

# ~ Gears Heads Doing Time ~

by Larisa

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**Disclaimer:** The characters are a figment of my sick and demented mind.

**Sex:** Oooohhh yeah!

**Violence and foul language:** What can I say, I have a gutter mouth.

No animals were harmed in this story. Jessica has her ways of paybacks, namely my shoes!

Any complaints or hate mail. E-mail [Hecate3366@frontiernet.net](mailto:Hecate3366@frontiernet.net)

Thanks to Lesia and Ri for the torture I put them through.

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The wind whistled through the open back door chilling the kitchen even more than it already was. Morigan tiptoed across the cold tile floor to the coffeepot, shivering the entire time it took to prepare the coffee maker. She was about to close the door when Poni came stumbling in with her bare arms loaded down with firewood.

"Dumb stupid son of a bitchin lazy ass fucking man! Outta cut his tiny dick off!"

"Who are you talking about?" Morigan asked.

"That little bastard Steve! I asked him ta bring some wood up on the deck last night and ya know where he put it? NO WHERE! I had ta go out ta the woodshed. Bastard!"

Poni dropped the wood alongside the wood burning stove. Standing with her hands planted on her hips, her camel colored eyes blazing with bodily harm.

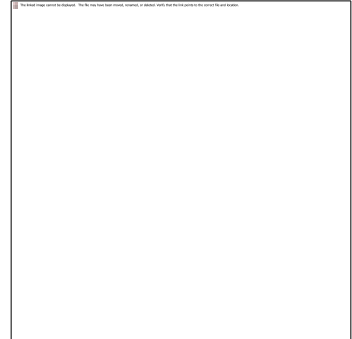
"Ya know how fucking cold it is out there?"

"Uhhmmm, really cold?"

"Try cold enough that my nipple rings are flipped up and my tits are frost bit. Wanna see?"

"Nahhh Pons, that's OK I believe you."

Morigan looked at Poni standing in front of her with her knee high black engineer boots, white men's BVD's and a ragged T-Top T-shirt. Her long dark hair looked like wild animals had used it



for nesting in and may very well still be in there somewhere.

"Why were you outside half naked any way?"

"I lost a bet OK? Ya happy? Now I gotta cook breakfast, of all the things!"

Poni stomped off to the kitchen mumbling to herself. Shaking her head at her friend's shitty mood, Morigan raced up the stairs to her and Mike's room. Jumping under the covers, she snuggled up against her lover's warm body.

"By the Gods! Ya trying ta give me frost bite?" Mike yelped. "Where have you been outside?"

Morigan mumbled from her warm haven.

"In the kitchen. And I'm not going down there alone either. Poni's PMSing and what's worse is she's cooking!"

"Ohhh noooo, that means we get blue food." Mike sighed into her pillow.

"Yep Grumpy Smurf is at it."

After half an hour of snuggling, they decided that they couldn't hide all day in bed. Morigan had classes to teach and Mike had Poni's transmission to put back in her tow truck. But knowing that Poni was pissed about something she knew the tranny would be the one to suffer. With Poni's Herculean strength she would probably flip her truck on its side to get the tranny in and make it's installation go as fast as she could so that she could get back on the road to terrorize the Shepardstown citizens.

Stacey sat at the table with a plate full of blue pancakes, muffin and hash browns. While Poni slung scrambled eggs onto a plate with hash browns and bacon for Morigan and herself. When she saw Mike and evil grin crossed her face for a brief second or two. She filled a plate from the last of the frying pans and placed it in front of Mike.

"Here ya go Mike, corned beef kennel ration with a little zap to it."

Mike looked at the plate then at Poni with a curious eye. "Zap?"

"Yep, I put some peppers and onions in it. Ya know extra flavoring."

Poni took her seat and watched Mike eat her hash. The whole time she was hiding an evil grin behind her hand but couldn't hide the raised eyebrow or twinkle in her eye.

"How's it Mikey?"

"It's different but good."

Morigan caught the looks Poni was giving Mike and knew that she was up to something and that most likely Mike was the reason that she had lost her bet. Within seconds of Mike taking a drink of her chocolate milk her face turned a beet red, sweat was running down her face to soak into her T-shirt while tears filled her eyes.

"DRAKE!?! " Mike gasped as her mouth burned like a Forrest fire.

"What?" Giving her most 'wasn't me look'.

"You lying, bow legged, sheep humping Barney loving Amazon!"

"Hey I'm not a sheep!" Yelled Stacey.

"Sorry." Fanning her mouth Mike glared at Poni. "Whatcha put in here?" She pushed her plate across the table over to a grinning Poni. Then Mike grabbed her glass and drained the last of her C-Milk.

"Fucking mother of Zeus!" She yelled as flames practically shot out of her nose and mouth. Morigan sat as her lover turned ten shades of red. Stacey gave her usual look of "Don't ask me I have no idea." And Drake "The Poni" Poninger had a look of pure world dominance.

Morigan cleared her throat to keep from laughing. "Poni, tell me about this bet you lost last night."

"Ohhh that. It's Mikes fault! One more war cry ta make the stuff on the shelf jump and I woulda won! But all we heard was NOTHIN!"

Morigan's face was a crimson color but nothing to her lovers who now had her mouth under the faucet in the sink.

"So what's in the hash?"

"Oh that." Poni gave her a toothy grin. "Whatsabe, wannabe, wheresabe...somethin like that?" Shrugging her shoulders, she went back to eating.

"Wasabe?" Questioned Morigan.

Yeah, that's it. Wantsomebe!"

"You put Asian mustard in Mikes hash?" A grin briefly spread across Morigan's face then disappeared. "You're bad!"

Mike returned to her seat with slices of bread that she was stuffing into her mouth. Dark brows drawn deep over her crystal blue teary eyes, with her mouth stuffed she mumbled, "Eat it!" and pointed to her plate full of hash. Poni's mouth dropped open at the thought of self-poisoning.

"Nahhh ahhhh! It's HOT!"

Mike started to get up out of her chair when Poni decided that the poisoning would be less painful than what Mike would do to her. Hesitating at first, she then took a fork full and started chewing slowly. Her brow raised as she chewed. Pushing her plate over to Mike, she finished the plate of hash then went to the stove for more.

"Ain't fucking fair!" Mike groaned.

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In record time Mike and Poni had her truck back together and Poni was on her way to road ragedom. She was on her way to Fairfax Virginia to pick up a car that someone had called about them picking up and fixing. She would be gone most of the day which left Mike and Stacey to try and get the 3 cars they had in the garage done.

"GET THE HELL OUTTA MY WAY!!! Yuppie son of a bitch! I outta squash your and your damn beemer!"

Traffic was jam packed on Rt. 28 at 12:30PM. Poni was jumping from lane to lane trying to get ahead of the commuters that were on their lunch hour, she was looking at another 45 minutes of travel time to go 15 miles to pick up the car they had been called about the day before. Finally she made it to the parking lot hooked the car up and was on her way home. But decided to stop at Food Lion in Sterling to pick up some steaks and beer for supper. Standing in line in front of her is a woman dressed like she should be at Bloomingdales, Poni mumbles under her breath. "This is the express lane and a full cart does not qualify as 20 items or less, move your scrawny ass outta the way so I can get home to my wife." The woman looks over her shoulder into flaming eyes and decides not to say a word in fear that her life would be extinguished like a candle. Poni hears snickering come from behind her and turns to look into smiling green eyes.

"Gotta love it, rich bitches thinkin they own the world. Old mans probably at the office banging his secretary and she's here gettin her Chablis ta get wasted on so she has an excuse not ta have sex with em tonight." The woman with the green eyes said.

Poni gave her a lopsided grin then placed her stuff on the belt. After paying for her items, she was on her way out the door when someone bumped into her from behind.

"Sorry about that."

"No problem." Replied Poni as she went out the door to her tow truck. Passing every vehicle on Rt. 7 at 90 miles an hour with a Dodge Lumina dragging behind caught the attention of a Virginia State Cop real quick. Before she knew it he was cutting in front of her and pointing for her to pull over. Poni groaned at the thought of having to explain to Mike about getting a ticket

and that it would be for reckless driving and numerous other offenses knowing her luck with an authority figure.

"Ma'am I need your Drivers License, registration and proof of insurance."  
The officer said as he stood at an angle to the open door of her Tow truck.

Poni reached into her back pocket for her wallet, then searched the seat, glove box, and floor and finally had to admit to the officer that she couldn't find her wallet.

"Can you step out of the vehicle ma'am, then I'll need you to walk in front of me to my car."

The Cop almost fell over when Poni got out and stood over him by a good two inches and out weighed him by 25 lb. He was a little unnerved by the size of her arms and knew that she could tear him apart with out breaking a sweat. Poni sat in the back of the cruiser while the Cop ran what information she had provided to him.

Ma'am do you know that you're driving on an expired license and that you have numerous unpaid tickets?"

"No Sir, I didn't."

"Miss Poninger I have to take you into the station, I'll have someone tow the truck to the impound lot. You can call someone from the station to come and get the truck, but you will have to stay until your brought before the Judge."

Poni dropped her head and rubbed her face with her hands. "Stacey's gonna kill me." She mumbled. "OK, no problem."

Poni stood in front of the judge hoping to the Gods that he would let her go without a problem. However, her luck had run out this time.

"Miss Poninger, I am looking at a printout of all your violations for the last year. 9 speeding tickets, numerous moving violations where red lights seemed to be of no concern to you and now today doing 90mph in a 55mph zone, no license, registration or proof of insurance. Not to mention that your license is expired."

"Judge, I had all that with me when I left Food lion. I think I got ripped off when I was leaving the store."

"Right, happens all the time. Miss Poninger I'm holding you for 72 hours, which is the time it will take for the State of West Virginia to send this court a copy of your Drivers License. Bailiff will you escort Miss Poninger to the holding cell?"

"Son of a bitch! I'm a dead woman, she's gonna kill me!" She mumbled, as she was lead to a holding cell. A few hours later, a tall black Policewoman brought her a cordless phone so that she could make her phone call. It rang fifteen times and no one picked up, and the answering

machine didn't come on. "Fuck! Can I try later, no ones home?"

"I'll come back later and you can try again." The officer told her.

Poni sat on the concrete slab that was suppose to be her bed for the next 72hours trying to remember when the last time she had her wallet and what she was going to tell Stacey when she got a hold of her. She was brought out of her thoughts by loud yelling coming from the processing area. An hour later, the same officer that had brought her the phone came back but this time with a woman in handcuffs who was struggling the whole way to the holding cell.

"Ya butch bitch, ya like it rough don't ya?"

"Keep your mouth shut or you will be put down in the male holding area, now get in there and shut up!"

Poni covered her mouth to hide the grin and to keep from busting out with laughter.

"Nazi Bull Dyke! I outta rip your head off and feed it ta my dog!" The woman struggled with her hands still cuffed behind her back. "Fucking bitch, I always get harassed in this damn place!"

Poni just sat where she was staring at the women fighting the cuffs.

"Hey I know you don't I?" Poni asked.

"Uuuhhmm... Nope don't think so."

Then it hit her. "I saw you in Food lion today."

"Must be a look alike, ya know they say we all have one."

Just then, the Officer stepped in front of the cell. "Miss Poninger?"

Two voices answered. "What." Two sets of eyes stared at each other for a brief second. "I'm Drake Poninger; I have no idea who she is."

"Well it's you that I want if you still want to make a phone call?"

"Ooohh yeah right." Poni took the phone and tried once again to try and get hold of someone at home. Again there was no answer. "Son of a bitch, where are they!?!"

The Officer then looked at the other woman in the cell. "You're next."

"Yeah and how the hell am I supposed ta make a phone call if my hands are cuffed behind me ya stupid bitch?"

The officers brown eyes bore into the other woman's. "You just lost your chance Poninger, every

time you're in here your mouth keeps you longer than necessary. Now you can sit and rot until the judge comes for you."

Poni was flattened at the mention of the woman's last name. "What's your real last name and not the one off of MY drivers license. Cuz now I know that you're the one who lifted my wallet at Food Lion!"

The woman stood at 5'8" her long chestnut color hair was spiked on top and shaved on the sides. Her eyes were the color of Morigan's but with hostility there, that could peel paint. Poni was at eye level with her and noticed that her nose had been broken numerous times and made a couple of turns before it ended.

"Not that it's any of your business but that's my real name. And it wasn't lifting your wallet that got me in here. I have a residence here and I just so happened ta forget ta come back. Why are ya here?"

"I seemed ta forget ta get a new drivers license but then how was I ta know it was bad since it was in your pocket!"

Poni pushed the woman in her chest hard enough to push her against the bars. She pressed in close that they were nose to nose. "I outta beat the shit outta you for snagging my wallet."

"Go ahead if ya think your man enough!"

Before Poni knew what happened she was seeing stars float before her eyes. Grabbing her nose, she felt the blood seeping between her fingers. Her temper got the better of her and she went ballistic! She had no idea how, but the other woman had gotten one cuff off and was using the other like a flail. Poni launched herself knocking the woman back and down onto the floor where they punched and kicked each other until Officers came to break it up. They found themselves handcuffed to opposite sides of the cell where they glared at each other.

"You still fight like a pussy Jack."

"Yeah well you're the one who taught me, ya Amazon bull dyke!"

The women grinned at each other then started laughing.

"So how's Uncle Charlie?"

"She's OK, she's gonna be real pissed when I have ta call her though. Especially when she hears that I kinda broke out and got picked up with a stolen car." Jack wiggled her eyebrows. "So I hear that you had one to."

"One what?"

The car ya had on your truck was stolen, that's why they're holding ya. Not cuz of the speeding,

Hell if that was the case the place would be packed!"

"But the Judge said!"

"Yeah yeah, their way of keeping ya from calling your contact. So who ya snagging cars for? I could use a good connection when I get out."

"But I'm not! We were called and they wanted us ta pick the car up and tow it to our garage and fix it."

"Gotta name, I could really use the job."

"There's a big misunderstanding going on here and I don't like it."

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It was 9PM and Stacey was worried, Poni should have been home hours ago. She had tried to reach her on the truck radio and her cell phone but then found her cell phone laying on their dresser. She gave up her brave front and went into Mike and Morigan's bedroom. As soon as she walked through their door Mike was on her feet and wrapping her arms around her.

"Still no answer?"

Stacey shook her head then buried it in her friends shoulder. The sobs over took her and if not for Mike holding her up she would have collapsed onto the floor. Mike looked to Morigan who immediately took her place to comfort their friend.

"I'm gonna make a few phone calls, I'll be back in a few minutes."

Mike went down the hall to the room that her brother Steve was staying in. She pounded on the door then pushed it open to find him sitting at his computer.

"Can ya crack into the Police files and check for Poni while I call all the hospitals?"

"Sure no prob, she's still not home huh?"

"Nope and we're all worried."

"If I get a hit I'll yell."

"Thanks Steve, I'll be downstairs in the office."

Morigan sat with a still sobbing Stacey on her and Mike's bed.



"She'll be all right, you know Poni."

"In twenty years we have never not known where the other was at. She would have called!"  
Worn out from crying she fell asleep in Morigan's arms. A half-hour later Mike came running into their room.

"Get dressed we gotta go!"

"Where?" Morigan asked.

"Fairfax jail, they have Poni under arrest for car theft."

"Car theft? What car?"

"The one she went ta pick up, it was stolen."

Stacey awoke from her sleep to catch the last of the conversation.

"Where's Poni?"

"We're gonna go get her now, before she ends up wearing an orange jumpsuit with numbers across her back."

"Oooohhh noooo, she didn't." Mike raised her eyebrow at her. "I'll kill her, I swear ta the Gods I'll kill her!"

"Easy Stace." Mike struggled while putting on her Levi's. "That damn car she went ta get was already stolen, I'll explain on the way let's go get your Jailbird wife."

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They made it to Fairfax in a little over an hour. Mike was arguing with the desk sergeant, she was very close to becoming Poni's cellmate when Jake walked in. Grabbing Mike by her arm he propelled her to the side and away from a jail sentence of her very own.

"Let me handle this OK?"

"Get her outta there!"

"I will but you have to calm down, now go over there to Morigan and Stacey and let me do my job."

"OK, but you had better get her out or I'm sending Stace home with you!"

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"So Jack where ya been for the last 25 years? The last I heard was ya were in Texas."

"I was, up until last year, got tired of running from the Texas Rangers...well, except for one." She grinned at her cousin. Convict and Cop don't mix too well, but ya do get ta see each other on the job a lot."

"Ever think of getting a job that doesn't end ya up behind bars?"

"Where would the fun be? I tried but I GOT BORED! And just went back ta doing what I'm good at. What about you?"

"Ohhh I work with Mike fixing cars and stuff, we make good money and we make our own hours and stuff."

"You still hang around with Mike? Gods it's been almost 30 some years!"

Poni was about to comment when the black female Officer came and got Jack.

"Come on Poninger, your bail has been posted. You better leave now before they decide to keep you forever."

The Officer unlocked the cuffs on both of them and escorted Jack out of the cell.

"Hey Drake, I'll give ya a call in a couple of days. Maybe we can all get together and talk about all the trouble we caused Ma." She grinned as she walked out of the cell.

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"All right Jack, spill your guts about what you found out in there about the car." The black Officer asked.

"Nothin, she didn't steal the car. She's my cousin and I know damn well she's no thief. But I may be able ta find out who is behind all this if I hang around with her. But ya gotta tell the dumbass brass ta stay off my ass."

"I'll see what I can do, but you have ta come through on this or you're in trouble from way up the line."

"OK gotcha, I'll be in touch...and Oink stay away from the Krispe Kremes, they'll kill ya."

"Fuck you Jack, now get the hell outta here."

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Poni was brought from her cell to the front of the station where everyone was waiting. The minute Stacey saw her she broke down in tears. Grabbing Poni around her neck, she held on for dear life. "I outta beat the shit outta you for making me worry so much! Why didn't you call?"

"I did! But I got no answer every time I called and the damn machine ain't working again. Come on lets go home."

"Baby ducky, ahhh what happen ta your nose?" Stacey asked.

"Ohhh uuhhmmm I ran in ta Jacks forehead."

"Jack?"

"Yep, of all the places ta run in ta family huh?"

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As they were all heading down Rt. 28 Mikes headlights went across a figure walking down the road.

"Look at that dumbass, good place ta get run over!" Mike replied as they went past. Poni glanced out the back window and caught a glimpse of a familiar face.

"Mike stop!"

"What?"

"Just stop the truck!"

Poni was out of the truck before the wheels even stopped moving. She took off down the edge of the road towards the walking figure.

"What the hell is she doing?" Mike asked.

The next thing they knew Poni was squeezing back into the truck along with a new passenger.

"Hey ya Mike, how ya doing?"

"For the love of Gods, Jack you asshole! Damn you sure have gotten ugly in all these years!" Mike pointed at her black eye and split lip.

"Ohh that got that in Jail."

"Let me guess, Poni?"

"Damn you're good. So Mike, who's the blond latched on ta ya?"

"Sorry, Jack this is my wife Morigan. Morigan that's Jack Poninger, Poni's black sheep cousin and missing for the last 30 some odd years!"

Poni leaned forward towards Mike with a puppy dog look on her face.

"I told her she could stay with us for a while, and where the hell is my truck!?"

"Steve picked it up; he said he'll see us at home."

"That little Bastard better not hurt my truck!"

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"So tell me about Jack, was she in on the Amazon war parties you guys use to have?" Morigan asked.

Mike rolled over on top of Morigan and brought their foreheads together.

"Nope, her Aunt moved ta Texas when we were all little; she's five years older than us. So we kinda didn't travel in the same path. And Ma prays every day for that."

"Because?"

"Jack has sticky fingers; if it's not nailed down it's in her pocket."

"Ohhh great! Should we start locking stuff up now?"

"Nah, but I'd like ta lock you up for say 3 or 4 hours."

"I think that could be arranged."

Mike whipped the covers up over their heads and all that could be heard was laughing coming from underneath. Then a loud thump when they rolled off onto the floor. But nothing matched the banging on the wall coming from Poni and Stacey's bedroom.

Poni was leaning over Stacey who had her legs wrapped around her waist. Sweat dripped off of Poni's chin to drip onto Stacey's chest every time she pushed into her. The headboard kept rhythm with them as it banged into the wall.

"Oooohhh Gods Ducky!"

Poni leaned forward to capture Stacey's mouth for a long kiss. Pulling away, she nipped at her

wife's neck with her teeth, bringing her closer to that pinnacle. Stacey rose up to wrap herself completely around Poni, digging her nails into Poni's back she went over the edge screaming out loud enough to shatter the windows. Thrusting her hips into Poni one last time, she pushed her over the same edge. She screamed out Stacey's name then they heard a snap like a giant rubber band and both let out a scream that brought Mike and Morigan charging into their room.

"Are you guys all right?" Mike asked from the doorway. Poni groaned from where she had collapsed on top of Stacey. Morigan fearing that something was wrong ran under Mike's arm to the side of their bed. She pushed Poni's sweat soaked hair out of her eyes. "Drake are you OK?" One eye opened to look at her.

"Oooooowwww!" Moving around under the blankets, she gasped causing Morigan to flinch and Stacey to bust out laughing. Mike stood with her dark eyebrow hidden in her hairline. Poni rolled off Stacey and reached out from under the cover to grab Morigan's hand and place something in it.

Morigan took one look at what Poni handed her, yelled and threw it at Mike who had grabbed it in midair.

"Eeewww, Drake that's gross!" Mike flung it behind her and scared the hell out of Jack when it hit her in the chest.

"For the love of Gods! You sick Bitches!" Picking it up, Jack examined the new weapon dangling from her hand. "Guys, next time buy a leather harness. This rubber shit breaks all the time. But the two headed thing is a good idea." With that, she tossed it back at them, grinned and walked back to her room. Stacey was still laughing at the look on Morigan's face.

"I swear you two will give me gray hair!" Morigan growled.

Poni flipped the covers down then looked back over her shoulder at the bright red stripe that went across her ass.

"Look at that will ya. Just my luck."

Stacey was going into convulsions at the look on Morigan's shocked face. She just shook her head then ducked back under Mike's arm.

"Never a dull moment!" She said on her way back to their room.

"Pons, ya should look in a mirror if ya think your ass looks bad." Mike grinned at her bewildered look then left.

"Baby, what's wrong with my face?"

"Ducky, you look like a demented raccoon."

"Ohhh geez, I forgot! Is it really bad?"

"Nahhh, don't worry about it. I still love you."

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Morigan snuggled up against Mike's side, resting her head on her strong shoulder she gazed up into crystal blue eyes.

"We need a video camera in their room."

Mike's eyebrow rose, giving Morigan a strange look she asked.

"And why would we need that?"

"We could be millionaires selling the tapes to one of those shows, you know like "Funniest Home Videos" Or we could develop our own, call it Dangerous Sexual Escapades and What not to do."

"We do give a totally different meaning to Safe Sex don't we?"

"Well, flying bullets and glass is not my idea of Sexual Adventures."

"And what may I ask is?"

Morigan took on a pensive look, remaining quiet to long for Mike.

"Weasel Morigan Jenson-Connelly, I don't like the look on your face!"

"Scared?"

"Uhhmmm, HELL YES! I'm waiting for horns or something to sprout."

"Ohhh I have horns all right!" Morigan gave a crazy laugh.

"OOhhh shit, what are you up to?" Mike asked with a worried look on her face. "You didn't put a camera or anything in here did ya?"

"No but I did get something when me and Stacey went to Martinsburg the other day."

A wicked gleam came to Mikes eyes. "You did huh? Care ta share?"

"Of course, is there any other way?" Rolling away from Mike, she reached under her pillow,

pulled out a black leather harness, and dangled it in front of her wife. Mike wiggled her dark eyebrows at her. "My baby Weasel in black leather, hoo boy!"

"Not this time Stud, I have something to go with this that I know you'll like." Straddling Mike's thigh she reached over and pulled out a double-headed dildo, after running it between her breasts she ran her tongue up the side of it. She felt Mike shiver and saw a glow come to her darkening blue eyes. Watching the effect, it had on her lover she circled the tip with her tongue then slipped it between her lips. The entire time she kept eye contact with Mike to watch the effects her little display had on her. Pushing it between her lips again, she pushed her wet mound into Mike's thigh.

"Ohhh Gods! Keep that up and we won't need it!" Mike tossed her head back and moaned. Morigan ran her hand up the inside of Mike's thigh towards her center. Avoiding it at the last second brought a gasp from her, running her fingers through dark curls she brought the head of the dildo down to run it across Mike's throbbing lips. Sliding down Mike's thigh she left it wet with her juices, leaning over she flicked the bundle of nerves with her tongue as she slipped the dildo inside of Mike.

"OOOhhh Gods Weasel!" Mike grabbed the headboard behind her hoping the wood was strong enough to hold up under her clutching hands. Morigan pulled the dildo out part way then slowly pushed it back in.

"You're gonna kill me baby!"

"Not yet."

"Ohhh I see torture...OOhhh right...."

"Not yet Warrior!" Morigan slipped the harness over the other end then fastened the straps around Mike's hips. Raising herself up, she lowered herself over the dildo. Never before had she had anything inside of her except for Mike's fingers and she knew there would be some pain and discomfort. At first, her muscles balked then accepted as she lowered herself until she felt Mike's wetness against her own. Grinding her hips she groaned deep in her chest to match Mike's growl. She pulled away, and then pushed forward thrusting her hips into Mike. They were both so close when Mike flipped them over that she decided to slow them down a bit.

"Tell me if I hurt you OK?"

"You won't hurt me."

Mike started kissing Morigan's neck working her way to the corner of her mouth where she teased her lips with her tongue. Taking it further, she pushed her tongue past warm lips to taste the sweetness within. When she felt Morigan push her hips into her own she withdrew halfway and circled her hips. Morigan arched her back and clutched Mike's upper arms with her hands.

"Harder Mike.... I want to feel all of you.... Please!"

She pumped her hips into her lover slowly at first, until she felt Morigan wrap her legs around the back of her thighs and pull her in faster. Their bodies moved together each giving and taking at the same time. The muscles in Mike's back flexing under Morigan's clutching fingers when she pulled herself closer so that their breasts pressed together. Mike felt her lover's leg muscles start to tremble with the onset of her climax and knew that she herself was very close to going over the edge. Dipping her hips down as far as she could; she came up and pushed Morigan over. She followed the minute Morigan bucked against her and screamed her name. Panting into each other's neck, they lay and let the tremors course through their bodies.

"I never thought we would do that!" Mike mumbled into Morigan's neck. Leaning up onto one elbow, she looked down into green eyes. "You are a wicked woman."

"You mean all this time you wanted to do that and you never said anything?"

A blush crept up her neck. "Well, I...ahhh didn't know how to ahhh bring it up." Dropping her head down she rested her forehead on Morigan's chest. "I didn't know how you would take it if I said that I wanted to make love to you like a man."

Morigan raised Mike's face using two fingers under her chin. "Now you don't have to worry about asking." Morigan grabbed Mike's lower lip with her teeth and sucked it into her mouth. After letting go, she pushed Mike up so that she was sitting on her calves without losing the connection between them. Undoing the straps on the harness, she slid it up the dildo and refastened it around her own hips. "You know what I want?" Mike shook her head. "I wanna fuck your brains out, I want you screaming my name so loud that the whole house hears you, I want you to walk funny for the next week. Can you handle that?"

Mike was shocked at the forceful nature that had come over her usual tame lover. The thought of Weasel taking such control over her had her throbbing with want. "Fuck me Weasel!"

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Jack pulled the pillow over her head and groaned. "Gods I don't know if I can handle much more of this!" The moaning and groaning was funny at first but this time it was killing her. Meanwhile next door was Steve, who was sprawled out on his bed in his jockey's sound asleep. Mouth wide open snoring like a grizzly. The snoring played like background music to the other noises that Jack was trying to ignore. Flipping over on her back she kicked the mattress with her heels and screamed into her pillow.

"Fuckfuckfuck!" Became her new mantra. Counting on her fingers, she groaned when the fifth finger popped up. "Ooohhh yippee, two more years and I become a virgin again!" Her profession didn't allow for any kind of relationship and she was often lonely. She started laughing at the thought of her friend and Cohort Officer Oinknowski being in the same sexually deprived boat with her. She sat up suddenly because it was quiet.



"There are Gods!" Flipping over on her side, she snuggled down into her pillow and drifted off to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

Morigan pushed Mike onto her back; entwining their fingers she stretched their arms over Mike's head. Outlining her ear with her tongue she worked her way down to Mike's neck. Licking the salty wetness from her skin, she started to bite hard enough to make Mike whimper. By the time she had made her way all the way to the other side she had Mike squirming beneath her. Getting to her knees, Morigan put Mike's leg up on her shoulder and started thrusting into her enough to make Mike arch up off the bed.

"OOOHHH GODS!" Mike screamed.

Morigan thrust harder and faster, sweat ran down their bodies making them so slick that Mike's leg slipped to the bed. She sat up and made Morigan stop her movements long enough so that she could unfasten the harness from her hips. Holding onto the center of the dildo, she pulled back then thrust forward. Morigan saw what she was doing and soon they were in sync with each other.

Poni and Stacey joined their screams at the end. Then all was quiet. Until they heard a war cry and feet running down the hall. Mike rose up on her elbows and yelled. "Hey guys, ya think it was Steve's snoring?" She was answered by their laughter.

A blurry red-rimmed eyed Jack sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee when her noisy housemates came downstairs. All four of them walking kind of funny and looking tired.

"Rat bitches!" Jack growled at them.

"What's the matter Jack, been awhile?"

"For your information, not that it is but I can have sex anytime I want, so there."

Mike cocked an eyebrow at her. "That doesn't count."

"Bite me!"

"Oohhh so it's been years!" Poni replied.

"You can bite me too!"

"Who can bite what?" A bright eyed Steve asked as he came sliding across the kitchen floor in his socks.

"None of your business go away."

"I just love when you're mean to me Ducky." Leaning over he gave her a sloppy kiss on her neck. A wicked grin came to his face. "Well, this is a bonus I got ta taste Stace at the same time."

"Gods you're a pig Steve!" Stacey growled.

"OK, tell me something Steve. How the hell can you be so chipper this morning after having ta listen ta the Lesbian Tabernacle Choir all fucking night!?!"

"Who are you?" Steve asked.

"Ohhh I forgot." Poni grinned at Steve. "Jack this is the little Bastard Steve. Bastard this is your worst nightmare, my cousin Jack Poninger."

Jack started laughing at the look on Steve's face. "Oh joy, little Stevie all grown up, tell me has everything grown up?" She glanced down to make her point as she walked around him.

"That's not the part that interests you Jack. And since your here I think I'll go rent a bank vault for all my valuables!"

Before he turned his back, he slid his wallet into his front pocket. Grabbing his coffee, he left the kitchen to call from the doorway that he'd be back in a minute.

"Oh he'll be back all right." Jack said with a big grin on her face as she tossed his drivers license and cash in the middle of the table. Morigan's eyes grew wide as she stared at Jack. "I didn't even see you near him!"

"I have many skills." She gave a maniacal laugh that sent chills up Morigan's spine.

Stacey kicked her under the table. "I hate when you do that! Ya crazy bitch!"

Steve came back in the kitchen carrying a brown paper bag that he handed to Jack. "I'm not giving you this because I like you, it's so I don't have ta hear ya bitch every morning."

"What is it?" Jack asked.

"A Lesbian Survival Kit."

She opened the bag and dumped out a bunch of earplugs. "After 2 days of no sleep it was the only thing I could think of." He shrugged his shoulders at her.

"Are we that loud Ducky?" Stace asked with an innocent look on her face.

Jack and Steve started laughing at them. "Ooohhh noooo, not at all!" They both replied in

unison.

"Ahhh Stevie this is yours." Jack pointed to his stuff on the table.

" I don't believe it, next you'll steal my jockey shorts!"

"Nahhh I stole Poni's!"

\*\*\*\*\*

Morigan had left for work leaving Mike and the others to their sick minds and the cars they had to fix. Mike was under a 4x4 truck bolting the starter back on and Jack being the smallest one besides Morigan was lying inside the engine area headfirst bolting on the manifolds. "How the hell does someone tear the whole bottom out of their truck when ya need a step ladder ta get in the damn thing?"

"Easy, they thought it would be cool ta go 4 wheeling at the quarry and found out that those are not mud holes but sink holes. Are ya almost done up there?"

A wicked grin crossed Jack's face at what had kept her so long putting six bolts in the engine block, as she looked right down the front of Mike's T-Top. "Yep, all done."

"Good now ya can get your eyeballs off my tits."

"Where's Poni at?"

"I sent her in ta town for some parts I ordered."

"Any idea about who that was that had ya picking up that hot car?"

"Nope and when Stacey tried ta calling them she got a recording that the number had been disconnected."

"How many times has something like this happened?"

"This is the first time, all though we could have had others and not really known. We don't ask for proof of ownership or anything for repairs. Why all the questions?"

"Ohh just curious," She crawled out from where she was and yelped in pain. "I didn't realize that there were so many car thefts around here. Gods my back is killing me." She sat on the floor of the garage and waited for Mike to crawl out. "Now in Texas 2 or 3 a day was light, sometimes as many as 8 or 9 a day all headed for the Mexican border. Now ya want a car or truck, that's where ya go."

Mike slid across the floor on her creeper. "And how do ya know all this?" She asked with a raised eyebrow.

Jack gave her own version of the eyebrow. "Professional knowledge, ya gotta know where ta take em." Leaning back on her hands she tilted her head to the side and grinned at Mike. "Those were the days. Now I'm to damn old and Jail isn't any fun anymore."

Stacey leaned in through the door of the garage. "Hey I could use some help if you guys are done. I have Morigan's hood ta put back on, and I'm not doing the Poni and balancing it on my head."

\*\*\*\*\*

"This is Morigan's car?" Jack said as she looked at the high performance engine. "My Gods, this thing will fly!"

"Don't even think about it Jack, ya ain't driving it."

"It's not that, she doesn't look like the type ta drive heavy metal."

They bolted the hood on the firebird and Mike pulled the brown paper off that Stacey uses to protect car parts from damage. Jack almost fell over when she saw the painting on the hood. "You sure are roped Mikey."

"Yep, and I like it that way. If we're done here I got somethin ta pick up, I'll see ya later."

"So Stace, what's the story with those two?"

"I'll tell ya over cookies, but if ya repeat it, Poni will kill ya."

"So Poni was behind it huh?"

"We all were. Well, we just pushed a little. But Morigan had her the minute she walked through the garage door. Come on before they get back or they'll eat all my cookies."

Stacey gave Jack the short version of how Morigan and Mike met and their difficulties. In addition, what Mike went through to get her back.

"You have anybody?"

"Nope, not for years, I like being alone and it wouldn't be fair to anyone to hang with me cuz I never stay in one place more than a couple of months. And the stuff I do is dangerous and I may

not make it one day. I don't wanna put anybody through that."

"Where have you been living since ya came back?"

Jack grinned at her. "Fairfax county jail, nice enough place but after a year it gets boring."

"Mind telling me what ya were in for?"

"Nope, Drug trafficking. Got caught in a drug ring bust and went away on a 1-5 but got out early for good behavior. I'll never forget that time in; actually my back won't let me forget."

"I don't think I wanna know about your time on your back."

"Nothin like that, I got some discs messed up in a fight and it kills me when I move around too much. Which reminds me, could ya walk on my back for me?"

Jack lay on her stomach on the living room floor waiting for Stacey to walk across her back. Stacey was just about to step on her back when Poni snuck in behind her. Holding her finger up to her lips for Stacey not to say anything. She straddled Jack's hips and started messaging her neck and shoulders.

"Keep that up Stace and I'll steal ya from my Cousin!"

"Oh ya wouldn't have ta do that she'd share."

Poni felt Jack tense up. "Excuse me!"

"We have foursomes all the time with Mike and Morigan."

Poni looked over her shoulder at her shrugging wife.

"Kinky."

"Oooohhh yeah, lotsa sex in this house."

Jack was shaking then groaning when Poni started moving against her hips with her own.

"Mother of Gods Stace, don't do that!"

Poni leaned down next to her ear and growled in a deep voice. "Why not?"

Jack jumped and turned under Poni, when she did every disc in her back cracked. "Gods that was better than sex! You two are mean! Now let me up so I can go take a freezing shower." Poni helped her off the floor and wiggled her eyebrows at her.

"Paybacks Jack."

\*\*\*\*\*

Supper that night was a collection of stuff that Morigan and Stacey threw together from out of the freezer. Jack was on the phone talking to someone about needing some numbers. That she would call back in the morning. Morigan overheard what she was saying but said nothing and pretended that she had just walked into tell her it was time to eat. Steve didn't come home for supper which wasn't unusual. He sometimes went out with friends and came in late. This night they were in the living room when they heard him whispering and then two sets of feet running up the steps. Raised eyebrows went around the room. "Ya'll are gonna kill me!" Jack groaned. They heard a short time later the unmistakable noises coming from upstairs. Then a loud crash, and more rapturous noises. They couldn't help it, they all started yelling gross and disgusting things and laughing.

Jack got an evil grin on her face, leaning over to Poni she whispered in her ear. The next thing everyone knew Jack and Poni were running from the room.

"They're up ta something." Mike said as she got up to follow.

Three of them crawled up the steps on the hands and knees only to find an empty hallway. Mike shrugged her shoulders and turned to go back downstairs when she heard a noise outside. She mouthed "Ohhh shit." and took off down the stairs at a run. Stacey and Morigan followed her out the back door and around the back of the house to where Steve's window was. There they found Poni with Jack clinging to her back at the top of a ladder staring into Steve's window.

"OOhhh my Gods!" They both yelled. The next thing everyone knew the ladder was sliding sideways down the side of the house.

"Son of a biiiiitch!" They both yelled as the ground came up to meet them. Poni landed on her side with Jack landing on top of her. If not for Mike's quick thinking the ladder would have hit them. Before they could even catch their breaths, they were being questioned. Gasping for air Poni answered. "Man."

"What?" Asked Mike.

"Steve and man." Jack spit out.

"EEEWWW!" Stacey replied with a grimace on her face.

They helped Poni and Jack off the ground then they took off for the house, charging up the steps they all stood in the hallway outside of Steve's door and started moaning and groaning. Steve yanked the door open and told them all to go to Hell then slammed the door in their laughing faces.

Jack was using the phone and the computer at the same time when Steve came downstairs from his room with his friend. Jack looked up and all most fell out of her chair. The guy was very tall, blond, blue eyed and not at all what she thought would be Steve's type. Well, she always thought female was his type.

"Hey ya, sneaking off with out introducing your friend?" She emphasized the last word with wiggling eyebrows. Steve's eyes bore into her, a look of pure violence showed on his face. "One word and you'll be Jack in the box!" Jack fiend fright. "Ohhh please not the box!" She looked at his friend. "It gets cramped in there. Soooo, ya gonna tell Ma? I'm sure she would just love ta meet your new friend."

Steve came around the desk after her but she was faster than him and was up and over the desk and headed for the kitchen yelling at the top of her lungs.

"RAPE!! RAPE!! With an evil smirk on her face, she looked at him from her hiding place behind Mike. "It's been soooo looong that I'd even go for you and seek help afterwards for falling off the path of satisfying sex!"

Mike gave them 'The eyebrow'. "What the Hell are you two up to?"

"I wasn't up ta nothin but Stevie here was up all night and then he was sneaking out of here with his boy toy and I caught him."

The said boy toy walked into the kitchen and stood behind Steve. He looked at the assembled group before him.

Five sets of eyes popped at the 6'6" 210lb cowboy. His curly blond hair hung to his shoulders; blue eyes peeked out from under his gray Stetson. A show of white teeth showed from behind his mustache.

"DAMN!!! Stevie where the hell did ya find him!?!?" Poni asked.

"Most likely wandering around campus." Morigan replied. ""So Professor Jackson want some breakfast?"

Morigan came flying down the stairs to answer the phone that had been ringing on and off for the last 10 minutes. She was hoping that someone else would get it, namely Jack. But of course she was doing more important things like rolling all over the living room floor playing Nintendo 64.

"You stupid BASTARD! Get your ass up there!" She rolled over and up to her feet, weaving

back and forth. Her hands shooting up into the air just about pulling the game from the entertainment center. Morigan watched from behind her as the Tie fighter she was flying did an inverted dive towards the surface of the planet below. Morigan found herself falling forward then jerking to the left as the Tie fighter did the same. Then jumped back as the planet exploded into fiery bits. Jack let out a battle cry that made Morigan cover her ears.

"JACK!" She yelled over Jack's yell.

"Huh?"

"That thing that rings is for you, it's an Officer Oinkowski."

"Ooohhh SHIT! I forgot, here hold this." She handed Morigan the control for the Nintendo and ran for the phone in the kitchen.

"Oink ya there? Hey I know I forgot, how much time do I have?" She pulled her pocket watch out, groaning at the time. "There is no way in Hell I'll be able to get a ride and be there in time. Wait a minute someone's pounding on the door." Stretching the cord of the phone across the kitchen, she pulled the door open and yelled over her shoulder to come in as she walked back to the phone. She stopped dead in her tracks when she started hearing Oink's voice in stereo.

"Cute Oink, get me all hyper thinking I'm gonna get in trouble."

"You deserve it, now come on or we'll both be in the shit house."

"Let me grab my wallet and I'll be right there." Running through the house she jumped down the living room steps to find Morigan falling on the floor from the nose-dive the Tie Fighter just did.

"Hey, I gotta go to court. Oink's here to get me I should be back later today."

"Kay, later."

Jack grabbed her wallet and ran up the steps using her hands to keep from falling. And ran right into Oink's legs.

"Who is that!?! " Asked Oink.

"Hands off, she's a married woman and Mike would kill ya."

Oink shook her head at Morigan who was fighting with the control wire that was wrapped around her legs. "What a waste, I hope he's all that."

"Ohhh man is she!"

"Any other good looking bodacious single women here?"



Jack gave her a big toothy grin and wiggled her unibrow. "Me."

"FORGET IT JACK! Out of the four things I listed the only thing you qualify for is two of them; no make that one, SINGLE!"

#####

Poni had just unhooked a blue BMW that they had been called to pick up at the Walmart shopping center. The owner said that when he came out of the store he couldn't get it to start and wanted them to pick it up and fix it. Poni pushed it into the garage and then thought about how she as gonna put the brake on while keeping it from rolling out of the garage.

"All brawn and no brains." Jack stood inside the doorway grinning at her cousin.

"Are ya gonna stand there or are ya gonna help me?"

"Ohhh I thought I'd just watch ya until ya popped a blood vessel." Poni glared at her with her camel colored eyes. "On second thought that would kinda messy, Stace would rip my arms off and beat me ta death." She slid chocks behind the tires. "Where'd this one come from?"

"Another dead one at Walmart, wimpy ass guy couldn't get it ta start."

Jack pulled a small notebook from her back pocket and wrote down the VIN number from the inside door panel then checked all the other areas that the number would have been placed by the manufacture. Her left eyebrow rose when she looked at all the different numbers she had written in her book. Her mind started slapping her hard. "You dumbass, of course this is how they do it!" She thought to herself. "Pon's let me know when the owner calls about pickup."

#####

Mike stood looking under the hood of the BMW, shaking her head at the problem at hand. "Who would steal the distributor cap?" Stace and Poni just shrugged their shoulders. "Call the guy and tell him his car is done and tell Morigan ta charge the idiot double." She looked at the shocked looks on her friends faces. "For wasting our time, teach the asshole ta lock his doors next time."

Jack was waiting for the owner to show up so that she could ask him some questions about his car. She was just about ready to call it a day when a black Lincoln Town car pulled into the driveway. The guy that got out of the passenger side did not look like any one who would drive a BMW. Redneck was more like it, grungy, long hair and hadn't seen water in two seasons.

"Ya here for the beemer?" She asked.

"It's done right? We got a call and I'm in a hurry."

"Yep it's done, let me ask ya a question. I noticed that the car has been reported stolen." The guy stopped dead in his tracks and looked at her. "There's no problem with that as far as I'm concerned, as long as you give me a job."

"And why would I do that?" He asked.

"Cuz I'm the best there is and with my connections here I could be a big help ta ya."

"Who says you're the best? Cuz ya certainly don't look like much ta me."

"All right fair enough, I'll show ya."

She walked over to the Lincoln opened the door and locked it then slammed it shut. Reaching inside her boot, she pulled out a thin strip of metal. Within 2 seconds, she had the passenger side door opened.

"So ya can open doors, any kid can do that."

"Ya but the State of Texas and Fairfax Virginia says that I hold the record for car theft."

"If you're so good how come you're known by the jail system?"

"Cuz I had an asshole partner who turned me in and took off with the bills."

"OK, I'll talk to the boss. Meet us at the Winners Circle by the race track at midnight."

#####

Mike came into the kitchen after finishing the last of the car repairs to find the kitchen a complete disaster area. The breakfast dishes were still on the table and sink along with the frying pan with food still in them. The coffeepot had what looked like sludge burned in the bottom of it and it was still cooking away. It then hit her that she hadn't seen Morigan since that morning. She knew if Morigan was going somewhere that she would have said something and she wouldn't be at school because they were out on spring break. Panic hit her square in the chest; she tore through the house and headed up the steps to their bedroom only to find it the way they had left it. Searching the rest of the upstairs left her ready to call the police. She jumped down the steps to land in a tuck, roll move, and off again at a sprint to search the rest of the house. She was just about to go outside when she heard a moan of pain come from the living room. She came to the living room steps and again jumped down and froze where she landed. There laid Morigan on her back, with her arms thrown out to her sides wincing and moaning. Crawling over to her she pushed blond hair back from her lovers face.

"Hey ya Snuggles, done for the day?" Morigan asked with twinkling green eyes.

Crystal blue eyes that once showed concern changed in a heartbeat to irritation when she seen the control pad for the Nintendo.

"Not you too!"

"Huh, what not me to?"

"You're hooked! Just like Poni, sometimes it was days before we seen her upstairs and then it was just ta get food."

"Come on I'm not that bad, I've only been playing since Jack left at.... What time is it?"

Mike couldn't help but laugh at her. "It's 6:30pm"

"Oh geez, I've been playing all day! No wonder why I'm hungry, what are we having for supper?"

"Since a cyclone hit the kitchen, I think we're calling Domino's for Pizza."

"OK, I'll get the paper plates and clean up the damages and you can call. That is if ya help me up. I think I forgot how to walk."

Mike grinned at her knowing damn well why Morigan didn't want to use the phone. "Fingers blistered huh?"

Six pizzas later, everyone was slumped around the living room watching TV when Steve and Keith came in the room.

"Did you guys leave any Pizza?" Steve looked at Poni who had Stacy lying back against her chest.

"Nope, get your own ya little bastard." Poni growled as she ran her fingers through her wives long curly blond hair. "Of course we did, look in the oven."

"What the crusts?"

"Nah, there's slices in there but I ate all the good stuff off of them." She gave him a great big toothy grin.

He looked at Keith with drawn brows. "See what I have ta put up with!?! She's turned more men into Queens than Dolly has wigs!" His eyes squinted at them when they all started howling and barking. "Damn bitches."

As they went back upstairs towards the kitchen, Keith pulled him to the side.

"Is it really that bad?"

"Nah, Hell I'd be lost with out them! What other guy has five sisters that can fix his car when it breaks down? Damn wait here I forgot something." He headed back towards the living room and yelled down the steps. "Hey there's a station wagon outside, anyone you guys know?"

Jack jumped up and ran for the steps. "Shit I forgot!"

A few minutes later Jack came into the living room with Oink following. "Hey guys, this is Oink." She introduced everyone, and then it hit Poni who she was as she stared at the tall black woman who was dressed in a dark blue T-shirt, cami's and combat boots.

"Aren't ya a cop?" She asked.

"Yeah, but tonight I'm off duty and someone has to keep Jack out of trouble and Jail."

Jack was pulling on her leather biker jacket and slipping her slim Jim's in her engineer boots when she told them that they were going to the Winners Circle in town.

"That's not Jail time that's hospital time, oh wait Poni's not going with ya." Stacey laughed.

"How was I suppose ta know that he was married ta that fat fugly woman."

Jack looked at her cousin with raised eyebrows. "You hit on a fugly woman?"

"Hell no! I just said she was fugly and her husband clocked me with a beer bottle. Took 16 stitches ta close up my head. Wanna see? Any way it was Mike's fault"

"Nah, that's OK I believe ya. Well, gotta go see ya later."

"My poor baby ducky, always misunderstood." Stace placed a kiss on top of her wives head.

#####

Oink and Jack got out of the car at the Winners Circle bar. Oink took one look at the place and cringed. "Are you sure this is the place? It looks like it should be condemned. And no body better mess with the Hoopety, that's the only car I have."

"Oink, don't worry. If anything happens the Hospital is just down the road and I don't think anyone is gonna bother your car."

Jack pushed the buzzer on the doorframe and heard the lock click open. They had to squint in the darkness to be able to see anything. Then squinted even more at what they seen.

"EEEEWWW, I'm gonna use Lysol in my bath tonight!" Oinker whispered in Jacks ear. "And don't call anyone fugly, these guys will kill both of us and just toss us in a Dumpster

somewhere."

"There's the guy we're suppose ta meet."

They went to the only table in the place that sat against the back wall. Two men sat at it one was clean cut and wore a Charlestown Racetrack security uniform and the other if she could believe her eyes looked dirtier than before. They sat down at the table opposite the men.

"Who's your friend?" The grungy man asked.

"My partner Oink, we work together."

"The deal was that you would be here, you never said anything about a partner."

"She's the only one that I trust, either it's the two of us or it's no go."

The boss nodded his head at the other guy. "No problem, but you two split the take. Now this is how it's done. You come in here see Ben. He gives you the keys to the cars that are parked in the Valet parking lot at the track. You grab the car and take it to the Walmart parking lot. Park them in the row near the Ground round. Ben here calls the garages and has them picked up. When the cars have been picked up, you two get paid the next night right here. Got it?"

"No problem, got anything tonight?"

He handed over three sets of keys with tags on them giving the make and color of the car.

"If you get caught, one word and no one will ever see you two again. Got it?"

"No problem, we'll be on our way then if that's all?"

#####

Oink drove to the shopping center and waited for Jack to show up. While she waited, she pulled out a notebook and wrote down everything that she had heard that night. "Just great Jack, now what have you gotten us into?" She asked herself.

She sat for 20 minutes and worried about where Jack was, it never took her this long to steal a car before. She sat tapping on the steering wheel and watching for a car that would be carrying her idiot friend and hope that there were no flashing lights to announce her arrival. The passenger door opened and Jack jumped in scaring the life out of Oink.

"Where the Hell have you been!?" Oink yelled nearly blowing Jack's ears off.

"I stopped ta get somethin ta eat, I brought ya somethin to so don't complain."

On top of the burger and fries was a box of Krispie Kreme donuts.

"Didn't want ya ta feel outta sorts." Jack gave her a grin when she seen Oink hide the box of donuts on her side of the Hoopety. "Ready, we got two more and then we're done for the night."

"I don't like this Jack, we better not get caught!"

"Don't worry, I have connections around here."

#####

Mike laid in bed with Morigan curled up against her side as she read a racing magazine. Morigan grabbed the magazine out of Mike's hands and tossed it on the floor. "You haven't heard a word I've said have you?"

"Huh?" Her blue eyes blinking into green trying to refocus. "Uhhmm well...nope, sorry."

"I said what are we gonna do about Jack, if she gets caught doing what ever she's doing. She may drag all of us with her. And I do not look good in jumpsuits let alone one that's orange."

Mike brushed back blond hair from Morigan's face and ran her thumb across an arched eyebrow. "Maybe they'll give us prison blues; I think ya would look good in those." Her eyes twinkled with humor at the look on Morigan's face.

"Funny, I'm being serious here."

"How about if I have a talk with her? I've worked to hard ta loose my garage and I know Ma wouldn't be thrilled about me doing time. I don't wanna even be in the same state when she finds out about Stevie."

"Like Ma doesn't know." Morigan came up on one elbow to place her forehead against Mike's. "There's nothing that Ma doesn't know, she knew about us and that was before I even showed up."

"And I bless every cornfield I see little Weasel."

"I'm surprised that ya haven't bought that field and erected a shrine." Morigan said in a teasing manner then pulled back when she felt the muscles in Mike's face tense. "Michaela?"

"Uhhhhmm.... I did that already. In fact I bought it after the first week."

"You're kidding right?" Mike shook her head no. "You're unbelievable."

#####

Poni hung off the bed backwards watching the little TV that she had on a wall mount while Stacey sketched in her pad. She was coming close to ending up on her head if she didn't stop rolling around on the bed.

"Drake! One more move and I'll knock the Hell outta you."

"But cuddles, how am I suppose ta keep still if my Tie fighter keeps doing nose dives? I gotta kill off all those Vader creeps!"

"I swear that game has gone to all of your heads. That's the worse thing I could have ever bought you. And now ya have Jack and Morigan hooked." Stacey put her pad away then crawled to the end of the bed to lie on top of Poni.

"What is Jack doing?"

"Stealing cars."

"Pon, if she gets caught we're all in trouble you know that don't ya? And you've already been in jail cuz of a stolen car."

"I know, but what can I do? She's always ripped things off."

"Come on, we're gonna go talk ta Mike about this and see what she says about it."

"But cuddles, I only have two more fighters ta take down." She whined.

"Now Drake."

She rolled off the bed mumbling the entire time it took them to get to Mike and Morigan's room. "I never get ta play. It ain't fair and you're a meaney Stace."

"Yeah yeah, now come on."

The four of them were lying on the bed talking when Jack and Oink came upstairs. Jack ran and jumped on top of everyone leaving Oink standing in the hallway with her mouth hanging open.

"Hey ya guys, is it group sex night?" Jack asked from where she laid across Poni's back. "If ya don't get off of me it's gonna be beat Jack night!"

"Ohh but baby ducky I like it when ya guys are rough and Oink has hand cuffs!"

Poni got up on her knees and flipped Jack onto the floor. "And I just might use them and cuff ya ta my truck. Hey that's an idea, and then we wouldn't have ta worried about going ta jail!"

Mike grabbed Jack by her shirtfront and jerked her up to within inches of her face so that their noses touched.

"You fuck up and get us all in trouble and I'll turn ya over ta Ma, ya got me?"

"No prob Mikey, It'll be OK don't worry. Can Oink sleep in one of the empty rooms tonight so she doesn't have ta drive all the way ta Fairfax?"

"Oink take the one next ta Jack's." Morigan said. "Now everyone out, I need my beauty rest."

The next morning everyone sat in the kitchen eating their breakfast. Jack walked in wearing a sweatshirt, boxers and huge wolf head slippers on her feet. Right behind her was poor Oink, her hair sweeping from the back to stick out on the sides of her head, her eyes bloodshot and half closed as she stumbled into the kitchen. The kitchen broke out with laughter at the site of her.

"Rough night Oink?" Stacey asked.

"What the Hell was all that noise last night? I could have sworn I was sleeping in the Zoo in between the bear cage and the monkey house! And then this is the weird part I kept hearing war cries like the damn Indians were attacking!"

"I didn't hear anything, did you Poni?" Asked Stacey.

"Nope, how about you guys?" Oink watched as everyone shook their heads at once. "I know I heard something last night."

Mike and Poni got up and went out the kitchen door to head towards the garage. Oink had just sat down when she heard two war cries echo outside.

"That's it! That's what I heard!"

@@

Weeks had gone by with Oink and Jack making trips to the Winners Circle three to four times a week. With Jack stealing the cars and Oink waiting for her at the Walmart parking lot, each cars VIN number was recorded by Jack and handed off to Oink, who then ran them through the police computer at work. Cross checking the Charlestown Police files, she found that none of the cars had reports on them. She knew that the owners had to have a report to give to their insurance companies. Which meant one thing, someone in the Police force was dirty and most likely getting a cut on the deal for keeping it quiet. That meant that her job just got harder. They had just finished making up a new computer file on Oink that would transfer her to the Charlestown Police Department. Then it was off to what Jack called body surfing the net.



"Damn it Jack let me see!"

"Just hold on a minute will ya?"

Jack had Oink's chest smashed down onto the desk while she leaned over her back. Pulling up a web page that she had been searching for she let out a yell that deafened Oink.

"OOOOOHHH BABY COME TA JACK!"

"Let me see!" Oink struggled beneath Jack's weight. "I'll tell Poni that you posed for nudy shots on the web!"

"That wasn't me! My tits ain't that big." A low growl came from Jack. "Gods have mercy!"

Oink was now practically prone on the desk with Jack crawling still further up her back.

"What the Hell are you two doing?" Mike asked as she stood looking over the top of the monitor that Jack had her tongue stuck to.

"Uuuuuhhhmmmm, ithss irty?"

"Uuhh huuh, tell me another one."

Jack pulled back and tried to clear the screen but Mike was faster and grabbed the mouse. "Jack, you really need ta find a real woman. I don't think licking the screen with a picture of Lucy Lawless on it counts as a real date."

"I once had a date with a woman who looked like Lucy. That is after half a bottle of Jack Daniels she did!"

Oink pulled herself up from the desktop and drilled Jack with her brown eyes. "Just keep that tongue off of Renee, she's mine! And that woman looked like a demented WWF wrestler!"

"That's why it took half a bottle." Jack grinned then shivered at the memory."

#####

Hours later they were all piled into the Hoopety on their way to Hagerstown Maryland to a bar called *Deer Park*. The bar was on old route 40 in the middle of no where, which was good since just about anything you could think of went on there in the parking lot. Tonight the parking lot was packed as well as the sides of the road. A sign on the door stated that the bar was having a Miss Drag Queen contest. Once inside it became obvious that some of the queens should have left their heels at home.

"Damn!" Poni gasped. "Did ya see that one with the big hair? She should cover her face with it and cover up that 5 o'clock shadow that the 10 pounds of makeup couldn't do!"

"Be nice baby." Stace whispered in her wives ear. "Or she might beat you up with her huge purse."

Jack had a hold of Oink's hand and was dragging her unwilling friend towards the back of the bar.

"Come on Oink, loosen up a little. Who knows we might find some desperate women!"

"Gee, thanks for the encouragement Jack. And maybe if we find them they won't want to tie us up and steal or wallets like the last time!"

"Hey, that wasn't my fault! How was I ta know that it was a S&M Bar!" She ground out between clenched teeth.

"Right and I suppose the whips and hand cuffs everyone had didn't clue you in either?" Oink emphasized with a slap to the back of Jack's head.

Jack found a table at the back near the door to the outside area that contained picnic tables for those who wanted to take a break from the smoke, noise and constant pushing and shoving of the crowd.

"Stay here and I'll get us some drinks. If ya see the others wave them over."

#####

Poni and Stace got lucky and found the pool table empty. While Mike and Morigan made their way to one of the 3 bars to get drinks and then find Oink and Jack. They where just about to walk into the main part of the bar when the announcer came of the PA system and announced that the pageant would now start. They found a place along the wall where they could see and not get pushed around too much. With Mike against the wall, she pulled Morigan back against her chest and rested her chin on top of her blond head.

The contestants came out onto the now vacant dance floor to hear yelling and screaming upon their arrival.

"Holy shit!" Mike heard yelled into her ear. "Look at the legs on that one! OOOOWWWW!!!" Poni screeched. "Baby ya didn't let me finish." She gave Stace a pleading puppy dog look. "Look at the bony knees!"

"Go put a dress on and get up there Poni." Mike snickered. "You can do the *Victor Victoria* thing and beat all of them."

"Yeah, even with your hairy chest!"

"You're an asshole Jack!" Poni snapped as she took a jab at Jack's chest.

"I got us a table in the back, Oink's there now watching our drinks."

Morigan raised an eyebrow at Jack. "She's watching our drinks?"

"Yep, don't worry Oink doesn't drink."

They made their way to the table and found Oink weaving back and forth with a half empty glass of beer in her hand and a table full of empties.

"I thought you said she doesn't drink." Morigan chuckled in Jack's ear.

"Oooohhhh shit!" Jack covered her face with her hands.

They let Oink jump around by the table and once the pageant was done and the better looking of the ugly drag queens was crowned they pushed her out onto the dance floor. What Oink was doing on the dance floor looked like some kind of animal mating ritual. And what Jack was doing was! Until a jealous girlfriend chased her around the room threatening to rip her into a couple hundred pieces.

The DJ called the last dance for the night and put on a slow song for the remaining patrons. Mike, Morigan, Poni and Stacey made their way to the dance floor. Dancing very close the two couples swayed to Whitney Houston's *I will always love you*. That is until Oink decided to drown out Whitney with her own voice. Couples cringed and looked around trying to find where the horrible singing was coming from. Up on one of the closed bars was Oink, bellowing out notes that no human should be aloud to make. And if they do they should be locked up. To everyone's grateful ears the bouncer came in and dragged Oink down off the bar. He was just about to toss her out the door when Jack came to her rescue from her hiding place under one of the tables.

"Hold on buddy, I'll take care of her." She yelled above Oink's dog whistle high note. Covering Oink's mouth with her hand she ushered her out the door and towards Oink's station wagon "The Hoopety" Putting her in the back she covered her with the blanket back there then stood outside to save what little hearing she had left. By the time, everyone had come out and gotten in the car Oink had fallen asleep. Or so they thought until not 15 minutes down the road she started up with Shania Twains *I feel like a woman*. And every song that ever played on the country stations.

#####

Oink crept down the stairs holding her head and moaning. When she came into the kitchen where everyone was eating breakfast, she took one look at their food and took off back upstairs at a sprint.

Morigan grinned at her friends. "Looks like our little singer is suffering from a hangover. Should we help her out?" Eyes traveled around the table; all together they replied "NAHHH!"

Jack rounded up her courage to ask for a favor from Mike. Taking a deep breath she broached the dreaded subject.

"Mike, can you run me by a friend's house today? I need ta pick up something."

Mike put down her coffee cup raised her famous eyebrow giving Jack the look. "Is it something that's illegal or hot?"

"Uuuuhmm, only in some states, actually its two things I have ta pick up before the asshole gets rid of them."

"If it's hot, I'm gonna toss your ass out of the truck while we're doing a warp 9 down the road."

Jack started to laugh. "Ohhh believe me no one in their right mind would steal this stuff!"

"OK, you've convinced me. Let's go now before I change my mind."

Mike and Jack pulled into a yard that looked like a junkyard in all directions. Mike gazed at the assortment of old cars; her eyes caught on one in particular. A 1967 Shelby Mustang, the body was rusted and in parts on the ground. She got out of her truck and was inspecting the car when she heard something growling from her right side. She froze still fearful of having a huge Doberman or pit bull jump her with any sudden movement. The deep growl continued, and then she heard the dog pawing in the gravel with its feet. She jumped 3 foot in the air at hearing the kill command come from behind her.

Then she felt feet bouncing off of her calf and a yipping noise coming from the would be killer.

"What the Hell is that!?!!" She yelled at Jack who was coming up behind her as she looked down on the very small hairy dog.

"That's my guard dog, and don't make fun of her she's very sensitive, you know about her s-i-z-e."

Jack, why are you spelling out words? It's a demented Taco Bell dog not a human!"

"Yeah well, I dare ya ta say the s-i-z-e word!"

Mike not being one to pass up a dare said the word and watched as the 3-pound furball tore into her pant leg with enough strength that Mike had to use a hand on the Shelby to keep from falling over.

"OK, I get it no short jokes. Now get it off of me!"

Jack got down on her knees, snapping her fingers the furball let go of Mike's pant leg and jumped into Jack's arms. Disgusting Mike by hugging and kissing the ugly little dog and calling it all kinds of disgusting little baby names that caused the dog to start howling with a high ear piercing pitch.

"That's my little baby boo boo, my pretty little baby. Did you miss mommy?"

"You're sick Jack! That's got ta be the ugliest dog I've ever seen!" She was answered by sharp barks and snapping as she looked at the multi colored black and silver dog. What struck Mike was that its ears were huge and had no hair on the backs of them but were outlined with pure white hair.

"For your information Mike, Jessica is a retired Sgt. from the Texas Rangers DEA division. Aren't ya boo boo. And she's not a demented Chihuahua, she's a Pekinese and Pomeranian mix."

"Drug dog?" Mike laughed. "What did she hit on baby aspirins?"

Jack gave her a sheepish look, then covered her dogs ears and whispered to Mike. "She was retired cuz every time she was put on the baggage belt she was too little and ended up riding with the bags into the claim area. Her nose didn't work too good for drugs; she only hit on chocolate, scented tampons and maxi pads. But don't ever say anything ta her cuz she gets depressed."

"Ooohhh shit, now I have ta put up with a manic-depressive dog on top of everything else! So what else do ya have ta pick up here?"

"My car."

"You have a car, where?"

Jack pointed to a rusted out Ford Pinto; one of the side windows had duct tape across cracks as well as holding the hood down. Mike laughed so hard that tears were streaming down her face.

Jack grinned at her. "I told ya no one would steal it! But never under estimate a car by its looks. It's never failed ta start when I needed it."

"Yeah, right. Lets get outta here; I've got work to do at home."

Mike waited for Jack to start her car and laughed when all she heard was a slow turning off the engine. Jack got out slammed her hands down on the hood called it a stupid bitch, jumped back in and tried again. On the third try, it turned over and caught. Black smoke bellowed out of the tail pipe with every backfire of the engine. Pulling beside Mike, Jack yelled over the noise that she would race her home. Looking down into the car, she noticed that Jessica sat on a booster seat on the passenger side.

"The only way you'll beat me is if Poni hauls that thing in behind her tow truck!"

"In your dreams Mike!"

Mike's truck hit 75mph and was a good 6 car lengths ahead of Jack as they went down Rt. 340. Then all of a sudden, the junky Pinto was right beside her with a grinning Jack and howling dog starring at her. Jack gave her a little wave and punched the gas pedal. Before Mike could blink the junk heap was a good 1/4-mile ahead and still eating up road. When Mike pulled her truck up to her garage Jack was sitting on the hood drinking a coke and her dog was curled up on the roof of the car.

"What the Hell is under the hood Jack!?!"

"Just a plain old engine," She answered with a grin. "Wanna check it out?"

They pulled the duct tape off and used a pry bar to get the hood up. Mike whistled between her teeth.

"Son of a bitch! Jack, that's an engine out of a Police cruiser! This damn thing has a turbo charger on it!"

"I know, sweet ain't it?"

#####

Oink pulled into the Charlestown Police Department parking lot at 2:00pm to meet with the Chief concerning her new position on the force. She was not impressed with the old geezer. What he needed was a wheel chair the size of a small car to haul is 80 plus year old, 400lb carcass around and a oxygen tank strapped to the side of it but he would just blow himself up since he chain smoked like a old smoke stack. And from the look of his office floor they needed to sit him and his desk in a huge ashtray and put a Dumpster outside of his window for all the take out containers that where overflowing out of his trash can onto the floor. As he looked through her file he wheezed and coughed enough that she thought he was going to keel over on the spot, all it did for him was make him light up another cigarette so that he had one burning in each hand.

"Soooo.... Officer Oinkski, I see yar from Virginia. Well, let me be the first ta welcome ya ta West Virginia." He reached into his desk drawer and tossed her a badge. Pinching it between her two fingers to keep from getting ketchup and Mayo on her; she looked at the hole in the center of it.

Not bothering to correct the old geezer about screwing her name up. "Sir, this has a bullet hole through it."

"Ooohh, don't mind that Skeeter was using it fer target practice one day." He pulled a bag of pork rinds out of his desk drawer and offered some to Oink who gave him a horrified look. "You'll be

ridin with Skeeter for a couple days till we get the other car outta the body shop. It had a little run in with a herd of cows."

"Cows?" Oink asked.

"Yep, one of the boys dropped his Big Mac and before he knew it he was plowing through a farmer's field full of Big Macs still on the hoof. Skeeter is at the front desk, so when ever your ready ta have the tour of the town just let him know."

Oink walked back to the front of the Department towards the desk and shivered at the look of her temporary partner. "Just my fucking luck, I get ta ride with Barney Fife's brother!" She thought to herself.

#####

Morigan swayed from side to side on the living room floor, rolling forward onto her knees, she threw her hands up towards the ceiling and yelled.

"WILL YOU GET YOUR HAIRY ASS OUTTA THE WAY!!!!!"

Jessica kept jumping up and down in front of Morigan trying to grab the Nintendo remote control out of her hands.

"Ya little shit! Where's your mother at?" Jessica ran for the steps and stopped at the top to wait for Morigan. When she got into the kitchen, Jessica was sitting in front of the cabinet where she and Stacey hid their chocolate chip cookies. "We don't have any dog bones, so what do you want?" Jess clawed at the door until it opened. Then she started chewing at the can with the cookies in it.

"Now how do you know what's in there?"

"Ooohh that's easy, I could smell chocolate buried in 2 foot of cement!"

Morigan jumped at the voice that seemed to have come from the dog. "I've been playing that game to damn long, now I'm hearing a dog talk!"

"I can play poker to." Morigan spun around at the chuckling behind her.

"Thought ya were going nuts huh?"

"Jack you asshole!"

Jack just grinned at her and thought to herself how much fun it was to be around so many easy targets. "I knew you and Stace had a hidden stash around here somewhere. So, I won't tell Mike

and Poni if ya watch my baby for me while me and Oink work tonight."

Morigan raised one eyebrow at her, clenched her fists and mumbled to herself. "OK OK, but she better stop trying to steal the control out of my hand!"

"Ooohh I forgot." Pulling a little stuffed animal that looked like Sonic Hedgehog out of her pocket, she handed it to Morigan. "Give her this and she'll leave ya alone."

"Great the hairy little shithead has a baby."

#####

Mike and Morigan lay in bed spooned against each other with Mike curled around Morigan's back, pulling her tight against her chest. Pressing her face into soft blond hair she was just about to drift off when she felt something walking up her legs. "Weasel, you awake?"

"Huh?" She mumbled from her pillow.

"Something's walking on me."

"It's just nits or fleas."

Mike drew her eyebrows together over her nose as she raised her head to look down at her now snoring lover. "I do not have bugs." Just then, something pounced in between them. Jessica's brown eyes twinkled up at her, little white teeth showed as she grinned at Mike from around her hedgehog. She dropped her baby on Morigan's neck, circled around and plopped down so that her head rested on top of her baby. Exhaling and making Morigan's hair stir she closed her eyes and went to sleep.

"Just great, I get ta share my wife with a spoiled dog."

Poni lay on her back snoring like a huge bear, her arms thrown out to the side of her body and one of them pinning Stacey to the bed on her stomach. Squirring out from under the heavy arm Stacey fell to the floor. She made her way to the bathroom and searched through the medicine cabinet and drawers. Not finding what she was looking for she ran down to the kitchen to search in the junk drawer. Finding something she could use she ran back upstairs to their bedroom. Leaning over her wife she worked slowly, when finished she rolled her over and climbed back in bed and went to sleep in the now peaceful room.

#####

Oink sat in the Hoopety waiting for Jack to show up with the last of the cars for the night. They



had already gotten 4 from the racetrack parking lot. At work, she was trying to download all the personal files into the computer at Mike's by way of e-mail. Then cover up the tracks that she would have left, even though it was kind of dumb considering the IQ's of everyone there added up to a minus 20. She was trying to find out who was deleting the files about the car thefts and then connect that person to security guard and the other guy that they were working for. Not to mention all the way to the car theft ring in Virginia. But she needed help from a computer tech and the only one she knew was in Texas and that was too far away to go for help. She'd have to ask Jack, that in itself was asking for trouble. She heard the screeching of tires and then headlights flashed across her rearview mirror. Before she could do anything she saw Jack jump from the car just as red and blue flashing lights came into the parking lot from Rt. 340. Jack took off at a full sprint towards the side of Walmart, weaving in and out of parked cars until she hit the side of the building and disappeared into the night. The Police cruiser stopped beside the stolen car, Oink could hear the radio squawk and then one of the Officers that she hadn't met yet got out and searched the car with his flash light. He then pulled a cell phone from off of his belt, made a phone call and returned to his car after locking the doors on the stolen one. Oink waited a few minutes then started her car and drove around the back of the buildings looking for Jack. She had reached the last of the buildings when a donut bounced off of her windshield. Looking to her left, she scanned the edge of the building and didn't see anything.

"Looking for someone?" Jack said from her hiding place.

"Where the Hell are you?"

"Up here looking at the stars."

All Oink could see were Jack's boots hanging over the edge of the building's roof.

"How the Hell did ya get up there ya simple bitch? And better yet, how ya gonna get down without breaking both of your scrawny little legs?"

"Uuuhhhmmm... you're gonna catch me?" She replied with a big grin on her face.

"I don't even think so. You better pull out those little fairy wings and fly down here. Ohhh wait your not a fairy, your a flying fucking monkey!"

"And you're still waiting for that heart. Pull your Hoopety over here and let me jump down on it so we can go home."

"Not in my lifetime!"

Jack looked around trying to figure out how she could get down. The only way she could get down was the way she got up and that was by way of the Dumpster. Hanging by her fingertips she tried to judge how far to swing out to land on the top of the Dumpster. She misjudged and when she hit one foot landed in open air, throwing her off balance, she fell into the Dumpster.

"Son of a bitch!" She grumbled as she pulled her way out. Jumping into Oink's car, she got a

look that could have sent her six foot under if not for the fact that it disappeared when she handed over a bag with three boxes of Krispie Kreme donuts in it.

Oink had one hanging out of her mouth as they pulled away from the building.

"What luck, I fall in a Dumpster and find 3 boxes of your favorite donuts."

Oink started choking and the next thing Jack knew donut was being spit all over the windshield.

"Just kidding Oink! I wouldn't do that ta you."

Oink spun her head around to glare at Jack, flames dancing in her brown eyes; lifting one corner of her lip she flashed a canine at Jack as a deep growl rumbled in her chest.

"Ohhh goody! Can ya make your head spin even if I didn't bring ya pea soup?" Asked Jack.

"You're asking for an ass kicking with a big stick filled with lead!"

"Kinky!" Jack grinned. "Does it have any splinters on it?"

"Just shut up!" Oink put the Hoopety in gear and they headed home.

Hearing an annoying crunching noise Oink glanced over at Jack and tried to figure out what she was eating.

"Jack, what are you crunching on over there?"

"Want some?" She handed Oink one of what she was eating. Holding it up in front of the light given off from the dashboard, she cringed at what she found.

"GROSS!" Tossing it back, she wiped her hand on her pant leg. "You're eating dog bones?"

"Not just a dog bone but beef basted dog bones! I got them from a K-9 dog at the racetrack. The dog didn't mind but the cop sure was pissed!"

"That explains why you came into the parking lot like a bat out of Hell. Now your stealing a K-9 dogs bones right out of a police cruiser! What's next, his collar?"

"Nope." Pulling something out of her pocket and wiggling it in front of Oink. "Already did that. It's a nice one to, has all these little spiky things on it. It'll look good on my baby once I cut it down."

"You're going ta jail Jack, right to the slammer full of big huge toothless women!"

"Ya think they'll have handcuffs with them?"

"Your hopeless Jack, just plain hopeless! Speaking of hopeless, do ya know of any computer geeks around here?"

"Not off hand but let me ask around."

#####

The next morning everyone was sitting around the kitchen table when Poni wandered down still in her raggedy T-shirt and boxers. It never hit her that everyone was sitting on the side of the table that faced the doorway that she came through. Everyone busted up laughing at first site.

"What the Hell is wrong with you people?" She asked in a grumpy tone.

"Not a damn thing Pon's." Mike chuckled. "Just a joke that Stace told us about the many uses of duct tape."

"Ohh, any coffee left?"

Minutes later, they heard a yell that shook the rafters. Then feet pounding down the stairs, a bare chested Poni stood in the doorway, chest heaving, fists clenched at her sides.

"Stacey! What the Hell did ya do ta me last night!?! I have duct tape across my nose and it won't come off!"

"Oooohhh baby!" Steve gasped. "I didn't even notice the tape with you throwing your tits in my face. If ya walk around that way all the time, no one will notice the duct tape. Maybe if Stace would paint it a flesh color it would look better."

"BASTARD!" Poni growled at him. "Now how do I get it off and leave my nose on my face?"

"Come on baby ducky, I'll get it off." Stacey gave everyone a big grin over her shoulder as they left the kitchen. They could hear them talking as they made their way up the stairs. "We need ta get some more of those breathe easy things for you."

"Did ya have ta use duct tape?" Poni whined.

"Anyway, does anybody know any computer geeks around here that can do some work on fixing a screwed up program?" Jack asked skirting the real issue.

"Moi, what's the problem?"

"Don't know, gotta ask Oink. It's her computer." Oink gave her a murderous look because she didn't want the whole household to know what she was doing. They where all shocked as it was

when they found out that she had transferred to the Police Dept. there in town.

#####

With it being Saturday, Morigan was off from school and able to help Mike and Poni in the garage with the repairs of the cars. They had a total of twelve sitting out in the parking area. And they all knew that Oink and Jack had something to do with the amount of cars they had been receiving as of late. It was scaring the Hell out of all of them. Morigan as a way of keeping track of the cars had started writing down all the VIN numbers and keeping all funds from these cars in a separate account at the bank. After checking all the cars while they still sat in the parking area they had found that most of them had expensive car alarms that guaranteed against being stolen. And that they all were in the price range of over \$25,000.00.

Morigan pulled Mike to the side and spoke in a low whisper. "This isn't right; we're getting too many cars here. Someone is going to get suspicious that we have so much work in such a small amount of time. And that they're all expensive cars coming in here, my Gods we look like a car lot!"

"I know Sweetie, I'll have a talk with Jack before she leaves tonight."

"And Oink being a Cop doesn't settle too well with me either. I mean with all the dirty Cops around and we have one living with us. Now I know she's not stealing the cars but she's helping Jack."

"I know, but what can we do?" Mike asked. "Do you have that list of VIN's?"

"Yeah, it's under the file 'Weasel's gibberish' in the My Documents on the computer."

"Print up a copy for me and I'll give it to Jake, maybe he can check and find out about the owners. See if they have heard anything from the Police about their cars."

#####

Jake called back later that night and let Mike know that he had ran the VIN numbers and had talked to some of the owners concerning the theft of their cars. He asked them to make a copy of the police report that was given to them and mail it to him at his office. He also expressed his thoughts about what was going on at her garage and warned her about being tied into the theft ring.

Steve was with Oink at her office pretending that he had been sent by the computer company to check on a problem with one of the programs that had been installed at the factory. He told the chief that there was some kind of glitch in the system, that caused the PC's to crash after so many megs was used on the hard drive. That he would need to take one of the hard drives with him back to his office and reprogram it. The chief being PC illiterate agreed. With the tower in hand,

he left to do his magic to recover all the deleted files that Oink had asked him to find. What people didn't know was that even if the files were deleted, they were still on the hard drive and very easy to recover if you knew how to do it. Oink made him promise that he wouldn't say anything to Mike or any one else about her looking into the car thefts. Or she would turn Jack loose on him. That being scarier than having Poni get him, he agreed.

Oink was working on some paperwork when the K-9 cop came in and went right into the Chiefs office. She could hear yelling although the door was slammed closed when he went in. Unable to make out what was being said she got up and pretended to look in the filing cabinet on the wall that separated the two offices.

"Someone's gonna catch on!" The officer yelled.

"Just take it easy." The chief said. "These people are all stupid around here. They can't tie us in with your dad over at the track."

"Right and how do we explain that ALL of the cars are stolen from there, and every night at that! It's getting outta hand!"

"Just tell your dad ta ease off, maybe take one from the Walmart parking lot."

"You tell him, he's your brother and your partner! I'm only doing the reports."

"All right, I'll tell him sometime today."

Oink ran back to her desk just as the door opened. The Officer looked over at her then left. Collecting her ticket book, she went out to the cruiser that they had assigned to her. Cruising through town, she kept her eye out for the K-9 unit car. Pulling her cell phone out she placed a call to her contact in Virginia.

#####

Jake showed up at the garage with his cruiser just as one of the guys was picking up one of the stolen cars. He made note of what Jake looked like and the number on the cruisers plate. Using his cell phone, he called his boss and related the news to him that the garage and the State cop may have to be dealt with.

Jake was amazed at how crowded the parking lot was. Now he knew how bad the situation was. Pulling the sheets of paper from his briefcase, he walked into the garage to find Mike.

"Here's all the reports that the owners sent me." Jake said as he handed them over to Mike and Morigan. "The thing is that they are all signed by the same officer, A Sgt. A.J. Longer. What is really strange is he's a K-9 unit officer and seems to work 24 hours a day. Who I really need to talk to is Oink, since she's in the same office with him so maybe she can find out some stuff for me."

Mike blushed at his request. "Uuhhmm, she doesn't know that we have you looking into this for us and neither does Jack." Poni and Stacey had been listening in on their conversation. And asked what they could do to help him without pulling the garage into it. Morigan made it known that none of them looked good in orange and group showers was not her idea of fun. Jake assured them that he would talk to his Chief and Internal affairs on everyone's behalf. And for now to just keep on picking up the cars, that he would tell them when he had it set up to pick up the ones responsible for the car thefts.

"Uuuuhhmm, well... that's the problem." Mike hesitated. "Jack and Oink are the ones...well."

"It's like this Jake, Jack steals the cars, Oink picks her up. So ya have a convict and a cop working together in this.

Don't hurt my cousin!" Poni growled at him. "I don't like visiting prisons."

After Jake left they all made arrangements for that night.

#####

That night everyone took a different vehicle, Mike and Morigan parked at different ends of the Racetrack parking lot and kept in contact with the truck radios. Stacey and Poni where at the Walmart parking lot in the area where they thought Jack would park the cars. At exactly midnight, Mike watched Oink drop Jack off at the Winners Circle bar. Within 3 minutes, she came back out and walked through the parking lot. 5 minutes later Morigan called on the radio that Jack was in a car and on her way out of the parking lot. Poni then called to let them know that Oink was parked and waiting. They watched the entire night as Jack and Oink worked. And once during the time they where there they saw a race track security guard walk across the street and go into the bar then come out 10 minutes later. Ben had just received the last of the keys for that night form the boss. He was just about to leave when his cell phone rang.

"Is it done?" He asked. "Both jobs? Good now disappear; I don't want ta hear from you for at least 6 months, your money will be transferred to your account in the morning."

Ben left the bar and headed right for the casino part of the track where the boss would be sitting in his security office. No one paid any attention to him since they all knew he was related to the officer. Popping down in the other chair he told his uncle that all was set and they only had two more to take care of but that he would do that one himself the next night.

#####

Jake woke from being unconscious, he didn't know how long he had been out but his chest and shoulder hurt where the seat belt had cut into him. He couldn't feel his left leg where the door had buckled in when his cruiser rolled and right now all he could think of was trying to reach his

radio and call for help. As hard as he tried, he couldn't lift his right arm. Blood caked his face from hairline all the way down to soak his khaki tan uniform shirt. The radio mic he wore on his shoulder was destroyed so now all he could do was hope that someone saw his car. All he remembered was making the hairpin turn by the High school and then the sound of automatic gunfire from his side of the car. Then nothing, he hoped that wherever his car sat that it was visible.

Everyone met at the 7-11 across from Walmart and waited for Oink to pick up Jack and head home. Poni offered to go to pick up a pizza at their favorite pizza place in Shepardstown while everyone else headed home. Five minutes after they got home Poni called on the base radio for them to call 911 and the State Troopers. And have them come to the field across from the High School.

"Mike, ya better get out here, it's Jake." She yelled over the radio.

Oink pulled the Hoopety up to the back door and waited for everyone to jump in. Getting directions from Mike she peeled down the drive way as fast as her car would go.

Poni laid on her side next to Jake's cruiser that was laying on its hood. Holding a sterile pad to the gash on his forehead she tried to stop the steady flow of blood.

"Who the Hell taught ya ta drive?"

"Mike did. Can't ya tell?" He tried not to laugh because of the pain in his ribs. "Big mistake buddy, she still has training wheels on her Harley." She looked up at the sound of a cars squealing tires to see the whole household come falling out of the doors along with the hairy little shithead, Jessica. Right behind them was the ambulance, fire dept. rescue truck and two state trooper cars. The paramedics working with the firefighters used all the tools they had to open the crushed door and then ease Jake out onto a backboard and into the ambulance that would take him to Jefferson Memorial.

"Mike, look at the side of his car. It looks like Swiss cheese."

Holding onto Morigan's hand Mike made her way around the side of Jake's car; she was joined by Oink and Jack.

"It looks like someone used an Uzi. Oink what do ya think?"

"I think we have a big problem. Was he off duty?"

"Yeah, he works day shift. He gets off around 2pm. Why?" Mike asked.

Oink looked around. "Where's your ugly little dog Jack?"

"Ohh I put her back in your car. I'll get her; she seems to like me for some reason." Morigan ran for the Hoopety and returned holding Jessica as if she was a baby. "Put her in the cruiser and

watch what she does."

"Why was Jake hauling chocolate cookies?" Joked Morigan. With in seconds Jessica went nuts, scratching at the back seat and howling. Oink pulled her badge out and approached the troopers.

"We have some narcotics in Jake's car. I think you guys had better take a look."

The troopers had all of the packages of cocaine laid out on the top of one of the cars hoods. They found a partial evidence tag stuck to the bottom of one of the packages.

"That right there is from the evidence room in Charlestown." Oink said. "My office did not have any drugs in the evidence room and from the records I've been going over it's been years since any has been taken by the Charlestown Police Dept."

One of the Troopers wearing Sgt. stripes leaned close to Oink. "And how long have you worked there?"

"About a week."

"Do you always check all the records going back years at a new job?"

"Well, no but there's a good reason."

"Really, and what might that be?"

Oink pulled a thin leather wallet out of her pocket and showed it to the troopers. "Jesus H Christ! Why the Hell didn't ya say something in the first place Detective?"

"I've been working this case for the last two years and this is as close as I've gotten to taking these guys down. No one here knows that I'm anything other than a plain old officer in Charlestown. Give me 48 hours to get my people here, I think I've got enough information to take the guys here down and maybe get the connection in Virginia and Texas."

"OK, we really shouldn't be doing this but we'll make an exception this time since you're a friend of Jake and the Amazons. And I don't wanna piss Drake off, she'll kick my ass again."

"Thanks, Sarge I appreciate it."

When Oink got back to her car, Poni had Jake's cruiser on her flatbed and her and Stacey were on their way home. She told Mike, Morigan and Jack that she had talked to the troopers about the narcotics and that they were going to hold off on reporting it until they could talk to Jake. Which wasn't true but better than blowing her cover. By now it was already 4am and every one was wired. So when they got home they made a pot of coffee and sat around the kitchen table after Mike called Jake's wife to let her know that he was in the hospital, and a brief explanation as to why he was there.



Mike glared at Oink and Jack. "You two tell us what the hell is going on! We watched you guys tonight and we know that there's more to this stealing cars than what you've told us. So spill!"

Jack went to say something but Oink slapped a hand over her mouth.

"OK, I'm working on a theft ring and to be able to get in I'm using Jack to do it. But what happened to Jake, I have no idea why they went after him. That is if it's the same guys."

Mike covered her face with her hands. "It is, believe me. We all got worried so I called Jake and had him looking into the VIN numbers of the stolen cars."

Jack looked from Mike to Oink. "There's no way they could know what he was doing?"

"Wait!" Stacey held up her hands. "He was coming in when one of the stolen cars was leaving. Could that be it?"

"Shit!" Jack jumped up from the table, snapped her fingers for Jessica and ran out the back door towards the garage.

"Now what?" Poni grumbled as she went out the door.

Jack had Jessica running through Mike's garage searching through all the toolboxes, storage boxes and any place narcotics could be stashed.

"Cookies Jess, you find the shit and I'll get ya a whole damn box of cookies!"

She was just about to take her into Stacey's garage when Jess started going nuts where Mike and Poni kept spare tires hanging on a rack. Jack went over and searched through the tires and pulled out a plastic bag that was 12 inches square containing a white powder. She picked her dog up and gave her a big kiss on her head.

"That's my baby boo boo, let's find some more shit. Here ya go Oink, when were done ya owe Jess a lot of cookies!"

"My black ass I do! That's her job!"

"Uuuhhh aaaahhh, she's retired."

After 4 hours the whole place was clean, including all the cars that belonged to the Amazons. In total they had approximately 40lbs of all kinds of narcotics. This added up to a jail time that none of them would have ever seen the light of day for the next 10 lifetimes. Oink called the trooper that she had talked to that morning and he came out and collected the box with all the drugs in it, then she left with him to make out a report to be filed through her office and theirs. No sooner had she left than the DEA and the Charlestown Police dept. showed up with search warrants to search all the buildings and the house. Sgt. Longer the K-9 officer showed up with his dog but with the help of Jessica, the male dog forgot what he was there for. Everyone was kept in the

kitchen while the DEA officers searched the place. After coming up with nothing, the DEA showed their displeasure to the Charlestown officers at having to come all the way out there on a wild goose chase.

"I'm gonna buy Jessica more cookies than she can eat in her lifetime!" Mike shocked everyone by picking the little dog up and kissing her little sparsely hair-covered head.

When Oink came back later that afternoon it was to a house of very relaxed Amazons. She found them all in the living room watching *CMT*. And doing no justice to the songs that they were playing. They were so bad that even Jessica was covering her ears. Then it hit her; they were singing one of Cletus T. Juds songs called "My cellmate thinks I'm sexy."

"You guys suck!" She said as she covered her ears.

"So do the cops!" Poni yelled above the singing as she flew a paper airplane made out of the search warrants over to her.

"Son of a bitch! I guess we got them just in time huh?"

"Soooo, are ya gonna bust those bastards or what?"

"Tomorrow night, it's all set up with my people and the state troopers. You guys are all clear, and we've talked to Jake who sends his thanks to all of you. So tonight is Jack's and mine last night stealing cars."

Mike pulled Morigan back against her on the couch. "You two don't know how relieved we'll all be when this is over. No more drugs, hot cars or relatives being shot at. We've all had enough gun play to last us a life time!"

"Ain't that the truth?" Poni replied. "But I'll miss all those fancy cars coming in here that's for sure."

Oink grinned at her showing all her white teeth. "How would you guys like to work on all the Troopers cars?"

All eyes turned to her. "I talked to the big guy of the troopers and they've agreed to give your garage the contract to fix all their cars. Starting with Jake's if it's fixable, if not then here's the number ya call." She handed Mike a business card with the State Troopers emblem on it.

"I don't know what to say Oink."

"Not a thing Mike, it's my thanks for putting up with me and Jack all this time."

"Am I interrupting anything?" Asked Steve as he came down the stairs. "Oink, I've got some stuff for ya." He showed her a whole package of papers. "I can explain them upstairs if you want."

"No, that's OK. Everyone here knows what's going on. Just tell me what ya found."

Pulling one of the top papers off he showed her a name and their password.

"This is your man, he's the one who wrote and deleted all the reports on the car thefts."

"Sgt. A.J. Longer should have known." She turned to look at Jack. "Your K-9 buddy, you know the one that you stole the dog bones from?"

"Poor dog has ta put up with that asshole. When ya gonna bust him, so I can steal the rest of the bones and his dog?"

#####

With out having had any sleep in many hours, the living room became a nap room with the Amazons all snoring out of tune to the *CMT* channel. It was close to 10pm when Jack woke to Jessica letting her know that she had to go out. While she waited for Jessica to finish, she gazed down the long driveway. As she started to turn to go back in she caught movement out of the corner of her eye. Sneaking over to Oink's car, she pulled a pair of night vision goggles from the back seat. She took cover behind the Hoopety then scanned both sides of the driveway. That's when she saw the shine of a silver western belt buckle on one side and a figure hiding on the other. Taking the long way around to the house she went to her car and popped the hatchback open and pulled the floor up that concealed the hidden area beneath it. Leaving it that way, she returned to the house to wake everyone up.

She shook Oink awake and told her about what she saw, and then she woke the rest of them up.

"OK, so what have ya got planned for our little ambush party?" Mike asked.

Jack looked at everyone sitting in the kitchen. Then hid behind Poni. "I think we should rig the Hoopety to go down the driveway and draw their fire while...OOOOWWW!!!"

"You're not doing anything ta my car! It's paid for and it's mine!"

"Come on Oink, it was paid for back in the 70's! Plus they know what you drive."

"Absolutely NOT! We'll use one of the hot ones."

OK, hold it." Stacey held up her hands stopping the argument. "Me and Morigan will rig one of the hot ones while you guys go out there and pretend the Hoopety won't start."

"And make sure you're loud enough for those guys to hear ya. Come on Stace lets go play." Morigan got up and pulled Stacey with her out the door.

Jack had disconnected some wires under the dash and pulled fuses while they sat in the car so

that it wouldn't start. Then they made it look like they went into get Poni and Mike. So now Oink, Jack, Poni and Mike all hovered around the engine of the Hoopety. Speaking loud enough that the people in the next county could hear them, they walked to where Jack's car sat next to the stolen car they were going to use. She rummaged around in her hiding space in her car and came up with Oink's shoulder rig, 2 nine millimeters for Mike and Poni, 2 shotguns for Stacey and Morigan and a double shoulder holster for herself that had 2 Glock's hanging in it. Handing everyone spare ammunition she then pulled out windbreakers for her and Oink.

"Which ones Oink?" She showed her three different colors.

"The real ones, that ought ta really piss everyone off!" Grinning Jack tossed one over.

"OK, here's what we'll do." Oink whispered to them. "Stace and Morigan stay up here at the house, Poni you go with Jack and Mike can come with me. We'll hide far enough back from them so that when the car makes it's way down and they start firing our movement will be covered by all their gunfire. Then..."

"We jump the mother fucker's and beat the shit out of them!" Poni added.

"Close, just don't get shot cuz I'm not about to face either one of your wives!"

"Ohhh scary thought!" Jack looked at both Stacey and Morigan holding shotguns. The couples embraced and shared kisses with their wives then made their way to join Oink and Jack. Stacey started the stolen car up and faced it down the driveway. When the car started to roll, she jumped free and ran back to the house to where Morigan was hiding.

They got in position just as the car came even with the hiding gunmen. As soon as they opened fire on the car, they were rushed from behind. The guy that Oink and Mike went after caught sight of Jack just as she moved. He rose up and yelled then started firing from the hip. All Oink and Mike saw was Jack going down and Poni sliding in the grass to avoid the shots coming her way. Mike's war cry split the night air as she unloaded her 9-millimeter into the guys back making his Uzi jerk up in the air and continue to fire. Oink took a few shots at the guy across the driveway but couldn't tell if she hit him, because her night vision was gone from the flash of the Uzi's. Her and Mike ran across the road zig zagging to avoid any shots that would come their way. When they reached the area where the gunman should have been all they found was the Uzi. Standing still, they listened for movement. They heard it down towards the road out in the field. Screaming and yelling coming from three different voices. When they got there, they found Jack and Poni beating the shit out of the guy and yelling. The screaming was coming from the K-9 Officer.

"You son of a bitch! You put bullet holes in my new windbreaker!" Jack yelled as she punched him in between each word.

It was now Poni's turn to pound on him. "You shot my cousin you fucker!"

By now, Morigan and Stacey had showed up along with flashing blue lights from the State

Troopers cars. Oink took the nine-millimeter from Mike, stuck it in her belt, and did the same with the one that Poni had dropped on the ground.

One of the troopers pulled Poni off and did the same with Jack. The minute he saw the Glock's on her he slammed her to the ground and cuffed her. Another Trooper pulled the bloody K-9 Officer up off the ground and shoved him into the back of one of the cars then cuffed him to the ring in the middle of the back seat.

"Hey!" Oink yelled. "Why did you cuff my partner?"

"Well, detective your friend there has Glock's on her and we know she's a convicted car thief. That's why."

"Wait a minute here!" Mike jumped forward. "We were told that we we're all safe from prosecution. And now you're arresting her?"

We aren't, the Virginia courts want her. Were just detaining her until they get here."

"Oink, HELP!"

"I swear Jack, next time you had better tell the damn judge what the Hell your doing!" Oink reached into Jack's back pocket and pulled out her wallet. Flipping it open she showed it to the Trooper who had cuffed her.

"Jesus Christ detective, you're just full of surprises aren't ya?"

"Just one more!" Oink held out her badge that she had hanging around her neck. "Make that Special Agent Oinkowski of the FBI and Special Agent Poninger. I think ya can un-cuff her now before she picks the locks on your cuffs"

"To late Oink." Jack rolled up off of the ground and handed the Trooper his cuffs. There's another one up the driveway there but he'll need a baggy. If ya want ta talk I'll be up at the house."

The six of them walked up the driveway towards the house; the only noise was a loud yelp from Jack when Poni's foot connected with her ass.

"All this time, you shithead we thought you were a car thief!"

#####

Everyone sat around drinking beers in the kitchen when one of the Troopers came in. "We can take all your statements tomorrow at the station, just tell the desk Sgt. that you're there to see me." He handed Oink a business card and apologized to Jack then left.

"OK, you two. No more games! Why didn't you tell us what you were doing?" Mike wiped her face with her hands. "All this time we thought that we were going to lose the garage, house everything!"

Jack started first with her story. "OK, Oink and I have been following these assholes for two years. First from Texas where Oink played Texas Ranger and me as a car thief. We traced their connection all the way to Virginia when we busted one of their guys and under stress and electric shock therapy with a coil wire he gave up his connection there."

"Then I got to play Virginia Cop in Fairfax and once again Jack as a car thief. We didn't know about the connection here until we picked up on the car that Poni picked up. It had a Lowjack system in it so we waited until it moved and then we followed you." Oink pointed to Poni. "And had you arrested."

"So why did Jack steal my wallet?"

"That's easy, if you couldn't show a drivers license or insurance then VA would hold you until they had the stuff. We didn't know that you had so many tickets that alone would have done it." Jack gave her a toothy grin. "But it was fun ta steal your wallet."

"And you two set it up that we would be put in the same jail cell. Why?"

"In case you were involved with the ring, most people in lock up brag about why their in there but when you thought it was for tickets and no license and had no idea what's so ever about the stolen car. Then we knew you weren't involved."

Morgan leaned over the table, her green eyes flashing at Oink and Jack. "So that just because Poni didn't know didn't mean that we didn't. So we were all suspects until proven innocent, right?"

"Pretty much." Answered Oink. "It took all of two minutes to see that you guys weren't involved. However, with Jack getting in with the guys here it became obvious that you had worked on some stolen cars. So all we had to do was wait our time and take them down. By the way, that K-9 guy that you two beat the shit out of is the son of the security guard that gave Jack the car keys. Ben is the son of the Police chief and by morning we'll have the rest of the assholes all the way to the main guy who arranges the transport to Mexico."

"Then what?" Stacey asked from where she sat on Poni's lap.

"VACATION!" Jack yelled. "I need it; after all I lost a brand new jacket out there."

"That's another thing!" Poni leaned forward over Stacey's shoulder. "I saw you take like six rounds, get thrown back about 4 foot and the next thing your hauling ass across the field!"

"Ooohhh, I forgot." She pulled her sweatshirt off over her head and showed them her Kevlar vest with the holes in it. She pulled the Velcro open and showed them the vest beneath with just a few

small indentations in it."

"Hey wait a minute!" The whole table erupted. "We went down there with no vests on and you had two!"

"Tell them Oink!"

"Jack always gets shot! I could take her to a Burger King and someone would pull out a gun and shoot her just for the Hell of it."

"I just have that kind of face." She grinned.

Mike looked at Jack's arms from shoulder to the black bracers on her wrists.

"Maybe it's all the Tattoos on ya that do's it?"

"Hey wait a minute, why do you have my wives face on your arm?"

"Ohhh shit! Poni, Stace. Anyone help!"

"You're looking at the village cohorts, Sweetie remember the trouble makers that always ended up in the village jail?"

"Them?" Morigan covered her eyes with one hand. "It never ends does it? And the other picture on your arm, who's that?"

"Ma. Or should I say what she looked like way back then anyway." Mike answered.

"The others I drew up and had done, ya know once ya get one it becomes habit forming."

"She has one someplace that hasn't been seen in years to." Laughed Oink. "It's my foot print from the first time she got shot."

#####

The next day the temperature climbed up to 80 degrees so everyone either sat in lawn chairs or lay out under the sun trying to get rid of their pasty white skin. With the exception of Oink who had sun block 10 thousand on. And was sitting under an umbrella to keep the sun from hitting her. Poni grinned at her handiwork on Stacy's sunburned back. In white letters, it said MINE. What she didn't know was that while she was sleeping her wife wrote "baby ducky" on her back with chapstick. Mike didn't pull such childish games on Morigan but she would be looking for paybacks when she noticed that every toenail was painted a different color, thanks to Stacy's acrylic collection that Morigan had borrowed. Jack kept spraying herself down with a spray

bottle that she had to keep herself cool. But Oink had taken it upon herself to help out her cohort and add a special mixture to it. The only one who was completely safe was Jessica who had on a pair of sunglasses and a baseball hat to keep her baldhead from burning. She lay under a tree chewing on a beef bone that was 4 foot long.

"Look at all the white sand and the sound of the surf is so calming." Sighed Jack as she took another drink of her Fosters beer.

"You need ta get outta the sun Jack!" Morigan said with a chuckle. "That white stuff is concrete and the water noise is the garden hose leaking where you ran it over with the lawnmower."

"Ohh."

Mike rolled over and stretched out onto her back. A huge smile graced her lips when she turned her head to look at Morigan. "Two more days and we're all beach bound!"

"Five days just slumming around at Myrtle Beach. Right Mikey!"

"Yep, and anything else ya wanna do Weasel."

Days later with the Hoopety packed the Amazons and the Cohorts took off for a long awaited vacation. Or so they thought.

The End