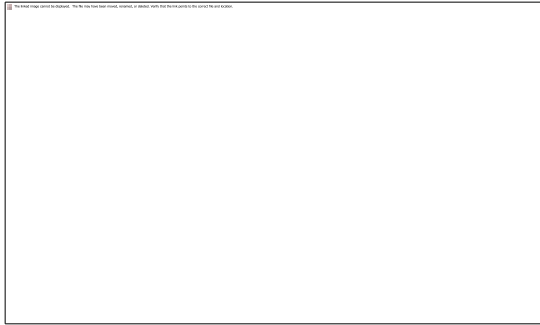


# ~ Journalistic Endeavors ~

by Larisa



**Disclaimer:** OK, ya all know the spiel. Yada yada yada, they're mine.

**Violence:** Yep.

**Sex and bad language:** Yep.

**Age requirements:** If you're not old enough, go away!!

## Journalistic Endeavors

By Larisa

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The tall man paced back and forth behind his desk, each time he turned, he cast a glare at the small woman sitting nonchalant in the chair in front of his desk. What really irritated him was that the entire time he had been reaming her; she sat there reading a Spiderman comic. He was at his wits end of what to do with her.

"Deavers!" He yelled to get her attention. "Get your ass out of here and I don't want to see you until the end of the week and you had better have something for me!"

Small crinkles formed beside her green eyes when she grinned at him, she knew if she ignored him, she would get what she wanted. It was one of her talents, to be able to close off the world and disappear into another one. The world she wanted to disappear into now was out on the streets where all the crime was. She had worked for the Winchester Sun newspaper for three years and had not yet gotten the break she wanted. Writing about the Apple Blossom festival was not her idea of excitement. She wanted the dirt on the streets, the stuff that hid in the shadows of the day and roamed the streets at night. The only problem was her boss didn't think she was a seasoned enough reporter for the job. He saw only her small stature, her young innocent looks and stuck her with what she called the 'prissy pieces.' She felt like throwing up every time she had to interview some rich bitch about her flower garden or some blonde bimbo about what she would do after she was crowned queen of the clueless.

Now was her chance, she had been doing some research, actually snooping, on the gang bangers and drug traffickers in the abandoned factory area of Winchester. Stopping off at her desk, she opened the bottom drawer, took out her camera bag and her laptop. With having only one photographer at the paper, she shot all her own pictures and turned them in to be placed in the articles she wrote. Not like taking pictures of a plastic-faced beauty queen was hard. The second one of them saw a camera lens, they did the freeze frame thing complete with having sex with the camera. She swore that if she ever seen another pouty looking face with doe eyes, she'd give the simple bitch something to pout about. She'd had more fun with a bunch of big hairy bikers

flashing their tattoos in a tiny little bar than anywhere. That's where the real people were. The everyday people, who worked for a living, lived in trailer parks and drove old beat up cars.

Leaving the building, she went out to her old Datsun station wagon, dropped her bags in the back seat and prayed that it started. It was now three o'clock in the afternoon and things didn't start to get interesting until nine o'clock at night. She had time to go home, eat supper and get some sleep before going out onto the streets to start her snooping.

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Busch rolled down the window in his 1972 Cutlass, it stopped part way and had to be manually lowered, by way of shaking the Hell out of it until it fell into the doorframe. Wiping the sweat from his face, he looked out into the dark alley. "Where the Hell are you?" He had dropped off his partner more than fifteen minutes ago and she had still not made it back to the car. Starting the engine, he pulled across the back street in the factory area and stopped right in front of the alley. "Come on Hyper, what the Hell are you doing?" He flipped on a small flashlight, aimed it down the center of the alleyway and saw a dark figure bending over a still form on the ground. "What the fuck?" He squinted his eyes to try to focus better. The sound of a silenced pistol going off had him jumping from his car and taking cover behind a dumpster.

A deep smoky voice came from the darkness and eased his tripping pulse. "Hey Busch I could use some help here!"

"Jesus Christ Hyper, what are you doing in there?" He slowly walked forward and scanned the alleyway with his flashlight.

"Pissing up a wall, now give me a hand with this pile of shit." Six foot of dark menace rose from the trash covered ground. Her dark clothes blended in with her surroundings with the exception for the long chrome chain hanging down from hip to knee and back up. "Son of a bitch ambushed me." She growled and drop kicked the still body. Bending over, she searched the mans pockets and pulled out a thick wad of bills, small plastic envelopes of cocaine and bundle of tin foil that she assumed carried the crack she had gone in the alley to buy. "Call this in and let's get out of here." She walked past her partner, got into the passenger side of the car and leaned her head against the seat. The car tilted when Busch got in beside her, with one glance, his face went ashen.

"Fuck me!"

"Not in my worst nightmare Busch, take me to my sisters so I can get cleaned up."

"Cleaned up? Is she going to sew your head back on?"

"Yeah, right after she's done with your dick implant." She looked out of the corner of her eye at him. "You look kinda fuzzy and it's hotter than Hell in here." Were her last words before she slumped over into the seat and fell against him.

"Damn you Hyper always gotta be the big bad bitch." He shifted the car in gear and took off down the street.

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Deavers pulled into the spot that the Cutlass had just vacated. Looking around her for trouble, she flipped the handheld spotlight on and shined it down the alley. What she saw there made her wonder if this was a good idea. Pulling her camera off the seat, she checked the number of shots she had left and got out. Using a flash and the spotlight, she took numerous pictures of the dead body in the alleyway. When the roll was finished, she hit the auto rewind and waited until the whirling sound stopped before replacing the roll. From off in the distance, she heard sirens and knew she had to get away from the crime scene before the police got there and took her film. Or worse, arrest her.

Running back to her car, she jumped in and dropped the film in her pocket. Shifting her car into gear, she had just made the corner when two police cruisers stopped at the alley. Slowly she cruised the streets looking for any kind of action she could capture on film and recorder. What she saw was the normal nighttime activities. Kids in their jailing clothes hanging out on the corners, dealers hiding in the doorways peddling their drugs, whore's standing on the corners or in doorways trying to make a few bucks with their bodies and police officers ignoring every thing around them. She had tried to tell her boss that the police were just there as show pieces but never got involved unless someone was dead. What she wanted to do was bring all the dirty little secrets that are covered up everyday to the surface. Without getting killed in the process, which, was going to happen if she didn't move from where she was sitting.

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Busch carried his partner through the side door of the Veterinary hospital and laid her down on the surgical table that her sister used for operating on dogs and cats. He still couldn't figure out why she would never let him take her to a hospital. Making sure she wasn't going to roll off the table, he went in search of her younger sister.

Hazel eyes looked up from a large medical journal and caught the worried and frustrated look on Busch's face. Closing the book the small Vet raised an eyebrow and then shook her head of long blondish curls. "What did she do this time?"

"I don't know but there's blood everywhere." He wrung his hands and shifted from foot to foot.

"Let me take a look, one of these days I'm not going to be able to patch her up." Her small athletic frame jogged down the hallway to the operating room. She was shorter than her six-foot sister, but Mackenzie Crichton-Danes was every bit as fierce. She sighed with one look at her sister's long dark hair matted with blood and blood running down across her sharp angled face. "I swear Hyper; I should lock you in the basement for your own health." Picking up a large basin, she filled it with warm water and took a surgical sponge from the cabinet. "Hey Busch I can use some help back here!" She knew that he was squeamish but maybe if he saw this enough he'd

keep her sister out of trouble.

"Do I really have to help you?"

She looked up for a brief second and went back to examining her sister. "Yep, if she wakes up, I want you to scream like a girl and slap her."

"And what will that do?"

"Not a damn thing but it'll amuse me. Here hold this." She handed him the basin and went back over to the storage cabinets for other materials. As soon as he saw the dog clippers in her hand, he covered his eyes.

"She's gonna kill us both! You for shaving her head and me for letting you!"

Her hazel eyes twinkled with revenge, a wicked grin covered her face when she hit the switch and the clippers buzzed to life. "I promise to not make her look too much like a Schnauzer."

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Deavers pulled into the parking lot of her apartment complex and parked in the very last parking space in the lot. She had complained to the superintendent every month about someone taking the spot that was assigned to her. She had lowered herself to soaping their windshield and taping condoms to their bumper. She still ended up parking at the back of the lot.

"One of these days I'm gonna have your car towed!" She slammed her palm on the hood and ran when the car alarm went off. The neighbors just loved the noise at three o'clock in the morning. Going up the side stairs, she jogged up the four flights and stopped at the top of the landing. Her door was right in front of her, it was the only good thing about where she lived. Easy access to her apartment without having to go inside the building.

Checking her answering machine and seeing that the red light did nothing at all, she went into the kitchen and pulled a piece of cold pizza from inside the microwave. Eating the pizza on the way to her bedroom, she kicked off her hiking boots and heard them land somewhere near the front door. By the time she finished her pizza and fell into bed, she was wearing only a pair of Mickey Mouse glow in the dark boxers. Tossing and turning until she was curled in a fetal position, the sleep of an innocent claimed her.

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"What did you do to me?" Hyper rolled her head to the side and saw both Busch and her sister watching her. "Feel like shit and my heads freezing." She reached up with a long fingered hand to find an ice pack.

"I'd say brain freeze but that's impossible." Mack stood up, stretched, yawned and wiggled her fingers at her sister. "How many do you see?"

"Twenty if you count the ones growing out of your forehead."

"Guess that hard head of yours held up under the wine bottle that hit you."

Hyper sat up slowly and closed her eyes when the room started to spin. Closing her eyes for a minute, she then opened them to see a nervous Busch watching her.

"What is the top of my head missing or something?"

"You could say that yeah." He looked everywhere but at her.

"What did you do to me Mack?" She ran a hand across the top of her head; her eyes grew large then narrowed with the contact of smooth skin. "You shaved me bald!"

"No choice Hyper, I put 70 some sutures in that noggin of yours." She yawned again and blinked her eyes a few times. "I'm outta here; take some Tylenol for your massive headache."

"Thanks Mack, I owe you." She narrowed her eyes. "For everything." Mack stopped beside her and kissed the top of her baldhead.

"Hey, I left the back alone. Wear a hat, it'll grow back quick."

Hyper slid off the table and looked at her reflection in the stainless steel freezer door.

"Ohh my Gods! I look like..." She turned with narrowed eyes to her partner. "You helped her didn't you?"

Busch gulped loudly and ran for the back door.

"God damn I'm a skin head!" She ran her fingers across her baldhead as she walked to the back door. "I have a baby's ass for a head."

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Busch dropped her off at her building across town; she looked up at the old building and sighed. She had lived in the same place for eight years and still could not get used to the sight of the ugly place. The dingy bricks that age and pollution had turned from red to soot color, made the place look abandoned. It worked though; she never had the Jehovah's knocking at her door. Opening the sliding side door of the warehouse, she walked across the concrete floor to the old metal shipping elevator. Sliding the cage like door closed, she hit the handle and heard the motor engage and take her to the top floor. The elevator stopped at a wide-open floor that glowed from the dim light coming from the skylights. Dropping her keys on a small table near the elevator, she striped out of her clothes and dropped them through out her flat on the way to her California King sized waterbed. Rubbing her face into the flannel sheets, she moaned when her head started pounding but surrendered to sleep anyway.

The sound of the phone ringing next to her head sent a sharp pain radiating through the top of her head. Slapping at the offending instrument, she groaned when it clattered to the floor. A tiny voice came up from the floor and kept yelling hello to her.

"What! I'm sleeping!" Searching the floor with one hand, she found the receiver and brought it up to her ear. "I have a big gun and I'll use it!"

"But you shoot blanks so it doesn't count. How's your head this afternoon?"

"You should know, you're the one who shaved it." Rolling over, Hyper swung her legs over the edge and flexed her toes into the thick carpet. "Still hurts like Hell but I'll survive, thanks Mack for taking care of me."

"No problem Sis, I called because I knew you'd be interested about what's on the front page of the newspaper."

"Why's that?"

"Ohh because it's a picture of a stiff with part of a wine bottle in his hand."

"Shit! How the Hell did that get in the paper?" She got out of bed, walked over to the elevator, and took it to the lower floor. "How did the press get there before the cops?"

"No idea Hyper but they did, the head line reads 'Police hide while crime takes over our city...'"

Hyper picked up her copy of the newspaper and finished her sister's sentence. "By Corey Deavers." She grunted and flipped the paper over in her hand to continue reading. "Who the Hell is Corey Deavers, I've never heard of her?"

"Someone who got to the scene before the cops. Did Busch use the car radio or his cell phone?"

"I have no idea; I passed out in the car." Dropping the paper on the butcher-block table, she turned the coffee pot on and waited for it to start dripping. "Can I get my head wet?"

"Sure, it's not like there's anything up there to get damaged. Try to stay away from wine bottles for a few days. Later sis."

Pulling a coffee cup down from the wall, Hyper poured milk and sugar into it and waited for the coffee pot to fill. Rubbing her eyes, she let her fingers go over the top of her head. A slight smirk crossed her lips when she thought of all the times she had fought tooth and nail not to have her hair trimmed. Now she was bald except for the hair that hung down her back. Feeling the sides, she felt very short hair that felt prickly to her fingertips.

"Can't take it no more." She went into the bathroom and looked in the mirror, what came before her ice blue eyes sent shivers down her spine. One long gash zigzagged down the center of her

head and other smaller gashes peppered each side of it. Mack had shaved the least amount of hair that she possible could and still be able to suture the skin. "Couple weeks and I'll have a dyke hair cut."

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Corey yawned, closed the top of her laptop and left her desk; she had gotten up early and ran into the newspaper so that she could get her story and the pictures to one of the editors. She was shocked when he had smiled at her and said that it would make the front page. It was the first time that she had ever made the front page other than for the prissy articles. She also knew that the phone would be ringing off the hook as soon as the police commissioner saw the paper.

"Deavers I thought I told you I didn't want to see your face until the end of the week?"

"You wouldn't be seeing it now if you weren't in the women's bathroom." She crossed her arms over her chest and tapped a foot. "Do you mind?"

"Right, when you're done doing what ever, I want you in my office." He turned and left her standing there rolling her eyes.

"I really hate men! Egotistical ass wipe, I'll use their bathroom from now on and see how they like it!" Washing her hands and face, she dried off and took the short walk to her boss' office. Doing her usual, she dropped into the seat with an exaggerated sigh and twiddled her thumbs. He gave her a glare and tossed the front page into her lap.

"What in the Hell is that and how did you get it?"

"Let's see?" She pressed a fingertip to her lips, scanned the page and threw it on his desk. "Looks like I got the front page with a murder shot and I'm good."

"Out! Get out before I knock you out!"

She left with a howl of laughter; she loved it when she could crank him up in the morning. Picking up her stuff, she headed for the door and home. She was dead on her feet and needed some sleep before she fell over.

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Dropping down onto her futon, she flipped the TV on and changed it to a news channel. Suffering through the sports and weather, she was disappointed when nothing was said about the dead guy in the alley. "Figures, not a damn word as usual." She flipped the TV off and slumped down so that she was barely on the bottom cushion. Tilting her head to the side, she saw out of the corner of her eye a small dark shape run across the kitchen floor and disappear inside the cabinet beneath the sink. "Damn mouse, must have been foraging in my cereal again." Sliding to the floor, she crawled on her hands and knees to her bedroom.

Falling into bed after her shower, Corey snuggled down into her pillow and watched the sunset from her window. She felt like she was a little kid again when she had to be in bed before dark. Rolling on to her back, she pulled her pillow over her face and yelled at the top of her lungs. Any other time and she would be getting ready to go out bar hopping and trying to find someone to spend the rest of her life with. Now she was going out but looking for trouble to make her self a name. "Sacrifices suck!"

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Five hours later, she was dressing in dark baggy clothes, baseball hat and hiking boots. If she had to get out of her car around the people of the night, she wanted to blend in as much as possible. Looking like a gang banger could save her life out there. Checking her pockets for her wallet, keys, pocketknife and five dollars, she grabbed her thick sweatshirt off the hook by the door and pulled it over her head. She looked in the mirror by the door and rolled her eyes at her reflection. "I look like a little kid." She spun her hat backwards and left her apartment for the second night of snooping.

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Hyper and Busch stood in the police chief's office, he had called them in to find out just what in the Hell they thought they were doing. Busch stuttered and looked to a shrugging Hyper.

"Come off it Crichton, that's the area where you two do all your business. What happened and how in the Hell did the press get there before us?"

"No idea boss, I was getting my hair cut at the time."

He slammed his hands down on his desk and roared at the top of his lungs "BULLSHIT!"

"I'm not lying look." She pulled the baseball hat off and showed him her baldhead. "Smooth as a baby's ass, wanna feel?"

"Jesus Christ Crichton what happened to your head?" He cringed at all the black sutures covering her scalp.

"I got jumped by a wine bottle and..."

"Your pistol came to the rescue and capped that guy."

"Do you have ESP; can you read my mind to?"

"Smartass." He dropped into his chair and looked at both of them. "I want you two to find out who the Hell this Corey Deavers is and keep her out of our business. The last thing we need is her blowing your cover out there."

Busch opened his mouth and then chickened out. "You're such a pussy Harry." Hyper slugged



him in the shoulder and snickered when he yelped. "What do we do if we catch her out there?"

"Contain the problem Crichton, I don't care how you do it but just don't shot her. That's all we would need, a dead reporter." He waved his hand at them signaling that the meeting was over.

"You heard him Hyper, contain her, don't shot her."

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Corey strutted down the street behind one of the local gangs; she had discovered that there was to be a huge fight for money in one of the abandoned warehouses. This was something that she couldn't miss; she had her camera hidden beneath the bulky sweatshirt just in case she could sneak a few shots during the fight. As they got closer to where the fight was to be, a dark car went past and stopped to talk to the gang members. Corey eased her way closer and looked at the person in the passenger seat; all she could see was the bottom part of the person's face that showed from under the bill of a baseball hat. A flash of even white teeth and then a long fingered hand slipping one of the gang bangers a small folded up bill caught her eye. The crack was passed smooth as silk at the same time. She would have never saw it if she hadn't been so close. Waiting until the car drove away; she lifted the edge of her sweatshirt and snapped a picture of the rear of the car.

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"What do we have this time?" Busch asked and looked sideways at Hyper.

"Two handcrafted macadamia nuts for a twenty spot." She rolled the small nuts between her fingers before putting them in an evidence bag with the name of the seller on the outside. "I think he spends more time carving nuts than if he was making the real stuff." She put the bag inside a brown paper bag and shoved it under the seat. "Let's follow the crowd and see if we can make some more hits tonight."

"You mean so you can make some more hits."

She snorted and gave him a big grin; she knew that he would never fit in with the gang bangers. He was in his late 40's and very out of shape, not to mention his thinning hair that he wore in a massive comb over and thick glasses. Dressed in a flannel shirt, grey workpants and work boots just didn't fit the image of a drug addict or dealer. Hyper on the other hand looked the part in her baggy clothes, chained wallet and combat boots. After six years of being a sergeant in the narc squad and seeing things that could give the strongest person nightmares, she had become hardened and could close the emotions off behind her icy blue eyes. In all the time that she and Busch had been partners, they had never had anyone get close to blowing their cover like the previous night. Their problem was, that they had no idea how Deavers had come across the scene.

Hyper felt her cell phone vibrate in her pocket, pulling it out she answered.

"Yo man, what's your pleasure?"

*"You've got a picture of Deavers coming over the fax now, took some time to find it and I'll warn you. It's a couple of years old."*

"OK, thanks Pops we appreciate your hard work." She opened the glove compartment and pulled out a small fax machine that was rigged to the laptop and cell phone strapped to the floor under the front seat. In a few seconds, it started printing out a picture of their number one enemy. Corey Deavers. "Pops didn't say that we're looking for a grade school kid." She handed the picture that the desk sergeant had sent them to Busch. It showed a young woman with long blondish hair, green eyes surrounded by dark lashes and a beautiful but innocent smile gracing her fine features.

"This is who almost caught us?" He waved the picture at her. "My daughter is older than her, looks meaner to."

"Maybe we should hang out at the local schoolyard or ice cream place." She shoved the picture under the sun visor. "Fucking great, we have a twelve year old after us."

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Corey snuck around the back of the large warehouse, the crowd of people ranged from gang bangers all the way to men in business suits. She then knew that this had to be a normal occurrence for the area. If they were having illegal fighting matches in the abandoned warehouses and business type men were in there then it had to be big money not to mention drugs and other illegal activities. This could be the start of a weeklong series for her and to Hell with what her boss wanted. Trying to blend in as much as possible, she made her way across the warehouse to a set of metal stairs that went up to a catwalk. Slipping past people until she got to the far end of the catwalk, where there was an open window. Not to mention a good advantage point for pictures of the fighters and who ever came through the door. Sitting down so that her feet dangled over the edge and her arms rested on the center rail, she scanned all of the people waiting around the shoddy fighting circle. She moved one hand and lifted the edge of her sweatshirt so that the camera lens was showing. She would be able to tap the button and pray when she developed the shots that they came out. She had a very expensive camera that did everything but cook and clean. Her eyes grew wide when she recognized one of the areas wealthiest businessmen come through the door with two large rough looking men. Arthur J. Gillingham owned numerous industrial properties in the area as well as being on the board of directors for the city council. His face was always plastered somewhere either in the newspaper or billboards announcing something else that he would be backing for the community. He was the last person she would ever have thought to be seen at an illegal fighting match. Aiming her camera at him, she clicked off pictures repeatedly until he was out of her sight line.

"Son of a bitch! I'm going to get a Pulitzer for this."

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Hyper rolled her eyes at Busch and shoved him in his shoulder. "Come on what can happen in there?" She pointed to the warehouse that had become the main attraction for the area.

"With you in there, no telling. Hell we could be invaded by aliens and it would be your fault!" He hated the idea of her going into the place alone without him at her back.

She pulled the hood of her sweatshirt up over her hat so that her face was hidden in shadows. "Come on Joe, how long have we been doing this?"

"Years and in all those years I've had to take you to your sister to many times to count!" He rubbed his roughened cheek with a hand and gave her one of her own looks that she used on him all the time. "I know that no matter what I say, you'll still go in there. So be careful."

"How do you do that?" She asked as she opened the door and got out.

"Because you used my real first name not Harry." She gave him a small salute and jogged off into the night. Sometimes he agreed with Mack and wanted to help her lock Hyper in a basement somewhere for her and everyone else's safety. He worried about her because she had no fear; she would run right into the middle of a firefight and not care that she could be killed. It was one of the reasons she was the only decorated female police officer, and the most decorated cop in that part of the Virginia.

Hyper took a shortcut around the building and to the side where a fire escape ran up the side to the roof. Climbing up, she ran all the way up and stopped when she came to the window that would put her on the catwalk above the floor. Slipping through the window, she saw a kid sitting on the catwalk and other people leaning over the railing. With a quick glance, she looked down and saw two men standing across from each other. In a few minutes, the place would be in an uproar when the fight started. Walking past all the people, she made her way down to the ground floor and started looking for her marks. She planed on getting at least half a dozen of more buys that night before turning the evidence in and heading home. Seeing one of her dealers, she took on the strut of a street thug.

"Hey man got a little bit for me?" She asked the small black man that didn't even hit the five-foot mark in height.

"Whatcha want Jo, I got smack, crack, pot, and one hit of pure black tar left."

She shoved her hands deep in her pocket and rocked on her heels. "Gonna hit the bars tonight, party some and get me a slice." She moved her hands around in her pockets and twitched a little. "How much for all of it?"

"For you Jo, I'll make ya a deal. Two thou and it's yours."

She knew that it was too much money for what he had on him but she had to keep up the appearance of an addict. Pulling her hands out of her pockets, she rifled through the dirty bills in her hand and slipped him two thousand dollars of the Narcotic Squads money. "It's all there

Leon, where's the stuff?"

He waved a tall thick built man over who handed her a Burger King bag. With a peek inside, she gave him a lopsided grin, slap hands with him and walked with an unsteady pace towards the back of the crowded room. Rolling the bag, she shoved it down into one of her cargo pockets and buttoned it closed. "Couple more and I'm outta here." She looked around the place and finally up to the stairs that she had used earlier. A glint came from the far end where the kid was sitting when she came in. Narrowing her eyes, she saw the glint again come from under the kid's sweatshirt. "Fucking great, a kid playing with a damn piece." Was mumbled under her breath. Looking for a break in the yelling crowd, she made her way back over to the steps and looked up in time to see the kid looking down at her. A corner of her lip rose and a low snarling noise came from her throat.

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"Ohh this is not good." Corey said to herself when she saw the gang banger looking at her after she had just shot what she hoped to be a good picture of the person. Looking to her right, she saw the open window and made a run for it. Running across the short space of roof, she took the fire escape stairs and heard feet pounding right behind her. "Fuck me to death!" She jumped down the last six steps and tore off into the night with the other person right on her heels. She couldn't remember how far away her car was but she knew she would have to either get there or hide from who ever was chasing her. Sliding around a corner of another building, she came to an alleyway that she knew would lead her back in the direction she had walked that night. Picking up speed, she hurdled garbage cans, stacks of fruit crates and other garbage. She was winded and knew if she didn't get to her car or hide soon, she wouldn't be able to run anymore. Seeing a small hole in one of the buildings walls, she came to a sliding stop, dropped to her knees and scurried through the hole. Keeping away from the hole, she heard feet hitting the pavement and then heavy breathing.

"God damn it! Fucking stupid kid!" Hyper bent over at the knees and tried to get her breathing under control. Any other time and she would have caught the kid, but with her head aching and still not up to her normal strength, she had lost him in the dark. With one last look around, she turned and walked back down the alleyway and hopefully, Busch would have seen her and followed with the car.

Corey waited a few minutes to make sure the way was clear before she crawled out of the hole and took off down the alley and in the direction of her car. She knew that she had been lucky and if not for finding the hiding spot, she could very well be the front page of the early edition. She wondered what had set the person off that they had chased her. "Of course you stupid shit! They must have seen the damn camera lens." Slowing down, she went back to strutting down the sidewalk so as not to get any unwanted attention.

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Busch pushed the passenger side door open and waited for Hyper to get in. "What the Hell were you doing, trying out for the handicapped Olympics?"

"Damn little kid was in the warehouse with a piece under his sweatshirt." She wiped the sweat from her face on her sleeve and took the bottle of water Busch offered her. "I look up and the little shit has it pointed at me."

"So you do the stupidest thing you can think of and chase him."

"It was either that or have the asshole start a gang war in there. Which I could care less about what happened to those assholes but I was in there." She pulled the Burger King bag out of her pocket and went through the drugs she had bought. "Got this shit from Little Leon for two grand." She held up a small bag in front of Busch's eyes.

"Black tar? That little fuck's been dealing black tar." He took the bag and looked at it closer.

"That ain't nothing, they were having an illegal fight in that building and I saw a whole bunch of suits in there. I think the big guy is branching out from drugs to death matches."

"What better way than to get rid of the gangs but to put them up against each other in a ring. Keeps them from shooting the Hell outta each other and bringing in the bad publicity."

"Which helps Gillingham keep his pockets lined with money and Government officials?" Hyper finished for Busch. "We just need to get that fucker cold."

"Easy to say but we've been at this for a year now and got shit for evidence." He pulled the car out on to the street and headed back to the seedy part of town. They had two more hours before shift was up and in that time they could take more drugs off the street and maybe get some information to help them take down Gillingham.

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Corey pulled the photo paper from the rinse and held it up, what she saw made her shiver. The shot was off center and a little crooked but the camera had caught the person's eyes peering out from under the hats bill. They were the coldest eyes she had ever seen in her life, icy blue and very dangerous. High cheekbones slanted down to a strong jaw and chin below tight lips. She felt like she was looking at death its self and was thankful that she was able to out run this person. "You would have made me a statistic in my own paper." Clipping the picture to the drying line, she finished looking through the negatives for a shot to go with her article on illegal drugs. She was not ready to write anything on Gillingham, she needed more than a picture of him at the fight. He was slick and so far, the police had not been able to bring him up on any charges. The District Attorney called him Teflon because everything that they had on him slid right off. She had a theory that he was being protected by not only the local government but by someone bigger than him. How else could witnesses disappear from the area and not be linked to him? She knew that the gangs knocked each other off but the police usually had the shooter within a week or so. The kids always bragged about what they had done to someone, what it did was make them a huge target for the next guy.

Taking a picture of three guys dealing drugs, she left the darkroom and went back to her desk to type up her story. It would take her maybe an hour at the most and give her plenty of time to make corrections if needed before the deadline would be up.

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Busch and Hyper stood outside the evidence room with their buys for the night. They had done pretty well for it being in the middle of the week but figured that it was because of the fight that more was available on the street. A lot of the dealers wouldn't sell their stuff to a stranger and kept with their regulars. The chance to sell to someone who came for the fight made some of them make stupid mistakes. Like one dealer in particular who was putting his cell phone number on the bags of coke. He would be off the street before noon; they had turned that one over to one of the other squads. They would get partial credit for the bust and wouldn't blow their cover bringing the guy in. Now all they had to do was sign all the drugs into the evidence room and they were done for the night.

Hyper pulled her hat off and scratched the top of her head; the sutured areas were driving her nuts. She felt like she had bugs crawling across her head all night and wanted nothing more than to go home and take a shower.

"Any peach fuzz up there yet?" Busch ran a finger across her baldhead and jumped to avoid being smacked.

"Do I play with your baldhead?"

"No but yours is all nice and shiny and new. I've had mine since I was twenty and it doesn't get peach fuzz on it."

"Go home and play with your wife's hairy legs, damn weirdo."

"That'll have to wait until I drop you off at home, when you going to pull your car out of mothballs?"

"When I can drive it and not worry about a drive-by or some asshole stealing it."

"Guess the thing will fall apart where it sits then. Just like you going home to an empty flat every night, when's that gonna change?"

"When you grow some hair on that bald spot, I like living alone. I can do what I damn well please and no one can tell me any different." She had at one time wished that when she went home, someone would be waiting for her. But with the career she had chosen, she knew that no one in their right mind would want to have a cop as a spouse. The statistics for divorce were astronomical and the death rate was close behind. It was a spouse's nightmare to have another cop come to the door at midnight and say 'I'm sorry.' She herself had done it on occasion and didn't want her spouse to go through what she had seen with her own eyes.

"Don't you miss not having someone to cuddle up to at night or be there to talk to when we have a shitty day?"

She rolled her eyes and gave him a sneer. "How many times have we had this discussion?"

"Ohh at least once a month for the last six years."

"And what do I tell you every single time?"

"You want a sex slave to whip you with leather shoestrings? Ohh wait that's what I want!" He gave her a grin. "No seriously, why don't you date, go out, talk to anyone but cops and sit up in that warehouse on our days off?"

"I have a serious case of the clap, herpes and a steel chastity belt that there's no key to. Now shut up or I'll tell your wife you fantasize about wearing her bra." She grabbed his sideburns and yanked. "And no matchmaking either, I like being alone!"

"Ooohh alright already, just hate seeing you not have anyone to rub your head and make wishes."

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With her article turned in along with the picture of the drug deal, she was guaranteed space in the next edition. The midnight editor was thrilled to have something from her again, the paper sales had gone up a small percentage since her first story that he had put on the front page. The people worked the early morning shifts that bought the papers. And seeing something on the front page that they saw in the wee morning hours caught their attention faster. With the pictures and negatives in hand, she left the newspaper building and went home. She was taking that night off from roaming the streets; she had to get some research done on Gillingham and her mystery car. She had a connection at the DMV and knew if she agreed to a lunch date that she could get the car owners name. The thought of a date of any kind made her squeamish. She was not a people person when it came to the stress of having someone drool over her. She shivered and tried to swallow the bad taste in her mouth.

"I really need a connection in the police department." Grabbing a container of yogurt from the refrigerator and a huge bag of peanut M&M's, she went into her small bare bedroom. With the exception of her twin bed, the only thing in the room was a nightstand and small dresser. She was never big on possessions and it showed in the way she lived. Shedding her clothes into a pile at the side of the bed, she slipped beneath the sheets and ate her yogurt with the M&M's mixed in. While she ate, she thought of the gang member that almost caught her in the alley, she would have to be more careful in the future. The eyes on that one still sent chills through her, she pulled the sheet up to her neck and shivered. Nightmares were a rarity for her, except for this night she knew she would dream of those eyes.

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Arthur J. Gillingham paced in front of his couch, his two body guards stood on either side of the

door and one of the gang members that worked for him stood behind the couch watching him.

"How could you be so god damn stupid as to let some reporter take a picture of you doing a drug deal?" He stopped his pacing and glared at the man. "Do you know what will happen to you if I go down? I'll make sure that you're ripped to tiny little pieces and scattered all over the neighborhood!" He pulled the silk tie loose from his neck and let it hang. Throwing a hand in the air, he pointed at the man and spoke in a low voice. "You find that Deavers bitch and you get rid of her! And don't drop her body somewhere that she can be found! I never want to see a report in the damn newspaper saying that her body was found in my warehouse area, is that clear?"

"Yes sir it's clear."

"Now get out of my face and I want it done by the end of the week!" He nodded his head and one of his bodyguards followed the drug dealer from the house. The man was under orders to follow the dealer and make sure he didn't screw up and even if he didn't he was to be taken care of and blamed for the reporters death.

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Hyper looked into the mirror and snorted at the fine black peach fuzz growing on her head. When she ran her fingers across the fine hairs, it reminded her of when she didn't shave her legs. "Another few days and I'll look like that hedgehog from the Snuggle commercials." Raising an eyebrow at her reflection, she said. "I'm snuggly soft. NOT!" Tossing the bath towel into the hamper, she wandered out to her living room and dropped onto the couch with an exaggerated sigh. It wasn't very often that she was able to just lay around her flat and she planed on making up for it that day. That was until she heard the elevator coming up.

"Now what did I do?" She pulled her Glock off the coffee table and slipped it under a throw pillow. "Go away I'm PMSING!"

"Is that supposed to scare me?" Mack asked as she and her wife Charley stepped into the room. "Damn ya could have said you were naked!"

"I wanted to surprise you." She grinned. "Surprise I'm naked!"

"You're whacked in the head, speaking of your head, let me see it."

Charley stepped up behind her shorter wife and busted out laughing at her sister in-law. Her caramel colored eyes glowed with amusement. "And she wonders why I won't let her cut my hair." She ran her fingers through her wild dark locks. "You're snuggly soft."

"I am NOT soft!" She looked up at her sister. "Mack tell her to stop before I kick her ass."

"She's not soft; she's a dipshit with a baldhead. Now hold still while I look at my handiwork." She examined the sutures, pulled on a few of them and made Hyper flinch. "No hat for the next two days, air needs to get to these or your heads gonna swell bigger than it already is hedgehog."



She sunk back into the couch and glared at them. "So did you two come over here to harass me or is something else on your minds?"

"Funny you should say that?" Charley dropped down on the couch next to Hyper, pulled a wad of papers from her pocket and waved them in front of her. "Here ya go Hyperactive, all the information you need on your little girlfriend."

"Girlfriend, what are you talking about?" She took the papers from her hand.

"You know Corey Deavers; I pulled all her records that we have on file at the county assessors' office. She doesn't have much that's for sure."

Hyper looked at the paper that described what type of vehicles listed under Corey's name. "Do people still drive Datsuns?"

"She does and a station wagon at that, she must be a dork."

Mack leaned over her wife's shoulder and bit the top of her ear. "And who was it that took me to the senior prom in a Hearse?"

"Hey, all the Limos were already hired out. We did make quite an entrance."

"Charley, two women going to the prom together was entrance enough thank you very much." She shuddered when a memory ran through her head. "Still get the creeps about caskets."

Hyper wiggled her dark brows at Charley. "I told you to take the casket out before you jumped her."

"Would have been nice if a dead body wasn't in the damn thing!" Mack growled before smacking Charley

Charley shrugged her shoulders at them. "How was I supposed to know that when I stole it, they hadn't delivered the body yet...Ohhh ohhh." She tried to hide behind a throw pillow.

"You stole the Hearse?" Mack jumped on her lap and pulled the pillow from her face. "After ten years I find out that my wife stole the car we took to the prom? And to make it better, she admits to a crime in front of a cop!"

"I wouldn't exactly say stole, I borrowed it from Uncle Barney. He just didn't know it at the time."

Hyper watched the interaction between her sister and sister-in-law and seen what she was missing out on, it was at times like this, that she wished she had someone in her life. Going back to the papers in her hand, she found Corey's address and grinned. She knew where the apartments were and would have Busch drive by there when they went back to work.

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Two days later, Corey was getting ready to go out on the streets. This time she was going back to the area where she had found the dead guy in the alley. She had a gut feeling that the car she had seen leaving the alleyway would be in the area. Not to mention that the person who had chased her would not be in that section of town. Pulling her hair into a ponytail, she stuffed it down inside of her oversized sweatshirt and pulled her baseball hat low over her eyes. If the person was in the area, maybe they wouldn't recognize her. Checking her pockets for her necessities, she also took a can of mace and stuck it in the pouch of her sweatshirt.

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A low riding Chevy Nova circled the parking lot outside of Corey's apartment building. Four men were inside the car looking up at the building numbers as they drove slowly past each one. They had gotten the information from their boss hours before but waited until dark to take action. Now with it black as pitch and only lights over the doors to the apartments on, they would be able to get away undetected when they got a hold of the Deavers woman.

"There it is! That one on the end!" A man from the back seat said and pointed over the drivers shoulder. He pulled the car near the doors and let the others get out before circling the parking lot until they came out.

The three men walked slowly up the three steps and pulled the door open to the building. They stopped and listened for any kind of noise but the place was quiet as a tomb. Taking the stairs up to the fourth floor, they went down the hall, stopped outside of Corey's door and waited.

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Corey went out the side door to her apartment and ran down the four flights of stairs, down along side of the building and out the back to where she had parked her car in the parking lot for the other apartment buildings. She had thought of it that morning, the back of that parking lot was right behind her apartment. She now had her very own front parking space and knew that no one in the other buildings cared if she parked there. Getting into her car, she pulled out and headed for the street.

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"Come on I could have had the door open by now!" One of the men whispered loudly when his friend didn't have her lock picked open yet.

"Man she has good locks on here; it ain't like those cheap things we're used to."

"Get out of the way." He pushed his friend over, produced a small crow bar and pried the door open. They rushed the small apartment and found absolutely nothing. Corey had left the lights on in the living room and the bathroom near her bedroom. From outside it looked like she was

home. One of them men went down the small hallway and found the side door.

"Fuck man, this place has another door." He gave it a good kick and put a huge dent in the metal. "She must be out on the streets already, how we gonna find that bitch?"

A picture of her was produced and showed around to other men. "We cruise the street, when we see her, we jump out and grab the bitch." He looked around at her sparsely furnished place. "Rip this place apart first, she's gotta have something we can sell at a pawn shop."

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Busch and Hyper cruised the streets looking for the dealers that they normally used. They were close to being able to get Hyper in with the bigger dealers so that she could work her way through the ranks and finally to the main person. Playing both sides of the gangs at the same time was getting them closer to their goal. The Bloods were the ones that she played addict to, while the Skitzo's knew her as a dealer looking for a larger supplier. That's where they were now, she had ten grand in her pocket to make buys with, that was if they could find the dealer Plower. Their other mission was to locate and contain Deavers, how, they still didn't know. If they did catch her, they could always call in a unit and have them pick her up on some fake charge and let the chief take care of her. It would save their cover and take care of the little snoop. Busch drove past the small neighborhood store that was used as a hook-up point for the dealers. He slowed the car and let her get out; he would make a few laps around the block before going to pick her back up.

Hyper shoved her hands deep into the front pockets of her black military cargo pants and fingered the thick wad of bills they had gotten from their lieutenant that night. The money she used came from the drug busts that they set up on the other dealers. The dealer with his phone number advertised had brought one hundred and fifty thousand dollars into the station along with a huge amount of cut and uncut cocaine. With him off the streets, it made an opening for her to get in to the operation. So far, his mouth was glued shut about his contacts but they had their ways of getting information. She stood alongside the building and waited to be noticed by the large man standing outside the door of the store. He nodded his head and she made her way around to the side door. Knocking twice, waiting and then knocking again, she stepped back when the door was opened to show a neatly dressed man in polo shirt and tan chinos.

"Hey Jo, what kind of take out can I get you tonight?" His bright smile and sparkling eyes made everyone he met feel at ease. It sucked that a college kid would stoop so low as to sell drugs to pay their way through college. What made her mad was this kid was going in to business law. He would be just as illegal then as he is now, a pity and a good reason to not trust lawyers.

"I got five, what can you give me for that?"

He gave her a bright smile and held up a finger. "Let me see what mother has cooking back here." He came back a few minutes later with three Styrofoam take out trays. "We have three orders of white rice with nuts." Sounds good, tell mother thanks. She handed over five thousand and took the containers. Just as she stepped out into the street, Busch pulled up.

"OK, Buschdiver got the shit lets move it."

"OK, Hyperdrive. What did you get this time?"

"According to the kid, we have three orders of coke and three of crack on the side." Opening the trays, she found three baggies of cocaine and three baggies of crack. She examined the crack closely and whistled. "This shit is high grade, no macadamia in this buy." After tagging them, she slid them under the front seat. "Let's hit some of the smaller guys and then get something to eat."

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Corey strutted down the sidewalk towards a small deli that she had seen on her way in. Having walked for an hour, she felt like she had cottonmouth and would kill for a can of Coke or Pepsi. Going into the small store, she went to the back where they had the coolers. Looking at the selection, she added the price differences in her head and grabbed one of the 20 oz bottles of Coke and a pack of Oreos on her way to the counter. Handing the half-asleep clerk a five-dollar bill, she waited for her change and felt the hair on the back of her neck raise. Above the clerks head was a round mirror, she glanced up with her eyes and saw three gang bangers walk through the door. Taking her change, she shoved it in her pocket and left quickly. There was just something about them that set her on edge, she had been on the streets for days now and this was the first time it had happened. She ran across the street and into a dark alleyway to wait and see what happened. Seconds later the three men came charging out of the store and stopped in front to look around. She could hear their voices yelling at each other about 'where that bitch had gone' Easing further into the alleyway, she turned and walked quickly towards the other end. The sound of pounding feet had her sprinting towards the other end, across the street and down another alley. She slid sideways at the end and hit the ground, rolling to get back to her feet and take off down the sidewalk. The sound of a car peeling around the corner ahead of her had her taking off across the street, up the opposite side and away from them.

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Busch slammed on the brakes and fishtailed the Cutlass in the middle of the street throwing Hyper against the dashboard. "What the fuck! Crazy assholes!" Hyper yelled out the window at the Chevy Nova, and then saw a flash of gold ahead of them. "What the fuck?" She pointed down the sidewalk to the person running with three other's and a car right behind.

"Go around to the other street; see if we can catch them?" She grabbed a hold of the doorframe with one hand and pressed the heel of her other into the dashboard. Busch cut up an alley and swung the car into a right-handed slid and shot up the parallel street. Weaving around parked cars, he hit the intersection and saw the back end of the Nova just as it made its turn.

"Hold on Hyper!" He yelled and hit the gas pedal that engaged the supercharger on the engine. They had gained on the car but he took another right hand turn and jumped back on to the street further down and in front of the pursuing car. He slid the car sideways and Hyper jumped out

and started running towards the gang bangers. Taking an alleyway, she came out at the other end and waited for them to pass. When the first one got right in front of her, she jumped out, pushed him to the ground and started after the small person who was in front. The long blonde hair trailing out behind alerted her that she was chasing a young girl. Looking up ahead of her, she saw where Busch had stopped the car. All she had to do was grab the little one and throw her in the car and they'd take off. Or so she thought until she heard gunfire from behind her and the squealing of tires.

Busch saw the Nova fly around the corner and head straight for his partner, punching the gas pedal; he shot forward for a head on collision with the Nova. He prayed that the driver went chicken and swerved to miss him. His speedometer read 60 mph and a collision at the speed was going to hurt. A lot.

Hyper put on a burst of speed, caught up with the small woman, threw her body on top of her and took them to the ground. She rolled them over so that they ended up lying in the gutter in front of a parked car. Pinning the small body beneath her, she pulled her Glock and returned fire. When bullets whizzed over her head and hit the car, she dropped her head and tried to protect the woman as much as possible. Taking her Glock in her left hand, she opened fire and heard a yelp of pain. Getting to one knee, she shot off a few more rounds before pulling the smaller woman to her feet and taking her across the street and down another alley. They ran side by side until they came to another street and Hyper grabbed her sleeve and pulled her with her.

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Busch watched as the Nova turned at the last second and T-boned a park car. He could care less if they were dead, what was important was his partner. Pulling a 360, he went in the direction that he had seen Hyper running in. Cutting up an alley, he slowed down and waited.

"Come on Hyper, where the hell are you?" The sound of gunfire sent him down the street and to the right. He knew that wherever there was gunfire, he'd find Hyper.

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Bullets ricochet over their heads as they ran close to the buildings. Hyper was running out of places to go and knew that where they were running came to a dead end of abandoned buildings. Looking back over her shoulder, she saw two men chasing them. Stopping and taking aim, she shot off one shot and watched one of them hit the ground. Now she had to catch up with the still running woman. Swearing under her breath, she sprinted off and then saw Busch swinging across the street in front of them. Waving her hand at him, she watched him swing the car sideways and the back door fly open. They were within four foot of the car; she wrapped one arm around the small woman and threw her body sideways through the air and into the back of the car. Before they had hit the seat, they were being thrown to the floor as Busch took off down the road. For the next few minutes, they were rolled all over the back of the car. Finally, fifteen minutes later Busch stopped the car in an IHOP restaurant parking lot.

Hyper groaned from where she lay on the floor with the hump in her lower back. She still felt her

heart slamming in her chest and it was hard to breathe. Opening her eyes, she saw what part of the problem was. A small body still wrapped around her own and not willing to let go of the strangle hold she had on her neck.

"Buschman am I dead?"

He looked over the front seat and down into her sweat covered face. "Give me a second and I'll shoot you, if you scream, then no, you're not dead." He turned the car off, got out and opened the back door. "Is she dead or what?" He pointed to the small woman.

"Don't know but she won't let go of my neck." She reached out a hand and Busch pulled them both upward. As soon as she was in a sitting position, she felt the pressure on her neck ease up and the small body fall away from her. She reached out to catch her and gasped when she was punched in the throat. In a flash Busch hit the ground hard when his knee was kicked and the small blonde was off and running again. Barely being able to see from the tears in her eyes, Hyper took a coughing breath and took off after her. The sound of horns blaring and the screech of tires sent her into an all out sprint. Lunging forward, she felt the small body collide with hers. Then a hardness hit her side and they were thrown in the air. Hitting the ground, they rolled down an embankment and stopped in a tangled mess of arms and legs. Hyper lay on top of the small woman, her head pounding, lungs burning and every other part of her body screaming for murder. She felt a wetness running down her face but didn't know if it was sweat or more of her precious blood. She didn't know how much more blood she could lose that week before she dropped over. Hearing a low moan come from the small woman, she watched her eyes start to flutter open. When they opened all the way, the fear she saw there shot right to her soul. With everything they had been through, the little thing still had some fight in her. She took a wild swing at Hyper's face and found her wrist locked in a vise grip hold. She let out a low keening sound and struggled against Hyper's body.

"Damn it!" Hyper croaked out. Reaching into a cargo pocket, she pulled out a pair of handcuffs and cuffed one small wrist to her own. "I can't...run...no more." She forced out before falling on her side and gasping for air.

"Hyper you alright?" Busch called from above. He looked down at the unmoving bodies and became worried. Limping down the embankment, he dropped beside Hyper and put his hand on her chest. He sighed when he felt her chest rise and a rapid heartbeat below. Jumping back when he heard a low growl, he held up his hands. "I won't hurt you, honest." He shook Hyper until she slapped away his hand. "Come on Hyper, we have to get you guys out of this ditch before...I don't know what."

"You're going to have to carry me." She said with a deep raspy voice.

"Ohh no I'm not! I did that the other night."

She gave him a slight grin and sat up with a low groan; she looked sideways and bared a canine at the smaller woman. "If she fights me, shoot her!" She slowly got to her feet and then pulled the smaller woman up. The three of them hobbled up the embankment with difficulty, Busch

because of his knee and the other two because someone was not cooperating at all.

"Let me go! You can't do this!"

"Wanna bet?" Each time Hyper tried to talk, her throat burned and tears came to her eyes. She rubbed at her throat and glared into green eyes. "Bitch!"

"Asshole!"

"Troll."

"All right you two, sounds like me and my wife." Stopping and rubbing his sore knee, Busch gave the small blonde a dirty look. "You act like her! Damn low blows, next it'll be my nuts huh?"

"Come closer and see." She lifted her cuffed hand and wiggled her fingers. "Why don't you two just let me go and I'll not report my kidnapping to the police?"

Hyper looked down at her and laughed. "I don't even think so! Come on we'll use the bathroom in the IHOP."

"What! We can't go in there; I'm handcuffed to what ever the Hell you are." Hyper ran her hand over the top of her dew rag and mumbled under her breath.

"Give me your gun Busch."

"Nope, orders are not to shot her." He stood shaking his head at his partner.

"I was gonna shot myself!" She yanked on the handcuffs and dragged a fighting blonde behind her.

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At the bathroom door, Corey threw on the brakes and refused to budge. There was no way she was going in the bathroom with a thug of any kind. It was bad enough that people had seen them handcuffed together.

"I'm not going in there with you! Besides, it's the women's bathroom and you're a man!" She wasn't expecting icy blue eyes to get so close to her that she went cross-eyed.

Hyper grabbed her hand and pressed it into her breast . "Now shut up. You go where I go, got it?"

Yanking her hand away with embarrassment, Corey got a very good look at the filthy, bruised and bloody face. She had seen it somewhere but couldn't remember where. When it hit her, she tried to break away and fight Hyper. "It's you! You chased me!"

"NO SHIT! I chased you all over fucking Winchester tonight, now shut up and get in here." Hyper was glad that the only people in the IHOP were drunks coming from the local bars; she had no worries that they would call the police. Once under the bright lights of the bathroom, Hyper was able to see more than the dirty faced woman. It was her eyes that held her. Even with the flames dancing in them, she knew those eyes.

Her voice deep and gravely she said. "Son of a bitch!" She rubbed a hand across her face and saw that it came away covered in blood. "Son of a bitch I'm bleeding! Again!" She pulled Corey up against her chest. "This is all your fault Deavers!" She tapped her forehead.

"My fault?" Her face went a deep red and spittle flew from her lips as she yelled. "You were chasing me, so it's your fault!"

"I wasn't chasing you! I was chasing...you." She dropped her head and let out a deep breath. "Can we get cleaned up and talk about this at the table, I really need a cup of coffee and to sit down."

"Who are you and why were you chasing me the other night is what I meant? I know it was you."

"Ohh shit, you were the kid at the warehouse fight." Shaking her head at her blindness. "Give me a break here will ya, it's been a long night." She looked with pleading eyes. "You won't run if I take the cuffs off will you?"

"That depends on..."

"I'll give you inside information on your stories but you can't print without my say so."

Her green eyes grew double in size. "You're a cop? Ohh for Christ sakes am I in trouble!"

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Hyper unlocked the handcuffs and dropped them into her cargo pocket. With one look in the mirror, she knew that she could scare with one look. Her face was bruised, battered and looked like Tyson's heavy bag. Pulling her dew rag off, she moaned when she saw that she had torn some of the sutures loose. Dropping her head down close to the sink, she poured water from her hands over her head and sucked in a breath.

"What happened to you, my Gods your head looks like a roadmap."

"Your brain, your brain on drugs."

"That makes a whole lot of sense." Corey said as she washed the dirt and blood from her face.

"You should know you shot pictures of the asshole." She looked under her arm and watched as Corey's movements froze.



"You shot him? I thought it was a bad drug deal."

"It wouldn't have been if he hadn't hit me with a wine bottle." She wiped her face with some paper towels and leaned against the sink. "You done? I don't know how much longer I can stand up."

Corey looked into the pain filled blue eyes and knew that the tall woman wasn't exaggerating. "Yeah, and then I want everything understand?"

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Busch took one look at his partner and cringed, she looked bad before but now with her face somewhat clean, she looked down right beaten.

"Damn Hyper you look bad, your eye is swelling closed." He leaned over the table and looked right into her left eye. "Can you see me alright?"

"Yeah and your still ugly." She picked up the coffee cup in front of her and sipped it slowly. A deep moan rumbled in her chest when the coffee warmed her sore throat. "SGT. Joe Busch meet Corey Deavers." She snorted when his eyes blinked a couple times at her before looking to Corey.

"We've been looking for you, ahh man!" He slapped the table. "Who were those guys chasing you?"

"No idea, I was in a deli and when I left, they started chasing me." Shrugging her shoulders, she looked over at Hyper. "You're a cop, can't you find out who you shot?"

"It's not that easy." Busch replied. "If he's still alive, his buddies will take him someplace other than a hospital. Then again, we have one body to identify. The guy driving the car couldn't have survived the accident."

"That's a start isn't it? Now I have a question." She turned in the booth and looked directly at Hyper. "What's your name?"

Hyper closed her eyes and sighed. "I really hate this part." She put her head on the table and mumbled. "Joe give her my wallet." Joe pulled her wallet from inside his pocket and handed it to Corey. Corey opened it, looked at the police badge, identification, and snickered.

"Was your mom and dad playing scrabble when they picked your name? SGT. Hypermnestra J. Crichton?"

"No, but I would have been better off if they had." She leaned back in the bench seat and sucked in a breath between clenched teeth. "Gods I hurt."

"You should after getting hit by a car and rolling down an embankment." Joe waved to the waitress for the check. "I'm surprised you're still alive."

"So am I, let's take Corey home first and then you can take me to the morgue."

"Sure, you want the real morgue or the one you live in, Hyperactive."

"Either one will do hairybusch."

Corey shook her head at them. "Sure am glad that my names normal."

"Come on Beaver, time to roll." Hyper pulled her up from the bench and flinched. "OK, maybe you two can roll and I'll just crawl or lay down and die right here."

"That's it, when I get you home I'm calling your sister."

"Ohh nooo not that! Geez she'll kill me." Hyper whined and moved faster towards the door.

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They stopped in front of Corey's apartment building and she got out of the backseat with a little difficulty. She could feel the aches and pains and knew that in the morning she would feel like a truck hit her. Leaning in through the window, she offered her hand to Joe. "Thanks for the ride."

"No problem, just glad you're alright."

"She pulled back a little and did the same to Hyper. "Nice being chased all over hell and getting hit by a car with you. You must be Hell on wheels when it comes to dates." Two sets of eyes swung to a laughing Joe.

"Sorry Hyperwhatever, I'll shut up now." He gave her a grin and faced forward.

"Not so fast Beaver, I'm going in with you. Those guys were after you for a reason."

"They don't know who I am so that means that they don't know where I live."

"Humor me will ya."

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They slowly and painfully climbed the four flights of stairs to Corey's floor; she pulled her keys from her pocket and had them taken from her hand.

"Stay right here." Hyper pulled her Glock from its holster and opened the door. The second she walked into the small apartment her gut twisted. After searching the place and finding the front doorjamb mangled, she called Corey in.

"Who the fuck tore up my apartment?" She looked around at what was once her futon. The cushions had been sliced and stuffing thrown all over the floor, after she had looked all through her apartment, she dropped down onto the floor and cried.

Hyper pulled her cell phone out, called the station, ordered a team out to investigate a B&E, and made sure that it was a top priority and involved her case. Easing down onto the floor next to Corey, she did something she had never done before; she pulled the small woman into her arms and held her. If anyone saw her like this, she would have the first appointment with the department head shrinker.

"Let's get out of here, I'll call and see if they found anything later." Getting up from the floor, she offered her hand to Corey and pulled her to her feet. The walk back down the stairs was more painful to Corey, she felt violated.

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Corey looked up at the warehouse building that Hyper lived in; she would never have thought that anyone lived in the place. It looked abandoned and neglected.

"You really live here?"

"Yep, come on I hear the shower calling me."

Corey looked around and took in wide the open area. The soft light coming in from the skylights casting shadows across the polished hardwood floors of the living room, pale blue couch and recliner sitting around blonde colored coffee and ends tables.

"It's beautiful." She whispered under her breath.

"It's just home." Hyper shocked herself by saying 'home' she always thought of the place as somewhere to sleep for a few hours. "Come on, you can use the shower first while I make some calls." She limped towards the other end of the loft to where she had one section blocked off with four-foot walls of glass bricks. Taking a clean towel and washcloth from a built in shelf, she handed them to Corey. "I'll find something for you to wear." She limped away towards where her bed and wardrobe sat on the opposite side, after finding a shirt and boxers, she returned to where Corey was still staring at the large enclosed shower with its dual showerheads. To one side was a large dark rose marbled Jacuzzi with padded sides and benches below. The other side was a matching toilet with a brass stand over the top of it with black and rose colored silk flowers on the shelves.

"Something wrong?" Hyper asked from where she stood behind her.

"No, it's just that..." She waved her hand at the bathroom.

"I know it's not me, my sister in-law was a construction worker. She did all the work for me."

Corey turned to look up into tired blue eyes. "Construction worker, what's your brother do for a living?"

"A small smile came to Hyper's face. "My sister is a veterinarian. Here's some clothes, they'll be big but they're clean."

Shock registered on her face for a split second then turned into a smile. "Ohh...thanks." She looked nervously at the shower and then back to Hyper.

"Don't worry I can't see you in there." She limped away to the kitchen area to give Corey some privacy. She never thought about what other people would think of how she lived. The only ones ever in her place were Mack, Charley and Joe, and they all knew that she had no modesty. She pulled her hooded sweatshirt over her head with a loud groan, then pulled off her T-shirt and sat down in a chair to wait. Hearing the shower turn on, she laid her head on the table and closed her eyes.

Corey sighed when the hot water beat on her sore muscles; she hurt all over and had bruises on top of bruises. She could only imagine how Hyper felt; a small smile came to her lips when she thought of the tall woman's name. She remembered the myth behind the name and recited it to herself.

*Hypermnestra was the only one of the fifty daughters of Danaus that did not kill her husband, and this is how it happened: Danaus and his fifty daughters fled in fear of his twin brother Aegyptus. The fifty sons of Aegyptus followed them, and forced Danaus to make his daughters marry them. Danaus, since he hated his brother, gave each of his daughters a pin to murder their husbands on their wedding night. Hypermnestra was the only one who spared her husband, Lynceus. She did this because she fell in love with him and didn't want to kill him. Because of this, Lynceus made her the ancestress of the kings of Argives. She was also rewarded by being sent straight to Elysium when she died. Elysium is the land of Orchards, a wonderful, heavenly place.*

"Wonder if she has a heart under all that armor she wears?" She mumbled to herself. After feeling that she couldn't possibly get any cleaner or relaxed, she dried off and dressed in the clothes Hyper had given her. Pulling the collar of the shirt up to her nose, she caught the soft scent of musk and sandalwood. With a towel over her head, she dried her long hair while walking from behind the glass wall. Looking around the large area, she spotted Hyper at the butcher-block table with her head resting on her arms. Walking slowly up to her, she placed a hand on her shoulder and gave her a small shake.

"Hyper showers free." No response came from her so Corey tried again. "Hey, you can take a shower now." She watched as Hyper's head rolled on her arms and she looked up with a bloodshot eye. "Joe was right, you look bad."

"Gee thanks, you don't look so good either ya know."

"At least I don't stink." She wrinkled her nose and waved a hand in front of her face.

"Who says I'm taking a shower?" She offered Corey a wicked grin. "Maybe I like to stink?" She took a whiff of herself and shivered. "On second thought." She tried to get up from the chair and slumped back down. "Maybe I'll just use the sprayer from the sink?" Corey looked down at the large bruise that covered Hyper's shoulder and back then down her ribcage to see an even worse color.

"Can you breathe OK?"

"Between my ribs and my throat, not to good."

"I'm sorry I punched you in the throat, I was only thinking of getting away and it was instinct."

"It's OK; I was a little rough with you and deserved a good punch." She eased herself up out of the chair and stood still for a few minutes before limping to the shower. Corey stood and watched her and wondered how she was able to move at all. While Hyper was in the shower, Corey looked through her refrigerator and found absolutely nothing. The thing was bare with the exception of bottled water, juice, milk and some unknown creature in a take-out container. Checking the cabinets and pantry, she found two boxes of cereal, one of fruit loops and the other Count Chocula. "She eats kiddy stuff." Searching deeper, she found two boxes of macaroni and cheese and Vienna sausages. Twenty minutes later, she had two bowls of what she called macaroni surprise. It was something she made at home but with hot dogs in it. The shower went off just as she placed the bowls on the table with the glasses of milk. Looking up from the table, her breath caught in her chest when Hyper limped towards her. She hardly recognized her with her face clean, even with the bruises and cuts; Hyper was a stunningly beautiful woman. The short-cropped hair at the sides made her cheekbones stand out and emphasize the blue of her eyes.

"Hope you don't mind, I made us something to eat." She pointed to the bowls. "Do you have any pain killers or Tylenol?"

"In the bathroom cabinet, help yourself." She eased down into a chair and started eating like it was the first meal she had eaten in ages. She looked up when a small hand held out two Cyclobenzaprine. "I don't need those, you take them."

"Bullshit, now take them or I'll throw them down your throat."

"Geez you're as bad as Mack and I just met you." She popped the pills in her mouth and washed them down with milk. "Any more of what ever this is?"

"On the stove, just save me some."

When they were finished eating, Corey placed everything in the sink and filled them with water. When she was finished, she saw that Hyper could barely keep her eyes open. She wasn't much

better but she had no idea what to do. "Where can I sleep?"

"Your choice, in the bed with me or the couch."

"In bed with you?"

"It's a California King, I'll never know your there." Getting up from the table, she pointed to both the huge waterbed and the couch. "That's a waterbed and that's a torture toy."

Hearing the word waterbed made up her mind up real fast, she had never slept in one. "You don't mind sharing?"

"If I did, I wouldn't have offered." She tried to stretch and groaned instead. "I'm going to bed before I fall down."

Corey watched how slowly she limped to the bed and felt guilty. It was her fault that Hyper was so beaten up, if she hadn't been out on the streets. "I'd be dead right now." Tears filled her eyes when the whole picture came together. "Someone wanted her dead and if it wasn't for Hyper and Joe, she would have met the Gods that night no matter where she had been. Wiping her eyes, she followed Hyper.

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Hyper heard Mack and Charley's voices in the elevator, opening one eye, she gazed down at the blonde head resting on her shoulder and felt the warmth of an arm wrapped around her waist. Lying completely still, she closed her eyes and enjoyed the feel of a warm body lying so close to her. Even when she had sexual partners, which wasn't often or in her own home, she never stayed long enough to feel this. Another part of her sisters life falling on top of her and making her realize what she was missing.

"Hyper you're still in bed its three o...Ohhhh!" Mack grinned down at her sister and the small blonde lying across her.

Charley stood beside her wife and looked at her sister in-law. "Are you sure that's Hyper?"

"Yep, I'd recognize that baldhead anywhere."

"Cute Sis, love you to." She croaked out. "Don't tell me, Joe called you."

"Her Psychotic abilities are as sharp as ever." She sat down on the edge of the bed and ran a finger across Hyper's swollen left eye and then the bruise on her throat. "If he hadn't told me what happened, I'd have thought you had a sucker bite."

"More like a sucker punch." She eased out from under Corey and let her sister help her out of bed. "He tell you I got hit by a car?"

"Yep, and I asked why you weren't in the hospital." She handed Hyper one of the three shopping bags she and Charley had brought with them and went into the kitchen. "Of course I already knew the answer." She shot twinkling hazel eyes over the bag. "So that's Corey Deavers in your bed?"

"It's not what it looked like."

"Hell I know that, you're to damn chivalrous for anything else. All you need is some shiny armor, sword and you're all set." She pointed to a chair and raised an eyebrow when Hyper shook her head no. "Sit or else, and take your shirt off."

"How come you always wanna see me naked and in pain?"

"Cheap thrills Sis now strip."

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Corey searched the bed with a hand and grabbed onto a bulky warm arm, running her fingers up it, her eyebrows drew down over her nose as she felt the long hair. Peeking open one eye, she yelped and jumped away when a pair of golden eyes looked at her.

"Morning, ya hungry?" Charley heard Mack yell at her to behave and she wiggled her eyebrows at Corey. "Damn she caught me!" She gave Corey a big toothy grin and held out her hand. "I'm Charley, Hyperhedgehog's sister in-law."

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"Stop moving or I'll give you a lobotomy. Not like anyone would notice the difference in you." Mack clipped the sutures and pulled them out one by one. "You need sutures in your eyebrow, thigh and knee. Plus six months in a cage where you can't get hurt."

"And just me sitting there torturing her with pictures of nekkid women's!" Charley stepped behind Hyper and ran her fingers through her spiky hair. "Sooo snuggly soft!"

"Charley do you want to be handcuffed to a wall again?"

"Only if I'm naked and you have a whip."

Corey stood at a distance away and listened to the three women talking, it was like being in the land of perverts. "This is going to be so much fun." She said to herself and approached the trio. Sitting down at the table across from Hyper, she blushed when she looked into her icy blue eyes. She had a distinct feeling that she had ended up lying on top of the tall dark woman while they slept. Not that it bothered her at all; she was just worried about what Hyper thought.

"Morning Corey, I see you met my insane wife Charley." Mack looked up from what she was doing to capture green eyes with twinkling hazel. "She's harmless unless tempted with

pornographic materials." She gave an innocent looking Charley a raised eyebrow. "She's liable to drool all over you."

"Only a little." Charley grinned and then gave Mack a sloppy kiss on her cheek. "Ya'll hungry, I'll make lunch?"

Hyper twitched at the pull of a suture being removed. "Starving and none of that health food shit you two eat."

"Would I do that to you Hedgehog? I got us huge steaks and enough grease to lube your car." Charley waved a thick steak in front of Hyper and smacked her pawing hand. "You may eat raw meat when you're alone but not when I'm here, damn animal."

Mack looked to where Corey was looking at her black medical bag. "Could you pull a couple suture kits out of that for me, Hedgehog needs some stitches." She looked to see the dark bruises peppering Corey's face and arms. "How are you feeling, any nasty cuts that you want me to look at?"

"Nope, I'm OK, just a lot of bruises and a few scrapes." She looked down at her right thigh and inspected a long gash.

Mack nodded her head at her. "Uhhh huh, you're next."

Hyper chuckled at the shocked expression on Corey's face; she wiggled her fingers at her and said. "Can't escape Mack, she has lots of practice assessing injuries because of me."

"That's right now hold still so I can put your eyebrow back on."

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Corey watched Hyper eat her steak by picking it up with her hands and gnawing on it, it was like watching a starving animal at the zoo. Worse was Charley doing the same thing right next to her.

"Aren't they sick bitches?" Mack asked as she cut her steak into pieces. "You should see them at a restaurant; it's like having two-year-olds." She put her knife down and studied Corey for a few seconds. "Joe told me about your apartment, you know that anyone can get your address if they want it bad enough. Charley pulled all your information at the county assessor's office."

"I thought Joe knew where I worked because he's a cop." She looked down at her plate then back up at Mack. "So that means that those guys could have gotten the information just as easy. What I don't know is why they're after me; I don't know who they are or anything."

"Did you submit any new stories or pictures?"

Corey looked over to see Hyper talking around the steak hanging out of her mouth.



"You're an animal and yes I submitted a new story with a picture of...Corey you fucking...!" She slapped her forehead. "Three guys doing a drug deal. It's got to be them; I mean who else would be pissed about it?"

Charley swung her head and smacked Hyper with the steak hanging out of her mouth. "Like ta see that." She mumbled.

"It's in the paper already." Corey said softly and wondered why Mack threw a carrot slice at Charley.

"I swear you have a one track mind Charley, it's not a picture of Corey you idiot." Mack hit her with another carrot.

"Damn, I wanted ta see...!"

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Corey and Hyper were sitting in the living room after Mack and Charley had left, Hyper had so much Vet wrap on her she could hardly move and Corey was inspecting the neat stitches in her thigh.

"So what am I supposed to do about my apartment?" She looked up into one blue eye.

Hyper leaned back against the arm of the couch and watched Corey fidget with the hem of her T-shirt. "You can't go back there until we get the assholes that broke in; they'll be watching the place and waiting for you to show up. We need to find out if they did this on their own or someone sent them."

"Guess I could stay at a motel until it's resolved but I'll need to go there and get some clothes and stuff."

"Nope, no can do." She shook her head and groaned. "If they see you, they'll follow you."

"What else am I supposed to do hide for ever?" Her temper was flaring and ready to explode, she hated not being able to do what she wanted. Getting to her feet, she limped back and forth in front of an amused Hyper. Throwing her hands in the air, she stopped, folded her arms over her chest and glared at Hyper. "You're a cop, what am I supposed to do?"

"Well...you could stay here with me and..."

"Watch you eat like an animal..."

"I only do that with Charley, I do have some redeeming qualities. I always put the cap on the toothpaste, put the toilet seat down and shower at least once a month whether I need it or not."

"Gods a dream come true, a women who puts the toilet seat down." She dropped onto the couch

and starred at a smirking Hyper. "What about work, this is the biggest story I've ever had and I'm not going to lose the chance of getting my big shot at a Pulitzer."

"That plaque will look real good sitting on your tombstone."

"Point taken." She dropped her head into her hands and felt tears fill her eyes. "This really sucks ya know?" She wiped a tear with her thumb, glanced over at Hyper and gave her a watery smile. "Now what, do I just sit around here until you guys get them or what?"

"Well, you could ride with us if you want. Only thing is...if you're seen, we'll all be in deep shit." She looked over Corey with an intense blue eye and stopped at her long blonde hair. Corey picked up what she was thinking and shook her head.

"Ooohh nooo, I am not cutting my hair so just forget it."

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She sat on the edge of the waterbed running her hands through her short dark layered hair and sighed. "I can't believe I let you cut off all my hair and dye it brown." She looked over her shoulder at Hyper who was stretched out across the bed. "I've never had short hair before and it feels weird."

"Just think how I felt when I woke up with a baldhead." She leaned up onto one elbow and ran her fingers through Corey's hair. "You look more mature this way, not like the twelve year-old I thought you were." Corey lay down onto her side and looked at the peach fuzz growing on Hyper's head.

"You do look kinda like a hedgehog." She ran her fingers across the top of Hyper's head and then where the sides were cut short. The light that sparked behind a blue eye brought a smile to her face. "Does your eye hurt?" She brushed a fingertip across a swollen eyebrow.

"A little bit, still don't know when it happened. Then again the night was a blur." She lay down, closed her good eye and moaned when her body relaxed. "Hope I put a big dent in that asshole's hood." She mumbled and then started to snore lightly.

"I hope you did too hedgehog." Corey moved up in the bed and lay watching Hyper sleep until she too surrendered to its arms.

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Corey opened her eyes to the bright sunlight shining down on her from above, yawning; she stretched and felt a cold air hit the backs of her thighs. Moving back to where she was, she noticed that it felt like she was wrapped in an electric blanket. Slowly, she moved a hand behind her and felt a leg pressed up against her, leaning back she felt soft breasts press into her and a warm breath tickle the back of her neck. Searching for the arm she knew had to be close by; she found it, brought it around her body and held the large hand against her breast.

Hyper snuggled her face against the soft hair that came to Corey's collar, she had been awake for a while but hated the thought of moving. Finding herself wrapped around Corey when she woke, she didn't want to move and wake her, fearing another morning of embarrassment from the small woman.

"I know you're awake Hypersensitive." Corey rolled over, looked into a half-lidded eye and grinned. "You breathe different when you sleep."

"Busted huh? Sorry about...you know laying all over you." Her face turned a light red and she looked away.

Corey gave her a wide grin and moved before she spoke. "It's OK, you're snuggly soft." She went into the bathroom before Hyper could do anything about her comment. Shedding her clothes, she crawled into the shower and yelped when the cold water hit her chest.

"Helps if you let the water heat up first." Corey heard Hyper's voice near the shower and spun to put her back to her. "I promise not to flush!" She yelled over the sound of the shower and heard Corey yell 'what?' back. She looked up to see a pair of huge green eyes watching her from where she sat on the toilet. "Never mind." She finished and left Corey standing there like a deer in the headlights. "After a week with me nothing will faze you." Hyper chuckled to herself.

Fixing western omelets for them along with bacon, toast and pancakes, Hyper waited for Corey to come from the bathroom. When she saw her, she swore she was a little kid. Corey had put on her terry cloth robe after her shower and was holding the front of it off the floor so she wouldn't trip.

"Damn tall people." She sniffed the air and smiled. "You can cook?"

"Of course I can cook, I just don't like shopping. Mack does it for me."

"The three of you are really close, closer than most I mean."

"Gets that way when you spend most of your life with someone." She saw the quizzical look on Corey's face. "I dated Charley first."

"Oh, I didn't know. I mean how could I know I just met you guys and I never thought you were..."

"A great big dyke?" She laughed when Corey's mouth worked a few times and a light blush worked its way up her face.

"I mean I should have known from some of the things Charley said last night." Leaning forward to rest her chin on her hand, she connected with blue eyes. "If you dated Charley, how did she end up with Mack?"

"We make better friends than anything else and Mack drooling and whimpering every time Charley came over to the house helped me make a decision...to handcuff Charley to her bed one night." She got up from the table, wiggled her brows at Corey and went towards the bathroom. "As soon as I get out of the shower, we'll go into the station house and see about getting your clothes and stuff."

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Corey's clothes were beyond help, they were so torn that she had thrown them out. So searching through Hyper's dresser, she borrowed some of her clothes. They were big, baggy, comfortable and carried Hyper's scent. While waiting for Hyper to finish her shower she dozed on her bed and opened her eyes when a wet towel landed on her face. "Just what I wan...by the Gods." She pulled the towel back over her face when she saw Hyper standing next to the bed with nothing on but a grin.

"Guess I have to go in naked since you're wearing my clothes."

The towel came off and two wide green eyes looked at her and then drifted downward.

"If we both go in naked I bet we could get free coffee and donuts!" Hyper grinned at her before she searched for some clothes. "Hell the things are always stale and my boss hates when I flash him, so I guess I'll put clothes on."

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Corey walked around the blue Dodge Viper and whistled she could see Hyper riding a Harley but not driving a car like this.

"It's a beautiful car hedgehog, being a cop must pay pretty well."

"Nope, the pay sucks. I bought this at the police auction; it was confiscated during a drug bust. Most of the stuff I have comes from the auctions, the stuff is dirt cheap." She hit the small box on her key chain and heard the alarm beep. Opening the door for Corey, she closed it after she was in and went around to the driver's side. She shook her head when the door opened before her. "Never had that happen before." She said while sliding into the leather seat.

"Well you opened my door so I did the same." She raised an eyebrow at Hyper. "What?"

"Nothing." She grinned back, started her car and hit the garage door opener. "Hold on, it's been years since I drove."

"What! Ohh Gods I'm gonna die!" Corey sunk down into the seat as the car lurched and hiccupped forward.

"Just kidding." Hyper hit the gas pedal and peeled rubber out of the warehouse.

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Busch was sitting at their connecting desks when Hyper and Corey came into the squad room. His mouth dropped open when he saw her dressed in faded Levis and a black sleeveless T-shirt. It had been years since he had seen her in anything but baggy jailing clothes. It was Corey's appearance that brought a smile to his face, she reminded him of a street urchin.

"What are you two doing here; I thought you would be taking it easy after the other night?"

"We need to get some stuff from Corey's apartment so I'm going to send over some uniforms to do it. That way it looks like they were collecting evidence." She held her office chair out for Corey and motioned for her to sit. "I'll be back in a few minutes."

Busch leaned back in his chair and propped his feet up on the edge of his desk. "So how was your time at Hyperactives, she didn't run around naked the whole time did she?" He laughed at the blush running up Corey's face. "She's a good person, strange at times but." He raised his hands at her. "Wait a minute here, you look different."

"Hyper cut and dyed my hair; she said that way those guys who were after me won't recognize me."

"The hedgehog did that? Gods she has more skills than I thought."

"I have many skills you don't know about." She wiggled her tongue at Busch. "Many you'll never see."

"Sometimes I wonder how I ever survive around you."

"Just wait, you'll be stuck with 'us' as soon as I can move without feeling like a half dozen knives jabbing me in my side."

"Us as in who else?"

"Just me." Corey said. "I need a body guard or so someone seems to think." She looked up at Hyper.

"Haa! You need a body guard to guard you against her and the other two deviants!"

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"Just look at these pictures and tell me if any of them look familiar?"

"Hyper I have pictures of the guys that chased me." She closed the mug shot book and grinned. "I also have a couple shots of you."

"Why didn't you say something?" She took the book and put it back on the shelf next to her desk.

"Why didn't you ask? I have copies at my nicely redecorated apartment and at work."

"I think work is a better bet, can we go in through the basement?"

"Sure, I've got other film that I have to develop, maybe there's some shots in it that you can use."

"Any naked pictures of women I can give to Charley?"

"What? Do I look like someone who would take pictures of naked women?"

Hyper rubbed her chin and shook her head. "Nope, can I use your camera to take pictures of naked women?"

Corey dropped her forehead onto Hyper's desk and whimpered she knew she was in for a wild ride.

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Hyper looked at the picture of her self from the fight at the warehouse and sneered. "This is an awful shot, I look..."

"Like a thug? Come on it's not that bad, this ones worse." She handed her one where she was buying drugs from a gang member. "You know I thought you were an addict."

"What can I say; I'm good at undercover things."

"You really need to get out more you know that?" Corey took the picture from her and smacked her in the shoulder. "I'm hungry; let's go get something to eat and you're buying."

"Me, why do I have to buy?" She whined.

"Because my little hedgehog." She grabbed a hold of Hyper's ear and pulled her down so that she could speak into her ear. "You owe me for having my car towed to the impound lot."

"That's not fair, how was I supposed to know that the guy driving the flatbed didn't work for the department?"

"He stole my car Hyper! My Datsun! You know they don't make them anymore."

"Yeah thank Gods." She mumbled.

"What was that Hypermoron?"

"Ohh nothing, lets go eat." She jumped when she felt a hand go into her rear pocket. "Hey!"

Corey wiggled the keys in front of her. "You're driving sucks."

"Aaahh maaan." She dragged her feet and followed Corey from the darkroom.

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Two days later with Hyper back in her baggy clothes, Corey in the back seat of the Cutlass and Busch wishing he was anywhere but stuck in a car with them. Busch swore that before the end of shift, his ears would fall off from all the questions Corey was asking. It was like having a three-year-old with the over used word 'Why?'

"But why do you have to keep buying drugs from the same dealers, can't you do like the cops on TV and get the stuff and bust them?"

Busch whimpered and banged his head on the steering wheel. Hyper turned in her seat and went nose to nose with Corey; a snarl came to her lips before she spoke.

"We need to gain their trust so that I can move up in the food chain and get the bad guy."

"But you already know that's Gillingham."

Hyper's eyes grew huge with what Corey said. "How do you know that?"

"Gods Hyper, I'm a reporter it's what I do, I get information."

Hyper turned and dropped back in her seat. "Ohh." She looked over at an amused Busch. "Ohh shut-up Joe." She crossed her arms over her chest and pouted. Corey leaned up over the front seat and whispered into Hyper's ear.

"Now, can't it wait?"

"Hyper, please."

"Just a little bit longer our man should be here soon." She scanned the street across from them for the dealer. Busch looked back at Corey and then to his partner. "What's the problem?"

"She needs a bathroom."

"Ohhh, well our man should be here any minute now."

Corey was calling them both names in her mind, she felt like she was about to bust. "Listen you two, I need to go NOW!" She yelled right into Hyper's ear.

"Do what Hyper does." He handed her an empty Coke bottle. Corey looked at it with a raised eyebrow then between the two cops.

"And what does she do with this?" She smacked him in the head with it.

"She whips it out and then pisses in the bottle." He looked over to see Hyper covering her mouth and trying not to laugh.

"I've seen her naked and unless she grows something for the occasion, it's impossible. Now let me out before I piss on your seat! Better yet I'll sit on your lap HEDGEHOG!"

"Not in my car you won't, I've had this since High School!"

"I know! Your date's underwear are still back here!" She flung a pair of dirty jockey shorts at him and started bouncing in the seat. She was ready to kick a window out if she had to. Busch started to panic; he looked around the car and pulled out a female version of a hospital urinal. "Here!" He handed it to her and had to duck as it came flying back at him.

Hyper pulled on the door handle and fell out on to the ground laughing, she reached up and opened the back door for Corey and covered her head as two feet jumped out and ran for the alleyway.

"Hyper get over here!" Corey whispered harshly and danced from foot to foot.

"Ohh now what?" She whined, got to her feet and walked over to a dancing Corey.

"Turn around." She grabbed Hyper's hips and spun her so that she was facing the car. "I don't want anyone to see me and I can't believe I'm doing this!" She yanked her pants down, grabbed a hold of Hyper's hips and squatted. Hyper's head fell back in disbelief; she closed her eyes and groaned. A low moan came from Corey; she laid her forehead against Hyper's lower back and moaned some more. Hyper was ready to sink to her knees with all the low moaning coming from behind her, those sounds were doing things to her that she knew would make the next few hours rather uncomfortable.

"Corey are we gonna have to put up flood warnings?" Her answer was another deep moan.

"Gods woman, that's it no more super big gulps for you." A snort came from Corey and another moan that sent tingles through Hyper's body. She felt arms encircle her from behind and Corey's head resting against her back.

"It hurts Hyper." She whimpered into the strong back. "And I can't bend over to get, you know my pants."

"What hurts?" She turned around and let Corey lean into her.

"My bladder, I think it's like four times its normal size and it doesn't know what to do."

"OK, hold on a minute." She reached down and pulled Corey's pants up, zipped and buttoned them. She wrapped an arm around Corey's shoulders and helped her stumble to the car. "No



more super big gulps." She surprised herself by kissing Corey's temple before she released her from a small hug. A low deep moan went right to her center when Corey fell over on the back seat.

"Is she alright back there?" Busch asked Hyper when she got into the car.

"Yeah, she'll make it. There's our guy, pull up there and lets get this over with."

They pulled up where the dealer was standing next to a paper box; Hyper leaned out the window so he could see her. "Hey man, I need some stuff." He walked over to the car, leaned against the side and looked into the back seat.

"Who's that back there, I ain't selling to no strangers."

"Come on man, you know me and that's my woman back there." Hyper reached over the front seat and ran her hand up the inside of a moaning Corey's thigh. "She needs a fix bad, stomach cramping on her."

"Alright what you need tonight?" He asked and watched Corey the entire time.

"Got any smack on you?"

Corey cracked an eye open and watched the long fingered hand run up and down her inner thigh. A deep moan escaped her lips when the hand traveled up further and stopped. What Hyper was doing was driving her to insanity; she laid a hand over Hyper's and lay still. When fingers started caressing her thigh again, she moaned and rolled her head on the seat. Then it was over and they were driving away.

"That's five hundred bucks worth of useless shit." Hyper held up the baggie of drugs. "Wanna see what we got?" She leaned over the front seat and looked into a pair of hungry green eyes.

"Ohh I got something for you alright." Corey held up a fist and smacked it into her palm. Hyper's dark brows shot upward and she slunk back down into the seat to the sound of Busch laughing. "I think your woman is pissed at you."

"Oohh yeah and I'm going to Hell." She mumbled to herself. *Surprise Hyperidiot your gaydar needs realigned!*

"In a hand basket Hypergrabhands, in a great big hand basket." Corey whispered in her ear.

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Once they had gotten back to Hyper's, Corey went into the living room to use Hyper's laptop to

do research and an outline for her story. She had to get everything down before she forgot small details that could either make or break her. Every once in a while she would look towards the bed to watch Hyper sleep. She kept thinking of what happened in the car and didn't know why it had made her mad. It wasn't as if she were a virgin, she was far from it in her eyes. One of the reasons she was estranged from her small family was because of her sexual preferences. No one at her job knew about her and she had kept her social life on the back burner. Dropping her head into her hands, she took a deep breath before looking up at what she had typed so far. Hitting the save and then closing the program, she went to the bathroom to take a quick shower. Letting the hot water beat the tired muscles into putty, she turned off the water, wrapped up in Hyper's robe and headed to the bed. Sitting softly down on the edge, she let her eyes travel from Hyper's closed eyes down to where the sheet was draped across her muscular thighs. Taking the sheet, she drew it up to Hyper's waist and went around to the other side. Laying the robe across the foot of the bed, she slipped beneath the covers and rolled onto her side away from Hyper. She lay there listening to the deep even breathing of the tall woman and replayed everything over in her head again. The feel of her lips against her temple, the strong fingers caressing her thigh and the deep smoky voice claiming possession. It was those words 'My woman' that had brought up the flame of anger as quick then as it did now. She was no one's 'woman' and never would be. Partner yes, friend, lover and equal were the only things she ever wanted to hear come from a lover's lips.

She had seen her own family torn apart because her father was the type that said women were only there for one thing and that was to serve and obey men. After watching how her mother put up with the bullshit, she vowed that no one would ever treat her like a doormat. And that included friends, which she truly hoped Hyper was becoming. Snuggling down into her pillow, she closed her eyes and tried to sleep only to be haunted by the arousal she had felt stirred by long fingers. Pulling the pillow over her head, she took a deep breath and held it until her lungs burned. She was about to get up and watch TV when an extremely warm body snuggled up to her back. The soft press of moist lips at the nape of her neck, murmured words and then the deep even sound of breathing pulled her into the land of dreams.

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[Continued In Part 2](#)

[The Athenaeum's Scroll Archive](#)

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## ~ Journalistic Endeavors ~

by Larisa

**Disclaimer:** OK, ya all know the spiel. Yada yada yada, they're mine.

**Violence:** Yep.

**Sex and bad language:** Yep.

**Age requirements:** If you're not old enough, go away!!

## Part 2

Hyper woke up and looked at the clock; it was a little after nine am. She closed her eyes and tried to go back to sleep and then figured out why she had woken so early. A small hand was under her shirt caressing the soft skin beneath her breast and wandering ever closer to brushing against her aching nipple. Sucking in a breath, she stiffened and prayed that Corey would roll over from where she lay across her so she could get up. When the small hand made its way downward, across her stomach to stop a few inches below the waistband of her boxers, she clamped a hand over her mouth to hold back a moan. Closing her eyes tightly, she prayed to every God she had ever heard or read about to help her. Corey's hand moved downward, brushed against her groin and was gone when she rolled over onto her stomach and started snoring. Hyper rolled out of the bed and landed on her hands and knees on the floor. Dropping her head down to rest on the floor, she took a calming breath, got up and went to the bathroom.

"Ice water, I need lots of ice water!" She dropped her clothes on the floor and stepped under the cold water coming from the showerhead.

"Goddamnitsfuckingcold!" She said as her teeth began to chatter and lips turn a light shade of blue.

Corey peeked from one eye towards the bathroom and snickered. "And she scores! One for me, one for the hedgehog. Continuing to laugh softly, she took Hyper's pillow pulled it to her chest and went back to sleep.

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Hyper was sitting at the kitchen table drinking coffee when Mack walked in and stood there looking at her as if she had a third eye in the center of her forehead. A brow rose over a bloodshot eye and hovered there. "What?"

"Exactly, you're up awful early." She got a cup of coffee and sat down next to her sister.

"Well, you're here awful early. Why?"

"I had to pick up some medical supplies at the warehouse, so I thought I'd come by and see if you guys wanted to go for brunch or something." She looked closely at her sister and whispered. "Oohh you two are fighting."

"What makes you think that?"

"You have that pouty look on your face that's what. What did you do?"

"Why do you think it was me, I could be completely innocent in what ever it is we're fighting about."

"If that was the case, you'd still be sleeping and Corey would be out here probably looking for rat

poison." She sipped her coffee and stared at her sister. "Come on Jo what did you do?"

"I teased her last night but not for the reason you think. It was so I could make a deal, the dealer gets jumpy around strangers so I said she was my woman and I played with her thigh." She dropped her forehead on the table and waited for Mack to laugh at her, when she didn't, she looked up at her. "Well, aren't you going to yell or laugh at me?"

"For what? I know how you operate both romantically and on the job. So she's that pissed at you that you look like a hound dog?"

"The thing is I enjoyed what I was doing and I think she did too, until like a few minutes later when she offered me a hand basket to go to Hell in. It gets better though, this morning she was...with my...cold shower for me."

Mack chuckled lightly at her sisters chopped up sentence; Charley was the same way when she was frustrated. One of the reasons she fell in love with the short stocky brunette, she was cuter than Hell when she stuttered and turned a deep red like her sister was now.

"You got teased by someone, unbelievable. So is she one of us or not?" Mack asked while refilling both of their coffee cups.

"Don't know, I thought so last night, and then I was thinking this morning that maybe she's not. And what she was doing to me was a subconscious thing."

"Jo why don't you ask her, the worse thing that could happen is she says no."

"Uhhmm..." She took a quick glance at Mack and went back to studying the swirling of her coffee. "I ah, I ah...uhmmm...nope." She shook her head at Mack. "Can't...no good at those..."

"Hypermnestra Joanna Crichton you are a huge chicken shit coward." Mack got up from the table, went over to the bed and looked down at Corey wrapped around a pillow. Seeing the one on the other side of the bed, she knew whose pillow it was that Corey had in a death grip. Lying down next to the small blonde, propping herself up on an elbow, she rested her head on her hand. A few minutes later an eye opened and rolled to lock with smiling hazel.

"Is this like a family thing with you guys, starring at sleeping people?" Corey croaked out, snuggled her face into Hyper's pillow and inhaled deeply.

"It smells like sandalwood huh?"

"Yeah and hedgehog...damn." She looked up with guilt written all over her face.

"Are you really that mad at her for teasing you?"

"She told you about that, I guess she did since you're asking." She leaned up onto her elbow and looked deeply into hazel eyes. "It's not what she did it's what she said."

"Now I'm confused, I thought it was her playing touchy feely with your thigh and she thinks the same thing."

"No, I have a problem with the use of possessive words or terms. I don't like to be referred to as anyone's 'woman'. It's degrading and disrespectful. I know she didn't mean it that way when she said it but it has always irritated me."

"Ohh you mean like guys do, 'This is my woman' type thing." She gave Corey a bright smile. "I gotcha, one other thing, are you?"

Her brows went into her hairline. "Am I what?"

"You know one of us, attracted to Hyper Jo, wanna beat her up, drive her insane, tease the fuck out of her or make her beg?" The last words were said in a deep voice that brought chuckles from Corey.

"Well, considering that I'm laying in her bed naked, I have to say yes to all of the above. Now what?"

"I'll not say a word to her and I'll help you drive her nuts." She lowered her voice in conspiracy. "First thing you do is play with her ears."

"What's that do?"

"You'll see, quite interesting in a scientific way."

"How do you know it does anything?"

"Charley told me." She rolled off the bed and left a gaping mouthed Corey laying there.

"Play with her ears huh? I can do that." She grinned wickedly and searched for Hyper's shirt to pull on.

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With Mack talking to Corey, Hyper had no idea of what to do with herself. She scrubbed the kitchen sink, put the dishes from the dishwasher away, swept and mopped the kitchen floor and was getting ready to clean the wood on the cabinets when Mack stood there and gave her a crazed look.

"What are you doing?"

"Cleaning?" Her voice had shot up a few notches and a light blush colored her face. "Well?" She waved the cleaning rag around in front of her. "What happened, should I run and hide?"

"Jo what ever you do, if you want to live, do not ever call her 'My woman' she will rip your arms off and beat you senseless."

"Ohh, so is she still mad at me?" She dropped down into a chair and back up when she heard the shower come on.

"Ma named you right; sit your ass down Hyperactive. I don't think so but what ever you do, don't do nothing. Just sit there and take her wrath."

"What! I'm supposed to let her smack me in the head if she wants?" She shook her head at Mack. "I'm no pussy whipped wimp." Her eyes narrowed and changed to a silvery color. "No one walks all over me not even a little..." he eyes shot up and watched Corey walk from the bathroom to the bed. "Naked tattooed reporter...OK so maybe she can walk all over me."

Mack leaned back in her chair, crossed her arms over her chest and gave her sister a raised eyebrow look. "I think she can get away with just about anything where you're concerned."

"Can not, I can take what ever she hands out and then some. That didn't sound right." She rubbed her bristly head. Corey made her way back to the bathroom and Hyper let out a deep moan. "What ever Corey wants Corey gets, I am so screwed." Her head dropped to the table and stayed there.

Her head was still down when Corey came into the kitchen, got a cup of coffee and winked at Mack. Placing her coffee on the table, she bent over and whispered into Hyper's ear.

"Huh?" Hyper raised her head and gave her confused look. "Didn't understand a word you said."

"OK, I'll tell you again." She leaned forward, breathed into her ear, pulled on the silver hoop at the top of Hyper's ear and then slowly slipped her tongue inside. Mack sat back and watched her sister's breath hitch, her face turn red and finally her eyes roll back in her head. Corey lifted her head and watched Hyper fall backwards and land on the floor.

"Shit did I kill her?" Corey dropped to her knees and put her ear to Hyper's chest.

"Nah, she just passed out." She laughed. "Told you it was interesting." She gave Corey a huge grin. Corey lifted Hyper's head, laid it in her lap and ran her fingers through the soft dark hair. "She's gonna kill us when she wakes up."

"Nope, she doesn't know that I know about her problem."

"How long have you and Charley been together?" She asked as she continued to play with Hyper's hair.

"Since we were both twenty, so it's been twelve years. Hyper's two years older than us so I always accused her of cradle robbing."

"Wasn't it hard dating someone your sister dated first? I mean you know."

"Not really, what you're holding down there is a one of a kind." She pointed to her sister. "They dated for six months and that one there never tried anything besides kissing. Chivalry will never die with her around."

"Hyper chivalrous, I don't see that in her, then again I don't really know her." She traced an eyebrow and frowned at the stitches marring the smooth surface. "When I first saw her, she scared me." She looked up at Mack and grinned. "I thought she was a guy for one thing, but her eyes were so cold and distant and then the night she chased me all over Winchester."

"It's what makes her good at her job, she can block out all her emotions in a blink. Having Joe at her side keeps her from going too far at times."

"I don't go too far anytime."

"Bullshit Jo, how many times have I put you back together?"

"Uuhmm...can't count that high and how did I get down here?" She looked into green eyes and felt a warm hand caress her cheek.

Mack leaned forward in her chair and tapped Hyper on her chest. "You underwent a scientific experimentation and passed with honors." She winked at Corey. "You're the first person to pass out from foreplay."

Hyper closed her eyes and groaned. "Aahh maan, Charley's a dead woman!"

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The three women sat in Ruby Tuesdays in the Apple Blossom Mall, Corey sat next to Hyper with a soup spoon clutched in her hand. She was ready to smack the Hell out of her if she ate like an animal. Their entrée was delivered to the table and Hyper reached over Corey's shoulder for a stuffed potato skin.

"Which finger do you want broke?"

Hyper's brows drew down over her nose and Mack chuckled. "Huh?"

"Which finger?" Corey waved the spoon over her hand.

"Neither, how am I supposed to eat without using my fingers?" She crossed her arms over her chest, narrowed her eyes at Corey and pouted.

"First, you don't reach across the table like a barbarian." She picked up the plate and placed it in the center so that they could all reach it, then she took one of the skins and held it up to Hyper's mouth. "Just watch my fingers, I need them to type and do other things with." Hyper opened her

mouth and let Corey feed her, what Corey wasn't expecting was for Hyper to take her hand and lick her fingers clean. Mack was shocked; she had never seen Hyper do anything like that before. She gave her sister a weird look and received an evil grin, Corey sat holding her breath and looking at her fingers and then looked to Mack with a questioning stare. Mack just shrugged her shoulders and took a potato skin.

"I'll be back in a minute, they forgot something." Hyper jumped up from her chair and went over to the bar.

Corey leaned closer to Mack. "I thought you said she never did anything."

"I'm not to sure that's my sister, maybe I should have checked her for a concussion or brain trauma." She looked to see Hyper speaking to the bartender. "I wonder what she's doing?"

Mack felt familiar hands travel down her shoulders and cup her breasts. "It can only be bad what ever it is." Charley leaned over her, kissed the side of her wife's neck and nuzzled her ear.

Corey could imagine Charley doing that to Hyper and she felt the little green monster raise its head and yell. *What are you doing Corey you never get jealous!* She forced a smile at the two women and looked for Hyper who had disappeared from the bar.

"Where's Hyper at?"

"No telling with her, she could be back in the kitchen cooking."

"Not! I was sweet talking the bartender into getting us these." She placed a huge platter full of chicken wings and a bowl of blue cheese dressing on the table.

"What did it cost ya this time?" Charley asked after grabbing a chicken wing.

"Two tickets to the Policeman's Ball." She sat down and saw the narrowed eye look she was receiving from Corey.

She slapped Hyper in her shoulder. "You gave away tickets to the Ball, are you nuts? Those things are expensive and not to mention impossible to get."

"I don't need them; I...am in big trouble huh?" She ran a hand down her face and looked from under her dark lashes at Corey. "I'll get two more tickets, for you if you want."

"I'll take them but only if you go with me." She dipped a chicken wing into the dressing and chewed on the end.

"Me, but I've never gone to one before. Why me?"

"I'd ask Joe but I think his wife would get mad. Plus I have this feeling that you look better in a dress uniform." She handed Hyper a chicken wing and pointed to the dressing. "Eat before



there's nothing left and you." She pointed to Charley. "No throwing food at each other."

"Big Mack she's no fun."

"Behave or I'll put clothes on all your playmates."

"It's OK Charley, because once we're out of here your ass is mine!" Hyper snarled at her sister in-law. "Tattle tale!"

"What did I do?" She looked to Mack. "Big Mack?"

"One word, ears."

"Ohhh I got it!" She gave Hyper a toothy grin. "Have a nice nap?"

"Shut-up Charley." She looked over at Corey who was doing strange and unusual things to her chicken wing with her tongue and moaned.

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Hyper pulled on her shoulder holster and looked to where Corey was typing away on her laptop like a maniac. She still couldn't get over all the teasing she had survived during her meal with the three troublemakers. If it wasn't verbal, it was physical. Corey had her so wound up she was about to fly into pieces. The small woman was certainly a chink in her armor and steadily pounding away at it with a sledgehammer.

"Sure you don't wanna come with us?"

"Yep, I'm on a roll here and I wanna look into some things concerning Gillingham." She rolled her head on her shoulders and then let it drop forward.

"Like what are you looking for?" Hyper moved up behind her and started massaging her shoulders and neck.

"Gods that feels good." She felt Hyper's finger's digging into her tired muscles and forgot what she was going to say.

"You know everything has been sealed up, not one thing can be found tying him into anything illegal."

"Wanna bet I can find something?"

"What'll it cost?"

"Breakfast in bed for a week."

"You're on and I like waffles." She kissed the top of Corey's head and left.

She spoke to the empty room. "Hope you can make them because you're the one who's going to be cooking every morning." Signing onto the ISP, she pulled up her own account and wrote several E-mails to other reporters that owed her. She knew that at least one of them could give her some information and maybe a direction to head in getting some dirt on the Teflon man. "You maybe slick, but after so long you become your own scouring pad. All I need is one tiny little scratch and you'll make it worse by covering it up." She hit enter and sent off her e-mails with a prayer.

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Gillingham had the man by his throat and backed into a wall, he squeezed his fingers until the mans face turned a deep red and then purple.

"How in the Hell did you loose two men and Deavers? She's just a tiny little trouble maker and she got away from how many of you self proclaimed hit men?" The man struggled and gasped for breath, Gillingham dropped him in a heap on the floor where the man rubbed his throat and tried to breathe.

"Some tall dude got in front of us and started chasing her to, me and DM took shots at them and the dude shot back at us. That's when DM got blown away."

"Who is this guy, have you seen him before?"

"Heard rumors that he's an addict that throws around big money to the Bloods for what ever shit they got. Gaunt lookin and always shaken like he needs a fix. Buys from us to, from what Beemer told me."

"Who's this Beemer?"

"Junky that hangs out near the bus station, said he saw this guy buying a whole lot of smack."

"I want him and Deavers found and taken to the warehouse where we hold the fights. I'll have two of my men waiting for you as soon as you call in understand? If you fail, they'll find you spread out across three states."

"I understand, we'll find him." He climbed to his feet and left the room as quickly as he could. He knew if he didn't find the dude who screwed him the first time, he would be history in a matter of minutes. After what happened trying to catch that bitch, that was still missing, he would take more guys with him to be on the safe side.

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Busch pulled the Cutlass up close to the bus depot building and leaned forward to see into the dark. He had dropped Hyper off and went around the block a few times before coming back to

wait. He was getting worried; it wasn't like her to be gone so long. He was afraid it was going to be a replay like with the guy who clubbed her. Getting out of the car, he edged his way to the mouth of the alley and listened for voices. His head dropped when he heard the sounds of fists pounding away on someone's body. He prayed that it wasn't Hyper getting the shit kicked out of her.

"What did you tell him?" The raspy voice of Hyper echoed in the alley and then the sound of breaking bones and a loud cry of pain. "Either you tell me or I break your other arm!"

"I told him...I saw you buying...smack!" The sounds of whimpers came to Busch's ears, he was relieved that Hyper was alright but never agreed with how she did things.

"Who is this prick and where can I find him?"

"Hangs around the warehouse area, one of the Schitzo's, names Taqui or some bullshit. Tall white guy wears a black warm-up with gold stripes."

"If you're lying, I'll make sure that you are never heard from again." She pulled back and hit him so hard that she felt his jaw and cheekbone collapse upon impact. She dropped him to the ground and walked to where Busch was waiting. "Call it in; tell them I want him locked up forever. Assault on an officer."

"Hyper I don't think they'll go for it, you just about killed him."

"Yeah well if I was slow and stupid this would be sticking out of my chest right now." She handed him a long shive made out of a screwdriver. "Some fuckers put a price on my head and thanks to that worthless piece of shit!" She walked to where he could see her face clearly; it made his heart stop beating. In all the years they had worked together, never had he seen what was now in front of him. Her eyes were an eerie white, the gauntness of her cheeks deeper from her flexing jaw. What scared him the most was the rage that poured off her body.

"They put a price on Corey, they want her dead." She turned and walked to the car, got in on the drivers side and raced the engine.

"Ohh Christ she's driving." He ran a hand across the top of his head and prayed that if they crashed it would be a painless death.

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Corey checked her e-mail and found two replies to the ones she had sent out. Opening the first one, she read it and then deleted it. The reporter had no information of any kind concerning Gillingham. What she thought was the reporter had been threatened and wasn't taking any chances with what he knew. The second one brought a smile to her face; a reporter for the Jefferson County Journal had information for her and was willing to share it if he got some credit in her story. He was retired and no longer working as a reporter but would help her anyway he could, he just wanted a little piece of the action. She wrote him back, agreed to his terms and

would like to set up a time to take him to lunch with in the next day or so. She sent off her reply, shut down the PC and went in search of food. She knew that Hyper would be getting off shift in another hour and home shortly after that. Pulling out lunchmeats, bread and condiments, she made four sandwiches, put two on a plate and put them in the refrigerator for Hyper. Taking hers and a glass of milk into the living room, she turned on the late night news and sat down to watch as she ate. She hoped that there was absolutely nothing on the news about shootings, stabbing' or anything else happening in the area. She was worried knowing that Hyper was out there somewhere, even if Joe was with her, it still didn't make her feel any better.

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"We're gonna die!" Busch yelled and pulled his seatbelt tighter. "Slow down Hyper!"

"For Christ sakes Busch we're doing 35!"

"But we're on the SIDEWALK!"

"I know that and so do all the drunks and addicts." She wove around a shopping cart and its owner. "So far I've only hit one person and that was their own fault."

"What's wrong with driving on the street?"

"Doesn't get me as much attention." She cast a glance sideways and grinned. "I want all the cops down here to try and catch us."

"WHAT ARE YOU NUTS?"

"If I get arrested, then whoever wants my head will stop looking on the streets." She held out her hand to him. "I need my wallet otherwise I'll be married by morning and I don't think I get to chose the woman."

She looked in her rearview mirror and saw flashing red and blue lights coming up behind them. "Hang on Busch here we go!" She whipped the wheel to the left, went off the sidewalk and punched the gas pedal. The cop car had a hard time keeping up with her and called in for back up. With in a few minutes, she had six cars on her ass and was headed towards the shopping mall. "When I stop, you stay in the car until they catch me."

"Hyper what in the Hell are you going to do?"

"Run like Hell and hope no one shots me." She handed him her Glock and extra clips. "If they start shooting, run them over for me."

"Right, so you have someone to spend the rest of your unnatural life with behind bars."

"I'll make you my bitch and no one will bother you, OK?" Before he could answer, she stopped the car, jumped out and ran across the parking lot with cruisers after her.

"You crazy ass bitch, damn but you can run!" He watched her out run the cop cars, stop and double back to end up running back towards him. He was laughing as the cops swerved all over the parking lot trying to keep up with her. The sound of a chopper overhead and then a spotlight hit her as she ran. He looked up and saw that it was a news chopper. "I'll be damned, you got what you wanted Hyper." The news would put this out across every channel, she would be a star for a few seconds and hopefully be able to slink off into the shadows and find their bad guy.

"Come on chicken shit!" She waved to the cop car and took off running again. She had recognized the cop driving and knew that if he was the one to catch her, she would have no trouble once inside the car. She stopped, turned and waited for the cruiser. She timed it perfectly for when he slammed on his brakes; she jumped and flipped up to land on the roof of his car. She waved to the chopper and did a little bow for the cruisers surrounding her. "Hey big boy ya gonna help me down?" She winked at him.

"No you asshole! You can jump down; give me a fucking heart attack Hyper!" The older officer pointed to the ground and watched her do a back flip off the roof and land where he had pointed. "I swear you'll be the death of me, now get in the back."

"Come on Uncle Mike, handcuff me."

"No, you'll like it too much."

"For the camera ya big lug, I'm trying to disappear here." She told him of her plan while he did the normal arrest procedures.

"Someone wants you and the reporter dead?"

"Yep." She leaned over the front seat and gave his partner of 22 years and slap in his shoulder. "I think I'm getting close to the main guy, and I can give that credit to Corey."

"Why's that, she's just a reporter right?"

"Ohh she's more than that, she got a picture of a drug deal and then ends up being chased by not only the dealers but me and Joe." She explained everything to her uncle on the way back to her warehouse. If anyone could help her it was him, he had 27 years on the force and knew things that other people had forgotten about.

"You guys talk with the previous owners of the properties around here." He pulled in behind her building and turned in his seat. "Benny what was that guys name that used to own the bar in the warehouse area?"

Benny scratched his jaw and then looked over the seat at Hyper. "I think his name is Shaky Stevens, lives over near Berryville now. You be careful kid, ain't too many of us out here that you can trust anymore. I heard that bastard has a couple cops in his pocket that may have set him off when your friend wrote that first article."

"Thanks boys, I'll let you know if I find anything out." She got out of the cruiser and went in through a back door that was so hard to see that it looked like she just disappeared into thin air.

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Corey was glued to the TV, the news was playing the tape of the high-speed car chase and then the person running through the parking lot at the mall. When the camera zoomed in on the runner, she knew who they were after. Her heart slammed in her chest and she found it hard to breathe, dropping to the floor in front of the TV, she placed her fingertips over Hyper. "Are you trying to get killed?" She murmured to herself. She gasped when Hyper did her acrobatic trick and flipped onto the roof of the cruiser and bowed. "I'm going to kill you! Rip your arms off, break your legs! HOW COULD YOU!"

"How could I what?" Hyper said from where she stood behind the couch. Corey jumped to her feet, ran up on to the couch and jumped Hyper. They hit the floor with a thud and rolled until Corey was straddling a winded cop. "Where you trying to get killed out there?" She grabbed the front of Hyper's hooded sweatshirt and pulled her up so they were eye to eye.

"I saw what you did! Running around the parking lot with the cops after you! And THEN doing flips on and off the damn cruiser! ARE YOU NUTS?!"

Hyper gave her a croaked grin and wiggled her eyebrows. "So everyone tells me."

"AAAHH!" Corey yelled and pushed Hyper back to the floor. "You just want to drive everyone insane don't you?" She jabbed Hyper in her chest.

"I'm lonely in the nuthouse."

"It's lonely in a body cast to and that's where I'm gonna put you!" She reached out with both hands and tried to slap at Hyper, her frustration grew when Hyper kept slapping her hands back.

"Sissy fight!" Hyper yelled and slapped Corey's hands. "Paddy cake, paddy cake, UUGG!"

Keep it up and I'll jump on your stomach again." Hyper thrust her hips and threw Corey over her head; they wrestled on the floor until Corey was put into a wrestling move where Hyper had her so twisted that she couldn't move.

"Give up yet?"

"NO!"

"OK, ya asked for it." Hyper leaned down, bit Corey on her ass and laughed when Corey yelped. "Give up yet?"

"Go to Hell! Oww damn you Jo!"

"I'm enjoying myself here so just keep saying no." She nipped her again but much closer to her upper thigh. "Hey you called me Jo!" She nipped her on the inside of her thigh and heard a deep moan.

"Keep doing that and I'll call you anything you want. Even snuggly soft."

She went nose to nose with Corey. "I am not snuggly soft. I'm a hard body and don't you let me think anything different." She placed a sloppy kiss on Corey's forehead and released her from the hold. "We got any food?" She pulled a panting Corey to her feet.

"You want to eat after all that?"

"Sure, I worked up an appetite tonight." Corey's mouth dropped open; she couldn't believe that Hyper could be that clueless. *No wonder you live alone, all the women die from frustration!* She took a deep breath and tried to calm the fire between her thighs that Hyper had caused. She could feel the wetness coating the insides of her thighs and her pulse beat in her center.

Hyper stood with the freezer door open and her head inside, her eyes closed as the frosty air swirled around her face. And wishing that she could dump the ice cube tray down her pants and get away with it.

"Your sandwiches are not in the freezer." Corey smacked her on the ass, pushed her out of the way and opened the refrigerator. "I made these as you were doing your TV debut; I hope you choke on them." She pushed the plate in to Hyper's chest, snarled at her and went in to the living room. When Hyper came in, she looked up at her and shook her head. "You're a slob, what's your sister's phone number?" Hyper stood in front of her with the sandwich hanging out of her mouth and pointed to a walkie-talkie on the shelf by the TV. "Are you telling me that she doesn't have a phone?" Hyper shook her head no and pointed to the floor.

"What about the floor, if you don't explain in two seconds I'm sending you to Hell!"

"Haa! Downstairs." She said around a mouthful.

"Downstairs is the garage...wait a minute this place has three floors!"

Hyper gave her a thumbs up and winked.

"They live right below us?" She slapped her forehead. "And you never told me!" She advanced on Hyper and changed her mind. "You just wait until after I talk to Mack." She took the walkie-talkie and gave Hyper a narrowed look. "Next you'll be drinking out of the milk jug." She turned her head and caught out of the corner of her eye Hyper pulling the milk jug from her cargo pocket. "I just don't believe you." She keyed the button and called for Mack, a few seconds later Mack answered over the small speaker.

"Does Hyper have a last Will and Testament?"

*"I think why!"*

"Because in two seconds I'm going to kill her!"

*"On my way, I wanna watch!"*

"Haa! See I'm not the only one!" She jabbed Hyper in her stomach, took the milk from her and went into the kitchen.

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Mack chased her sister around the living room with a pillow in her hand, Corey and Charley sat on the couch with their hands over their ears, huge grins on their faces and hoping that Mack caught her.

"Sis I had to do something!" Hyper yelled as she dodged past Mack.

"Like what get yourself killed!"

Hyper stopped and collapsed to the floor in front of the couch, she looked up at Corey and just stared at her. "Someone put a price on our heads, I had to get arrested so that I could have some freedom to try and get the son of a bitch."

Corey covered her mouth with one hand and looked up at the ceiling, tears formed in her eyes and trailed down her cheeks. She closed her eyes, shook her head and wiped the tears from her cheek. "They want us dead because of my article." She said brokenly.

"I don't know but Uncle Mike wants us to talk to the former owners of the properties around here and a guy by the name of Shaky Stevens in Berryville." She moved up onto the couch beside Corey and just sat there lost as to what to do.

"Uncle Mike arrested you?" Charley asked as she leaned back on the couch, took Hyper's arm and draped it around Corey's shoulder. Hyper gave her a small grin, pulled Corey into her side and mouthed a thank you to Charley. "Good thing it was him and Benny, could have been one of Gillingham's thugs."

"Jo, what ever you do, do not go back out on the streets." Mack said. "If it gets out that you're not in jail, they'll be out looking."

"It's my job Mack, how else am I supposed to catch them?"

"Put a damn uniform on and get a cruiser." She squeezed her sister's arm and motioned for Charley. "If you guys need anything just yell."

After they left, Hyper pulled Corey closer and laid her head on top of hers. "Sorry I pissed you



off; I didn't know what else to do after I almost got a screwdriver in my chest." She felt Corey pull back.

"You were almost stabbed and you didn't tell me?"

"Sorry, I'm just not used to talking much about stuff like that. I've never had anyone to tell besides Mack and Charley and I didn't think it mattered to you." She shrugged her shoulders.

"Didn't matter to me?" She pushed Hyper down on the couch and straddled her hips. "Do you think I went ballistic because I don't care?" Her green eyes were flashing with a fire so hot that Hyper thought she would combust. "Do you think I waited up for you and made you something to eat because I don't care?" Tears flowed from her eyes to drip onto a panicky Hyper. "If you have a hang nail I want to know!" She started sobbing and collapsed onto Hyper's chest.

"But why?" She felt Corey shudder against her and thought that maybe she had better stop while she was ahead. Corey lifted her head, wiped her face. "Are you really that clueless?" She saw the confused look on Hyper's face and chuckled. "You maybe a Hell of a cop but when it comes to life you don't know a damn thing." She cupped Hyper's face with one hand and pulled her closer. "Open your eyes Hypermnestra; I'm falling in love with you." She brought their lips together for a soft lingering kiss. She broke the kiss and looked into deep blue eyes. "You do know how to kiss don't you?" Hyper nodded her head. "Then kiss me." Corey was not prepared for what Hyper did to her; she swore that her very soul was stolen with one kiss from the tall woman. Fire surged through her veins and made her dizzy, when the kiss broke for lack of air. She rested her head on Hyper's chest to recover.

"Was it OK?" Hyper asked her in a soft insecure voice.

"Mack is right; you're one of a kind." She captured soft lips with her own, they kissed until exhaustion claimed them and they fell asleep on the couch wrapped in each other's arms.

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Early in the morning hours, Corey woke first and lay tracing a dark eyebrow with her fingertip then let it trail downward to trace a bottom lip before taking it between her teeth and sucking lightly. She knew the second Hyper woke up, she heard her moan and fingers brush through her tousled hair. Releasing her lip, she kissed her softly before getting up and going into the bathroom.

Hyper lay on the couch, breathing heavy; she had no idea what to do about Corey. She sucked at relationships and the few she had were more or less flops after the sex part was over. Once the women got what they wanted, they never called her again. It did wonders for her ego. When she heard the toilet flush, she got up and went into the bathroom. Walking around Corey who was brushing her teeth, she dropped her pants and sat on the toilet. She couldn't help but smirk at the way Corey's eyebrows buried themselves in her bangs or the way her face turned red.

"Problem?" She croaked.

"Uuhh huh, ig oblem!" She said around the toothbrush. Leaning back against the sink, she watched Hyper through narrowed eyes. When Hyper was finished, Corey dropped the toothbrush in the sink and advanced on her with dark aroused green eyes. Straddling her thighs, she captured her lips for a deep kiss that tasted of toothpaste. Hyper ran her hands up the back of Corey's shirt and massaged the warm soft skin of her shoulders and worked her way around to cup full breasts. A deep moan erupted from Corey and she pressed closer to Hyper and thrust her hips into a tight stomach. Without breaking the kiss, Hyper used one hand, pushed herself up and carried Corey to the bed. Kneeling on the edge, she lowered them until she was on her hands and knees over Corey. Long minutes later, the kiss broke and Hyper looked down into a flushed face.

"Do you really want this?"

"I've wanted this ever since that night in Joe's car." She flipped Hyper over, straddled her hips and removed her shirt and boxers. Taking Hyper's hands in her own, she pressed them to her breasts. "You can touch me, I won't break." She whispered while leaning closer towards waiting lips. Corey moaned when Hyper's hands caressed her breasts, her fingertips brushing her skin and circling her taut nipples. She pressed her breasts forward and offered more to her lover while she pushed her shirt up over her breasts. "Off." She mumbled against Hyper's lips and tugged on her shirt. When Hyper didn't move quickly enough, she ripped it up the middle and pushed the torn material to the side. Nipping Hyper's chin, she nipped all the way down to her upper right breast and pulled the flesh between her lips. Hyper's hips thrust against her and a deep moan rumbled in her chest. Corey left no flesh untouched as she made her way down to where short-cropped hair started. Sitting back on her heels, she ran her hands back up a tight stomach to roll hard nipples between her fingertips. "Look at me Hyper." Dark blue eyes opened to look right into Corey's soul. Corey ran a hand downward until her fingers touched wet curls. Slipping a finger between her folds, she moaned when she felt Hyper's center twitch. Moving Hyper's hand from where it rested on her hip, she moved it between her thighs and pressed it against her wet lips. "Touch me Hyper." Her pupils dilated when she felt two fingers slip into her wetness and tease her center. Covering Hyper's hand with her own, she guided her fingers into her as she entered Hyper's center. Rolling her hips forward, she pressed forward until her lover's palm pressed against her swollen clit.

Hyper's head fell back when Corey's fingers slowly pumped inside of her, she looked back up to watch her lover's face. Reaching up, she pulled Corey down for a loving kiss, their tongues slowly dueling to match the rhythm of their fingers. Soft nips and murmurs were shared as they moved closer to the edge. Hyper could feel her body tensing, each nerve ending firing in her body and her blood racing to her center. She panted against Corey's lips. "I'm yours." Then thrust her hips upward, her back arching off the bed as her climax tore through her with a yell of Corey echoing throughout the flat. At the same time, she felt her fingers squeezed and her lover's juices pouring out to cover her as she bucked against her hand. Corey yelled out and collapsed on top of Hyper, gasping for breath as tremors racked her body. They clung together as the last of their shared climaxes evaporated. Hyper placed soft kisses across her lover's face and neck, taking her time to explore the sweat-dampened skin. She rolled them over, lay with her head on Corey's stomach and ran her fingers through wet curls. Kissing the soft curls, she spread her lover's legs apart and lay down between them. Catching green eyes watching her, she took her first taste and

moaned against her. "I love you Corey." She slowly French kissed her nether lips, slipping her tongue inside her center to pull out and circle her twitching clit.

"Hyper...what are...you..." Her hips thrust upward when Hyper sucked gently on her clit and flicked the end with her tongue. Her entire world crashed around her as another climax took her. Deep grunts came from her with each tremor until she fell limp on the bed. She could barely breathe when Hyper crawled up to lay beside her and nuzzle her heaving breasts with her lips. Pulling a nipple into her mouth, Hyper nursed and pressed herself against her lover's thigh. Low grunts came with each thrust until she was crying out against a soft breast. She wrapped her body around Corey and held her until their bodies quieted down and sleep claimed them.

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The sound of muffled voices drifted to the lover's ears, snuggling deeper into each other's bodies, they tried to go back to sleep but the voices became louder until it was loud screams. Hyper pulled a pillow over their heads and snickered. She now knew what the screaming was about and couldn't help but think of where her sister and Charley were.

"What's that noise?" Corey mumbled against her lover's neck.

"The slut puppies are in the bathroom." She answered in a low raspy voice.

"Doing what?"

Hyper snickered at her question, rolled over the top of Corey and buried her face against her breasts. "What do you think they're doing?" Thumping came through the floor causing Hyper to laugh deeply.

"Beating the Hell out of the ceiling?"

"More like slamming the shower wall." She raised her head up, rested her chin on Corey's chest and winked at her. "Water aerobics with Charley's strap-on." A light blush covered Corey's face when she pictured the two women downstairs. She covered her face with a hand and couldn't help but groan. "Too much information Jo."

"Leather harness, flesh colored, six inches long..." Her mouth was covered with a hand not allowing her to finish.

"What do you do watch them through the heating vent?"

Hyper scurried off the bed, ran to the bathroom and dropped to the floor over the vent. She put her eye to the floor and tried to spy on the two women.

"You're a pervert Jo."

"How else am I supposed to learn?"

"I don't think you need to learn anything after what you did to me last night." She lay down on top of Hyper's back and started nipping the soft skin of her shoulders. "Do you have one?"

"One what?" Hyper moaned when she felt a tongue lick the side of her neck.

"A strap-on, do you have one?" Hyper rolled them over until they were lying side by side and facing each other. "What would you think of me if I said yes?"

Corey licked at her lips and nipped her chin before answering. "I'd be thinking I'd want to see you wearing it." She slipped a thigh between Hyper's and pressed it against her wetness. "Where is it?" She continued to tease her lover and received unintelligible words in response. Pulling back, she held Hyper's chin between her fingers and looked deeply into her eyes. "Where?"

"Bottom drawer...nightstand."

"You fill the Jacuzzi and I'll get the toy."

Hyper rolled to her back and moaned. "Ohh is she gonna be surprised." Getting to her knees, she turned the water on in the Jacuzzi, hit the heater on and waited for Corey to come back. Hearing a low mumbling from near the bed, she rolled her eyes and went to investigate.

"Hyper it's still in the box!" Corey waved it in the air. "You've never used one have you?"

"Well no, I never got the chance." Her head dropped and she scuffed a toe across the floor. "You're the first lover I've ever had in my bed and the other times I you know... were at their places." She looked up with a light blush to her cheeks and shrugged her shoulders. "I either left afterwards or they did."

"Wait a minute here, you were in their bedroom and they left?"

"They got what they wanted, told me that they were going out for a while and I had better be gone when they got back."

Corey ran a hand down her face and left it to cover her mouth; she looked into clear blue eyes and saw the hurt that lingered there. "They were all stupid." She stepped closer, wrapped her arms around Hyper's neck and pressed their bodies together. "I'm not going anywhere; you're stuck with me for ever." Kissing her gently at first until the hunger took over. Hyper pulled back in panic, she pointed a finger towards the bathroom and gasped.

"Waters still on!"

Mack looked up at the water dripping down on her head from the ceiling and snickered. "Only one reason for that to happen." She ran her fingers through Charley's wet hair. "Jo forgot about turning the water off again."

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Hyper lay reclined on the bench in front of the Jacuzzi; she ran her fingers across her lover's aroused body savoring the silkiness beneath her fingers. She had never seen a woman more beautiful than Corey was with her flushed skin, head tilted back and a slight part to her moist lips. A soft moan came from her as she lowered herself down onto the dildo. She stopped to let her body become adjusted to the fullness and connected with dark blue eyes. Running her hands across Hyper's muscular shoulders and chest, she pinched her nipples and felt them hardened. Slowly, she rotated her hips and pressed forward to send the smaller end further into Hyper. Rising upward, she felt the dildo slid out half way before she thrust down against it. Setting the pace, she thrust against Hyper until she felt herself being lowered to the floor and her lover lying between her thighs. She wrapped her legs around the back of Hyper's thighs and opened herself up to her in total surrender. The way her lover moved against her had her climbing quickly, pulling her head down, they kissed with a hunger that overwhelmed them and caused their juices to flow like a river. Soft grunts were exchanged and swallowed as Hyper made short thrusts with her hips. Adjusting how her knees rested on the floor, she was able to push upward and felt the dildo hit a sensitive spot inside of her walls. She knew Corey felt the same thing as a gasp tore from her lips, her head fell back and she dug her fingernails into a strong muscular back. Thrusting faster, Hyper heard Corey calling her name repeatedly until she arched against her and yelled. "I'm... coming!" Her center pulling on the dildo made it twitch inside of Hyper; the end dragged across the sensitive spot and sent her over the edge with a scream. Bright lights flashed before their eyes and their ears buzzed with a deafening sound when their bodies experienced shared climaxes. Hyper's hips jerked with her spasms and sent them back over the edge and into a calm darkness that washed over them like a blanket.

"Are they dead?" Charley asked over Mack's shoulder where they stood looking over the glass-bricked wall.

"Hope not, that would be one Hell of a viewing at the funeral." They snickered and continued to watch the couple like voyeuristic perverts.

Corey was the first to wake from their hour-long nap; she opened one eye and groaned. "Hyper." She whispered hoarsely into her lover's ear and then bit her earlobe to wake her.

"Can't move...stuck."

"They're watching us."

"Who is?" She groaned and buried her face in Corey's neck.

"The perverts from downstairs, their heads are sitting on the wall." Hyper moved her head and looked with one eye up at the glass brick wall to see two heads with huge grins covering their faces.

"Sick bitches, enjoying the view?"

Mack nodded her head at her. "Uh huh, so much in fact that we're going back downstairs to play slave and warlord." She grabbed a hold of the dildo that Charley still wore and dragged her towards the elevator.

"I can't believe those two." Hyper said against her lover's breast.

"I can't believe that we're stuck together." She tried to move and whimpered. "Jo how are we going to get unstuck?" She felt her inner muscles clench when Hyper tried to move off her.

"I don't know has this ever happened to you before?"

Green eyes looked at her, one brow raised and stayed there. "This is a first time using one of these."

"Leave it up to us." She chuckled and then moaned. "Think we can pass as Siamese twins?" Busting out laughing, they moaned and groaned with the discomfort. Hyper wrapped Corey's legs around her and moved so that she could get to her knees. Holding tightly to Corey, she got to her feet, stepped into the Jacuzzi and sunk them both into the hot water. With the relaxing water lapping at them and the long deep kisses, they no longer had a problem. Except for the water sloshing over the side of the Jacuzzi and soaking the floor.

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The two lover's lay sprawled across each other in the bed, exhausted from their early morning and afternoon love making sessions. Neither one heard the elevator come up to the floor nor the sound of Hyper's name being called by Busch. He scratched his head and looked around the living room before he saw them in bed. Rolling his eyes and trying to think of how to wake Hyper with out dropping over from embarrassment or having her knock him there. He covered his eyes and walked towards the bed calling her name, when his legs hit the bed; he stopped and peeked out from between his fingers. Seeing his partner and Corey lying naked and wrapped in each other's arms meant one thing, a huge grin came to his face and vanished when an ice blue eye starred at him.

"I ahhh...Hyper..." He spun around so that his back was to them before he continued to speak. "We have a problem." He said with a shaky voice. "The cop that went over to get Corey's clothes was found shot to death in the apartment."

"What did you just say?" Hyper asked as she moved out from under Corey and came around the bed to face him.

"Damn Hyper put something on." He slapped a hand over his eyes and stood there. "The cop that we sent to Corey's, someone killed her. Homicide says that she was in the bedroom getting Corey's clothes and someone came in and emptied a clip into her. They used a .22 short at close range." He uncovered his eyes and knew it was a mistake when he saw the rage on her face.

"What did the cop look like?"

"Small like Corey, blonde hair, dressed in civvies and driving an unmarked police car. She left it sitting right out in front of the apartment building."

"Son of a bitch!" She went to her dresser and pulled out clothes for both her and Corey. "What does the chief say about this?" She asked as she pulled a shirt over her head.

"That's why I'm here; he wants the two of you out of the area until they can pick up the shooter or shooters. Ballistics hasn't had a chance to check the slugs yet. And CSU is still over there trying to pick up new prints if they were left."

"What about that Taqui guy, have they checked him out yet?"

"Chief has units out looking, you know how it goes."

"Yeah if he wants to get lost there's not a damn thing we can do about it." She pulled on her boots and motioned to the kitchen. "I need coffee before I can think straight."

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Half a pot of coffee later, they had laid out plans on what she was to do while away from the area. She wasn't worried about her sister or Charley being in the building, there was no way that anyone could link her to being a cop or owning the building since it was in Charley and Mack's names. She had made sure from the very beginning of her career as a cop that everything would be in Mack and Charley's name in case anything happened to her while on the job.

"OK, we'll be far enough away from Winchester but not that far that I can't get back here in a hurry. We'll be at my usual hideout, so if you need me just call." She pulled a set of keys out of the junk drawer and stuck them in her pocket. "While we're gone I'm going to look into the previous owners like Uncle Mike suggested."

"If I hear anything I'll give you a call and be careful out there." He pulled her into a hug and kissed her cheek. "I don't want a new partner, you hear me?"

"Same goes for you old man." She squeezed his shoulder and watched him get into the elevator. Going to the bookshelf in the living room, she pulled at one side of it and disappeared. Taking the steps down to the second floor, she went through a door that opened up into her sister and Charley's living room. With their living area close to being the same as hers, she went to where they were still in bed and woke Mack. She explained what she had to do and where she and Corey would be in case of emergency. Kissing both women before she left for an unknown amount of time. She turned when she heard Mack call out to her to be careful. Giving her a small wave and a nod of her head, she went back up the stairs to her own home.

"You are going to be soo pissed." She ran her fingers through the spiky hair on her crown and sighed. Pulling a leather backpack from the armoire, she shoved clothes, knives, handcuffs and extra shells for her Glock inside before zipping it up. Now came the hard part, waking her lover

and explaining.

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They took the secret stairwell all the way down to the garage, Corey was ready to go to the Viper when she felt Hyper take her hand and pull her in the opposite direction.

"Aren't we taking the car?" She asked as she jogged to keep up with her lover's long stride.

"Nope, we're taking my other form of transportation." She stopped at a steel door, pulled her keys out and opened it. "The only people who know about this are Mack and Charley." She flipped a switch on the wall that lit up a dark set of stairs. "Come on baby lets get the Hell outta here." She took Corey's hand in hers and gave it a slight squeeze.

"What is this place?" Corey asked while looking at the solid brick walls of the tunnel.

"A passage that the three of us built years ago, it's so that if we need to get out of the building undetected we can."

"But Mack's a vet and Charley works for the county?"

"We really don't know why we had to build it, it's like an instinct or something told us to do it. Like the secret door to their flat, we're the only ones who know it's there." Hyper stopped when they came to another door; she pulled it open and stepped into a medium sized room. Flipping a ceiling light on, the room filled with bright light and blinded them for a few seconds.

"Boy that was smart!" Hyper said as she squinted. "Gotta remember not to do that again." She rubbed her eyes and blinked a few times. When Corey could see again, she looked around the room and saw three Harleys in the center of the room.

"I knew you had to have a motorcycle hidden somewhere." She wrapped her arms around Hyper's waist and rose up on her toes for a kiss.

"Why did you think that?"

"You look the type that's all; I can see you wearing leather." She ran her fingers through her lover's dark hair and played with the spiky hair on top. "It's growing out fast, you going to let it grow all the way out?"

"Depends on you." She leaned down and captured Corey's lips for a deep erotic kiss that had her thinking of other things besides escaping.

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Hyper hit a small black box on her key ring and waited for the steel door on the room to slide open. Starting her Harley, she shifted it into gear and pulled out into the large concrete drainage



pipe that opened up into an open field a half mile from the warehouse. She knew that Corey was probably having a conniption fit with her at that point but it would have to wait. At least until she was done playing James Bond. They took all the side roads and came out onto old RT. 340 heading towards Leesburg and Charlestown. Hyper to the exit for RT. 9 and continued down the road until she came to a dirt road with a steel gate blocking it. Going around it, she tore up the road, she felt Corey hold onto her tighter as the Harley fishtailed in the loose dirt. Shooting in between trees and out cropping of limestone rocks, she eased them down a steep incline that took them down near the river and a log cabin sitting back from it. Slowing until she pulled up under an overhang, she turned the motor off, pulled her helmet off and sat for a few seconds to take in the view around her. She loved it out here and wished that she had more time to spend here besides than the occasional weekend. She felt Corey slip off from behind her, hand her the helmet she had worn and saw that she was staring out across the glistening river. The look on her face was total awe; a bright glimmer came to her eye when she saw the Old Towne canoe sitting next to the cabin.

"What do ya think?" Hyper asked as she went to stand behind her and pull her against her body.

"It's beautiful here, so quiet." She leaned her head back against her lover's chest and inhaled deeply of the pine scent from the trees and sandalwood from her lover. She still couldn't figure out how her lover always smelled that way since she hadn't found anything at home. With that last word, she felt a tingle race through her body. She hadn't had a home in a long time and it felt good to know she had one now with Hyper. "I feel something that feels very familiar but out of place." She pushed back against Hyper and heard her moan. She reached behind her, ran her hands up the insides of Hyper's thighs, and found it snuggled against her right thigh. "Did you forget to take something off?" She pulled on the strap-on and felt Hyper's hips thrust into her from behind.

"I was in a hurry and Busch was there." Corey stopped playing with her thigh and turned to look at her blushing lover.

"You mean that Busch saw you wearing the strap-on?" She busted out laughing when Hyper nodded her head.

"But he saw you all sprawled out on the bed...until I covered you up." She grinned and then slammed her eyes closed when a hand went into her front pocket and searched around. She opened her eyes when she heard the jingle of keys. Corey searched the key ring and found the right one for the door. Opening it, she took Hyper's hand and pulled her inside, pushed her against a wall and kicked the door closed. With deft fingers' she had her lover's cargo pants hitting the floor in seconds. Dropping to her knees, she took the dildo between her lips and sucked on the very tip while keeping eye contact. Hyper shuddered, her hips thrust forward and a small whimper escaped her lips when Corey took the length into her mouth. She would have never thought that she would get aroused by something like this and found out how wrong she was. Her center twitched around the shaft inside her and juices flowed to coat the harness. Her knees were growing weak and her legs were shaking, as she grew closer to climaxing. Corey's small hand was sliding up and down the shaft and her tongue was flicking the very tip. Then she stopped. Hyper closed her eyes and let out a low moan, taking deep breaths to calm her self

down. She felt her clit twitch and knew it was swollen and sensitive and that she felt like she was going to die.

Corey stripped out of her clothes while she watched her lover's hips move and the dildo twitch in the harness. Grabbing the dildo, she pulled Hyper forward towards the wooden chair near the door. Pushing her to sit down on the edge, Corey kneeled between her thighs. Running her hands up Hyper's thighs to the buckles on the harness, she quickly undid them. Slowly, she removed the short end from inside of Hyper. Spreading her legs wider, she inserted it into herself and attached the harness. The entire time, Hyper watched her through slit eyes and panted.

"Come here Jo." Corey said in a deep seductive voice and pulled her lover down to the floor. Kneeling between her thighs, she moved the tip against glistening lips, she pushed it in part way and moved it between her folds. "I'm going to make you come so hard you feel like you've died and gone to the Elysian Fields." She teased Hyper with the tip until she was begging, moving her legs further apart, she offered her self to Corey. Seeing her lover's juices flow from her center made her mouth water. She dropped her head, pushed her tongue deep inside of Hyper and heard her cry out. "You're gonna go to Hell!"

"I'll take you with me." She murmured against her and pushed her tongue in once more. Placing a kiss on her lovers' swollen clit, she moved up and pushed into her with the dildo. The second she entered her, she set a pace that had her driving upward towards Hyper's tender spot. Bracing her hands on either side of Hyper's ribs, she grunted each time, she pumped into her. Leaning forward she sucked a nipple through her T-shirt until Hyper pulled her shirt up and held her breast for her. "Ohh Gods harder..." She panted out and raised her hips. "Right there!" She moaned and pulled a grunting Corey harder against her. Her head fell back, back arched, the veins on her neck bulged and a deep red covered her upper chest. Corey released her nipple and rested her forehead against her breast; she could feel her climax right on the edge. Tilting her hips upward more, she pumped into her twice and sent them over the edge screaming out each other's names. Neither woman remembered anything after that until they woke up at the same time and moaned at the fullness that was still inside of them.

"Love you Corey." Hyper moaned into her ear when she slid the dildo out.

Corey pulled her lips to her and gave her a gentle kiss. "Love you to hedgehog." She wrapped her arms around her neck and pressed her face into her sweat-dampened skin. Lifting her hips up, she let Hyper undo the harness buckles and ease the dildo out. She sighed when she was cradled in strong arms and held. "I think I'm going to have a big problem walking in the morning."

"That makes two of us; we'll just stay in bed all day." Hyper kissed her temple and just lay there holding her lover.

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The next day, they headed into Charlestown to find Corey's reported friend and see what kind of information the man had. Hyper was expecting someone who chain-smoked, had his lunch all over his chest, thick bifocal glasses and a habit of waving a hand in your face to get your

attention. Not a small quiet man that looked more like Santa than the real one did. They sat on his back porch drinking coffee for a few hours while he told them of everything he knew about Gillingham and his habit of losing contact with acquaintances. When they left, Hyper was muttering to herself and Corey was slapping herself on the back and shooting a hand in the air.

"And I want fresh strawberries to go with my waffles, and you have to feed me."

Hyper stopped walking and looked down at her lover with a raised eyebrow. "Strawberries and I have to feed you? I don't remember that in the bet." Corey stepped up in front of her and tapped her on the chest. "That's because you my little hedgehog didn't think of it, which doesn't matter because I won." She stuck her tongue out and tweaked a nipple through her lover's T-shirt before heading to the Harley. "Ohh and another thing, you have to do it in the buff!" She wiggled her brows at her and chuckled at the fish out of water look she got.

"Aaahhh maaan, this ain't fair!" She scratched the top of her head and grinned behind Corey's back when an evil idea came to her.

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"OK, so we have all these supporters for other public delegates that suddenly lost interest for who they were supporting and jumped on Gillingham's wagon. Then we have all the owners of businesses in the area that all of a sudden lost their asses for some reason and sold out very cheap." Hyper wrote in a notebook as Corey paced back and forth in front of her dictating, she stopped, planted her hands on her hips and tilted her head to the side. "All of this went on three months into each election year; the owners were the money behind the supporters, that were collecting for the election fund."

"So, he takes out the competitors by stealing their supporters and the people behind the money. But how does he sway them over to his side?" She looked down at the various names Corey's friend had given them. Seeing some very powerful names that had a hand into everything. "How does he do it?" Corey stepped up to her, sat on her lap and straddled her thighs.

"How better to blackmail someone than to know their weaknesses." She licked her lover's earlobe and nipped the tender area of her neck. "We find out their weaknesses and then we find the person responsible for their downfall." Licking the hollow of Hyper's throat, she then whispered in a deep seductive voice. "What's your weakness?"

She cleared her throat and sputtered. "Well, there's this...gorgeous woman...with a...great ass...and tits...that I drool...over...her names...Lucy L...OOWWW!"

"Asshole!" Corey put her in a headlock and bit down on the tip of her ear. "What's her name?"

"Yancy Butler! OOWWW!!" Hyper tried to wiggle loose and failed. "Estelle Getty?"

"You are completely hopeless!" Corey let her loose and found herself flipped over on the couch and pounced on.

Hyper brought their faces so close together that they were nose to nose. "You're my one, only and greatest weakness." The notebook was forgotten as well as their conversation for the rest of the night.

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Corey almost fell out of the bed when Tarzan's yell echoed right outside the bedroom window. She rubbed her eyes and looked to see the sunlight blazing through the window and into Hyper's face. The sides of her nose wrinkled with her smile as she looked down at her lover, drool trickled from the corner of her mouth to soak her pillow, her spiky hair slanted to one side and formed a horn and the vibrant purple of the bite marks on her neck and shoulder finished a comical picture. Even in the state Hyper was in, including her snore made Corey's heart burst in her chest. She thanked all the women from her lover's past for being so stupid. The yell came again reminding Corey of why she was awake, shaking Hyper, she whispered in her ear.

"Some nuts outside yelling."

"That's nice." Hyper mumbled, rolled over and buried her slobbery face against Corey's breasts.

"Jo, Tarzans swinging from the ceiling fan and Cheetah wants me for a sex slave."

"OK."

"Hypermnestra get up!" She yanked on the hoops in the top of her lover's ears and watched blue eyes shoot open.

"What?"

"There's some nut case outside..." She cringed when the yell came again. "That!" She pointed to the window. Hyper grinned like a lunatic, jumped from bed and ran from the room.

"What the Hell?" Corey grumbled and followed behind her lover. When she got outside, she couldn't believe her eyes. Hyper ran buck naked towards a tree near the water, grabbed a rope, swung out over the river and did some kind of war cry before doing a flip and hitting the water. "She's insane but that still doesn't explain...crazy ass bitches!" She watched Mack dive from a branch high above and slice into the water. The three women splashed and played in the water like a bunch of little kids. She walked down to the waters edge, braced her hands on her hips and cast a glaring look at them. "You're all nuts!"

Charley jumped up in the water and yelled at the top of her lungs. "Whhhaaa Hooo nekkid beaver!" Corey turned a deep red and looked down to the thin strip of hair below her belly. Gurgling noises brought her head up to see Mack trying to drown her wife by dunking. Shaking her head and throwing her hands in the air, she took off running and dove beneath the water. She swam around their legs and pulled them all under but not before someone got a free feel. Spurting when she cleared the water and waited for them to surface. "Who grabbed my ass?"

"Ohh was that your ass I grabbed?" Hyper gave her the most innocent look she could and lost her composure when Corey gave her a smoldering look.

"If you don't know by now, then you need lots of practice." She swam over to Hyper, wrapped around her body and took them both under.

"Did you see all the bite marks on Jo?" Charley stuck her finger in her mouth and pretended to gag.

Mack jabbed a finger into her wife's chest. "If I remember correctly, you were the first one to leave marks all over her."

"Was that me?" She pushed her hair out of her face and grinned. "Could have been, but I don't do that anymore."

"Yeah right!" Mack splashed her and then pointed to the large bruise over her breast. "Then what's this huh?"

"Did I ever tell you about the huge sucker fish in this river?" She dropped under the water the second Mack came near her. Looking around, she found herself completely alone except for the fisherman going past in his boat. "Just great they leave me out here to be ogled by some pervert."

Charley tapped her on the shoulder and ducked when a hand whizzed past her. "How do you know I was ogling you?"

"Or us?" Hyper said from the other side. Corey leaned her head against her lover's head from where she was hanging off her back. "I don't know about you guys but I'm hungry and Jo's making waffles."

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"So can you find out where all these people are?" Hyper handed Charley the list of names they had. "They may be the ones to help me take Gillingham down."

"I'll check tomorrow at work, I can run the names, get the addresses and all the deeds of sale should be on file..."

"And that hopefully will give us Gillingham." Corey said as she handed Charley another piece of paper. "That's a corporation that I haven't been able to get anything on. It changed hands so many times that no one for sure knows who owns it."

"Rieser Enterprises?" Mack read from the paper. "That sounds familiar but I don't know why?"

Corey sat down on Hyper's lap and rattled off what she remembered about the place. "Maybe because it was supposed to be a huge outlet mall over near Apple Blossom mall. It fizzled out

after they couldn't get zoned or something. After that there's nothing, except that Gillingham holds illegal fights in it."

Charley pointed to a name halfway down the page. "This guys dead by vacuum hose."

"Vacuum hose, what'd he do trip over it?" Corey asked.

"Only if that's how it got through the window of his car." She grinned up at them. "Found him in the parking lot of his former business, monoxide got him."

"Well, I'm gonna get Jo if she doesn't stop squirming." Mack yanked on her sister's ear trying to keep her from jerking around when she was removing her sutures. "How would you like a pair of forceps stuck up your nose?"

"Would you really do that to me?" She fluttered her lashes at her sister and smiled.

"What do ya think Corey, a bone or a bull ring through her nose after I pierce it?"

Corey didn't bat an eyelash when she answered; she was too involved in the list she was looking over. "The ring, that way I can drag her around. Hey what about this one here, the company was on the fortune 500 list, then a month after hitting the list it crashes and burns." She looked up at Hyper. "Literally."

"The textile place that blew up, caused other warehouse to close down because of structural damage?"

"The same company that two months later took over another textile mill in Roanoke." Mack added.

Charley folded the lists, stuck them in her coat pocket and stretched. "I'll check into all this tomorrow and let ya know, time for me and Cuddles to head home." She pulled Mack onto her lap and rested her head on her shoulder. "She has to be up early to make me breakfast."

"Ohh I don't even think so Tarzan of the lost brain, come on before I do a lobotomy on you. See ya guys." She pulled a smirking Charley behind her, Hyper and Corey could hear here mumbling all the way out the door.

"Come on Jo, I need a shower after our skinny dipping today." She pulled Hyper to her feet and headed to the bathroom. "I can't believe I have lost all my modesty, run around naked and skinny dip in the river." She shook her head.

"Knew I could warp ya in a week." Hyper said before she picked her up and carried her the rest of the way to the bathroom.

With the water-cooling in the bathtub, Corey leaned closer into Hyper's body and shivered. After their shower, they had run a bath so that they could relax after their muscles were given a work

out from making love while standing up. "I think my lips are turning blue." Corey said with chattering teeth.

"I'll thaw them out when we get in bed."

Hyper fell asleep with her head resting on Corey's back and her fingertips tracing the Celtic tattoo that spanned the area of her lower back above her trim hips. It had taken her awhile but she figured out that the design had two dragons intertwined with Celtic artwork surrounding them.

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Gillingham spun the cylinder of the snub-nosed .38 in his hand, pointed at Taqui's head and pulled the trigger to hear a click.

"You are a piece of shit, I tell you to take out an addict and a reporter. The addict gets arrested and you kill a cop instead of the reporter." He pulled the trigger again to hear a click and a gasp from Taqui. "What you did to that cop can't be covered up." He grabbed him by the front of his shirt and lifted him from the chair. "Because you stupid asshole, you left the body there to be found. Now the reporter may never be found!" He dropped him, pulled the trigger and heard the loud noise echo throughout the warehouse. Motioning to one of the police officers that worked for him, he ordered him to dispose of the trash. He walked over to a collection of 55-gallon plastic drums and chose one that has the word corrosive printed across the side. Prying the lid open, he dropped the .38 inside and walked away.

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Busch walked into the Chiefs office and stood before his desk, he had been called in from home and was wondering what had happened. He was never called at home let alone by the Chief himself.

"You know who this guy was?" The chief handed him the picture that the CSU team had taken.

"Yeah, I think his names Taqui. Me and Hyper have been trying to find him."

"He was found in the dump this morning, one slug to the side of his head." He leaned back in his chair and watched Busch. "Where's your partner?"

"Recuperating like you ordered."

"Get her in here, I have questions for her."

Busch had a bad feeling in his gut. "Sir I can answer any questions that you have."

"This doesn't concern you Busch; it's your partner that's in trouble." He pointed to the door and waited until Busch was gone before pulling out the file on Hyper. "Most decorated, Governor Citation and all the other bullshit that you never deserved." He tossed her file into the bottom

drawer of his desk and left his office. Busch waited until the way was clear before going into the Chief's office looking for what the Chief had put in his drawer. Pulling out the file, he saw Hyper's name on the tab. "Fucking Chief." He mumbled as he searched through her file looking for a clue as to why she was being called on the carpet. He found it on a yellow sticky note and read. "Four counts of murder." One of them was the female cop and then Taqui's

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Charley had stayed in her office during her lunch break to find the information that Hyper and Corey needed. Some of the stuff she found would send her into a rage, things tended to get lost when there were so many changes being made but when you have employees who are pack rats, nothing is seldom lost forever if you know where to look. She had found records of transfer going back ten years. What brought a wicked smile to her face was that some of them had so blatantly falsified that the IRS and State Govt. was sure to be interested in them. A few dollars here and there is nothing to the state when it comes to taxes. However, when a company is sold for a quarter of a million dollars and the taxes collected are only five hundred dollars, there's a problem. Stuffing them into a large folder, she put them in her backpack and hid it under her desk. When the door chime sounded, Charley looked to the front of the office and saw her uncle Mike and his partner Benny heading back towards her door. She stood and was about to step out from behind her desk when Mike pointed a finger and then raised it to his lips. Benny closed the door and stood so that he could see out of the small window.

"I want you to go out the back, get over to Mack's office and go to where ever it is you guys hide. But don't go home."

"Uncle Mike what's going on?"

"I just got word from Joe that the Chief wants Hyper on murder charges. We know it's a set up and that if she comes in she'll end up dead."

"Fuck me!" She ran a hand across her face and nodded her head. "Why do we all have to hide though?"

"Simple fact that some of the officers know you is related, if they can get one of you..."

"Then they get Hyper, what about you? You're her and Mack's Uncle?"

"It's easy Charley," Benny replied. "We act like we can't stand any of your guts because of your life styles. It'll work with those shallow assholes."

"OK, I'm out of here then." She grabbed her backpack and went out the back door of her office and to her car. Mike and Benny went back out to the front office and pretended to look up property addresses as they did at least once a week. When they left with maps in their hands, a suspected bad cop stopped them outside.

"What have you guys got going on?" The cop asked as he pointed to the map.



"Arrest warrant for a dead beat dad over in the Abrahms creek area, five years of un-paid child support is landing him in jail."

"That come down from that woman judge? Hate that damn bitch, fucking muff diver."

"Should lock all those fags and lesbians up instead of a dead beat dad." Mike waved to him and he and Benny went to their cruiser. "And I should shoot your fucking ass for being a turncoat." He added as they pulled away from the building.

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Mack had just placed a small male dog inside on of the holding cages. She checked his sutures once more where his testicles used to be and closed the door. Pulling her blood stained scrub shirt over her head, she had just dropped it into the laundry bin when Charley came rushing into the back.

"Are you done for the day?" She looked at her wife then to the front door nervously.

"Yeah what's wrong with you?"

"We have to go like now!" She handed Mack a clean scrub shirt and then grabbed her hand. "Hold on there Charley, what the Hell is going on?"

"Uncle Mike and Benny dropped by my office, he told me we have to go hide with Hyper and Corey. The Chief has set Hyper up on murder charges." She explained the rest to her and then pulled her to the front door.

"Hold up Charley, let me tell Emily before we split." She went into the small office, told her assistant that she wouldn't be in for the next few days because of a family emergency and then hustled a nervous Charley out the door.

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Shaky Stevens lived in a trailer out in the middle of a field in Berryville Virginia, the landscape was of dried out fescue and rocky dirt. With each breeze, the dirt swirled around the rusty trailer and brought the scent of cows with it. Hyper and Corey got off the Harley and walked up to the rusted and dented door, before Hyper could knock; an old man pushed it open and looked down at them with rheumy eyes.

"Whatcha want, I ain't got nothin so leave me alone."

"Mr. Stevens my names Jo, you know my uncle Mike."

Shaky scratched the scruffy beard on his gaunt cheeks and looked at Hyper through narrowed eyes. "The cop from Winchester?"

"Yeah, Uncle Mike and his partner Benny used to go in your bar."

"I remember them but what brings you out here?"

"I want to know what happened to your bar, why it was closed down."

He stepped outside and pointed to an old picnic table at the side of his trailer. He sat down and ran a finger through the built up dust before looking at both women. "I had that bar for nearly 45 years, made a little profit, had a bunch of regulars I called friends. Was doing OK until the area started to change, Mills closed down factories went out of business. People left the area and my business went with them, those workers were my bread and butter."

Corey leaned forward on her elbows and caught his attention. "At the time of your bar closing, there were still a lot of the businesses operating in the area. Mr. Stevens this is very important that we find out what happened. People have been killed and more are sure to follow if we can't get to the truth." She pleaded with her eyes and prayed that he would give them something. He looked into the distance and spoke with a low monotone voice.

"It started about eight months before I went out of business, my customers were getting beat up in the parking lot a couple times a week, windows in their cars smashed, tires flattened, windows in the bar broke out in the middle of the night, dumpster out back set on fire." He shrugged his shoulders and turned his attention back to them. "People don't wanna come to a place and end up beat up and robbed."

"What else happened Mr. Stevens?" Corey laid her hand on top of his and nodded her head.

"They came in one night after I closed, smashed the place up, used a baseball bat on me and left me there with the message, either sell or die. What choice did I have?"

"Who did this?" Hyper asked in a low voice.

"Patrol Cops. One of them was known as swinger or something like that."

"Swinger? Is that the name?"

"Yep Swinger, wore a fancy ring on his finger."

Hyper ran a hand across her jaw and looked into worried green eyes. "Swinger's a beat cop, wears a gold Hall of fame's ring. Real names Robert Cheasters, plays on the precinct softball team."

"So now we have to find out who these cops are working for." Corey brought her hands up to her face and braced her chin on them. "If your uncle doesn't know, how are we going to find out?" She shivered with the look that came over her lover's face, she had seen that look once before and didn't like it anymore now than then. A corner of her lip raised in a snarl, her voice came out

as a dangerous purr.

"I go get Cheasters and beat it out of him." She thanked Shaky, took Corey by her hand and went back to her Harley.

"Hyper you can't go after a cop!"

"Ohh yes I can, if it leads me to the boss then I'll do what ever needs to be done."

Corey jumped in front of her and placed her hand on Hyper's chest; her fiery green eyes drilled into her and spoke her feelings. "Please don't do this, you could get killed."

"This is not up for discussion, I've made my decision." She walked around her and got on her Harley. "Are you coming with me or what?" Her eyes were cold and showed no emotion, not even with the tears coursing down her lover's cheeks. Corey wiped her eyes, pulled her helmet on and got behind Hyper. Her sobs were unnoticed as she clung to the body in front of her, she had to change her mind some how. She couldn't loose her after just finding her.

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Hyper saw no other way but to go after Cheasters, if she didn't other people could and would be killed just to keep Gillingham from paying for his actions. She would rather sacrifice herself than to think of loosing Corey or her family to Gillingham and his thugs if he found out her true-identity. Her mind was reeling with what could happen and what she would need to do, pulling off RT. 9 onto the dirt road that would take them to the cabin, she saw clouds of dust up ahead and felt panic seize her heart. Gunning the throttle, she tore up through the trees in hope of arriving before the intruders. She caught a flash of chrome and then the cherry red fender of a Harley cutting up through the path and her heart calmed. Taking off after the motorcycle, she pulled to a stop next to Mack.

Corey got off the back of the Harley and ran to the cabin, Mack and Charley knew something was wrong at that moment and turned to the stone-faced Hyper with questioning eyes.

"What is going on Hyper?" Mack asked as she set her helmet on the mirror.

"Nothing why?" She pulled her helmet off and set it on the seat, then pulled her gloves off and stuffed them in her pocket never meeting her sister's eyes.

Mack stepped in front of her and grabbed the front of her shirt. "Don't fucking lie to me, I'll knock the living shit out of you!" Hyper narrowed her eyes at Mack and shoved her away.

"Lay off, there's nothing wrong!" She started towards the waters edge and turned too late. Charley hit her low and took them both into the water. They struggled and fought while Mack went into the cabin to see Corey.

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Corey was standing with her one arm crossed over her breasts and her other hand covering her mouth. She stood looking out the kitchen window watching the birds fly from tree to tree. Her mind was spinning with what Hyper was going to do; she had no idea of how to stop her.

"Corey what's wrong?" Corey wiped the tears from her face and turned to see a very pissed off Mack standing in the doorway. Her chin trembled and tears fell from her eyes when she shook her head. "I know something's wrong; I saw it on Hyper's face."

"Ohh Gods Mack." She started to sob and felt strong arms wrap around her, she buried her face in Mack's neck and cried. When she was calm enough to speak, she told Mack what Hyper had planned.

"Ohh nooo she's NOT!" Mack took Corey's hand and led her outside.

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"You fucking bitch!" Hyper yelled at Charley and charged at her, Charley faked right then shot back to her far left and popped Hyper in her jaw and came back with a back handed fist and caught her in her cheek. With both women soaking wet and standing in mud, it was hard for them to move. Hyper tried to do a spin kick, slipped, fell and took Charley down with her. They rolled around in the mud, punched and kicked each other. The sounds of them growling and grunting alerted Corey to what was going on before she cleared the door; she ran out and froze at the sight before her.

"We have to stop them Mack."

"Nope, let them fight it out. Hyper will learn one way or another."

"Learn what, how to beat up her own sister in-law?" She started towards them and felt a hand take her upper arm.

"Just wait a minute and see what happens."

"Come on Hyper you can do better than that!" Charley taunted and wiggled her fingers. "Come on super cop, come and get me!"

Hyper bellowed and charged at Charley and found herself flat on her back with the taste of blood in her mouth.

"Ya ain't so tough are ya?" Charley straddled her hips and poked her in the chest. "You will never win because you let your anger get a hold of you." She cupped Hyper's face in her hands and looked into her flinty eyes. "What ever you have in that head of yours forget it, it won't work and you and I know it. Now kiss me you big idiot." She puckered her lips and made kissing noises that brought a croaked smile to Hyper's lips. "Now go apologize to Corey." She helped her up, gave her a hug and smacked her on the ass before going over to Mack. "She got me a few

times baby, ya gonna kiss 'em and make 'em better?"

"Come on lets go get you cleaned up." Mack took her wife's swollen muddy hand and led her into the cabin. "You know you'd be in deep shit if she could control that temper?"

"I know but I have you to patch me up and her after I take revenge and run her over with my car."

Hyper dropped her head and walked stiffly over to where her lover stood, when she was close enough, she dropped to her knees, wrapped her arms around Corey's waist and pressed her face into her stomach. "I'm sorry." She mumbled and looked up into tear-filled eyes. "I was wrong and I'll think of something else to get to them." She pressed her face back into her lover and felt tears of regret fill her eyes.

Corey ran her fingers through the short hair at Hyper's crown and down to where it was longer. Pulling her head tighter against her, she felt the soft sobs vibrating against her, sinking to her knees; she hugged her lover tightly to her and whispered into her ear. "I love you Jo and I don't ever want to loose you."

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Mack had just finished fixing the cuts and abrasions on her wife's face and body when Hyper and Corey came into the kitchen. From the looks on their faces, she knew that everything was all well again between them. Hyper sat in a chair next to a grinning Charley while Corey got a wet towel to clean the blood and mud from her face. Charley sat there watching Hyper with a smirk, she knew it was driving her sister in-law nuts but that's what made it so much fun. After Hyper's face was clean, Charley wrapped her arms around her neck and pulled her against her. "Love ya man!" She said and placed a wet sloppy kiss on her cheek.

"You're lucky I went easy on ya Charley, otherwise you would have kicked my ass harder." Hyper hugged her back and kissed her forehead. "Thanks Charley, I can always count on you to set me straight. Now what are you guys doing up here?"

"I know you're not going to like this one bit." Mack said and then sat down at the table to tell them about the conversation that Charley had with Uncle Mike and Benny. When both women were done, Hyper and Corey were both ready to go and beat the Hell out of the chief of police.

"He's the one that told me to get out of there, so know he wants my ass hung out to dry on a multiple murder rap?" She slammed her hand on the table, got up and paced the floor. "What are we going to do?"

"How about, if we lure all interested parties to the warehouse." Corey got up and started to pace the kitchen, her hands waving in the air to get her points across as she talked. The one where Gillingham has the fights, they think that you will be there to make a deal. I set it up a video camera along with some microphones for a live fed to the news station."

"And we get them on camera conspiring to murder a police officer." Hyper pulled Corey down onto her lap and gave her a gently kiss. "Only one problem I see and that's when they start shooting at me."

"Let us handle that part." Charley said and picked up the phone. "I have friends in strange places."

Mack leaned on her sister's shoulder and checked the small cut on her cheek. "Can Uncle Mike and Benny get some cops not with the Chief and Gillingham over there for when it goes down?"

"I hope, if not maybe I can get some Feds in there, maybe DEA will come over and help."

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Corey lay next to Hyper in the back bedroom that they had been using while Charley and Mack took the one at the other end near the front. With everything that had happened that day, all four of the women were exhausted and not able to keep their eyes open after their showers. As soon as Hyper's head hit the pillow she was asleep, Corey snuggled up to her side, rested her head on her shoulder and fell asleep seconds later. None of them knew about the rampage that went on in the warehouse district until the next morning when they watched the news. A reporter who was at the scene could only describe it as a war zone. Sheet covered bodies lay in the alleyways and streets, cops stood guard in front of crime scene tapes while the CSU units took measurements and collected evidence. The reporter covered her ear and nodded to her camera operator. "I've just been informed that a wallet was found at the scene, the owner is now one of the prime suspects in the slaughter that went on here last night. All that I have been told is that it is a Narcotics officer that is wanted for four other murders, one of which is the murder of a female officer from the Winchester police department. This is Sara Thomas for NBC News." The scene changed to the preparation for the beginning of the school year.

"Well that makes it easy for me to move around un-noticed, why didn't they just put my damn picture up there?" Corey snuggled up against her side and kissed her neck.

"Don't worry about it, we have Shaky as a witness and as soon as we get the warehouse set up, those fucking assholes will be sharing a jail cell for a long time. "What I can't figure out is how they got your wallet?"

"Easy, they didn't. One of those cops at the scene is lying." She pulled her wallet from her pocket and flipped it open to show her ID and Badge. "All he had to do was leak the word that he had found it and the reporters jumped." She kissed her lover's forehead and grinned. "You should know all about that stuff."

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Charley rented a non-descript van for their mission into the warehouse district that night, she had contacted a few friends who worked at a computer repair center in town and arranged to borrow some hardware. After they had the van packed, they headed into the newspaper so that Corey

could get the equipment that she needed for her part in the set up. Busch, Mike and Benny raided the equipment room at the precinct, and took extra vests and other safety equipment in case their plan failed. All four women and the three men stood around the kitchen table looking at the floor plans that Charley was able to get from the contracting company she had worked.

"Here's where the door is for the underground garage, this here is the elevator to the first floor with the doors at each corner that lead to the outside. Now if we have cops at these doors after they get inside." She shrugged her shoulders at Hyper.

"OK, so we fix it so that they have to come in through the garage and meet me upstairs, once they're in, the downstairs gets locked down so they can't escape."

Mike leaned over Charley's shoulder and pointed to the upper level. "I'll have some guys at these points so if they try and come up through the building they get caught. No matter which way they go, we've got them."

"Good because I'll be up there with all that equipment and if it gets damaged I'm in deep shit." Corey looked to her lover with an opened eyed look. "What? You know how much that stuff costs?"

"Just like you to not worry about your own hide." Hyper kissed the top of her head and gave her a hug. "I've got some guys coming in from the FBI in Tyson's corner. They've been looking into Gillingham for a while now as well as the DEA who've been wondering about the lack of information our precinct has been turning in." She pointed to her Uncle and Benny. "I'll leave it up to you guys as to where you want them." She checked her watch and noticed the time. "Are we ready to get this on the road?"

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With the lights off on the van, Charley pulled it down the alley next to the warehouse and then through the door that Busch had opened for her. Once inside, they barred the door and went to work. With the two couples setting up the equipment in the second story area, Busch and the others started securing the premises for their visitors. Mack was amazed at her wife's knowledge of computer equipment and just followed along with what she needed done. They had drilled small holes in the floor to drop camera's and microphones down through and then set up two small golf ball sized objects near a side door that Hyper would use on the first floor. When asked what they were, Charley shrugged her shoulders and said "laser thingies." Hyper had helped Corey splice into a small satellite dish on the roof of the building, it would be used to get the live feed out to the news van down the street. When all was set, Busch handed out Kevlar vests to the women and placed riot shields around the areas they would be working at.

Hyper fastened the Velcro on her vest, pulled her hooded sweatshirt over it and then helped her lover with hers. She checked her Glocks that hung from double shoulder holsters and the hide-away she had at the center of her lower back. She stood there and tried to concentrate on all the sounds around her. Corey wrapped her arms around her lover and pressed their bodies together to the point of trying to meld them together. "Jo, promise me you won't try and be a hero."

"Corey I can't promise that but I'll promise to not get killed." She lifted Corey's chin with two fingers and slowly lowered her head and captured her lips for a deep kiss that spoke of her heart. The kiss broke when Charley cleared her voice and told Hyper that they were ready and only had a few minutes. Handing her a headset and small microphone, she helped her adjust them and then wrapped an arm around. "This is going to work; I have a gut feeling about all this." She kissed her sister-in-law's cheek and walked away. "Three minutes Hyperactive and its show time." Hyper turned back to Corey and kissed her one last time. "I love you Corey and no matter what, stay with Mack." She gave her a small smile before following after Charley.

"I love you hedgehog and don't do anything stupid." Corey watched her lover turn around, give her a big smile, point to her chest and say "Me?"

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Gillingham, the Chief and 4 cops stood scattered around the second floor of the warehouse waiting for Hyper. They had gotten there early just in case she was trying to set them up. "What in the Hell does she think she's doing?" Gillingham asked the Chief of police. "Does she think that with all the publicity she's gotten that we're just going to say 'Surprise, it's all a big joke?'"

"I have no idea, all I know is that she called me and said she would meet us here tonight. I have no idea what's on her mind." He pulled his revolver from its holster, checked the rounds and put it back. "We hear her out and then take care of her; my boys will drop her body off in the Bloods territory so that it looks like it was revenge for what we did last night."

They turned when they heard a heavy door close and saw Hyper walking towards them; she stopped 20 foot away and grinned evilly at them.

"I see you're here early, good because I want to get this over with and go home to my lover."

Gillingham moved so that he was under the dim light coming through a window, looking at her he shook his head. "Why did you bring us here?"

"Ohh its simple you see." She crossed her arms over her chest and raised an eyebrow. "I know all about the things you've been doing around here for the last say...ten years. And I'm going to put an end to it tonight."

The Chief stepped closer to Gillingham. "You sound awful sure of yourself for a cop gone bad, two dozen murder counts against her and standing in a warehouse with six armed men. Five that are cops who will say that you tried to murder Mr. Gillingham and you were shot in the midst of a fire fight with police officers."

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Corey watched her lover on the small monitor upstairs, what had her scared was the feral look on her lover's face and the stance she had taken in front of the men. She looked over her shoulder in



the direction that Mack and Charley were working but could see them in the dark. She prayed that everyone was in place and they were able to pull this all off. Checking her equipment, she made sure that the fed was going through clear and went back to watching her lover.

Mack lay on the floor looking through one of the holes; she was checking to make sure that Charley's set up was working and that nothing went wrong. Looking up to Charley, she nodded her head before looking back through the hole.

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"That's really interesting about me being some mass murderer and leaving my wallet behind. You see, when I saw the news this morning, I asked my lover if I had been sleep walking. When she looked at me as if I was crazy, I just knew it had to be an asshole cop like Cheasters there. Only he would be stupid enough to leave his wallet behind after committing a crime." She threw a worn black wallet across the floor, as it landed at Gillingham's feet; it fell open to show Cheasters ID and badge. "You left that at the bar the night you beat the shit out of Stevens. Bet you didn't know that huh?" She grinned at him. "And I dropped my wallet off with the prosecuting attorney this morning after I saw the news. Kind of hard for you to say you have it when you don't. So you see I hold all the cards now." She raised her hands out to the side and shrugged her shoulders. "What's it going to be, you turn yourselves over to me or we shot it out and see what happens?"

Corey was glued to the monitor, with one hand she used the controls and moved the cameras to catch everything below. She watched Gillingham wave his hand and the officer's open fire on Hyper. She was about to scream, when a hand covered her mouth and Mack whispered in her ear. "It's OK, she's not hurt." Mack ended up holding a struggling Corey on the floor with her own body. When the gunfire stopped, she whispered in her ear again to look at the monitor. There stood a laughing Hyper right where she had been before. "We'll explain later so just relax and enjoy the show." She released Corey and went back over to her wife.

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"You guys really suck, no wonder there's so many criminals on the streets." She smacked her forehead. "Oohh that's right! You guy's are the criminals!"

"What the Hell is going on here Chief, shot that fucking bitch!" Gillingham pulled his pistol and emptied the clip on Hyper. The lights in the building blazed to life and Hyper vanished right before their eyes. The sound of semi automatic rifles brought their attention to the FBI and DEA officers standing just inside the doors. Hyper's voice came over a speaker and had the men looking for her.

"If I were you guys, I'd drop my weapons and assume the position because you are all under arrest." The sound of her hysterical laughter drifted through out the warehouse and then the sound of weapons hitting the floor.

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Corey jumped to her feet and ran to the other side of the building where Mack and Charley were. "WHERE IS SHE?" She stopped behind a cringing Charley and yelled in her ear. "I'm gonna break her legs and then YOURS!"

"HELP DWARF ATTACK!" She yelled and ran past Mack to where Hyper was walking out of the shadows. "Save me Hyperactive!" She ran behind Hyper and hid.

Corey was ready to beat the Hell out of everyone, she stomped over and slugged Hyper in her stomach and then jumped up and down cradling her injured hand. Hyper took her hand and placed soft kisses on the bruised knuckles and then pulled her pissed off lover into her arms.

"You're a dead woman Hypermnestra; I'm going to rip your arms..." Hyper stopped her ranting by kissing her until all Corey could do was sag against her and moan. The sound of laughter brought them apart and left a weak Corey leaning into Hyper.

Busch slapped Hyper on her back and grinned at her. "I can't believe it; we got those fuckers nailed to the wall! There's no way in Hell they can talk themselves out of it." Benny shook Hyper and Corey's hand and waved to the other two women.

"We had the senior FBI agent hidden in a dark corner just incase the broadcast didn't work. So we have an eyewitness to everything that went on down there. What I can't get over is that hologram thing."

"I'm a geeenius!" Charley punched a hand in the air and howled. "Love that movie *Total Recall*. She slipped into an Arnold voice and repeated one of his lines. "Sexy, sleazy and demure." She winked and wiggled her tongue at Mack. "That's my big Mack."

"You're gonna be a dead genius when I get a hold of you!" Corey growled. "Why didn't anyone tell me what you had planed?"

"Because baby, I wanted you to keep your attention on what was going on down there. If you knew that I wasn't in any danger the camera angles would have looked...staged. But the way you kept moving the cameras to catch everything it was perfect."

"And how do you know all this?" She jabbed Hyper in her stomach.

"Mack was walking back and forth most of the time; she saw what you were doing." She lowered her head and looked at Corey from beneath her lashes. "Sorry baby."

"You just wait til we get home." She wrapped her arms around her lover and refused to let go. "Scaring the shit out of me and you were up here the whole time hiding in the dark."

"Come on lets get out of here." Busch said and started helping the women take down all the equipment. Hyper pulled a long blade from her boot and cut all the plastic bands on the wires and started rolling them up while Corey packed everything in the hard cases. Corey knew she

owed her friends big time for the use of their equipment and her reporter friend for his help. When everything was packed up, they carried every thing downstairs and headed out of the building. Corey and Mack walked in front with the large cases held in front of them, with the others taking up the rear with the heavier equipment. Corey stopped when she felt the hair on the back of her neck stand up, she pushed backwards in to Hyper and tried to push Mack to the side and out of the way.

"Corey what are you..." Hyper pushed Corey out of the way and pulled her Glocks but not before bullets tore through her sweatshirt. She fell back against Charley and took them to the ground. Busch and the others dropped to their knees and started firing towards where they thought the shots had come from. Mack dove over her sister's body while Corey struggled with the long knife in her lover's boot. Grabbing the knives blade in her hand, she waited for the muzzle flash and threw the knife with every bit of energy she had in her. The shots went up into the air and then silence.

Corey crawled on her knees to her lover's side and lifted her head to rest in her lap, tears poured down her cheeks when no sound or even a twitch came from Hyper. "Help her Mack, please help her!" She cried out, as she held onto Hyper tighter. Mack ripped Hyper's sweatshirt up the middle and searched for blood, what she found were slugs imbedded in the Kevlar vest. Pulling the vest apart from the Velcro, she searched for entry wounds and found only the beginning of bruising. "They didn't get through." She rested her head on her sister's chest and heard a strong heartbeat, but no sound from her lungs. A slight blue tinge was coloring Hyper's lips and Mack knew that was a bad sign.

"Let me in there Mack!" Charley wailed and dropped over Hyper, she brought her hand back and slapped Hyper hard enough on her cheek to rattle her teeth.

"What are you doing?" Corey screamed out and tried to stop her.

"Smacking the shit out of her, that's what!" She slapped her again and heard Hyper take a deep ragged breath and start gasping for air. "See she just needed smacked around a little." She wiped the blood from the corner of her mouth and smiled up at Corey. "Good as new."

"Fucking...bitch." Came raggedly from Hyper's lips, her eyes blinked a few times and then settled on the golden eyes before her. "Who hit me?"

"That would be me ohhh great hypersuckyshot, can't hit the side of a warehouse for nothing."

"Maybe not but Corey pinned that fucker right through his throat." Uncle Mike laid a hand on her shoulder and winked. "Damndest thing I've ever seen."

"Who...was...it and why does my chest hurt?" Hyper tried to push herself up from the ground, but was held back by Corey.

"Another one of the bad cops, if there are more of them we'll find them."

"Mack cupped her sister's face and looked at the pink color of her lips. "One of the bullets must have hit your solar plexus and knocked the wind out of you. The other shots left some nasty bruising on you upper chest and you will go to the hospital to be checked out."

"Ohh nooo I'm...OOWW!" She tilted her head back to see murderous green eyes looking down at her. "Ohhh yes I am...in fact I think I'll see if they'll keep me for say a month or so."

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Once she was released from the hospital, Hyper dropped from exhaustion the second her head hit her pillow. Corey lay beside her and watched her sleep for hours; she wanted to make sure that she was not going anywhere. Hyper woke in the middle of the morning to find green eyes watching her, they lay side by side just gazing into each other's eyes and thanking the Gods that they were alive for another day. Then Corey proved to her that her body could be twisted into a pretzel and she would still be alive afterward. When she woke from her short nap, she saw Corey coming into the room with waffles and strawberry jelly covering her breasts. Hyper knew right then that it was going to be a very different breakfast in bed.

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Two weeks later Hyper locked herself in the bathroom and refused to let Corey or anyone else in. It was the night of the annual Policemen's Ball and if not for her refusing supper, she knew she would be hugging the porcelain Goddess. She looked in the mirror and swore she was a healthy gray color. "Don't you look like the image of health?" She gave herself a croaked grin and checked the medals across her breast once more before opening the door.

"Ohh my Gods!" Corey moaned and walked up to her lover and ran her hands down the blue dress uniform jacket. "Can we just stay home and play cop and hooker?" She leaned up, captured Hyper's lips in a deep lust filled kiss that left them both weak and panting.

Hyper looked down with dark half-lidded blue eyes and purred. "Once we get home, I'll let you play with my nightstick and handcuffs."

"You may not make it that far, remember we have a car picking us up." She adjusted Hyper's jacket and then took one last look in the mirror.

"You're telling me." She took in her lover's dove gray suit with off white silk shirt and knew that they wouldn't be covering her body for long. They had a lot to celebrate once they got home, Corey had won her Pulitzer, not for the article she had wrote for the paper but for the coverage, she had shot in the warehouse. The local news stations, among others were pounding on their door offering her jobs left and right. She hadn't decided if that's the career move she wanted to make or not. She told them that she would think about it and let them all know after her vacation. For now, she just wanted to think of her and Hyper and let the rest of the world go on without them for a while.

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All four women felt overwhelmed in the sea of blue uniforms, the banquet room was jammed pack for the first time in many years. This night was special to all of them because of the efforts of the most unlikely combination of people. A long time problem with drug suppliers was stopped along with the solving of numerous murders. Hyper stepped through the door with Corey on her arm; her fellow officers parted the way for her and her small group. They walked to the front of the room where a small stage had been set up for the award ceremony. The new Chief of Police waved a hand at her and pointed to the stage. "Come up her Sgt. Crichton."

She looked down at a smiling Corey, placed her hand over hers where it rested on her arm and led them up to the stage. The room quieted as they stepped up to stand before the Chief. He turned to the speech podium and took four boxes from the stand.

"This is the first time that I have ever been to one of these things." The Chief said to the room of officers. "And just standing here fills me with so much emotion; I'm thankful and proud to wear the same uniform as this woman standing here." He opened one of the boxes and stared down at it. "In all the years that I have been on the police force, I have never seen this award presented to anyone, let alone two of them, but tonight that will be in the past. "For bravery and courage in the line of duty, I present the Medal of Valor to Sgt. Hypermnestra J. Crichton and Corey Deavers."

Corey looked at then chief and then to a smirking Hyper. "But I'm not..."

"You may not be a police officer Ms. Deavers, but you risked your life and saved not only my officers but two civilians. I don't think there's a cop in this room that would argue with you receiving this award." He handed both women the Medals and shook their hands. "We're not done yet up here, I have two more to give out to Sgt. Crichton and Ms. Deavers." He held out two boxes for everyone to see. "This is the Special Commendation award that is given out for an officer or civilian who performs a deed that makes a neighborhood safer for everyone. These two women deserve this and our undying gratitude for what they accomplished with the help of their family and friends. Finally, something that I know Sgt. Crichton was not expecting." He reached into his pocket and pulled out a new wallet. "This is something that is long over due if you ask me. May I present to Sgt. Crichton, one of our forces most decorated officers, the rank of Lieutenant." He opened the wallet and showed the gold badge to the crowd, taking her hand; he smiled and gave her a brief hug. "You make us all proud to wear a uniform. Now get over there and say something." She looked out at everyone and then to the podium.

"Aaah man do I have to?" She heard chuckles come from the other officers, shrugging her shoulders she stepped up to the microphone. "OK, I'm ready to make an ass of myself, I know that if it wasn't for the support and love of my friends and family I wouldn't be up here. The one person who made the biggest difference in my life, had me doing a foot race all over the warehouse district, drove me and Busch nuts on a stake-out and captured my heart is Corey Deavers." She turned to her lover and gave her a beautiful smile that lit up her ice blue eyes. "With out her in my life, I would have nothing." She stepped from behind the podium, dropped down to one knee in front of Corey and looked into tear filled green eyes. "Tonight in front of all these people I'm asking you Corey, will you marry me?" She lifted her hand and held out a

diamond engagement ring, all Corey could do was nod her head and fall into Hyper's arms and cry.

"I can't believe she did that?" Charley said and wiped tears from her eyes. "Who knew she was so...mushy." She kissed Mack's neck and wiped the tears from her wife's cheeks. "Did you know she was going to propose?"

Mack wrapped an arm around her wife and snuggled into her side. "Nope, and she's gonna pay later for not telling me."

"We may not see them for a month or so once we leave here." They watched the two women kiss and knew that their vacation would be a very exhausting one. "What are we gonna get them for an engagement gift?"

Mack grinned evilly. "Ear-plugs!"

"Ear-plugs, why?"

"Not for them, for us!" She took Charley's hand and led her to the small stage. "Come on let's get them down from there before they get arrested for indecent exposure and obscene public affection."

The End