Roll over onto your stomach and I'll start on the back of your legs." She got a look that was suppose to be a warning, she couldn't help but chuckle. Once Cameron was on her stomach Sean started with her one foot, pressing the pressure points behind her toes all the way up to her heel, she watched as her small toes jumped as she manipulated the tendons. Working her way up her leg she used her strong fingers to press down on the muscles, she could see the skin turning pink as blood rushed to the areas.

Cameron was biting her bottom lip, she could feel little tendrils traveling up her leg from where Sean was pressing on her foot. She had always had a little bit of feeling in her legs but when she tried to stand on her own they gave out on her and she would fall to the floor so she just gave up on ever walking again. As strong hands made their way up her legs she let out a small moan that she couldn't hold back.

Sean heard her moan but said nothing, instead she smiled and kept on working the atrophied muscles. When she came to Cameron's backside a wicked little grin came to her lips. Using both hands she did a deep muscle massage and felt small hips twitch. "So your not dead after all you wicked little thing." She thought to herself. She then went down to the other foot and repeated the process.

"Stay right there, I have to get something."

Whether she wanted to admit it or not she felt more relaxed than she had in a long time. She felt cool air hit her back as Sean pulled her shirt up to just below her shoulder blades, she looked over her shoulder to see her pouring some kind of oil into her hands and rubbing them together.

"This stuff will give your back a warm feeling, it'll help get the blood flowing around all your discs and muscles."

Cameron thought to herself that she didn't need that stuff all she needed was for Sean to repeat what she had done to her legs and she would be in heaven. Strong fingers worked the oil into silky skin, pressing down with her thumbs Sean ran them up either side of Cameron's spine. She heard a few of the discs pop and Cameron moan deep in her chest. She worked her way up under her T-shirt to tight shoulders, using her thumbs at the base of her neck she massaged until Cameron's head sunk deeper where it was resting on her hands.

"How do you feel?"

"Don't stop." She moaned deep in her throat, it sounded almost like a purr to Sean's ears. She grunted when she felt strong fingers disappear.

"Ok, now my favorite side...the front!" She helped the limp woman roll over onto her back, she watched as her green eyes closed and her lips parted when she started to work on the front of her legs. Sean was having unusual feelings while she was doing her job, never before had she become aroused from giving someone a massage. And she had given thousands of them, some to very beautiful woman that could have been on the cover of Vogue. She felt her face become warm the further she went up Cameron's thigh, going to the side of her hip she hit the pressure point for the sciatic nerve. Cameron moaned and her leg jerked from where it lay between Sean's knees. Taking a deep breath she moved back and started her other leg.

"Ok, now I'm going to stretch your leg muscles. These are the same stretches that you see the runners doing, it helps with strengthening the tissues."

Lifting her foot off the floor she pushed her leg up until she had it straight out to the front of her hips, pressing her foot up towards her shin she worked it back and forth and massaged the back of her calf to keep the muscles from cramping. She repeated the process with the other leg and that's when she noticed that Cameron had no underwear on. She coughed to cover up her gasp. She didn't know why she hadn't noticed it when she had massaged her glutes.

"Ok, I want you to sit up and lean forward as far as you can." She crawled around her on her knees. Wrapping her arms across her chest and shoulders she pulled her back against her chest for the count of ten, then leaned forward with her for another count of ten. She continued this until she felt all the muscles in her back loosen enough that she was able to lean forward further than when she started.

Cameron didn't know what was going on but her body was having a very strong reaction to

having Sean's breasts pressed into her back, she could feel her hardened nipples brushing against her T-shirt and it was causing some tingling between her legs for the first time in a very long time. For years she thought that part of her body was numb. What really confused her was that she had never been attracted to women, or men for that fact.

"We're done for the day, I don't want to get you so sore that you can't move. So the next thing is lunch."

"I'm not hungry. I just want to go home."

"To bad, I'm hungry so we're are going to the kitchen for lunch."

"Got any beer?"

"Nope, I don't drink." She lifted Cameron up and put her in her chair then walked away. She stopped and turned to see Cameron just sitting there with a scowl on her face.

"Come on short stuff, if your not hungry you can watch me eat."

"Bossy God damn bitch!" She rolled after her as she went to her kitchen. "What's your name anyway?"

"Sean Hawkins or what every body at the office calls me "The nightmare."

"Why the nightmare?"

"Ooohh you'll find out once I really get you going on the road to walking."

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Sean sat at her table eating grilled cheese sandwiches with dill pickles on them. Cameron gave her a funny look when she saw her pull her bread apart and put the pickles on it. Sean kept moaning with every bite then licking her lips afterwards. She knew that Cameron was hungry she could see it in her eyes. She held her sandwich out to her.

"Go ahead take a bite." Brows dropped over Cameron's nose. "Come on my mouth hasn't been anywhere in a very long time."

Cameron took a small bite of the sandwich and moaned.

"It's good!" She said as she chewed slowly.

"I know, here I made lots of them." Sliding a plate containing four sandwiches to the middle she leaned back to her refrigerator and pulled out a gallon of milk. Filling two glasses she put one in front of Cameron. Green eyes looked at the milk then into smiling silvery eyes.

"Does a body good." She grinned at her. "Besides it's the next best thing to breast feeding." She heard Cameron moan with her last comment and couldn't help but give her a wide grin.

"Why does every thing you say have a sexual undertone to it?"

"Reactional purposes, plus it's fun."

She was beginning to wonder about Sean, did she talk like this with everyone or just her and why was she letting this woman do her therapy when that was the last thing she wanted. What she wanted was left alone to... 'wallow in self pity'. Her little voice tossed in at the end. Damn her to hell and back! She yelled at herself and listened to her little voice snicker. She was brought out of arguing with little voice by the sound of humming. Looking over at Sean she noticed that as she ate she hummed. Laying her sandwich down she put both of her forearms on the table and gazed at the tall woman from under her drawn brows. Sean picked up on the feeling that she was being watched by green eyes.

"What?"

"Your humming."

"Am not!"

"Are to!"

"I don't hum!"

"Do to!"

Eyes locked and held, Sean took another bite out of her sandwich and started humming again. Cameron pointed at her with an index finger.

"Your doing it again!"

"Am not! I have never hummed in my life!"

Cameron picked up her glass of Milk and started making loud slurping noises, the war was on. Lou stood in the doorway to his sister's kitchen watching them with a huge smile on his face. They were acting like toddlers or better yet pigs at the feeding trough.

"That is really gross you two, and your supposed to be adults?"

Fingers pointed at each other, in unison they said. "She started it!"

Lou shook his head at them. "I told ya Sis, you hum when you eat!"

One side of her mouth curled up. "Some women like that vibration."

"Your a sewer slug Sean, you need to get laid." He walked around the table and sat between them, that's when he saw the dark purple bruise on his sister's neck. "Maybe you already did?" Her blue eyes gave him a confused look. "Nice hickey you got there." He jabbed the bruised area and watched her jump.

"That's a bite mark, but I did enjoy it." She wiggled her eyebrows at a blushing Cameron. "Look at this one." She pulled her shirtsleeve up to show Lou the perfect set of tooth impressions in her shoulder. "You never told me she was a biter."

"What the hell were you two doing?"

"It's her fault!" Cameron pointed at Sean. "She brought me here against my will, so I retaliated and bit her a few times." She leaned back in her chair.

"Just wait, when Sean gets into putting you through intensive work outs you'll want to do more than bite her." He lowered his voice and whispered to her. "Last person threw a flaming cocktail through her bedroom window." He got up from the table and winked at her. "Didn't hurt her though she wears flame retardant Smurf PJ's." He ran from the kitchen before Sean could say a word.

"He was kidding right?"

Sean leaned forward over the table getting closer to Cameron. "Actually what happened was this woman crawled through my bedroom window and jumped me! When she was done ravaging my body I thought I had been set on fire." A smug grin covered her face.

Cameron narrowed her green eyes at her. "So she poured gasoline on you and threw a match?"

"Yep, it was cinnamon love oil and her tongue was the match."

"Your a pervert! And I let you touch me?"

Sean put the empty plate in the sink then took the back of Cameron's wheelchair and pushed her to the front door.

"What can I say, I charmed her and she found me irresistible." Leaning close to Cameron's ear she purred. "Happens to all the women I give massages to."

A shiver went down her back when she felt warm moist air caress her ear. She would definitely have to think about what her body was telling her.

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That night Cameron laid in her bed thinking of all that had happened that day while she was with Sean, the woman could drive a person insane with some of the stuff she said but then again she

didn't help the matters any by sparing with her. A smile came to her face when she thought of how much fun she had when they were eating lunch. Her mind stopped, she had fun today! It had been so long since she had any kind of entertainment or fun, not to mention it was the first time she had left the sanctuary of her house. For the first time she was actually looking forward to something.

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Sean dropped down on her bed in her favorite shredded sweatshirt and blue silk boxers with Taz on them. She smiled when she thought of the flashing green eyes of Cameron and the verbal battle they had. Her body grew extremely warm when she remembered when Short stuff bit her neck and the feel of her silky skin when she was massaging her muscular back. She had always loved the feel of thick muscled backs, the twitching under the flesh with every movement when her blunt fingernails ran across sweat-covered skin. She could almost feel Cameron's back now. She knew she had to stop thinking like that or she would never get to sleep, not to mention the woman was straight.

Sweet dreams of pale blue eyes were replaced by muddy brown traced with lines of red from the beer he had been drinking like there was no tomorrow. Cory threw the empty can at her but it only glanced off her shoulder instead of where he had intended to hit her in the face.

"Useless bitch! If it wasn't for all that money that I'll get for marrying your ugly ass I'd be outta here!" He slurred as he reached beside him into the case of beer for another warm one. "The only thing I want from you is a blow job, 'cuz my dick ain't going no where near your nasty snatch. Every dick in this cities been in there! But ya can't even do that!" He threw the full beer can at her, she ducked but it caught her above her right eyebrow. She fell over in her chair unconscious from the blow, blood poured from the deep gash into her eye and down her face to drip onto her lap.

"Finally some peace and quiet! Fucking cunt made me waste a beer!" Cory yelled at her still form as he reached for another beer.

She sat straight up in her bed, sweat drenched her T-shirt and hair. Running her hands over her face she tried to wipe away the residue fear that she felt from her nightmare. Laying back in her bed she tried not to remember how things had gone for the last three years but it was like a tape that played over and over again in her mind. She drifted back to one of the times her parents had come to visit months after she had been released from the hospital.

Cameron had gotten use to him calling her a slut but it still hurt a little. She would never forgive her parents for promising her hand in marriage to this alcoholic asshole and for not believing her when she had told them that he was abusive to her. Her father told her it was a mans right to punish his wife where he saw fit. She argued with him that she was not and would not ever be Cory's wife and she wanted him out of her house. Her father had slapped her then, so hard that a trickle of blood ran down her bottom lip to drip off her chin. Her Irish temper flared white-hot, spinning her wheelchair around she headed for her bedroom. She sat staring at her meager

belongings, lost in a tirade of hateful thoughts when she heard her mother call her name from behind her.

"Cami you know how your father is." She hated when her mother shortened her name, it always reminded her that she was named after her father's ugly dog.

"Yeah, he's an asshole just like Cory! Why have you put up with him all these years?" She asked as she spun her chair around to face her mother. "Do you think you deserve to be treated like a possession and punched and slapped around?"

Her mothers green eyes closed as she took a deep breath to calm her nerves. "He doesn't hit me anymore, he's changed."

"BULLSHIT!!" She wiped the blood from her chin and held out her hand to show her mother. "Does this look like he changed any?" Glaring at her mother with flames dancing in her eyes she waited for the older woman to look at her. "And Cory's just like him! Do you know how many times I have been sutured by one of the nurses because that fucking bastard has hit me either with his fists or a full beer can? And you know what Cory tells them?" She yelled. "That I'm clumsy and fell getting in to my chair! Do you see the sutures above my eyebrow? That's from a Budweiser can!"

Rolling her chair closer to her mother she lowered her voice to a growl. "You know how many times he has brought his colleagues over here and told them they could fuck the cripple for fifty bucks?" She watched her mothers eyes open wide. "Guess not. Thank the Gods they all know he's an asshole! They told me they hang around him because he has threatened to fire them from the law firm if they didn't." She wiped her blood-covered hand on her pant leg, taking a deep breath she looked right into her mother's eyes. "I wish every day that I had died in the accident, that way I would be free of all of this torture you, father and Cory have put me through."

Her mother had tears in her eyes as she looked into the eyes so much like her own. "Don't say that Cami, you have a lot to live for."

"Don't call me Cami! I'm not a dog!" Her breathing became ragged with rage. "What do I have? I live off a Social Security check, I don't have any money after I pay the bills and buy what little bit of food I can afford! My inheritance is in some bank somewhere ready for that asshole when we get married. I DON'T GET A FUCKING DIME!!! And if Social Security finds out that I'm worth millions, then I'm really fucked because they'll want paid back and then I get to go to jail while Cory goes out and fucks every woman he can pick up and spend my money on them!!!" Her face was a bright red from all the rage that had boiled to the surface, her mother didn't blink an eye or say a word. She knew every thing that Cameron had said was true, her husband had signed a contract with Cory and his father, giving all of Cameron's twenty five million dollars to them so that they could become law partners instead of her father's law firm being taken over by theirs.

She leaned closer to her mother an evil grin on her face.

"Do you know that hot little number in father's office? He fucks her at his desk during lunch time." She enjoyed the pale look she had caused on her mother's face. "So tell me again that he's changed!" She laughed as her mother broke into sobs and ran from her bedroom. "And don't come back!!" She screamed from her sanctuary.

She couldn't go back to sleep, her anger and rage flowed through her from reliving the past. Getting into her chair she made her way through her small house to the deck out back, the air was chilly but with the fever of rage coursing through her veins she didn't feel it. With the fresh air and the chill she eventually drifted off to an exhausted sleep.

Sean pulled into the driveway, she knew that Cameron would have the front door locked but she could always get through the back. So without bothering that's where she headed. She had never counted on finding her sound asleep on the deck, reaching down she went to wake her up but after seeing her shivering she opened the door and pulled her inside. She wondered why she was out there in the first place, the night before the weather had turned and temperatures dropped into the upper 40's. Not unusual for the month of May. Taking her down the hall to her bedroom she lifted her and put her under the blanket and tucked it around her then went to make coffee to help warm her up.

When she came back into her room she saw that she was still shivering, looking in the closet for another blanket she came up empty.

"Son of a bitch!" She whispered to herself. "I have to get you warm before you get sick." She pulled off her boots and crawled under the blanket beside her, wrapping her arms around the small shivering body she rolled her onto her side and pulled her into her chest. Within minutes she felt Cameron's body relax from her body heat penetrating into her chilled flesh. They laid cuddled together for hours with Sean drifting off into a deep sleep with Cameron still in her arms.

Sean was brought out of her sleep by a scream and trashing body against her, she felt legs moving against her own and was somewhat shocked. Fending off the blows that came towards her face she opened her eyes to see Cameron still asleep but having a horrible nightmare. She wrapped her arms and legs around her to still her flying appendages and whispered into her ear comforting words. She eased up on her hold when she felt Cameron relax, looking down she saw frightened green eyes looking at her. Cameron put her hands against her chest and pushed her away with a strength she didn't know the little woman possessed.

"Get away from me! What the fuck are you doing in my bed!" She screamed at Sean as she moved closer to the other side. Her breathing was coming ragged through her parted lips that trembled with every word.

"Easy now, it's ok I won't hurt you."

Clutching the blanket in a tight grip she pulled it up to her chin and shivered. "What are you

doing here?"

Sean moved to a sitting position on the edge of the bed. "I came by for your therapy and found you half frozen on the deck, I couldn't find another blanket to get you warm so I did the only thing I could." She glanced down at where she was pressing her hand into the mattress. "I laid down with you to use my body heat to warm you up, I would never hurt you or take advantage of you. I'm not that kind of person." She looked into green eyes willing her to see the truth in her own.

Cameron remembered going out on the deck and felt ashamed at herself for yelling at Sean, she knew that the tall woman would never hurt her. It was the remnants of her nightmare that made her panic when she felt the body holding her. She dropped her head back on her pillow and took a deep breath before she spoke.

"I'm sorry, it's just that I'm not a touchy person and when I felt another body in bed with me I panicked. It brought back a bad memory."

Sean moved further onto the bed, bending her left knee she leaned over to balance her weight on her hand. "You know it helps if you talk about it."

"I don't want to. And I don't want any more therapy either so you don't have to come around any more." For some odd reason Sean knew that was coming and knew that the reason she said it was because she was afraid.

"I can't do that, you'll just have to suffer having me bug you." Green eyes gave her a force ten glare, white even teeth were bared in a ferocious growl right before Cameron threw her upper body at her. Sean grabbed her by her shoulders and pushed her down into the mattress and held her there.

"Stop all ready, this won't scare me off like it did the others!" She was within inches of green venom filled eyes that changed to complete terror. "What's wrong?" She asked her with a soft voice. Cameron started to struggle against where she was being held down, a high keening sound burst from her chest that sounded like a wounded animal. Sean realized what was happening to her, she let her shoulders go and pulled her into her arms and held her in a comforting hug.

"Some body hurt you didn't they?" She got her answer when she felt the sobs tear through Cameron's small body. She pulled her up so that she was sitting in her lap, still holding her tight she rocked her back and forth. She could feel her own rage building when she thought of someone hurting Cameron, an over whelming need to protect her crashed on top of Sean like a ton of bricks. "I'll kill the son of a bitch." She murmured into Cameron's neck.

An hour later Cameron had stopped crying and was still cuddled up in Sean's lap where she had fallen asleep. She continued to run her fingers through her short blonde hair smoothing down at her temple.

"If you keep that up I'll be bald on one side of my head." A sleepy voice said.

Sean let her pull away a little from where she had her head resting against her breasts. Red swollen eyes looked up at her clouded in pain.

"Thank you." She whispered in a low voice, dropping her head she looked at Sean from the corner of her eye. "Can you take me to my bathroom?"

She picked Cameron up and carried her down the hall to the bathroom, before she got through the door Cameron tried to stop her.

"This isn't mine."

"It's in your house it's yours, which I've been meaning to ask you some questions about this setup." She flipped the light on and noticed the bright blush covering Cameron's face.

"I hate asking this but I'm going to need your help in here."

"There's nothing to be embarrassed about, besides I gave you a shower and I happen to be a doctor so there isn't anything...I take that back there are some things I haven't seen and don't want to either. Just wrap your arms around my neck and hold on."

After Sean had dropped her shorts for her and sat her down on the toilet she stepped into the hallway. She knew that it was hard for Cameron to ask for help and she wanted her to save some of her dignity by giving her privacy.

"Sean? Uhhmm help please?"

She stepped back into the bathroom to see Cameron's head down and a bright blush still covering her face. Using two fingers under her chin she lifted her face up so she could look into green eyes.

"It's ok, I've been in your shoes I know how it feels." Green eyes searched blue and saw the understanding. When she was done she carried her into the kitchen and put her in one of the chairs, before Cameron could say anything Sean told her she wasn't a prisoner to her wheelchair.

"You said that you knew how I felt, what did you mean?"

"When I was a teenager, I was out on my bike chasing Lou down the street. I had almost caught up to him when this car came tearing around the corner and hit me. He threw me about a hundred foot up into another car." She looked from where she was searching through the refrigerator for food. "Both of my legs were broke, my hip and two vertebrae were cracked. I spent a year in traction. Then another year in therapy, I had to depend on everyone because I couldn't get around at all."

Cameron's view of Sean climbed a bunch of notches with her sharing her own painful story.

"So tell me, why is your bathroom off the kitchen and the only way you can get out of the house is by the back way?"

"It was the assholes idea, my father and Cory decided that the back was a better place for the ramp. But I know the real reason that they had my house set up this way. My bathroom is all the way back here because when Cory had his friends over, he didn't want them to have to use a handicap bathroom. His excuse for being embarrassed that he was stuck with a cripple. And the ramp is so that people didn't see me leaving in my chair. Like these noisy neighbors don't know that I'm in a wheelchair!"

"What assholes!" She replied. "You don't have any food here, what have you been...never mind."

She picked Cameron up and carried her out of the house.

"Where are we going?"

"To get something to eat, I'm starving and I know you must be to. Sooo where going to my favorite restaurant to eat."

"Ohh no we're NOT!"

"Ohh yes we ARE! And don't you bite me!"

Cameron gave up the fight she knew it was useless. She also knew that the place that Sean pulled into wasn't a restaurant either. It was a regular house.

"Sean this is not a restaurant."

"Sure it is, it's Momma's restaurant." She grinned. "When I don't feel like cooking I come over ta my Momma's."

"Did I miss our first date or something? 'Cuz I always thought that after that is when you meet the parents."

"My Momma has to approve the woman before I date her, you know gold diggers and all." She chuckled at the raised eyebrow Cameron gave her. "Well, you started it."

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Sean walked through the front door and yelled for her mother, A small women with long fiery red hair and pale blue eyes came in from the kitchen wiping her hands on a dishtowel.

"Yar such a lazy lass, did ent wanna cook again aye? Well, com on ya fore it gets jelled."

Cameron whispered into Sean ear. "Where is your mother from originally?"

She laughed at her because almost every one asked the same question the minute they heard her mother speak.

"Momma kept jumping across the border between Ireland and Scotland. Da said she was a Loch Ness Leprechaun."

"I heard that Wee one and I be havin ya knows I can still crack ya one on the arse!"

"I think I'm in trouble! You'll protect me won't ya?"

"Like how, You gonna throw me at her and run?"

"I was thinking about it." She snickered.

She put Cameron in a chair and stood over her mother's shoulder to see what she was cooking.

"Momma we're having stuffed cabbage? I love stuffed cabbage!" She kissed her mother on her cheek then started to set the table.

"Momma this is Cameron Dargan, Cameron this is my Momma Megan, but call her Momma otherwise she'll put a curse on you."

Momma turned to look into green eyes, she gave her a smile and told her not to worry that her Wee one would take good care of her.

"Momma stop the hocus pocus stuff, you'll scare the hell outta her for Gods sake." She turned to Cameron and made the spinning finger motion next to her temple. "Yeow! Momma?"

"I knows what ya was doin, I'll kick ya again fer it ta reminds ya."

Cameron hid a grin behind her hand as she watched Sean rub her ass.

"Unruly child, gets the plates if yer gonna eat." She turned to sit down at the table with Cameron. "Don't let us actin up fools ya none, I loves me Wee one but I gotta make sure she behaves her damn self." When Sean placed her mother's plate in front of her Megan pulled her down and kissed her cheek. Cameron had never seen so much affection between a parent and child, her parents rarely knew she was around unless they needed a slave for some stupid ass party her father was throwing. When they had finished supper Megan made them some coffee and used real cream in it to give it a rich sweet taste. Cameron rubbed her full stomach and moaned when she stretched.

"Gods I'm stuffed! That was wonderful Momma, I haven't eaten like that in a long time."

"Well, ya makes sure Wee one brings ya more often, it be a shame ta waste food. I cook fer me self and can't eat it all so it gets tossed in the rubbage."

Cameron let out a howl of rage. "Come on Cami!" At the sound of her name being shortened her rage boiled over and her whole leg jerked in Sean's hands. She knew she had hit a sore spot with saying Cami, she grabbed both legs and started repeating the shortened version. With each scream Cameron let out her legs jerked. When she collapsed in exhaustion Sean pulled her into her arms and hugged her.

"See you did it! You moved your legs for the second time!" Cameron was breathing heavy then stopped all movement in her body.

"Breath before you pass out on me."

After she took a deep breath she asked. "What do you mean the second time?"

"When you were dreaming you kept kicking me in my legs. Cameron there is no physical reason why you shouldn't be able to walk. I have your X-rays, there's no damage to your spinal cord."

"But the doctor said I would never walk again, I have his results at home along with all the X-rays and MRI's he took."

Something didn't sound right to Sean. "Lets go to your house, I want to see these test results he did."

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Sean held the X-ray up to the light, Cameron heard her sigh and then put the X-ray back in the folder. She turned to look at her with a strange look on her face.

"Cameron, what's this doctor's name?"

"Ronald Hutchinson, he's suppose to be the best there is for spinal cord damage."

"Come on over here, I want to show you something." She pulled her copy of Cameron's x-rays out and then the ones from the other doctor. Placing them so that they lay on top of each other she held them up to the light. "Now look at these and tell me what you see."

"One's bigger than the other, maybe it was taken from a different angle?" She questioned.

"Nope." A wicked gleam came into silvery blue eyes. "I've seen you up close and personal and there is no way in hell these are your hips!" Running her finger at a certain point she showed her the differences between the two. "Unless your dick fell off between when this was taken and now, this doctor has a lot of explaining to do."

"FUCK! That son of a bitch!" She yelled at the top of her lungs. "My father and Cory hired that doctor when I was just out of the hospital. I took his word for it!"

"Hold on a minute and let me check something out." She grabbed the phone and called her brother at the office and had him check for the doctor in all of the listings for specialists. After she hung up she turned to Cameron with a raised eyebrow.

"He's not listed as a doctor anywhere. Fight this! Prove them wrong by walking again, make them eat their words." She watched as Cameron scrubbed her face with her hands. Her jaws clenched tight, a rippling of muscles started out at her wrists all the way through her body.

"They'll pay for this, I swear they will!"

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Weeks went by with Cameron doing her therapy both by herself and with Sean at her gym. She had gotten to where she could lift her legs a little distance off the floor. After her work out they were sitting on Sean's couch passing a carton of chocolate milk back and forth between them.

"Can I ask you something? Why do you get so pissed when I call you Cami?" She saw the anger flash through her eyes, a growl rumbled in her chest.

"My father named me after his fucking dog! I'm his only kid and he can't come up with any other fucking name than his dogs!"

"Did you ever ask him why he did it?"

"Ohh yeah, he said that they didn't have the time to come up with a name for me. Nine fucking months to come up with a name and they didn't have time?" She screamed as tears fell from her eyes to trail down her cheeks. "You want to hear about my childhood and my life leading up to the accident? I'll tell you and then you'll know why I have so much hate and rage in my heart that there's no room for anything else." Here entire body shook with her sobs, Sean pulled her into her arms and held her as she told her all about her life.

"You know why I freaked out that day when I woke up with you in bed with me? Because Cory tried to force me into having sex! He said I was useless and he wanted paid for taking care of me. He held me down on the bed and tried to rape me! From the very beginning he abused me and I accepted it all up until he tried that!" She felt Sean's body tense up with her words. "Check the records of how many times I had to have a nurse or doctor come over and put sutures in me. He always told them I had fallen when it was he who put all the cuts and gashes on my body."

Sean held her closer, running her hands through her hair she leaned down and placed a kiss on top of her head.

"It's ok, I'm here and they'll never hurt you again. I give you my word." Her heart felt like it had been ripped from her chest when she listened to everything that Cameron had gone through in her life. She would love to get all these people in one room and beat the shit out of them. What really pissed her off was the contract that her father had signed using her inheritance and her

body so to speak for his own purposes. She had a friend who was a top-notch lawyer, she was going to make a phone call and see what could be done about all this shit. She looked down to see green eyes closed, Cameron's breathing was deep and even. She carried her to her bed and tucked her in. She left a note on the nightstand and went to see her brother.

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"Hey Lou, that Hutchinson guy pulled a real good one on Cameron. I want his ass!" She put all of the paperwork from Cameron on the desk. "This is all from the county hospital, he's probably an X-ray tech or something. Can you check it out for me?"

"Sure Sis I'll get right on it." He leaned back in his chair and took a good look at her. "She's gotten to you hasn't she? She's melting that ice formation around your heart."

"What makes you say that?"

"Ohh because you spend all your time with her, you took her to see Momma and now you want to check into this doctor."

She dropped down into one of the chairs and sighed. She examined her feelings and realized that she did care deeply for the little spitfire. Bad attitude, temper, mouthiness and all. She couldn't wait to see her and she was happiest when they were together.

"So maybe she has, what's the big deal?"

Lou chuckled at her. "Because Wee one, no one has ever gotten through to 'The Nightmare' before."

"We're just friends, besides she's straight."

"Like that makes a difference where the heart is concerned." Lou remarked as he looked through the paper work she had brought. "You know Mamma asked about her the other day?" Sean leaned forward in her chair, now she knew that she was in trouble if their Momma had inquired about Cameron.

"Please tell me Momma's not playing match maker!"

Lou snorted at her, raising his twinkling blue eyes he batted his long dark lashes at her. "Wee one, Momma says you two took all the fun away from her and now she's out of a job! Now I'm going to quote what she said." Slipping in to his mother's accent he quoted. "Shoulda puts those lasses across from nother. Gave me a sore neck they did with all those glances they was doin."

Sean couldn't help but laugh at her brother, he was hilarious when he mimicked their Momma. Even funnier when Momma caught him doing it.

"Wait there's more." Back to the accent he went. "Tell me Wee one that's she has a four leaf

clover in that Short stuff and not ta lets her get away. Ya only gets the one in a life time!"

Sean groaned. "Next Momma's going to sprinkle Fairy dust on us."

"Sis you ate at Momma's so I think she already got you with the fairy dust!"

"Your probably right, I have to get going I left Cameron sleeping and she doesn't have a wheelchair in the bedroom at my house."

"And where is she sleeping?" He wiggled his dark eyebrows.

"In my bed! Okay?"

She could hear his chuckles all the way down the hallway of their office. "Little troll. I hope a Blarney stone falls out of the sky and lands on your head." She mumbled under her breath.

When she got outside Lou was at an open window singing with his baritone voice an Irish love ballad.

"Aaahh go sing it to your wife!" She yelled to him.

"I did that's how I got two kids!" He went back to his singing until she pulled away in her Blazer.

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Cameron woke up and looked around her, she realized that she was in Sean's bed. Rolling onto her side she pulled the pillow up to her face and took a deep breath, she could smell Sean's spicy scent and the smell that was all Sean. A huge smile came to her lips, she sighed deeply and hugged the pillow closer. She felt a warmth surround her heart when she thought of the tall beautiful woman with silvery blue eyes. She had hated her at first but it had changed when she wouldn't give up on her. Even when she was screaming and yelling Sean didn't run away like every one else had. She loved it when she would give her that look with the raised eyebrow and cocky grin. Raising up on one elbow, her brows dropped over the bridge of her nose. "Do I love her?" She asked out loud. "Have I fallen for tall dark and nightmarish?" She felt her heart flutter just thinking about her, she busted up laughing when she realized that she had in deed fallen in love with Sean. "Who would have figured that I wasn't as straight as I thought!" She hugged Sean's pillow to her chest and drifted off dreaming about strong fingers touching her body.

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Sean stood in the doorway for a moment watching Cameron sleep, she crept over to her bed and sat on the edge to look down into a peaceful face. The bruise on her cheek had faded completely as well as the dark circles that had been under her expressive green eyes. Sean looked at the bare thigh that was exposed from where the covers had been pulled away. Muscle tone had returned and she could see definition where once before there was nothing. Running her fingertips up the

warm soft skin she heard a small sigh whisper from Cameron's parted lips. Day by day more feeling was returning to her legs, the emotional blocks being knocked away a little bit at a time. It was amazing what the mind could do to a persons body, it was almost like a form of Hypochondria. She knew of people that swore they had ailments but science couldn't find proof of it. And here was a healthy woman who had a phony doctor convince her that she would never walk again, combined with her own way of running away from abusive parents and an asshole fiancée. Sean wished that she had been there from the very beginning instead of two years later after so much emotional damage had been done. But she was here now and no one would ever hurt this beautiful woman again.

She felt her heart being pulled to the warm soft body in her bed, kicking her boots of she spooned against Cameron's back pulling her close to her chest. She felt Cameron move her hand from where it lay across a firm stomach to be kissed by soft moist lips then tucked under her chin. Sean sighed as she buried her face into strawberry scented hair then drifted of to sleep wrapped around the woman she loved.

Cameron woke to mother nature screaming her name, she moaned at the sharp pains coming from her bladder. When she opened her eyes all she saw was pitch black and felt something really warm under her. During their nap she had some how rolled on top of Sean's back and the blackness was where she had buried her face into the back of Sean's neck. Leaning forward she whispered into a small delicate ear.

"Wee one wake up."

"Five more minutes."

"Five more seconds and I'm gonna wet the bed." She leaned forward and bit Sean's ear, blue eyes shot open instantly.

"Come on Wee one, mother nature is screaming like a Banshee here."

"Ohh shit! Climb on."

Cameron wrapped her arms around Sean's shoulders and rode piggyback across the bedroom to the bathroom. Sean stood with her back to her until she told her that she was done, she bent down so that Cameron could put her arms around her neck and hold on while she pulled her shorts up for her. Their faces were mere inches apart that they could feel each others warm breath, hearts pounded quicker as their eyes locked on to each other. Sean ran her hands down smooth thighs and wrapped them around her hips.

Cameron pulled herself tighter against Sean's body, their breasts rubbing against each other that it made their blood sing. Sean was finding it hard to breath because of the way her body was reacting, what made it worse was when Cameron put her face against her neck. Her knees almost gave out when she felt the combination of warm moist lips and breath touch her skin. She cleared her voice to cover up the moan that escaped her lips.

"Are you hungry? I can make us some steaks on the grill for supper." She almost fell over when Cameron spoke into her neck, all her blood rushed to dance around her throbbing center while little tremors went through her body. She hoped Cameron didn't notice it.

Cameron couldn't help but smile against Sean's warm neck when she felt her body betray her, she had been testing the waters and now knew that they were raging. But now wasn't the time to jump in, she would wait until the time was right. She had to make sure that Sean's feelings were the same as hers were. "I'm going to tease you until you can't stand it no more!" She told herself.

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It was Memorial day and it was a family custom that all of the Mathew's gathered for a BBQ at Momma's house. Sean knew that Cameron would be all alone at home since she no longer had anything to do with her family and the asshole was married. So she went over and picked her up but wouldn't tell her what they were doing, all she said was that Momma wanted them to come over for supper. She didn't want to scare her by telling her that the whole clan would be there complete with aunts, uncles, and cousins. When she pulled her Blazer up near the house Cameron's green eyes grew huge, cars and trucks lined both sides of the street for a good two-block distance.

"Sean what the hell is going on here?"

"Oh it's the reenactment of Brave heart and I get to play Sir William Wallace."

"That's funny, since HE LOST HIS HEAD! Which will really happen to YOU if you don't take me back home!"

"Ohh boy! You know how I would love to lose my head?" A lecherous grin came to her lips, her voice lowered and deepened to a purr. "With my thighs wrapped around someone else's head. I can guarantee that my head would fly right off!"

"Must be an awful long time since you've gotten any if your head will blow off!" Cameron gave her a wicked smile then chuckled when she got the raised eyebrow.

"I'll have you know that women fall at my feet all the time."

"Tripping them doesn't count."

"I don't trip them, it's the rope I pull across the sidewalk."

Cameron snickered then asked her if they were going to sit in the Blazer all day or if she was going to get the chance to take her head off with a claymore.

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She had never seen so many Scottish and Irish men and women in one place before, she could pick out the Gaelic and Scottish language woven in with the English. The lilting of old Irish ballads played on a CD player by the back door giving the back yard the feel of the old country. She could spot Sean's family very easily amongst the others, they were what is known as black Irish while the rest of the mixture of people were all fair in hair and eye color. She watched as six foot of Irish pervert came towards her with two Black and Tans and a huge toothy smile. Her heart fluttered in her chest at the site of this woman. Returning the smile she accepted the ale from long fingers.

"Momma says we can drink, 'cuz if we get drunk she'll just drag us into a big pile and throw a tarp over all of us until morning. That way she doesn't have to worry about none of us driving home." She dropped down to the grass beside Cameron's wheelchair and leaned against the wheel with her shoulder. They sat in comfortable silence and watched the kids chase each other around the yard. Cameron watch her as she tossed a ball back to one of the little ones, putting her hand over the side of her chair she ran her fingers through silky black hair. This was the first time she would do this other than when Sean was asleep, she often ran her fingers through her hair and watched her sleep. She loved how she looked so at peace and the crinkles at the corners of her eyes smoothed out. When Sean looked up at her she saw so many emotions travel across her face and eyes, she would have saw more but a little one looking very much like Sean's double grabbed her by the hand.

In her tiny voice the little one called to Sean.

"Aunt S'awn, Da says Keg needs moved."

Sean gave her a sweet smile and nodded. "You gonna help me up Lil Meg?" Meg grabbed Sean's large hand with both of hers and pulled with all of her three-year-old strength. Little grunts came from her as she pulled and tugged on her Aunts hand. Sean laughed then got to her feet. "Meg why don't you stay here and keep Cameron company until I get back."

Cameron looked down into wide pale blue eyes like Sean's, right off she knew this must be Lou's little girl. Before she could say a word Meg moved between the footrests of her chair, placing her elbows on Cameron's thighs she rested her chin on joined hands. Meg tilted her head at an angle and looked into warm green eyes flecked with gold.

"Amron ya know what my Da says? That aunt S'awn said she's in love with you."

Cameron's heart did a flip in her chest. "Ohh is that so, well what else does your aunt say?" She was going to get all of Sean's little secrets.

"She says your boodiful and have a nice ass."

Cameron was dying from not busting out with laughter. She watched as Sean came back towards them. She was a foot away when Meg informed Cameron. "She wants ta give you a tongue bath to!" In a split second Sean's face turned beet red and her mouth fell open, she looked from her

niece to a laughing little blonde. Meg was in mid sentence of revealing more when Sean covered her little mouth with her hand, she picked her up and carried her away. Cameron's heart fluttered in her chest from the revelations she had just learned from Meg. Tingles ran through her body when she saw a still red Sean coming her way with her head lowered. She stopped in front of Cameron, covering her mouth with her hand she glanced up from her lowered head.

"Kids say the damndest things." She whispered loud enough for only Cameron to hear.

"Come here Wee one." Cameron motioned for her to kneel in front of her. Sean kneeled down like she was waiting for the executioner, two fingers lifted her face up to see darkened green eyes.

"The truth comes from the mouths of babes." Cupping Sean's face between her hands Cameron leaned forward and brought their lips together for their first kiss. It was soft and gentle, the slight movement of warm lips touching almost chaste in a way. When Cameron pulled back and watched silvery blue eyes open to show nothing but love for her. She went back for more. Placing numerous kisses on Sean's lips she made her way across her jaw to her neck. When she came to her ear she asked in a whisper. "Tell me." She felt Sean take a deep breath then let it out as she pulled back to look into green eyes.

Barley over a whisper she revealed her heart. "Ronnie, I'm in love with you." She waited to see what would happen and was shocked when tears filled Cameron's eyes and flowed down her cheeks. She started to get up but was stopped and pulled forward where her mouth was captured by Cameron's lips. She felt a warm wet tongue run across her bottom lip then trace the area between top and bottom asking for entrance. She opened her lips and moaned when she felt Cameron's tongue slip in and caress hers, for long minutes they explored each others recesses with their tongues. Low moans came from them both as they wrapped their arms around each other. They came apart when a loud cheer was heard from behind them. Sean dropped her head into Cameron's lap and groaned, leaning over at her waist Cameron laid her forehead on Sean's back. She looked up in time to see Lou high five Lil Meg.

"Wee one, we were set up big time!"

Sean lifted her head from Cameron's lap, looking under her arm she watched her brother hug and kiss his daughter and then give her the thumbs up which she returned to him.

"Conniving little trolls!"

Small hands cupped her face, one hand brushed her hair from her eyes to travel through the silky mass to the back of her neck.

"Wee one?" Green dropped down into her line of vision. "I'm in love with you." Sean pulled her in for a kiss that had sparks flying from their bodies. Momma elbowed Lou in his side and slapped her hands together once. "It be like two storm fronts hitting it is, bout damn time to! Wee one be so dimwitted. Ain't that right Meg?"

"Granny they sucking face?" She asked as she pointed at the two women.

"Lou, who be teaching her to speak like that?" Lou pointed right at Sean and Meg pointed at her father.

"I shoulda known, the Wee folks ta blame again!" She threw her hands in the air and walked away.

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Momma watched as Sean sitting in the wheelchair cradled Cameron in her lap. They had one plate of food in front of them and took turns feeding each other. Every time Cameron would put something in Sean's mouth she would cover her ears with her hands. Momma turned at the sound of a light chuckle to see her daughter in-law Dana holding her daughter Meg and her son Michael holding on to her hand. Where Lou was tall and dark Dana was fair and short, her long reddish blonde hair and green eyes came out in their son where Meg took after her father. Momma could see that both her son and daughter had the same taste in women.

"Sean must be humming?" Dana nodded her head to where Cameron had just covered her ears.

"Aye, she does it to drive her lass nuts, but short stuff gets back at her by slurpin. They be toddlers."

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Standing in the bathroom with Cameron wrapped around her like a second skin they were in the middle of a deep kiss when Sean went completely ridged. Breaking the kiss she looked down to see a little body wrapped around her leg, blue eyes looked up at them.

"Aunt S'awn you given Amron a tongue bath?"

Cameron started laughing so hard that tears welled in her eyes.

"Uuuhhmm...not yet. You want one?" A little dark head nodded frantically. Sean kneeled down and licked the side of Meg's face. Meg squealed and took off out the door yelling that she got a tongue bath from aunt S'awn.

"And here I thought a tongue bath was something completely different!" Cameron pouted.

"When it comes to you it's exactly what you were thinking. Want a sample?" Before she could say anything Sean started licking her neck at her pulse point. She froze when she heard someone clearing their throat behind them.

"Hi Momma, we were aaahhh..."

"Just leaving...Yep all finished in here." Cameron replied with a high strained voice. As they

made their way back outside Cameron reached between their bodies and tweaked Sean's nipple.
"Momma's gonna kick us both in the ass!"

"Why's that?"

"Because Meg just licked the whole side of her face!"

Just as they made it out the door Momma yelled Sean's name and then some thing in Gaelic.

"Well, that's a plus!"

"What did she say?" Cameron wondered.

"Ohh she just put a curse on me, that my tongue swell twice it's size."

"I hope it works quick and lasts for days!" Cameron whispered into Sean's ear before she stuck her tongue inside it. Sean almost fell to her knees, she was already highly aroused from all their kissing and touching, she was so wet that she could feel it with every step she took.

"Gods Ronnie! Do that again and I'm going to come right here in front of all my relatives!"

"Can't have that! Besides I want you naked and on your back." Sean moaned deep in her chest and high tailed it towards her Blazer. "What about my wheelchair?"

"You won't need one for a week!"

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The whole way home, Cameron teased the hell out of Sean, when they pulled into the driveway she didn't even bother to close her Blazers doors. She used her foot to kick the front door closed then took off to the bedroom. The whole way there Cameron was making busy with her hands; she had managed to get Sean's Levi's unbuttoned and unzipped before they got in the room. With every step Sean took her Levi's slid down her legs, two foot from the bed they tangled around her ankles tripping her. She turned sideways at the last second and they hit the bed with an OOMMFF!

They came together in a hungry kiss, all of their love and passion for each other went into it leaving them gasping for air. Sean freed her feet from her boots and Levi's. On her knees she moved them further onto the bed. She found out real fast that Cameron was nowhere near as shy as she had first thought. She was an animal! She ripped Sean's T-shirt right off her body and threw it across the room. Taking a nipple between her lips she sucked while rolling the twin between her fingers. Sean's head dropped to almost touch the bed, her arms where starting to shake from stress and what Cameron was doing to her. The next thing she knew the inside of her elbow was hit by a small hand and she was falling over onto her side. Cameron pushed her over

onto her back then dragged her self on top off Sean's chest, using what control she had of her legs and with the help of two large hands she straddled Sean's stomach. She felt Sean's hips thrust up when her wetness ran across her stomach. With her stomach muscles flexing she heard Cameron moan deeply. Putting her hands on her hips she moved her against her stomach as she flexed her muscles. Cameron leaned forward to invade her mouth with her tongue, it was wet and sloppy and very arousing.

Sean flipped them over and slipped her thigh between Cameron's, pulling one of her legs up she put it over her hip and held it there. Wrapping her leg under the other one she was able so stimulate herself as well as her lover. She undulated her hips slowly at first, while she kissed and licked her lover's breasts. Cameron wrapped her fingers into long silky hair and pushed her lovers head down to where she was throbbing with need.

"I want my tongue bath." She ordered between moans. Blue eyes darkened from being aroused kept sight of green as she licked her way down to soft blonde curls. She was just about to take her first taste when Cameron spun around on the bed; she pushed Sean's one leg up and brought it over her shoulder. Sean was far past shock, she was with someone who was more aggressive than she was. Her hips jerked when she felt a wet tongue slip between her throbbing lips.

"Oh Gods!!" Her hips thrust forward towards Cameron's face. Pushing her face between Cameron's thighs she ran her tongue across wet lips, then deeper between them. With her first taste she moaned against her and felt movement against her chin. Licking harder she started to hum, minutes later two bodies thrusting against each other reached the pinnacle together. Muscles tightened then rippled as the first waves of their shared climaxes roared through them. With each wave Cameron's leg pulled her lover against her center. Sean untangled their bodies and buried her face into her lovers wetness, plunging her tongue into her center she flicked the swollen bundle of nerves with her middle finger. Cameron's back arched off the bed as another orgasm rushed through her body. Wee one tore from her chest in a loud scream then she broke down in something between a sob and a laugh. Sean crawled up her body and pulled her into her arms; kissing the tears from her face she told her how much she loved her.

What had started out as giving comfort turned to them making love slowly, worshipping each other's bodies till they fell exhausted and satisfied to the dream world.

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Lou had promised Momma that he would take Cameron's wheelchair over to her. As was normal none of them ever knocked on each others doors, so he just waltz right in and pushed the wheelchair to where he heard music coming from his sisters therapy room. He stopped in the doorway to see Cameron sitting on the leg machine that worked the outer thigh area by pressing the legs against pads on the inside of each thigh and bringing them together. What turned his face beet red was Sean with her face buried between thighs and the look of rapture on Cameron's face. His jaw dropped and he left out a loud gasp that Cameron's sensitive ears picked up. She peeked from slit eyes to see him standing in the doorway. She panicked and slammed her thighs together smashing Sean's head between the steel bars. Lou covered his eyes and busted out laughing as his sister struggled to get her head unstuck from the machine. She pulled so hard that she fell

backward landing on her back.

"Why'd you..." She stopped in mid sentence when she heard laughing and her lover pointing towards the door. Tipping her head back she saw Lou, she got to her knees and moved backwards to block his view of her lovers assets.

"Don't you know how to knock!?! Gods I can't believe...Fuck me!" She groaned as she rubbed her head where the pads had hit her.

"EEEEWWW I'm not fucking you! That's Cameron's job." He peeked from between his fingers at them and busted out laughing again. Tears flowed down his face as he made his way to the front door. Sean began to laugh her self when she though about how she must have looked with her head stuck. She fell sideways onto the floor, laughing hysterically and was joined by an equally hysterical little blonde.

"I'm sorry baby." Cameron said as she kissed the red mark that went form temple to jaw. "He scared me and it was reflex." She turned her lovers head and kissed the other side. "I'll make it up to you." She licked the edge of Sean's ear, working her tongue closer and closer until she slipped it inside and moved it in and out.

"Oohh...my Gods...I'm going...RONNIEEE!" Her back arched as a strong climax slammed her body. She felt her lover gasp and jerk beside her as her own climax took her. Sean pulled her lover on top of her chest and felt the tremors ripple through her body. When they could both breathe easily Sean revealed something that amazed her. "You know this has never happened to me before." Cameron leaned up to look into blue eyes. "What your head getting slammed by a leg machine?" She gave her a wicked grin. "Nooo!" She pinched her lover's rear. "I mean like what just happened, you climaxed and I wasn't even touching you."

Cameron pulled her lower lip into her mouth to think; when a thought came to her she released it to give Sean a huge smile that made the sides of her nose wrinkle in an adoring way. "We're connected?"

"Right to the soul! I love you Ronnie!"

She chuckled at her lover's nickname for her. "I love you to Seannie!"

They lay in each other's arms relaxing and listening to the radio.

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Lou had gathered all of the records from his employees concerning Cameron's injuries over the last two years plus the information on the phony Dr. Ronald Huchinson and gave them to his sister. She now sat at her kitchen table and made notes of each injury incident, the care given and who performed the service. Her blood pressure rose to the point that the capillaries in her eyes burst. The vein at her temple throbbed with every heartbeat; she was ready to blow her top! She read one of the reports out loud. "The injury was reported to the authorities by Me Heidi Samms.

When the police showed up they left without seeing Cameron. Her fiancé Cory went outside and spoke to the police officers. They left soon afterwards. I spoke to Cameron about it and she told me that Cory and his father are lawyers, and his father is a former District Attorney. He tells the police that she is crippled and falls while getting in and out of her wheelchair. She told me on this instance that he hit her with his fist and then threw her from her chair onto the floor. I asked her if she had informed anyone such as her parents of the on going abuse and she told me she had and that they said not to make him mad and he won't hurt you. With this visit I had to put five sutures in the left side of her head above her ear and wrapped her ribs where they had been bruised.

Sean slammed the file down on the table and roared like a vicious animal. Grabbing her keys she ran from her house, she needed to get all of Cameron's X-rays from her and the ones from the office, her lawyer friend was supposed to meet with them in an hour to discuss what could if anything be done about all the stuff her lover had gone through.

She pulled into Cameron's drive way but left her Blazer running; she went around to the back door and went in. Cameron was in her bedroom watching her small TV.

"Hey baby, you ready to go?" She leaned down to give her a soft kiss. "After our meeting maybe we can play with the gym equipment?" She wiggled her dark brows at her hoping she said yes.

"Sorry, I don't play with perverts." She had a very serious look on her face. "But I can tease the hell out of them!" Her green eyes darkened right before she ran her hand up between Sean's legs.

"And you do it so well! Come on Short stuff we have a date to make." She let her wrap her arms and legs around her, which had become her lover's favorite way of being carried around. After grabbing the X-rays and reports they went out the back door.

"Wait! I forgot something."

"What?"

"Oohh this." Cameron pulled her into a breath-stealing kiss that had Sean hearing bells go off in her head. When Cameron released her she had to lean up against the side of the house to catch her breath.

"Ronnie my Gods, I almost passed out! But I want you to do it again later." She gave her a quick kiss and went to her Blazer.

"You know Ronnie, your are a bad influence on me?"

She placed her in the passenger seat and belted her in. "How so baby?"

"Well, before you I had no interest in sex what's so ever. Never even tried it!"

"And now?" Dark brows rose into her hairline.

"Oohh three or four times a day would keep me happy."

"We'd never get out of bed! Who would feed us?"

"Lou. After all he's already watched us."

"And you call me a pervert." She gave her a deep lingering kiss then several small ones before she closed the door.

They swung by the office and picked up the X-rays then headed back to Sean's to meet with her friend. They still had about 30 minutes before she would get there. Cameron was in the living room watching TV while Sean was in the back in her small office working on the reports.

Cameron didn't pay any attention to the front door opening behind her since none of Sean's family ever knocked. So she just waved her hand over her head and said hello to whom ever it was. She froze when she felt an arm come across her neck and pull her into the back of the couch; she grabbed the arm and tried to break free.

"I saw you kissing that Dyke! You wouldn't give me the time of day but you're fucking her!" Cory hissed into her ear. She panicked and tried to pull his arm away but he was ready for her, he pulled his hand back and punched her in her cheek. She saw stars instantly from the blow, she tried to scream for Sean but he had her throat closed off. She started to thrash around, her legs moved on their own and made contact with the floor. Pushing as hard as she could she came up under his chin with the top of her head. The pain in his face made him loose his grip on her and she was able to yell Sean's name.

Sean heard her lover and was going to finish with the report before going to check on her until she heard a loud crash come from the living room.

"Ronnie!!" She came running down the hall in time to see Cory punch her and then throw her lover over the coffee table.

Her eyes turned pure silver, she let out a roar that caused Ronnie to cringe with fear. Cory turned to see her throw a full body block on him, he bounced off the wall back towards her. Grabbing him by his throat she used her other hand on his crotch and pressed him over her head and slammed him onto the floor. He laid there gasping for air with his eyes rolled up into his head. For good measure she punted his manhood and hoped that it lodged in his throat somewhere.

Cameron was laying on her side with one hand holding her back. Tears flowed down her face and into the gash she had over her right cheekbone. Sean fell on her knees beside her and carefully ran her hands over her back.

"Do you feel any pain or tingling in you back or legs?"

Growling between clenched teeth she answered her lover. "What I feel is enough rage right now

to walk over there and kick his fucking head in!"

"Stay right here, I'm calling the police and this time the son of a bitch is going to jail!"

Sean could have only been out of the room for two minutes to get the cordless phone, when she came back in Cameron was standing over Cory and aimed her foot at his head and kicked him like a soccer ball.

Sean whispered her name, fiery green eyes turned to look at her.

"You're standing!"

Cameron looked down at her feet then back at her lover, with stumbling steps she walked to Sean and fell into her arms sobbing. Tears ran down their cheeks as they held onto each other.

"You did it Ronnie, you walked!" Placing dozens of kisses on her face she hugged her tight. "I love you Ronnie."

"I love you to Sean!" She pulled back to look into tear filled blue eyes. "Promise me that he'll go to jail."

"I promise! He'll never hurt you again." She dialed 911 and gave them the information they needed then hung up.

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Sean was sitting on the front steps with her lover cuddled up on her lap when the police and her friend showed up.

"Get that piece of shit out of our house! And we will be filling charges against him."

Cameron watched as a small woman about her age came running up to them, her long curly blonde hair whipping around her face as she moved.

"Hey Janice, you missed all the fun! Ronnie this is Janice O'Malley my cousin and the prosecuting attorney and this is my lover Cameron Dargan"

"What the hell happened?" She asked when she saw the bruises on Cameron and then the police dragging Cory out in hand cuffs.

"That piece of shit came in and attacked my lover when I was in my office in back. So I took him down for the count."

"But who is he?"

Cameron cleared her throat before speaking. "My ex-fiancée Peter Cory, the same asshole who abused me for over two years and the one that with the help of my father hired the so called Dr.

Hutchinson."

"Shit! The Peter Cory of Cory, Cory and Frederickson?"

"That's him. Or was? When I get done with him and my father they'll both be cell mates!"

"Let's go inside and talk about this, Ronnie do you want me to carry you?"

"Maybe later, I want to try to make it all the way to your office."

With Sean holding onto her arm Cameron walked slowly the entire way to her office then sat on the small love seat that was on the one wall. Janice looked at all the paperwork that Sean had plus the original will and testament that Cameron's grandmother had made out making Cameron sole beneficiary of all her possessions and 25 million dollars. Janice whistled under her breath.

"Let me get this straight, your father took all of your money and put it into an account that you have no idea where, then he signed a contract with the Cory's law firm that when you married Peter Cory they would get your 25 million and they wouldn't take your fathers law firm but become partners? And the night of your engagement party Peter Cory was driving drunk, he started to beat you while he was driving and that's when he lost control of the car. He walked away with out a scratch but you suffered serious damage to you back making you wheelchair bound for over two years. He wasn't charged with anything because of his father pulling strings. Then comes in the phony doctor with stolen files from the hospital to convince you that you will never walk again." She took a deep breath and pushed her hair behind her ears.

"Sean I hope you mangled him good for what he did! Next thing is the reports on the beatings and such. I can get the records from the police going by the dates to get the responding officers names. In the morning I'll see the judge about getting a warrant to get all of the tax papers, bank records and every tiny little scrap of paper that your father and the Cory's firm has. I'll find your money for you and put these assholes behind bars for a long time. Leaning back in the chair Janice gave them both a big smile showing even white teeth.

"You know were talking grand theft, bribery, malicious intent, reckless endangerment, falsifying documents etc....that's just the stuff off the top of my head! Oh and drunk driving, abuse, attempted murder, Assault and trespassing for today." She shook her head at them.

"Ya knows lass, Momma's ta plant a foot in yar arse fer the trouble ya gets yerself inta. It be a good thing ya have family in high places it does."

Cameron gave them both a look of surprise. "Sean is there anyone you're not related to?"

"Oohh a couple here and there."

Cameron dropped her head, a pensive look came over her face. She sat silently for minutes, that had both Janice and Sean a little worried.

"Janice can you do name changes?"

"Yeah, it's just paperwork and then seeing a judge who will rule that you're not changing your name to hide from prosecution or anything."

Sean joined her on the love seat, taking her face in both of her hands she looked into mischievous eyes.

"What are you thinking Short stuff?"

She gripped Sean's hands with her own, bringing them to her lips she kissed each palm before holding them to her chest.

"I want to get rid of the past, I want to start my new life with a new name."

"What do you have in mind?" Pale blue eyes searched her lovers face.

"Ronnie for starters." They communicated without words, tears welled in their eyes. "I've given you my heart and soul, it would mean the world to me if you would take my last name to." Cameron jumped into Sean's arms, taking her mouth in a kiss like she had given her earlier. Janice was shocked when Sean fell onto the floor gasping for air with a little blonde laying on top of her snickering.

"Is someone going to clue me in here or am I supposed to guess?"

Between gasps and the bells ringing in her ears Sean told Janice that her lover would be taking Mathew as her last name. Janice told them that as soon as she got to her office she would start on the paperwork to get everything rolling and would give them a call the next day.

Sean went into the top drawer of her dresser and pulled out a small black box, opening the box she smiled as she looked at the wide solid gold wedding bands with alternating emeralds and sapphires circling the bands. Ronnie was still sleeping from their little celebration of her new life and just because it had been a half dozen or so hours since the last time they had made love. Crawling up next to her she whispered into her ear, she got a grunt and watched as Ronnie pulled a pillow over her head. She searched under the pillow for her left hand and slipped one of the rings onto her finger. "I know you're awake Short stuff, I love you. Will you marry me?" Raising her voice an octave she answered herself. "I love you to Sean and yes I'll marry you! Have I told you how good you are in bed?" A pillow smacked her in the face.

"Have I told you that your completely insane and so un-romantic?" She looked down at her finger and tears came to her eyes. "It's beautiful and yes I'll marry you. We really have to work on your romancing."

"I'm more in to the blunt to the point type romancing." She sighed and dropped her head down onto Ronnie's chest. "Who's gonna tell Momma?"

"We'll tell her later. Right now we're going to celebrate!" Sean groaned as a little blonde pounced on her.

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Music blared in the gym, the sound of weight plates clanging against each other along with grunts. Sean lay on the bench with 200 pounds on the bar, her knees bent and her ankles crossed. Ronnie stood behind the bench spotting her, each time Sean lowered the bar her lover's eyes grew large as she watched Sean's shoulder and pectoral muscles ripple with the stress of the exercise.

"Aahh Baby...help!" Sean's face was turning red from struggling to rack the bar.

"Sorry, I was ahh..." Ronnie was still looking at her lovers chest and never even saw the bar lowering to rest there. Sean's voice had raised to a squeak to get her lovers attention.

"Ohh geez Wee one, hold on a minute!"

With her voice sounding like a cartoon character she pleaded. "Off...get it...OFF!" Ronnie pushed on one end of the bar and tipped it off Sean's heaving chest. Straddling her hips she ran her fingers across Sean's hard pecs. "Are you hurt, I don't understand why that happened?" Massaging soft flesh lower on her lover's chest she felt nipples harden against her palms. "You only did five reps today and yesterday you did ten." Sean slipped her fingers into the waistband of Ronnie's nylon shorts and pulled them down over her hips to reveal bare flesh and a thin line of blonde curls.

"Yesterday you had underwear on and you didn't stand over my face!"

"Ooops! Did I distract you today?"

"I'll show you what you did!" Taking her one hand she pushed it under her waistband and between her thighs. Ronnie moaned when her fingers slid through warm wetness. "Want me to fix your little problem?" Ronnie didn't wait for an answer, she pulled her lovers shorts off and kissed her way up her long muscular thighs until she came to dark curls glistening with moisture. Pulling Sean's legs up to rest over her shoulders she held tight onto her hips. Sean's back arched up off the bench, she rested on her shoulder blades while her lover lapped at her throbbing center.

Janice struggled with all the file folders she had in her hands, after juggling them to rest on one leg she was able to get the front door open. Finding a spot to let them drop she headed down the hall to the small office. She was whistling a song that she absolutely hated and wondered why that always happened. Hearing music playing she swung into the room and stopped dead in her tracks just in time to see and hear her cousin's orgasm.

She covered her face with both hands and spun around, thinking to herself that she should have listened to her horoscope that morning and went on vacation to a secluded island.

Sean had a feeling that she was being watched, she opened her eyes to just slits. She looked at her lover who was happily licking away the remains of her climax, blue eyes traveled up to see her cousin standing with her back to them.

"Fuck Ronnie!!!" She crushed her lovers head between her thighs and rolled them onto the floor, Sean was now on top with Ronnie on her back with her face buried. Sean struggled to reach her shorts that were laying on the floor.

Janice held in her chuckles, she could hear them trying to get themselves presentable. She slowly made her way in the direction that she thought the door was, on the first try she smacked into the wall next to it and on the next try she did somewhat better and only hit the door jam before she made it out into the hallway. She would wait for them in the kitchen because she knew that she wouldn't be able to keep from laughing.

Sean was trying her damndest to get up but Ronnie wouldn't let go of her hips. "Ronnie stop...we have...OOHHH GODS!" Tremors tore through her body as she was brought to another climax, this one stronger than the last. She fell onto her side gasping for air as the last pulsation's hit her center. Ronnie crawled up her body, covering her thigh with her wetness. Capturing Sean's mouth in a teeth gnashing lip-bruising kiss as she ground her center into a muscular thigh. Within minutes she was screaming her lovers name into her sweat dampened neck. In between trying to catch her breath Sean told her that Janice had saw them on the bench. The response that she received was not what she expected. Ronnie busted up laughing so hard that she had tears running down her face.

"Ronnie! It's not funny!" Covering her eyes with her hands she couldn't help but smile, and thank the Gods that her head hadn't gotten stuck in one of the machines again. "Come on pervert, we have to check on poor Janice."

Janice was sitting out on the small back deck in a lawn chair, she kept snickering at what she had saw. "Black mail is a wonderful thing." She continued to snicker until her cousin carrying Ronnie came out the back door. Janice held out her pack of smokes to them and busted up laughing when they both turned beet red.

Wiping tears from her eyes. "Is that how you two do your cardio work outs?"

"Beats the hell out of a tread mill. I really need to put a door on that room."

"Or hang a pair of Victoria secrets on the front door."

Sean gave her a funny look. "You have me confused."

"Baby, it's a college thing." She slipped to the deck and wrapped one arm around Sean's waist. "When we had a date in the room we hung underwear on the door knob so that our room mate would know to go somewhere else for the night."

"You went to college? How come you never told me?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'm kind of embarrassed about what my major was."

"What the studies of the Complete version of the Kama Sutra and how it effects common day man?" Janice snickered when she saw green eyes narrow.

"I'll have you know that I learned a lot in that class."

"Oohh yeah she did!" Sean said then quickly covered her mouth.

"Ha ha very funny, no I was an English and journalism major. And I had one more year before I would have gotten my Ph.D.." Snickering she added. "Both assholes hated it that I was going to college, they said that women should stay at home and host diner parties!"

"Shit I almost forgot! Here I saw this in the rich and moronic section of the paper today." Janice pulled a folded piece of newspaper from her rear pocket. She watched as a huge evil grin came over Ronnie's lips.

"Baby do you have a tux?"

Both Sean and Janice groaned when they realized what Ronnie was up to. The article was about the annual charity benefit for abused woman and children and it was hosted by none other than her father and his new law partners the Cory's firm.

"Ronnie aren't those things like \$2500.00 a plate?"

"We don't need any money, I have two reserved seats. Janice do you have the subpoena's ready?"

She broke out into a huge smile. "Yep, in fact their in the living room. You want them presented to him right in front of all those people."

"You got it!"

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Sean dressed in a black tux pulled Ronnie's wheelchair from the back of her Blazer. She had asked Ronnie why she wanted to use it and she replied that she wanted to make it look like she was still crippled. Granted she could walk but she still wasn't strong enough to go for a long period. Opening the door Sean picked her up and placed her into her wheelchair. Adjusting the pant legs of Ronnie's black tux pants she fixed her feet in the rests.

"If I forgot to tell you before, you look hot in a tux." Dark brows wiggled suggestively. They had hurried to a tux store to get Ronnie's, she had always wore long dresses to these things but that was her old life.

"And if I didn't tell you before, you won't be wearing yours very long when we get home. You in a tux does some very interesting things to me." She pulled her down to show her with a kiss.

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The ballroom where the benefit was being held was packed, ushers took people to their tables to keep them from wandering around and disrupting things. When they came to the door Ronnie gave the usher her former name, which he found on the list, he had in his hand.

"Miss. Dargan who is your friend?" He glanced up into silvery blue eyes and gave a small gasp. "Uuuhhmm...I need to put a name to the other seat next to you." Sean using her best intimidating voice. "Dr. Sean Mathew II." They followed the terror-stricken usher, Ronnie reached up to pull her lovers head down.

"Your really a doctor and a second?"

"Yep sure am, those home correspondence courses are great."

The look on her lovers face was priceless, she couldn't help but grin at her. "I went to medical school in New York, honest!"

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Both the Dargans and Cory's almost fell out of their chairs when they came up to the table and took their seats. Ronnie made it a point to kiss Sean's hand then hold it on top of the table between them. She looked into each persons eyes daring them to say one word.

"Peter I see your still sporting the bruises." She leaned towards him over the table, trading glances between him and the bimbo he was married to. "So, tell me did you tell your wife there that a woman beat the shit out of you? Or did you do the usual and lie?" Sean watched the bimbo glance sideways at her husband then to Ronnie. "Have you beat the shit out of her yet or are you waiting for a special occasion?"

"That's enough Cameron! I don't know what you think your doing or why your here but I can have you and your dyke taken out of here!"

She felt Sean start to get up from her chair, she knew that if she let her she would beat the hell out of every one at the table. She gripped her forearm and squeezed her hand letting her know that she would handle it.

"That would really look wonderful! Father is your whore hiding around here someplace? The last time you had her at Peter's table but you can't do that this year since your partners and everyone is together. Ooohh I'm sorry, I forgot all about that little set up you have with the condo. I just bet she's there waiting for you." She looked to her mother. "Funny how father always has emergencies and his clients need him at 11pm. I don't know but business law must sure have changed in the last 20 years or so."

Sean was full of pride, her little lover was sure showing an inner strength by coming here to face the assholes who made her life so miserable and to out their secrets as well. She couldn't wait until they took the stand to do their little tap dance.

The evening was very tense to say the least, especially when Ronnie kept feeding her lover with her fingers. She could feel the glares coming at them and fought back in her own little way by licking her lover's fingers and humming.

The evening progressed to the point of the host taking the stand to give their line of bullshit to the contributors. Both Sean and Ronnie looked to the side door and saw Janice along with a police officer. That was their cue to make their way to the area before the stand. The show was about to begin. Ronnie's father stepped before the mic and cleared his throat, he gave a few brief words before he introduced the Cory's. When all three of them were standing before hundreds of people Janice along with the police officer took the stand. Three sets of eyes grew large when the small Prosecuting attorney approached them and spoke loud enough that the mic picked up what she was saying.

"Misters Dargan, Peter Cory and Lance Cory. I am here to serve you with subpoena's to disclose all information pertaining to a lawsuit brought against you by Ronnie Mathew." Handing them a thick stack of papers she then confronted Peter Cory. "Peter Cory, you are being served with papers pertaining to abuse, mistreatment and numerous other offenses done to Ronnie Mathew."

The three men stood flabbergasted by what had just happened, the first one to speak was Ronnie's father.

"Who the hell is Ronnie Mathew? I don't know any one by that name!" He looked to receive shakes of no from his partners.

Ronnie stood up from her chair, with Sean behind her she went to stand next to Janice and the police officer.

"I'm Ronnie Mathew. And seeing you three in court will make my millennium!! Don't fuck with a pissed off cripple!"

"Your walking!" Her father said as her reached for her.

"Back off asshole!" Sean said as she moved to block him. "She's walking with no hindrance from you or that other asshole!" She pointed to Peter Cory.

"Just who the hell are you and what gives you the right to say anything to me?" Mr. Dargan yelled loud enough for all the guests to hear, the room had become painfully silent when Janice gave them the subpoena's but whispers were not making there way around the room.

"She just happens to be the reason I'm walking, the most important person in my life and my

wife." She grabbed Sean's hand and entwined their fingers together.

"Fucking DYKES!" Peter Cory yelled as he launched himself towards them. Sean pushed her lover to the side and took the full blunt force of his body against her own, when they hit the floor Cory punched her in the face. With the help of Janice, the officer and a few men from the tables around them they pulled him off her. The officer handcuffed him and read him his rights while he pushed him from the Ballroom. Sean stood up and gave her lover a grin and wiggled her left eyebrow then looked to Janice. "I would say that was another assault charge don't you?"

They left the ballroom among whispers, Ronnie took a quick look to where her mother sat and saw that she was sitting with a blank expression on her face. She knew what she had done was ruthless but what they had done to her was far worse in her mind.

On the ride back home Ronnie kept wiping the blood that came from Sean's broken nose. "Wee one why did you let him hit you? I thought that him jumping you was enough!"

"Baby this will look a hell of a lot better in court and the press will eat it up. He just signed his jail papers."

"I didn't think of that, but you look like your in such pain." She looked at the swelling of her lover's nose and the blackness circling her blue eyes.

"Will you still love me when I'm ugly?"

"You could be bald and I'd still love you!"

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The poor newspaper delivery boy fell off his bike when Sean came out the front door to get the newspaper, the only thing she had on was a wicked smile. He lay in the front yard with his mouth open as her tight rear flexed with each step she took up the steps. Ronnie's chuckles were heard coming from the living room as she watched out the front window.

"You know he's going to wait every day now just to see if you do that again."

"We can both get the paper tomorrow and give him a good shock!" Sean looked at the front page and gave a howl. Ronnie grabbed the paper from her hands to see what had made her lover deafen her.

"OOHH MY GODS!!!"

The picture on the front page was of them out in the parking lot before the fundraiser kissing, the headline read. The daughter of Lawyer T. Dargan esq. and ex-fiancée of Peter Cory esq. comes out of the closet at benefit. It went on to tell of the prosecuting attorney Janice O'Malley serving Dargan and the Cory's court papers and the later arrest of Peter Cory for assault against Dr. Sean Mathew II, spouse of Ronnie Mathew formerly known as Cameron Dargan. It was continued

onto the next page with smaller pictures of them standing next to Janice, Sean being attached by Peter and Peter being lead away by the police officer.

"Short stuff do we have a picture frame around here? I want to frame that and put it on the office wall!" Ronnie was about to answer when the phone rang, reaching over she picked it up but held it away from her ear at arms length.

"It's for you Wee one!"

"How do you..." She could hear the Gaelic coming over the phone from across the room. "Oohh boy! I guess Momma has seen the paper." She took the phone and held it at arms length until she heard her mother pause. "Morning Momma." She put the phone away from her ear and cringed. "Ok, Momma." She handed the phone back to Ronnie and smiled.

"What was all that about?"

She slipped into her Irish accent. "Momma wants us to get our as she called them "Trouble makin Irish Arses over now! But to put our clothes on first, she's an old women and her heart couldn't take that."

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Shock was nowhere near what they felt when they came through the front door of Megan's house. The living room was packed with relatives waiting for them to arrive. Sean was about to do an about face and run when her mother came in the front door behind her and blocked it with her small body.

"No ya don't Wee one! Your ta do right by your lass, now gets your arses in the back yard."

Ronnie covered her mouth to keep her snicker from being heard.

"But Momma! We can't..."

"Don't but Momma me, you can and ya will! No whelp of mine will be livin in sin!"

She pushed Sean out the back door with Ronnie trailing behind snickering under her breath. The entire back yard had tables set up with all types of food and drinks. One area was set up with an altar and Momma's priest stood behind it waiting. Neither one of them could believe what Momma had pulled together in such a short time. Sean looked behind her to see all of her relatives standing behind them. She felt like this was a shotgun wedding.

"Momma you don't have to force me into marrying Ronnie ya know."

"I not be forcin, I be makin it legal in our eyes. Don't matter what the world sees as legal, love is love not ta matter what that you both be women."

Momma pulled the rings from their fingers and handed them to Lou who was the best man, Dana and Janice stood on the other side as the maid and matron of honor. Dragging Ronnie with her, Momma stopped them at the end of the red carpet that had been laid down in front of the alter and waited for the wedding march to begin.

Ronnie's insides were fluttering like butterflies, she never thought of having a real wedding and for Megan to set everything up complete with a Catholic Priest to give the services made her heart swell with love for these people. Tears welled in her green eyes as she watched her lover and soon to be wife twist her hands together in nervousness. Slowly they walked until she was handed off to a twitching Sean. Taking her hand they both turned to the priest. She had no idea what he was saying since it was all done in the old language, she took her cues from Sean who pulled her down so that they were on their knees. Holding onto Sean's sweaty hand she listened to the lyrical words until Sean pulled her to her feet. Lou handed his sister the wedding bands, slipping one onto her lovers left ring finger she handed the other to Ronnie who copied the movement. Ronnie jumped when the priest spoke to them in English.

"I'm not to do the whole long tiring ceremony, so we best to the important parts so we can celebrate." He closed the Bible on the alter and passed glances between the two of them.

"I be knowing ya both do, but we needs ta hear it from yer mouths. Sean Mathew do you take Ronnie Mathew as your life mate?"

"Forever."

Ronnie Mathew do you take Sean Mathew for your Life mate?"

"For eternity."

"Sounds good ta me, ya may kiss the...each other." A loud cheer went up behind them as they kissed. He gave them a smile then left the alter. "Where's me ale at Megan? Ya knows me don't work fer free."

They poured out all of their emotions into that one kiss, their bodies tingled like lightning coursed through their blood. Shared moans rumbled between them as the kiss deepened and became much more.

"They sucking face again!" Lil Meg informed her brother. "Nex they gonna do tongue baths!"

Their kiss broken from the laughs that burst from them from hearing Lil Meg explain the facts. Looking down to where the little ones stood to their side. "Tongue baths huh?" Sean asked with a wicked grin. "Go give your Da and Momma a tongue bath and see what they do." They watched as they ran off looking for Lou and Dana.

"You are so bad!"

"But you love me anyway."

"For eternity Wee one."

"For eternity Short stuff."

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Momma approached them where they sat in a recliner watching everyone dance. "Wee one your face looks awful it does."

"Adds character Momma, got me on the front page of the paper. Which reminds me, is that how you found out about us?"

"That and Janice, she wanted ta warn me she did. And it be a good thing to!" She pulled both of them from the recliner. "Now take your wife up there and dance with her."

Sean pulled a hesitant Ronnie to the dance floor.

"Come on Short stuff I can't dance alone."

"Sean I can't dance...I don't know how!" A dark brow rose over a blue eye. "I'll teach you, it's not hard." Green eyes narrowed at her. "Don't whine tonight because your feet are bruised."

Their bodies fit together perfectly as they danced to slow love ballads, Ronnie rested her head on Sean's shoulder as they moved together. Feeling safe and secure in her lover's arms. Sean held her tight against her, feeling her heartbeat against her breast and the warm moist breath against her neck, she wished that the music would never end. Sean slid in to her Irish accent and deepened her voice to a purr as she whispered into Ronnie's ear.

"Tis time we celebrated at home it is."

"I'll celebrate any time you want if you talk to me with your accent."

"It be a deal short stuff."

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They didn't go anywhere for a honeymoon because of the court hearings fast approaching, they had both agreed that they would have plenty of time later for a very long vacation/Honeymoon. It was a week after their joining ceremony when they heard an incessant pounding on their front door. Sean opened it to have an older version of her wife push past her and start yelling for Cameron, Sean knew that all hell was going to break loose and took her place in the center of their living room. Ronnie came barreling into the room in just one of Sean's T-shirts that reached

mid-thigh, huge Piglet slippers and her blonde hair still sticking up at odd angles all over her head.

"What do you want Mother? Come to tell me what a mistake I've made and that I've destroyed the family name?"

"You have done more than that! You have destroyed our family with your sick relationship with this this what ever she is!" She pointed a long blood red manicured finger at Sean. "And those lies about your father and the Cory's, what do you think you'll receive from doing all this harm?"

"Lies Mother? You should take a real good look at your life!" She came to stand right in front of her mother, her hands planted on her hips as her green eyes danced with flames. "You and that asshole who calls himself my father have no marriage and you never had a daughter." Mrs. Dargan gave her a look down her nose like she had just meet eyes with one of the lower class. "Isn't it true that you had to marry my father because he knocked you up? And that your parents had to pay him to do it? And then when I was born, you just tossed me to the nearest person that just happened to be a housekeeper that spoke no English!! And when I was old enough to go to school the teachers threw fits because here's the daughter of a very Irish lawyer who can't speak a word of English but can speak fluent Greek! Or how about when I turned six and no one remembered my birthday except the hired help!" She was on a roll now, she paced in front of her mother, her hands shooting out and punctuating each word she growled.

"And then to make matters worse! My so-called loving parents would go on vacation and leave me at home with the hired help. Do you realize that you did not raise me? That Mrs. Gorgappoli was the only person who loved me and she wasn't even a relative but the housekeeper! It was 17 years before you realized that I was alive, but then I can see why you forgot with all the private and boarding schools you sent me off to. It was only when my adoptive grandmother Mrs. Gorgappoli died and left me everything that she owned along with 25 million dollars and the shipping company in Greece that her father had left her when he died that you and the asshole said *'Oh look we have a very rich daughter!'* You two paid all kinds of attention to me then! Then you two started looking for a bottom dwelling, abusive, thieving, cheating bastard just like my father to marry me off to and then to give them my money to keep from losing assholes law firm!"

Sean's mouth dropped open at all the information she was hearing for the first time.

"How does it feel to know that your husband has to pay for all his illegitimate kids and the blackmail to keep his so called "Good Name" from being dragged through the mud?"

Mrs. Dargan was beginning to shake where she stood, she had no idea that Ronnie knew everything.

"Not to mention all the money to keep the doctors mouths shut from all the times they had to come over and fix you up after one of his little temper tantrums and beat the shit out of you? Not to forget the times that he beat me to the point that I couldn't go back to school after the holidays until the bruises were gone." She ran her fingers through her blonde hair and sighed. "You know

what I'll get out of this, closure! I have a partner that I love with everything that I am and who feels the same, I have a new family that accepts our relationship. And you know what?!" She yelled at the pale figure before her. "They don't want my money! So when I get it all back I'm giving it ALL to charity under the Mathew and Gorgappoli names!"

"You can't do that!" Her panting mother yelled.

"Ohhh yes I can!" And evil grin came to her face, she was going to crush her mother one last time with her words before she threw her out. "By the way mother, I never had sex with Peter."

Her mother looked right at her, confusion running across her features.

"I gave my virginity to Sean."

When the door slammed after the staggering Mrs. Dargan, Ronnie broke out in a fit of laughter that brought tears streaming down her cheeks. She fell onto the couch holding her stomach that was cramping from her hysteria.

"Gods...I feel...great! She forced out between her laughs. "The look...on...her face!"

Sean took a seat next to her lover and started laughing right along with her. She knew that Ronnie felt like the world had been lifted off her shoulders, that by facing her mother and venting her spleen she had banished all the demons of the past. Now they only needed for the court to finish everything off and bring some justice to the picture. She knew that Mrs. Dargan had picked this day because the very next would find them all in court.

She just hoped she could control Ronnie from busting up with laughter while they were in the courthouse.

Sleep that night forgot to pay them a visit, they both tossed and turned in the bed to finally get up at the crack of dawn and drink numerous pots of coffee, which put them on edge even more. Ronnie was so jittery that the table was vibrating beneath her tapping fingers.

"Is it time to go yet?" She asked as she spun her empty coffee cup on the table.

"Short stuff, we have an hour before we have to be there." She took the cup from her wife. "I'll tie you up if you don't stop fidgeting."

"I can't help it." She got up from her chair and started pacing around the kitchen. "Has Janice called yet?"

Sean rolled her eyes. "Yeah, hours ago. Remember, we're supposed to meet her outside the court room doors."

"Ohh right!" She stopped in her tracks. "Is it time to go yet?"

Sean just grinned as she shook her dark head. "Ok. Come on lets get outta here before you have the place shaking on it's foundation."

Ronnie walked in a huge circle in the hallway of the courthouse, each time she went past, Sean watched as her rear flexed beneath her tan dress pants. The clicking of her heels kept tempo with the flexing muscles and the patter of Sean's heart beat. Her heart slammed into her chest and stopped when Janice came sprinting down the hall towards them. She came to a stop in front of Sean, her breathing raspy from her running.

"It's over!" She wheezed.

"What? But we didn't even get in there yet!" Ronnie just about blew their ears off. "It can't be over!"

"It is." Janice had caught her breath and was now giving them both a huge smile. "It seems that all my notes and depositions found their way into the preceding judge's hands last night. He read them until early this morning and just ruled before the assholes could even blink."

Sean covered her eyes and groaned. "Ohhh shit! Janice you sneaky little bitch!" She gave her a wife toothy smile. "You didn't?"

"Well, nooo I didn't but my little woman did. And let me tell you my father in-law was none to happy when he read every thing."

"Wait a minute here!" Ronnie jumped in between the two cousins. "What do you mean the judge ruled, your father in-law and your "Woman"?"

"Well, baby. Janice is married to Justine who is the daughter of the judge preceding your case."

"Janice what you did isn't that against the law or something?"

"Not really." She snorted. "It seems that Justine got the folders all screwed up when she was using her Dad's computer last night to type my reports. It's really no big deal since he would have seen everything today anyway."

Ronnie took one look at her lover and launched herself into her arms. She let out a yell of victory that had the windows rattling in the panes. She tipped her head back and looked at Janice who was covering her ears.

"And I thought she was loud when you two have sex!"

Ronnie's face turned a deep shade of crimson. "I hope that's not in any of your reports. Anyway, we did win didn't we?"

"Oohh yeah! And the three assholes have all been disbarred and will be all spending a lot of time with a bunch of hairy under sexed guys named Bubba." She grinned at the mischievous look on Sean's face.

"Yep, I already did what your thinking. And Ronnie if your sure of where all the money is to go I'll get the funds out today."

"Yep, I'm sure and thank you for everything." She left her lovers arms to give Janice a big hug. "Give Justine a kiss for me."

Janice chuckled. "I'll give her more than that when I get home!" She grinned evilly. "C-ya guys." She took off down the hall at a jog leaving a beaming couple in her wake.

"Lets go home and celebrate Wee one."

The next morning Sean went out the front door and gave the paperboy his daily heart attack. she came back in with a huge smile on her face as she looked at the front-page heading.

"Ronnie, we need another frame!" She yelled through the house.

"What are you yelling about?" She asked when she came in from the kitchen. "Let me guess the paper boy finally died and his picture with you standing by him naked is on the front page?"

"Nope, that's the second page. The first page is this." She held it up for her wife to see. On the front was a huge picture of her father and his two partners being led off in hand cuffs by officers of the court.

"Lawyers found guilty, disbarred and sentenced to jail time." Ronnie read. A huge smile covered her face, she pumped one arm into the air and yelled "Yes!"

"And I thought you'd be happy." Sean said as she watched her wife dance around the room. "So now what?"

"We go away for a few months and have some unadulterated fun!" She yelled from her bouncing position on the couch. "Read the rest."

Sean read the entire page until she got to the very bottom where she came to an area that listed all the charities that Ronnie's money had gone to. Every single women's shelter received a large sum of money and what shocked Sean the most was the new hospital wing that would be built for the research of cardiovascular disease, it was to be named the Sean Mathew the I, research center. Tears filled Sean's eyes as she read her fathers name, her heart burst with so much love for her wife that she fell to her knees and sobbed. Ronnie had no idea what's so ever why her wife was crying. She rushed to her side and pulled her into her arms.

"Wee one, what's the matter?" Sean handed her the paper and pointed at the section she had just read. "Are you upset with me for doing this?"

Sean wiped her eyes and caught her breath. "Gods no. It's the sweetest thing that anyone could do. You didn't have to do that."

"Yes I did." She took Sean's face in between her hands. "Your family accepted me into the fold and even though I never knew your Da, this is my way of thanking him and maybe finding a cure for other fathers. I love you Dr. Mathew." She blushed a high pink color. "And I want there to be a Sean Mathew the 3rd to know how special a family he or she has."

Sean pulled back a little in disbelief. "Are you saying what I think your saying?" Ronnie shook her head. A huge smile came to Sean's face; she picked Ronnie up and started towards the bedroom.

"We're we going?"

"You want a baby right?"

"Yeah, but you can't do that."

"Maybe not but who says we can't try."

The End.
Emotional Paralysis
By Larisa

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