

~ Gear Heads ~

by Larisa

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Subtext: Wait do you think? Of course there is! Would anyone read it if there wasn't? Not!

Violence: Not much, it's my character opening up a can of whoop ass.

Any complaints, whining, sarcasm, belly aching, demented fantasies, paranormal activities, UFO sightings, Eponin sittings, strange animal acts, personal friends of Mulder and Scully, spare change or what ever else, please contact, Hecate3366@frontiernet.net she has no life and is often bored!

Gear Heads

By Larisa.

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The scent of freshly cut alfalfa drifted through the windows of the 78 firebird as it's blond driver sped down the back roads of Shepardstown West Virginia. Having just left her small apartment in town, she now headed to the beach. Which she wanted to make it there before dark so she could watch the sun sink into the ocean, hopefully she could see that for the whole week she planed on being there, with out any problems. She had 7 days before she had to be back for summer classes at the college.

Morigan Jenson had not a worry as she blasted Trisha Yearwood on her CD player. Singing along in her off key way that irritated most everyone. She dreamed of warm sand and blue waters, as she cruised down rt. 230 at 75mph. Which she knew was stupid, but she didn't care it felt good to floor it and let the 350-horse power engine, 4-barrel holy carburetor with over the hood blowers and four on the floor stock shifter eat up the road. She had bought the muscle car from her brother in-law when they found out they needed a family car instead of a hot rod. All she new about cars she could put on a posty note. So when white smoke started to bellow out from under the hood blinding her she had not a clue as to what to do, before she could react she heard the screeching of tires then she felt the car go airborne. The flying wasn't bad it was the landing on the two front wheels that almost killed her. The seat belt cut into her shoulder when she was slammed forward into the steering wheel. Her eyes were closed and that's how she kept them as she listened to the hissing of her car.

"Hey lady you all right? Opening one green eye, she peered into the bluest eyes she had ever seen in her life.

"I think so." Leaning back in to the leather seat she looked at the mud covered windshield. "Oh shit, this does not look good." Morigan tried to open the door to find it stuck closed.

"Your cars buried in the mud, your gonna have to crawl out the window." The guy said.

"This definitely does not look good, what's next lighting?"

"Is there someone I can call for ya, maybe get a wrecker out here before the cops show up?"

"A wrecker would be good; I have all the problems I need right now without the police showing up to."

"Anybody in particular you want to get your car out?"

"No, it doesn't matter!"

"Come on over to my truck and have a seat, and I'll call someone to get you car out of the corn field, we've been trying to get them to fix this curve for years." He reached across the seat of his truck and pulled out a radio. "Hey Stacey, is the bitch around?"

"Hey Steve, yeah she's here whatcha need?"

"Tell her she better bring the flat bed we got us a buried bird in the corn field by the high school."

"OK, give her about 15 minutes to get there."

"Thanks Stacey, see ya."

Morigan looked into twinkling blue eyes. "You always address people that way?"

"Nope only her. Come on have a seat it'll be awhile before she gets here."

They sat on the tailgate for 20 minutes before Steve seen the purple wrecker coming around the s turn. "Stay here we'll get your car out!"

Morigan watched as a thickly muscled dark haired woman jumped down out of the truck cab. "Come on ya little bastard get your skinny ass over here and help me!"

Morigan had never heard people talk so rude to each other she was truly appalled by it.

The woman lay on her side at the front of the firebird, reaching up under it she felt around. "It's no use, were gonna have ta dig out the rear wheels."

The two of them dug the back end out in record time, with in minutes her car was lifted out of

the mud by sliding the flatbed under the rear wheels, after moving it to firm ground they dragged it up and chained it down.

"Miss, you can go with the bitch, she'll take your car into the shop and have Mike look at it."

Morigan hesitated before she decided she had no choice but to go with the stoic driver. As they went down the road, she stole a glance at the driver only to be caught by camel colored eyes watching her back. Something familiar hit her but she had no idea what.

"Can my car be fixed?"

"Mike's the best mechanic in this area, you'll get a good price on repairs and it'll be done right the first time."

"Thanks, ahh."

"Names Drake Poninger, ya can call me Poni."

"OK Poni thanks."

She felt funny, something was nagging at her about this woman but she just couldn't put her finger on it! They rode in silence Morigan racking her brain while Poni drove the huge truck; she came around when they took a sharp turn into a graveled drive. Morigan watched muscles and tendons dance in the woman's arms as she fought the truck with every lump in the drive. Finally they came upon a 6-car garage with another 2-car garage sitting catty corner to it, up behind and to the side was an old two-story farmhouse with a huge covered porch with a swing hanging under the roof.

Poni stopped the truck and jumped out; before Morigan even knew it, she was at her door and lifting her out. "Office is over there." She pointed to the screen door of the farmhouse. "Stacey should be in there somewhere."

"Thanks Poni." relieved that she didn't have to call her bitch. Morigan headed for the office. When she stepped inside she was shocked at the waiting area, everything was black leather and brass, the walls painted a dusty rose with seaside paintings on the walls. She caught sight of curly blond hair behind a long counter, looking over she seen paint splattered hands hunt and pecking on a computer keyboard.

"Excuse me." The blond turned in her chair green eyes met kind hazel eyes trimmed with dark lashes.

"You must be the buried bird?"

"That's me; from the looks of it I should have finished the job and covered up the rest of it."

Let me get some paper work for you, that's if I can find it, our clerk quit a couple months ago, so

I'm kinda filling in or screwing up depends on who you ask."

"I'll pay this out of my pocket."

"OK." she tossed the papers back behind her head. "Gods I hate paper work, have a seat and when Mikes done I'll take ya out to the garage."

She sat on the couch and within minutes, she was asleep. Reaching down she picked up yellow flowers, gathering them in a bunch she sat down against a huge oak tree to watch her lover practice her sword drills. The sun glinting of the swords blade sent little sunbursts into the trees, jet-black hair cascaded over muscular bronzed shoulders, and before she finished her last move, she threw her sword up and knocked down a bright red apple. Morigan heard her own voice say. "How'd you do that?" She heard a silky voice answer her. "I have many skills!" Just as the tall woman started to turn. "Morigan, hey wake up Mike's ready for you." She opened green eyes to find Stacey leaning over her. "Sorry, I guess I was more tired than I thought, guess I better go get the news huh?"

She followed Stacey into the big garage where her car was sitting now clean of all the mud, a pair of black engineer boots were sticking out from under the front; Stacey kicked one of the boots. "Oww, son of a bitch!" a deep voice howled. "Hey Mike, Morgan's here so you can tell her about the damages. "I'll be in the other garage if you need me." Stacey left as a pair of black clad legs came out from under her car; she followed the legs up to almost 6ft of grease-covered woman. A rag to her face she reached out one hand to shake Morgan's, with first contact her fingers tingled, removing the rag, pale blue eyes looked down into sea green orbs below blond bangs. They stood and stared at each other for a few seconds.

"You ahh sure did a job on your car!" Seeing that their hands were still joined she let go. "There's a lot of damage, I'll have to order some of the parts so it'll take about a week to get all of them. The hardest parts are the control arms and I have to press out the ball joints."

"That's fine, I don't have any place to go any way, and how much is this going to cost me?"
"Now just guessing with labor and parts around \$800.00."

"\$800.00 oh boy, you do all the work yourself?"

Mike gave her a lopsided grin as her left eyebrow arched. "I have many skills, but Poni helps on the heavy stuff."

Morigan's mind reeled at the many skills part; her knees started to buckle under her. Strong hands went around her waist, without thinking, she placed her hands against Mike's chest. "You all right? Come on back to the office, I'll have Stacey get you some tea." Mike helped her lay on the couch out of reflex; she pushed the blond bangs off Morgan's forehead and then jerked her hand back. Thinking to herself. "*What am I doing? I'm loosing it, just back off!*" Moving towards the door behind the counter she looked back over her shoulder to see green eyes following her. She held up one finger then vanished. Finding Poni and Stacey sitting at the table she collapsed into one of the chairs, a look of bewilderment on her face, running greasy hands down her face.

Two sets of eyes watched her. "What!" She asked. Stacey and Poni looked at each other then back to her.

"Problems boss?" Poni asked.

Her body was burning with the memory of touching Morigan; it felt so right to touch her. She thought to herself.

"Can you get her some tea or something?" Her hands trembled on the table. Both women smiled at their friend, Stacey made some tea and took it out to Morigan. Poni leaned back, grabbed a *Fosters* out of the refrigerator and handed it to Mike. "Here you look like you need it."

"Thanks!" Draining half the bottle, she dropped her head forward. Black hair covered her face obscuring her sight of a grinning Poni.

Morigan had her eyes closed trying to concentrate on her breathing, which was still coming to fast, her whole body felt hot almost like a fever.

"Morigan, I've got a cup of tea for ya, it'll help what ails ya." Handing her the cup she sat down on the opposite end of the couch. "You all right, you look kinda flushed."

Clearing her throat, she answered. "Yes it's just, I think its stress from the accident finally kicking in, we were talking and I just felt weak all of a sudden."

"Don't worry, Mike does that to all the woman who come here, it's that warrior intimidation mode or something."

"I feel like I know her from somewhere!"

Stacey laughed. "Fat chance, she's a recluse, it's been years since she's left this farm."

"I know the feeling I don't get out much myself, I spend a lot of time getting ready for classes."

"You a student?"

"No, I'm a professor of English literature."

"Really, I went to Shepardstown for art classes, that's one of mine up there." She pointed to the seaside painting.

Morigan looked at the painting she had seen when she came in. "Your very good, do you sell them?"

"A few, mostly I give them to friends, Mike has a few here in the house, I just to it for my own pleasure, I paint cars for a living."

"Ohh, which reminds me, can you do me a favor and call a cab for me? I need to get to a bank and see about getting a loan to pay for my car."

"Give me a few minutes and I'll get you a ride, be right back."

Stacey walked into the kitchen to find Poni and Mike talking about engines. "Poni why are you still sitting there? Go get cleaned up, I told you I am not slaving over a stove tonight!" Poni rolled her eyes then pushed her chair back catching the lopsided grin Mike gave her.

"Yes dear, on my way." Mike chuckled at her. "Shut up, one of these days you'll be in my boots!"

"Not a chance, I like being alone, I'm very happy thank you very much!"

Stacey grabbed Poni by the front of her T-shirt. "Keep it up and you'll be sleeping in your wrecker tonight!" Poni wrapped her arms around her lover. "I remember some very hot nights in that wrecker!" Stacey's face went red.

"Aahh uuhhm, come on were gonna be late. We're dropping Morigan off at home, we'll bring you something back Mike." She grabbed her shirt again. "Now Poni!"

Poni winked at Mike as she was pulled towards the door; she held up her little finger, mouthed the word "Wrapped" and pointed to Stacey. With a hard yank she was jerked out the door, Mike could hear Stacey telling her "The only one wrapped is you!" Grabbing another *Fosters*, Mike leaned back in her chair and propped her feet up on the table.

Morigan was walking beside Stacey; Poni was ahead of them going towards her wrecker. "Oh no you don't, we are not taking that purple thing!" They heard her mumbling. "I refuse to be seen in something with a dying Barney the dinosaur on the doors. We're taking our truck, got that Drake!" Poni spun around and growled at her lover. "Knew that would get her, she hates her first name!"

Poni pulled up in a blue Toyota T100 extended cab, on the side was an airbrushed mural from front to back of centaurs and women warriors.

"That's beautiful Stacey, did you paint it?"

"Yep, that's my dreamscape, like it."

"Ohh yeah! Maybe when my cars done you can paint something on mine."

"No problem."

Poni jumped out, came around, and opened their doors. Morigan was shocked; she never had a man do that let alone a woman.

Caressing Poni's cheek Stacey kissed her softly on the lips. "Thank you baby ducky!" Poni turned bright red at the pet name. Whispering in her lover's ear. "Don't call me that in public, it's embarrassin."

On the way down the road Stacey asked Morigan if she wanted to join them for supper, she was just about to say no when her stomach made a loud growling noise. "Thanks I'd like that."

Mike was lying on her bed in a pair of flannel boxers and a cut off *Franco Harris Steelers* football jersey. Starring at a painting on the opposite wall, it had four women dressed in leathers, only one was smiling, her delicate features from Mike's dream captured by Stacey's hand. She continued to stare when Stacey sat on the bed with her.

"Amazing ain't it?"

"Come on Stace, she's just my dream."

"What defines a dream and what is real, three of those women there are not dreams, we are real. So who's to say the fourth isn't also?"

"You sound like Ma and all her Wicca stuff!"

"How often is Ma wrong, huh?"

"All right, hardly ever, but still."

"Mike, listen to your dreams and your heart, when the mist of your dreams clears the truth will be revealed, now get some sleep." Stacey leaned over and kissed her friend on her forehead then left her to her thoughts.

Stacey went to her and Poni's room, finding her sitting up in bed reading a book on diesel engines; she took it from her hands and tossed it on the floor. Crawling on top of her, she laid her head on a muscular shoulder.

"What's Mike doin'?"

"Same old thing, looking at her painting."

"She's still hurting after all that bullshit with Chris; butcha gotta admit she did look like your painting!"

"Yeah, but Mike never seen the lies, all she seen was the resemblance. Ma told her, we told her, but she still said she was the one."

That night Mike's dreams jumped from seeing her brother's car explode in front of her to Chris screwing her brother on top of his car then yelling at her in the garage, destroying her heart by

saying she never loved her. Her emotions plummeted her to a cold heartless soul full of hate. Until gentle green eyes, so unlike Chris's gazed back at her, the sweetest laugh she ever heard coming from irresistible lips, started a fire that melted the steel armor she had forged around herself. She drifted into a calm sleep in the arms of her dream lover.

Morigan was walking down the road towards the little shopping center, after getting her ice tea she went next door to her Ti kwon do lesson. She did all her kata forms then finished up by sparring with her sensei with her Sai's. Her next stop was Video Den, after walking down all the aisles, she decided on Braveheart. Her favorite parts were the fight scenes. Half way home she heard a horn blaring behind her, ignoring it, she kept on walking until she seen the blue truck pulling beside her and Stacey leaning out.

"Come on jump in I'll give you a ride!"

She ran around the side of the truck and climbed in. "Thanks, sorry I didn't know it was you honking at me."

"You got any plans; I'm on my way to pick up some books if you wanna come with?"

"OK, I was just gonna go home and watch Braveheart but that can wait."

"That's my favorite movie, Gods Mel Gibson; he's the only man I would go straight for!" Showing a toothy smile to Morigan. "Or Sean Connery!"

Mike and Poni had the firebird up on the rack; Mike was pounding on a chisel with a small sledgehammer while Poni held onto a mangled piece of skid plate.

"So ya gonna ask Morigan out?"

"What?" She turned at the same time she swung the hammer. "Ooowww, damnstupidclumsysonofabitchinidiot!" She was hopping up and down holding her smashed hand. "Are you nuts Poni? I'm not asking her out, damn look at that." She showed her a huge blood blister forming on her hand. "She's not one of us; she's probably got a boyfriend."

"Not! She lives alone, and my gaydar went off the minute I seen her. Anyway, I didn't say take her ta bed, go out for lunch or something, geez when's the last time you went anywhere?"

"1990 what's your point?"

"Maybe if you went out ya wouldn't be such a grumpy bitch!"

"I'm warning you Poni, keep it up and I'll burn one black candle for you for every red one you burn for me."

"How'd ya know about that?"

"Easy, I know my ma!"

"Damn I told them you'd know come on Mikey lets go get drunk."

Ma seen the truck pull into the yard, stepping outside, she watched as Stacey started towards the door. Then she saw a small blond following behind her.

"Hi ma." She gave the older woman a hug. "This is Morigan, Morigan this is Mike's Ma, Selina Connelly."

Selina reached out and held a small hand between her two. Looking into sea green eyes with her pale blue ones.

"Little one you have so much to see!"

A calmness came over Morigan as she looked into Selina's eyes.

"You have many walls to tear down and when they fall you will find your heart!"

"Come on Ma before you scare the hell out of her, where's my nut bread? I know you have some hidden somewhere!"

"Damn kids I tell ya, always hungry. I've been feeding this one for going on 20 years! You know were it is. Come on little one, I'll make her share with you."

They sat around the table laughing at the tales Ma told from years past of her kids antics.

"Little one, so you know my Michaela?" Ma asked.

"Yes ma'am, actually I've only spoken to her once."

"You're lucky, she's one of few words, and you almost have to drag them out of her at times. Now Steve, he never shuts up!"

"Ma you should be around her and Poni, all they do is grunt at each other. I'm still trying to figure out how they know what each other wants?"

Out of 3 kids I got one gear head, a computer geek and my eldest was a race car driver."

Morigan looked to Stacey. "Tommy was in a qualifying race when the tie rod on his car snapped, it flipped and exploded, Mike blames herself."

"Why?" Morigan asked.

"She was his pit crew chief little one; my Michaela can't accept that it was his time."

"So now, she never lets any vehicle leave her garage, until it's been double checked by her and Poni. My wives a perfectionist but Mike's worse!"

"My Michaela is the best mechanic around, before I forget." Selina pulled a bag off the counter. "This is for you and the girls, guaranteed to put all of you in to diabetic seizures!"

"Thanks Ma, well we better get going the grouches are waiting for their beer."

"Next time you come by bring little one with you so we can talk some more."

On the ride back, Morigan looked at the books Stacey had on the seat.

"Reincarnation, you believe in this stuff?"

"Ohh sure, haven't you ever had a dream that felt so real that you thought you were awake, or felt like you had been somewhere before or knew someone you had just met?"

"Well yeah, I just thought it was my over active imagination."

"Take that with you to read, and then let me know what you think."

Morigan lay in her single bed and started reading the book Stacey had lent her; her imagination was becoming smaller with each page.

Mike had firebird parts all over the ground grease up to her elbows streaks down her face. She was fighting with the oil pan; the seal kept slipping every time she started the bolts.

"Son of a bitch!" a socket and wrench went flying across the floor. "Need some help?" Mike spun around and smacked her head. "Damn it to hell!" she yelled. "Sorry, it's just been one of those days." Morigan walked under her car and looked at what Mike was working on.

"What's that?" she pointed at the oil pan.

"It's the thing I've been fighting with for the past half hour."

"Tell ya what Mike; I'll hold it and you do what ever it is ya gotta do."

3hours later the oil pan was on, the rear seals replaced, new universals and one of the control arms was attached. They both were covered with grease.

"I think that's enough for one night, you hungry? I can put some steaks on the grill."

"I really should be going it's getting dark and I rode my mountain bike here."

"Ohh no little one, you are not riding a bike on these roads at dark, after we eat I'll run you home."

"You're the second person to call me little one, is it a crack about my vertically challenged body or something?"

"Let me guess, some how you have met my ma?"

Morigan gave her an innocent look. "I knew it, damn Stacey, wait till she gets home. She started out of the garage. "Come on I'm hungry."

They went into the laundry room to the deep sink; using degreaser and brushes, they scrubbed their arms and hands. Mike handed Morigan a towel to wipe herself off.

"I'm gonna get the steaks on, when your done here come out on the deck." as she turned to go she felt a hand on her arm. "Wait a minute." Putting her hand behind Mike's neck she pulled her head down, Mike looked into green eyes then at soft lips. "You've still got grease on your face." Using the towel Morigan wiped it off; she let her fingers slowly move from dark hair across the soft skin of Mike's neck. Placing the towel in her hand, she walked out of the room.

"Where's the steaks at?"

"In the freezer, go sit down I'll get them!"

"Ooohh no, you make everything crispy!"

Mike stopped in her tracks and her mouth fell open. "How do you know? I've never cooked for you before!"

Morigan raised an eyebrow, tilting her head she looked at Mike. "I have no idea? It just came to me; anyway I'll cook you clean up."

After they had eaten, they sat out on the swing in silence and watched the stars come out, Morigan closed her eyes enjoying the feel of the breeze against her face, and she felt like she was home. Suddenly headlights went across her face.

"Hey guys." Poni and Stacey stepped up on to the porch. "How'd ya get here Morigan?" Asked Stacey.

"I rode my bike."

"But that's like 15 miles, your not riding back tonight you can stay here with us, we've got a spare room you can stay in."

Mike's eyebrows rose to her hairline. "Right Mike." Stacey said. "Yeah." shooting daggers at her friend. "Then Mike can run you home in the morning."

Stacey showed Morigan to one of the spare rooms which just happened to be the one after Mike's. Her evil little mind running in one direction and that was to wake up that sleeping part of her friend that had been missing for 10 years.

"Here ya go." The room was painted a soft white with soft rose carpeting, a full-sized bed against one wall with a rose and blue colored hand made quilt covering it, walnut bed stand holding a brass lamp and clock across the room was a dresser and an old rocking chair. Pointing to a door next to the dresser Stacey told her it was the adjoining bathroom. She turned as she entered the hallway she stopped. "If you need anything just yell, our room is right across the hall from you, oh and look in the dresser there should be some T-shirts in there for you to sleep in, good night little one.

Crossing the room, she pulled open one of the drawers and pulled out a T-shirt. Stripping out of her cloths she pulled the T-shirt over her head, she smelled dryer sheets and a faint spicy scent, still holding the collar to he nose she crawled into bed, within minutes of wrapping her arms around the pillow she was asleep.

Mike wandered downstairs to what Stacey called "Mike's torture chamber." Flipping on the overhead lights she stripped down to her boxers and a tank top T-shirt then moved over to one of her weight benches, sliding metal plates on the bar she laid down letting her arms hang out to the side to stretch out her shoulders and chest. Placing her hands towards the far ends of the bar, she lifted and lowered it slowly. After her four sets of 10 with 175lbs, she worked her legs on the leg press, pressing 340lbs for her normal sets. Her body was burning with adrenaline knowing sleep would come slow if she didn't work her self to exhaustion. Walking across the mat covered floor she pulled down her favorite sword. Going through her sword movements she worked until she was covered in sweat and her breathing was ragged, replacing her sword she grabbed a towel of a shelf stripping out of her cloths as she headed towards the sauna. Starting the burner she waited until they were blazing, pouring water over the coals, she added some sage and pine. Lying back on a bench she let her mind wander. Visions of a forest came to her and the feel of a horse's movement beneath her. She felt arms wrapped around her waist looking down she seen the small hands clasped together tracing them with callused fingers, feeling movement behind her she looked back over her shoulder to see the top of a blond head. Hearing the alarm go off that she had set when coming in she dosed the coals and turned off the burner then headed for the shower she had installed downstairs.

Wandering through the kitchen naked, she scrounged in the pantry. Finding her stash of macadamia and chocolate cookies she grabbed a half gallon of milk out of the frig and climbed the stairs to her room where she collapsed onto her waterbed as is, eating her cookies and drinking all the milk she starred at her painting.

The smell of food reached out and tweaked Morigan's nose, stretching she felt her back pop and the soreness in her arms and shoulders, then she remembered holding up car parts so that Mike could get them bolted up. "Know wonder Poni's shoulders were so huge." She thought to herself. Crawling out of bed, she stumbled to the bathroom with half closed eyes, opening the door she

ran into something, feeling hands on her shoulders her eyes flew open and there stood 6ft of naked Mike standing in front of her with a toothbrush sticking out of her mouth. "Morning, heph." Handing her a still wrapped toothbrush, finishing she left a wide-eyed blond standing in the bathroom. Morigan watched a wide bronzed back as Mike walked into her room; she tried to brush her teeth and not watch Mike getting dressed.

"Morigan get a grip, it's not like you've never seen a naked woman before, oohh but not like this one." She said to herself. Toothpaste ran down her chin and fingers, Mike felt eyes on her the whole time she was dressing, a grin crossed her face. Turning as she pulled her tank top over her head she caught green eyes watching her, she winked then walked out of her room carrying her boots.

A grumpy Poni sat drinking her coffee as Stacey cooked eggs and bacon. Camel colored eyes rose to see a grinning Mike reaching around Stacey to grab a coffee cup. Filling it halfway with coffee then filling the rest with chocolate milk.

"How can you drink that stuff?" Stacey asked her.

"Hey this is west by god cafe mocha, want some?"

"Yuck! Do you want that other gross stuff to?"

"Yep nice and crispy."

"Is Morigan up yet?"

"Oooohhh yeah and wide eyed!"

Stacey turned to see Mike still grinning. "What'd you do?"

Mike continued to grin as she sat down. "Not a thing."

They were eating when Morigan came into the kitchen; Poni pointed with her fork to the chair next to Mike. "Have some slop." That earned her a kick under the table from her lover.

"Ooooww, that's my leg!" Hazel eyes bored into her. "Slop huh, McDonalds is just down the road Drake, why don't you waddle on down there and get your breakfast from now on!"

Mike raised her cup to her lips to hide a grin. "Oh baby I love your cooking, you know that, I'll eat anything you cook, yep sure will, nobody cooks like my little woman, nope!" Morigan looked into crystal blue mischievous eyes and blushed red from neck to hairline, it was caught by two others who decided to leave it alone till later.

Morigan thanked Stacey for her hospitality, grabbed her bike, and headed home, the whole ride the only thing that went through her brain was Mike standing in the bathroom naked. She peddled harder by the time she got to her apartment her legs felt like rubber. Taking her bike inside, she grabbed a bottle of water and collapsed onto her couch. Moving a little to the side so she wouldn't fall through to the floor she went through her mail, all were junk except for three

from the closest banks she had applied to for a loan, after opening them she sat with tears in her eyes. "How am I suppose to get credit if no one will give it to me, bastards!" Grabbing the phone, she called the garage, after three rings she was ready to hang up when she heard Stacey pick up. "MDS Wrecker Service can I help you?"

"Stacey it's Morigan, I've got a problem the banks turned me down, I need to find another way to pay Mike for the repairs to my car." Her voice started to crack. "I've got some... jewelry... from my aunt ... I could sell..."

"Hold on now, take it easy and let me think." A few seconds went by. "Can you type?" She asked.

"Yes, 125 words a minute why?"

"How about computers?"

Yeah, I have Bachelors in business, what are you thinking of?"

"By the Gods I'm saved!" Morigan could hear papers hitting the floor and war cries in the background. "Stacey you all right?"

"Oh yeahhh, you do our paperwork and that'll pay for your car, sound good?"

"Yes but what is Mike gonna say about this?"

"Don't worry she told me to hire someone, so I just did. You can come over and do the paperwork when ever your not teaching."

"Great, I'll be there tomorrow morning."

Stacey ran out the door and jumped on Poni's back as she was heading out to her wrecker.

"Stace what the hell!" Sliding off her lovers back she spun her around and kissed her soundly on the lips, than ran off to her body shop yelling about no more paper work, Poni shook her head and mumbled something about Stacey being a "Simple bitch and to many paint fumes."

Mike had the axles from a truck sitting on her bench and was measuring the teeth with a gauge when she heard all the yelling, poking her head out the door she seen Stacey go running then come out and get into her 4x4 truck. "Now what's she gonna put on my truck, I need to get her some canvasses before she paints the teletubbies on the house.

Morigan lay on her old couch and watched Braveheart; falling asleep halfway through it, she awoke the next morning to a stiff back. Crawling onto the floor she stayed that way until she reached her little kitchenette, using the counter she pulled herself up, pouring water in her 2cup coffee pot she went to the bathroom to take a shower. By the time she was done her coffee was

done, taking her cup with her she went to her room to look for something to wear, picking a pair of Levi's and a T-shirt she dressed and headed out the door with her bike. 40 minutes later, she was pulling down the drive towards the farmhouse. The whole way there, Mike was all she could think of.

Mike and Poni were working on her car the front wheels were on and it was done off the lift, both women were leaning inside the hood. "Whatdya think Poni, thrush headers and side pipes, maybe jack it up a little put some slicks on the back beef up the suspension?"

"Ya wanna keep pulling her out of the corn fields?"

"If we do this she won't have to worry about fields it's air traffic that will worry about her. Come on Poni we already have the heads off, 1/2 hour and we can have the manifolds off and headers on."

"If she screams it's gonna be at you, why ya doing all this anyway?"

Mike grinned at her. "I don't know I just feel like it I guess."

"Uuhh huh right, just like the airbags you put in there to huh?"

Mike shrugged her shoulders. Morigan found Stacey in the kitchen drinking coffee. "Hey, got anymore?" She asked.

"Cups are up there in the cabinet, creamer in the frig. You ready to try and fix our paper mess?"

"I'll try, can't be to hard it's invoices and bills right?"

"But you have to remember I've been doing it, I paint cars I don't do paperwork."

Morigan sat down at the table with her coffee while Stacey pulled out a metal milk pail out of the pantry; placing it on the table, she pulled the top off. "Wanna cookie?" Morigan gave her a quizzical look, and then pointed to the sign on the front that said cat food. Laughing Stacey tipped the pail to show her a dozen bags of Pepperidge farms cookies. "I hide them from that 6ft cookie monster."

"That's funny I've never seen a cat here?"

"Oh we don't have one!"

"And she hasn't asked why you have a can marked cat food?"

"Nope, now if it said sparkplugs, her and Poni would both be looking in it. I could have a dozen emus running through the yard and they wouldn't notice, dense gear heads."

"Well let me go see about this paper mess of yours, thanks for the coffee."

Morigan spent four hours sorting through the papers she found in a desk drawer, she even found some un-cashed checks in with the papers from insurance companies to pay for damages. Six folders were now in the drawer for each job that they performed one for pending one for completed, after holding them for a month she would put them onto disc and clean out the folder and the computer files. Booting up the PC, she searched through the menus. "Cool they have super solitaire." Finding the program with all the repair invoices, she cleared some of them out using the folders she had just completed. Her trashcan was getting filled real fast. Checking the Microsoft money, she was amazed at the balance in their account. Checking the paper work for the installation of two engines came to almost \$3500.00. Whistling under her breath at the figure. "I make \$21000.00 a year teaching spoiled brats; maybe I should learn how to change oil in cars?" With the deposit slips ready for the bank, she was just about to go look for Stacey when she heard the screen door slam.

"Hey Morigan how you doing?"

"Good Steve, you see Stacey out there anywhere, I need to go to the bank."

"Yep, she's painting a car; I can take you if you want?"

"OK lets go."

After running to the bank, they went over to pizza hut for lunch. Morigan found out that Selina was right Steve never shut up. She learned more about computers than she ever needs to know.

"So Morigan, what do you think of the 3 Amazonian gear heads?"

"Why do you call them amazons?" She asked seriously.

"None of them need a man for anything, they fix and paint cars, do plumbing and carpentry work, you name it they can do it."

"Gotcha, from what I see they get along with just the 3 of them, I guess that's what the mural on Poni and Stacey's truck is amazons."

"Yep, you know their garage does so well that every garage in this area hates them, they even have hard core rednecks coming to get the trucks fixed!"

Steve lowered his head but they do have their problems with others in this area."

"Who besides the competition?"

"Bible thumpers, they show up and yell all kind of stuff at them, one year me and ma had to bail the 3 of them out of jail."

"My Gods what did they do?"

"A whole bunch of them idiots showed up and started yelling sinners and abominations. So they had had enough so they snuck through the field and chained all the cars together, then Poni used her purple wrecker Barney and dragged them into the hay field, needless to say they weren't to happy about it."

"I bet they went nuts! So what happened when they went before the judge?"

"Well ma went and talked to her, she's an old friend of the family, she let them off with 80 hours of community service, and they had to pick up garbage on Rt. 340 for almost a month. My whole life I can remember the three of them getting into trouble time and again. When they were in high school Mike and Poni snuck into the boys locker room during a football game tied up two of the players put their uniforms on and went out and just about killed the other team before anyone noticed that two of the players had long hair."

Morigan was laughing so hard tears were running down her cheeks. "They were bad, so where was Stacey?"

"On the sidelines beating up the opposing teams cheerleaders."

"I'm surprised they made it through school, what did your ma say about it?"

"She told the principal and the football coach that the girls played better than any of the guys and if they had any brains they would put them on the team."

"So they've known each other their whole lives?"

"Yep almost 30 years, and they haven't killed each other, they claim along with mom that they have always shared their lives together. I just think their crazy. Ppuulleaaase get real, reincarnation is for Shirley McClain and Dion Warwick's Psychic hotline."

"Well maybe and maybe not."

"Not you to, God I'm surrounded!"

"I'm just open minded about things like that, it doesn't hurt." She looked down at her watch and grimaced. "Listen I gotta get back and get some work done."

Morigan and Steve walked through the side door into the kitchen, finding Stacey and Poni arguing over valve compression specs. They dropped 3-pizza boxes in-between them, which stopped the arguing immediately. "Food!" Poni yelled grabbing the top box right out of her lover's hands. "Hey gimme that!" they played tug of war with the box until Poni growled and snapped at Stacey's fingers. Morigan put a 12 pack of coke in the frig for later. Grabbing a glass she had a half-gallon of milk in her hand when she seen Stacey finally give up and take the next box. Squinting her eyes at Poni, she took a mushroom off her pizza and threw it at Poni.

"Stop it Stace!"

"You stop it!"

"I ain't doin nothin!"

"You're humming! You know that drives me nuts drake!"

Steve was laughing so hard tears were streaming down his cheeks.

"I'm outta here Morigan, before it gets nasty, see ya later."

Sausage and mushrooms grew wings and started flying back and forth across the table. Morigan grabbed the last box and escaped out the door with out being pelted with food, she found Mike under the truck she was working on, leaning down she yelled to Mike. "I brought you some supper!"

"OK thanks, I'll eat as soon as I'm done here."

Putting the pizza and stuff in the back of the truck she replied "Oh no your not." she reached down and grabbed Mike by her boots and pulled her out on the creeper, looking down into blue eyes.

"Not! You've been out here all day!"

"Have not!"

"Have to, I've been here all day and not seen hide nor hair of you."

"You've been here all day, why?"

"Stacey didn't tell you, oh boy, she ahhh... hired me to do the paperwork."

Mike raised a dark eyebrow and grinned. "I feel sorry for you!"

Mike pulled a slice of pizza out of the box and took a bite out of it; Stacey looked at her grease-covered hands. "Aren't you going to even wash your hands first?"

Mike turned her hands over and looked at the grease. "Nope, little bit of dirt won't hurt."

"Gods your impossible." Going to the sink, she grabbed some towels and the Go Jo, returning to Mike she grabbed one hand and started working the soap in to dirty hands, Mike watched as little hands rubbed her fingers and palm, her blood ran from her brain to nether regions. Morigan took the pizza from her other hand took a bite then gave it back to a startled Mike, after she finished the other hand she took the towel and wiped some tomato sauce from Mikes chin.

"All done." Her hands were trembling along with her knees; she looked up into darkened blue

eyes. "Aahh I've got some aahh... papers I need you to ...translate for me." Mike stuck the crust of her pizza in Morgan's mouth, giving her a lopsided grin she said. "Come on, I'll see what I can do." In her mind, she knew what she would like to do. Grabbing a little hand, she pulled her out of the garage as she drank from the milk carton. "Thas rofs!" A dark head turned with the milk carton still to her lips, dark eyebrows arched. "Huh!" swallowing. "I said that's gross, drinking out of the carton!" She reached up and wiped the mustache off Mike's upper lip.

"Ohh I forgot we may not want to go in the kitchen."

"Why not?"

"When I left the amazons were having a food fight."

"What did Poni do this time?"

"She was humming while she was eating."

"Is that all, believe me she gets worse."

Still holding hands they walked into the kitchen, Mike slid across the floor on tomato sauce with Morigan right behind her, who grabbed onto her waist with her free hand to keep from falling.

"Hi guys, havin fun?"

It wasn't until Morigan came from behind Mike that she seen Stacey laying on top of the table with her shirt torn open and Poni licking tomato sauce off her breasts. Her face turned bright red and her jaw dropped open, Mike pulled her out the door.

"Your right she does get worse!" She squeaked.

"Not even close, I was talking about her eating habits with food not with Stacey!"

"Ooohh geez!" Morigan groaned.

Pulling out the bank receipts from her pocket she out them on the desk. "Where'd ya find those?"

"Oh they were in with some papers. I took them to the bank and put them in your account."

"Stacey take you?"

"No Steve stopped by so he took me then we went to lunch."

Mikes eyes darkened as well as her mood, grabbing a pen she held it so tight that Morigan thought it would explode in her hand. In a voice lowered by one octave, she asked for the papers, grabbing up the papers she read them then scribbled something on them and tossed everything on to the desk. Stomping off with clenched fists and jaws she went downstairs, Morigan was

confused at the change in Mike. She went to the steps just before she was to start down the steps she heard Mike's voice yelling in a foreign language and a heavy thumping noise. She turned and came nose to nose with Poni.

"What's she pissed off about?"

"I don't know, I told her I went to the bank and lunch with Steve and she got pissed and went down there."

Stacey came up behind her lover and wrapped her arms around her waist.

"Sounds like tall dark and celibate needs to get laid!"

Morgan blushed for the 10th time that day. "Excuse me, but what has that got to do with her getting pissed?" Two voices chimed in. "Sexual frustration! Yep that's it."

"I don't get it?"

"Neither does she!" Poni laughed.

"Anyway, what set her off?" Stacey asked.

"She went to lunch with Steve." Poni whispered.

"Oooohhh, well she'll get over it, after she beats the hell out of her heavy bag for say... 12 hours!" Poni shook her head up and down.

"There's something you guys are not telling me!"

"And we ain't telling neither." Stacey replied. "Nope, I want to live to be an old gray Poni!"

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She could still hear the thumping an hour later; she had grown tired of waiting for Mike to come upstairs so she decided to go home. On her way she fought with herself, she needed to talk to someone and only one name came to mind.

She ended up standing on ma's stoop, before she could knock she heard Selina yell to "C'mon in" She found her sitting at her kitchen table reading the newspaper, looking up over her half glasses she seen the tormented look on Morgan's face.

"I see you hit your first wall, now you either crawl over that wall or back off it's up to you."

"I don't understand?"

"You came here to talk about Michaela." Green eyes sunk to the tabletop. "I made her mad today and I don't know how or why?"

"Don't tell me she went down to the torture chamber and beat the hell out of her heavy bag for hours."

Green eyes shot up to look in to pale blue ones "How'd you know?"

"That's easy she's my kid. Now to get over that wall you must show her that she can trust you."

"I'm still confused, why do I have these walls to climb, I know you said that once over them I would find my heart, what do you mean and where does trust come in?"

"The other half of your heart and soul is there, it's Michaela's past that haunts her, and until she lets that go she will always have pain. In time all will be clear to you and her."

The amazons told me I have to get her to tell me, is that true?"

Selina laughed. "Amazons huh, yeah she has to tell you, keeps me and that amazons out of trouble."

"Can't Poni or Stacey help her?"

"Let me ask you something, when you dream at night what do you see?"

Morigan sat silent for a few minutes. "I see a warrior doing drills with her sword, but I never see her face."

"Next time you dream of her ask her to turn around, tonight the mist grows thinner in your journey, then all will be clear and the walls will become shorter and easier to climb over. Now go home and get some sleep."

Mike finally wore herself out, on her hands and knees she gasped, sitting back on her knees she threw her head back tears streamed down her face, she let out a cry that would send shivers up a banshee's spine. The pain in her heart was so overwhelming it took her to the mat covered floor where she curled into a fetal position.

Morigan's sleep was anything but that, she tossed and turned all night, visions kept running through her head like a movie on fast forward, her emotions were all twisted when she woke up. However, she did know that she felt a longing to see Mike and no matter what she would get her to talk and find out why she had gotten so mad over nothing. Crawling out of bed she took a shower and got dressed, grabbing her bike she looked down at it and groaned. "To hell with it." Grabbing the phone, she called a cab.

Mike had fallen asleep on the floor downstairs; Poni had gone down and woke her up. Knowing her friend so well, she didn't say a word but went back upstairs to her lover.

"Well Poni, how's she look?"

"Like warmed over centaur dung!"

When Morigan got out of the cab Poni was standing outside the garage. "Morigan if you see Mike in there can you send her out."

"No problem."

Morigan walked through the kitchen, grabbed a cup of coffee, and sat down at the table to drink it. Mike had come upstairs after Poni had woken her up, walking over to the desk she gazed down at the papers she had tossed there yesterday. Sitting in the desk chair she leaned back and closed her eyes, she could smell lavender and another scent she couldn't place. Green eyes looked at her, running her fingers across soft pink lips partially opened, moving close enough she could feel warm breath against her face, she could almost feel the touch of those soft lips. A small hand went to her shoulder.

"Mike wake up." Blue eyes shot open, looking around she realized where she was, she looked into those same green eyes, and a warmth enveloped her. "Poni's looking for you." her heart slammed in her chest. "Ooohh gods!" Running her hand across her face, she jumped up out of the chair and ran for the door yelling "Thanks" over her shoulder. Morigan sat down at her desk feeling the warmth of Mike's body still there, groaning deep in her chest she leaned back letting the chair hug her. Looking at the desk, she saw that she had nothing to do. "Gods what a boring day it's gonna be." Getting up from the chair she headed for Stacey's shop, she was nowhere to be found, so she looked around and found some paperwork sitting on one of her benches, she was on her way to Mike's garage when she heard yelling. Dropping the papers, she took off running. Mike was nose to nose with a man as tall as her, he was poking her in the chest with his index finger.

"I told you I wasn't going to spend over \$200.00 on the repairs and you went over without consulting me, I am not giving you one red cent over the original amount so take it or leave it!"

Mike stood with a stoic look on her face, at the end of his outburst her face became feral, clenching her fists she raised her right arm, just as she was about to let loose with a jab to the asshole's face when a tiny blond blur shot in-between them.

"Mike stop!" Mike tried to shove her out of the way. "Michaela!" Mike froze. Morigan cupped her face with her hands. "Stop he's not worth it!" Silvery blue eyes looked down at pleading green eyes. Whispering she repeated, "He's not worth it." Morigan felt herself shoved into Mike. "Look here the big dyke has to have her little slut come to her rescue!" Morigan spun around shooting sparks from her eyes. She froze when she looked into his snickering face. "Professor Clark, I am not nor ever will be anyone's slut and who I choose to be with is of no concern of yours or anyone else's. It seems to me that you are jealous of what belongs to someone else because you got stuck with a drab old uppity ice queen bitch for a wife! Now take your skinny ass over to my office and leave your check for the full amount or I'll make sure the college news paper runs a story about your cross dressing episode in Dupont Circle, full with the pictures that I have at home!"

The snickering look was wiped clean off his face and was replaced with something akin to terror,

before she could take another breath he was running with a check in his hand, tossing it in the air before he jumped in his car and pulled away. Morigan turned back to Mike to see blue eyes smiling down at her. "Do you really have pictures?" Morigan started laughing. "No but that cements the rumors of his forays to the circle, come on lets go get you some cookies!" Morigan picked up the check. "He was bitching about the \$20.00 some in taxes? The cheap bastard!" Hand in hand, they went into the kitchen but Mike continued to pull her through the kitchen to another door that had steps going down. Flipping on a small light, she saw that it was the living room. Mike sat down on the couch pulling Morigan down beside her. Grabbing a remote control and hitting a button, oak doors slid back to show a wide screen TV, hitting another button it came on to show Braveheart. "Gods that's my favorite movie!" Mike lifted up the center of the coffee table and pulled out a carton of milk for herself and a coke for Morigan. Leaning back and propping her feet up, Mike stretched out. Morigan mimicked her moments later. Half way through the movie, they were both asleep. Morigan across Mikes lap with one arm wrapped around her thighs and Mike had one arm resting on a small waist.

Poni and Stacey came home to find them still sleeping, turning off the TV Stacey covered them with a blanket and they went upstairs to their own room. "Do you think they...you know?" Asked Poni. "Nope, not yet give them time."

Mike had woke up sometime during the night, blue eyes half open looked down to see a blond head resting on her legs that where stiff with pain from being stretched out on the coffee table. Easing out from under Morigan she made a trip to the bathroom, once done she was going to go upstairs to bed. But was drawn back to the couch, kneeling down, she brushed blond hair from Morigan's cheek. Letting the tresses fall through her fingers. She gave in, laid back down on the couch, and pulled the smaller body against her chest.

Morning came with the smell of breakfast being cooked. Being a nosy little animal, Poni snuck downstairs. Dropping to her hands and knees, she crawled across the floor to the back of the couch. Peeking over the edge, with a toothy grin on her face at the sight of Morigan laying across her tall friend. Her head tucked between neck and shoulder, their arms wrapped around each other.

"Pppsssss!" Poni turned to see her lover at the top of the steps pointing a finger at her and mouthing the words "What are you doing?" Poni motioned her forward, now both of them were peeking over the back of the couch grinning like idiots until one blue eye opened and caught them. "Go away!" a sleep thickened voice grumbled. "But you two look so cute." Stacey whispered. Tightening her arms around Morigan, she pushed her face into the cushion. Giggling they went back upstairs leaving the other two to sleep a little longer.

A half hour later Morigan stirred, misty green eyes opened in the semi dark room to see Mike's sleep softened face, tracing her cheek with her fingers she let them follow down soft skin to end up resting on Mike's chest. Inhaling a scent that was all Mike the feeling came to her that this was where she belonged. The low voice invaded her thoughts of not moving for the rest of her life. "Time to get up little one."

"Nuh uhh, Saturday... cartoons on."

Mike chuckled at her. "Well I hear pancakes calling my name and I can hear your stomach growling." she squirmed out from under a little blond octopus only to have her latch on to her waist. "Come on I'll get you some of Poni's 10w50 weight coffee, guaranteed to keep you awake for weeks!" They made their way to the kitchen where Poni was feeding Stacey blue pancakes. Pushing Morigan down into a chair, she got them both coffees. Morigan watched Poni slip a forkful of what she thought was eggs into her lover's mouth. She was surprised at the gentleness from the usual stoic and rough woman. She smiled at Mike when she sat beside her. "If your wondering, Poni cooks on Saturdays and the only way Stacey will eat the mystery food is if Poni feeds her, right guys?" The three shades of red Poni with a lopsided grin replied. "It may look a little funny." Pointing to the blue pancakes. "But they taste OK."

"She always forgets to strain the blueberries, I think she does it on purpose, but that's my little ducky, always has to be different." Stacey kissed her and stroked her cheek. "I wouldn't want her any other way."

"Who cooks tomorrow?" Morigan questioned them, two sets of eyes looked to Mike. "Where you guys wanna eat?"

"Oohh I get it, you take them out instead of burning down the kitchen. Tell ya what, when I get home today I'll go by Food lion and pick up something for Sunday and I'll cook for you guys." She received looks from them all. Mike cleared her throat and stumbled over her words. "You.... Can you know...ahh...cook on the stove?"

Green eyes matched the smile on her face. "Sweetness, I can cook anywhere and on anything!"

"Oooookay."

Stacey started laughing at her flushed friend. "Mikey's in trouble!" She teased in a singsong way, come on little ducky you promised to take me fishing this morning. You guys wanna come?" Mike looked at Morigan with a raised eyebrow. "You fish?" "And I can clean and cook them to, where we going the river?"

Poni stood up from the table pulling her wife with her. "Yep down by the old power plant at the falls, we get huge catfish down there if we can keep Mike out of the water." She shot a piercing look at her friend.

"Hey now who gets more fish, me our you guys with your nasty chicken livers?" she heard mumbles. "I rest my case, now lets get going."

The Shenandoah River was running low; the water barely came over the dam to the now visible rocks below which are usually under 6ft of tumbling water. On one of the large rocks sat Poni and Stacey back to back with their fishing rods resting on their outstretched feet. Tied to Poni's bare leg was the stringer with their single gigantic foot long catfish. Morigan and Mike where downstream where a natural sink hole was surrounded by large smooth rocks, Morigan stood

with her rod held between her knees putting a crawfish on the large hook. Mike was walking along the shallow water flipping over rocks and plunging her hand into the muddy water. "Got another one!" She held up a blue crawfish then dropped it in to the bucket she carried. Weaving her way back to Morigan she put the bucket down at her feet. "I got ya about 3 dozen, I'm going over where the water drops off over the rocks and see what I can catch." She was halfway there when Morigan noticed she didn't have her rod. "Hey don't you need your rod?" Mike gave her a big smile as she wiggled her fingers in the air. "Nope, I got better ways!" Shrugging her shoulders Morigan continued to fish and watch the Canadian geese dive for minnows near the bank.

Poni was bored; she started to use the end of her rod to tease the minnows that were eating the little pieces of liver she dropped in the water. "Damn worm strippers." slapping her rod tip in the water. "Take that ya little shit!" Stacey leaned back and grabbed her ear lobe with her teeth; flicking it with her tongue, she worked her way down Poni's neck, who forgot all about torturing little fish. "We could say the hell with fishing baby ducky and go skinny dipping above the dam." She was answered with a breath-stealing kiss.

Mike pulled their stringer out of the water and put her catch on it then dropped it back in. Morigan turned to see what she was doing before she could turn back her rod bent almost in two. "Son of bitch!" She would have been pulled off the rock if not for the strong arms that had encircled her waist. "Reel it in!" Morigan's brows dipped in concentration. "I'm trying, gods what's on here loch Ness?" She grunted while she tried to pull the fish in. the reel howled as the fish fought against the drag on the line. An hour later sweat was pouring down her temples; her arms trembled with stress and fatigue. "Mike take it, I can't feel my arms anymore." Mike reached over her shoulders and grabbed the rod; Morigan sunk to the rock and leaned back against Mike's legs. With a mighty groan and strength to out do, any power lifter she pulled back on the rod, reeling the line in like a maniac she repeated the action. 30 minutes later, they saw the top dorsal of the fish. Between ragged breaths, she grunted to Morigan. "Get.... The... net...go under.... It!" Morigan had the net above the water waiting. With one last pull, the fish came to the surface. "Now!" She slipped the net under the water with both of them working they got the still fighting fish up on the rock. The net was to small only half of the fish was netted the other half was flipping around on the rocks surface, Morigan dropped to her knees and tried to hold onto it but lost her balance and fell backwards into the water. Mike dropped the rod and grabbed it under its gills with both hands. "In my tackle box is a rope." Morigan crawled out of the water and scrounged in the box, after finding the 1/2-inch thick rope, she ran it through the gills and tied it off above the gapping mouth. Exhausted her and Mike sat on the rock side by side with the fish at their feet. "I'm done for, whatdya say we go home." Morigan groaned when she stood up. "How we gonna get Moby dick to the truck?" she looked to the now abandoned rock where the amazons had been fishing. "Looks like our help left us!" Mike followed to where she was looking. "You take the rods and tackle box and I'll get Moby and the stringer, then we'll find out where they went, OK."

Hey struggled up the bank with all their stuff. After putting everything in the back of the truck, they headed to the other side of the dam to find Poni and Stacey.

"Where ya think they are?" Asked Morigan.

"Some place scaring the hell out of either the wild life or the rednecks!"

"Oookaaay." her brain ran in a hundred different places trying to imagine what they could be doing. "They wouldn't, would they?"

Mike chuckled at her shocked expression. "Ooohh yes they would!"

They rounded a bend to see Poni and Stacey embraced out in the water sharing more than space and some guys on the far bank drooling all over their feet and their now twisted lines forgotten. Picking up a flat stone Mike skipped it near the entangled pair, who never noticed. Picking up another one, she skipped it so that it smacked Poni in the back. "Hey who did that?" Mike just stood on the bank grinning at her. "Come on guys, your disturbing the wild life again not to mention the poor animals on the bank over there." Poni followed her pointing finger. "Damn perverts!" Giving Stacey a deep kiss for the perverts benefit, they untangled their limbs. Mike and Morigan watched as the other two started out of the water, before they got to the bank Poni spun her wife around to face the perverts cupping both of her breasts she yelled to them. "Alllll mine, yeps their alllll mine!"

Mike covered her eyes. "Ooohh boy." Poni had a huge grin on her face. "Got them didn't I?"

"Let's get outta here before they come out of shock." Mike grabbed Morigan's hand and ran for the truck. They had just jumped in when Poni and Stacey came running still naked. They jumped into the back seat and closed the doors. Mike looked in the rear view mirror to see four rednecks come running up behind them yelling, at the noise Morigan turned to look and saw Stacey stick her breasts out the rear window at them. "What the hell is that back there?" Poni looked into the truck bed.

"Mikey how in the hell did you catch that?"

"I didn't, Morigan did."

Two sets of eyes went to the little blond, giving her looks of amazement.

The taxidermist almost had a coronary at the sight of the fish, after taking it's measurements and weight he had to sit down.

"You realize little lady that you have just set a new record in this area for catfish!"

Morigan's eyes grew wide at the news; Mike put an arm around her and pulled her against her side. "Just think your name goes in all the fishing guides with a picture showing a 5ft 1inch, 127lbs catfish. And as soon as he's done stuffing it you can put it on your wall." green eyes looked up from under blond bangs at her. "I'd much rather put it on your wall." Mike ran her fingers through blond hair and smiled down at her. "OK, but you pick the wall, come on lets go home. Give me a call when it's done." She said to the man. "No problem, it's going to be a pleasure to do this one."

After fighting Moby dick Morigan was starting to feel it in her whole body, Mike didn't miss her little looks of pain when she moved in the kitchen, taking her by the hand she lead her outback to a gazebo. "Where we going?" She asked. "You'll see." Morigan stood and looked at a large Jacuzzi. "My gods, you have anymore surprises I should know about?"

"A few, come on my body is aching and all I want right now is to relax in some hot water."

Mike turned the heater on and the jets, Morigan stood stock still, fire ran down her body at the sight of bronzed flesh being bared inch by tantalizing inch in front of her, she couldn't breath let alone remove her cloths. Mike dropped the last of her cloths on the floor then slid into the hot water. Blue eyes captured a frozen little blond. "Whatcha waitin for?"

"Aahhh...nothing be right there." Turning her back, she stripped, with downcast eyes she joined Mike in the Jacuzzi, sitting on the other side from her she all but melted when the water relaxed her aching body. "Can I stay here all night, this feels like heaven."

"Only if you don't mind looking like a raisin."

"I don't care."

Morigan's eyes drifted shut and her breathing deepened in sleep. Mike crossed the Jacuzzi and cradled her in her arms. Stepping out of the water she carried her to the house, and walked past her house mates who had grins on their faces from seeing her stark naked with Morigan asleep in her arms, going up the stairs to her room she laid Morigan down and covered her up. Throwing her boxers on and a T-shirt, she went back down to the kitchen. "I guess the big fish wore her out huh?" Remarkd Stacey. "But which big fish was it?" Poni tossed in.

"Come on guys, you know me better than that, I haven't laid a finger on her."

"Whatdya waitin for, tall dark and dense one, haven't you been paying attention to how she looks at you?" asked Poni. "My gods, every time I look she's touching you some how, wake up!"

Mike dropped her eyes to the table and rested her chin in her hand. "I have to be sure, and right now I'm not."

"What will make you sure?" Stacey reached across the table and clasped her large hand. "I have to hear those words."

"What words, **those** 3 words."

"No, words only the "one" and I would know." Grabbing a carton of milk out of the frig. She headed to her room.

"I hope Morigan knows those words."

"So do I Ducky, so do I."

Mike tossed her cloths on the floor and climbed in bed, laying on her back with her arms under her head she looked sideways at Morigan who was also laying on her back. "I hope you know those words little one." Morigan mumbled "Words" and rolled over reaching out with her small hand looking for warm skin, pulling herself closer she nestled her face on Mike's chest and moved her hand in small circles on Mike's stomach. The action relaxed Mike to the point of putting her to sleep.

She was laying in what she thought was a loft, her body braced against sacks of grain, her whole body felt feverish and weak. A dull pain nagged at her from her shoulder, her fingers were being squeezed with such gentleness her heart wanted to burst. She turned to look into blue eyes filled with unshed tears, words filtered into her head then she was looking around a strange room, feeling warm skin beneath her cheek and a steady heartbeat that lulled her back to sleep.

Morigan woke to an empty bed stretching she felt all the overworked muscles from fighting Moby dick the day before. Sitting up in the waterbed she reached her arms over her head to stretch her back out, that's when she seen the painting. Getting up she walked across the room, her knees buckled at the sight of herself along with Stacey, Poni and Mike all dressed in leather, her breathing came out ragged, using the dresser to pull herself up she searched the painting for the artist. "Stacey O'Bannon 1980" with unsteady legs she looked for her cloths not finding them she picked up Mikes boxers and T-shirt and slipped them on, pulling the shirt up to her nose she could smell Mike's scent, closing her eyes she pulled the shirt tighter around her body. "Gods I'm going nuts!" She ran from the room and checked the kitchen for Stacey, not finding her she ran outside to her body shop. Stacey had an aspirator over her face and goggles covering her eyes, the paint gun in her hand was spraying metallic blue paint across a gray premiered fender. Morigan came flying through the door into a cloud of paint mist; coughing and rubbing her eyes she tapped Stacey on the shoulder and motioned her outside. Stacey put the paint gun down and followed her.

"What's up?"

"In Mike's bedroom on the wall is a painting, who are the women in it?"

Stacey's face took on a strange look; she removed her painting gear and looked right into searching green eyes. "I painted that 20yrs ago for Mike, it was from one of her repeated dreams, three of the women are obvious, and it's the fourth that haunts Mike both in her dreams and waking hours. It's not the only painting I've done of that woman." she paused for a few moments. "Shit how do I explain this? Both Poni and myself see her in our dreams, it's from what ma tells us memories of a past life that we spent together, but we have never found the true fourth woman. Only Mike would know her."

Morigan stumbled to the side of the shop and slid down the wall, closing her eyes she seen the

replays of the dream she had last night; her hand went to her left shoulder and massaged the area. Stacey kneeled in front of her. "You OK, I know it all sounds crazy, but there are things only the three of us know about each other and it's not from our lives now, talk to ma, she's better at explaining this stuff than I am."

Tears escaped Morigan's eyes when she opened them. "That's my car your painting isn't it?"

"Yeah, I'm almost done with it why?"

"I want you to paint my champion on the hood."

Stacey fell back on her ass, her eyes huge. "Your champ... champion! Sweet Artemis!"

Morigan got up off the ground, placing her hands on her hips she looked down into hazel eyes. "Nope, she has nothing to do with this; can I use your truck?"

"Yeah, the keys are in it."

Stacey was still sitting on the ground when Morigan pulled out of the drive; scampering to her feet she took off running for Mike's garage screaming for Poni.

"Now what?"

Stacey grabbed her by her shirt and dragged her outside. She explained her conversation with Morigan, and what she wanted painted on the hood of her car. "I need it now Poni!"

"Right now?"

"Yes, she won't pay any mind to you doing it."

"OK, just give me a minute to get it."

Kissing her soundly on the lips she yelled over her shoulder as she ran back to her shop "Thanks ducky." Jumping straight up into the air and punching she gave her Amazon battle cry.

"What the hell is wrong with her?" Asked Mike.

"To many paint fumes or somethin."

Mike was leaning against her bench starring off into space when Poni came into the garage; before she could react, Poni snapped her picture with the digital camera. The look she got put wings on her feet, in a heartbeat she was running for the house ahead of Mike. Jumping through the side door, she locked it and ran for the computer. Plugging the camera in to it she booted up the PC, in seconds she had it downloaded and was waiting for the printer to spit it out to be safe she made two copies, she had just yanked the last copy off when Mike came busting through the

front door. "Oh shit!" Poni yelled. Mike came around the side of the counter as Poni vaulted it and sprinted out the front door, making a pass through Stacey's shop she ran out the other door on her way to the field. Stacey put the picture on her easel then watched Mike chase her wife all over the field in a zig zag path, in a last ditch leap Mike took Poni down, they rolled around in the tall grass. A victorious hand rose with the now mangled picture in it. Mike took great pleasure in tearing the picture in to little bitty pieces and scattering them to the wind. Poni got up off the ground grinning from ear to ear and gave her wife the thumbs up sign, pulling her torn and grass stained shirt over her head she threw it over Mike's head as she ran past.

"Can't kill em, can't keep cloths on em." She mumbled pulling the shirt off her head.

Morigan pulled into ma's drive; before the truck was stopped, she was running for the door.

"Maaaa!"

"In here little one."

She came to a sliding halt at the table. Panting she asked. "I'm the **one** aren't I, the one she's been waiting for?"

"Calm down now, only Michaela will know that."

She leaned over the table pinning blue eyes with hers.

"I know the words!"

"Then tell her and end her pain child."

"How do I tell her?"

"You will find a way."

Morigan came around the table and hugged her. Pulling back, she smiled. "You always did make the best nut bread!" in a flash, she was gone.

"Sweet Artemis."

Mike heard a vehicle pull into the yard getting up from the table she seen Morigan get out and go into Stacey's shop. Stacey was cleaning her airbrush up when she came in. "where's Poni?"

"In the house with Mike why?"

"Come on, I've got something to do and I want everyone there."

Morigan walked into the kitchen and grabbed Mike by the hand pulling her into the waiting room

and down the steps to the torture chamber with Poni and Stacey following behind them.

"Stace what is she doing?"

"I have no idea Poni."

Morigan walked to the wall where all the weapons were hanging. Mike just stood in the center of the room and watched her. Taking two staffs out of the rack she handled both of them then threw one to Mike.

"Ready to play Mikey?"

"What are you doing Morigan, are you nuts I could hurt you."

"Give it your best shot tall dark and dangerous."

Mike's eyebrows raised to her hairline, she looked back over her shoulder at the other two. "Kay, I'll take it easy on you though."

Morigan spun the staff over her head, dropped it in front of her and brought it to the ready position. Mike's jaw dropped open. "I never told you, I'm a black belt in Ti Kwon Do." She replied.

"Oh, well then I guess it's time to see how good you are?"

Their staffs smacked off each other each blocking the others attempt to make a strike, Morigan ducked leaping to the side she faked a leg strike to reverse it and catch Mike in the ribs. "That was a good one, betcha can't do it again?"

"Don't be so sure about that, my teacher taught me well."

"Oh and who was that?" Going in for an overhead strike.

"One of the best!"

Poni and Stacey were amazed; no one had lasted that long against Mike, not even Poni.

Mike swung her staff at Morigan's ribs spun and went for a leg sweep, Morigan flipped over the staff landing beside her, bringing her staff across the back of Mikes legs she dropped her, before Mike could roll out of the way Morigan was straddling her. She dropped her staff to the side and pinned Mike's arm's over her head. "You forgot about that move didn't ya?" she turned her head to see the other two sitting on one of the benches. Smiling at them she turned back to gaze into crystal blues eyes. "Mike, I seen the painting on your bedroom wall, the blond woman in the picture who is she?"

Mike was taken back. "Just someone from my dreams."

"Are you sure, I mean she looks so real to me?"

Mike looked to the others who found something on the ceiling to look at.

"Uuuhhhhm, Gods I don't know why are you asking?"

"Well she looks an awful lot like me." Mike went to interrupt her. "Ah ah ah just wait, I don't know the whole story about your past or what exactly happened, but I know this." she leaned even closer to Mike. "Even in death Gabrielle, I will never leave you!" Mike stopped breathing, tears came to her eyes, and reaching her arms up she cupped Morigan's face. "It is you!" Morigan turned her head and kissed her palm. Bending down she brought their lips softly together. Hands wrapped in her hair pulling her closer, Mike deepened the kiss to be broken only for need of air. They heard sniffing at the back of the room. Stacey was wiping tears from her eyes while Poni used Stacey's sleeve to wipe her face.

They got up off the floor and walked over to the two sniffing amazons. Teary hazel eyes gazed into tear filled crystal blue eyes.

"She's the one isn't she?"

She pulled the little blond against her chest and hugged her tight. "She's the one!" Poni got up and hugged both of them. "Come on I need a drink!"

Morigan found a frozen chicken in the freezer so she put it in an oven bag with fresh carrots, onions and herbs; stuffed orange slices were the finishing touch. Then her specialty twice baked potatoes topped with shredded cheddar cheese and real bacon bits with parsley scattered over them and wine sauce for over the chicken.

Four women sat at the table groaning and holding their stomachs. "I vote that she cooks all the night meals!" Mike and Poni agreed with her. "What did you put in the potatoes; I've never had any like it before?"

"Coffee creamer and sour cream, come on Stace I thought every one made them that way."

"Nuhh uhuh just milk, that is if Mikey leaves any."

Mike had a sheepish grin on her face. "It's good for ya; see if you guys would have drank more maybe you wouldn't be so little. Hey hey that's my ear Morigan!"

"Yes I know, I may be little but I can still kick your ass so just remember that Michaela

Connelly!"

"Roma." Poni tossed in. "Her middle name's Roma."

"Shut up mallard!"

Green eyes went to Poni. "Your names Drake Mallard Poninger?"

Stacey laughed at the shocked look on Morigan's face. "Nahh it's Mallory, Mikey just likes to tease her."

"That's right Stacey Louise O'Bannon."

"I thought mine was bad."

All eyes were on her. "What, ohh no I ain't telling."

"Poni?" Stacey nodded her head at Morigan; Poni grinned evilly at Mike. Hands dived for the bowl of potatoes. "Guys come on now." potatoes smacked her in the face and chest. "OK OK no more, I'll tell." Pulling on Mike's sleeve, she wiped her face off. After a deep breath, she looked right at Mike. "My full name's something Morigan Jenson."

Mike had milk come out her nose, Poni spewed beer across the table and Stacey's jaw just about fell off. Mike cleared her throat and tried not to laugh. "Your middle name's something."

"Oh no, I'm not saying that out loud, I've got enough problems sitting over there." pointing to her friends. "Without them knowing that!"

"Then whisper it in my ear."

"Don't you dare tell them!" Leaning forward close to Mike's ear, she whispered. "Weasel"

Mike got up off the floor her left eyebrow raised. "I'm shocked of all the names, OK then why do you go by Morigan?"

"You're kidding right?" Morigan growled at her.

Stacey seen trouble coming "baby ducky I think it's bath time."

"Yep and I'm really dirty, may take a looong time for you to get me clean!" Stacey left the table leaving Poni sitting there. "Hey you gonna help me or what?" Her answer was a shirt flying through the door. "Oooohhh booooy, can we use the bubble bath Stacey?"

"Lets go downstairs Roma and I'll tell you my story if you tell me yours."

They sat on the couch at opposite ends. "When my mom and dad got married, they agreed to not have any kids. Well they were stoned one night and screwed around. Low and behold, someone forgot something and they got stuck with me. After I was born, they hadn't picked out a name, so this old deaf nurse came in with the papers. She asked them, what she should put down for my name. Mom and Dad started arguing. Mom yelled if you had kept the **weasel** in it's cage then we wouldn't have this problem. Dad got mad and yelled back well the **more I can** get the better I feel. They calmed down and it wasn't until they went to the nursery that they realized that the nurse had picked up on the loudest words she kinda heard so I got stuck with weasel Morigan Jenson!" Mike covered her mouth to hold back the laughter trying to break free. Well it worked for her but not the two ease droppers hiding on the steps, peals of laughter could be heard all the way up to the top floor. "Oh shit, their never gonna get over this one are they?" Morigan asked. "Nope afraid not.

OK, I'm not good with words but I'll try and explain, but it's a very long story!"

"I have all night, go for it."

Mikes eyes became haunted. Looking away from Morigan she closed her eyes and watched it play all over again, tremors assaulted her body, when she opened her eyes tears flowed down her face. Morigan crawled across the couch and pulled Mike's head to her chest. "You don't have to tell me if it hurts this bad."

"No I need to do this, it'll explain why I had to hear those words. I was young, trusting and searching for my dream, I found her at the races in N. Carolina. Key was the spitting image of the woman in my dreams and painting. I fell for her hard, I never paid any attention to what was on the inside just the cover. With in a week she had me under her spell, I gave her everything I had and then some. When the races were over Tommy and I had to come back up here and get his car ready for the next race up here, I couldn't live with out her so I asked her to come back with me. The first year was bliss, she was loving and caring and sex was great. Our garage was doing good Tommy was winning more races. It was picture perfect. The three of us and the pit crew traveled all over the states for races. Kelly took care of all the paperwork for the team, all the registration forms, track sheets, finances everything while we were on the road.

At one of the races, Tommy was in a six-car pile up and got hurt pretty bad and spent 6 months recuperating. During those 6 months I took over the garage with Poni as my right hand, Stacey was still taking classes at the college so Tommy was doing all the bodywork and painting. Poni and I had more cars to fix than we could handle, we sometimes worked 16 to 18 hours a day, and the money was pouring in. I would go for days with only a few hours of sleep, I saw less and less of Kelly during the day but at night no matter how exhausted I was I always found enough energy to please her in bed. I was completely blind when I got in the garage in the mornings. I never knew that Tommy and Kelly were spending time together.

After Tommy passed his racing physical we started to do the races around here so he could work up to the big ones slow, by then Kelly had taken control of all the paperwork for everything. I was still busting my ass fixing cars and being the pit crew chief at the races. By then Stacey had come back to take charge of the body shop so Tommy had plenty of time to hang out with other

drivers, sponsors and car designers. Kelly always went with him, which didn't bother me because it was for the team. Tommy then found out that summit point was going to be one of the tracks for a major circuit. We were ready, he was in good shape, his car was perfect I had just dropped a new engine in it that I had designed, Kelly sent off my designs to the us patent office for me so I was loving life.

The night before the qualifying races, I was downstairs reading over the regs for the cage and harness. I couldn't remember if they had been checked so I went out to the garage to check them, I went through the side door and that's when my life crashed all around me. Kelly was laying on the hood of Tommy's car and my dear brother was fucking her! I went ballistic and I beat the shit out of him, the whole time that bitch laid there on the car and watched. When I knocked him out, I turned to her, she just laughed at me. The slut had her feet on the hood, legs spread with her skirt pushed up to her hips. She ran her fingers up her nasty cunt and I will never forget what she said to me. "Come on Mike why don't you finish what Tommy started!" I grabbed her by the neck and picked her up over my head. If Poni hadn't come in, I know I would have killed her. So I threw her on top of the car. That's when I found out that the whole time we were together she was fucking Tommy! She then made matters worse.

*Your so stupid Mike, what do you think I was doing on my Lunchtime pinning for you? I was giving your brother blowjobs right there at my desk, do you know how many times he fucked me in our bed while you were out fixing some assholes car?

"She tore my heart out and left me to bleed and all I could say was *why? * You know what she told me. She said."

*You were easy. Did you really think I was your long lost love? Not even close, do you think that I loved you? Not! Here's a news flash Mike, I'm not a lesbian. Sure, I had fun but that was all it was to me. Fun! You were my way out of that hellhole I was living in and Tommy's my way to the top! This circuit is our way outta here without you. We already have a new car here, and up in Ohio we have a new crew and pit chief waiting for us. *

"I didn't know what to do, I just sunk to the floor, she was at the side door when she threw the killing blow."

By the way Tommy eats pussy better than you do!

"Poni had to hold me down and I thank the god's everyday for her being there. She told me later that she had come back to check the cage and harness."

Morgan was still holding her as tears flowed down both of their cheeks. "That still doesn't explain why you feel guilty for Tommy's death." She saw the shocked look on Mike's face. "Your ma told me, sorry."

"I went to the river that night and got drunk and passed out, when I finally woke up it was in the afternoon and the race quals had already started, when I got there Tommy was already on the

track, I was in time to see the accident."

"Wasn't he suppose to be out there?"

"Before every race I took the car out and did a checklist on it, I should have been the one to die that day not Tommy!"

Racking sobs shook her body, Morigan held her tight until they subsided. "He was more important than me, no one would have missed me!" She sobbed.

"That's not true! You're forgetting about 4 people who would have missed you, especially the one who loves you the most!" Blood shot eyes looked up at her, Morigan wiped the tears from her face. "I would never have found my heart and soul if you had died in that car!" Mike kissed her gently; burying her face in the crook of Morigan's neck she sighed.

"What happened to Kelly?"

"She's in prison."

"For what?"

"Would you believe embezzlement, forgery and attempted murder?"

"Oh my gods she tried to kill someone?"

Mike laughed hysterically, between bouts she got out. "Yeah me!" Morigan looked horrified. "After all that she tried to kill you?"

"Oh no, you see the week before the race I had taken all the records to an accountant to have him get them ready to put into a computer. He found inconsistencies in them, Kelly was smart but she made a huge mistake, the dumbass had opened savings accounts in the business's name, then used an ATM to transfer money from the main account to the savings accounts."

"She didn't take the money after Tommy died?"

"She couldn't, it wasn't there I closed out the accounts!"

"How do you know she opened them?"

"I checked at the bank for the signature cards, neither Tommy nor I signed them, they were forged."

"OK, I'm dying of thirst here you want something?"

Morigan flipped open the lid on the coffee table and pulled out two fosters after opening them. She handed one to Mike. "OK, so she stole from you forged your name, when did she try to kill

you?"

"I didn't know that until after Tommy died, I needed the insurance policy's, so when I found them I noticed that mine had been changed, I must have had one of those fugue moments and made her my beneficiary, it was over a year old when I found it. That's when everything started to click into place, because Tommy's wasn't touched. So my lawyer was having mutable orgasms, her had her on embezzlement and four counts of forgery. That night I was telling Poni and Stace about all the shit I had found, and Poni reminded me that Kelly had mentioned a new race car and she wondered where is was?"

So I called the accountant, he found the paper work on the car and where it was made so I just called them up, they asked me why I hadn't picked it up yet."

"She left the paperwork with the garages stuff? Gods she's giving blondes a bad name!"

"Nope she wasn't a real blond, I should know."

"This is getting complicated, so when did she try and knock you off?"

"Now just hold on, the next day we went and picked up the race car and guess what day it was suppose to be picked up?"

"I've no idea, when?"

"The day after the race quals, see if Tommy's car got wrecked he could always wait until the next day and do the quals!"

"Oh gods, she had planned on you being in Tommy's car!"

"Yep, my poor lawyer had what was left of the car gone over with a fine tooth comb. They found the bolts in the front suspension cut halfway through so that it would hold up until the stress from high speed would shear them off, and the kicker was they found what was left of a tank of nitric oxide wedged between the headers and the engine. So if the front end didn't kill me when it went then the nitric would have exploded from heat and made me a crispy critter!"

"My gods, where was she when Tommy was on the track?"

"At the races."

"And she didn't stop him from getting in the car?"

"Nope, she wasn't about to say hey I rigged your car to kill off your dyke sister, so don't drive it!"

"I see your point, so did she just say OK I did it take me in?"

"Ooohhh no she ran, it took a while but they just followed the paper trail she left by using the garage's credit card, smart huh, plus I reported the car she was driving as stolen."

"You reported her car stolen and she was driving it."

"It was my car, my 920 Porsche to be exact. The genius that she is didn't know that I had found out about everything. It was her fault that she..."

Mike turned ash white and started to tremble.

"Mike are you OK?" Morigan touched Mike's cheek and felt her temperature rise beneath her fingertips.

"It was her fault not mine, Tommy just got in the way, right? She murdered my brother I didn't!"

Silvery blue eyes made contact with warm loving sea green.

"Yes Michaela, it's her fault, you didn't do anything. You never went to her trial did you?"

"No, I couldn't face her, ma and the amazons went, they told me everything but I didn't hear anything except for the sentencing. I just know she will never see freedom again. You know if she hadn't bitched about the paperwork and them having a new race car, she would have gotten away with everything."

"How do you feel about all this now?"

She leaned forward and kissed Morigan softly at first then with more passion their breathing became ragged, Mike pulled back breaking the kiss. "I feel free, like a huge weight has been lifted off my shoulders, and I owe it all to you, for making me talk about it, thank you."

"You're welcome, but I want to know where the Porsche is?"

"I sold it along with the race car, trailer and the truck, I paid off ma's house bought her a new car, bought Stacey a new truck, Poni a new wrecker and myself a new truck. And after I fought to get the patent office to trash the forged papers on my engine design, I had it set up that all the money would go to ma so she wouldn't have to ever work again."

"You're something else Michaela Roma Connelly."

"Ma deserves to take it easy, after all she had to put up with me for a lot of years."

"Oh I know, so do you and Poni still play football together?"

"No she plays a different kind of football than I do, she likes to tackle ass kicking cheerleaders."

"How long have her and Stacey been together?"

Mike closed one eye in concentration. "19 years this may."

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Mike woke up to the sound of pounding feet up the steps; curses carried on the still air. Getting up off the couch, where she and Morigan had fallen asleep early this morning, it was then that she realized that she was alone. Taking the steps two at a time she was about to go upstairs when Morigan came busting through the kitchen door caring her Levi's and shirt.

"What's the rush?" Mike asked as she wiped the sleep from her eyes.

"I've got a class in twenty minutes, my cloths are damp, I'm unprepared, I need a ride and dry cloths!" All that was said without taking a breath Mike was truly amazed; wrapping her arms around the little whirling blond tornado she kissed the top of her head.

"Calm down, look in the dryer Stacey just washed cloths." Letting her go Mike grabbed her cookies and a carton of milk out of the rig then headed out to get one of the vehicles. She no sooner made it to the corner of Stacey's shop when something collided with her back, reaching around she grabbed Morigan around her waist to keep her from falling. Being held in place with a strong arm her feet kept moving, she looked like a cartoon.

"Hold on there we'll make it to your class, I'm sure your professor won't even notice if your a couple minutes late."

"Mike, I am the professor!"

Mike's eyes went wide her eyebrows reached up into her hairline. "I thought you were a student! Anyway we'll take you car, but. I'm driving, your to spaced out and I don't wanna visit any corn fields cuz I am not waking up the bitch to pull us out!"

"Morigan gave her a fiery look. "I am not spaced out!"

"Yes you are!"

"Not!"

"We're running out of time weasel!"

Giving up, Morigan followed, then crawled into the passenger side just as Mike cranked it over. The engine rumbled low and throaty, Mike received a questioning look. "What's wrong with my car?"

"Nothing, I kinda added some stuff to it."

Once on the road the first straight away they came to Mike opened the car up, Morigan leaned

over and gawked at the buried needle, the car was still picking up speed even if it was red lined. She fell into Mike's lap when they took a turn at 110mph. Mike groaned loudly when Morigan got back up by brushing her now screaming groin when she put her hand between her legs on the seat to right herself causing Mike to hit the pedal down further.

"Your gonna kill us, slow down!"

"Move your hand or you'll kill me!!!!"

"What?" She looked down at her wrist, which was up against Mike's throbbing lips. "Oooohhh sorry." With a wicked grin, she pulled her hand away slowly letting her fingers trail against the tight material.

"Napewas`tewin!" (Sioux for good hands woman).

Morigan looked at her like she had just called her something vile. "What did you just call me Michaela?"

"I didn't call you anything, I said good hands woman!"

"Ohh OK." Grinning and thinking to herself " I bet I'm good at quite a few things?"

They came to the stop sign and turned left, slowly crept through the still quiet town.

"It's the building on the left." Pulling up in front Mike seen a strange group of students headed their way, she guessed the were Goths from the black cloths and make up they wore. Morigan was trying to put her shoes on and get out at the same time, looking allot like one of the students with her tousled hair and over sized cloths she ran around the front of the car only to be scooped up and brought up against a strong chest. Her lips where captured in a punishing kiss, with out hesitation she opened her mouth accepting the warm tongue now dueling with hers, her arms went around Mike's neck tangling her fingers in black hair she pulled her closer and deepened the kiss. Their breathing was ragged as they moved against each other, Morigan felt eyes on her back breaking the kiss she looked to her right to see the Goths watching them. "Oh shit we're busted!" She looked back at Mike to see dark blue eyes smiling back at her. "You look cute in my cloths, but you'd look better out of them!"

"Maybe later, if you're good that is!"

She moaned deep in her chest. "What time is your class over?"

"9:30, then my next on is at 11:00, why?"

"I'll pick you up and we can get something to eat."

Giving her one last kiss she got back in the car, Morigan watched as she pulled away, her body still burning below when she walked into her class of new students, seeing the Goths sitting there

a blush crept up her face. They almost fell out of the chairs when she stepped to the front of the class and introduced herself as their professor.

Mike went into town to pick up some parts that she had ordered along with having to replace some of their on hand stock, when she came back out she almost dropped everything she had in her hands when she seen the hood of the firebird. An airbrushed painting graced the hood, she stared into her own crystal blue eyes, and there she was in dark brown leather with a sword in her hand laying up against her right shoulder. She mumbled to herself " Dam Amazon, wait until I get a hold of her skinny little ass and her baby ducky! Gotta hide that dam camera before I end up bare ass naked over the fire place!"

Morigan was sitting on the wall waiting for Mike to pick her up for lunch when the Goths walked by her and smiled, she almost fell off the wall into the grass when she seen that they all had fangs. The rumbling of her car caught her attention, but she couldn't see it. Then she saw Mike come from the opposite direction and pull up to the wall. Mike got out and walked up to her and stepped between he parted knees. She wrapped her arms loosely around a small tight waist and leaned so that their foreheads were together, warm breath teased her lips and started a fire in her blood that burned it's way to flame between her legs. Pulling back a little she traced dark brows with her thumbs, pushing her fingers through dark hair to end up resting at the back of Mike's neck.

"You sure aren't shy in public are ya Mikey?"

"Nope!" Using the tip of her tongue she teased Morigan's lower lip, feeling the lips parting she slowly slipped her tongue in and out until she was granted complete entrance. Her blood rushed to nether regions making her throb with wanting. She growled deep in her chest as she deepened the kiss, Morigan's breath caught in her chest at the passion her body was remembering. Sliding her tongue against Mike's she felt her body ignite. Breaking the kiss she looked into aroused blue eyes.

"If we don't stop I'm gonna take you right here and give the tourists a show."

Blue eyes dared her. "Would that be bad?"

"Uuhmm maybe not." Her warm wet tongue licked Mike's neck. "But I'm not a to thrilled about the pictures they're taking."

"What!" Mike yelled. "Who?"

Morigan nodded over Mike's shoulder she turned to see a dweeb with the black horned rim glasses and the pocket protector. Turning back to amused green eyes, she groaned and dropped her head in the crook between neck and shoulder. Not passing up the chance Morigan licked the ear that was in front of her, feeling Mike's body stiffen against her she laughed. "Your gonna kill me if you keep that up princess!"

"You're no fun, and here I thought I could get another degree, this one in the performing arts!"

Pushing Mike back a little she slid down the front of a shaking body with her hands running it's length from shoulders down her back all the way to her thighs and back up to stop at her apex where she felt damp heat. Mike's legs just about buckled at the sensations those little hands were giving her. Groaning into Morigan's ear she said. "I'm gonna die right here!"

"Well I'm gonna kill you anyway if you don't feed me!"

They went across the street to have lunch, sitting at the back booth they sat across from each other just looking into each other's eyes. Mike finally dropped her eyes and looked down at the scared tabletop, she traced the names carved in the wood with a callused fingertip. "I wonder if any of these people are still together?"

"Let me have you pocket knife."

"My pocket knife, how do you know I have one?"

"Why wouldn't you, now give it up!"

"Sorry I'm not that far into exhibitionism." Seeing the look on Morigan's face she grinned and slid her knife across the table.

"I could see you laying on top of this table, but that can wait until after I eat!"

Morigan opened the knife and started to carve on the table. She looked up when the waitress came over for their order, after giving their order she went back to what she was doing. She gave Mike's knife back and replied.

"Now there are!"

"Now there's what?" Mike asked. Morigan motioned her over to sit beside her, hesitating she moved slowly over to sit close up against her. She looked down at the new initials.

"Who's X&G and E&E...forever? Shocked blue eyes shot up to catch sea green smiling back at her. "Sweet Artemis!"

Morigan brought Mike's hand up and placed a kiss on each of her knuckles. "Xena I have the gift of prophecy I can be very valuable to you! It's hard for me to call you and the amazons by different names when I know you by others from so long ago. And my whole life you have been with me in my dreams and by day I was alone. When I was little I use to sleep allot just to be with you, my parents got worried and took me to all kinds of doctors, finally they took me to some reverend and he left screaming that I was possessed by demons."

"What made him say that?"

"Oh I told him if he didn't stop trying to drown me with the holy water I was going to ahhh...slice

and dice him and feed him to Hades dog Cerberus!"

"You mean you didn't threaten him with a one way cruise with Charon?" Mike chuckled at the picture in her head of Charon.

"Nope, I used that one for my sister."

Mike's eyes widened. "You have a sister?"

"Yeah." With a serious look on her face she replied. "Her names rubber weasel."

Mike choked on her water. "You're not serious.... Are you?"

"Gotcha! No she got lucky her names Susan Marie Whimpull."

"Thank the gods it's not you, I couldn't imagine you going around as weasel Whimpull!"

"My nephew's name is Wyle E."

"Your family needs help really bad!"

"If I ever have kids I want to name them ferret and muskrat."

A serious look came over Mike's face as she looked into Morigan's sea green eyes. "Do you want kids?"

Morigan sat pensively for a few moments. "I've never really thought about it before, maybe."

They ate their lunch and it was close to eleven when they walked across the street to Morigan's building. They stood outside her classroom door. Mike looked down the hallway before she kissed her.

"Oh now you get shy after all we did outside today."

"Nah, I was looking for an audience first."

"You know I could always give a demonstration to the class on romance and it's effects on English literature?"

Moving closer Mike pinned her up against the wall. "We have to practice first for many many hours!" Licking her bottom lip. "For at least a couple years!" Morigan's breath was taken away by a very deep kiss when they came apart she couldn't breath.

"What time are you done today?" Mike asked her

She held up two fingers, which Mike took, into her mouth, running her tongue between them as

she pulled them from her mouth. Morigan's knees were shaking. She would have fallen if not for the wall behind her. Mike gave her one last kiss before she sprinted for the door. With a flushed face and rubbery knees she stumbled her way to her next class, her mind was not anywhere in the classroom for the rest of the day; at the end of the class she beat the students out the door. When Mike pulled up outside she was in the car before it stopped, giving Mike directions to her apartment they headed over there. She went to her door with Mike following, she opened the door with out a key. "You don't lock it?"

"Nope every time they break in I have to put out money for a new door knob, I don't have anything to steal anyway." Grabbing Mikes hand she lead her to her bedroom where she pushed her down on the bed and crawled on top of her. Taking her lips in a punishing kiss she ground her hips against her. Nipping her bottom lip with her teeth she worked her way down to Mike's neck biting the sensitive skin she heard Mike gasp, pulling the skin into her mouth she sucked until she felt Mike's back arch off the bed. Releasing her neck she got up and went over to her dresser leaving a panting frustrated body laying there. Grabbing some cloths she put them in her gym bag. "Come on my warrior I have better things to do than watch you lay around all day!"

"Where we going?"

"There's this big tub calling my name, you wanna join me or stay in my shitty little apartment?"

"Only if you help me up, I seem to have lost the use of my legs."

She went over to the bed and pulled Mike up by one hand, Mikes free hand slid up between her legs caressing the warmth she felt there. "I have a better idea, but it'll have to wait until we get home."

20 minutes later they pulled up in front of the garage, Mike got out and opened the door for Morigan. When she got out Mike threw her over her shoulder and strode to the kitchen door, she charged past a startled pair of amazons who started laughing at Morigan waving to them as they went out the other door towards the stairs.

"It's about dam time she got some!"

"Baby ducky it's about time I get some, whatdya say we go up stairs and get motivated like the old days?"

Mike fell on her bed with Morigan on top off her, rolling them over she looked down into the eyes she had waited for along time. "I want you so bad it's killing!" She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. "I've never done this before, I've..."

"Mike what do you mean?"

"With Kelly it was just sex, even though I thought she was the one, I've ...never felt like the way I do with you except in my dreams, it's been seven years since I've touched anyone."

Morigan was shocked and speechless, she would never have guessed that someone as beautiful as Mike would not of had partners since Kelly. Her heart warmed at the thought of being the one to arouse Mike to pick her to be her only lover in so long. She could feel the heat radiating from the body below her, the pounding of theirs hearts and strained breathing. In one quick movement she rolled them over looking in to blue eyes full of a combination of things she couldn't even begin to read. Leaning closer she kissed soft lips, Mike's body trembled against her, brushing her fingertips across her brow and temple in a calming motion. She whispered endearments into dark hair. She tried to find the words to reveal her inner emotions. There was only one-way and that was to bite the bullet and tell her what was in her heart.

"Mike, there's no easy way to say this." Terror shot through blue eyes causing them to deepen to almost a purple color, Morigan swore she felt her heart stop with her spoken words. "I've never been with anyone, I don't know if I can please you?" Relief washed across Mike's face, she was so afraid that Morigan was going to say she had changed her mind about being with her. "I love you Michael, and want more than anything to make love to you, but I don't know how."

Tears came to Mike's eyes. "I love you to weasel, I always have and always will forever."

Pulling her down to meet her lips, she kissed her gently, ignoring the rush to relieve the burning in her body. Her hands slowly moved under her shirt caressing silky warm skin with her work-roughened hands, carefully she moved them in to a sitting position Morigan's legs straddling her thighs.

"We'll go slow, and if you want me to stop you tell me, I won't force you to do anything you don't want to OK."

The love she seen in those green eyes would have made her walk through Tartarus a thousand times! Closing each eye with a kiss, she trailed small kisses all across her face until she came to slightly parted lips. Teasing each lip with the tip of her tongue. Ignoring the moan and the searching lips, she moved down to the hollow at the base of her throat, tracing it's outline with her tongue, raining kiss's up her neck she felt the pulse point under her sensitive lips. Taking the soft skin between her teeth she flicked it with her tongue, she could feel the life force rushing past. Sucking hard she felt Morigan tilt her head offering more of herself. Moaning came from both of their throats at the feeling burning through their bodies. Morigan tangled her fingers in to dark tresses, pulling the dark head closer to her. Exploring with the other hand she brushed the outside of a firm breast bringing an exhale from Mike across her neck fanning the flames, teasing the soft skin underneath her breast she moved her fingers to an already hard nipple, circling it with her finger. Mike released her neck to throw her head back and gasp at the torture. Her shirt was slowly raised to reveal heaving breasts, holding her shirt up Morigan licked the outside of each breast, Mike tipped her hips up pressing her throbbing center against her soon to be lover. Before her shirt hit the floor Morigan had leaned back and lovingly traced the flushed skin with her fingertips. Mike's breath caught in her throat. "You are so beautiful Michaela!"

Passion filled blue eyes held her in place. Her eyes closed when large hands pulled her shirt over her head, instantly her nipples became hard. Leaning forward Mike lavished firm breasts with her tongue working her way inward until she flicked the dark hardened nipple with her tongue.

Morigan gasped at the contact, pushing into a greedy mouth wanting more of her breast suckled. Turning them on the bed Mike laid her down then rose to take off her boots and Levi's, green eyes watched her as she slipped her Levi's down over muscular thighs, her eyes traveled back up to the dark closely cropped patch of dark curls. She caught the scent of arousal when Mike moved closer to her to remove her tennis shoes, she wanted so much to run her hands across those strong thighs and bury her fingers inside Mike's warm wet walls. Her mouth watered at the thought of tasting her juices upon her tongue.

Mike ran her hands up her thighs to her waistband. She leaned over and unbuttoned each button as the soft skin was exposed she left soft kisses, coming to the soft blond curls she nuzzled her nose in them, moving down until she could feel the dampness against her chin. The sweetness of her juices reached Mike's senses to the point of almost making her climax. She slid the material down strong legs kissing each side of swollen clit; Morigan hips rose off the bed her breathing came harshly from parted lips. Her pants joined the rest of the cloths on the floor, lips and tongue moved up the inside of each thigh. Morigan's moans were becoming louder as Mike's tongue got closer to the sweet nectar flowing from her throbbing center. A warm tongue licked at the joining juncture of her thigh and neither lip.

"Gods Mike lick me!"

Mike's center was throbbing keeping cadence with her heartbeat, her juices flowed down the insides of her thighs, with each lick her hips pumped on their own accord pushing her closer to going over. She licked for the first time the sweet juices flowing from between swollen lips, small hips thrust upwards accompanied by a deep moaning sound, pushing her tongue deep inside she growled as Morigan thrust against her. Putting her thighs up over her shoulders she could feel thighs muscles tightening. When all of a sudden glass was flying across the bed covering them in sharp shards, in one movement Mike rolled them to the floor at the foot of the bed and covered her lover with her own body. They lay silent as Mike listened as the noise traveled the length of the upper floors, grabbing her Levi's she crawled across the floor to the door, in the hallway she hopped up and down trying to get her pants on. Stacey and Poni came from their room half dressed.

"Stace stay here with Morigan, Poni come with me."

They ran out the side door and down the back of the house to stop at the corner where the shots had stopped. That's when they heard the whine of a dirt bike at the back of Mike's garage, splitting up they ran towards the sound Mike made her way around first Poni was only seconds behind coming the other way. Mike seen the taillights of the dirt bike about 25 foot away, sprinting after it she came abreast when she went down to her knees. Sinking forward to rest her head on the ground, Poni stopped at her side kneeling down she put her hand on her friends heaving back, feeling the slickness running down her warm skin she knew it wasn't all sweat.

"Geez Mike you've got glass all over you and I know you've got cuts, I've got blood all over my hands. Mike...hey...come on now...you know I hate this shit!"

She leaned over her friend close to her face trying to look at her, she put pressure on her shoulder

trying to keep her balance only to have Mike fall over on her back.

"Oh sweet Artemis, don't do this to me!"

She picked Mike up and hefted her up on to her shoulder, the adrenaline pumped through her body as she ran for the house. Stacey and Morigan were cleaning up the glass off the floor when they heard Poni crashing into the kitchen downstairs. Before they could downstairs they heard her yelling for them. Mike's weight straining his muscles as she climbed the stairs and headed for one of the spare bedrooms that was not destroyed by bullets.

Fear struck Stacey and Morigan at the sight of blood running down her shoulders to drip off her arms and fingers and the blood stained Levi's. As careful as she could Poni sat her on the bed cradling her head against her bare chest.

"Stacey get the box!"

Poni started to lay Mike down on the bed with the help of Morigan when she saw the front of Mike's Levi's soaked with blood. Morigan dropped to her knees just as Stacey flew in to the room with a large red plastic type toolbox. Poni undid Mike's Levi's and pulled them off gently.

"Fucking son of a bitch!"

Stacey stood beside her the box now open to reveal first aid equipment. Pulling on a pair of surgical gloves she removed surgical sponges and started to clean the blood off of her friend.

"Morigan!" Poni said as she approached her. "Get me some towels and water." Terror filled green eyes looked in to the concern eyes of her friend. "Rrrrrright." She stumbled from the room with tears forming in her eyes. Poni checked Mike's vitals, which were strong. "You simple bitch!" She mumbled to her unconscious friend. "Why the hell did you have to go after that psycho with a bullet hole in you?" Stacey had finished cleaning the blood off, taking a plastic probe she checked the wound to make sure nothing was inside where the bullet had passed through the skin right above Mike's right hipbone. Morigan had returned with the towels and water, tears ran freely down her cheeks as she looked down at Mike's limp body, with pleading eyes she looked to Poni.

"Is she going to be all right, shouldn't we call an ambulance?"

She pulled the little blond against her. "She's too mean tempered to leave us in peace, me and Stacey can patch her up but Ma needs to be called, why don't you do that while we finish here?"

Between the two of them they flushed the wound out with a saline solution then washed the area with a butadiene scrub. Poni held her while Stacey sutured the exit wound and dressed it then she sutured the front with a drain tube towards the back to let fluids leave the wound. Next was tending all the cuts on her back. Morigan came in to the room caring the phone in her trembling hand. "Ma's on her way!" Choking sobs hit her as she looked at her lover; she could feel her hands touching her with so much pleasure what seemed like moments ago. Morigan crawled

onto the bed and cradled Mike's head in her lap, brushing her damp hair off her forehead, she watched as her tears dropped on Mike's neck to run into her tangled black locks. Poni dug in the box looking for butterfly strips and antibiotic cream. Stacey turned the lights off and used a special light to find all the glass in Mike's back. She cleaned all the cuts and dressed them. Morigan watched as Poni pulled two 10-cc syringes out of the box, after fixing the shots she looked at Stacey and grinned.

"My turn baby!" She stood beside Mike's prone form with the shots, raising her hands to form a box shape she zeroed in on Mike's bare ass. "Perfect ass, I always enjoy this part, yep sure do, oohh yes indeed!" Morigan was shocked at the way Poni was acting towards her injured lover. "Oh boy I get to cop a feel!" Looking at her wife she showed her a toothy smile, after smacking Mike's ass she jabbed one needle in. "That's for being hard headed!" Pushing Mike over further she gave that side the same treatment, "And that's for making me carry your ass!" Happy with herself she helped clean up the used first aid equipment then left with Stacey still in the room. Stacey walked to the other side of the bed and sat on the edge pulling an upset Morigan into her arms. She spoke softly to her in reassuring tones. We all love her you know, we've always taken good care of each other, so don't worry she'll be all right, Poni gave her some Demerol, so she'll sleep the rest of the night, OK." Placing a kiss on Morigan's forehead she went to join Poni to wait for Ma.

Morigan moved lower in the bed and pulled Mike on to her chest, pulling her arm around her waist she held Mike's hand on her stomach and brushed the hair from the chiseled jaw of the most important person in her life. "Don't you dare leave me!" She whispered close to her ear. I've just found you, I need you!"

Ma stepped into the dim light to see her daughter being held by an emotional Morigan. Silently she stepped in to the room and approached her, laying a hand on her tousled hair she leaned close to her ear and whispered to her in a motherly way then brought her fingers down caressing her face and watched as tear filled eyes closed. Leaning over her daughter she kissed her temple and went to the doorway, from there she whispered to them both. "Take care of each other."

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Stacey and Poni explained to Mike's cousin Jake Connelly what happened that night. He shook his head when Poni told him about Mike and the dirt biker chase after being shot; they then took him upstairs to collect any evidence. He came back downstairs with a handful of evidence bags with slugs in them that he had dug out of the walls.

"You know that I can't really do anything but put in my report and see if anything comes back on the slugs from the data base, either way I'll let you know something tomorrow."

Just as he was about to walk out the door the phone rang, Stacey told him to wait while she answered it.

"MDS Garage, can I help you?"

"Stacey it's Steve, I was updating your Web Page and I checked your e-mail and found something, you should be getting it now and I was you I'd call Jake!"

"He's already here."

"Why what's wrong?" His tone had changed from one of disgust to concern.

She told him of the night's events and before she knew it he had said he was on his way and hung up. Stacey told Jake to hold on for a minute that Steve said he would need to see what he was sending them in their e-mail.

LOCAL LESBIAN CORRUPTING COLLEGE STUDENTS!

At the center was the picture of Mike and Morigan at the wall in front of the college. The gist of the story said that Mike was approaching college women and turning them into lesbians. She was also working with the devil in turning young girls into sinners by turning them away from God with the use of Witchcraft. Then they went on to call her the Destroyer of Virtue and that she was building a legion of sinners to help her destroy the faith in everyone daughters.

Poni went off. "Who the fuck wrote that! We don't believe in the devil and Destroyer of Virtue, this asshole is whacked!"

Steve wrote at the bottom that he would try and find out where it had originally come from and let them know. Jake's 6ft3inch frame tensed at the article, his fists clenched turning his knuckles white. "Those stupid fucks. It's gotta be that dam preacher asshole again, Stacey can I have a copy of that, I'm going to send it to a friend of mine in DC. He may know who's doing this.

"Sure, I don't want Mike to find it anyway, right now she's got enough physical pain with out mental anguish to along with it."

Steve stood in the doorway of the room watching the two women wrapped in each other's arms asleep. A smile appeared on his face when his once unemotional sister nestled closer to the little blonde under her. It had been a very long time since she showed any kind of affection except to those in her immediate family.

Morigan had not left Mike's side except to take care of certain needs, Mike didn't wake but for a few moments at a time in which Morigan fed her some soup, this all had a very strange feeling to it almost like she had done it before. On the fourth day as they slept Morigan felt like someone was watching her, opening her eyes she was shocked and ecstatic to see crystal blue eyes starring back at her and right to her soul.

"How do you feel?"

"Like Poni ran me over with big Barney a few times!" She tried to sit up to immediately fall back to Morigan's side. "Don't you dare move, if you pull those sutures loose Stacey will kick our

asses!" Confusion crossed Mike's face. "What sutures?"

Green eyes searched her face. "You don't remember do you, the gunfire, the glass flying, you and Poni running out of here?"

Something registered in her memory. "Wait I remember taking off after a dirt bike but...." Dropping her head back into her pillow wiping her face with her hands she admitted. "That's all I remember!" Morigan got to her knees; brushing black hair from confused blue eyes she leaned over and kissed her softly. "It'll come back, I'm just happy your back, I thought I was going to lose you, don't you ever do anything like that again!"

"Are you gonna tell me what happened or not?"

"I'll tell ya!" Poni spoke from the doorway. "You big dummy, I had to carry your ass after you did your nose dive trying to out run a dirt bike with a bullet hole in ya, that's what!" Poni came over to sit on the edge of the bed beside her. "I should kick your ass!" Morigan's heart overflowed with emotions as she watched Poni place a kiss on her lover's forehead then give her a hug. The stoic ways thrown to the side for a moment.

"You loved it, I know because my ass is killing me. What'd you use a horse needle?"

Poni's eyes grew wide and innocent, pointing her index to her chest she said. "Moi, nope I use a bigger one, and yep I realllly enjoyed myself. Getting to cop a feel of your ass and jab it to, almost had a orgasmic seizure!"

Morigan tried not to laugh at the look on her two friends faces. "Well are you two gonna just sit there or are you gonna help me up? I'm starving and I want some scrapple!"

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Without listening to any ones concerns Mike was back to fixing cars a week later, even though she said she was fine she still let Morigan pamper her. Everything was back to normal Morigan spent less and less time at her apartment, she had decided to give it up since almost all of her belongings were at Mike's except for some books she had just put into her trunk. She was getting into her car when she felt a hand grab her arm and pull her out. She was slammed into the side of her car and received two punches to her kidneys. Before she could react she was picked up and thrown over the hood to fall on the other side. The assailant then proceeded to kick her numerous times, grabbing her by her throat she was brought up nose to nose with insane hazel eyes. "Leave or Mike dies!" Her head was snapped back by vicious blows then darkness claimed her.

Mike was in the kitchen with the Amazons joking around, she had asked for their help on planning a romantic night for her and Morigan. She wanted to make up for the night of the shooting. Day by day her need for the little blond grew; just thinking about her made her body throb with wanting. Memories flooded her of laying between Morigan's muscular thighs and tasting her sweet nectar on her lips and tongue, a fire burned between her thighs as her clitoris twitched uncontrollably. Coming out of her daydream at the sound of Stacey's voice she looked

at her friends under half lidded eyes.

"What?"

"I said what time is your little princess suppose to be home?" Asked Stacey who knew her friends mind had been someplace very erotic due to the flushed skin and rapid breathing.

"She said 5:00pm, why what time is it?"

Poni checked her watch. "It's 7:30pm, maybe she's at her apartment?"

Mike walked the floors all night with worry, Morigan hadn't come home, hadn't called, nothing! Mike was going out of her mind with worry.

The amazons found her sleeping with her head on the table, not wanting to disturb her they headed for Morigan's apartment. Once there they found it empty, they then checked at the campus office to find that she had given her resignation. Poni's heart jumped in her chest at the condition the woman told them she was in. They tried to call Mike on the radio and the phone but she never answered.

"Maybe Morigan's at home with Mike."

"I sure hope so Poni!"

They pulled into the yard to find Mike sitting in the garage starring off into space. Seeing that her friends were back she asked them about Morigan, she didn't like their answer one bit. Jumping into her truck she peeled out of the driveway throwing gravel everywhere.

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"Weasel what happened to you?" Her sister asked as she fell into her arms crying, Susan took her older sister into the living room, when they sat down on the couch Susan held her, Morigan cried until she feel asleep. Susan laid her out on the couch and covered her up. She thought to herself that it had been months since she had seen her sister and never in her whole life had she seen her like this. Her throat was bruised a deep purple, the black eyes and broken nose, she would kill the person who would injure such a sweet natured and pure of heart person like her sister. A few hours later Morigan stirred, she opened her eyes to a strange place, confused at first until she saw Susan across the room sitting in her recliner.

"Hey Weasel, how do you feel, you look like shit you know that don't you?"

"I feel like I was in the ring with Mike Tyson if that's what you mean?"

"Now will you tell me what happened?" Susan asked as she sat next to her on the couch and took her hands in hers.

She explained about the person beating her but wouldn't go into the reason why.

"Weasel you're not telling me everything, I can't help you if you don't!"

"If I tell you I'm afraid that you'll never talk to me again."

"You're my sister, there's nothing you can tell me that I would not speak to you." Susan turned her head to look into troubled green eyes. "Do you love her?"

Morigan's eyes filled up at the thought of Mike. "With everything that I am, how did you know?" She asked between sobs.

"Your my sister I know you, remember when dad tried to fix you up with one of his friends sons?" Morigan nodded her head; a brief smile crossed her face. "I've never heard any one make so many excuses as to why you couldn't go out with him. I especially liked the one about having to check on the ewes in the sheep herd. Dad is so dense; Mom and Dad didn't get the hint with all the pictures of women hanging on your bedroom walls? And I know about the Playboy center folds hidden behind some of them!" Morigan's jaw dropped open. The two sisters sat and talked at ease with each other.

"So what's she look like, does she work, tell me every gory detail about you two, then you can tell me why you're here."

She explained everything in detail, including resigning from teaching.

"So now what, your just tossing everything away because of some assholes threats, Mike is probably worried sick and going out of her mind along with your friends. You need to call her!"

"I can't, not yet I need time to think, I can't risk her life."

"OK, why don't you go take a shower and then I'll get you something to eat."

"Could you get my cloths out of my car, I really don't feel like going outside."

Susan was cooking when Morigan came into the kitchen, she slumped down into a chair and watched her sister trying to reach stuff with her extended stomach getting in the way, she had only a month before her due date.

"Sit down I can do that." Susan rubbed her lower back. "I can't wait until this baby gets here, speaking of babes who's that one on your car?"

Morigan blushed, she had forgotten about the painting. "That's Mike." She mumbled.

"Dam! I may be straight but I'd go after her in a heartbeat that is if I wasn't an old married

woman."

"I'd have to beat you up!" She grinned. "She's gorgeous isn't she?"

"Just don't let Billy see it, he'll drop me and go looking for your woman!"

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It had been 4 days since Mike had eaten or slept, she worked on cars during the day and drove around the streets at night looking for Morigan. Tonight she sat behind the computer doing paperwork, and then a thought hit her. She knew that Morigan E-mailed her sister. Just maybe she left the address; she went online to their mailbox looking for Susan's address when she came across the one from Steve. After reading it her anger flared.

"Son of a bitch!" She grabbed the phone and called him. "Why the hell didn't you tell me about the e-mail!"

"Mike it's 2am!"

"I don't give a rat's ass what time it is! You had better tell me or I'm coming over there and beat it out of you!"

Her brother told her everything he knew. "Do you know anybody with the screen name Ares spawn?"

Mikes heart stopped. "Oh my Gods it's her!"

"You mean Chris, but she's in prison for life. Call Jake he can find out if she's out or not."

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Three days later Jake showed up, taking one look at his cousins pale skin, black ringed eyes and her cloths hanging off of her he was ready to kill whom ever had done this to her.

"She's still in, I can assure you that much, I've got a mug shot that I want you to look at and tell me if you've ever seen this person?"

Her hand shook as she held the picture. "That's the person who took the picture, who is it?"

"That's Emily Parks, she was released 2 months ago, she was Chris's cell mate and bitch. She's missed her check ins with her parole officer."

"What was she in for?" Fear streamed through her veins at the thought of a murderer being after her and Morigan.

"Computer fraud, assault and battery on her boss and coworkers and possession of an illegal

weapon. Now we can't do anything about the picture she took, unless you want to charge her with defamation of character, but we can question her about the shooting."

"What about Morigan and the assault on her?"

"You know she never reported it, there's nothing I can do. If Emily's put away it has to result from you being shot."

"I know, now she just has to be found."

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Morigan had been gone for months. She had started tutoring kids for spending money and something to do. With the birth of her new nephew, she helped her sister with the kids. She had lost weight and existed day to day, so many times she just wanted to pick up the phone and call or e-mail Mike. Her heart ached for what she had given up.

"Weasel call her! My god it's killing you, have you looked in the mirror lately? And that shirt you have on, I know it's hers but it's turning into something that will have it's own life of it's own by next week, call her or I will!"

"I can't Susan, what if she doesn't want me back, it'll kill me!"

"You'll never know unless you call her, what difference doe's it make your killing yourself anyway."

She went out to her car and stood like she did so many times since leaving and just looked at the painting of her lover. "How I want to talk to you and be with you but if I 'm near you, your life will be taken and I can't live with that!"

Tears ran down her cheeks, the pain bubbling forth from her aching heart, she crawled into her car and cried herself to sleep.

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Mike leaned over searching for the screeching phone, with a sleep-roughened voice she grumbled. "Yeah."

"Mike its Jake, we got her, I hate to say this but It was by accident, she was picked up at her apartment. She assaulted one of her neighbors for parking behind her motorcycle.

Mike sighed with relief. "Tell me she's going back!"

"For a very long time, we've got the Uzi she used to beat her neighbor with, plus we've got plenty of slugs from where she shot the hell out of his car. Mike she's crazy! Her walls are covered with pictures of you and everyone else at your house; they have X's through them. And

she has an altar with Chris's pictures all over it."

"Thanks Jake, I don't care how it happened just as long as I don't have to worry about her. Can you run something for me?"

"Sure anything."

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Three days later Mike and her friends were standing in the midfield terminal at Dulles Airport waiting for them to start boarding the United Express Plane to Columbus Ohio. Stacey hugged her tight. "You be careful!"

"I will, don't worry." She grabbed Poni in a bear hug. "Thanks Baby Ducky, you two take care of each other, I'll be back in a few days hopefully not alone!"

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Her nerves were shot, her stomach rolled every time she thought of seeing Morigan, guilt was foremost in her mind for waiting so long to look for her and not being able to protect her. All she could think of was sea green eyes and feeling her warm body pressed against her. She would beg if she had to but she was not going to leave Ohio without her no matter what the cost, be it her pride.

The cab ride was horrifying, the driver had no idea were the brake was or the turn signals. So when he finally found the brake they were already sliding past Susan's house. Mike jumped from the cab and threw the fare at him; she slammed the door hard enough to shake the car. "I pray you get four flat tires on you way back!" All this was said while she held up her hand in the sign of the evil eye. She took a deep breath to try and calm her ragged nerves. Fixing her black suit jacket and the French cuffs of her starched white dress shirt she strode to the front door. Trembling fingers searched for the doorbell, her face showed no expression as she waited with her hands tucked into her black pleated trousers. The door opened to show an auburn haired woman with blue eyes almost as tall as her. Twinkling eyes caught Mike's.

"Can I...." She froze still; her hand flew to her mouth. "Oh my god!" Mike was confused and ready to run. Susan grabbed her arm and pulled her into the house. "I'm so glad your here, I'm Susan, I was going to call you because Weasel is so stubborn!" Mike knew right there that non-stop babbling ran in the family. "Anyway come with me, Weasels in the living room asleep on the couch as usual. I still think she's a Narcoleptic!" Susan pulled her into the living room that was well lived in from the sight of toys all over the floor and the playpen sitting close to the couch. "I'll leave you two alone."

Morigan was stretched out on the couch with a baby sleeping on her chest, his little feet stretched out and his head resting under her chin; he had blonde hair wrapped around his tiny little fingers. Mike kneeled beside the couch and watched her sleep thinking she looked so at peace and young. And how comfortable she looked with a baby sleeping on her chest. She ran her fingers down her

cheek cupping it. she brought her mouth down to softly kiss her lips. When she raised her head a small smile appeared on Morigan's lips. Mike leaned over and buried her face against her neck, inhaling her scent. She felt small fingers run across her temple into her hair. Kissing the pulse point on Morigan's neck, she heard a sigh. Laying her hand on a tight stomach, she moved it in circular motions to then slid up under the T-shirt and feel warm skin.

Morigan's dream felt so real, she could feel Mike's hand on her stomach, her breath warming her neck. Her brain remembered her nephew laying on her chest, it was a built in safety mechanism, but it didn't remember him having so much hair. Her eyes opened to see a small baldhead. Her eyes followed along her arm where her fingers were wrapped in soft black hair. She rolled her head to see crystal blue eyes smiling at her. "Your here!" She mumbled. Her lips were captured for a gentle kiss. Morigan pulled her closer sucking her bottom lip into her mouth, moaning, she released it to deepen their kiss. Passion and longing flowed between them, if not for little hands coming around their necks the kiss would have gone on forever. Green and blue eyes met mischievous twinkling brown. "Wyle Weasel you're a rat!" Wyle kissed his aunt as well as a 3-yr. old can, he turned his big brown eyes on Mike. "Aunt Mikey!" He gave her a big sloppy kiss on her cheek and ran off. Mike raised her eyebrows at a blushing Morigan. "Aunt Mikey huh?" Giving her a quick kiss she replied with a short laugh.

"It took me all day to convince him you were not an uncle!"

Mike's brows dipped. "Excuse Me?"

"My car, the sword, armor and Ohhh Gods that leather!"

Mike kissed her on her forehead then looked into greenest eyes she has ever seen.

"I love you, marry me?"

Tears flooded Morigan's eyes. "But what about everything that's..." A long finger hushed her words. "It's over, come home with me." A lopsided grin formed. "If ya don't I have to sleep in my garage, those dam Amazon threats, Weasel say yes."

Her cheeks wet with tears she yelled YES then pulled Mike into a crushing kiss. Whimpers interrupted them. "I forgot about Wilbur!"

"Wilbur!" Mike yelped. "Poor kid, Wilbur Whimpull!"

Her soon to be wife laughed deeply. "His real names William, after his father."

"Thank the Gods!" She sighed.

"Here take Wilbur and I'll get him a bottle." Mike's eyes grew wide at the thought of holding something so small.

"I don't know how!"

"Sit down and just hold him like you hold me, but I'll warn ya now, Susan breast feeds." She grinned and trotted off. Mike looked down at the blinking blue eyes. "Little man don't even think about it, those are for your Aunt."

They sat outside under the stars with a cool breeze flowing across their faces, Mike leaned back against a tree with Morigan sitting between her raised knees using Mike's chest as a backrest. Their arms crossed over each other's with small hands smoothing down the hair on Mike's muscular forearms. Tingles ran up her arms and with every sway of a little foot crossed at the ankles it sent a jolt to swollen lips, the seam on Mike's trousers putting pressure on her enlarged clitoris. Mike groaned into lavender scented hair, Morigan grinned at the tormented moans she was causing to come from Mike.

"Let's go for a walk Mikey."

"Where?"

"I know a place, nice, quiet, bubbling water, hidden!"

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They stopped beneath a large weeping willow beside a wide stream running over smooth rocks. Morigan wrapped her arms around Mike's neck pulling her down for a soul-searing kiss. Grinding her groin on a muscular thigh, Mike broke the kiss to throw her head back. "Gods I want you!"

They undressed each other, dropping cloths to the grass while kissing skin as it was exposed. "I can't wait any longer Mike!" She pushed Mike to the ground, covering her body, she almost came at the feel of their breasts touching. Mike raised one knee and moaned, she felt wetness on her thigh when her princess straddled it. Slowly at first Morigan moved against Mike until she felt Mike's hips bucking against her, they ground against each other in a frenzy, breaths coming faster. "Ooohhh Mike I'm..." She thrust harder. Mike grabbed her hips and pulled her tighter. "Ooohh Gods I'm coming Mike! Her back arched and she screamed out her lover's name. Mike's hips slammed once more. "I feel it, I'm coming...Weaseeeel!!!

That's all it took to send Weasel over the edge again. A white light enveloped them both on their rides down from ecstasy. Their sweat-dampened bodies collapsed together waiting for ragged breathing to calm. They stayed there beneath the stars that night exploring each other's bodies until they fell asleep in each other's arms. Early the next morning, they found Susan drinking coffee at the kitchen table. She looked up at her sister with a stupid grin on her face, sat down across from her followed by an exhausted Mike.

"Nice hickey's Mike." She grabbed her neck trying to hide them.

Susan cleared her throat. "I don't want to sound mean or anything." Dark circled eyes looked to her. But you two really reek bad and thanks to you two I'm lucky if I can walk this morning!"

"What are you talking about?"

"When you two didn't come back last night, I sent Billy out to look for you."

Morigan's face turned beet red. "And?" She asked.

"He came back here and fucked me senseless!" Susan smiled at them. "Go on now before he gets in here, one whiff of you two and I'll never get rid of my maternity cloths!"

After lunch they said their good-byes and headed home.

"We have to go by Ma's before we go home." That sounded so good to Morigan, she was complete now. They pulled into Ma's yard and the first thing they noticed was the altar in the front yard and all the flowers surrounding it and the oak tree. Ma was sitting at her table when they came in.

"Bout time you two got here, now get your asses to my spirit room!" Morigan looked confused. "Come on lover lets get this over with." Mike replied as she dragged Morigan down the hallway. Stacey and Poni were dressed in their Amazon leathers and sitting in the middle of the spirit room floor, their eyes closed almost as if they were sleeping. Without opening her eyes Stacey told Mike to get her Warrior ass to her old bedroom. "Just wait Stace, you bossy bitch."

"Ah ya still love me!"

Poni went with her while Stacey pulled Morigan into the room and closed the door. "Now strip!"

"Excuse Me?" She squeaked.

"I can't get you ready until you get out of those cloths."

"And what am I suppose to wear, and why am I doing this?"

"Always the bard, just do it please?" Hazel eyes twinkled at her.

Poni didn't have any problem with Mike, except for trying to get her to stop shaking when she strapped her sword on her back.

"She has no idea does she?"

"Nope, and she may kill me later for not telling her."

Everyone was under the tree except for Stace and Morigan who had just walked out the door. Halfway there Morigan froze when she seen Mike step forward in her Warrior leathers. Her knees just about buckled beneath her.

"Come on Queenie, your Warrior is waiting for you."

Mike's breath caught in her chest at her lover dressed in rust colored leather, her hair braided with feathers that hung down to cascade over the shoulder adornments that reached all the way to her gauntlet-covered wrist. Her leather top showed off her rippled stomach and the skirt with its blue breach cloth with silver trim at the bottom showed off her muscular thighs. Mike's heart skipped beats and just about stopped when she looked down into love filled green eyes.

Morigan ran her fingers across the brass breastplate covering Mike's upper body.

"Gods your beautiful!"

After the quarters were called and the Goddesses, Ma pulled them all together to get the ceremony underway. With Stacey on Morigan's left and Poni on Mike's right they faced Ma.

"In the names of Ceridwen, Hecate, Demeter and Artemis. I, the High Priestess of Aboria will join these two women in the ancient way."

She motioned to Mike, who drew her sword from its sheath on her back. Kissing the helm she raised it over her head with both hands and pointed it towards the full moon, glinting sparks reflected off the blade and showered down upon them. Kneeling she laid it at Morigan's feet. "I lay my sword at your feet in surrender of my heart and soul, I promise to protect you through out eternity. You are my soul mate, my friend, my lover and my Queen. Please accept this ring as my undying love to you."

Mike pulled a silver and gold Celtic knotted ring from inside her bodice and slipped it on Morigan's ring finger. Tears flowed down Morigan's face, caressing Mike's face, she kissed the knuckles of the hand still holding hers. Looking into silvery blue eyes, she felt the love surround her. She kneeled in front of Mike looking into the eyes of her lover she said.

"My Warrior, I accept your surrender as you must accept mine. I lay before you the gilded belt of Artemis as my ranking as the Queen of the Amazons from centuries past. My heart and soul belongs to you my champion, as well as my eternal love. Please accept this ring of my undying love."

She pulled a matching ring from a pouch at her side and placed it on Mike's ring finger. Ma stepped before them, with Poni and Stacey at their sides they held the lovers hands together while Ma, with a blue and silver cord bound their joined hands.

"You two have been truly blessed, look around you and you will see."

Behind Ma they could see the shimmering figures of four women; Morigan had never in her whole life experienced anything like it. She could feel the power crackling around them, when she looked at Stacey and Poni she could see a shimmering blue light surrounding them. A burst of energy shot through her and then into Mike, jerking their bodies. Frightened, she looked to Ma, right before her eyes she watched as one of the figures stepped forward and into Ma. It was

no longer Mike's mother who stood before them, but the Goddess Artemis. Poni and Stacey immediately dropped to their knees and bowed their heads. Bringing them to their feet Artemis, using Ma as her vessel caressed their cheeks. Blue and green eyes looked up into the hard planes of her face and the green eyes of Artemis. Morigan gasped at the sight. Mike smiled at the goddess who she had seen on and off her entire life.

"I have waited a very long time for you two to cross paths again so that I would be able to once again bless your joining as I have done many times before. I will always protect my chosen ones." A blue light came from her fingers engulfing them with a love so pure they thought their hearts would burst, then it was gone and Ma sunk to her knees. Stacey closed the circle and dismissed the quarter guardians. Mike and Morigan stood facing each other, still captured in the euphoria. Poni helped Ma to her feet and towards the house with Stacey following behind.

The newly Joined couple came together with a kiss so full of love that the air around them crackled, the scent of lavender floated on the night breeze as the full moon above reached down her fingers casting light upon the Warrior Princess and her Amazon Queen.

The end
Gear Heads
By Larisa

The joining ceremony is very close to the actual joining ceremony we do in the Wiccan religion; I have changed some things to fit with this story.
Larisa High Priestess of Aboria.

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