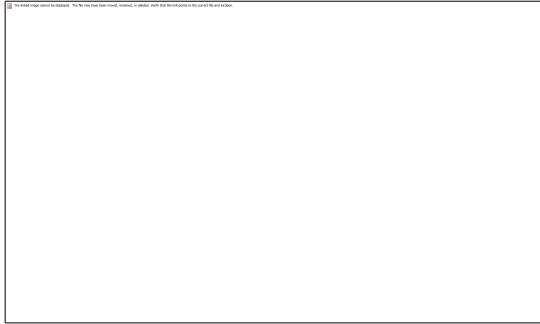


~ Hill Jack Conspiracy ~

by Larisa

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Disclaimer: yada yada yada!

New York City was its usual busy noisy irritating way with its people rushing in both directions down the sidewalk. Dr. Goran Pickens bounced between rushing people until she was shoved up against a brick wall and pinned there until a break in pedestrian traffic allowed her to move. She looked up at the large gold numbers on the building and sighed with relief, by chance alone, she had made it to her building. Falling through the wide glass doors, she caught herself on the counter just as her heel broke. "Damn cheap shoes from PayLess." She growled and pulled both shoes off to walk towards the elevator in her stocking covered feet. When the doors opened, she walked in and felt something snag the bottom of her foot. Looking down, she watched a wide snag run right up her shin and disappear beneath her charcoal colored skirt. "This sucks hairy donkey dicks and I hope they give me a nice comfortable assignment this time." When the bell signaled and the doors opened on the floor that she needed, she looked down at her watch and cursed. "Fuck I'm late as usual!" Throwing her shoes in the air, she stepped out and ran towards the huge wooden doors to her boss's office.

"I'm telling you she's going to flip out the minute you mention this assignment to her." A tall man with a cleft chin, dark brown eyes and pencil thin mustache whispered to the head of World Health Organization.

"Come on Bill, why it's not like I'm sending her to Bogotá or some disease infested village in Asia. It's Appalachia for Gods sakes, what can happen there?" He ran a hand through his silver hair and then smoothed down his beard.

"It's not where she's going; it's whose going with her. Do you really think that she needs protection from moon shiners and inbreeds?"

"That's not it at all, I want her to find out what's happening to all the supplies we're sending down there and why all our volunteers disappear." He looked to the slamming door and felt his heart freeze in his chest.

"What the Hell Jake, you're sending me on a 007 mission to Kentucky?"

"Nope, I'm sending you to West Virginia and I'm sending a United Nations Security Specialist with you." She dropped into a chair in front of his desk and rolled her green eyes at him.

"Are you nuts or something, I didn't get a UN guard when I went to Yemen but I'm getting one for West by God?"

"Give me a break here, this isn't all my idea you know. The UN thinks that there might be some dangerous terrorists over there involved in all of this, that's why you're getting the guard." He handed her a long blue envelope and a manila folder. "That's your tickets and all the information on who we've sent down there and what supplies have come up missing." She opened the envelope and felt her jaw drop; she looked up at her boss with narrowed eyes and snarled.

"You cheap son of a bitch, I have to take a bus all the way to West Virginia?" Bill took the envelope from her trembling hand and pulled out another set of tickets.

"Of course not," He looked at the tickets and then to Jake. "The cheap bastard is sending you part way on a train."

"Raith get out from under there, you're going to miss your train!" A tall blonde kicked the booted foot that was sticking out from under her car and yelled louder. "Come on you crazy bitch, I'm not about to explain to our boss why I had to drive you to West fucking Virginia!" She grabbed a hold of a foot and dragged six feet of growling woman from under her car. "I told you before there are no bugs in or on my car now get your damn bag and get on the fucking train!" The tall UN specialist shook her body like a dog, tossed her long dark hair around her head and jumped up and down for the hell of it. She pulled her dark sunglasses down to reveal pale blue eyes and winked.

"No bugs under your car but you need a new exhaust and the U joint is looking a little worse for wear." She grabbed a large black duffle bag from the backseat, slung it up over her shoulder and jogged to where the train was slowly pulling away.

"Fucking loony bird," She slammed the back door and watched her friend toss her bag and then jump onto the train. "She's fucking nuts and is slowly driving me there...fuck...I say fuck entirely too much. Fuck it and fuck everyone I need a fucking drink!" She jumped behind the wheel of the state car and tore from the gravel parking lot screaming "fuck you" repeatedly out the window.

Raith looked both ways as she stood in the doorway of the train car, she had no idea which direction her sleeping quarters were in or if the doctor she was to be traveling with was on the train. She was lucky in a way; she was catching the train right outside of Washington DC where the doctor had been on it since New York. "Hope it ain't no damn guy I gotta protect, last one thought he was John fucking Wayne and Clint fucking Eastwood all rolled into one!" She saw a train conductor at the end of the car; she waved a hand and ended up whistling to get his attention. "Where's this car at," She handed him her ticket. "I was running late and almost missed the train."

"If you turn around and go back two cars, you'll find the one you need. Your room is the second door on the left; your friend is already there."

"My friend...is it a guy?" The conductor gave her a funny look and shook his head.

"No ma'am, it's a female. I assumed that you two knew each other, she mentioned that she was to meet up with someone here."

"Cool, I finally get a woman!" She slapped him on his shoulder and went back in the opposite direction. Searching in her pocket, she pulled out a small electronic device and flipped on a small switch. A red light blinked at the top and put out a small beeping noise. "Can't have any bugs or other little nasties around us, 'they' might be able to find us then."

Goran fell over one of her bags while trying to put one above her head in the overhead compartment. She froze when she heard a loud rip and shivered from the cold air that hit her between her shoulder blades. Her life became worse when the door opened, smacked her in the back and sent her sliding on her stomach across the floor and into the wall. She lay motionless until she felt warmth along the outsides of her thighs and then warm hands on her back.

"Don't move or I'll get mean and nasty with you!" Raith growled close to her ear and waved a small metal detector around her head and down her back. At the area where the shirt was torn, she heard a loud wail from her device. She pulled out a pair of scissors, made two cuts and threw the offending article towards the door. "One less bug to worry about..." She flipped Goran over onto her back and waved the wand in front of terrified green eyes. She dropped down to straddle her hips and pin her with wild blue eyes. "Got any more bugs on you?"

"Who the Hell are you and what are you doing to me?" She struggled and then stopped when the wand made a funny noise over her breasts.

"Just what I thought, you're loaded with those things!" Raith ripped the front of her button down shirt open, snipped the front of her bra and yanked what was left of it off her. "I'll give you one chance to give me the rest of the bugs or I'll strip you down and do a crevice check." Goran struggled and slapped at the large hands running down across her body and trying to get into her pockets.

"Who the fuck are you and get off me!" She bucked under Raith and was able to squirm out from under her. "I'm calling the conductor and having you thrown off the train!" She reached for the phone near the door and grunted when strong arms wrapped around her from behind. "Let me go or I will scream bloody murder until someone comes to help me!"

"I'm Special Agent Raith Bullshanks of the United Nations Special Security Division. Now who are you?"

"I'm so SCREWED!" Goran yelled and fell to the floor when Raith let her go; she pulled her ripped shirt together in the front and turned to look up at Raith. "You fucking moron, I'm Dr. Goran Pickens!" Raith ran a hand down from a high cheekbone to her chin; she tapped a finger against it and raised a jet-black eyebrow.

"Are you sure, do you have identification proving that you are who you say you are?"

"You're fucking kidding aren't you...I'm Dr. Pickens and if you don't believe me you can get the Hell out of my room and go look for anyone else who has the same name!" She struggled against the large hand that grabbed her wrist and was horrified when Raith pulled out a small metal contraption and snapped it on her fingers. "HEY SOMEONE HELP ME!"

"Will you just calm down and let me do this, it'll take two seconds for your fingerprints to be taken and sent off." It became an all out wrestling match with the two women; Goran punched and kicked to no avail. "OK that should do it." Raith released her and got up to sit on the corner of one of the extremely small beds. She pulled a wire from under each side of her jacket and plugged them into the small contraption. She sat there without a care in the world until Goran got up from the floor. "Not so fast there, if you're a terrorist I'll have to arrest you. But then again, you were on the train first and this whole thing could be a huge set up for terrorists." She pulled a small radio from inside her pocket and was ready to call her contact.

"You're insane and there's no way you're from the UN!" She grabbed one of her bags, pulled out a t-shirt, turned her back and changed. "For one thing, a security specialist would not jump me, cut my bra off thinking it was some kind of bug and then not believe me when I told her who I was. Let alone take my fingerprints with some strange thing and ignore me when I'm RANTING!" Raith pulled a palm pilot out from under her coat and looked at the small screen.

"Let's see Dr. Goran Rosella Pickens, 36, resource director for MSF/WHO, arrest record from 1986," She looked up with a cocked eyebrow. "Public indecency and resisting arrest, that's interesting. Were you involved with terrorist activities back then?"

Goran threw her ruined shirt at Raith, stomped to the small bathroom and slammed the door. From behind it, Raith could hear her screaming obscenities at her and just smiled. "She says fuck as much as my partner." She shrugged out of her jacket and unhooked, unlatched and unbuckled all the straps that held on her gadget holsters, vest and belt. Once it was off, she felt 30 pounds lighter and free. She stretched her arms over her head and touched the ceiling above her. "This might not be too bad, a little cramped in here but not as bad as riding in that wooden crate all the

way to Yugoslavia looking for possible terrorist activity in the rutabaga farms."

"Says who!" Goran asked and walked past her to get one of her bags, tripped and fell onto the other bed. "This place is too fucking small and with a giant like you in here its worse! Why don't you go get your own place and who in the Hell set this up in the first place?"

"Boy are you a cranky one, and I have no idea who set this up. Maybe it was your bosses, after all I was assigned to this case a week ago and already had a cabin, berth or what you call this tiny ass room. So why don't you go get another one of these?"

"Because my stuff has been in here longer than your stuff has and I have more stuff than you and I'm tired of hauling it all over the god damn fucking place so there!" Raith fell sideways on her bed and looked into furious green eyes.

"You know you say fuck an awful lot, if you get another place, I'll carry your stuff so that you don't burst a blood vessel or something." Goran growled and sat up on the small bed so that she could lean closer to Raith.

"Now you listen here Wraith or what ever the fuck your name is, I'm NOT moving!"

"It's Raith and that's a total of nine times you've said fuck in the last 11 minutes, my partner has said that word a total of 121 times in an hour." She brushed her long dark hair back from her eyes and searched her pants pocket for her lazar pointer. "Don't move I have to check this out before we do anymore talking." She crawled across the small bed towards the small porthole, shinning the red light all along the edge, she checked for metallic wires and fasteners. She pulled a screwdriver from her back pocket and played around with the edge of the window. "Be very quiet, I just found a wire that possibly runs to an A3150 bug transmitter."

"What are you going to do, take it apart and maybe get electrocuted? That would be good because then I'd have this castle to myself!" She fell back across the bed, covered her eyes with one arm and held on through the rocking motion with the other. When Raith cussed and then a loud whistling noise drowned her out, Goran sat up and gave her a force 100 glare. "What did you do, that awful noise wasn't there before you started fucking around with the window!"

"Don't worry about it and that's ten times you've said fuck." She looked at the thin strip of metal she had yanked from the framework and realized that her lazar pen was wrong. Grabbing her gadget holster and vest, she searched for something to fix the seal and sighed when she found a roll of duct tape. Afterwards the sound was lesser than before, she looked over to her roommate and took in her small form. "Are you sure you're a doctor, you're awful small and I don't see a black bag or anything."

"What has my size got to do with being a doctor?" She yelled above the whistling noise. "You had better fix that, how am I supposed to sleep with that noise and move your bag out of the way before I break a leg and end up killing you because of it!"

"Are you PMSing or something, maybe you should medicate yourself with something if you

really are a doctor and not an international terrorist." Goran pointed a finger at her and stood up between the beds.

"What the fuck is it with you and terrorists, I'm NOT a terrorist and where we're going there are NO terrorists! Maybe you're one, you're lonely, and that's why you keep looking for them! Now fix that god damn fucking noise before I do surgery on you with one of those tools you've got laying there!" She reached for the screwdriver but missed when long fingers snatched it away.

"I'm going to be keeping an eye on you," She narrowed her blue eyes and leaned closer. "A real close eye, the way terrorists are today you could be one and be undermining the entire world by posing as a doctor for WHO." Goran rolled her eyes and threw her hands in the air.

"Well agent 001, you got me figured out. I'm really Dr. Who and I'm going to jump right into my tardis and zap back to terrorist headquarters! And then I'm gonna get my army of Daleks ready to take over the completely useless Appalachia's! Now get out of my way so I can squeeze into that tiny ass shower," She grabbed her stomach, busted out laughing for no apparent reason, and continued to the bathroom. "You won't fit!" Raith sat looking at the closed door; she pulled her small radio out and realized that she was too far away for it to work. Putting it away, she took out her cell phone and dialed her partner's home number.

"You have reached Tonya's answering machine, I'm not here right now and if this is my paranoid partner Raith. I've decided to become a monk and I'm in Tibet, come see me I have a cell waiting for you!"

"Haaaaa! I fell for the monk thing the last time...or was that you were becoming a nun." She closed her phone and pulled her bag up onto the bed. "Either way I spent the night in jail and had a dozen marriage proposals and one death threat." She pulled out a pair of cutoff sweats and a thin half t-shirt to sleep in. After the rush of checking the outside of her apartment for spy bugs, getting to the train station, and checking Tonya's car for tracking devices or bugs, she knew that she needed a shower. She wondered how long Goran would be in the shower, she sat there saying the small doctors name over, decided that it was too long, and didn't fit the small doc. Worse was her middle name, her parents must have been playing that game where you close your eyes and point to a page in a book for a baby's name. Her name came from her dad not being able to spell and being drunk as hell when she was born. Living with her mother was enough to make anyone drink, the woman was nuts. "I'll just call her...Ohh God!" She followed darkly tanned legs all the way up to the white towel wrapped around trim hips, to a smooth stomach and stopping at the edge of a ragged t-shirt.

"What is your major malfunction?" Goran asked and pulled the towel from her hips to show a pair of Snoopy boxers. "Once we're down in West by God, you stay the Hell out of my way, I have a job to do and you being a paranoid idiot will not help!"

"I'm not paranoid and it's my job to protect you, I'm going to take a shower. Don't open the door for anyone and don't go anywhere until I'm done." Goran gave her a one-fingered salute and dropped down onto her bed.

"Just wait until you try and take a shower." She snickered and got comfortable. "You'll come out with a lump on your head." She rubbed her own head where the showerhead had got her and smiled.

Raith looked into the tiny little shower and groaned she had never seen anything so small in her entire life. Turning the showerhead up to the ceiling, she adjusted the water temperature and then hit the button for the showerhead. "Ohh this is going to be fun, I'd do better to dump a Dixie cup of water over my head." She crawled in all bent over and hoped that if she got stuck, that Goran would come to her rescue. "Probably not, she'll just get another place to stay and leave me for the next person to find." With soap still on her back and other places that couldn't be rinsed in the small shower, she got out, dried off and dressed. Stepping over bags and other stuff that was Goran's, she lay down on the other bed and groaned. Going up on her elbows, she looked down to where her feet hung over the foot of the small bed. "You're not a normal height and that's what bed companies make mattresses for." She mimicked what she had been told countless times. Getting off the bed, she dragged the mattress onto the floor and lay down between the two beds. She looked up at the small hand that fell over the edge and pushed it back up. "You fall on me and I'll smack you stupid."

Goran rolled from the bed, put one foot down and heard a loud grunt. She stood up, brought her other foot forward and heard a wail that made her short blondish hair stand on end. She fumbled around and fell on top of a squirming whimpering body. "Ohh God...Ohhh GOD damn that hurts!" Raith yelled out and rolled into a fetal position with Goran on top of her. "Get off me...before I throw up on you!" Goran rolled off her and moved out of her way as she crawled to the bathroom, she flinched when she heard retching and wondered what was wrong.

Wraith...Raith...nut job...what the fuck." She got to her feet and stopped outside of the bathroom to see the tall woman hugging the toilet with one arm while her other hand was pressed up between her legs. "What the Hell is wrong with you?" She stepped around her, wet a washrag in the sink and wiped the sweat from Raith's blood red face. "What were you doing sleeping on the floor?"

"Bed's too short...I'll never have sex again." She dropped her head down onto the toilet seat and whimpered. "My clit's broke!"

"Ohhh fuck...I'm..." Goran tried not to laugh and lost the battle. "I'll go get you some ice...don't go anywhere." She stumbled from the bathroom with her hand over her mouth and pulled the door open. She had no idea where she would find ice but sure, that the dining car would have something. She ran to the next car and then found an employee cleaning off tables. "Where can I get some ice, my roommate...hit her head."

"At the end of the car there is a chest, there should be some ice left in there from this morning."

"Thanks." She jogged to the end of the car and found the white chest like the ones they had at motels, inside were small bags of chopped ice. Grabbing two, she headed back to her room still chuckling over what had happened. When she opened the door, she saw that Raith was leaning back against the wall by her bed with her eyes closed. "I got you some ice," She kneeled beside her and placed the bags in her hand. "You want me to look, make sure that you're not damaged for life?" She grinned when one pale blue eye opened. "I am a doctor you know, I know things."

Raith closed her thighs around her hand and shook her head. "Well that maybe but you're not getting to know the secret squirrel, only certain people get to see it and you're not one of them."

"Ohh so if I was some hunk of a male doctor you'd let me examine you, I always thought women were more comfortable with women doctors." She got up from the floor and took a seat on her bed. "I'm sure if you're still hurting we can find a doctor on the train to look at you." Raith rolled her eyes and snorted.

"Nope, no one gets to see the secret squirrel, if they did then it wouldn't be the secret..."

"Squirrel, I got it. I never took you as being someone to be afraid of having a doctor look down there, or are you deformed and you don't want anyone to know?" Raith got to her knees and made her way over to Goran, she placed her hands on the edge of the bed and snarled.

"You listen here Dr. Who, I'm not frigid or deformed. It's my squirrel and no one plays with it but me!" She crawled back over to the wall, put both bags of ice on her crotch and growled. Goran shook her head and lay down on her bed; she took glances over and snickered at the tense look on Raith's face.

"You won't be playing with the secret squirrel anytime soon that's for sure."

"And you'll suffer because of it, if I don't get laid a couple times a week, I become a raving lunatic."

"Will you get out from under the table, people are looking at us."

"I'm almost done," She slid Goran across the seat and back again. "Ok, I don't see anything from under here. Can ya feel anything weird?"

"You mean besides your hands all over me, no, not get up here or I'll start kicking!" Raith slid up onto her seat and gave Goran a narrowed look after her device beeped at her.

"You have one of those under wire contraptions on again?"

"You're kidding right; you destroyed my bra's looking for invisible spy bugs. I don't have any left to wear; I'm swinging free over here!" Raith wiggled her dark brows and picked up her cup of coffee.

"Nothing wrong with that, I go that way all the time."

"That's one thing that you shouldn't be and that's free, you're a fucking lunatic that sees conspiracy's everywhere." She leaned across the table and lowered her voice. "Just because they use a different color lubricant on the car hitches here doesn't mean that there is a conspiracy with the unions."

"There could be and if they stop this train dead on the tracks and start beating each other up I'm gonna yell I told you so." They ordered their meals and waited quietly for their food to arrive. Goran watched Raith and found herself wanting to trace her dark eyebrows with her fingertips; she had always had a thing for eyebrows and found Raith's sexy as hell. Especially when she raised the left one when she looked around, she wondered if Raith even knew she was doing it. The more she looked the more she became attracted to the paranoid woman.

"So how long have you worked for the UN?" She asked and took a sip of her cooling coffee; a small crooked grin came to her face when she saw the startled look come over Raith's face. "Or is that a top secret squirrel thing?"

"No it's not top secret; I've worked there for thirteen years." She leaned over the table and held Goran's eyes. "Actually, this is only the third time that I've been on a case. I'm usually down in the basement making all the gizmo things that our operatives use on their cases." She pulled out a pair of sunglasses and slid them across the table to Goran. "Go on Who put 'em on and see what happens."

"I'm not gonna go blind or scream because I see naked men am I?" She slipped them on but left them below eye level. "Come on Raith tell me."

"No you won't go blind, but when you put them on, run your finger along the left ear piece afterward." She grinned when Goran narrowed an eye and raised an eyebrow at her. "Trust me, some of my stuff actually works and some of the testers survive." She grinned and then gave out a yelp when a foot connected with her shin. Goran slid the glasses up her face and then did as Raith said; she gasped and then chuckled when she zeroed in on one of the waiters about 20 feet away.

"So what exactly do you use these for?" She slid them off and handed them back to Raith.

"Reading, the small print kills my eyes."

Goran walked into the room and knew instantly that something was very wrong; she felt the tingle of an electric shock start in her feet and then travel through out her body.

"Raith...fuck...help!" Raith jumped out of the bathroom, flipped a switch on a small black box stuck to the door jam and caught Goran when she fell.

"Hey it works," She carried a still trembling Goran over to her bed and laid her down. "I've worked on that thing for months and couldn't get it to give out a smaller charge until now." She cupped Goran's face between her hands and looked down into her wide green eyes. "How ya feel there Dr. Who?"

"Give me a minute and you'll find out!" She tried to lift her leg to hit Raith in the crotch but her body wasn't listening to her. "You wait until you're sleeping."

"Like you can hurt me," She went over to the door and unhooked her trap from the doorframe and then the metal strips she had slid under the carpet. "Ya know you did better than my partner Tonya, she fell over and passed out for hours after stepping on the contacts. Then again I think I had the amps up to a couple hundred thousand or so." She put the small device back in her black bag and then dropped down beside Goran. "So can you feel anything yet Dr. Who?"

"I can feel my hatred for everything spy growing by the second, I can't wait to get to the Appalachia's so I can find out what's going on and get away from YOU!" She moved slowly to a sitting position and tried to slap Raith in her arm, she let out a whimper when sharp tingles raced through her arm. "You suck Raith and this hurts like a fucking bitch!" Raith gave her a bright smile that made her insides turn to jello, she took a deep breath to calm herself and found it impossible.

"So whatcha going down there for anyway, I'm going down to find a missing CIA agent and watch your ass." She wiggled her brows and licked her upper lip and canine tooth. "The last part will be a pleasure that's all mine." Goran shook her head and tried to move away from Raith.

"Don't even look at me like that; I don't care if you do become a raving lunatic, there's no way in Hell I'm having sex with you!"

"I don't need your body for that, just my own wicked imagination to get the squirrel in the mood." Goran shivered and tried to move.

"That is the sickest thing I have ever heard...Eeeeww! Just the thought of you thinking of me when you're playing with your...squirrel, is perverted and why me anyways, there are men on this train you know!"

"Is not, and knowing that you haven't had sex in a millennium is sick and perverted. You could have an orgasm and die of a heart attack all at the same time!" She raised a hand when green eyes glared and the room became deadly quiet except for the ragged breathing coming from the small doctor. "I've seen it happen...OK so she was using one of my kinky sex toy prototypes but she did have a heart attack and fell over at her desk." She got up, paced the small area between the beds, and stopped to stare at the opposite wall. "We didn't find her until Monday morning when the prototype caught on fire and set the fire alarms and sprinklers off...that wasn't my fault either..."

"You're a national disaster waiting to happen aren't you, which brings this up. Why have you only been let out to do actual cases three times?"

"Because I'm the gizmo person that's why..." She dropped down on the bed beside Goran and gave her a pout. "They've thrown me out after certain incidents, this time it wasn't my fault I swear. I told them not to have a sprinkler system in the computer areas. The entire floor blew up with my prototype and a few people got shocked when they stepped out of the elevator."

"So you're supposed to protect me from rednecks and you're own people aren't safe from you, just great, maybe I should save us all a giant painful mission and jump from the train?"

"Ohh don't do that...the last time...it took me weeks to get through all the paper work!" She ran from the room screaming 'It wasn't my fault!' at the tops of her lungs.

"If I survive this, I'm gonna kick the shit out of both Bill and Jake!" She got up from her bed, shook her arms and legs and was glad that there were no more nasty little tingly feelings. "Send me on this stupid mission to find out where our people have disappeared to and set everything back up with 001 Raith possibly accidentally killing me in the process." Grabbing Raith's black bag from the floor, she locked the door and then dumped the bags contents on her bed. "She never did answer me about men on the train, I wonder..." She picked up small plastic bags with what looked like underwear and t-shirts in them. They were no bigger than a sandwich bag and were heat-sealed. She searched through the rest of her items, most of them confused her; it was just her luck to end up partnered with a person like Raith. "Bullshanks, what in the Hell kind of name is Bullshanks? Then again, any woman that refers to her crotch as the secret squirrel ain't right in her head to begin with." She flipped a small silver square box about the size of a pack of matches over in her hand and jumped when it started vibrating. Looking at it closer, she snickered. She had an idea of how it could be used and wondered if it was a slim lined version of a clit stimulator. "What I don't understand is why she makes toys like this, she could have anyone she wanted in her bed in a blink of an eye...including me." Grabbing her carry-on bag from under her bed, she reached in and pulled out a bag of Cracker Jacks. It was a main staple to her diet of junk food, and where she was sent sometimes, the food was not safe for animals to eat. So she took along her own supply of food that was light to carry and easy to pack. She tore open the bag and dumped half of it into her mouth, chewing slowly; she looked over the rest of the stuff that belonged to Raith before putting it back in her bag. "She's a weirdo...everything is so...tiny?" She jerked when she heard the door handle rattled and then sighed when she heard the house cleaner asking if she needed anything. Tossing everything back into the bag, she tossed it on Raith's bed and then let the house cleaner in.

Raith walked along the cars with a small device in her hand, she stopped every time it beeped and inspected the area. When she stopped in front of the small sink in the dinning car, she cursed and pulled out a small screwdriver. "Damn copper pipes," She adjusted her device and put the cover back on. "Should use PVC, it's cheaper and doesn't send my toys off on tangents." She stopped what she was doing when a strange voice came from behind her.

"Excuse me ma'am, can I help you with something?" A dinning hall attendant asked and then stepped back when she turned with the box and screwdriver in her hands.

She scanned the room with a nervous twitch to her eyes and then leaned in close to whisper. "See any strange people around here, you know, messing with anything that they shouldn't be?"

"No ma'am, just you." He walked away and kept looking over his shoulder to make sure she wasn't following him. She searched her cargo pockets, pulled out a headset wire, and attached it to her small device. She looked around her and then held it close to the wall and walked the length of it until she hit the exit to the car. Opening the door, she looked both ways before going into the next car. She was glad that at least she had a room; these passengers had to sit in seats the entire trip. Pulling another device from her pocket, she hooked another headset into it and placed the ear plug in her other ear. "Okay dokey; let's see if anyone has satellite communication devices on 'em." On her way to the other end of the car, the newest device sent a high-pitched signal that made her jump and yank the earplug from her ear. She looked down at a businessman and saw a tiny little silver thing held up to his ear, she grab it and ran from the car back in the direction that she had come.

Goran took a sip of her double mocha coffee and sighed as the chocolate flavor swirled around in her mouth; it was another one of her weaknesses and she had many of them. She flipped a page in the file Jake had given her and read down the list of supplies that were unaccounted for in Appalachia. What she couldn't figure out was what could possibly happen to a 25 foot tractor trailer filled with supplies and the trailer they used as a hospital on wheels. "This is a first, now where is the crew I sent down there?" She looked at the list of three doctors, three nurses and various other people that totaled eighteen. "Alien abduction, maybe this is where the alien mother ship lands and I can give them Raith to take back with them?" She grinned and then let out a deep groan when the tall paranoid woman came flying into the dinning car. "She'll say that she's being followed by KGB agents or something."

"Who hide me!" She slid on her knees and went under the table to hide on the beside Goran legs closet to the wall. "Is he coming?"

"Who, I don't see anyone?"

"Big man, grey suit, bald head and beard."

Goran saw the man coming into the dinning car huffing and puffing; she jumped when Raith pressed closer to her legs and squeezed her thigh. "Why's he chasing you, what did you do?"

"Stole his satellite transmitter, he was sending messages to his bosses when I walked past." She fingered the thin silver device and handed it up to Goran. "Must be Russian, look how small and slim line it is?"

"Ohh yeah I see what you mean there Secret squirrel but when did Nokia become Russian?" She waved to the man and handed him his phone back. "Sir I think this is your phone and it's ringing." She held Raith's head down with her other hand and nudged her with her foot. "Stop or

I'll tell him you're under here, I'm sure the Russian's would love to put you in a cell for thievery. Maybe torture you by pulling out your teeth or something."

"You wouldn't let them torture me would you?" Raith said and then hugged Goran's thigh with both of her arms. "They'd get all my secrets!"

"Ohh and there would be thousands of happy Russian women and a battery shortage in Russia." She slid out of the seat and waited for Raith to crawl out from under the table. "I'm going for a walk and you're coming with me so I can keep an eye on you." She grabbed the devices from Raith's hands and dropped them in the cargo pockets on her pants. "No toys, means no problems, stick you hands in your pockets."

"You know that I'm older and bigger than you and I can pretty much do what I want right?"

"Go ahead and keep on believing that Squirrel," She grabbed her belt loop and pulled her behind her. "I'm a doctor and I know all the weak areas on the human body, in fact, one of yours is still sore."

"You wouldn't hit me there would you?" She jumped out of the way of Goran's small foot that came back at her. "OK so you would kick me."

Goran looked up from where she was sitting on her bed with her back against the bulkhead reading more of the file. "Hey Squirrel, you said you were going down to look for a missing CIA agent, I thought you were going down to look for terrorists. So which is it?" She closed the file and waited for blue eyes to rise from the electronic mess she was working on.

"He's both actually, they think he's a double agent and is selling information to the highest bidder. Don't know why they're sending me, what am I supposed to do with him?" She closed up the long black plastic box she had been working on and put her full attention on Goran. "I don't even have a gun...actually; they won't let me have one. I shot the target mechanism and the target pulleys went nuts and smacked the instructor in his forehead. He ended up with ten stitches and a black eye, I was reprimanded and my firearm taken away...forever."

"Ok, now you killed a woman with a sex toy and wounded your firearms instructor, I'm not safe with you am I and I'll have to protect you from bad people?"

"I can protect myself if they're not too mean, I can even punch someone if I have to." Goran rolled her eyes and fell back on her bed.

"You're a lover not a fighter huh...or does that even count since you only love yourself?" She covered her face with her pillow and yelled, she wondered if you could have screws come loose in your head from being around someone with that problem. She pulled the pillow to the side, pointed a finger at Raith and growled. "No playing with secret squirrel when I'm awake and no screaming, ya got me?"

"Not yet but give me a few days...yeah I got ya I wouldn't do that anyways. I do have some morals ya know, wasn't raised in the wild."

"That's good ta know," She rolled from the bed, grabbed what she slept in from the foot and headed for the bathroom. "I'm going to struggle in the shower." Raith nodded her head and pulled out a small electronic device from her bag, she turned it on and pulled up a small antenna. A small 4x4 inch screen came on and showed the inside of the shower. Adjusting the color on the screen, she mumbled and went to the bathroom door.

"Hey Goran, would you reach up to your left and turn that little camera...that's..." She jumped back when the door flew open in front of her and there stood a pissed off Goran. "You moved it the wrong direction." She ducked the soap on a rope that swung at her head, fell to the floor and scurried towards the door. "I'll be back later!" She crawled out into the hallway and looked up at a woman that was standing in front of her. "It's that time of the month for her; she gets really mean and nasty." She got to her feet and ran towards where the dinning car was, she hoped they had some fresh coffee made and some junk food. She had a feeling that she was going to have a long wait before Goran calmed down.

A few hours later, Raith knelt outside of the door to her room. With her ear up against it, she couldn't hear anything from the noise of the train itself. Afraid of what Goran would do to her if she was still mad about the hidden shower cam, she paced the hallway. Her boredom got the better of her; she pulled out a toy that she had bought at the gift shop. She placed the eight-inch tall chicken on the floor and squeezed its wing. It started out at a slow shuffle to the music of *Chicken Dance*. As the music's beat sped up, so did the little chicken with Raith right behind it. So intent was she on the small toy that she never noticed the small doctor standing in the hallway behind her. She danced behind the small chicken and when it stopped, she bent over and squeezed its wing again. As the small toy turned in the hallway, Raith turned with it and saw a pair of unmistakable Garfield slippers stopping her chicken. She looked up with her arms bent to resemble little wings and gave her roommate a weak smile. "Hey ya Dr. Who, still mad at me?"

"You know," Goran looked down at the toy and back up at the tall woman. "You're an idiot." She grabbed up the toy and went into their room.

"What are ya doing with my chicken?" She ran into the room after her and slammed into her back when she stopped. "That's my toy!"

"I know it's your toy but what kind of alterations did you perform on it?" She examined every seam and then opened the battery compartment to look for anything strange. "Does it have a little camera to spy up women's skirts?" Raith snapped her fingers and went over to her black bag.

"Never thought of that, I have one that will fit perfectly!" She held out a small camera and reached for the chicken.

"Get out of here, there's no way I'm letting you do that you giant pervert!" She hid the chicken behind her back and gave Raith's chest a shove. "Now move your ass, we have to pack because in less than an hour we'll be in Richmond." She pulled down a bag from the compartment and fell over onto Raith's unmade bed. "Why don't they design something better than that damn thing," She pointed to the overhead and pushed herself up. "Like maybe something under the shitty rock hard racks they call beds!" Raith pulled the rest of the bags down and placed them on the floor for her.

"You're just mad because you're so short, so do we take a bus from Richmond all the way to Charleston where we're supposed to have a ride waiting to the Appalachia's?"

"You're asking me?" She tossed her dirty clothes into a bag and looked around her for anything else that needed put in it. "I've been lost since I got on the first damn train in New York!" She closed up her bag, pulled off her slippers and stuffed them into another bag. "With my luck, I'll end up hitch hiking all the way to the mountains!"

Goran opened one eye, reached out and clamped her hand down onto Raith's. "If you don't stop jumping around, I'm gonna break all you limbs and toss you in the baggage hold."

"I can't help it; I'm not used to being stuck in a seat for hours at a time with nothing to do." She looked out the window and groaned when a sign flashed past with 109 miles to Charleston on it. It wouldn't be bad on the bus but it sounded like it was falling apart and the other occupants should be on their way to Florida not West Virginia. The conversations were about what kind of medicines they were taking, types of diapers and how many and what brand of enemas they were using. Raith was ready to slam her head into the window and hope that it knocked her out for the rest of the ride.

"Here, this should give you something to occupy you for a while." Goran handed her a shaving kit bag and went back to her napping.

"What am I supposed to do shave my legs or something?"

"Humor me and open the damn bag already, wake me up when we get there." She pulled her coat up to her chin and snuggled down into the seat. In seconds, she was sound asleep and drooling down her chin, Raith looked over and shivered at the sight.

"They should supply bibs on this bus," She looked around at all the old people doing the same as Goran. "Hell, sell the things that alone could pay for the gas." She opened the bag and grinned at what was inside; it was all prizes from *Cracker Jacks*. "Ohh little Dr. Who has an addiction," She pulled the small carry on out from under Goran's seat and opened it, a wide smirk came across her face when she saw that it was packed full with *Cracker Jacks*. "Each one with its own special prize." Filling her mouth to the point that she could hardly chew, she pulled out some of the toys to play with.

She had worked herself to the point where she was exhausted from playing the ignorant games from the *Cracker Jacks* and was close to drifting off to sleep. When a loud banging noise came from the back of the bus and then it careened and fell off the edge of the road. Keeping Goran from falling to the floor, she grabbed her by one arm, and pulled her into her arms. When the bus tilted dangerously to Raith's side, she slammed into the window and let out a howl of pain. After the bus came to a shuddering halt, she looked around at the shaken passengers. She let out a deep moan when Goran moved out of her arms.

"What the Hell happened?" She asked, pushed herself out of her seat and looked back to a pale faced Raith. "Are you alright, you look washed out?"

"Ohh just peachy, I'll be alright check on the others while I go kill the bus driver." She lurched from her seat, held her right arm against her stomach as she made her way to the front of the bus. She groaned when she found the driver out cold and with a knot the size of a golf ball forming on his forehead. "Ohh this is even better," She yanked on the handle for the door and struggled with it until it opened. "What else can happen to us?" She all but fell from the lopsided vehicle as she went down the steps, she then went towards the back and checked the bus on her way. What she saw made her think that they were all extremely lucky, the rear axle was broken and if not for it jamming upward beneath the bus, they would have rolled over into the ditch. After walking around the entire bus, she went back to the front and started helping the other passengers from inside. Once everyone was out, she dropped down onto the ground and laid her cheek on an upraised knee.

"I called 911 and they said that ambulances and a wrecker are on their way here." Goran said and dropped down beside Raith. "You still don't look to good, are you OK?"

"Just banged up a little," She turned her head and flinched. "OK so I'm banged up a lot and I think my right side is gonna fall off on the ground, I'd use my duct tape if I could get to my bag."

"Let me check you out, and when an ambulance gets here you're going with them if it's serious." Raith scooted back from her and shook her head.

"Uuuuhh ahhh...you ain't touching me and neither is anyone else!" She slapped at Goran's hand and lost when she fell over onto her right side. "FUCK THAT HURTS!"

"And I'll hurt you even more if you don't let me look now stop moving around and let me look." Raith's eyes grew wide with panic; she flinched when Goran placed her hands on her ribs.

"I don't have to take my clothes off do I?"

"Like I would make you strip right here on the side of the road with all these toothless old geezers watching us?" She raised an eyebrow along with the corner of her mouth and wiggled a finger at Raith's shirt. "Take it off Secret Squirrel, take it all off!" She laughed when Raith gripped the front of her shirt and shook her head. "Just kidding, I'm going to slip my hands under your shirt and check your ribs. If I hit a tender spot, let me know without hurting me. Damn old lady kicked me earlier for touching her bruised elbow."

"I can save you the trouble; it's my shoulder and upper arm that hurts...got any good drugs for me?" Goran pushed up her shirtsleeve and whistled at the dark ugly bruise that went from her elbow up past where the shirtsleeve started.

"What did you hit?" She tried to push the sleeve up higher and winced when Raith gave out a deep moan.

"The edge of the window, I didn't break anything did I?"

"I can't tell without an x-ray, I don't think it's broke but you should have it checked at the hospital anyway." Raith shook her head and tried to get away from Goran.

"Nope, cuz then you'll take off and leave me there, something will happen to you and I'll end up with my carcass on a spit and my boss roasting marshmallows over my burning ass!" Goran raised her hand and gave Raith the brownie salute.

"I will go with you and I'll stay by your side until they release you from the hospital." She pulled Raith's sleeve back down and turned her head when she heard sirens coming towards them. "If anything happens to you, it'll be me on the pig spit." She stood up and then offered a hand to Raith. "Come on, let's get the geriatric brigade out of here and then we'll catch a ride with a cop or something."

"What about our bags, I can't leave my bag here...it's top,"

"Secret stuff I know all about it and that's why I had someone pull the bags out of the bus."

"Don't touch...it's mine...all mine!" Raith yelled and gripped her bag with one arm to her knees. "Got... Victoria's secrets in here!" She stumbled and finally gave up on trying to carry her huge bag with one arm and dropped it at her feet. "Damn Victoria is heavy as shit...maybe let her go or somethin?" She blinked her eyes and grinned like an idiot when Goran stopped in front of her. "I know you...you're Who!"

"Who am I?"

"You know who Who." Raith swayed and then leaned against the wall.

"Who who?"

"Yeah...you know who you are...you're Who." Goran slapped her forehead and then grabbed Raith's bag from the floor.

"Come on Raith, whatever they gave you is making you weirder than you already are. And I hate to even mention this but we have to take another bus to Charleston, it seems that it's the only way

there unless we hitch hike."

"Bus...for some reason I don't like them." She stumbled after Goran, tripped, and fell into the ER door. "Ooooww...need little stickers on the doors...can't seem 'em, maybe some great big butterflies or smiley faces." She rubbed her forehead and then stumbled through the doors when Goran grabbed the front of her shirt.

"Come on Secret Squirrel let's see if I can get us a ride to the bus station."

"I wanna ride a pony!" Raith yelled and jumped up and down at the end of the sidewalk, Goran turned her head and groaned when Raith became silent. She was looking down at the crack in the sidewalk and seemed totally entranced by it.

"And here I thought the chicken and the line thing was all a big lie." She pulled the doctor's release papers from Raith's pocket and searched for what they had given her to help with the pain in her arm and shoulder. "Ohh this is great, at least now I know you can't have Vicodin." She covered Raith's eyes and led her towards a parked police cruiser.

Goran dropped the last of the bags inside the room she had gotten at the Quality Inn after finding out that they missed the last bus; she clapped her hands over her ears and wandered back out into the hallway. "BULLSHANKS!" Raith was swaying in the hallway with the nozzle of a fire hose held up to her mouth for a microphone and singing at the tops of her lungs.

Memories like the corners of my mind,
Misty watercolor memories
Of the way we were.
Scattered pictures
Of the smiles we left behind
Smiles we gave to one another
For the way we were

Can it be that it was all so simple then
Or has time rewritten every line
If we had the chance to do it all again
Tell me - would we? could we?

"BULLSHANKS! You're killing me, you're really KILLING ME!" Goran grabbed her by the front of her shirt and dragged her into their room. "You are so...GAY!"

"Am not...ya like Neil Sedaka how about Lizza ?" Goran turned and went up on her tiptoes.

"One word, a hum, whistle or anything else and I will knock you out!" She picked up a small black case and opened it selecting what she needed then snuck up behind Raith.

"Ya ain't big enough..." She raised both arms in the air and belted out another song. "What do ya get when ya fall in love...OOWWW!"

"A big shot in the ass ta knock ya out!" She watched Raith fall face first into the double bed and lay still. "Ain't no fucking way I'm listening to you sing Burt Bacharach songs! And just my luck, there's a hog calling convention or some bullshit in town and not only do I have to share a room with squirrel but a damn bed as well!" She tossed the case on the dresser and headed to the bathroom for a shower. "The world sucks and so does my boss, I hope Jake gets jock itch all over his body!" After a quick shower, she dressed in shorts and a t-shirt and came out to find Raith on her back with her legs hanging over the foot of the bed; she dropped her towel on the doorknob and then went to work on Raith's boots and Levis. A few minutes later, she had her under the thin blanket and was easing in beside her. "This has got to be a nightmare or my karmas finally catching up with me." She punched her pillow a few times, elbowed Raith in her ribs and put her cold feet on her leg. "Hope you get frost bite from my cold ass feet."

Goran tried to roll over and found that her one arm was trapped against Raith's chest; she rose up on one elbow as best she could and couldn't believe what she saw. Her thumb was firmly stuck between Raith's lips and being sucked; she wiggled and pulled to no avail. "Ohh if this isn't just gross and disgusting," She watched the way her warm wet lips wrapped around her thumb and moaned. "On second thought," She moaned and fought with herself. "I can't handle this." She pulled on her thumb, ended falling over on top of Raith and trapped by an arm wrapping around her waist. "Come on Squirrel let me up."

"What ya doing laying all over me, I thought ya didn't like me?"

"I don't like you and if you ever suck my thumb again I'll..."

"Enjoy the Hell outta it and get all hot and bothered." She held onto Goran and rolled to her back with a deep moan. "My right side hurts like a royal bitch, ya sure they read the x-rays right?" Goran moved so that she was comfortable and looked into lidded blue eyes.

"Yes they read them right and I double checked them, you just have deep bruising of the muscle and bone. But, you are not getting any more Vicodin; I am not putting up with you singing drag queen songs all the way to where ever the Hell we're going. I'll write you a different prescription for pain pills."

"But I need them...wait, what are ya gonna give me?" She flipped Goran over her and then hovered above her. "Can I have morphine?" Goran busted out laughing and then sobered quickly.

"HELL NO you can't have morphine, you get regular old Tylenol three with codeine. But if you weren't such a big fucking pussy, you wouldn't need any pain pills."

"I'm not a pussy; I'll...take regular aspirin." She got out of the bed and looked down at her bare

legs. "Did you take advantage of me last night?" Goran rolled from the bed and snorted.

"Get over yourself; I'll never be that desperate to attack a comatose person or you for that matter." She grabbed up her clothes from the day before and dressed with Raith standing there with her jaw hanging open. "Besides, you're not my type." She looked up from tying her shoes and groaned. "Ohh come on and close your mouth, you act like you've never seen me get dressed before."

"But I haven't, you always went in the bathroom...of course you're the only one who fit in there without getting a stiff neck." She dropped down onto the edge of the bed and wiggled her toes in the carpet. "You wear socks and everything."

"Of course I do and where were your socks, I pulled your work boots off and no socks?" Raith looked at her feet and then up at Goran with a small crooked smile.

"I forgot 'em down in my lab; I was making 'em into ones that you don't have to wash..." Goran held up a hand to stop her.

"I don't wanna hear anymore, socks' not needing to be washed doesn't sound right to me. Remember, I've been in more shit hole countries, had body rot, foot rot, leech bites and everything else that you can think of. And they tried to pass that shit off on us as well as water proof this and that, while we were in the middle of some fucking swamp with mosquito's the size of Huey's and big fucking huge ass anaconda snakes!" She took a deep breath and blew it out to ruffle her bangs. "So don't tell me about any of your clothing designs cuz they don't FUCKING WORK!"

"And I know you weren't using my stuff because, my stuff works!" She got up from the bed and looked around for her Levis. "Where's my pants, I can't go nowhere without pants?"

"Ohh will you calm down, I have them and I'm taking them down the street to the laundry." She picked up the bag with all her dirty clothes in it and slung it over her shoulder. "Now gimme the rest of your dirty stuff and I'll get it all done at one time." She wiggled her finger at Raith's t-shirt and boxers. "Come on squirrel take it all off so I can get going."

"You better not shrink my clothes or I'll...look like a dork!" She went into the bathroom, closed the door and tossed out her dirty clothes without opening it but a crack.

"Geez ya sure do have some modesty problems dontcha!"

"NO ONE SEES THE SECRET SQUIRREL!" Goran rolled her eyes, stuffed the rest of Raith's clothes in the bag and went to the door.

"Who wants to see your damn squirrel anyways?" She went out the door and headed down the hallway to the elevator; she had seen a small Laundromat the day before and wanted to wash all their dirty clothes before they hit the mountains. She didn't know what was left up there from what the organization sent and there was no way she was going to wash her clothes in a river.

Not like she hadn't had to do that in the past but there was no way in Hell that she would do it in her own country. "There had better be someplace for me to stay or there will be Hell to pay when I get back to New York. I organize this shit but I always get the worst places to stay, gigantic bugs, snakes, lizards and nasty, reeking, disease infested men who think I want them!" She shivered and walked from the hotel at a quick pace talking to herself the entire way. "I help people, give them shots, and heal their wounds both physical and mental if I can and my boss gives me the shaft with added splinters!" She threw her hands in the air and growled at a little boy who stopped to stare at her. "And then of all the crazy ass shit, they send a fucking paranoid lunatic with me who sings SHOW TUNES!" She pushed open the door to the small Laundromat and looked for two washers side by side. Moving down the line of washers, she dropped the bag on the floor in front of the last two.

Raith looked around the room and spotted Goran's bags sitting next to the small closet; she sighed and walked over to them. "Guess since you left me with nothin but a towel to wear, I'll wear something of yours." She pulled out a pair of boxers and a t-shirt. "You're not washing my clothes without me being there, ya might get kinky with my drawers and I wanna watch!" She dressed in the too small clothes, pulled her work boots on; left the laces untied and went out the door. Halfway down the hallway, she stopped a maid and asked where the Laundromat was located. Running down the stairs, she jumped the remaining steps, pushed through the fire door and headed for the front doors. She ignored all the looks she got on the sidewalk as she jogged towards the Laundromat; it wasn't something out of the ordinary. Someone not looking, would have her suspicious and paranoid. She stopped outside of the doors and looked through at Goran; a small wicked grin came to her face when she saw that she was holding up a pair of her boxers.

"Turtles, her boxers have little turtles on them." She threw them into the washer and lowered the lid. "Damn weird ass person, vacuum seals everything but forgets her socks."

"I told you why I forgot my socks and your boxers ain't much better?" She looked down at the Budweiser lizards on the front of the boxers and then into wide green eyes. "You think maybe I should have shaved my legs before coming out like this?"

"That or maybe visited a suntan bed, you ever go outside?"

"I'm outside now, does that count?" She looked around her and snarled at a guy giving her the once over one too many times. "Get lost before I rip your eyeballs out and feed them to my pet rat!" She let out a rumbling growl and stopped when Goran grabbed her upper arm and pulled her away from the guy.

"Behave yourself, I'm not good in places with steel bars and that's where we'll end up if you kill him."

"Not me, I just growl good, I was hoping you'd beat him up or something. Remember, I'm a pervert not a fighter."

"Ohh yeah I forgot, that is really going to help us if we get in a bind somewhere!" She pulled her over to a row of seats, pushed her down and handed her a package of *Cracker Jacks*. "Now sit there and eat your *Cracker Jacks*, I have to put softener in the washers." She stopped in front of the guy and looked over her shoulder at Raith. "Listen little man, she just got out of prison after a five year stint for murdering a man for just accidentally touching her in a crowded elevator. Do you really want to be her next victim?" She raised an eyebrow when he kept looking at Raith. "Did you hear what I just said?"

"Yeah but she don't look dangerous and she can't be no worse than my sisters," He spread his hair apart and pointed to a long scar. "See that, my younger sister hit me with a 4x4." Goran nodded her head and pointed over her shoulder.

"See the size of her muscles, those came from lifting all the weights in the yard. I should know because I watched her every single day until we got out," She looked back to Raith and mumbled. "I should have known the damn body would float to the top of the lake, but she's my wife and I have to protect her." She turned her head, stepped closer and ran her hand across his chest. "Can you lift...say 220 pounds of dead weight?" He gave her a big grin and nodded his head.

"Good, because we have a body out in our trunk, it needs to go in the dumpster. I'm too short to help her, can you do it?" He gave them both a look, grabbed his laundry bag and left. She grinned, poured softener from the small packet into the washers and went back over to sit beside Raith. "Dumbass men, when will they learn that they are not the center of the fucking universe and they can be replaced with something with higher IQ points like...GOLDFISH!" Raith handed her the toy surprise and just sat there staring at her profile. "What?"

"What did you say to him that he ran out of here and will you teach me how to scare people like that?" Goran rolled her eyes and looked to her side.

"I told him you just got out of prison and you scare people all on your own," She looked down at Raith's hairy legs and grinned. "The way you're dressed right now has me a little scared."

Goran looked from where her bags were sitting in the dust and back up to an all too cheerful Raith, she snarled and pointed a finger at the dirt road that led to where the trailer and other WHO equipment was supposed to be. "Come on Dr. Who, let's see if there's anything left up there and if not then I can play with my secret squirrel toys and see if I can put a trace on it."

"Right like you can find where all the supplies went, the trailer and all the other stuff that I had sent here with your toys. That trailer is probably some family's condo right now and all the medical supplies and other stuff is strewn across state lines with the moonshine runners." She

kicked a rock across the dirt road and threw her arms in the air. "I've done this stuff for years and even in war torn countries I've never lost an entire shipment or my staff for that matter!" Raith laid a hand on her shoulder.

"They're here somewhere or they decided to just up and quit and go back home." She gave her a one armed hug. "And you're in luck; I was born in these mountains so I know the people."

"What...you're kidding me right...," She saw the wide grin and shake of a dark head and groaned. "I'm stuck with secret squirrel the Appalachia hill jack!" She leaned down, picked up all her bags, and waddled down the dirt road.

"Hold on there Dr. Who, let me take some of your bags." She took the heaviest ones and carried them as if they weighed nothing. "So, what's first on your agenda?"

"Finding where the Hell I'm supposed to set up for my investigation and then where I'm supposed to sleep. What about you?"

"Ohh I think I'm gonna go see my ma and other family members that ain't in jail for running moonshine across state lines."

"Wonderful, you're relatives are in state institutions. Anything else I should know about you...like is your ma really your sister and aunt?" Raith rolled her eyes and chuckled.

"Don't believe all that you've heard about West Virginians, ma's only my cousin." She walked up ahead of Goran and held back her chuckle; she knew that she had gotten one in on the small doctor. What worried her was where Goran was going to stay, there were no hotels, motels or anything else where they were. Moreover, if the trailer was in fact missing that left it up to the family's around to offer a place to stay. That wasn't saying much, the people of Appalachia were dirt poor and could barely feed there family's let alone offer anything to a stranger. She looked back over her shoulder and saw that Goran was looking around them; she knew that the small doctor had seen awful living conditions in other countries and probably had never seen them in her own country. Some of the houses they were passing were no more than tarpaper shacks or shacks made from rusted sheet metal. Small dirty children peeked from open doorways and windows without glass. Raith knew the medical treatments that Goran had planned for here would help a little but when the winter snows came, it wouldn't mean much. Goran wouldn't be around to see the kids going down to the railroad tracks to pick up the coal that fell from the train cars, or that they were dressed in raggedy clothes and suffering from terrible colds. What people just couldn't understand is why these people chose to stay here and live in these types of conditions, they were born here and knew nothing else. Many never went to school; they went to work in the coalmines instead. But as the years went by, some of the mines closed down leaving a poor area even worse off. She was one of the lucky ones, she got out and attended college and then landed a good job. "So Dr. Who, I take it that you've never been down here before?"

"You'd be right about that, I usually go to the places that I'm setting up. This was someone else's baby, the doctor who was down here died of a heart attack before he could have everything set up and I just sent down what was needed. I delegated the smaller jobs to the other doctors and

took care of the bigger stuff; little did I know all of this would happen." She stopped and looked at the WHO/MSF trailer. Where the word 'WHO' was in bold blue letters across the side, smaller letters were spray-painted at the end. The trailer now had the word WHOters on it. "Ohh this just ain't right! I want HEADS ON PIKES!" She dropped her bags and walked up to the trailer that now had a ramshackle porch on it, rusted lawn chairs and the seat out of a truck. She pulled the screen door open and walked inside to find a dozen or more filthy men sitting around the tables used for giving health exams. "Who in the Hell are you people and what in the Hell are you doing in my trailer?"

"This ain't yer trailer lady, traded my best coon dog and ten gallons of shine fer it." An old man said and pointed to the door. "Now ya better get before I let my boys throw you out." Goran threw a hand out in front of her and pointed at him.

"You are leaving; this is government property you're sitting in and where the Hell are all my supplies that are supposed to be here?"

"Ain't no government here lady and we traded all that junk that was here, don't need no rubber gloves or little wooden sticks. We need more money from welfare and more food stamps." Goran was about to go over the edge when Raith walked in behind her.

"All right ya'll get out and don't come back," She pointed to the door and pulled Goran back into her body. "Ya knew what this trailer was fer and ya can't be trading stuff fer government property anyways." She grabbed the old man by his suspenders and stopped him from getting out the door. "Who did you do all this business with and where is he?" The old man ran a gnarled hand through his scraggly beard and looked up to her with rheumy eyes.

"You go ask yer Uncle Billy Ray, he knows all about everythin that's been goin on here." Goran waited until they were alone in the trailer and grabbed Raith by the front of her t-shirt.

"You are in so much trouble; you knew what was going on up here didn't you?" Raith gave her a crooked smile and winked.

"I had a pretty good idea but I'm still here to get that CIA agent," She looked around and grinned at the 55gal steel drum that they turned into a wood stove. "You can't stay here Dr. Who, for one thing, there's no bed here and the water around here isn't fit for dogs to drink."

"And where exactly am I supposed to stay, at one time this trailer had a sleeping area and a bathroom complete with shower!" She walked over to the area where everything had been and pointed to the holes in the floor. "They traded the damn toilet and everything didn't they?"

"Well ya know, it's a hilly billy thing, we put 'em in our front yards and plant tomato plants in 'em." She picked up her bag, took Goran by her hand and pulled her from the trailer. "I'll call my ma and have her come and get us, we can stay there with her if ya want?"

"I'm not going to find my toilet in your ma's front yard am I?"

Goran bounced in the seat between Raith and her ma; she looked over to the older woman and couldn't believe that she and Raith were related. Where one was tall and dark, the other was short and mahogany. The truck they were in was something else; one side rode lower because the tire on the front was smaller than the other three. Keeping the passenger door closed was a bungee cord and a pair of vise grips doubled for the window handle. She looked between the cracks in the windshield and blinked when they pulled up a rutted and pothole filled road to a large tin shack. What she didn't see were old appliances that she thought every redneck had in their yard or a car on blocks. She knew she was going by what Jeff Foxworthy said on his comedy shows but that's all she had. "Only got two bedrooms, you'll hafta share a room with Raith."

"That's OK ma'am, we've shared a room since Washington DC. I've gotten used to your daughters strange ways." She cast a narrowed look at Raith who wasn't paying any attention to her as she pulled the truck up to the side of the shack. "Including how she tunes me out when I'm talking."

"Ohh she's listening alright, she just wants everyone to think she's not paying any attention." Ma opened the passenger and held it for Goran. "So ya two gotta find everything that was ripped off huh? I can tell ya right now it ain't gonna be easy and chances are it's not even in West Virginia."

"Kinda figured that ma," Raith came around the back of the truck and grabbed most of the bags. "Where's Uncle Billy, he's one that's most likely guilty as Hell and maybe he can tell me about the CIA agent I'm supposed to find." She flinched when her ma jabbed her in her stomach.

"Now don't go blaming Billy before you talked with him, he's not done anything since he got out this last time."

"Really then why did Old Beaner say to talk to Uncle Billy?" She walked between her ma and Goran.

"Because your Uncle is the radio guy, there isn't anything around here that he doesn't know about." Goran grabbed Raith's upper arm and held her back from going into the shack.

"Maybe he knows where my people are," She froze in place once she was through the shacks front door, she looked around and if not for Raith grabbing her arm, she would have fallen. "This...it's...outside..."

"Looks can be very deceiving," Ma said, she had her drop her bags and then led her to the kitchen where she turned on her Bunn coffee pot. "We left it looking like this to keep nosy people from coming around."

"That makes sense but aren't your neighbors jealous?"

"Nope, ma don't have any and the only ones that come around are relatives." Raith sat down across from Goran and jumped when her ma smacked her in the back of the head.

"Show some damn manners and get the coffee." Goran covered her mouth to keep Raith from seeing her grin. "It's nice to have my slave back, so Dr. Pickens you work for who?"

"Yes ma'am." She saw the confused look come over the older woman's face and realized what had happened. "Sorry, I work for Doctors without borders or WHO for short. Uuhhhh what's your name, its odd calling you ma'am..."

"STELLA!" Raith yelled and then grunted when her ma kicked her in her ass. "Sorry ma ya know I can't pass up doing that."

"I know and I just enjoy the Hell outta kicking you every time you do it, now where's my coffee?" She looked over to see that Goran had a hand over her heart. "I thought you said you were used to her strange ways and you can just call me ma?"

"OK and what she just did is new, but the chicken thing was the weirdest that I've seen her do though." She explained how she caught her dancing with the toy chicken on the train and all the other weird things she had done.

"Leave it up to Raith, never was a normal kid."

"Gee thanks ma and you were or are a normal mother?" She placed coffee in front of both of them and then got another cup for herself. "Ma's a retired C&O train conductor, ya know the funny hat, pocket watch and all."

"And it put food on the table and a roof over our heads." Raith nodded her head and gave her ma a kiss on her cheek.

"Sure did," She looked to Goran. "My dad died of a heart attack on the job at the mines when I was eleven; ma was working at the train station where they hauled the coal for the mining company..."

"I took a promotion that had me traveling from here to Pennsylvania a couple times a week, while I was away; Raith was working the coal mines for extra money." Goran choked on her coffee and wiped her mouth.

"You were eleven, what were you doing in the mines?"

"Hey I know but most everyone around here either worked for the mining company or worked the trains, I don't like trains." She sipped her coffee and flinched when Goran kicked her under the table. "What?"

"You'd rather get black lung then play with trains?"

"Money was better back then with the mining company then walking the tracks. Anyway, I traded my time in the shafts for lumber and building supplies."

"I would come home and find new walls and floors; she was remodeling our house because she was bored." She got up to get the coffee pot and looked to Goran. "So Dr. Pickens where are you from?"

"You can call me Goran and I'm from New York but I've lived all over the world. When I was eleven, I was lucky I was allowed out of the house after dark. Then again it was New York and anyone with half a brain didn't go out at night." She saw the look ma gave Raith and raised an eyebrow in question.

"Wouldn't have stopped this one, for all the brains she has, ya would think she would use them ta stay outta trouble."

"I stay out of trouble...a little bit of the time, I get bored and have ta do something or I'll go nuts." She pulled a strange wire out of her shirt pocket, attached it to her palm pilot and aimed the tip of it at Goran. "You need to trim the hair in your nose...Oww ma she kicked me!"

"I would've done worse, its no wonder you can't get a date with the way you act around women." Goran turned her attention to Raith and leaned across the table.

"And you had me believing that you were some sort of stud and here you're a giant DUD!" Raith gave her a brilliant smile and nodded her head.

"Kept you on your toes didn't?" She got up from the table and left her sitting in the kitchen with her ma.

"She's evil, always has been always will be, no changing the devils spawn." Ma said and got up to refill their cups and pull out a tin of chocolate chip cookies. "Ya know I would come home and she'd have all my appliances on the table in pieces, I kept telling her to leave at least one of them alone so I could cook supper when I got home."

"So she's always been this way," She waved a hand on a small device that Raith had left on the table, she watched as ma lifted the black box up to her mouth and yelled in it. Off in another part of the shack, Raith let out a howl. "She was eaves dropping on us?"

"Of course, I wouldn't put it past her to have bugged all your clothes and put a lojack system on you. She's good at what she does, I just wish she would get out more. You know spend some time with humans and not her toys." Goran chuckled and grabbed a cookie from the tin.

"From what she told me, the reason she was sent down here was because one of her toys caused some problems at work and they kicked her out."

"Hell I wouldn't doubt that she leveled Washington DC some how, she turned an old stil into a huge bomb and leveled an old barn when she was eight." She leaned back in her chair and looked Goran over. "So what is your specialty, family medicine or something else?"

"Trauma was my specialty until I got tired of it; I volunteered for WHO/MSF around 5 years

ago. Now I set up all kinds of treatment plans all over the world that was until this problem arose. I'm missing a number of people along with the supplies."

"Don't worry, Raith will help you find them." Goran looked into her pale blue eyes and knew that she was right.

"I just don't understand why they let someone take everything and why they didn't call the main office for help if there was a problem." Ma leaned across the table and held green eyes captive.

"Have you ever seen what happens to a person after they've drank too much shine?"

"Is it anything like Raith on pain medication?"

"Ohh a hundred times worse, the stuff the boys make around here can take rust of steel." Goran dropped her head to the table; she didn't even want to think about her nurses and doctors sitting somewhere drunk out of their minds on moonshine.

Goran walked into Raith's bedroom and stopped to watch her feet kicking from where they were under her bed. She leaned her shoulder against the doorframe and listened to her cussing and struggling grunts. "So it's true there are monsters under our beds." She walked forward, grabbed one of her feet and pulled her out from under her bed. "What were you doing under there?"

"Looking for some of my toys I left here the last time I came home for a visit." She waved a long tentacled device at her and got to her feet. "It can stick to any surface ya want and picks up both sound and video."

"Raith, it looks like a big damn bug." She gave her a wicked grin and a wink.

"I know I make 'em smaller now so that they look like wolf spiders, they can be put in a corner and no one knows about 'em." Goran shivered and dropped down on the edge of the double bed.

"You're a fucking freak ya know that?"

"I thought ya figured that out days ago," She wiggled her toy in front of her. "They're water proof now to, work great in the shower or outside." Goran fell back on the bed and covered her face with her hands.

"You want me to be as paranoid as you are don't you?"

"Of course, that way I'm not alone in my psychosis." She lay down beside her and looked at her profile with interest. "Ya know ya got hair on your ears?"

"Ohh just find all my faults in one day why don't you," She removed one hand and smacked her in the chest. "You really need to work on your lines if you ever wanna get a date."

"Hey it's not faults, its details and I gave up on women a long time ago. Why do ya think I make sex toys?"

"You have a point there." She groaned and rolled over to look at her. "I'm hungry, is there anyplace around her to get something to eat?" Raith rolled her eyes and got up from the bed.

"The kitchen is a good place, at least that's where I always go."

"Smartass." She grumbled and followed her to the kitchen.

Raith looked out across the river to her uncle's small shack; she wondered how a man in his 70's that was missing one leg and one arm managed to get across so easily. She looked to the far side, saw the small rowboat, and shook her head. "Either we swim across or walk all the way around to the bridge." Goran stepped up beside her and narrowed her eyes.

"If you knew this before hand then why the fuck didn't we just go to the bridge to begin with?"

"Because he always had a rope running across so that ya could pull the boat ta this side that's why, so which is it, swim or walk?" She looked back down and saw her uncle watching them from his porch. "Wait a minute, he's on his porch." She slid down the embankment and waved a hand at him. She watched him as he got up and pointed to a small area thick with brush, she nodded her head and then went over to inspect the area. "Hey Dr. Who we got us a little boat down here!" She waved a hand and watched as Goran slid down the embankment and made her way over to her.

"Squirrel that's nothing but a washtub!" She looked at Raith and then the small two-man boat. "If we sink in that thing I'm gonna pound on you until I'm exhausted, I hate water and if I die I can't save people!"

"Well that makes a lot of sense, you're a doc but ya wanna beat me up and hurt me." She pulled the boat out of the bushes and pushed it out into the water. "Come on Who let's go see uncle Billy, maybe he knows where your peoples are and then you can go cure them, find your supplies or whatever, I have better things to do." Goran looked at Raith and wondered why all of the sudden hostility towards her, she walked slowly around her and stepped into the boat. On the short trip across the calm river, she tried to read the situation but found Raith able to block all emotion from her expression and eyes. With all the time they had spent together, this was the first time that Raith acted this way. Blowing out a breath of air when they reached shore, she climbed from the boat and waited for Raith to join her.

"Is everything alright Raith...I mean...", She flinched and backed away from Raith when silvery blue eyes looked down at her and a low growling voice hit her ears.

"Just drop it and leave me alone." She stomped through the brush and up towards the shack, after

giving her uncle a quick hug, she disappeared into the trees leaving Goran with the older man.

"She sure don't like you much." He said and held out a calloused to her. "Names Billy and who are ya?"

"I'm Dr. Pickens; I'm looking for my associates and the supplies that were taken from the medical trailer and semi truck trailer."

"Don't know anything but that they all got pissed off about the conditions here and took off outta here in that big ole truck. One of 'em said somethin about selling the truck and donating the money ta the feed the family's foundation." Goran dropped down onto an old bucket and dropped her face into her hands; she looked up at the older man and noticed for the first time that he was handicapped. "What's a matter there doc, never seen a half limbed person before?"

"Yes I have, it's just that I just now noticed." She looked off in the direction that Raith had gone and then back to Billy. "Raith was fine until we came down here, is she mad at me or you?"

"Ohh it's you, she don't like doctors too much, kinda like me." He lifted his leg stump at her and then flapped the empty sleeve on his right side. "I got this way 'cuz of some Korean bullet and doctor." Goran raised her brows at him and was about to ask a question when he handed her a mason jar with clear liquid in it. "Got shot down during a mission over Korea, got shot, which wasn't bad, it was getting captured that sucked."

"I don't understand what any of this has to do with me?"

"Ohh it's simple, our docs heal the world, and some of the others use their doctoring skills ta torture. He held out his arm to show her an old bullet wound in the bicep area. "This is where I got shot after our plane crashed," He wiggled the empty pant leg and shirtsleeve. "This is where they cut my arm and leg off tryin ta get top secret information outta me." He watched her face grow pale with the information.

"But why is she mad at me, I didn't do anything?" She took a sip of the liquid in the jar and gasped. "Holy shit!" She barked out and coughed until tears ran down her cheeks.

"That's the smooth stuff ya got there, really potent stuff went out the other day ta North Carolina." He picked up a coffee cup and drank from it. "She gets pissed over a bunch of stuff, me being tortured is one of 'em. She'll calm down in a bit don't cha worry none, now about your peoples." He pointed to the West and grinned at her. "They went that away three days ago..." He watched her look off to where Raith had disappeared, get up and go in the same direction.

"Ohh you stupid bitch Goran, you said you would pound on her and there's her uncle who was tortured by a doctor." She took a long drink of the moonshine and coughed. "Gotta fix this...I need her help." She stumbled over tree roots and ducked low branches.

Raith sat up in a tree not far from her uncle's cabin; she was pissed at Goran's remark about pounding on her. "Maybe you are as whacked as everyone thinks," She dropped her head down so that her chin rested on her knees. "Ya better get back down there before she wanders off and gets lost." She was ready to drop down from the tree when Goran stopped beneath it and tipped back a mason jar, she waited and watched as she settled below her and drank some more.

"You're an idiot Gory...always playin the dis...distant doctor, never payin attention." She drank more shine. "Treat the symp...toms not the problem," She chuckled and ran a hand across her flushed cheek. "Like ta... treat her lack of...sex life, gotta be deaf, dumb and blind...not ta want...some of that woman." She downed the last of the shine and placed the jar beside her. "I wanna play...with the...squirrel..." She fell sideways when something dropped down in front of her. "Rainin acorns...", She picked up the small nut and rolled it in the palm of her hand. "Squirrel don't eat 'em...but I'd eat squirrel...all night..."

"So ya call yourself Gory huh?" She watched her for a few minutes and then yelled down when she became still. "Hey Gory, ya all right down there, ya look kinda...passed out?" She sighed and dropped down in front of Goran. "You're a lush Dr. Who; now I have ta carry ya all the way back to ma's." She picked her up in her arms, headed back to her uncle's shack, and then down to the boat. "Ya know it wouldn't hurt for ya ta be a little more human, maybe nicer ta me to."

"You have to get over all that shit Raith, what happened to Billy, was a lot of years ago and isn't anyone over here's fault and you jumping on Goran was just plain wrong." Ma threw a roll at her and went back to eating their late supper. "Now when she wakes up, you go in there and apologize ta her." Raith opened her mouth and then closed it again to think before speaking.

"But ma I didn't do anything...OK I...got smart with her but she said she was gonna beat on me..." She dropped her head and took a deep breath. "OK I know she didn't mean it, it's just that we were at Billy's and I...never mind I'm an asshole." She looked down at her plate and played around with her food, when her ma grabbed her hand she pulled it away.

"Ohh now I know what your problem is, your hands are swollen so that means you're gonna be a real big son of a bitch for the next week." She looked at her daughter and snorted. "You can't really believe that little Goran could hurt you?"

"She's meaner than ya know, she scared the Hell outta me on the train. Yanked the bathroom door open after finding out I had a little camera in the shower..." She grinned when her ma laughed and threw a napkin at her. "After that's when she caught me dancing in the hallway."

Raith woke up and groaned, opening one eye, she quickly closed it and rolled over. The stench of moonshine came from Goran's pours and was bad enough to make Raith nauseous. Pulling her pillow over her head, she whimpered when Goran curled around her body and forced her face under the pillow to nuzzle the back of her neck. She jumped from the sound of the window next

to her bed going up and then the one on the other side. "Come on Raith, wake Gory up and hose her down." Ma yanked the pillow from her head and grinned. "Fried wild ramps on a humid day smell better than her."

"I know and why'd ya let me sleep in here with her?"

"Cuz I'm evil and you deserve it fer being mean ta her, now get outta that bed." Raith rolled from her bed and used her pillow to beat on Goran.

"Get up, you reek and I'm getting a headache from the stench!"

"Go away squirrel my head hurts." She mumbled and buried her head under her pillow, a second later, she flung the pillow on the floor and groaned. "Damn but something died in my mouth." She opened an eye and whimpered when a piercing pain shot through her brain. "What the Hell did I drink last night?"

"Ohh I'd say it was 140 proof moonshine, good thing none of us smoke or the house would blow up." Ma said and left the bedroom to start breakfast. "And don't spare the soap or the hot water you two, ya both reek!"

"Guess I'm guilty from association." Raith mumbled on her way to the bathroom. Goran rolled from the bed and stumbled after Raith; she grabbed the back of her shirt and let her pull her along.

"Got any Lysol I can gargle with?" She put her head against Raith's back when she stopped and then whimpered when she moved too fast.

"I think ma's got some bleach, it might work better." She turned the shower on and then laid out a clean towel for her. "You shower first and I'll go get you something for your hangover." Goran grabbed the front of her t-shirt and shook her head slowly.

"I just need my carry-on bag; I have some stuff in there." She struggled with her shirt and whimpered. "Help...please?" Raith tried not to look at her body when she tried to help her undress but found it hard, and it only got worse when her ma stepped into the doorway.

"You two are completely hopeless," Ma grabbed her daughter by the back of her boxers and pulled her from the bathroom. "Go get some coffee and I'll help Gory before one of you gets hurt." She put her hand on Raith's chest and pushed her backwards through the door while she held Goran up with the other. "Ya would think that neither one of ya had ever undressed before, damn kids." She untangled Goran's arms from her t-shirt and sat her down on the toilet seat. "Have you ever been drunk or had a hangover before?"

"No and I never wanna have another one either, feel like shit." She stood up on wobbly legs and held onto ma's shoulders when she finished undressing her. "This is embarrassing...I'm a doctor..."

"Right now you're a mess but you'll feel better once you've had a shower and ya get something in

your stomach." She helped her get into the shower and then pulled the curtain closed. "I swear it doesn't matter how old they are, one shot of moonshine and all the brain cells disappear."

Goran sat on the couch with a cup of green tea and an ice bag on the top of her head, she looked to the side and snarled at a grinning Raith and then felt bad for doing it. "Sorry squirrel...sorry for last night to, I didn't mean anything by it." Curled in a fetal position, Raith was trying to ignore the cramps she had. She nodded her head and moved around at the end of the couch so that she could see her better.

"I wasn't much better; I'm not the nicest person to be around when it's that time of the month." She moved the heating pad and whimpered from a sharp pain. "Damn cramps do me in and nothing helps." She saw a flicker hit green eyes and wondered what she was thinking. "Got any good drugs with ya?"

"I could have helped you if they hadn't run off with everything from the med trailer," she moved so that she was sitting with her back against the couches arm and her feet on the center cushion. "Gimme your feet."

"Why do ya want my feet, I hate my feet being touched?"

"Ohh be quiet and just gimme one foot and I'll show you." She wiggled her fingers and waited for Raith to straighten out her legs and place one foot in her hand. "I'm gonna hit some pressure points that are known to relieve the cramps, it doesn't get rid of them completely but it helps." She watched blue eyes roll back and a low rumbling moan come from between parted lips when she hit certain areas on her feet. "There's another way that gets rid of them but there's no way I'm telling you because I know that you'll try it and I'll go nuts knowing what you're doing." She groaned when a twinkling pale blue eye opened, held her in place while a pink tongue moistened a top lip.

"Ohh and why couldn't you handle the fact that I would be getting myself off, you're a doctor, I'm a pervert and nothin should phase you?" She pulled her foot from Goran's hand and moved so that she was crawling towards her. She stopped when her hips were between Goran's spread thighs and hovered over her. "Or would the problem be that you wouldn't know if I was using a toy or just my hand?" She leaned down to whisper right in her ear. "I prefer my hand when I wanna take my time, toys are for quickies. Wanna have a quickie with me?" She pressed her hips down into Goran and moaned in her ear before falling on top of her and burying her face against her neck. "Maybe later after my uterus falls out...hate this shit." She moved off Goran, rolled to the back of the couch and whimpered into the cushions.

"Stay right there," Goran said close to her ear and then went in search of her bag, she had some painkillers but she didn't know if they would help her. On her way back to the living room, she ran into ma and gave her a small smile. "Does she always get bad cramps?"

"From the time she was eleven, it's so bad at times that she can't get out of bed. I told her to go

see a gynecologist but she's a chicken shit." Goran looked out to the living room and nodded her head.

"Is there a family history of female problems?"

"Yep, cysts and endometriosis, maybe you can convince her to go see someone." She pulled the front of her faded button down Levi shirt straight and looked up into green eyes. "I had cervical cancer years ago, she's afraid that they might find something else...or the same." Goran nodded her head and went over to the couch; she sat down on the edge and caressed Raith's shoulder. "I have some muscle relaxers that I think will help but if you get goofy like the last time, I'm knocking you out."

"Can we skip the first part and go right to knocking me out?"

"We could but," She placed her hand on Raith's cheek and brushed her thumb across her eyebrow. "I want you to go see someone about this."

"Nope, not gonna do it no one sees the secret squirrel and its just cramps, lots of women get 'em."

"Maybe but not all women have female problems in the family history." She saw the wild look in Raith's eyes and didn't know what to do. "Ma told me and I think it would be wise to at least let a specialist take some tests. I have it done twice a year to be on the safe side..."

"Then have it done three times this year and I'll call us even." She took the pills from Goran's hand and the bottle of water from the coffee table. "No one is gonna go down there while I'm still alive."

"For fucks sake Raith it might be nothing at all! Ya know there are survivors out there; your ma is one of them! Don't be stupid and take a chance with your life..."

"It's my life and all you doctors just like ta take blood, cut people up and collect that big paycheck. You don't care what happens after ya leave the surgery room; the patient is just another statistic or hash mark." Goran clamped a hand over Raith's mouth and rubbed at her pounding temple.

"You're giving me a migraine and you haven't the slightest idea of what you're talking about." She raised her hand and then pointed a finger at Raith. "Give me one second to show you and then you can run off at the mouth all you want but..." She paused for effect. "I'm still right." She pulled her t-shirt up over her head and dropped it on the couch; she then unclipped the front of her bra and watched Raith's eyes widen. "No one knows about this, not even my colleagues." She lifted her left breast to show a faint scar that ran under her breast from her ribcage to the center of her chest. "This is from a mastectomy, I found a lump in my breast years ago and the tests came back positive." She refastened her bra and reached for her shirt, Raith laid a hand on hers and looked into her eyes. "Afterwards, I had a lot of reconstructive surgery." She saw the confusion on Raith's face. "I lost both breasts at the same time Raith, I have implants."

"I'm sorry...I don't know what to say." Goran leaned down and placed a finger over her lips.

"Don't say anything; go see a doctor, not for me or your ma but for yourself." She watched blue eyes fill with tears and then uncontrollable sobs wrack Raith's body; she wrapped her arms around her and pulled her to her body. She looked up when ma came into the room and gave her a questioning look; ma mouthed the word 'hormones' to her and left through the front door. For long moments, she rocked Raith in her arms until the pain medication kicked in and or exhaustion. Laying Raith down, she covered her with a thin blanket and went into the kitchen for something to drink. With her mind on Raith, her hang over and headache had disappeared but she still felt a little dehydrated and swore to herself that she would never ever drink moonshine again. Grabbing a bottle of Coke, she went out the back door and then walked around the shack until she found ma at her small garden. "So her breaking down like that is normal?" Ma chuckled and nodded her head.

"Ohh she'll get worse before it's over, she'll cry at the weirdest things or moments. And I'll warn ya now, she'll latch on to ya tonight like a leach and won't let go. Used ta drive me nuts when she did that, I'd wake up with her standing beside my bed starin at me." She tossed a handful of weeds in a pile and went back to weeding her tomato plants. "I'd have ta let her sleep with me or she'd stand there all night and stare at me." Goran dropped to her haunches and started to pull weeds from around the cucumber plants; she looked up and raised an eyebrow.

"I can see her doing that when she was little."

"Try a few months ago, damn kids an emotional dork during her period." She sat back and looked Goran over. "So do ya have a girlfriend waiting for ya somewhere?" Goran looked under her arm and snorted.

"I gotta do something about that rainbow sticker on my ass huh?"

"Ohh it's my momdar as Raith calls it that gave ya away."

"Ohhh OK and no, I'm never anywhere long enough to have a relationship that would last. Plus the fact that no one can stand my God complex and they all get pissed when I make them build alters to me and worship at my feet." She snorted and then laughed along with ma.

"Sounds like Raith, who in the Hell could stand to put up with her spy toys and paranoia? She thinks there's KGB agents' hiding under her bed!"

"Why is that, I mean I know there's spies out there but what's with her conspiracy beliefs?"

"Too much TV, an over active imagination and a lonely childhood; I take the blame for that." She sat back in the dirt, wiped sweat from her face and brushed her long mahogany hair over her shoulders. "After her dad died I had to work more hours to make ends meet, we had his life insurance but that didn't go far after the burial and other bills were paid. She was here all alone for a good part of her childhood and like now, she wasn't a people person."

"Sometimes it's good not to be around people, I know I can't wait to be by myself for a few hours. You know to just sit back and think, maybe soak for a few hours in a tub." Ma nodded her head but knew that what Goran was talking about and what Raith did were polar opposites.

"That's fine but months in the basement of the UN office building is not normal, the only person she sees is her work partner."

"True, maybe she needs to pass out more of her sex toys." She knew she had said too much when Ma gave her a funny look. "Ask the squirrel about what happened."

Hours later Goran fought with the electrical cord, she yanked and cussed until Raith rolled over on the couch and she was able to move the heating pad from where it tangled around Raith's leg. Checking the heat dial, she grabbed the hand towel she brought from the bathroom and sat down beside her tall friend. "I'm surprised you didn't hang yourself with this thing," She pushed her t-shirt up and was about to put the towel on her stomach when she spotted something odd, pushing Raith's waistband down, she snorted at the tattoo of a squirrel's head. "Ohh for fuck sakes Squirrel only you would have road kill tattooed on your body." She would have looked further but Ma came into the living room with a bed pillow in her hands.

"Now what did my freak of a kid do?" She looked over the back of the couch and snorted. "Told you she's a dork," She reached over the back of the couch and pulled the waistband down further. "Who else would have a dead squirrel tattooed above their privates?"

"Why you two harassing me, what'd I do?" Raith mumbled, pushed hands away from her shorts and tried to roll over on the couch.

"Agent road kill put the heating pad on your stomach and go back to sleep, I left some more pills on the table if you need them." She covered her back up and then went into her bedroom, flipping the light on; she went over to one of her bags to get clothes to sleep in.

"I left the nightlight on in the bathroom for ya," Ma said from the doorway. "That way you won't be falling all over the place if you have to get up. I have an early appointment in the morning but if you guys need to go anywhere, my truck keys are hanging near the door."

"OK, I might have Raith take me back down to the trailer so that I can get it ready to be hauled out of here or what ever my bosses want done with it. I may just tell them to write it off and have a new one brought in; I'm thinking a Winnebago would be better down here anyway."

"Yeah something that you can haul ass outta here with when the rednecks come looking for a new hideout." She gave Goran a quick hug and went to her own bedroom. "Night Gory don't let Raith bite you tonight."

A short while later, she was changed and in bed, she beat on her pillow until she had it right and then closed her eyes. The sounds were so different from anywhere else in the world, off in the

distance she could hear a train whistle and then the clunking as it moved down the tracks. The soft sounds of nocturnal creatures, crickets clicking and a low thump of someone falling off the couch, she held back her snicker by covering her mouth and then busted out laughing when Raith stubbed her toes on the door jam to the bedroom. "Ain't fucking funny Dr. Who, I think I broke all my toes." She whispered hoarsely and hopped over to the bed to fall beside Goran with her one foot clutched in her hand.

"If you think I'm gonna kiss your nasty toes and make 'em all better you're insane."

"Well OK but would ya look at 'em an make sure I didn't bust 'em?" She held her foot out and then clamped a hand over her eyes when Goran flipped the bedside light on. "Are they busted...am I gonna need a cast? She whimpered and then started to sob.

"Your toes aren't broke, just bruised...why are you crying?"

"Don't know...feel like it." She rolled into Goran and curled around her body like a second skin. "Would ya pet my squirrel?"

"I'm not petting your squirrel," She reached across Raith and turned off the light. "Go to sleep and maybe it'll be better in the morning." She ran her fingers through long silky hair and pressed a kiss to Raith's crown. "Under different circumstances I'd do more then pet your squirrel." She whispered when she felt Raith relax into her and breathe deeply. "As goofy and paranoid as you are, I could fall so easily for you...forever." She wrapped her arms around Raith, held her tight and drifted off to sleep.

Raith raised her head up, looked down at Goran's childlike appearance and smiled softly. She had been awake for over an hour but refused to move and break the magic that she felt while wrapped around the smaller woman. She dropped back down into the bed, buried her face against the back of her neck and inhaled the soft scent of her shampoo. "Hey squirrel stop drooling down my neck and ease up on the bear hug, I can't breath." She wiggled until Raith let her grip loosen and then rolled over to face her. "You were playing with my tits weren't you?" Blue eyes widened. "And if you say no, I'll know if you're lying cuz silicone holds imprints and I'll have yours all over my tits." She rolled away from Raith and headed for the bathroom with Raith right on her heels.

"But at least I didn't suck your thumb like the last time!" She came to a screeching halt when the door slammed in her face. "And ya won't find my finger imprints cuz it only takes 3.5 seconds for them ta come off your tits, I timed it!" She leaned her ear against the door and sighed. "OK so your tits ain't the only thing I was playing with...your ears twitch when they're touched!" The door flew open to show Goran with a fierce expression on her face and toothpaste dripping down her chin.

"You're killing me squirrel...killing me!" She turned and went back to brushing her teeth.

Raith held the small satellite dish high above her head and turned in a circle until Goran yelled her name. "Squirrel stop...Right there...don't move!" She dialed the number to her boss's office and hoped that she could complete her phone call before Raith's arm gave out. Moving closer to Raith, she looked up at her profile and felt her heartbeat pick up, with the way the sun was slanting through the treetops; it cast a warm glow upon her skin and shone blue upon her dark hair. She gave a little jump when she heard Jake's voice over the phone. Sighing, she let him run off at the mouth for not calling him sooner or on her way down to West Virginia. Finally, she was able to get a word in edgewise and flinched when he yelled in her ear. She pulled the phone away and held it up to Raith's ear so she could be part of the ass chewing she was getting. "OK OK, I'll take care of it and no there's not much left of the trailer..." She pulled the phone away and let him finish yelling. "The wheels, they let the frame with the wheels on it." She hung up and saw the smirk on Raith's face. "So I lied, ask your uncle Billy if he wants to move into the trailer, I know with the help of his buddies they can fix it up for him." She closed her phone and unhooked the antennae wire from the back of it. "So what about this agent you're supposed to be looking for, any idea where he or she is?" Raith folded up her satellite dish, placed it back in its bag and dropped it down inside of her backpack.

"I've known where the agents been since before I left DC, gonna get the double cheating bastard to." She held her hand out to Goran and pulled her up the small incline above where the trailer was. "So ya wanna go into town and get something ta eat, there's a little restaurant there that makes good chicken fried steak and uses real potatoes?"

"Real potatoes huh...those are those things ya dig up out of the ground aren't they?" Raith nodded her head and pulled Goran behind her to where she had parked her ma's other truck.

"Yeah down here us hillbillies dig 'em up outta the ground, where you're from, ya get 'em at the grocery store already clean and sometimes in a box." She placed her backpack in the back of the truck, went around to the other side and opened the door for Goran. "They got blackberry cobbler to with homemade vanilla ice cream for on top." She helped Goran into the truck and closed the door before running around to the driver's side, when she got in; she saw the shocked expression on Goran's face and wondered what she had done wrong. "What?"

"Nothing, I've just never had anyone open a door or help me into a vehicle before. You always do that or is this a special occasion?"

"Ohh I always open doors for who ever I'm with, ma trained me well and would kick my ass if I didn't do it." She pulled the truck down the dirt road and swerved around all the deep holes and trenches. Fourteen minutes later, they pulled into a small parking lot outside of a small building. Raith ran around the truck, opened the door for Goran and then took her hand.

"Why do you keep taking my hand, I'm not going to get lost or run off."

"Maybe not but ya want rednecks hittin on ya thinking you're available and in the market fer a tobacco chewing, moonshine swiggin toothless..."

"OK and you holding my hand is gonna stop them?"

"Yep, they know better than to go up against me." She gave Goran a toothy grin and held the door for her.

"Ohh I forgot I'm with secret squirrel who can punch someone if they're a bad person." She walked in and found a seat at the back of the small restaurant; she slid across the bench seat and looked to Raith when she slid in beside her.

"Hey don't give me that look; I can't sit where I can't see." She leaned close to Goran's ear and whispered. "They might be in here hiding, maybe bugged the place as well." She pulled a small device from her pocket, turned it on and handed it to her. "Take this and keep a close eye on it, I'm gonna have the other one and check fer other bugs and stuff, the little red light will flash when I've deactivated a bug." Goran grabbed her arm to keep her from getting up.

"Hold on there squirrel, you are not...shit..." She rolled her eyes when Raith slipped beneath table. "Get up here before someone says something."

"Whose gonna say anything, no one knows I'm under here." She started to scan the booth as she had done on the train, when it came time to slid Goran across the seat; she heard a raspy voice above and then her head was slammed between Goran's thighs.

"What can I getcha, special today is fried chicken gizzards," The old woman held up a finger and walked over to one of the other tables to get a menu. "Always ferget what the Hell I'm sayin..." She gave Goran a funny look when she magically slid across the seat and then from a grunt from under the table. "Anyhow, what can I get ya?" She gave her another strange look through her pop bottle glasses and straightened her apron when Goran was pulled by her shirt down to the tabletop.

"I'll have two of the chicken fried steak platters and two cokes..." She jumped when Raith bit the inside of her thigh. "Hold off on the Cokes for nooow...Beer...lots of beer!" She said in a deep voice and jumped on the bench again when Raith moved up between her legs. The old woman gave her a nod of her head and went back to the kitchen area. "Squirrel get your ass up here before I squash your head some more!"

"Kinda like havin my head right where it is...owwowwOWW!" She fell to the floor clutching her head and trying to smash Goran's foot with one hand. "That was mean and rotten Gory!" She crawled up onto the bench beside Goran just as the old woman placed the pitcher of beer on the table. "Hey ya Mavis ya finally mopped the floors in this place and guess what...no BUGS!"

She gave Goran a nasty look. "If I had known you were with that nutcase, I woulda tossed ya out the door!" She threw their silverware on the table in front of Goran and shook a finger at Raith. "You behave yourself and if I see ya lookin at any of my customers in that weird ass way ya got, I'm kickin your ass!" Raith dropped her head and played with the paper placemat in front of her.

"Yes ma'am...Tell Uncle Bernie I said hi." She looked up and yelped when Goran elbowed her

in the ribs. "What?"

"First the under the table thing with my crotch and now I find out your relatives run the restaurant," She grabbed Raith by the front of her shirt and pulled her over to go nose to nose with her. "If they poison us...I'll kill you!" She said in a deep guttural voice.

"Would ya squash my head until I die a painful death?"

"You are not getting between my legs again so just forget it." They ate their meal as quickly as they could and then left before Raith's aunt could make their meal any more dangerous. She had already made sure that the biggest rednecks that Goran had ever seen sat around them and then brought them the check before they had even gotten their food. Still chewing the last of her food, Goran flipped Raith off and kicked her in the ass on the way out the door. She watched Raith walk to the truck and just couldn't keep her eyes from where they fell on her ass, a clothed women was more of a turn on for her then a naked one. And at that very moment, she could feel a pulse point beating between her thighs. *Ohh I'll let you between my legs again...just not in a restaurant.* She looked up when Raith said her name or what she was calling her at that moment.

"Dr. Gory you were looking at my ass weren't cha?"

"What...no I was looking at the ground." She felt a blush working its way up her neck and ignored it. "Let's get out of here before we get in serious trouble for something, maybe we could go find where my crew is." She stopped beside Raith, looked up at her angled face, and stopped to stare into her clear blue eyes. "Any ideas there squirrel?"

"The nearest stil or maybe the moonshiner bar down at the Green river in Marlinton." Goran rubbed her face with both hands and looked at Raith.

"This maybe a stupid question but where are we right now?"

"Ohh we're in Beckley, home of the smokeless coal mines, ya know Bituminous coal."

"I know surgical procedures and drugs; I wouldn't know a piece of coal if ya hit me in the head with it. How far are we from Marlinton?" Raith rubbed her jaw and grinned.

"With me drivin maybe 40 minutes, with ma drivin you'll be 50 before ya get there."

"And please tell me my aging would be because your ma drives at 20 miles an hour."

"Nope, she goes the long way around the mountain, I go over the mountain."

"What mountain, I haven't seen anything including the so called Appalachia's where I'm supposed to be."

"We call them the Allegheny's here; they're part of the Appalachian Mountains. And you're just in luck cuz that's where were headed."

"Then why the Sam Hell is my trailer in Beckley instead of Marlinton where the mountains are?" She planted her hands on her hips and paced in front of Raith. "How are we supposed to help the people that this was set up for if we're not even close to them?" Raith sighed and scratched at her head.

"The less fortunate are everywhere Gory, no matter where ya look around here you'll see poor people who need medical treatment of some kind. The doctor who set this all up beforehand probably only hit this area and considered it part of the Appalachia's, there's more poor people just a short drive in either direction."

"OK well let's get going then, I don't wanna be out all night driving around with you, you'll try and pull that "Ohhh look we're outta GAS!" Bullshit on me and think I'm gonna give ya some." Raith raised an eyebrow and tilted her head.

"I'm the pervert here but you keep saying about me getting between your legs and givin me some...would ya give me some?" She wiggled her dark brows and tried her best smile. "I'm kinda good at it at least that's what I've been told the two times I was given the chance." Goran laughed and shook her head.

"You just happened to find two desperate women in this world that were willing to have sex with you?" She crawled across the seat of the truck and then waited for Raith to get in.

"If ya haven't noticed, I'm not exactly homely." She gave Goran a seductive look that had her swallowing with difficulty. "And if ya get down on your knees and beg enough someone will notice and take pity on ya, I did it twice and had a date a few minutes later." Goran shook her head and sighed.

"No Raith you are no where near homely and I don't know why in the world you would have to beg some strange woman for sex. Unless it was something very kinky and dangerous," She gave her a narrowed eyed look. "Was it?"

"Nope, all I wanted was ta please them. They didn't even hafta touch me if they didn't want to...they didn't either come ta think of it." She shrugged her shoulders and pulled the truck out onto the road. "Sooo how many women have you been with?"

"You are never going to find out; I don't discuss my past lovers with anyone so just forget it."

"Ohh so ya had what one or two?"

"Two, now just shut the Hell up and don't remind me that I suck at relationships and that both of them left immediately after sex. And if I had smoked, they would have been gone before I could light a cigarette." Raith grinned and shot a quick look over at a fuming Goran.

"At least mine stuck around long enough to put their clothes back on." Goran smacked her self in the forehead and glared over at her. "How come I can't keep my yap

shut around you?" Raith gave her a bright smile and winked.

"Cuz I'm gorgeous and I have a winning personality." She chuckled at Goran's groan. "Ya know my grandma used ta say three was the magical number for everything, so maybe the next woman ya kiss will be the last one?"

"Yeah I'll probably get hit by a truck or something afterwards."

"Nah that only happened ta my grandpa took grandma three tries before she knocked him down completely. She gets outta prison in two months though, ya know good behavior."

"And you're full of shit Raith; they wouldn't put a woman that had to be in her 80's in prison."

"Ohh I know, that was fifteen years ago when she ran grandpa over. She's in her 70's, had my dad when she was fourteen." She turned to Goran and gave her a crooked grin. "So ya wanna give it a go, I could be number three and ya can't get run over if you're already in a truck?"

"Keep your eyeballs on the road squirrel and your mind on spies and conspiracies."

On the way to Marlinton, Goran saw the kind of houses that people lived in. Some were nothing more than metal tool sheds and one that everyone called the castle, was a double seat outhouse that an old man had converted into his living quarters. They passed people sitting along side the road with signs reading that they would work for food or for a room. At the first sign of a good size store, Raith pulled in and checked her wallet for money. "I need tampons and pads." She closed her wallet and got out of the truck. "Ya need anything or wanna come in with me?"

"I'll go in with you; I need some cracker jacks and water." She slid across the seat and took Raith's hand; she looked up into her face and noticed how pale and sweaty she looked. "Are you OK, you look..."

"I'll be OK as soon as I take a bottle of Motrin and Advil; damn cramps had to come back." She placed a hand on her lower abdomen and winced in pain.

"Get back in the truck, I'll go in and get the stuff." She placed a hand on the side of Raith's face and felt how clammy she was. "Go on and get in there and why didn't you tell me you were in this kind of pain, we could have gone looking some other day?"

"I'm used ta it after all these years," She weaved to the side and felt Goran grab her by her arms and ease her into the truck. "I'm just gonna wait out here..." She passed out and fell backwards on the seat; Goran panicked and ran around to the passenger side. She pulled the door open and then pulled Raith across the seat, running back around; she got in and pulled back out onto the road.

"Son of a bitch...where's a hospital around here?" She looked out on the road in both directions and saw an old man sitting on a wooden box with a sign in his hand. "Hey mister I need some help!" She grabbed Raith's wallet, pulled out a twenty and waved it at him. "Where's the

hospital?" He got up and came towards her at a limping jog, when he reached the side of the truck; he looked in at Raith and then climbed into the back of the truck.

"Go out to the right and at the next road turn left, when ya get close I'll tell ya where ta turn. Kinda tricky around here and wanna make sure ya get there." He held onto the side of the trucks bed with one hand and braced the other on the roof. After Goran made the turns, he yelled into her where to go next, with in fifteen minutes and a dozen turns later, they were at the ER doors. She climbed down from the cab and held out the money to him. "Don't want that ma'am; she's a Bullshanks and kin."

"Please take it and at least get yourself something to eat, I know she'll throw a fit if..."

"You can get me a sandwich after we get her in there."

Goran paced in front of the payphone, she had tried getting a hold of Raith's ma but it went unanswered. "Why don't you have an answering machine?" She turned around when she heard the old man clear his throat. "I need to get a hold of her ma, she'll be worried about her and she needs to be here..." He held up his hand and stopped her.

"Leave it up to me, I'll call my buddy and he'll call Billy on his radio and then he can get a message to Stella. I'll be back when it's all taken care of, you go talk to her, she'll be tryin ta escape outta here if she's awake." She nodded her head and took off down the hall where Raith's room was, she didn't know if she was awake yet and hoped that she wasn't. She looked around the doorframe and saw that she was still unconscious, going in, she took a seat in the chair next to the bed. "Why didn't you tell me it was this bad, I could have helped you?" She took Raith's larger hand in hers and brought it up to her lips; she had helped the nurses undress Raith and had no idea that she was wearing two maxi pads along with a super plus absorbency tampon. They immediately called in a gynecologist; started IV's and took blood to test. "You're gonna hate me but I signed the papers, you can kick my ass after surgery." She placed a kiss on Raith's temple and held her hand under her chin; she then looked up when the doctor came in. "How drastic are we talking here?"

"At the most a partial hysterectomy, I'll only do a full one if the other fallopian tube is damaged or any other problems are found. What I'm worried most about is the amount of cysts on the uterine wall and how damaged that tube is." Goran nodded her head and looked down at Raith's slack features.

"If it's too bad, you do what you have to. I have someone who's trying to locate her ma," She looked up with teary eyes and felt her chest clench. "She won't be here before you take Raith in for surgery; so I'll donate the blood she'll need." She pulled out her wallet and handed her doctors license and an immunization card to the doctor. "I'm clean of any diseases and I was just tested for AIDS last month and it helps that we're the same blood type." The doctor looked at the immunization card and then looked to Goran with a shocked expression. "I work for WHO/MSF so I'm usually in foreign countries."

"OK, I wondered why all the shots. I'll send in a nurse to get you and then we'll take Raith up to surgery, she maybe stable but I don't want to waste any time with this. She's lost a lot of blood and I don't want to wait too long." Goran nodded and gripped Raith's hand tighter; she knew all too well about time when it came to something like this. She looked up to the female doctor and nodded her head again.

"I'm ready when you are." She moved to the side when nurses came in and rolled the gurney from the room, she felt her heart clench with what was going on around her. It had been a long time since she had been in a hospital atmosphere and she had to admit that she missed it a little. She took one last look at Raith as she disappeared from her line of sight.

"Doctor Pickens if you'll come with me I'll take you so you can give blood." A nurse said and took her by her arm. "And when we're done, I'll run the blood right over to the OR. Your friend's lucky, not many people around here with B negative blood type. We can save the O and B negative blood we have in the bank with your donation, plus I'm sure your friend will feel safer with your blood."

"She better or I'll kick her ass across a few states before I let her ma take over." She followed the nurse to a small room just down the hall from the OR room and laid down on a gurney. "This is different, in the hospital where I worked, we just had a chair to sit in." She laid her arm out for the nurse to apply the tourniquet and took a deep breath.

"We found out this was safer, too many rednecks hitting the floor was killing our backs when we had to pick them up."

Goran paced in the small waiting room for hours, her feet hurt and her head was pounding. She looked over to the overflowing trashcan and added one more *Cracker Jack* wrapper to it. She had filled the small trashcan all on her own and had done it by emptying the vending machine and her backpack of all bags of *Cracker Jacks*. She was about to storm the nurses desk when the tall form of the Dr. Stephens the gynecologist pushed through the OR doors, she sighed and met her halfway. "How is she and can I see her?" The doctor pulled her mask and hat off and took Goran by her hand, she didn't let go until she had her in the recovery area.

"I found out a long time ago that you can't keep partners away from each other too long or you're looking at WW III." She pulled back a curtain and nodded her head at an unconscious Raith. "When she wakes up, tell her that we didn't touch her tattoo; I went through her naval. In addition, I did have to do a full hysterectomy, there was too much scarring on both fallopian tubes and too many cysts and polyps. I didn't feel 100% sure that trying to save her uterus would have worked."

"OK let me correct this before it gets spread around, we're not partners and we only meet a little over a week ago. We live in two different States and once my job here is done then I'm going back to New York."

"What ever you say doc but you kissing her and holding her hand right now is something a person who cares would do. I don't have any female friends that act the way you do." She looked down at Raith's classical features and gave Goran a crooked grin. "I'd crawl over the fence for someone who looks like her."

"Not if you knew how insane she is, she's off the deep end and maddening as Hell..."

"And you're falling for my kid no matter how crazy she is." Ma said from behind Goran and wrapped an arm around her. "But that's OK; her dad was a little off in the head to and had my heart with one look." She looked down at her daughter and smiled. "Ya know she's the spittin image of her daddy, he was a handsome devil."

"Thanks ma that blows my credibility," She ran her thumb across Raith's knuckles and sighed. "But you're both right, I do care about her a lot and I'm falling for her but it won't work."

"Will if ya pet my squirrel," Raith mumbled and pulled Goran's hand down to rub her lower stomach. "Squirrel hurts...why?" She opened one eye and gazed up at the doctor. "What all am I missing?" Everyone looked to the gynecologist.

"It's OK I'll explain everything to ma and Raith," Goran said as she sat down on the edge of the bed. "Keep you from getting yelled at and me from explaining everything again later." The gynecologist nodded her head and gave them all a smile.

"Thanks, I have another surgery in an hour and I have some rounds before that. If you have any questions later, just tell the nurse and she'll page me." She left the recovery room with a wave and a smile.

"OK Dr. Gory what did she do ta me and how did I get here?"

Goran recapped from the very beginning what had happened right up until ma walked in and Raith woke up, when she was finished, she looked down and was amazed that she was still rubbing Raith's stomach. "Why am I rubbing your stomach?"

"Cuz it makes it feel better," Raith gave her a sleepy grin and tried to stay focused. "So no more monthly curse or getting pregnant?" She chuckled and then whimpered with pain.

"Cute Squirrel like with our lifestyle you could get pregnant." Ma chuckled and sat on the other side of the bed.

"That would be something that I would never expect from her," She patted her daughters shoulder. "Kids and Raith don't mix well, she scares the piss outta 'em."

"Do not; just don't understand what makes 'em so loud or why little boys can't talk right until they're 20." Goran gave Raith a funny look and when her eyes closed, she looked to ma.

"What did she mean about little boys?"

"Have ya ever noticed that boys lisp and talk like babies until they're much older than the girls? Raith will pick on 'em until they speak right and all it does is make 'em cry louder and stutter."

"Then I guess it's a good thing that neither one of us likes kids, mean little trolls with sharp teeth." She moved her hand from Raith's stomach, got up and fixed the blankets around her. "I'm hungry how about we go get something to eat and not from the cafeteria?" Ma stood up, kissed her daughter on the forehead and took Goran's hand.

"Sure, there's a good restaurant a little ways from here, I'll even buy."

"Nope," She shook her head. "It's my fault that you had to drive all the way out here, it's the least I can do." Ma chuckled and gave Goran a hug.

"It's not your fault; it's my damn kids' fer not going to a doctor years ago. I'm just glad that you were with her, if she were alone..." She became quiet. "She could have died couldn't she?" Goran took a deep breath and released it slowly.

"Yes and I still feel that if I hadn't asked her to bring me out here then we would have been closer to home and a hospital. Then when she got out of the truck yesterday, she had already started hemorrhaging. She probably thought her pads were leaking from not changing them, but when she passed out, I knew there was something wrong."

"Gory, you two were closer to a hospital here then back in Beckley. This was bound to happen and I'm glad she wasn't alone."

"I wanna go home!" Raith yelled at the tops of her lungs and shook the guardrails on her bed. "Ya hear me Dr. Gory, I wanna go HOME!"

"Ohh for fuck sakes Squirrel calm your paranoid ass down before they lock it up." Goran dropped one of the guardrails, sat down on the edge of the bed and slapped at her roaming hands. "Will you stop already; I don't have anything for you."

"I know ya got *Cracker Jacks*, I can smell 'em on your breath!" She pulled her head over and licked from her chin upwards. "I knew it, I tasted caramel! Now GIMME SOME!" She searched Goran's pockets until she found half a bag of *Cracker Jacks* and then saw the dark green eyes watching her. "What, I'm starving in this place!"

"So am I." She said in a whisper before pulling Raith's face to hers and capturing her lips in a fiery kiss. She moaned deeply when Raith's tongue pushed into her mouth and tangled with hers, they kissed deeply until someone cleared their throat.

"Just friends huh?" Dr. Stephens said and walked up to stand beside the bed. "None of my female

friends have ever kissed me like that and if they do it'll kill me."

"Figures, finally break through her walls and I can't get none cuz of my parts being removed." Raith mumbled some more and sunk into the bed. "When can I have some?" She gave the doctor a raised eyebrow and then wiggled it. "Better not say months either or I'll stick my head in an oven."

"Squirrel the ovens electric so go ahead and stick your head in." Goran mumbled to her and tried to hide her embarrassment from Dr. Stephens.

"Ohh the usual time period is 4-6 weeks, that's what we tell most women. But everyone heals different and I leave it up to the individual, now remember that you may suffer from heat flashes and vaginal dryness. Just get some KY and everything should be fine from there on out."

"I've never had a problem with not getting wet," She ran a fingertip across Goran's nipple and grinned when she slapped her hand. "Gory got me wet just looking at me."

"That's it Squirrel, I'm gonna kill you as soon as we're alone!"

"No ya won't cuz we're gonna make out as soon as doc leaves." Dr. Stephens snorted at the two women, she updated Raith's chart and left them to their bickering.

"I can't believe you said that Raith and we are not going to make out." Raith pulled her into the bed, up against her body and captured her lips in a consuming kiss.

Raith leaned against the headboard of her bed and pouted each time Goran looked up at her, she wanted out of bed but it was a losing battle. Between her ma and Goran keeping an eye on her, she was lucky to move without being caught. "Please just let me sit on the couch and watch TV, I wanna watch the robot wars." Goran looked up from her laptop and raised an eyebrow.

"Give me one good reason why I should let you do anything after what you pulled the other day?"

"Ohh come on Who you can't still be mad, you kissed me first and ya can't say ya didn't enjoy what we did after."

"Maybe but..." She put her laptop down on the floor and went over to stand beside Raith. "You're dangerous and you make me crazy..."

"I made you loose control and ya don't like it." She grinned when Goran pulled the sheet off her and held out a hand.

"No I don't and it was wrong, you just had surgery and..."

"We didn't break anything now did we," She leaned over and placed her lips close to Goran's ear. "My parts might not work right now but yours do." She took a deep breath and let it seep through her teeth to wash across Goran's neck, gooseflesh rose on her skin, and she shivered. "I can still smell you; feel you pressing against me..."

"You're full of shit and if you don't stop, I'm gonna knock you out..." She growled and wrapped an arm around Raith to help her out to the living room. "I swear this is all a karmic payback or something and I haven't any idea where I'm going or how I'm gonna solve this problem."

"Don't worry about it and take a break," She said and eased down onto the couch. "Vegetate with me and ma and your missing peoples will show up somewhere."

"I can't do that, maybe I can treat some of the local people and ask questions about my missing doctors and nurses." She sat down beside Raith and looked to her hands hanging between her knees. "I have another shipment of supplies on the way down, it's not as big, and it can fit in the back of a truck."

"You do that and I'll look fer my screwed up cheatin agent, my boss will want my ass hung if I don't give 'em something." She placed her hand over her lower stomach and rubbed gently. "How long is this gonna hurt?"

"It wouldn't hurt if you took your pain pills, where are they anyway?"

"Don't need 'em," She pulled Goran over to lie behind her on the couch. "Pet the squirrel like you been doing at night." Goran brought her arm over Raith's waist and gently rubbed her lower stomach, within minutes, Raith was sound asleep and snoring. She buried her face in her long hair and inhaled the scent of her shampoo. Every night since Raith had been out of the hospital; Goran had lain behind her and rubbed her stomach. She asked ma about it and found out that she was a fussy baby and that was how she got her to sleep. And each morning, Raith was either sucking her own thumb or Goran's, the tall woman was just plain weird. "So much for you watching robot wars or was this a ploy to get me away from my reports?"

"Knowing Raith, it was a ploy to get you to rub her stomach. She's like a dog; ya know how they keep moving under your hand until ya pet them?" Ma flipped the TV on and sat down in her recliner. "Who knew that she wouldn't grow out of the stuff," She flipped through the channels until she came to the local station. "Here we go kiddies; I think we might just see some people you know on the news." Halfway through the news, they showed the annual wild ramp fair, what had Goran leaning over Raith's sleeping form were two of her nurses waving at the TV cameras.

"I know them and they're..."

"Wasted on shine," Ma pointed to the clear liquid in the glasses they held. "They'll be in lock up by dark; Sheriff does it so no one gets hurt."

"Just great," She said and sunk back down to wrap around Raith. "At least I know where two of them are, six more to find."

"Then what will ya do, go back to New York or another country?"

"I'm not sure where I'll go, there's a lot of work to do down here first. What about squirrel and her cheating agent as she calls him?"

"As soon as she's able ta get around, she'll track him down and have him hauled back ta DC. After that, she'll stick around for a week or so and then go back." Goran leaned up on one elbow, rested her chin on Raith's upper arm and looked to ma.

"How many times has there been an agent on the loose down here?" Ma chuckled and winked at her.

"You're a little slow aren't cha, it's the same guy all the time. He works with Raith in the basement and he runs off so he can come down for ramp season."

"So this is a set up and not only did I fall for it but my boss as well?"

"Yeeeeeep," Ma gave her a big grin. "That's our fine Government agencies at work, two agents can have them running in a dozen different directions all at once." She sat up in her chair and gave Goran a look very similar to her daughters. "Ya gotta admit, if ya weren't with my kid where would ya be right now?" Goran sighed and nodded her head; she knew that she would be out in the open wandering around and still trying to find her trailers. On the other hand, possibly even in the wrong part of the state. She had tried calling all of her people and still hadn't reached any of them by phone, she had a sneaky suspicion that they sold or traded their cell phones. Then something even scarier seeped into her mind, where would Raith be without her? She looked down into the agents face and felt her pulse race with the knowledge that she could have died from her medical condition. "Sometimes things happen all weird for a reason," She pulled a small bottle from her pocket, got out of her chair and handed it to Goran. "Try this stuff out, I've wanted ta do it fer years."

Raith let out a howl and wiped at her burning tongue and lips, she rolled from the couch and grabbed Goran's hand. She looked at her thumb and then her own. "Ohh this just ain't right...MAAAA!" She got up and stumbled through the house looking for her ma; she stopped and looked at the note on the kitchen table.

Went bowling be back later.

Ma

Raith groaned and went to the sink to wash her hands; afterwards, she went back into the living room to terrorize Goran. "Put burny stuff on my thumb," She picked her hand up and smelled it before putting it back down on her chest. "Ya put it on your own thumb to, just ain't fair?" She leaned over, licked the side of her face, and waited for her to wake up.

A green eye popped open. "That is gross and disgusting," she wiped her face off and then her hand on Raith's shirt. "Why'd ya do that?"

"Why'd ya put burny stuff on my thumb?" She wiggled said appendage in Goran's face. "My mouth still burns." She grinned when Goran rolled from the couch and ran for the bathroom. "Guess your face does now." She stood up, pulled her shirt up a ways and checked her bandage. "Hey Dr. Gory will ya change my bandage?" She went into the bathroom and pointed to her stomach. "It itches and the tape keeps sticking ta my shirt."

"Don't I play with your squirrel enough, now I gotta change your bandage to?" She pulled the edge of the tape off, looked beneath it and then removed it the rest of the way. "Squirrel this is all healed," She ran her fingertips across the two incisions on either side of her naval. "It's all healed and it shouldn't be."

"Sure it should, I heal quick so that means ya can play with the squirrel's tail now." She flinched when Goran yanked on what made up the squirrel's tail. "OK so maybe later." She walked away rubbing the area through her boxers. "OK so maybe I'll play with it myself." She looked over her shoulder at her. "Wanna watch?" Goran held up her fist and shook it at her for an answer.

"You're killing me Squirrel, just killing me!"

A few days later with new supplies in the back of ma's truck, Raith drove Goran to different areas to give people check ups and give immunizations to the kids. She sat on the tailgate watching Goran interact and treat two older people who suffered illnesses, one from diabetes and the other from arthritis. It was obvious to Raith that this is where Goran belonged, not in an office somewhere pushing papers. She pulled her cell phone off her belt, attached an earpiece and then her palm pilot. Hitting buttons on everything, she watched the small screen and grinned when a blip flashed on it. "Gotcha ya rotten damn asshole." She made note of everything and slipped her stuff back into the pockets on her vest. "I'll get you later, Gory's busy and I'm too damn tired." She leaned back against a box, closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

"OK Henry, this is enough antibiotics to take care of your infection." She wrapped a gauze bandage around the old man's forearm and then taped it in place. "You have to take all of them and change your bandage twice a day," She placed enough bandages and other items in a white plastic bag and handed it to him. "If you need more, you come back here and see me. And let one of your grand children change the oil in your truck." He shook her hand and gave her a toothless smile before going on his way. She had cleaned a nasty gash on his arm that he had gotten when changing the oil on his truck. "80 year-old man working on his truck, ridiculous." She said under her breathe while changing her surgical gloves. Five hours later, she looked around the parking lot of the Dairy Queen and sighed with relief. They had chosen this place because it was close to the church and the one place where everyone came to eat. She rubbed her lower back and then took the bottle of Coke from Raith. "I think that might just be it for the day." She took a long drink and handed it back to her.

"Ya think, 'cuz my ass has square imprints from sitting on the tailgate all day and I've tried almost everything Dairy Queen makes." She rubbed her stomach and groaned. "Think I might be sick." She grabbed the hand made free clinic sign from the side of the truck, tossed it in the back and then rested her head on Goran's shoulder. "Got any Pepto in your bag?"

"No but I've got stuff that works better and why did you make a pig of yourself?"

"Got bored and tired of *Cracker Jacks* don't know how ya can eat them all day and not get sick of 'em."

"Why didn't you say so, you didn't have to stay with me all day." She tilted Raith's head up and brushed the hair out of her eyes. "You could have left me here and gone and done something." She looked into her clear blue eyes and felt her blood pressure rise.

"And miss watching you doctor people," She brought their noses together and dropped her voice an octave. "I was prayin for short people or kids so ya had ta bend over more."

"So that was why the entire bible school class was here, just so you could look at my ass?"

"Or down the front of your shirt, not much ta your bra."

"That's because some lunatic got too close to it with wire cutters," She backed up, took Raith's hand and pulled her to the side of the truck. "Good thing I don't spend a lot of money on underwear or you'd be in big trouble. Now let's go home, I'm tired and my feet are killing me." Raith helped her into the truck and then got in behind her.

"I'm gonna warn ya, it's ma's poker night and the old women that are gonna be there are loud and they all smoke cigars and drink shine." Goran blinked and started to chuckle, she shook her head and slapped Raith's leg.

"Right, ma's not like that."

"I warned ya," She started the truck and pulled out onto the road. "It's not gonna be a Tupperware party."

Continued in [Part 2](#)

~ Hill Jack Conspiracy ~

by Larisa

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Disclaimer: yada yada yada!

Part 2

"Come on Bertha," Ma yelled over MTV blasting in the living room. "Ya might as well toss yer hand in; ya ain't got no three aces." Bertha squinted behind her thick glasses, looked at her cards and then up at ma.

"Bullshit Stella, I gots three aces right here!" She showed her cards and then cussed. "Damn it, I fell fer it again!" She tossed them in the center of the table and looked to Raith when she stepped through the back door. "Ohh baby come sit on my lap!" She wiggled her fingers and winked at her. The other women at the table all mimicked her and busted out laughing when Raith turned bright red. When Goran came in behind her and placed a hand on her waist, the old women yelled louder. "Raith's got a girlfriend!"

"Do not...ma...damn." She mumbled the last part on her way out of the smoky kitchen. Goran looked at the table full of drunken women and then to Raith's retreating form, she looked to ma with her huge cigar clamped between her teeth and knew it would be senseless to say anything.

"Come back here Squirrel, we need to...fuck!" She went running after her and ran right into her when she stepped back out into the hallway.

"I thought you would never say that." She picked Goran up, carried her into their bedroom and kicked the door closed. "Are ya a missionary woman," She fell back on the bed with Goran still in her arms. "Or are ya double jointed and a kinky lover?" She licked the side of a struggling Goran's neck and yelped from her twisted nipple. "Ohh yes you're kinky!"

"I'm not kinky and I'm not giving you any," She struggled free and slapped at Raith's groping hands. "Even if I was in the mood, there's six old women in the kitchen!" Raith got to her knees, flipped her hair over her back and crawled to the end of the bed. She pinned Goran with a hungry look and growled deep in her chest.

"One kiss and I'll leave ya alone." She licked her lips, closed her eyes and puckered, when nothing happened, she opened her eyes. "Ohh come on Gory, one kiss."

"Ya know Raith, you're a giant dork." She stepped closer to the bed and Raith, raising an eyebrow she looked down into deep blue eyes. "One kiss huh?"

"Yep, just one and I'll behave the rest of the night." Goran tipped her chin up, brought their lips together in a soft kiss and then pulled back. She looked down into Raith's face and moaned.

"I can't believe I'm gonna do this with *Britney Spears* wailing in the back ground." She pushed Raith back on the bed, crawled on top of her and straddled her hips. "You have no idea what you do to me." She trailed a fingertip down Raith's cheek to her moist lips. "I'll kiss you all night but I'm not giving you my body." She dropped her head and kissed Raith until they both saw stars from lack of air, when they parted; Goran dropped her head down on Raith's chest. "Fucking amazing...no one's ever kissed me like that before." She lifted her head and held Raith's eyes. "Why you?"

"Cuz I care." She rolled them over and came up to hover over Goran. "More then you'll ever know." She dropped her head, placed soft kisses to the corners of her mouth, and then down to the hollow of her throat. "More then I can ever put in words." She rose to her knees and ran her hands under Goran's t-shirt; she traced the edge of her bra with her fingers and nipped at the side of her neck. "Let me love you." She ran her thumbs over her nipples and moaned when they became hard. Goran whimpered and arched her back to press into Raith's hands, she brought her hands up to bury them into Raith's hair and then pull her face up to hers. Bringing their lips together, she kissed her with total abandon. Soft moans and groans came from them both, hands caressed and explored over writhing bodies. They ground into each other's thighs with deep groans. Raith raised her head and gazed into turbulent sea green eyes, moving her hands downward to Goran's waistband; she slid a fingertip beneath and watched her eyes flutter close. Just as she was unfastening her Levis, her name echoed throughout the small house and then hard pounds hit the bedroom door.

"Get out here ya got a big problem!" Ma yelled and pounded on the door again. "Get your hands outta Gory's drawers and get out here!" Raith cussed and dropped her head down on Goran's chest.

"All right already, gimme a minute!" She whimpered from the fullness of her arousal and apologized to Goran. "I'm sorry Gory...I'll make it up ta ya, I promise." She gave her a soft kiss and brushed her damp hair from her face. "Really sorry." Rolling from the bed, she looked over her shoulder at Goran before pulling the door open. "Ma this had better be good or I'm hiding all your cigars!" Ma took her hand, pulled her from the bedroom and then out to the kitchen where a sheriff's deputy was waiting. "Ohhh Hell what did I do this time?"

"Nothing Raith, we found your agent down by the old bridge." He spun his hat between his fingers and looked to the old woman and then to his feet. "Got himself hung and a beer bottle stuck on his..." He refused to look up even when she stepped up to him and led him out the door.

"How do ya know he's my agent?" She said once they were outside and she closed the door.

"He had this in his pocket," He handed her the agent's badge and drivers license. "His wallet was gone but who ever hung him left his car up on the road, you want it, ya know ta take back ta DC?"

"It's a government car?"

"Yep, dark sedan, we ran the plates 'cuz we thought it was stolen at first. Then my partner saw

the rope going over the bridge hand railing." She stuffed the badge and license in her pocket.

"Are ya sure this isn't a suicide, ya know maybe he hung himself after getting his dick stuck in the bottle...I mean if I was a guy and did somethin that stupid..." She rubbed her jaw and gave the sheriff a smirk. "Can ya imagine goin ta the hospital?" He chuckled and ran his fingers through his sandy blonde hair.

"Ain't we awful, the guys dead and we're makin fun of him? But ta answer your question, his hands were handcuffed behind his back and the cuffs went through his belt. Ya know so he couldn't draw his legs up and get loose, not like he could do that while hanging or anything..."

"Where's the body right now?"

"The medical examiner has it and the cars in at the station; I can take ya so ya can get it." She nodded her head and followed him out to his 4x4 Blazer, it would take them an hour to get in to the station, she hoped that Goran wouldn't be too mad at her for running off without telling her what was going on.

Goran rolled to her side, pulled Raith's pillow to her face and inhaled her scent. Her body ached from what she and Raith had been doing and it wasn't diminishing one bit. She pulled her knees up to her chest and tried to lay in a fetal position, the pounding between her legs grew. "Damn you Raith," She got out of bed, grabbed the t-shirt that Raith slept in and headed out to the bathroom, she looked out in the kitchen and saw that only ma was there. "Where's Squirrel?" Ma looked up from where she was cleaning off the kitchen table.

"She's with the sheriff; her escapee was found swingin at the end of a rope. Looks like she won't be getting the yearly vacation anymore," She looked out the window and saw that the Blazer was gone. "She must've went with him, his trucks gone. Are ya hungry, I can make ya something to eat?"

"No, I think I'm just going to take a shower and turn in, will she be back tonight?"

"Should be, I can't see her staying out all night after what you two were doin." She gave Goran a huge grin and went back to cleaning up the kitchen. "Just want ya ta know that you're the only woman that my kids had in her bedroom here, and the only woman that I've seen her show an interest in." She watched Goran blush to a deep red and smiled wider. "So don't go blowin the roof off the house tonight with ya'll screaming."

"You won't have to worry about that, I told her she ain't getting any." She gave ma a quick smile and shrugged her shoulders. "We shouldn't have been doing anything, she can't be healed already and I'm worried that she might be rushing it."

"Don't worry about Raith, she won't risk hurting herself and having to go back ta the hospital or suffer our wraith. You're the one that I'm worried about, that is if she's anything like her daddy."

She laughed at the pale shade that came over Goran's face. "I hope she knows CPR."

"I'm so screwed." She mumbled on her way to the bathroom. "I'm dying now from just fooling around with her a little, what's gonna happen if I let her go further?" She moaned when her center clenched with her thoughts of Raith's body pressing into hers and the feel of her tongue caressing her own. She hurried into the bathroom, locked the door and then turned the water on. Seconds later, she was under the tepid water and praying for relief from her arousal. "I can't believe I'm going to do this," She slipped a hand down between her thighs and moaned when she felt the liquid heat cover her fingers. "Haven't done this in a while." She leaned her forehead against the shower wall, thrust her hips and ground her clit into her hand, minutes later; she was biting down on her lip and shuddering with her release. With some of her sexual pressure released, she finished with her shower, brushed her teeth, dressed and went right to bed.

Raith made sure that the Crimes scene unit had finished with the govt. sedan before she got in, it would be just her luck that they would need it back for something or that by getting into the car, she would screw up evidence. As it was, she wouldn't be the one investigating his death but would have to report it back to her superiors and see what they wanted done. She always knew that there was something going on with the agent but could never figure out what it was. When she had mentioned it to other agents, they told her that she was paranoid and to go play with her toys. "I guess I better let Tonya know about this," She started the car and headed out of the parking lot with thoughts of how to solve the murder of the agent flying around her mind. For one thing, it was highly unusual for anyone in the area to hang someone from a bridge. If they wanted someone hung, they did it where everyone could see the body. "Always in that big walnut tree at the cross roads, been quite a few years but." She thought aloud. "Maybe he has been selling secrets all this time and screwed someone over." She ran everything she knew about him over in her head and couldn't think of anything that anyone would pay for. "Hell any spy shop on the internet has the stuff we make, may not be as good but it's cheaper. We don't handle files so it's gotta be something else...something that I haven't been able to find on you so that means it's someone else in our section But why send you down here...unless it's to throw me off, nope that's what ya want me to think."

She hit the brakes, pulled the car over to the side of the road and stopped. Reaching over to the glove box, she opened it and pulled out everything. She unfolded a map and searched the area where she was now; in black marker were circles at certain points. "What the Hell were ya doing there, no one lives in those areas?" All but one of the areas were abandoned coal mines that were closed down in the late 50's, they were out in the open so not even the moon shiners used them for anything. She let her mind run loose and it came to a screeching halt when a pair of sea green eyes flashed in her mind's eye. Her blood shot through her veins like lava, her center throbbed with thoughts of running her hands over the small doctor's body and her heart beat frantically with longing. "Why in the Hell did I take off with the sheriff and leave you in our bed?" She moaned and whipped the car back out onto the road, she had another fifteen minutes before she was home. Looking at the dashboard clock, she cursed. It was already after eleven o'clock, Goran would be asleep and she would be suffering for the rest of the night.

When she pulled in behind her ma's truck, she noticed that the front porch light was on. Her ma had left it on so that she wouldn't do her usual and fall over the garbage cans. Taking the steps as fast as she could without falling on her face, she opened the back door and crept through the house to her bedroom. She opened the door and stood waiting for her eyes to adjust to the complete darkness; spread all across her bed was Goran snoring lightly. Slipping her boots off, she slid them across the floor to stop beside the door. Next were her Levis, she unfastened them and let them drop around her ankles. Shuffling across the floor, she tripped, fell and landed beside the bed. "Ooowwww...that was romantic...sexy and Ohhh so graceful, I'm so glad she missed it." She rolled to her back and looked up to the ceiling.

"I didn't and you forgot quiet," Goran said in a rough voice and rolled over to look over the edge of the bed. "Why are you still down there, come to bed." Raith lifted her feet up and pointed.

"Would ya help me, I'm a little tangled and I need a doctor." She shook her hand and tried to examine her wrist. "I landed funny on my wrist...fingers hurt."

"Have you ever thought of wrapping yourself in rubber padding," She yanked Raith's Levis off her feet and dropped them on the floor. "And take off your socks, I hate it and it's gross and disgusting when you wear 'em ta bed."

"And your ice cold feet are what?" She slid into bed beside Goran and then jumped when she stuck her cold feet on hers.

"Just that, cold and ready to fall off because of it." She rolled over and snuggled into Raith's chest. "Where were you?"

"Went with a deputy to get one of our government cars," She wrapped her arms around her and held her tight. "The agent I came down to get is dead, guess I don't have anything ta do down here now." Goran placed her face against her neck and hugged her tighter; she didn't want to think of Raith going back to Washington DC or herself having to go back eventually to New York. "Still think it's a conspiracy but no ones ever believed me," She yawned and draped a leg over Goran. "Gotta be a spy thing..." She drifted off to sleep and Goran soon followed.

Goran wiped tears from her cheeks, she knew this was coming but she had hoped that she would at least have a few more days with Raith. She had called her office, informed them of the agent's demise, and ordered to return that day to be debriefed. Goran had heard her argue over the phone to get a few more days with her ma and even offered to go without pay, when she smashed her cell phone into bits she knew she had failed. Now she was putting her bag in the car and getting ready to make the seven hour drive up to DC. She turned and saw Goran wiping her face and took a deep shaky breath. "Will you call me when you get up there?" Goran asked and started to sob. "So I don't worry about you." Raith walked up to her and enfolded her into her arms, she dropped her face down to her neck to inhale her soft scent.

"I'll call as soon as I get home; hopefully I can beat all the traffic and not get stuck for hours." She pulled her head back, wiped Goran's tears and placed a soft kiss to her lips. "I'll call you every night ta make sure ma ain't driven ya nuts," She kissed her again and then moaned when Goran slipped her tongue between her lips and kissed her until she was falling backwards against the car. They came apart panting and holding onto each other.

"I thought I'd never say this but I'll miss you," Goran whispered. "And I wish we had more time together."

"Me to Doc Gory, you'll let me know when you're heading back ta New York...maybe I can get away for a weekend." Goran nodded her head and pulled Raith back down to her.

"You come to New York, don't expect to see anything but the inside of my apartment."

Goran placed her blood pressure cuff back in her bag and grabbed her prescription bag; she was back at Dairy Queen the day after Raith left and trying to forget that she was alone. Ma had come with her but she was over at the church helping to organize the free clinic better. They had arranged with one of the local junkyards to fix up an old bread truck for immunizations and check-ups for his family. Goran tried to explain that what she provided was free but the man refused and said that he would pay for her services by giving her a way to get to other families. With the last of the patients gone, she took a seat on the trucks tailgate and striped off her gloves. Wiping a tear from her cheek, she pulled a note from her shirt pocket and opened it.

Dr. Who

Don't let ma go ta the strip joints in Charleston, last time it took me a Queens ransom ta get her out on bail. And beware of her Rum cake, you'll wake up days later and wonder what happened. And most of all, know that I'll be missing you more than I can put into words. Be careful and I hope ta see ya soon.

Love ya
Secret Squirrel

She had found the note after she went back in the house. Raith had slipped it in her black bag along with a jumbo size bag of *Cracker Jacks*. She closed the note back up, put it back in her pocket and wiped her cheeks again. It wasn't a note professing undying love or anything but coming from someone like Raith, it was better than anything Shakespeare ever wrote. She got down from the tailgate, looked across the road to the old stone church and decided to go see what ma was doing. The more time she spent with the older woman, the more she saw where Raith got her craziness. It wasn't crazy in the way of needing to be locked up, but in how they saw things. Ma said that all politicians were bad, that all of them should be put on a leaky ship in the middle of a hurricane, and that they only made laws that would benefit them in some ways. The more Goran thought about it the more she was seeing that they were right, all the politicians were crooked in some way. How many times did they change the tax laws so that big business got

breaks and the little person paid out the nose and wasn't it the big business men that gave millions of dollars to the politicians for campaign purposes? She was beginning to see conspiracy's at every turn herself. Pulling out a bag of *Cracker Jacks*, she filled her mouth and opened the door to the church.

"Ohh come on, how hard will it be ta call your other buddies and have 'em pass the word?" Ma said to the preacher and wiggled a finger at him. "We all know ya all get together and talk about us heathens, so knows your chance ta help. Pass the plate and help get the people around here the medical care they need, get donations so that we can get a clinic built. If the residents build it, then they won't be stealing it in the middle of the night. We got the plywood plant nearby, plenty of men around here with hammers..." She would have kept on going but the preacher raised his hands.

"OK Stella, I'll tell them at our next meeting and I'm sure with you and your poker players you'll be way ahead of me. But I will let everyone know and maybe you can get some qualified volunteers to help out in the clinic."

"I'd be happy to have my original people back; they're all trained for this." Goran stopped beside ma and looked to the other people present. "Anyone know where they are?"

"In North Carolina the last anyone heard," Ma said. "They got caught trying to sell moonshine to an undercover agent, wouldn't have been bad but the shine that they were trying ta sell was in your tractor trailer." She grabbed Goran's arm when she weaved to the side. "They're lucky they're in jail cuz if they were back up here, they'd be hung."

"And when I need the Squirrel, she's in DC, I guess I better call my boss and let him know." She ran a hand through her hair and then covered her mouth. "They are gonna be pissed beyond belief, I might be looking for a job after this. Wonder if she needs help in the UN basement...with her specialty toys?" She pictured the tall dark agent and felt her insides turn to Jell-o, the way her clear blue eyes sparkled and a hint of a grin would come to her lips always made her feel lightheaded.

Raith looked around her lab, grabbed the bad extension cord in one hand and popped her rubber mouth guard in. "This is gonna really hurt like a bitch, damn way ta get outta here." She flipped a switch that would overload the buildings circuits and then grabbed the bared spots of the wire in her hand. When the lights went out and the emergency lighting came on, Raith was sprawled on the floor by her worktable. Agents from other floors and rooms ran around with their weapons drawn and yelling, the ones from the basement area ran right to Raith's workshop. "I knew it had to be Bullshanks!" A man yelled and flipped the circuits back on. "Someone call 911 and get her outta here." He walked back across the hallway to his office and made a phone call.

Raith shook her body like a big dog; rolled her head on her shoulders and then slid off the gurney. "So I'm outta here and you'll take care of everything at the UN?" Tonya pointed a finger at her and then the door.

"I told you it's all covered, I got Benson on tape making the phone calls confirming that you're dead and all you have to do is get to our contact and let them know. Now get your paranoid ass outta here and don't get caught!"

"I've never gotten caught; you're the one that got our car towed that time." She pulled her boots on and cussed when she hit the burn on her hand. "Dr. Gory would kick my ass if she knew what I did." Tonya rolled her eyes and handed Raith her suit jacket.

"You're gone for a little while and ya fall for a doctor, does she know you're insane?"

"Yep and she even saved my life knowing that, now she'll make my life Hell if she finds out about this." She waved her bandaged hand. "I thought the surgery was bad but this is my talented hand and it hurts like a bitch."

"Hold on there Raith, what surgery and if it was serious should you be back to work?"

"Ohh they took out my useless plumbing; told me I can't have sex for a while and that was it." She pulled her dark blue suit jacket on and went to the door. "I'll give ya a call at home once I get everything settled and be careful, this ain't over yet." She pulled her dark sunglasses from her pocket, slipped them on and walked down the hallway. "Gonna go get the bad guys!" Tonya stood in the hospital examination room with her jaw hanging open, her partner could come back from the brink of death and walk out the door on top of having major surgery.

"She ain't human...can't be."

Raith opened her bedroom closet, pulled out her now seldom-used black fatigue pants, Ranger boots and then pulled open a hidden panel. Inside the small room, she pulled a string and blinked when the room lite up. "Let me see what kinda toys I wanna take with me?" She pulled down from a wooden peg her old black well-worn double shoulder harness with attached knife sheath and slipped it over her shoulders. Her next choice was her pearl handled chrome .357 pistols. "How's mama's baby's been," She flipped them and spun them on her fingers before slipping them into her holsters. "Maybe I'll get ta shoot some asshole this time?" An hour later, she had her duffel bag packed; house locked up and was out the door to her black jeep. Tying her hair back, she started the engine and took off across the open field that intersected with Rt. 95 South. Cutting down across an embankment, she shot through a hole in the fence and pulled out on to 95. Tonya had questioned her living in Aqua Harbor so many times that she had lost count, she told her that she didn't mind the commute to work and had plenty of shortcuts that she could use. This was one of them. Shifting gears, she floored the jeep until she hit 80mph and set the cruise control. If a cop pulled her over, she would flash her badge and be off again. "Life is great when

no one controls ya." She flipped on her CD player and cranked up *Bonnie Rait*.

Two days after Raith had promised to call, Goran waited on the phone until, after she was transferred from person to person for fifteen minutes, someone finally answered. One more transfer and she would walk to DC to kick ass. "This is Superintendent Bigsly how can I help you?"

"I'm trying to get in contact with Agent Raith Bullshanks; she works in the lower level."

"I'm aware of where she worked, are you a family member?"

"No I'm not and what do you mean worked, did she quit?"

"I can not discuss this further; I need to contact her family..."

Goran sunk to the floor and felt her hand holding the phone start to shake; she stuttered and finally got her words out. "I'm Dr. Goran Pickens, I'm a family friend and the family doctor, tell me what's going on."

"Agent Bullshanks died after sustaining an electrical shock while in her work area, she was pronounced dead at the scene and her remains were taken to Bethesda Medical Center. It would be greatly appreciated if you could pass on the information." He hung up leaving a slack-jawed Goran holding the phone; it fell from her hand to clunk on the floor.

"Hey Gory ya want coffee or tea," Ma yelled and then noticed that Goran was slouched on the floor. "What are ya doing down there and whys..."

"She's dead...Raith's dead..." She broke down and fell into ma's arms when she kneeled down in front of her. "She's dead...and I never told her."

"Who said she's dead, there's no way in Hell that my kids dead." She grabbed the phone and dialed it with one hand, lifting it to her ear; she waited for it to be answered. "What the Hell is going on and why are we hearing this days later and only because Gory called?" Gory got up from the floor and stumbled all the way to Raith's bedroom. "Ohh just wait, someone's head is gonna roll with this one!" She hung up on Raith's boss and went after Gory; she would take on the entire United Nations building as soon as she checked on the small doctor.

Raith pulled her jeep up the dirt road and flipped the high beams and fog lights on, she was coming in a different way and the vegetation had grown up over months. Cutting the wheel hard to the right, she cut down through the brush and stopped right beside her ma's truck. She shut down the engine, got out and groaned when the outside light went off. "My ass is grass." She mumbled before picking her way to the steps, she thought that she was clear of her ma's booby

traps when she tripped over one of the metal garbage cans. After rolling around on the ground, hitting her face on the truck's bumper and falling up the first two steps, the light came on. "Thanks ma, ya did that on purpose, why?"

"Ohh for the simple fact that you're dead and I wasn't expecting a ghost to be driving your jeep," She reached out, punched her daughter in her arm, and then grabbed the front of her black t-shirt to pull her into the house. "It took two hours ta calm Gory down after she was told ya were dead." She pushed her down into a kitchen chair and grabbed her glass of *Johnny Walker*. "Why the hell didn't you call?"

"I did but you guys were never here and as my back up, Tonya was supposed ta call until she reached ya..." At that second, the phone rang. "Wanna bet that's Tonya?" She reached across, grabbed the phone and growled into it. "I'm dead you talk ta ma." She handed it to her ma and got up. "My will is at my house in my safe just so ya know fer when Gory kills me." She stopped outside of her bedroom door and looked in; curled around her pillow and sound asleep was Goran. As quietly as she could, she went in and sat on the edge of the bed, brushing back messy blonde hair, she leaned down, kissed her neck and snuggled her face against her warm skin. Before she knew what happened, she was on her back fending off punches.

"Wait...damn...Gory...stop...MAAA!" She yelled and covered her head to protect her face from Goran's hard punches. She peeked from behind her arm when Goran stopped punching her to see the barrel of one of her .357's only an inch away. "Ohh fuck...don't shoot! Please don't shoot me Who...it'll...it'll hurt really bad and put a hole in ma's floor."

"Tell me why I shouldn't shoot you! I cried all day over you," She yanked Raith's arms down from her head and tapped her on the chest. "And you're not dead, so that means I wasted a lot of tears over you!"

"She's gotcha there Raith," Ma said with a chuckle. "If ya shoot her Gory, I got the perfect place ta hide her body and I'll split all her worldly possessions with ya."

"Ya can have everything just don't shoot me...It was the only way outta the UN."

"What your boss is a tyrant and only death will get you out of there at quitting time?"

"Dying is the only way ta live once ya do get out," She took her gun from Goran's hands and slipped it back into its holster. "Agents don't quit or retire when they work with the stuff I do, they die mysterious deaths." Goran shook her head and got up off Raith to sit on the edge of the bed next ta ma. "I know ya think I make all kinds of spy toys that are useless but what I actually do is make and sometimes plant bugs. Some of these devices are the size of a pencil's eraser." She sat up and placed her hand on Goran's shin. "Those devices are used in the UN buildings, embassies, homes of diplomats, Government officials and anywhere we might learn secrets. The problem is that everyone is doing it at the same places. It's like when ya look under a desk and see different flavors of gum stuck under there, that's what the spy business is like. Everyone's bugs all lined up under some official's desk, the problem is, who's knocking who off and fer what reason."

"That's a reassuring thought; everyone in the Government is on the same page with everyone else including terrorists!" She pointed a finger at Raith. "That still doesn't explain why you played dead and didn't call us and how the other agencies won't tell them that you're not dead!"

"I tried...ma needs an answering machine and I wasn't playing dead, I was dead for a few minutes and no one will say that I'm not dead because I'm too valuable dead." She confused herself with what she had just said and wondered if Goran was the same. She held out her bandaged hand and offered a small smile to the small doctor. "Got a bad electrical burn from the wire someone tried to fry me with, they bared the wire and put it under my desk where my feet would hit it." She wiggled her brows and winked at her ma. "But I found it, rerouted half the power to a switch and grabbed the wire. Knocked me on the floor and stopped my heart, after our suspect said I was toast, Tonya zapped me and had the phony paramedics haul me out." Ma fell back on the bed with a groan, she had lived through some weird things with Raith but this beat them all.

"Is it too late to run her back to the maternity ward, I think they gave me the wrong kid?"

"We could drop her off and leave for another country, Sweden's nice." Goran said and then grabbed Raith's hand. "Let me see how bad this is and you told me you weren't allowed to have a gun and there you are with two of them."

"The UN wouldn't let me but the CIA says I can drive a tank if I want," She flinched when Goran pulled the hair out on the back of her hand. "That hurts and why ya yanking on my fingers?"

"Because they're purple, who put this bandage on anyway?"

"Some nurse I think," She looked at the burn and looked away. "It's bad ain't it...will I lose my fingers?"

"No and only if I cut 'em off now go get my black bag and take those guns off, children shouldn't play with dangerous toys."

Goran watched Raith drive off in her jeep the next morning on a secret squirrel mission and turned to ma with a raised eyebrow. "Did you know she was a double agent?"

"I had suspicions for years," She poured them coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. "She was always doing weird shit and a couple times her partner Tonya would end up hiding down here for one reason or another. And could never tell me what was going on, not that I wanted to know or anything."

"Why here I mean why put you in danger...for fuck sakes," She slapped her hand down on the table. "She was sent to protect me and here's all this bullshit with the dead agent, someone trying to fry her at work, her faking her death and showing up armed to the teeth and going to investigate abandoned coal mines." She gasped and then dragged in a ragged breath. "I'm as good as dead ain't I," She let out a deep laugh. "What's worse is my boss OK'd all of this!" She

slapped both hands on the table. "That's it I quit, I'll fry scrapple at some truck stop before I go back there and let them try and get me killed."

"Don't worry about it, the UN people think she's deranged and won't send anyone down here to 'clean up' the witnesses. Not like they could find their asses with both hands and us in the middle of the wilderness. From what Tonya told me the last time I saw her, Raith was in the nut ward at Bethesda. She tore down her boss's wall looking for the spy who was hiding there. It took six huge men to capture her and haul her to the hospital, so from there on out." She shrugged her shoulders.

"So she is nuts and she could just be down here trying to find Waldo?" Ma gave her a huge smile and shrugged her shoulders.

"She could be or not, guess none of us will ever know fer sure. I mean anyone who's a double agent can't be too sane."

Raith walked up from the abandoned coal mine, she had walked the entire striped out area and not even found a footprint. She stopped part way up and looked out over the area with her binoculars again; she was hoping that with the direction the sun was now in, it would give her a different view. "Ain't fuck here, why'd ya mark it on the map?" She lowered her binoculars and climbed back up to her jeep. "Maybe ya didn't make it here yet and it was just a possibility," She sat down on her bumper and pulled out her palm pilot to check for messages from Tonya.

SS

Checked deal, Benson sandwich, Taco Bell order triangled.

Morocco Mole.

"What the Hell Tonya, how the Hell did the Columbian's get in this and how did you find out?" She pulled out the map and looked at the three marked areas. "Triangle it and then what..." She pulled out a pencil and connected the areas so they formed a triangle, what she saw brought a grin to her face. "I gotcha, it's in the middle and what a horrible place to be if you're getting hung out ta dry." She tossed the map in her jeep and then crawled in. "Back ta square one, wonder what the CS crews found from the scene?" She went back out the way she came and headed out in the direction where someone hung the agent from the bridge. "Now I gotta figure out where the Columbian's are, what if anything they got from the agent and why the Hell I'm down here all alone and basically in the FUCKING DARK!" She tapped her fingers on the steering wheel with each thought that traveled through her mind, they had intercepted transmissions and other Intel leaving from Benson's office by phone, FAX, PC and radio signal for over a year now. Most of the time it sounded like a shopping list but that didn't explain why the agent from Raith's work area made numerous trips all over the world and one to southern West Virginia. He told every one that he came down for Ramp Festival, which was in April and it was now September. Raith had always known ahead of time when he was coming down and was able to take her vacation at the same time. This year, her boss sent her down to find the agent. "I think they found out what

we were doing...FUCK!"

"Ohh what the Hell, I might as well open up an orphanage for lost agents." Ma closed the back door behind Tonya and then sat down at the kitchen table. "So what did ya do this time and who'd ya do it to?" She waved a hand at Goran. "This is Doc Gory and that's Tonya the trouble maker."

"Hey it wasn't my fault," She brushed her long tawny hair over her shoulders and she pulled a cigar box out of her backpack. "They suspended me for stealing a case of imported cigars, damn guy at the dock got greedy when I offered him a quarter of the case." She pulled five more boxes from her backpack and placed them on the table. "He narked on me and got fired and I got a case of cigars that they don't know about." Goran grabbed one of the boxes and inspected the label.

"Hand rolled Cuban cigars from Havana, surprised they didn't shoot you." She looked into twinkling hazel eyes and grinned. "They can't do anything because these aren't supposed to be in the US?"

"Bingo!" She looked Goran over and grinned, she always knew Raith had a weakness for blondes but she never envisioned one who looked like the small doctor. She always expected the bimbo type not the self-assured doctor who had almost the same expressions and mannerisms as Raith. "How long have you known Raith?"

"A few weeks at the most, why has her insanity worn off on me or something cuz that's the only reason I can think that you would be starring at me?" Ma laughed and slapped hands with Goran.

"No nothing like that, you just act like her a little. The eyebrow thing, Raith's has a life of its own it dances all the time." She pointed to Goran and wiggled her finger. "Yours is doing it now and that shit eating grin, too damn spooky." She leaned back in her chair and looked right at Goran. "Did she do the bug thing where she jumps ya and leaves ya in your underwear?"

"Hell, that's what she took was my underwear. She killed all my bras and left me swinging free." She mumbled under her breath. "Damn perv and her grabby hands."

After talking to Tonya and finding out that she was at mas, Raith felt better and continued on her way to the murder scene. Now she stood beneath the bridge where the agent had dangled from his rope, she couldn't really see much because of the traffic that had come after his body was found. She looked off into each direction and tried to envision which direction the murderers had come from, if she could figure that out, then she could ask around about strangers. "Where did you stay while down here, was it closer to Charleston or this area. Easy to find out, I'll have Tonya call tomorrow while I guard Gory at Dairy Queen." She grinned and rubbed her hands together. "More like watch her ass and drool over her then guard her." She jogged up the embankment and brushed her hair out of her eyes, at the edge of the road was where a car peeled

out and in the gravel was the butt of a cigar. Using her thumb and forefinger, she picked it up from the burned area and brought it up for a closer look. "Well looky here, one hand rolled Cuban cigar. Only person around here to have those are ma and she wasn't here." She went back to her jeep and pulled out an evidence bag from her backpack. "Off to the crime lab for a DNA test and we'll see if we get any hits on who smoked you." She hopped into her jeep and headed home, she hoped that she made it there before dark and before Goran went to sleep. The woman could sleep through a sonic boom an earthquake and anything else Mother Nature or mankind could throw at her. Raith had even done the starring thing like she did with her ma and Goran hadn't even rolled over. "I miss her even if we're in the same bed."

Tonya was on the couch with ma watching TV when Raith came in; she looked at both of them and shook her head. "Couch potatoes, bet ya been there for the last three hours."

"Nope, four hours three minutes and you make a better wall then a window, move your skinny ass!" Ma threw a pillow at her and yelled for Gory. "Come get the squirrel before we kick her ass! Better yet, get your ass in your room, you're grounded!" Raith gave them both a wide grin before running to her bedroom.

"Think that was a smart thing to do," Tonya asked and looked over the back of the couch to Raith's bedroom door. "What if they start playing around in there?"

"We'll throw a party; damn kids need ta do something besides make those googly eyes at each other."

Goran looked up from the book she was reading and snorted at Raith's attempt to sneak into the room. "Does the CIA know that you suck at sneaking around undetected?"

"Nope, no ones ever narked on me cuz I always get the bad guy." She stepped full way around the door jam, ran across the room and dove onto the bed. "So are ya reading smutty stuff?"

"If you consider bowel resection smutty then ya," She closed the book, dropped it on the floor and rolled to her side. "So secret squirrel did ya solve the crime?" Raith rolled to her side and put her head on Goran's upper arm.

"Nope but I did find some evidence that the crime lab didn't, the sheriff will be out in the mornin fer it." She ran her hand up Goran's back to stop at her neck where she played with the hair at her nape. "Did Tonya tell ya all kinds of nasty stuff about me?"

"Ohh she did mention that you took all your sex toys from your office," She put her into a loose half Nelson and growled in her ear. "You don't make all those things do you, someone else does huh?" Raith wrapped around her and sighed from the feeling of being as close as she could physically get with Goran.

"Nope, I make all that stuff." She mumbled against her chest and hugged her tighter. "I can do lots of stuff."

"Well ya can't prove that by me, fooling around a little bit don't mean nothin in that area squirrel." Raith raised her head up and shook it.

"We can't do anything here...its ma's house!"

"What, will she wanna come in and watch or something, come on Squirrel," She ran her hand across the side of Raith's breast. "I've been dying since you went back to DC," She rolled them over until she had Raith pinned. "If we hadn't been interrupted the last time, I know what would have happened, so what changed..." She looked down into pale blue eyes, rolled off Raith and strode to the door when she figured out the problem. "Ohh I get it, Tonya's your girlfriend!"

"What...no she's not," She struggled from the bed, fell on her face and tripped her way after Goran. "Wait Gory...she's not...she's...MAAA!" She went running through the house after Goran and caught up to her just as she was going out the back door. Before she could make it through, Goran yanked the door closed causing her to run right into it.

"What the Hell..." Goran asked herself out loud and was about to go off for a long walk to cool down, when she then heard a loud thump come from behind the closed door. "No...I didn't just smack her with the door." She rubbed her face with both hands, threw her head back to release a long breath and then pulled the door open to find Raith sprawled out on the kitchen floor. "Ohh fuck squirrel," She dropped down at her head and lifted it to cradle on her lap. "I swear we'll end up killing each other," She placed a soft kiss to the lump forming on Raith's forehead. "Or your entire body will be black and blue."

"Havin a lover's spat and ya ain't even lovers," Ma looked down at her daughters slack face and clucked her tongue. "She's an endangerment to herself; I'll get some ice fer her head. Damn klutzy ass kid I have must take after the other side of the family." She handed her a bag of ice and took a seat at the table. "So what are ya two fighting about?"

"It's asinine, is Tonya and Raith ya know?"

"Hell no!" Tonya said as she came into the kitchen and got a beer from the refrigerator. "She's too much of a dweeb for me; ya know too brainy an shit. Damn genius IQ or something but dumb at the same time." She grabbed another beer and tossed it to ma. "Come on ma lets go check out that strip club in Charleston."

"Wait you guys can't leave me with squirrel, she's hurt and..."

"You're a doctor," Ma sad and clapped her on the shoulder. "Maybe ya knocked some sense in ta her, have fun."

"Are they gone?" Goran looked down to see one blue eye open and scanning the kitchen. "How bad's my head, feels like I got hit with a hammer?" She yelped when Goran got up and let her head hit the kitchen floor. "Dr. Who wait...Oww...damn I may not survive the night." She crawled on all fours to the living room and then over the back of the couch to fall in Goran's lap. "Are ya mad at me again...I just felt funny cuz ma and Tonya were sitting right out here?"

"Not mad...just frustrated, irritated and...oohh fuck." She groaned when Raith lifted her shirt and ran her tongue across her stomach. "Now you wanna make out after busting your head..."

"Ohhh more than make out, I want everything. We got the house ta ourselves and I got some of my toys." She pulled down the zipper on Goran's faded Levis with her teeth and then nuzzled her stomach. "Want everything forever." She raised her head and looked into dark green eyes before climbing off the couch to kneel before Goran. "Every single day for eternity, marry me Dr. Who." Goran's eyebrow rose to hang over her unbelieving eye and she would have snorted if not for the serious look on Raith's face.

"You're serious about this...Raith..."

"Never been more serious about anything in my life..."

"Hold on there a minute Squirrel; we don't have to be married to have sex." Raith took both of her hands in hers and pressed kisses to her knuckles.

"I know that I just want you to know that I'm not taking our relationship lightly."

"Ohh for fuck sakes squirrel," She got up from the couch, took her hand and dragged her to her feet. "You're insane and you had me from our first kiss." She pulled her all the way to their bedroom until they were by the bed, in one fluid motion; she had Raith's shirt off and was then unfastening her Levis. "No more waiting, no more cold showers for me," She pushed a now naked Raith back on the bed and pulled her own shirt up over her head. "You're not getting out of this and no more denying what I feel," She kicked off her pants, crawled up Raith's body, and hovered over her. "I'm in love with you and you're never getting rid of me." She brought their lips together in a heated kiss and then pressed their breasts together with a deep moan. Raith never had a chance; Goran took control and never gave it back. They kissed for what seemed hours, slow exploring kisses that brought their blood to a boil. Goran moved to kneel between her lover's thighs; she ran her fingers from Raith's high cheekbones all the way to her firm breasts. Splaying her fingers out, she felt the muscles flex beneath her hands. With all the lovers, she had in the past, none of them aroused her like Raith did or as quick. She leaned down, pressed a kiss between Raith's breasts, and then worked her way over to one of her nipples. Teasing her until it grew hard, she grinned when she moaned and arched her back.

"Are ya gonna tease me until I beg?"

"Squirrel I just started and I'll warn ya now; I like to take my time."

"I'll die from heart failure before long," She whimpered when Goran sucked and gently bit her

nipple with sharp teeth. "No stamina...been a while..." When Goran poured attention on her other breast, she brought her knees up and raised her hips against her stomach. Deep moans rumbled in her chest, she fought to keep her hands from pushing her lover downward. Grabbing the quilt, she squeezed her fingers into it when warm moist lips covered her stomach in kisses.

"God you're beautiful," She ran her fingers down across Raith's defined stomach and stopped at her hips. Picking up the scent of their combined arousal, she groaned. "So wet and so ready." She traced the squirrel tattoo with her tongue and felt her muscles ripple. "What do you want me to do Raith?"

"Come up here," She reached down and pulled her up to her waiting lips, the kiss was deep and sensual and stole their breath away. Slipping her thigh between Goran's, she moaned against her lips. "Come with me." Goran rose up onto her hands on either side of Raith's head and rolled her hips downward, she moaned deeply from the contact and felt her juices spread against her lover's thigh. When Raith rolled her nipples between her finger's she growled deep in her chest and pushed her breasts into her hands. Then pressing her thigh upward into Raith, she became even more aroused from the feel of her lover's wetness painting her heated skin. She knew it wouldn't take much for herself to fall over the edge and that Raith was even closer, she had wanted to take her time with Raith but their bodies had other ideas. They moved slowly against each other and kept eye contact until Raith closed her eyes and arched her back. Her breathing became ragged; she gripped Goran's hips with her hands and bucked against her thigh. Her center exploded and sent colors flashing behind her eyes; she gasped out her lover's name and came again when Goran's hot juices poured out against her skin. They bucked and shuddered with each wave that traveled through them until Goran collapsed on top of Raith and buried her face against her sweat-dampened neck. For long moments, they just lay there gasping for air. Raith ran her hands down her back and hugged her tight to her body; she rolled them to their sides and whispered in her lover's ear. "Knew ya'd give in an gimme some."

"Ya did huh." Raith nuzzled her neck and placed a soft kiss to her jaw.

"I love you and I still wanna marry you." She ran her nails across Raith's scalp and grinned when she shivered.

"I love you too and we'll talk about the marriage thing tomorrow, right now we got a lot of positions to experience and not just the missionary one."

Hours later, Raith and Goran are in the kitchen eating strawberry ice cream. Goran is sitting on the table with her weight balanced on one hand, her other hand is at the back of her kneeling lover's head. With her one foot on the table's edge, her other leg is over Raith's shoulder. She thrusts her hips and moans out her lover's name. Using her hand, Raith scoops more ice cream from the container, letting it melt in her fist, she lets it drip and run down her lover's cleft. With the tip of her tongue, she licks the ice cream from her swollen clit. The more she licks the harder Goran thrusts against her mouth and the louder her moans become. She knows her lover is close; her own center clenches around two of her fingers each time Goran moans. When Goran stops

moving, yells out and bucks one last time, the floodgate opens. Raith bucks against her own hand and climaxes while licking at her lover's spurting juices. She moans with the last quiver that runs through her body and rests her face on Goran's inner thigh.

"Squirrel are you OK?" She pants from where she is sprawled on her back across the table.

"My legs don't wanna work." She pulls herself up to lay with her upper body on Goran and her face resting against her chest. "Think we need ta shower, we're all sticky." She snorted when her face became stuck to Goran's chest. "We better hurry before I can't get you off the table."

"Ohh you can get me off on the table alright," She ran her hands down Raith's back and stopped at her hips. "I just can't wait until you have to explain the mess in here to ma." Raith looked around at the empty candy wrappers, melting ice cream and other stuff that they had gotten into and grinned.

"I'll tell her that you sleep walk and always raid the refrigerator."

Ma walked into the kitchen, slipped on the floor and fell back into Tonya. She reached out to the counter, pulled herself up, and placed a hand on Tonya's arm to keep her from falling. "Look at this mess, what the fuck were they doing in here?"

"I have no idea but I know two kids that are gonna clean this mess up." She slid across the floor and into the living room, slipping her shoes off; she left them in the kitchen and headed down the hall to the bathroom. Pushing the door open, she went to the bathtub and yanked the curtain back. "You two are in deep shit, so get your ass's outta there and clean up my kitchen!" She turned the hot water off before she left the two started women and grinned evilly when they both screamed. "Serve ya right since ya messed up my kitchen doing only who knows..." She slapped her forehead and groaned with enlightenment. "Ooohh they didn't!" She went back to the kitchen and looked at the kitchen table. "Ohh that's it they're both grounded until they're 80!"

"What's the matter ma?" Tonya saw how red her face was getting and then followed her eyes to the table. "EWWW! I'm not eating on that table ever again!" She shuddered, stomped her feet and wiped her hands on her thighs. "That's just...icky!"

Goran wiped at her eyes and her runny nose, ma was making them clean her kitchen with bleach water and scrub brushes. She looked up at the wall clock and whimpered, it was past two am and she was exhausted. "Squirrel I'm dying here, I can't see and I think my lungs are gonna fall out if I cough again." Raith sneezed and wiped at her runny eyes.

"Remind me ta kill Tonya for pouring all that damn bleach on the table." She dropped her sponge, scrub brush and rag in her bucket and put it out on the back porch. "I had my puppy shots so I know I ain't got no diseases." Goran put her cleaning stuff out on the porch, grabbed

her lover's hand and pulled her out into the crisp early morning air.

"Guess we learned our lesson huh, never leave ma's kitchen a mess or..."

"Use real strawberry ice cream, I didn't think I was gonna get those stains outta the tile." She pulled Goran back into her chest and rested her chin on her shoulder. "I'm going with ya in the morning and what's this about building a clinic?"

"Did ma tell ya about that, when I'm treating patients, she's at the church picking its pocket."

"Yep and I have a hammer somewhere around here and I can actually pound nails in without hitting my fingers...other peoples fingers don't count." She kissed the side of her neck and hugged her tighter. "Ya know ma and Tonya are gonna give us a hard time when they get up."

"Yeah all the more reason for us to go to bed now," She turned in her lover's arms and looked up into her pale blue eyes. "I'm exhausted and my back is killing me."

"OK, I'm startin ta feel it to and I'm glad we can sleep in."

"You mean until ma drags us outta bed and when will you have time to help build a clinic?"

"I'll have plenty of time since I don't hafta go looking for Columbians or missing agents." Goran grabbed her chin and pulled her head down.

"Columbians...as in drug cartel Columbians as in they kill you for fun and smoke big cigars afterward?"

"That would be them but we don't hafta worry about them, Tonya does, she gets ta track down where the agent was staying. Now let's go ta bed, me and the Squirrel are tired."

Tonya searched the motel room that the dead agent had been using while in West Virginia. She was down to the last square inch when she saw a section of the carpet that just didn't look right. "Hey Raith do you have a sharp blade on ya, I need one to cut the carpet in here?" Raith and Goran came out of the bathroom and looked down to where Tonya was on her knees. Goran told Raith that they would help Tonya with her investigation because it would be safer for the agent and she wouldn't be worrying about her. Raith went to argue but found that to be a very dangerous move when fiery green eyes locked with hers. She nodded her head, grabbed her utility belt and followed both smaller women out to Tonya's Explorer. With the three of them doing a thorough search, it was being done quicker and Raith her self wasn't worried about her partner like she would have been.

"Isn't there a spot already cut?" She asked and leaned down to examine the area. "Ohh wait, he glued it back down."

"Yep and what ever he used still reeks, that's how I found it, plus that it's a little higher then the rest of the floor." She took the penknife from Raith, slit the carpet and pulled it back with Goran's help. "What the fuck Squirrel, why the fuck did he stick a file folder under the carpet?" She handed it to Raith and sat back against the wall.

"Do you think he knew that he was gonna be killed?" Goran asked and took a seat next to Tonya. "Or is it a common practice to hide stuff in motel rooms?" Raith shook her head, opened the folder and groaned.

"Son of a bitch, this is a list of all the double agents." She flipped the pages and looked to Tonya when she was done. "Everywhere and in all the initial organizations, this could have blown up everything if it had gotten into the wrong hands. What worries me is did he give it to the Columbian's or did they kill him because he didn't?"

"Or did he put it on CD and give it to someone else," Goran snapped her fingers for a few seconds and then looked to Tonya. "The asshole that told me Raith was dead, I think it was your boss?"

"Benson?" Tonya asked and groaned when Goran shook her head.

"No it was...Superintendent Bigsly; he answered when I called the number you gave me." Both Tonya and Raith said together.

"Who the Hell is Bigsly?" Goran looked between them with wide eyes.

"You guys don't know him then what was he doing answering Raith's office phone?" Raith looked through the pages in the folder for Bigsly's name but didn't find it, she handed it to Tonya and then gave her a small camera.

"Get pictures of every page and then put the folder back where it was," She handed her a tube of glue from a pouch on her belt and then pulled Goran to her feet. "Let's get the bathroom back the way it was and then you can help me put up the surveillance stuff, I have a bad feeling that someone knows about the folder and they'll be coming for it." Goran planted her hands on her hips, tilted her head to the side and growled.

"Tell me we're not gonna get shot or anything?"

"We're not even gonna be in the area when and if they come for that folder, but I'll be transmitting everything to my bosses office and they'll be agents around here waiting." She handed Goran some thin off white colored wires and then a tube of super glue. "Start by the door and glue the wire along the edge of the baseboard," She leaned down and showed her lover where she wanted her to start and how to do it. "I gotta get some stuff from Tonya's truck," She gave her a soft kiss and then went to the door. "Don't worry everything's gonna be alright, I promise." Goran blew out a breath and watched her lover's wide shoulders disappear behind the door.

"Tonya are your names in that folder?" She started gluing the wire down and looked up when Tonya came up to her.

"From just scanning over it, yeah we're both in there. But they think Raith is dead so she's safe, it's me that's gonna have to look over my shoulder for the rest of my life." She scrubbed her face and looked to the door when Raith came back in. "Hey Squirrel, when we're done here we have to kill me off." Raith nodded her head and grinned.

"Sure thing, how do ya want me ta knock your ass off?" Goran got up from the floor, slapped the wires into Raith's hand and rushed out the door before she could do anything. "Ohh boy, I think I better arrange both our deaths." She ran out after her lover and began to worry when she didn't see her, out of the corner of her eye, she caught a flash of blonde hair as Goran went around the corner of the motel. "Ohh fuck how am I gonna fix this?" She took off running and caught up with her right before she would have slipped around the next corner of the building. "Gory wait let me explain!"

"Go to Hell Raith," She slapped at Raith's hands and held up a fist to slug her. "You act like dying is nothing, well it's everything!" She turned and yelled out Raith's name when she wrapped her arms around her and pulled her back against the length of her body.

"I have to fake her death so that she'll be free from other agents trying ta kill her."

"You just don't get it do you, you two act like death is a big joke!" She turned so that she was facing Raith. "I saw death every single day at the hospital and there wasn't a damn thing I could do about it, I tried to save all my patients but some were beyond what I could do." Raith now knew that it wasn't anything that she or Tonya had done or said but what Goran had lived through. She loosened her grip on her lover but kept contact with her in some way. "Every day I saw broken bodies, I tried to put them back together but nothing I did could help all of them. I can't handle death anymore!" She sobbed and buried her face against Raith's chest. "I can't save people anymore; I don't have it left in me to be a hero." Raith held her tight and whispered in her ear.

"Let's go home Gory, Tonya can finish up here. I'll call ma and she can come get us."

"No we have to help her," she pulled back and wiped her face. "Sorry Raith, it's just the way you two joke about death..."

"It's the only way that we can handle it; we've seen some horrible stuff in the years that we've worked for the CIA. This is the only way that I can save Tonya from really being killed, its part of our survival."

"How many times have you two killed each other off?"

"Ohh about a dozen times all together, we always get into the bad stuff and dying is the only way out. This is the last time; we're retiring after this job is done."

"But you said that agents don't retire...they..."

"That's other agents not us, we're protected from all of that stuff. We've been planning for our retirement for years, where most people save money, we saved information. It's with a trusted person and if anything funny happens to either one of us, the newspapers and stations will be getting copies of everything we saved. The free world will be tilted on its ear with what we have hidden away."

"You're not as nuts as you want people to believe are you?"

"Ohh I'm insane alright just not the type that they lock up in a rubber room." She gave her a soft kiss, hugged her tightly to her body and then released her. "We have little spiders to put in the corners and other little bugs to capture all of the takedown on tape."

On the ride back to ma's, Goran played with one of the bugs that Raith had left over from their surveillance setup. She turned it over in her hand and then looked at her lover's profile. "From now on if I see a bug of any kind I'm smashing the shit out of it and never looking back ya got me Squirrel?" She held the two-inch long rubber grasshopper out in front of her nose and wiggled it. "I would never have known that there's a little tiny camera in this thing, you two are sick bitches. So how many of those sneak peek websites do you two own?"

"WE don't own any of them...do we Secret Squirrel?" Tonya elbowed her and then pointed at her. "She's got a web site called Public Nuisance or something, she won't let me look at it or anything so who knows what's on there." She looked around Raith at Goran. "Could be pictures of me on it and I'd never know!"

"I got all kinds of pictures on there and I can guarantee that yours ain't one of 'em," She sighed and looked to Tonya. "I'll show ya once we get home, Gory's got her laptop with her and I book marked it on there." She grinned when her lover shoved her against the trucks door.

"You book marked your website on my laptop and I didn't see it, what else have ya slid past me?"

"Not much believe me, not much."

Ma held out a notepad to Goran and leaned back in her chair to puff on her cigar and sip bourbon. While they were gone that day, she had called in some markers and got the ball rolling for the free clinic building. "So whatcha think on that Gory, will it work for a clinic?" Green eyes lifted from the notepad and narrowed.

"And how is it that you came upon half of a modular house?"

"Ohh that's easy, ya see I just happen to have 300lb of copper tubing and a roll of copper out in one of my sheds. Leroy Collers down on the other side of the river by Billy wants it and will trade the modular that's sittin in his yard."

"And why does he only have half a house in his yard?"

"Ohh that's easy, he couldn't afford the other half. So I was thinking that we could cut it in two and join those two halves together for a clinic." She wiggled her brows and winked a pale blue eye. "So all we gotta do is find a piece of land, have it hauled over there, cut in two..."

"And bolt it back together," She leaned back in her chair and knew that it couldn't get any better than this, a full smile blossomed on her lips and went all the way to her emerald green eyes. "It'll be perfect, now where can I rent some land?" Raith leaned over her back and looked at the notepad.

"How about that lot right next ta the church, I think they want like four grand fer it or something?"

"Four grand," Goran ran a hand down her face and groaned. "I'll have to try and get the funds from my tight ass boss and that could take months."

"Forget the Government, I'll buy the land and give it ta ya as a present." She said and then placed a kiss on Goran's head. "Ma make the arrangements and take the money outta my internet account." She walked from the kitchen with a grinning Tonya right on her heels.

"Wait a minute here you can't do that...BULLSHANKS!"

"Forget it Gory, once her mind is set there ain't anyone in this world that can change it. Besides the money in her Internet Account just sits there and collects interest."

"That reminds me, she was gonna show me that web page." She went to the bedroom, got her laptop and set it up on the kitchen table. "Any idea what this page is before I pull it up?"

"Ohh it's nothing bad in fact it's a good page, she keeps up a couple of them fer the Government." She waved a hand at Goran. "Go ahead and pull it up, she does a good job designing the pages."

"Why doesn't Tonya know about this?"

"Because Raith is enough of a dork without people knowing she's a computer geek on top of everything else." Goran pulled up the page and let out a low whistle, the background was royal blue with gold badges. The rest of the page was done in easy to read tool bars with the sections contained on the web page.

"So this can tell you all the known sex offenders for any area that you want just by typing in your zip code?"

"Yep and any other kinda criminal ya can think of, with just a monthly fee of 19.99 you to can keep track of your bastard of a neighbor the pedophile."

"She charges twenty bucks a month for information?" She typed in her zip code and was surprised at the number of sexual offender's just blocks from her apartment in New York. "OK now I see what she's doing, you can numbers of sick fucks in your area and for the monthly charge you get their names and full rap sheet with their address and everything else." She looked to ma with a crooked grin. "Bet those fuckers get harassed continuously, they should have their dicks cut off and shoved up their asses for what they've done."

"Ohh I agree with ya, but they let 'em out and then expect us ta just act like they never did anything wrong." She tapped at the screen and gave Gory her zip code, when nothing came up, she gave her a wink. "The first one that came around here found out what it was like fer his victims; he's in a mental ward now and doesn't even know who he is."

"Did vigilantes get a hold of him and rape him like he did to his victims?"

"Nope, he's own family got a hold of him. We don't put up with that kinda stuff around here and it shouldn't be put up with anywhere, ya can't fix those sick bastards." Goran agreed with her, she didn't think that sexual predators could be reformed. They should be kept in prison where they couldn't hurt anyone ever again and if they perished behind bars then so be it.

"So how long has she had this web page thing going on?" She shut down her laptop and took the offered cup of coffee from ma.

"Ohh it's been years, I think she started doing it around the time that America's Most Wanted came out."

"That's a long time; she must have quite a bit of money sitting in the bank now."

"Ohh I guess I gots lots of money, ma takes care of it fer me." She dropped down at the table with a long object wrapped in butchers paper and plastic. "That money's gonna build ma a mansion up in Aqua Harbor, thing is getting her up there."

"And leave my poker buddies, not a chance." Raith grinned and waited until Tonya came into the kitchen.

"Hey ya want my house in Aqua Harbor, I'm moving back in with ma." Ma dropped her head on the table and whimpered.

"It just ain't fair, I can't get rid of my damn kid fer nothin!"

"Just think ma, you'll be stuck with me and Gory until our house is built." She gave Goran a quick kiss, handed the package to Tonya and tried to get up from her chair.

"Hold on there Squirrel I never said I'd marry you." Raith gave her a wink and a crooked smile.

"I know but you will because I'm irresistible and a good catch, plus I still got all my teeth."

Raith and Tonya sat in the back of her explorer watching the small TV that picked up the feed from the bugs in the dead agents motel room. Nearby were FBI and CIA agents waiting for anyone who broke into the room and went for the file folder that they had replaced. It wasn't the first time that the two agencies worked together on a case, they would work together to get a big criminal behind bars. The one they were hoping to get was one of the Columbian drug cartels junior officers; he was in charge of the Richmond drug distribution and a big problem in the surrounding states. With him and his men put away, the agencies were another step closer to getting the main boss. Tonya tapped the screen and then grabbed her radio. "We got movement at the door, move on my go." She gave Raith a wink and turned her attention back to the TV. "Come on open the fucking door already ya cock suckers." She leaned in closer and raised the radio closer to her lips. "Come on ya greasy bastard, we know ya want that folder..." A few seconds later the door opened, three Columbian's rushed into the room and then started tearing it apart. "GO!" They watched the FEDS rush into the room with drawn weapons; gunshots rang out from both parties. Raith pulled her .357's and jumped out the back of the explorer even though Tonya yelled at her to stop. She took off at a sprint towards the room's window and ducked down below it, raising one arm; she smashed the glass and then peeked inside. One agent was down; two of the Columbians were to her left and out of the other agent's path. She checked both of her magnums before raising up and firing through the window, one Columbian went down from a head shot, she dropped back down, reloaded and counted to six before raising back up to fire again. She got two rounds off and watched the man drop in a heap.

"Take that mother fucker!" She yelled and jogged to the room's door and stopped to kneel beside an agent holding his stomach. "Hold on I'm calling for an ambulance now." She pulled her cell phone, called 911 and then went into the room to help any way she could. A wide grin came to her face when she saw who she recognized as the junior officer Carlos Vega. "Got your ass now Carlos, your lawyer ain't gonna get ya off on this one."

"Fuck you, I'll be out on bail before you can take another breath!" He spit at her feet from where he lay on his stomach with his hands cuffed behind his back.

"Ohh I don't think so because we have DNA evidence linking you to the murder of a federal agent, ya know smoking is bad fer ya." She jumped when someone kicked her in her ass and turned to see a pissed off Tonya standing behind her. "What?"

"You're gonna get kicked harder once I tell what you pulled a few minutes ago."

"Hey I saved their asses," She pointed to the four agents taking control of the room. "I got two of the three bad guys, shows I'm a better shot then they are now let's go home."

"Hold on there you two, you have to be de-briefed before you go anywhere and then there's you

and your twins there." The CIA agent pointed to Raith's magnums.

"We don't need de-briefed, we called this in and my magnums are in the registry at headquarters. Ya want the slugs, check there and we're now officially retired!"

"Retired, Hell we don't even know who you two work for?" Raith gave the agent a wink and a wave.

"And ya never will either, c-ya guys and don't fight over the collar just get the bad guys off the streets." She looked down at her hand and groaned. "Hey Tonya will ya shot me in the head before we get ta Gory?" Tonya stopped and rolled her eyes at her partner.

"What did ya do this time?"

"Ohh either I cut myself breaking out that window or I got shot."

"Just great now I'll get my ass kicked by both Gory and ma." She opened the passenger door to her truck and shoved Raith in before running around to the other side and getting in. "You better not bled to death before we get home."

"Ohh it ain't that bad, a little scratch at the most."

Raith sat out side on the porch with a blanket wrapped around her shoulders and Tonya sitting on the rail snickering at her. "It might be safer if ya sleep out in your jeep, I've never seen a woman so pissed in my life."

"Safer if I leave the country," She looked up to her partner and gave her a small smile. "Ya know I've lied ta her from the very beginning, I don't know how much more she can take before she says the Hell with me and goes back ta New York." She dropped her face down on top of her knees and looked out into the backyard. "I never told ma every thing either; my whole life has been nothing but a giant lie."

"Hey buddy that makes two of us except that I don't have a family that will complain about it." She dropped her eyes down to where she was peeling the label from her beer bottle. "Just go tell her everything, at least that way all your secrets are out in the open and if she can't handle it then ya know now and not a few years down the road." Raith nodded her head and wiped the tears from her cheeks, she knew that what Tonya said was true. In the last ten years, she and Tonya had seen and done a lot. Most of it was violent and down right morbid at times, she didn't know how ether one of them was able to keep doing the job with out losing their sanity.

"Guess I better go face the grim reaper," She got up from where she was sitting and shook her head. "If ya hear screaming will ya come save me?"

"Sure Squirrel and get my ass kicked too? Good luck buddy, I'll pray for ya."

Raith walked into the dark and quiet house, she wrapped the blanket tighter around her shoulders and winced when it hit where Gory had bandaged her firearm. She still didn't know whether it was a glass cut or a bullet graze, the cut was clean and started at her wrist to end 6 inches up her arm. What Goran had figured out was that if it had been a bullet that hit her, she was lucky that it hadn't struck her in the chest or face. And that's what sent her off on a tantrum and slamming the bedroom door on Raith, that was after she threw her out of the room with only the blanket from the bed. Stopping outside her bedroom door, she rested her forehead on it and stood there for a few minutes just thinking. Finally finding some courage, she opened the door and stood looking through the crack. What she saw made her chest hurt and brought fresh tears down across her high cheeks. Goran was sitting in the corner of the room with her forehead resting on her knees; she shook with her silent sobs but never looked up when Raith came in. Moving over to kneel in front of her, Raith ran her fingers through her short hair and dropped her head to rest beside her lover's.

"I'm sorry Gory, it'll never happen again." She knew it wasn't going to work unless she spilled her guts. "I'm retired, this was our last job. We're not CIA Agents or UN Special Security either; we worked for the International Security Agency. We're trying to get the bad guys inside the United Nations." She moved so that she was sitting across from her lover and waited for her to look up. "Every thing that we found out on this last case over the last five years went to the FBI and the CIA today, they'll close it from there and Tonya and I are done."

"So what exactly are you two if you're not spies?"

"Body guards with surveillance expertise and now retired and I'm very sorry that I had to lie to you and my ma about every thing." She wiped her eyes and got to her feet. "I'll understand if you can't forgive me but I want you to know that I do love you Goran." She walked to the door and stopped when Goran whispered her name.

"Why did you have to lie to us, why lie for thirteen years?"

"There were people we had to protect and family always comes first, not even the CIA and FBI knew who we worked for, they're just glad that they can go into the UN and clean house. With the added bonus of one junior Columbian drug cartel asshole in prison, but there's still a lot of them out there bringing that shit into the US." She went to go out the door when she felt Goran's arms wrap around her from behind. "I'm sorry Goran..."

"Never lie to me again, I need to trust you and I can't if you lie." Raith turned in her arms and tried to make out her features in the darkening room.

"I'll never lie to you again, it was part of the job and I'll never do it again. I love you Goran please forgive me." What they did for the rest of the night was like nothing either had ever experienced, they worshiped each other with slow touches, kisses and loving words. They became intimate on a far deeper level than they had thought possible, it came from baring their souls.

The next morning Raith and Goran were dragged from bed by Tonya, ma had already left to go to the church and told Tonya to make sure that they were all there by no later than ten o'clock. Tonya had no idea what ma was up to but didn't want to face her if they weren't there on time. She snickered at the tired expressions on her friends faces and didn't spare them the bouncing around inside her truck. "So why haven't you killed Tonya off yet," Goran asked and grabbed a hold of the dashboard to keep from falling off the seat. "One more pothole like that last one and I'll kill her off, hide the body and forget I ever met her!" Raith wrapped an arm around her and pulled her tight against her body.

"With the bad guys from the UN hopefully in custody, we really don't need to kill her off now. Plus I know that when she took the pictures of the double agent list, she took our names off it."

"Ohh I did one better, I put that Bigsly guys name on there and circled it in red pen. I figured since we didn't know who he was it was a good chance that he was a bad guy." She pulled up at the church and whistled at the half a modular home sitting in the parking lot. "There's your clinic Doc, now how are we gonna move the thing or cut it in half?"

"Ohh that's easy," Raith pointed out the windshield. "Looks like Gory's buddy from the junk yard brought his crane down." She placed a quick kiss to her lover's cheek and then got down from the truck. "Let's go find ma before she thinks of a torture plan worse than anything we've ever experienced...I'll tell ya tonight." She added when she saw the look on her lover's face. They went over to the modular and inspected it; Gory looked to her lover and gave her a crooked grin.

"So what do ya think did ma do good or what?"

"I did excellent and I got my girls putting down the footer right now, ya owe them each a bottle of Johnny Walker red. We been out here since five o'clock this morning and ain't had breakfast yet and ya know what that means Squirrel?" Raith nodded her head, pulled out her wallet and handed ma all the bills she had.

"Go take them for breakfast and we'll finish up the footer and then figure out how we're gonna cut the house in half." She scratched her head and looked to Tonya. "What have ya got hidden in your truck that we can use?" Tonya ran a hand down across her cheek and then shrugged her shoulders.

"No idea, I'll hafta look and see what's in there besides a couple pounds of C-4." Raith and Goran went over to the empty lot and looked around at what the poker players had been doing. A Bobcat sat off to the side of a pile of cinder blocks and a portable cement mixer.

"Where did they get all this stuff?" Goran asked and walked over to where the footer was almost complete.

"Ohh everyone pitching in with what they have and we could build just about anything ya can think of." She picked up a five-gallon bucket and walked over to the cement mixer. "I'll start

more cement if ya go and get our tools from the truck." Goran gave her a quick nod and took off at a jog to the truck. "You'd be surprised at what he have hidden in these hills Gory." She started up the mixer and added what she needed for cement, once they finished the footer, it would be a couple days before they would be able to put the house on it. The cement would have to cure and then they could place each half of the modular on it, the hard part would be bolting it back together and running the wiring. She and Tonya could do the wiring and the others could bolt it down to the foundation. She went over to a box that held long bolts; she picked it up and carried it closer to the footer. "Now how far apart are we putting these?" She asked herself and then saw a couple of the old moon shiners and her Uncle Billy coming towards her. "How far apart should we put the bolts?" She waved one at them and then tossed it to her Uncle.

"I'd say about every four foot, it's not regulation but who the Hell cares. It'll hold better with the winds we get here, do we have enough of 'em to do that?"

"We got a whole box of 'em here and I'm sure ma can find more if we need 'em." When Goran got back over to the worksite, Raith was carrying a bucket in each hand and then handing them off to the men working with the cinder blocks. Placing their tools down on top of a wooden bench, she grabbed two buckets and went over to the cement mixer. She knew that in a few hours, she would be paying for it but when they were finished, it would be worth the little bit of muscle pain.

Tonya looked up from where she was putting a new blade on the saw and snorted, she didn't know who the men were but they certainly didn't belong in West Virginia. The Italian suits and shoes were New York and the fancy car screamed too much money. She stood up, adjusted her shoulder harness and walked towards them. "Can I help you, like maybe give you directions?"

"We're here to find Dr. Goran Pickens, she's with..."

"I know who she is," She turned and pointed to the worksite. "She's over there and ya better be nice ta her or you'll never make it outta these mountains." She rested her hand on the butt of her .9mm and ran a finger across the badge on her belt. "Ya know all those nasty stories about southern jailhouses and chain gangs?" She left the rest unsaid when their faces paled and they hurried off in the direction that she indicated.

"Hell Jake Bogotá isn't as dangerous as it is down here!" Bill whispered hoarsely and stepped away from an old man with no teeth and a scraggly beard. "Maybe these rednecks killed off the first crew and they're holding Goran against her will?"

"On the way back, you stay away from the mini bar." He stopped and scanned all the people working on the foundation and then spotted her. "There she is and she doesn't look any worse then any other time." They walked over to her and stopped when she pulled a bag of *Cracker Jacks* from her pocket and dumped them in her mouth. "As long as she has those damn things, everyone's safe." He tapped her on the shoulder and smiled when she spun around. "I sent you down here to treat people for diseases not build them houses."

"You sent me down here to help people and that's what I've been doing and since I don't have a trailer and you won't provide one, we're building a clinic." The men looked to the modular and shook their heads.

"You're wasting your time; we're pulling out of here. The people in this area don't need medical help, there's a small village in South Africa that needs a doctor and you're it." She shook her head and crossed her arms over her chest.

"Ohh I don't believe you said that, have you looked around at these people?" She waved one hand at the old men working. "These people fought for our freedom and they can't get medical attention unless they drive all the way to Richmond Virginia, their family's can't get medical attention because Medicare won't cover their ailments. Why the Hell should I go treat people in a foreign country when our own people are suffering?"

"Because that's your job and it's not feasible to keep you down here."

"Jake, you can take your fucking job and shove it up your ass. I QUIT!" She pulled her ID from her wallet and threw it at his feet. "I'll send my resignation in to the office when I get a chance to, now get the fuck off my property!" If not for the strong arms wrapping around her from behind, Jake and Bill would have paid dearly. Raith dropped her lips down to her ear and whispered. "Ohh these political airbags wanted to shut me down and send me off to treat some damn village in Africa, so I quit! Squirrel if you love me you'll toss their asses in an abandoned mineshaft!" Bill stepped closer and looked into pale blue eyes.

"Who are you and if you know what's good for you you'll leave this in our hands?"

"I'm the one whose gonna kick your ass and ruin your career buddy, hey Tonya what have we got on these two assholes, I think it's Bill Fallows and Jake Abrams from WHO?" Tonya held out her palm pilot and grinned evilly at the two men.

"Ohh we got all kinds of stuff on Jake here, I'm sure the IRS and the WHO organization in Paris would be interested in where funds go." Jake held out her palm pilot to Raith and smiled.

"Ohh please you don't have anything on us and bluffing won't work, Goran just come back to New York and I'm sure we can work everything out so that we are all happy."

"I told you I quit; I don't need you to get funding for a clinic. I have plenty of connections within the Government and I have two people right here that have even more, so don't fuck with the CIA, they're always watching!"

"Everyone has skeletons," Tonya said in a deep voice. "Yours are walking around and I'm sure they're still pissed over what happened to them, with the right incentive I'm positive that we could get them to divulge vital information."

"That's blackmail!" Jake yelled and pointed a finger at a grinning Goran. "Don't do this Goran;

I'm sure that we can work something out..."

"I don't want your help; the only thing that I want from New York is my last measly paycheck. Now ya better run on back before the moon shiners take your fancy ass limousine, I know they'd just love to run shine with it."

"You're making a big mistake Goran; the Government will never help you with a clinic down here. I'll make sure of it you can count on that!" He walked away and turned back when Raith's deep voice growled out his name.

"Big mistake Jake, I just hit the little enter button and your financial history just went to the white collar crimes unit that the FBI has. Better hurry up and clean out your desk and don't bother trying to sail away on your yacht, I just sent a message to the DEA saying it's used to run drugs." Both men took off running towards their car, climbed in the backseat, pulled away with spinning wheels and flying gravel.

"You two didn't have to do all of that I could have handled anything they threw at me." Goran said and leaned back into her lover's body. "So did you really send all that stuff off on Jake?"

"Of course I did, he sent you down here by way of bus and train instead of flying you down here." She hit a few buttons on her palm pilot and showed it to her. "He put down in the records that you had a first class ticket from New York, connecting at Richmond and then an express plane to Charleston WV. From there you got a rental car for the entire length of your stay down here. And we can't forget your return tickets, they were all first class."

"And when did you decide to pull this up, I know you just didn't do it?"

"Ohh I did that," Tonya said. "I was curious as to why they would send you all the way down here by train, we fly everywhere and this was a first for the Secret Squirrel. I wanted to know why your boss was so God damn cheap."

"Wait a minute; I thought this was arranged by the UN or whoever?" She sighed and dropped her head. "Never mind, I know who arranged all of this travel mess. It's not as if it's the first time or anything, I always had to walk through a damn swamp or across the desert to get somewhere."

"No more swamps just the hills of West by God Virginia." Tonya said and headed back to her truck.

"Does this mean that you'll stay down here with us hillbillies, tie me down and make me a housewife?" Goran busted up laughing and turned in her lover's arms.

"You a housewife, you are nowhere near housewife material. Maybe sex slave or moonshine runner but I can't see you cooking a pot roast or wearing an apron."

"OK so I'm not housewife material but I can cook and fix things when they break down," She nuzzled her neck and nipped at her ear. "What kinda house do ya want, I can get the builders ta

build anything ya want."

"You're so sure that I'm gonna stay down here and with you, why is that?"

"Because it's what I wished fer and I always get my wishes," She dropped her head and gave her a kiss that left her clinging to her shoulders and panting for breath. "Right now I'm wishing we weren't here with all these people." She took her hand and pulled her off towards the trees. "I got a place that I wanna show ya, I think you'll like it." They walked for 30 minutes before Raith stopped and waved a hand out in front of them. "So whatcha think; I bought this land around nine years ago? I was gonna have a house put on it way back then but decided ta wait until I had someone ta share it with." She pulled Goran towards an area that dropped off into space. "I bought it cuz we can look out over the river and see the mountains from the big ole porch that's gonna wrap around the house." Goran walked to the edge, looked down the sloping grassy field to the rivers edge, and then up to where the mountains rose off in the distance.

"It's beautiful here Squirrel, how far is ma from here?"

"Ohh about ten minutes by car, we're not that far from the main road."

"You know what kind of house I've always wanted," She turned to wrap her arms around her lover. "One of those two story log cabins with the master bedroom upstairs, you know like the loft type thing and French doors leading out onto a small balcony. Can we have one like that and a wood burning stove with a glass door, I want to watch the flames on a cold night."

"Anything ya want Gory, I'll call the builders this week and have them get started. I wanna do more than sit by the fire and watch flames; I wanna have you naked in front of it." She dropped her head down and gave her a heated kiss that left her panting when they parted and then pulled her down into the soft grass. "The Hell with the fire, right now is good for me."

"You are such a romantic Squirrel, and there's no way in Hell we're making love out here in the open...the animals might get us!" Raith sucked on her earlobe and then nipped it with her teeth before growling in her ear.

"Only animal that's gonna get you is the Squirrel...why ya stabbing me in my ass?"

"I'm not but something just stabbed me in the back of my...fuck!" They struggled to get up and then ran from the ground bees that swarmed around them. "You're a dead Squirrel when I catch you!" They ran all the way back to the church and didn't stop until they were inside Dairy Queen. "Leave it up to you to drop us right over a damn bee nest, good thing neither one of us is allergic or we'd be dead already!" She pushed the bathroom door open, went to the handicap stall and waited for Raith to follow. "Get in here so I can check your ass."

"I never thought ya were into public sex..." She yelped and shivered from the draft when her pants fell around her ankles. "Hey this is really kinky and my ass really hurts!" She tried to look back over her shoulder to see what Goran was doing and gave up when she felt dizzy. "What were ya saying about being allergic...the rooms spinning...don't feel so good...is it hot in here?"

She wiped sweat from her face and felt the floor coming up on her.

"Just stay right here and I'll be back in a minute, don't move." Goran pulled her pants back up around her hips, eased her to the floor and ran from the bathroom; she hit the glass doors and sprinted all the way to where ma was. "Raith is in the bathroom, anaphylactic shock...my bag?"

"It's in my truck; you want an ambulance out here?" She jogged behind Goran and waited for her answer while she searched through her medical bag.

"No this should do it, has this ever happened before?"

"No, she's never been allergic to anything before." They took off running back to Dairy Queen and received strange looks from the employees. Goran went into the bathroom, all she could see was Raith's hand sticking out from under the stall door.

"Raith...shit!" Goran dropped to her knees beside her and checked her pulse before pushing up her sleeve so that she could give her the shot she had brought with her. "Don't you dare flat line on me...ma...," She looked up when ma came into the stall and handed her ice wrapped in a towel.

"Use that on her, ice always brings her around." She dropped down to her knees beside her daughter and placed her head in her lap. "What the Hell happened to you two anyway and what did ya just give her?"

"We went to look at her property and found ground bees instead, Squirrel here got stung in her ass and I got it in my thigh." She rolled her to her side, pulled her pants down and pulled four stingers from her ass and two from her thigh. "Good thing it wasn't wasps or hornets or we'd be in serious trouble." She rolled her back over and checked her pulse again. "OK her pulse is normal again so that means the ephedrine worked," She slipped the other shot into her pocket and then wiped her lover's face with the towel. "Life with her is gonna be a rollercoaster isn't it?"

"If you two survive the first year I'll be surprised," She watched blue eyes blink and then open to look up at her. "Hey there Squirrel, you're paying for my bottle of hair dye. It's Clairol amber sunrise and don't you dare buy me that cheap shit, the last time my hair turned hot pink."

"OK ma what ever ya want, can we go home I don't feel so good?"

"I'm going to put a bundle down on life insurance for us," Goran said and helped her up. "We barely survived a walk; I can imagine what will happen on our honeymoon." She refastened her lover's pants and took her by her elbow. "Let's go home, we can come back tomorrow and help with the clinic."

"Where are we anyway?" She looked around the bathroom and grinned. "This is kinky, where's Morocco, she's gonna be pissed that she missed this...what ever it was that we were doing in here." She weaved and started laughing when her ma and Goran struggled to keep her on her feet. "This is fun; can I have some more drugs?"

"Just great, no matter what kind of medication I give her she gets loopy."

"How is it that I'm still sore and you're not," Raith asked from where she was lying on her stomach on the floor. "My ass feels like I got spears sticking outta it."

"Because you got stung more times than I did and the venom stays in your system for a couple days," She winked and ran a hand across her ass. "You have more meat back there for the venom to sink into." Pale blue eyes latched onto green.

"So are you saying that I have a fat ass?"

"Ohh not at all, in fact you've got the nicest ass that I've ever seen." She rolled Raith on to her back and draped across her chest. "I want to keep it for a few years so no more stupid stuff and we are getting rid of those damn bees." She gave her a soft kiss and then rested her chin on her chest. "So are ya really going to build a two story log cabin for us?"

"Yep, that's what you want and that's what the builders are gonna put up there. The only thing I need to do now is go back to Culpepper and get some of the stuff I wanna keep and bring the stuff back down here. Tonya's gonna move in my house and keep all the furniture, so that means we need some." She wrapped her arms around Goran and rolled them to their sides. "What about you, when are ya going back to New York and when will ya be back?"

"I was thinking that you could go with me, we could take in the sites and then stop off at your house, get your stuff and come back down here. That would give the builders time to work on our cabin, me to find nurses for the clinic and time to ravage you from head to toe for days on end."

"And why can't you do that here?" Goran nipped her chin and ran a fingertip over her nipple.

"Because we're never alone here and I wanna keep you naked for a few days."

"You wanna see the squirrel," She rolled onto her back, untied the string on her sweat pants and pulled the waistband down to show the squirrel's head. "Play with the squirrel's tail," She pulled her waistband down further to show the dark curls that made up the squirrel's tail. "Make the Squirrel wiggle?" She flexed her stomach muscles and grinned when Goran rolled her eyes.

"I still don't know why you would have a tattoo of a dead squirrel."

"It's not dead, it's in the 'I'm available pose.'" Goran looked at the tattoo and snorted, it still looked like a dead squirrel to her. It was on its back with its little legs out to its sides like it had been run over.

"Put that thing away before I call animal control," Ma yelled at her and wiggled a finger at them.

"I thought I'd never say that to my daughter, every one I know tells there sons ta put their dicks away..." She slapped a hand over her eyes and went back out into the kitchen. "Forget I said that!" Goran ran a finger across the tattoo and snickered.

"Good thing she's never seen you in a strap-on, Squirrel with a gigantic dick." She got up and dragged Raith to her feet. "Come on Squirrel; let's go do some more work on the clinic. I heard that Tonya found us some exam tables and they need some work done on them." She dropped her voice a few octaves, pulled Raith's head down and spoke close to her lips. "I need some work done on me." She attacked her lips and wrapped her arms and legs around her, Raith carried her out the front door and then to her jeep. The entire way over to the clinic, Goran was on top of Raith making it hard for her to drive. As soon as she turned the motor off, she was out of the jeep and had her arms full of Goran. "Grab your bag, we need something from it." She said and latched onto the side of her neck to bite her hard enough to pull a deep whimper from her. Raith grabbed her bag from the back of the jeep, took her lover's hand and pulled her to the clinic's door. Without Goran's help and struggling with her keys, she finally got the door unlocked.

"Gory, you're gonna be the death of me." She dropped the bag and put a hand out to keep from falling on the floor. "What has gotten into you, you're,"

"Horney," She yanked her lover's sweats down to her ankles, dropped to her knees before her and pulled her sweats over her feet. "I want you right here," She nipped the inside of her thigh and licked all the way up to her nether lips. "Right now." Raith put a hand back and found a counter behind her, she put her other hand back and spread her feet apart to give her lover room. Yelling out when sharp teeth nipped her nether lip and then soothed it with a warm tongue made her center spasm. She gripped the edge of the table and thrust her hips when her lover flicked her clit with her tongue and then used the flat of her tongue from back to front. She whimpered and cried out when two fingers slipped inside her center and pumped slowly. Opening her eyes, she looked down to see emerald green looking back up at her. "So wet...so ready, come for me Raith." Goran pulled her fingers forward, searched for the pulse point she knew to be there, and massaged it. Pulling her engorged clit between her lips, she sucked greedily.

"Ohh fuck Gory...", She closed her eyes, tilted her head back and thrust her hips. "Faster...Ohh God...I'm..." What came from her was a sound so animalistic that the hair on the back of Goran's neck rose on end. Her climax tore through her so hard that she saw stars before her eyes, heard bells in her ears and her hips continued to pump against her lover's mouth. She yelled out again with a stronger climax and heard Goran moan and felt her wrap her arms around her thighs. Seconds later, she was on the floor gulping for air. "Gory..."

"It's alright Squirrel, just keep breathing deeply." She cradled her head on her lap and brushed her hair back from her sweaty forehead. "Sorry I got a little rough with you but you've never come like that before." She placed a soft kiss to her forehead and then watched as pale blue eyes blinked open and held her.

"What are ya talking about, I've..." Goran placed a finger over her lips and shook her head.

"No Squirrel you haven't," She moved so that she was lying beside her on the blanket they kept

there and looked deeply into her eyes. "I almost drown with the first one and then when you came again." She moaned and shuddered against her. "I need you now," She moved her finger and brought their lips together in a long deep kiss that took their pulses back up. "Use your toy baby, strap it on and take me." She grinned when Raith moaned and rolled away from her to get her bag. A few minutes later, she had her strap-on fastened around her hips and their clothes strewn across the tiled floor..

"How do ya wanna do this baby?" She ran her hands down her lover's body to her thighs and whimpered when her fingers came away wet. "Ohh God baby you're dripping." She licked her fingers clean and moaned when Goran got to her knees and pulled her head down to her for a deep hungry kiss. When they came apart, she groaned and closed her eyes when Goran turned her back. She dropped to all fours and looked over her shoulder. "You're killin me Gory...killin me." She said softly before running her hands across her ass and up her back to tangle in her hair. She leaned forward and placed kisses all the way up her back until she was leaning over her. "I love you Goran." She used one hand to guide the dildo into her lover's center and then pushed her hips forward to push it all the way in. She waited until Goran moved her hips and then slowly pumped into her. The sound of the dildo sliding into Goran drove her crazy; she felt her center start to quiver around the smaller end of the two-headed dildo and pumped harder into her. The moans that came from her lover and the feel of her body slamming back into her was pushing her closer to the edge. "God baby...I don't know how long I can..." She stopped moving when Goran moved from in front of her, turned and straddled her hips.

"Three seconds Squirrel, that's all it's gonna take." She wrapped her arms around her neck and slid down on the dildo. She held Raith's eyes and bucked against her, yelled out with her climax and fell against her quivering. From her lover's juices splashing down onto her stomach, Raith grunted and climaxed again. They continued to move against each other with their tremors. Staying connected; Raith laid Goran back on the floor and moved slowly inside of her. She grunted and leaned down to capture her lover's lips in a lingering kiss, when Goran wrapped her legs around her hips and pulled her down tighter to her, she knew she was close. "Ohhh yes Raith..." She arched her back and thrust upwards into Raith; she yelled out her climax and shuddered when Raith bucked into her. Once Raith pulled out of her, they collapsed gasping for air and lying side by side. For long moments, they lay wrapped in each other's arms. "I love you Squirrel." Goran whispered right before she fell asleep, Raith followed a few minutes later with her head resting on her lover's chest.

Tonya looked over to ma and chuckled. "Ya know no ones gonna wanna be treated in the clinic if they find out what they've been doing in there." She handed ma another cigar and cut the end off the one she had.

"At least we don't hafta hear them no more, I almost fell outta bed one night. Damn Gory and that wild jungle noise she makes," She ran a hand through her hair at the front. "See this grey streak, that's what caused it." Tonya slapped a hand to her chest and sighed with relief.

"I thought that was from me missing a spot when I dyed your hair, so does this mean I get their

bed tonight?"

"Can't see why not, they won't be home until sometime tomorrow morning," She shivered and rubbed her upper arms. "They need ta put a shower in the clinic, come home smelling so bad that bugs leave the state." Tonya choked on her beer and covered her mouth to keep from spewing it across the table, when she could breath; she wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You're awful ma, awful but every word you said was true. Maybe if we spray 'em down with Lysol when they come home they'll get the hint?"

"Haaa, the way they act now that they've gotten some, the world could come to an end and they wouldn't know it for months! Hell ya would think they were teenagers and having sex fer the first time."

"Well you're not too far off on that idea as far as Raith goes, she may have done a lot of things but sex and dating sure ain't one of them. Using little spy cameras doesn't count for experience and the little bit she did doesn't count either."

"If she's that inexperienced then what the Hell is she doing that gets Gory yelling like she does?" Tonya shook her head and mouthed the word 'No'.

"I really don't wanna know that, it's too creepy and has ta be gross and disgusting if Raith is doing it." Ma gave her a look very similar to Raith's and even tossed in the deep laugh.

"So my kids more like her daddy than I thought, poor Gory has no idea what she's dealing with!"

"Ohh great, she'll be thrilled ta death about that."

"Now that I got one of you alone, tell me about all that you two did at your job. I wanna know what my kid was and don't you give me the run around, I wanna know if you two are in any danger now that you're retired?" Tonya lowered her eyes to the table and nodded her head, Raith should really be the one telling her but knew that she would chicken out and run off.

"We both worked for the ISA as basically glorified security guards, ya know we protected Congressman, the President when needed and other dignitaries that were in town. We started out with the agency as just the low-level peons but after about a year, a senior member approached us. Little did we know that we would then be working for a small branch of the ISA, then become double, and sometimes triple agents within other organizations. Most of the time we were just little computer geeks or technicians hidden away in basements. But by being able to blend in so well and Raith being a true geeky nerd, we were able to place surveillance devices and collect information for our boss." She took a drink of her beer and then looked up into ma's clear blue eyes. "Some of the time we'd get into trouble and have to shot our way out or fake our deaths," She saw the questions in ma's eyes and tried to explain as best she could. "Our Government officials are crooked as Hell; they are backed financially by big businesses. We would go in and set cameras and microphones in offices so that we could monitor certain business men and officials."

"OK so you're telling me something that I've known for years, what I wanna know is did you two stop those assholes?" Tonya gave her a wicked grin and a nod of her head.

"Ohh we did our share of putting away corrupt business men and government officials, too bad we couldn't get rid of some of our presidents. Damn stupid ass men shouldn't be allowed to run a car let alone the country."

"And where does the UN fall into this picture?"

"Where else can ya find diplomats and other people from all over the world that can offer different business opportunities that can make someone billions of tax free dollars?" Ma nodded her head and gave her a small grin.

"Damn crooks, I'm glad ya guys took some of 'em out. And I'm glad I don't hafta worry about ya two any more, hair dye gets expensive."

Raith fit the last box in the moving van and then turned to the driver. "When will you guys get there?" The older man pulled out his pad of paper and handed her a receipt.

"At the latest three days, four if we run into bad weather but I'll call you if that happens." He gave her a short nod, went around, and got into the semis cab.

"How long is it going to take them?" Goran asked when she came out of her apartment building and took her lovers hand.

"Three days four if they have trouble," She wrapped an arm around her waist and pulled her into her side. "Ma and Tonya will be around to help them put the stuff in the garage if we're not there yet. So whatcha wanna do now, maybe go get one of those huge steaks at the fancy restaurant we passed?"

"Fancy restaurant is it; I think we can do that." She leaned into Raith's body and dropped her voice a few octaves. "I'm thinking maybe have that nice dinner in a very expensive hotel room and put it all on my company credit card. That is before Jake or Bill cancels the thing on me."

"Are we talking more than the \$39.99 a night room that I always got stuck in?" Goran laughed and nodded her head.

"Squirrel, I can find a place that'll charge ya that much for a cup of coffee." She ran a hand across her jaw and shook her head. "I'm starting to sound like you and ma, another month down there and I'll be chewing Beechnut and smoking cigars."

"You chew that nasty stuff and I'll never kiss ya again, nasty stuff grosses me out. Uncle Billy spits all over the place and ya gotta watch him when he's in the truck, that damn boomerang

effect when he spits out the window." She ran a hand through her bangs, pushed them back from her eyes and then moved her long hair off her shoulders. "I finally got ma to stop chewing that nasty stuff and then she starts smoking cigars, damn Tonya had ta get her hooked on illegal ones at that." Goran bumped hips with her and looked up at her profile before leading her into the Regency Hotel.

"And my Squirrel has no vices what's so ever?"

"Not a one...OK one but you enjoy that one." She stuck her tongue out and wiggled it at her. "One that I haven't divulged in today yet."

"And you won't until we've had supper...oohh wait, I don't have to worry about you crawling under the table in a crowded restaurant now do I?" Raith winked and gave her a cocky grin.

"Nope ya sure don't, but I'm still checking the room for bugs before we do anything." Goran rolled her eyes and mumbled under her breath.

"You'll never change, we'll be in our 80's and you'll be checking our dentures for microscopic hearing devices."

"That's an idea, I never thought of that! I could put them..." Goran clamped a hand over her mouth when they got to the front desk and gave her a warning stomp on her foot.

A week and a half later, Raith and Goran were back at ma's house, Goran and Tonya had searched through boxes looking for their clothes so that they would have more than what they had originally come down with. Tonya tossed the empty box out the window and dropped down on the bed to watch Goran put her clothes away. "God your underwear suck, I was expecting fancy silky things and all ya got is cotton briefs and boxers." Goran snorted and threw a pair of Raith's old boxers at her.

"Ohh that would've looked cute in the jungle, me in silky Victoria Secret lingerie killing giant mosquito's with a stiletto heel." She dropped down on the bed beside her and played with Raith's worn out boxers. "I'm more of the down to earth kinda person; my parents are the sorts to buy clothes from Sacs and Bloomindales. I got mine from Kmart or Wal-Mart when I got the chance to get to one, what about you, I can't see you spending fifty bucks on a pair of underwear?"

"Hell no, I get those packs of Hanes boxers for six bucks. I'm a cheap skate and ain't afraid to admit it, Raith's one that'll spend a fortune on something like that just because ya like it." She leaned closer to Goran and looked down at her hands. "She ain't got you a huge ass diamond ring yet, what's she waiting for?" She shook her head and looked to Goran. "Do we talk like hillbillies now or what?"

"Guess so, oohh well at lest we don't talk like we're from Jersey or Boston. That would be irritating having to listen to each other pronounce everything like we had bad sinus colds." She

looked down at her hands and up into hazel eyes. "She hasn't gotten me a ring because I haven't said I'd marry her."

"Why not, I mean I know you love her so what are ya waiting for?"

"I guess it's just all happened so fast and now I've left New York to start a new life down here and it's not all sunk in yet. Maybe it'll all hit once we have our own house and living together like a couple?"

"That won't be too long off; Raith's been down at your house practically holding her Magnums on the workers ta get them to move faster. At the rate they're going the house will be done in a week!"

"From the tree sap that she comes home covered in, I think she's carrying the logs on her back to get them notched faster. It took me three hours to get the sap off her arms and shoulders, I thought they had log cabin house kits and that's how our house was going to be built. Not like they're doing, every log cut and notched one at a time."

"She's paying extra for the authentic log cabin, no prefab for a Bullshanks." Tonya said and got up from the bed when she heard ma come into the house. "Wonder what ma's making for supper, I'm starving ta death!" She took off running and left Goran to put away the rest of her and Raith's clothes.

"Paying extra for authenticity, sounds like Raith alright, she opened another box and groaned. "One thing that's gonna change with my Squirrel is the dorky clothes she has." She dumped the box and went through the t-shirts, the ones that were antiques; she tossed back in the box. "There is no way in Hell I'll be seen with her wearing a Led Zeppelin jersey...oohh E-Bay here I come!" A wide evil grin covered her face; her eyebrow shot up into her bangs and danced there when she thought of the idiots that would buy Raith's old t-shirts. She stopped what she was doing when she heard ma yelling, there was only one person she knew that could set the older woman off and that was Raith. She dropped the t-shirts from her hand and went rushing out into the living room and stopped dead in her tracks. Raith stood there covered from head to toe in dirt, leaves and anything else that could stick to tree sap.

"Hi ya Dr. Who, got a cure for a pissed off ma? She's yellin cuz I'm tracking dirt through the house..."

"Get your ass in the bathroom; you're dropping leaves all over the floor!" She grabbed the front of her lover's shirt and dragged her towards the front door. Better yet, you're going back outside and you're stripping out there."

"But Gory someone might see the Squirrel!" Goran rolled her eyes and snorted.

"Who would be out here that hasn't already seen the Squirrel at one time or another?" Raith shrugged her shoulders and stopped once she was standing on the deck.

"Ohh I don't know maybe some lost city slicker or something." She gave Goran a rakish grin and slowly pulled her t-shirt up over her head, stumbled around the deck and fell into the side of the house. "So much for my striptease...help me Gory before I..."

"Trip and fall off the deck and land on your head?" Goran grabbed her by the back of her torn up Levis, freed her arms from her sticky shirt and then dropped it on the deck. Next were her work boots and then her filthy Levis, she had been wearing the same clothes for three days and Goran was ready to burn them instead of wash them. "These clothes have had it and I'm not washing them, they're going in the trash right now." She tossed them over the railing and right into the garbage can below. "Now get your ass in the house..." She took a ragged breath when her lover wiggled her dark eyebrow and flexed her muscles. "Don't do that unless you want to suffer for hours on end."

"And what if that's what I want huh? A little of that kinda suffering ta go along with the suffering I'm gonna have when you use brillo pads on me ta get this sap off." She scratched at her shoulders and pulled leaves from her hair. "This is the last time I'll look like this, we got all the logs done and tomorrow we'll be using the crane ta set them up." She walked into the house and then ran to the bathroom when her ma came into the living room.

"What the Hell was that?" She asked Goran when her daughter ran past her. "I saw something like that in a movie...I think it was X-Files and the kid was raised by wolves or something."

"Reminds me of Swamp Thing," She blew a breath out and rubbed her eyes. "Wonder how long it's gonna take this time to get the sap off her, I'm beginning to hate the thought of trees."

Goran was at her new clinic doing an inventory on the new equipment that she had gotten in, she had stolen some of the financial supporters away from her boss but it paid off in the end. She had enough pharmaceuticals and other supplies to last a while and even managed to get one of the old blood pressure machines from the hospital. She placed the last of the sterile packs of bandages away and closed the cabinet door. The men who had helped get the clinic going had built cabinets all along the one wall for supplies and built in a desk area below one section of it. That's where she had her laptop set up with a printer and used FAX machine. Behind two five foot dividers were the two exam rooms, they had storage cabinets above small vanity sinks and curtains that closed them off from the rest of the area. It wasn't anything fancy but it was better than anything she had worked in since leaving the hospital. Any serious medical problems that she couldn't handle would be taken by helicopter to the nearest hospital. The church parking lot was an excellent landing zone for a helicopter if they needed it. She was about to close up for the night when she heard a hard knock on the door and then heard a familiar voice, she turned and felt her face break in a smile. "What are you doing down here Kerry?" She said and then walked quickly towards the door to envelope her friend in a hug.

"I got fired from my job so I thought I'd come down here to visit the biggest trouble maker I could find." She let go of Goran and looked her over. "Damn girl but you look good, the country life agrees with you more than nasty New York smog."

"You're looking good yourself," She took in her friends dark tan and unruly brown hair. "Where did you go before coming to look me up?"

"Aruba, I had to go kick some bitch's ass for taking off with my credit cards. When I was done I told her that if I ever saw her face in New York, they'd find her floating in the Hudson." Goran chuckled and waved a hand for Kerry to follow.

"So paradise turned into Hell on Earth did it?"

"It was never a paradise, after our third date it became Hell. Now I'm free to do what ever I want and that includes leaving that filthy city forever," She dropped down at the small breakfast nook table and looked across at Goran. "Do you need any help here; I'll work for minimum wage if you can afford it."

"I can do better than minimum wage; I can pay you what we got from asshole Jake and Bill. What's better than anything they ever gave us is we don't have to travel to God forsaken countries and its beautiful here." Kerry gave her a narrowed look and leaned over the table.

"Who is she?" Goran narrowed an eye and leaned closer.

"Whose who?"

"Who ever it is that's got you so relaxed and smiling so much, that's who."

"GORY!" Came from outside the door and then a loud thump when it opened and Raith crawled in on her hands and knees. "Gory...they shot me!" She looked up to see a pair of golden eyes looking down at her with interest and then fiery green. "That asshole shot me with the nail gun!"

"I told you Raith it was an accident, it fell off the roof and fired." The culprit pulled his baseball hat off and dropped his eyes. "Sorry doc but she wouldn't let none of us pull it out," He showed her his pliers and grinned. "Had these but she threatened ta use 'em ta tear my nuts off...sorry...I'll be going now." He turned and quickly left the clinic. Goran leaned down and went nose to nose with her lover.

"I'm going to wrap you in foam rubber and chain you in the back yard." She got up and stepped over her to go over to the closet exam room. "Crawl your ass on in here, Kerry ya wanna search through that cabinet by your head, there's gloves that'll fit you in there." She reached down, helped Raith crawl up on to the table, and snorted when she saw how many nails were sticking out of her ass. "Squirrel, you're not going to be able to sit for a while and you are so lucky that you got hit in your ass and it didn't go higher."

"Ben's lucky that I got hit in the ass and it didn't shoot out the stained glass window I was standing in front of..."

"My stained glass window in the loft!?"

"That would be the OOWW! Damn baby that hurt like a bitch!" She looked over her shoulder when she heard a snicker and then the ting of the nail hitting the steel pan.

"Kerry this is my accident prone half Raith Bullshanks, Squirrel this is my surgical nurse Kerry Havens. She's gonna be working here and with you and Tonya around I'll need all the help I can get."

"I'd shake your hand but seeing Gory pull nails outta my ass is more personal. OWWW baby easy with those things, they got little burs on the sides."

"You're lucky you only got four stuck in you and that I just gave you a Tetanus shot last week, now un do your pants so I can clean the holes up." She wiggled her brows at her blushing face and ran her tongue over her upper lip.

"Pervert, ya just wanna look at my ass and before ya ask no I ain't got no drawers on." She raised herself up on her hands so that Kerry and Goran could pull her Levis down. "Ma wouldn't let me in the laundry room this morning cuz she said I reeked and then I found out that she didn't wash white clothes." She looked over her shoulder and snarled from the stinging spots on her ass.

"And I got the last pair of boxers; see if ya would have gotten your ass outta bed before me ya wouldn't be going commando." Kerry shook her head and chuckled.

"You two sound like you're an old married couple and I know damn well that you can only have known each other at the most a couple months." Goran ran her hand across her lover's lower back and winked at her.

"Spend days on a train in one of those tiny rooms with someone and then on a bus and see how close you become, huh Squirrel?"

"And then kidnap her and make her live with you and your ma and see how really close ya become." Raith said, rolled over, got off the table and then pulled her Levis up all the way. "I'd shake hands with ya but they're dirty from doing the roof on our house." She leaned down gave Goran a lingering kiss and limped to the door. "Thanks Gory I'll be home early." She gave her lover a bright smile and limped all the way back to where they were building their house. Kerry closed her mouth and looked to Goran with a wide eye expression.

"Holy God damn Gory, where the Hell did you find her?"

"She was the UN Security Specialist that was sent down here with me, ya know it's true what they say about love, you never know when it will hit you." She tossed all the used supplies in the biohazard can and then grabbed her keys and laptop from the desk. "So where are you staying?"

"In my Winnebago, I drove it down from my parent's house. I didn't know what was around here and it saved me having to find a place to stay every night. All I really need is a place to plug it in and I'm all set." She pointed to her silver and blue Winnebago and then walked towards it. "The

gas mileage sucks big time on it but I can park it anywhere and live for the rest of my life in it, I've got everything imaginable inside." She pulled the door open and waved Goran in. "All these years I've been making two or three payments on it a month and now it's finally free and clear." Goran looked around and nodded her head; she had to admit that the thing reminded her of a regular house. It had everything you would need and if you got bored of your surroundings, you just pulled away and found somewhere else.

"Squirrel's building us a two story log cabin about a mile from here, her ma lives ten minutes away and most of the people in this area are her kin." She sat down at the table across from Kerry and accepted the can of Coke she handed her. "You know I originally came down here to investigate missing people, supplies and the tractor trailer?"

"Yeah I wondered why the assholes sent you down here and then when they came back from trying to get you back to New York all Hell broke loose in the office. The IRS and DEA came storming in the place and dragged Jake off and then Bill thought he was the new God of WHO/MSF, he tried to send me off to some shit hole village in Guam, with no crew. I told him to shove the job up his ass and I left...after he fired me that is. You leaving was the best thing for you, they were getting all weird before they came down here. And the people that were sent down here to start this up all ended up in a Federal prison for drug trafficking." She raised a hand when Goran's mouth moved. "All I know is it had something to do with the CIA/FBI and the ISA, some big bust that happened not too far from here, Jake was involved with all kinds of illegal activities."

"I thought they went to jail for running moonshine?" She growled when Kerry shook her head. "Ohh is some Squirrel and her partner going to pay when I get home!"

"Why do you call her Squirrel and what do you mean her partner, I thought you two were, you know?"

"It's her damn tattoo, it's a dead Squirrel. And her and her work partner Tonya had something to do with that bust and Jake being arrested. Rotten fucker deserves to be fresh meat in prison, all the damn places he sent me without transportation."

Ma looked up when Goran came in the back door and then over her shoulder to see that it wasn't Raith with her, she waved a hand, went back to reading the newspaper, and snorted when Goran gave her a quick kiss on her cheek. "Hi ma when's supper?"

"When ever you and your misfits start making it, I'm off duty tonight so it's your turn ta cook. Just keep Tonya away from the stove; she sets my oven mitts on fire all the damn time." She put her paper down and gave Kerry a crooked grin.

"Ma this is my surgical nurse Kerry, she's gonna be working at the clinic with me and let everyone know that it's her Winnebago parked beside the clinic and not to strip it down for parts."

"OK, I'll tell Billy and then he can put it out on the radio. Did Raith say when they were gonna be back tonight, I need one of my trucks, Bertha needs it to run into Charleston in the morning."

"Squirrel said she would be early so that means that Tonya should be following her back with your other truck." She went over to the refrigerator, pulled out a package of pork chops, and then pointed to a chair. "Have a seat Kerry, ma don't bite."

"I don't but Tonya does so beware of her, especially tonight, it's gonna be a full moon." Just then the back door opened and Raith came in dragging Tonya behind her.

"Gory will ya look at Morocco's head, one of the guys dropped his hammer off the roof and it hit her on her head. Damn head of her's broke the handle off his hammer and then the head flew over and took out the headlight on ma's truck." She flinched when Ma gave her a narrowed look. "It was your junky truck with the little wheel on the front, remind me in the morning and I'll change it back to the regular one."

"Why so someone can steal it again?" She looked up and saw that Tonya was weaving where she stood up against Raith. "Better go sit her down before she falls over, Kerry why don't you take a look at Tonya?"

"I can do that, Gory do you have any medical supplies here, like your bag or something?"

"Down the hallway and the last door at the end is our bedroom, it's on the floor by the door." She looked to her lover and rolled her eyes. "Squirrel, I'm wrapping you both in foam rubber, carry Tonya into the living room before she breaks her face on the floor." Raith and Goran watched Tonya treat her very first patient in West Virginia, they both thought it was strange that she was taking so much time with Tonya; after all, it was just a bang on the head. "This is interesting; you would think that she was sewing her head back on."

"Ya might have ta do that in a couple days," Raith whispered close to her ear and pulled her into the kitchen. "Looks like Morocco Mole will be getting a full physical and when her head blows off we'll have ta go to North Carolina ta get it." Goran yanked on her hand and looked up into her twinkling eyes. "I'm not the only one who stayed in the basement ya know; we were chaster than nuns..."

"Squirrel, now a days it doesn't take much to be that and is chaster a word?" She watched Raith shrug her shoulders and go over to the sink to wash her hands and face. "When you're done over there you can peel the potatoes for me."

"What's Tonya getting brain surgery in there?" Ma asked and lit up a cigar even though Goran wiggled a finger at her. "Ohh I just got a chill up my spine, I'll have my couch back!" Since Tonya had been there, she had been sleeping on ma's couch. "I get ta sprawl out on my couch in my underwear and watch basketball!" She laughed when Raith and Goran shivered at the picture forming in their minds. "Gotcha, so what else are we havin for supper, I can make some biscuits?"

"I thought it was your night off?" Goran said and grabbed Raith's ass with her flour covered hands.

"It is but I make better biscuits than any of you guys." Supper was an interesting affair; Tonya missed her mouth continuously because she was watching Kerry. Ma kept throwing green beans at her daughter because she was using one of her spy devices to listen in on Kerry and Tonya's whispers and Goran kept jumping in her chair because Raith was playing with her thigh. Finally, Tonya got up from the table, grabbed ma's truck keys with one hand and Kerry with the other.

"I'll drop your truck off at Bertha's after I drop Kerry off at her Winnebago." The other three rolled there eyes at her and went back to eating; they knew that they wouldn't be seeing her anymore that night.

"At least we know she ain't got brain damage." Ma snorted.

Raith tried to ignore the fact that Goran was pulling the hair that ran down her back with each hair that she pulled she clenched her teeth. "Come on Squirrel you had to know that my boss was crooked and was doing more than stealing funds from the Who/MSF accounts?"

"We had no idea Doc Who, reporting his yacht was just a way of being mean and rotten." She flinched and rolled over to keep Goran from pulling any more hair from her body. "It's good though that he's busted and locked up,"

"Yeah it is," She crawled up to lay across Raith's body. "At least now he'll not be able to drag the organizations name through the mud anymore than he already has and there's more bad guys locked up with him." Raith pulled her up for a soft kiss and rested their foreheads together.

"And you get to pick up more of the supporters for the clinic, I heard that there's another half a modular sitting out in a field. All I have ta do is have it dragged out and it's yours, you could have space for an x-ray machine."

"X-ray machine and where am I getting the money for one of those?" Raith gave her a bright smile and winked.

"You'll have ta ask Tonya about that, she's good at getting stuff. In fact, she's gotten quite a few things fer our house that I woulda paid for." She wrapped her arms around Goran and hugged her close. "We can move in by the end of the week, the carpet for the loft will be laid in the morning and the downstairs floors will all be sealed and finished."

"You mean that I'll actually be able to see the inside of the place without having to sneak a peek through a window?" For the weeks that Raith had been helping the workers build their house, she had kept Goran from seeing what the inside would actually look like. She told her that it was a surprise and that she would see it when it was finished.

"Yep but first I wanna carry you across the threshold and do all that icky romantic stuff, will ya let me?"

"You're bigger than me; do ya think I can stop you from carrying me anywhere?" Raith chuckled and nodded her head.

"Size has nothing ta do with the fact that you can give me a shot of tranquilizer and drop my ass in two seconds." Goran wiggled her brows and placed kisses to her lover's eyebrows and then to her lips.

"That's true but I know we'd have more fun if you were conscious." She nipped at her lover's bottom lip and growled. "Wanna practice?"

Raith checked every thing one last time before she ran out the door to the house and down the path that would take her to the clinic. She jumped over the extension cord that ran from Kerry's Winnebago to the clinic and then jogged up the steps to the front door. She stepped in, gave Tonya a raised eyebrow, and dropped down into a chair beside her. "What are ya doing?"

"Arranging for delivery of that x-ray machine, the Reverend said we can store it in the church basement until we get the addition attached. What about you, I thought you'd be getting the house ready for tonight?"

"All done," She dropped her voice and pointed a finger at the desk drawer in front of Tonya. "I hid something in there that I need and then I'm kidnapping Gory for the rest of the night." Tonya raised an eyebrow and pulled the drawer all the way out. "That's it!" She pointed to a small blue box and wiggled her fingers.

"You hid her ring in her desk?"

"Yep," Raith grinned. "I knew she'd never look in her own drawers for it," She opened the box and showed the rings to Tonya. "Is the diamond big enough?" Tonya tapped her on her head and snapped the box closed.

"Any bigger Squirrel and she'd have to put her hand in a wheel barrow, a full carrot diamond ring?"

"I want people ta be able ta see her diamond miles before they see her."

"You sound a little...I don't know...insecure?"

"Nope not at all, just want everyone ta know how much I love her." She squeezed Tonya's leg and then went to the back of the clinic to look for her lover.

"You're sure she's got all kinds of stuff planed for tonight?" Kerry asked Goran in a low tone.

"Yep, she was out of bed at four o'clock this morning and out the door without her coffee."

"Well Tonya was out of bed...shit; guess I just gave that one away huh?"

"Haaa, we knew the first night you two met. Tonya didn't come home and the stupid look she had on her face the next day just about killed me."

"All we did was talk that night and drink lots of coffee," She rolled the pinky ring on her finger and looked up at her long time friend. "It's the first time that I've ever just sat and talked to someone like that...other than you that is. Ya know we've slept together but we've not been intimate yet."

"Let me guess, you have to tackle her for a kiss and anything more she runs and hides?" Kerry raised an eyebrow and nodded her head. "Her and Squirrel are about the same, except the Squirrel kept teasing me but when it came right down to it, I had to make the first move." She looked up when she heard the unmistakable sound of her lover's work boots hitting the tiled floor. "Speaking of the Squirrel..."

"Ask her about Morocco Mole." Kerry said before Raith came within earshot. "I saw Tonya's tattoo and it has just got to be in the same place Raith's is." Goran leaned in and whispered in her ear, she chuckled when Kerry's face turned a deep red.

"I guess it is since you look like a giant tomato."

"Dr. Who we have a date and we're running late...at least we will be if we don't run all the way home."

"You want me to run, where's your jeep?"

"At home...I forgot I drove there." She scuffed a toe across the tip of her other boot and looked up from under her bangs. "Are ya done, I wanna get this all right." Goran handed Kerry her stethoscope and got up from the table.

"All right Squirrel let's go before you have a panic attack and I have to use the jumper cables on you. Then again you've been hit by more electrical volts than a truck battery gives out." She took her lover's larger hand and let her pull her from the clinic, on the way over to their house; she kept looking at her profile. "Calm down Raith, you chew on your lip anymore and I'll have to sew it back on."

"I'll be OK as soon as we get in the front door, I hope you like how I designed the place. I know I should've asked you before I did anything but I wanted it to be a surprise."

"Raith, I left everything up to you, so what ever you did inside is fine with me. Remember, I'm used to an apartment smaller than the clinic with a view of the alley way and a dumpster." Raith nodded her head, took a deep breath and stopped at the front door.

"Goran, I ahhh...Hell I'm gonna screw this up." She reached into her front pocket, dropped to her knees in front of her and held the blue box. "I know I've asked you this a lot of times before and you've turned me down just as many times," She took a deep breath and looked into emerald green eyes. "I love you Goran, marry me?" She opened the box and watched as Goran raised her hands to her mouth, seconds later, with tear filled eyes she was taking the diamond ring from the box.

"Raith this ring it's...too much."

"No it's not," She took it from her hand and slipped it on her finger. "I would have bought a bigger one if I thought you could still lift your hand." She slipped the other ring onto her finger and placed a kiss to her palm. "This is forever Goran; you have my heart and soul."

"I never expected any of this; I always thought that love was something other people had. Until you knocked me down, cut my bra off and drove me nuts with spy toys." She smiled and wiped her tears from her eyes. "I'd have to be completely insane not to be hopelessly in love with you." She slipped the solid gold band on Raith's finger and then pulled her to her feet. "Ma will never believe that you were on your knees."

"Yeah she will, she told me that I had better be on my knees when I asked you." She placed a soft kiss to Goran's lips, swept her up in her arms and carried her into their new house. Placing her down on her feet, she hit the wall switch and watched Goran's mouth drop open. "Is it OK, I can change anything you don't like." Goran took in the fieldstone and quartz wall behind her as she spun in a slow circle; she reached out and touched a large piece of pink quartz. "Me and Tonya went down to the minds and got the stones, I always wanted a stone wall." She shrugged her shoulders and watched her lover walk slowly through their home. Goran stopped in the sunken living room and looked to where more fieldstone and quartz made up one wall. She looked over her shoulder at Raith and smiled brightly.

"I have my fire and a nice leather couch to lay on with you and watch it." She held out her hand and waited for Raith to take it. "How did you guys carry that huge insert in here?" She remembered when she came home and couldn't even bend over to take her boots off.

"We used wooden dollies on the floor and rolled it to the wall, it was lifting it up on the hearth that about killed us." She pulled Goran towards the staircase and waited for her to go first. Once at the top, she could feel the mental slap come from her.

"Ohhh and don't tell me you used wooden dollies and rolled that all the way up the stairs!" She pointed to a matching wood burning insert set in fieldstone and quartz. "And I know you had to have hauled all those rocks up one at a time."

"Remember baby, there were men here to. Some of them had to pick their nuts up off the floor

after we got the insert up there but it was worth every ache and pain to see you smile." She pulled her across the large loft and over to the huge bed, she ran a hand across the cherry wood footboard and then sat down on the edge. "Uncle Billy made this fer us in his workshop; he said every couple should have a marriage bed." She got up and took Goran's hand. "The one thing that I want ya ta see is down stairs, I thought of you the entire time we were working on it."

"Squirrel, you guys set a new record getting this house done, so don't tell me..." She froze in her steps when Raith opened the door to their bathroom. The room glowed from all the candles that sat along every edge, counter top and the glass shelves along the back of the Jacuzzi. Goran stepped in, turned in a slow circle and inhaled the scent of vanilla coming from the many candles. A slow smile came to her lips; she unbuttoned her shirt and let it drop to the floor. "Come on Squirrel, we're gonna baptize every room in our home, starting with this one." She stepped forward, grabbed the bottom of Raith's shirt and pulled it up over her head. "We're gonna see just how many ways we can use those water jets," She moaned when large hands slipped her bra straps down over her shoulders, "For hours on end." And whimpered when Raith bent forward and pulled a nipple between her lips. "Ohh Gods so maybe it won't be that long." She tangled her fingers in Raith's long hair and pulled her to her breast. Raith unfastened her Levis, slipped them as far down her hips as she could without letting go of her nipple. With a low whimper from her lover, she released it and finished undressing her. Once they were both naked, Raith cupped her lover's breasts in her hands and ran her thumbs across her taut nipples. She leaned forward, captured her lips in a sultry kiss and then whispered against them.

"You're absolutely perfect, every single inch of you." Raith had no idea how saying that made her feel, after the surgery, she never thought of her breasts in the same way. Raith made her feel like she never felt before, flawless. When Raith dropped down to her knees in front of her and pressed her face against her stomach, Goran laced her fingers in her hair and held her there.

"You make me feel perfect, I love you Raith." She looked down when Raith pulled her head back and saw the tears trailing down her cheeks. "What's wrong Squirrel?"

"I never thought this would ever happen, I always thought I'd grow old alone."

"Now you don't have that to worry about, the only thing now is will you be able to move in the morning?" She grabbed her hand and pulled her to her feet. "I wanna try out our Jacuzzi and see if I can get you to do Tarzan's yell again."

"That's not me who does that yell; it's that little blonde I have in bed with me."

"Ohh don't blame that one on me...OK so it is me that does it, who cares." She pulled Raith into the Jacuzzi and then let out a yell when a jet of water hit her in a certain area.

Raith had just stepped out of the shower when she heard her ma's voice coming from the living room; she walked to the loft balcony and looked over. "What's fer breakfast Squirrel?"

"Depends on what you brought."

"Ha funny thing, since I did bring food. I knew you didn't go shopping and would starve unless I brought food." She walked into the kitchen and let out a low whistle; she had been over to the house a couple times but hadn't seen it since the kitchen had been finished. In the middle of the large room was an island that held the smooth top stove, a sink and a butcher block cutting board. Above the island was where all the copper pots and pans hung from a copper rack. She used the wooden small stepladder to reach what she needed and then went over to the Bunn coffee maker like her own. She had to give her daughter a pat on the back for her house designs, the kitchen was done in lightwoods but had an airy feel to it. Most rooms done in wood felt dark and foreboding to her, which was one of the reasons her house was in all light colors and pure white. After getting the coffee going, she started on their breakfast. She smiled when she heard Raith let out a yell and knew that she had done something wrong. "Ohh get down here and leave her alone for two seconds!"

Raith rubbed her ass and looked down at her lover sitting on the toilet. "You bit my ass."

"You put it near me what did you expect, now go help ma." She pinched her on the ass to get her to move from the toilet paper. "Two seconds Squirrel and I yell for ma." Raith grinned and left the bathroom, she knew it irritated Goran when she came in the bathroom while she was in there. She would have her broken in with in a weeks time, she never closed the bathroom door when she lived in Culpepper and she wasn't about to start now. She grabbed a t-shirt, pulled it on and then pulled her boxers on. Taking a deep breath, she smelled bacon cooking. As she passed their bed, she grinned and felt her face heat up. If her Uncle only knew what the headboard was used for the night before, he would fall over. She hid her handcuffs under a pillow and jogged down the steps into the living room.

"Love you ma," She grabbed a piece of bread from the table and dropped it in the toaster. "So whatcha think of the kitchen?" She took a seat at the kitchen table and waited for her toast.

"When ya gonna build me a kitchen like this?"

"When ya want it, I got some left over wood and other stuff?"

"Ohh as soon as you two get back from your honeymoon," She handed her an envelope and waved a hand at Goran. "Ya ever been to Maui?"

"Nope why?" She took the toast from Raith's hand, took a bite and gave it back to her.

"Good cuz you two are going for a week, give me time ta work on that numbskull Tonya. She's gotta give poor Kerry some before she implodes and I want some of that Kona coffee they got over there. It's gotta be cheaper than six bucks fer a little bag at Wal-Mart."

"Squirrel that had better not be what I think it is." Goran opened one eye, slapped a hand at what ever it was sliding up her leg and groaned when Raith grabbed her hand.

"Ya almost squashed my bug!"

"Good and you're lucky I don't squash your head." She opened both eyes and jumped away from her lover. "What the Hell is that?!"

"It's a great big...sand crab, there's lots of 'em around here." She pointed to the holes where all the little crabs were crawling out. "It did give some ideas for spy bugs; I can sell them to spy shops like I do with the other stuff."

"Squirrel, we're in Maui lying on this beautiful beach and you're thinking of spy stuff." She moved closer to her, slipped a finger between her breasts and tugged on her bikini top. "How about thinking of a way to get sand out of certain areas after we roll around in it completely naked?"

"And here I thought you were gonna yell at me for using all the little tattoo books from your *Cracker Jacks*, ya look like a demented sailor." She ran a finger across her lover's arm and snickered when she looked down at all the different tattoos covering her body. "Guess I can come up with something to clean them all off..." She looked into dark green eyes and knew that either way she was going to pay. "Race ya back to the bungalow?" She got up and took off at a sprint down the beach.

"She's so easy; just wait until she looks in the mirror." She opened the used tattoo paper and chuckled at the word 'sucker' in red letters. She opened the bag at her side, pulled out a bag of *Cracker Jacks* and filled her mouth. Life couldn't get much better than this, she got up, grabbed their things and headed back to the bungalow. Yes, it could and she was going to start by making Raith forget all about spy stuff.

The End.
Hill Jack Conspiracy
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